

# Kyle's Little Discovery

By Caliboy1991

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## Part 1

I was late to the parent-teacher conference, but Ms. Williams didn't look upset when I hurried into the room. After all, she knew I had come from the junior high as soon as my class was over. I'd never dealt with her before. She was new in the district this year, but Kyle seemed to like her and he was doing well. In fact, well enough, that I hadn't seen the reason for this meeting.

"Thanks for swinging by, Mrs. Masterson on short notice," my son's teacher said.

I nodded, "Ms. Masterson, please, and it's not a problem. Gotta pick up Kyle anyway."

Ms. Williams moved her tape dispenser from one place to another on her desk. For whatever reason she'd asked for the meeting, evidently, she was uncomfortable.

I asked, "Has there been some change in Kyle's grades since the last report card?"

Ms. Williams shook her head, "No. Actually, he's doing very well. If he keeps it up, he'll make all A's this six-weeks."

I glanced at my watch. Kyle was on the play ground and if this was just a social call, I wanted to collect him so that we could get on with the evening's chores. Cooking, homework and getting us ready for the next day. "I doubt this is a social call. Is there a problem with my son?"

Ms. Williams' cheeks reddened as she said, "Well, um, a few days ago, when I had lunch duty on the playground, Kyle was playing on the swing set. And well, I think he was, uh, massaging himself."

There were plenty of ways a mother could take what Ms. Williams said. As a teacher myself, teaching sixth grade English, boys and the problems of early puberty were well known to me. Kyle was only nine. I was pretty sure we weren't dealing with the same problem. "What do you mean massaging himself?"

The red in Ms. Williams's face spread to her neck as she said, "He, uh, he was, well, rubbing himself against the swing set's metal pole."

I blinked at the news. It might be more like the problems of sixth grade boys than I'd imagined. I asked, "Did any of the other kids complain or say something?"

She shook her head, "No. I'm pretty sure Kyle didn't realize I'd seen him, either."

I shook my head at the idea that my little boy might not be little for much longer. I said, "I'll talk to him."

A look of relief washed over Ms. Williams. "Thank you."

I continued, "If he's, uh, rubbing himself, I'll make sure he knows he needs to be more discrete."

The look of relief disappeared. "What? Little boys shouldn't be doing that. It's disgusting."

I rose, glanced at my watch, "Sorry, Ms. Williams, I really need to go. You're new to teaching, so I'll let it go. But there are few things more natural than a boy discovering something between his legs. The best that any of us can do is to help them understand there are times and places to, ah, become self-aware. Good afternoon."

With that, I left. I doubt Ms. Williams was more than twenty-three. And based on her views, I'm guessing still a virgin. It's not that I was all that much older than her, but I'd definitely discovered boys much sooner than she had.

When I left the classroom annex, I saw Kyle in the playground. He was by himself, playing on the swing set. There were a half-dozen swings, with their metal chains running up to a thick metal bar that ran across the top. There were six metal legs that stabilized the set, and those poles were more than fifteen feet in length, running from the ground to the large cross bar. And Kyle was more than ten feet off the ground, climbing up one of the poles, his legs wrapped around it and his hands pulling him higher.

I watched. When he touched the top bar, he slowly slid down the stainless-steel pole. It was too far to see his face clearly, but his eyes were closed as he descended. I wasn't sure, but I suspected Ms. Williams, despite her lack of understanding of boys and men, had likely identified Kyle's activity.

As I headed over to get him, I didn't have any idea what, if anything, I would say to him. I'd been the middle child, a girl between two boys. We were all less than two years apart, so we bathed together until just after Danny turned twelve and Stevie was almost nine. The first erection I'd seen had been Danny's, about a month before Mom decided us kids needed our own privacy. My older brother had been so proud as he pointed to a single strand of hair on his penis. He even let me touch it, which is when I saw his erection. Apparently, he'd already learned about jacking off, because that's what he did while Stevie and I looked on. It was also the first time I'd ever seen a boy cum. Even if it had been a few clear, watery droplets.

Also, I wasn't sure if it was even appropriate for me to say anything to Kyle. He was only a couple of months away from turning ten.

I stopped at the gate to the playground. Oblivious to anything else, Kyle was sliding back up the pole. Just thinking about Kyle's birthday reminded me of my brother's tenth birthday. Stevie was excited about leaving single digits behind and while our mom had gone to the store to pick up his cake, he came into my room and sat down on my bed, where I'd been reading a book.

When I finally looked up at him, he asked me what I was getting him for his birthday. I wasn't quite twelve yet, and I wasn't about to give up any of my meager allowance for him. So, I asked him what he wanted.

He said that he wanted to take a bath with me, like we used to. I wasn't interested in getting wet, so I asked him if he just wanted to see me naked.

When he nodded, I closed and locked my door and stripped down naked. Even though I was almost twelve, I was lagging behind Danny at the same age. Weird. It's usually the other way around. My tits were small, just a bit of puffy nipples and a tiny bit of swelling. And not a bit of hair yet between my legs.

Still, Stevie was happy and came over and started poking at me. When he touched my slit, I don't know why, but I spread my legs and let him push his fingers in there. He was clueless and didn't know what he was doing, but he still managed to rub a finger over my immature clit, even if by accident. It was when he managed to slide a finger into my vagina that I decided two could play at that game, and within a couple of minutes, he was as naked as I. Of course, playing with my body had made Stevie hard as a rock.

He was the first boy I ever gave a blowjob to. I shook the memory away and called out, "Hey Kyle, let's go."

He slid down the pole and when his feet touched the ground he still slid down until his butt touched the playground gravel.

Then he bounced up and ran over, "Hi Mom. What did Ms. Williams want?"

We headed over to my car, and as we got in, I said, "Just teacher stuff."

There couldn't be anything more boring than 'just teacher stuff' to a nine-year-old. He asked, "What's for dinner?"

We were an hour behind schedule and I was tired. In the distance, I saw the solution to my problem. "How about Dairy Queen?"

I winced as Kyle nearly shouted, "Yippie!"

The rest of the day was a bit of a rush. When bath-time rolled around, I'd already forgotten about Ms. Williams and her concerns.

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I love going to the park. Mom's already said that once I turn ten, she'll let me ride my bike over there by myself.

Our bikes were parked next to a picnic table. Mom was reading a book. Probably something by some dead English guy. Sometime over the past year, the park had got a new play-set. It was shaped like a pirate ship, except it had swings and slides and even a fire-man's pole.

I ran over to a ladder and climbed up the side of the “ship.” From there, I ran over to the slide and went down face first. I slid to a stop just before I would have fallen off. I yelled, “Hey, Mom, lookit!”

She waved at me and returned to her stupid book. I wished she’d get out and play with me. It’s not as much fun as when Jimmy or Cade play, but it’s a whole lot better than when Kimmy comes over. Gross.

I turned around and pulled myself back up the slide. When I reached the top, I found the fire-man’s pole. I reached out and grabbed hold of it and then wrapped my legs around it.

I inched down a bit at a time and felt my thing tingle as it pressed against the pole. I slid down slowly, enjoying how good it felt, sliding all the way down until my bottom touched the ground.

I jumped back up and raced back up the slide, and then nearly jumped onto the fire-man’s pole and repeated it again. My tummy and my thing felt really good.

I don’t know why I like how it feels when I slide down the pole, but sometimes it even makes my thing stiff.

After a few more times, mom called for me to come on, it was time to go. When I climbed to my feet, I felt a bit weird. My thing was poking at my shorts.

Mom called again, and I tried to shift it around so that she wouldn’t see it. That would be really embarrassing.

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I don’t know how much poetry I’d read while Kyle played. After playing on a few of the different features, he settled on going down the fireman’s pole over and over again. By the second time around, it was evident he was enjoying himself. A few glances around the park and I decided there was no reason to say anything. We had the park to ourselves. With two brothers, I realized Kyle’s behavior was perfectly normal, no matter what Ms. Williams might think.

Eventually, though, the day was getting along and I still had dinner to prepare, so I called out for him. As he raced over to me, I could swear he adjusted himself. Had he given himself an erection?

As we peddled back to our house, I wondered that maybe it was time I said something to him about this. At least to let him know that he shouldn't rub his penis in public. But as I watched him ride on ahead, so innocent and carefree, I really didn't want to him to think what he was doing mattered to anyone else.

That changed after dinner. We had just finished watching one of his VHS movies and He'd gone to get ready for bed, when he came back into the living room. He was naked from the waist down and wore a frightened expression on his face.

His voice trembled, "I, uh, think I hurt my thing."

He pushed his pelvis out, thrusting his little penis almost into my face.

His face was a mixture of fear and embarrassment. Not wanting a repeat of my own childhood, not that it was possible, as Kyle was my only child, I'd taught him to take his own baths by the time he was seven. So, flashing himself in front of me wasn't something he'd done in a couple of years.

Kyle's glans was red, evidently, he'd rubbed himself a bit raw.

I asked, "Does it hurt?"

A tear slid down his face as he nodded, "Yeah. On my pee-pee."

I led him to the bathroom and found some topical ointment. He whined, "It stings when the air touches it."

I can't say I was surprised he'd rubbed himself raw. I'd lost track of the number of times he'd slid down that damn fireman's pole at the playground. Whether I wanted to or not, I guess I was going to have to say something to him. But first things first.

I held out the ointment, "Let me put a little bit on your finger and you can put it on it."

Another tear leaked from his eyes, "But, Mom, it hurts."



“Do you want me to put it on there?”

The implication was clear. He could fix it himself or go through the indignity of his mom having to touch him. I could see his wheels spinning, weighing his options. Finally, he winced again and said, “It won’t hurt as much if you do it.”

Sighing, I sat on the toilet and pulled him to me, setting him on my lap. Up close, I could see his penis was perhaps an inch and a half, maybe. His scrotal sack was tight against the bottom of his penis. Whatever Kyle might be feeling, seeing him this close, he was still a long way from puberty.

I smeared the ointment on my forefinger and said, “Alright. Are you okay with me putting it on your penis?”

I hated the names boys came up with for their junk. Call it a penis, a dick or a cock. Those are fine. But Kyle, like his little friends, were still at that stage where the proper name was almost as bad as using a cuss word.

He nodded.

With one hand, I took hold of his little tube and with the other I smeared the ointment over the chafed part of his little mushroom shaped head.

By the time I was finished applying the ointment, his little one and a half inches had stretched to more than two inches as blood filled his penis, making Kyle erect.

I tried to ignore his physical reaction and said, “All good, kiddo.”

His hands covered his erection as he mumbled, “Sorry.”

Funny how a boy shows no inhibition walking into the living room, naked as a jay-bird and then when we’re in the bathroom, putting on the cream, he gets a little boner and freaks out. Boys...

I hugged my boy and said, “Nothing to be sorry about, Kyle. That’s normal.”

He sniffled, “But you saw my thing get all stiff. You think it’s bad.”

I was a bit shocked Kyle would think that way. When he’d been little, I had taken him into the shower, I guess, until he was around five, so that he

knew what women looked like. I certainly didn't want him to think his body was something to be ashamed of.

"No, baby. Why would you think that?"

More tears came, and as only kids can do, he blubbered, "Because you told me that I should do everything by myself. When I was in kindergarten, you let me shower with you, until my thing got big and then, you didn't let me shower anymore. You said, I needed to learn to do it myself. And then a couple of years ago, it happened again and then you said, I didn't need your help bathing anymore. That's why you think it's bad."

I was stunned. In thinking back, the times I had decided Kyle needed to learn to bathe himself had coincided with an erection. I hadn't intended for him to associate growing up and needing to learn how to take care of himself, with the spontaneous erections little boys notoriously get.

Silently, I cursed Kyle's father. Simon and I had met in high school. We had fallen in love with each other our freshman year. Me, this scrawny fourteen-year-old girl with blond ponytails and Simon, a gawky, gangly fourteen-year-old boy with dark brown curls. His father was the rabbi for the small Reform congregation in our city.

It should have been Simon explaining things about a boy's penis to his son. But that would never happen. When he got me pregnant our junior year, his parents hit the roof. There was no way their son was going to marry a goyim, a non-Jew. After Simon's fight with his parents, he flew out of his house in a rage. He was killed when he wrapped his car around a telephone pole on his way over to see me that night.

Even though I'd never seen his parents after the funeral, when Kyle was born and doctors asked me if I wanted him circumcised, it had been an easy choice. I said yes. I had no idea that Jews had their own ceremony for that kind of thing. But, again, it hardly mattered. Even nine years later, Kyle has never seen his grandparents.

"I don't think it's bad, Kyle. Your, ah, stiffy, is perfectly normal."

He sniffled again, "A-and you d-don't think it's dirty?"

I shook my head, "No, sweetheart."

Slowly, he pulled his hands away. His little penis still pointed toward the ceiling. He wiped a tear away from his eyes, "Okay. I guess the way you stopped doing bath stuff with me meant you hated it when that happened. Uhm... Mom?"

"Yes?"

"Um, if you don't hate my thing or stuff, why won't you give me a bath anymore?"

I rubbed his Scooby-Doo night shirt, I guess I'd stopped bathing him because that's what the experts had said, and who was I to question Dr. Spock? One woman with whom I taught had once told me that she let her kids decide when was the right time. She said her oldest, a boy, had stopped wanting help when he was eight. Her daughter had stopped wanting help before she turned ten, and her youngest, another boy, she still bathed, even though he'd just turned twelve. She had said the child will know when they want that extra privacy.

Perhaps my colleague was right and the experts had been wrong. I said, "Do you really want me to give you a bath?"

He nodded, "Yeah. I always liked it better when you bathed me."

Thinking back, I said, "Yeah, I liked washing you, too."

I glanced at my watch. It was a Saturday night. Not normally a night either of us bathed. "Do you want one now or wait until tomorrow?"

Knowing how little Kyle enjoyed getting his baths, I was surprised when he said, "Now's fine."

"Okay," I said as I stood him up. I pulled his night-shirt off and pointed him toward the tub. "Be a gentleman and run the water."

I plugged the drain once the water had warmed up and a few minutes later, I had my naked son smiling up at me from the tub. "Wash me!"

I scrubbed his back with a washcloth. It felt the same as the last time, nearly two years before. I washed his chest and his legs. When I was finished, I said, "All done, Kyle."

He glanced up, his father's brown eyes shining back at me. "Mom, you forgot one place."

He was sitting Indian-style, his little penis having returned to its normal state as he pointed to it.

"That area's kind of private. Perhaps you'd rather wash it yourself?"

Kyle frowned. I could see his mind thinking over things. "But if it's not wrong, then I don't understand why you can't clean it for me."

I decided a different tack, "While it's not wrong, boys your age usually want their mommas to let them do that part themselves.

He cocked his head, confused. "So, if it's not wrong, is it okay if you do?"

I didn't really have an answer. Still I had a strong idea what kind of bodily reaction Kyle might have. Holding the washcloth in one hand, I soaped it up with the other. "Okay. You know that this is your body and nobody touches you without your permission, right."

Kyle rolled his eyes, "Duh, of course."

I lowered the washcloth onto his penis and moved it around, lathering him up. Before I could move to his scrotum, I felt his flesh pushing against the washcloth. I pulled back and said, "Was almost finished. I can stop."

Kyle shook his head, "Mmm, no. Go ahead and finish."

I washed his scrotum and even ran the washcloth over to his bottom before I said, "All finished."

Kyle stood up, water cascading off his body, his little two inches pointing up at a bit of an angle.

When I dried him off and took him back to his bedroom, he opted to wear his Scooby-Doo underwear, but didn't want the shirt on. He said, "I get hot in the shirt."

Later that night, when I went to bed, I lay there, thinking. I had images of Kyle sliding down the fireman's pole. I could imagine his little erection rubbing against the pole as he pleased himself. Then when I closed my

eyes, I saw his erection, bouncing right in front of my face as he climbed out of the bathtub.

I squeezed my eyes shut. Another image came to mind. The summer before high school, I was home alone with Stevie. I was about to turn fourteen and he'd already turned twelve. Danny had a job already and was seldom home.

I had been masturbating my bedroom, using one of my brush handles to push in further than my fingers would let me go, when the door to my bedroom opened. Stevie looked shocked. He had stammered and said, he was only opening the door to ask me about going to the community pool.

Still, when he came in, he asked me if I was jacking off. I told him girls don't do that because that's something only boys do. Then I told him I was masturbating. He looked confused for a second, before he asked if he could watch me.

I only agreed if he would let me see him jack off at the same time. By now, my boobs had grown in. They were still pretty small, not even big enough to fill up an a-cup. I had enough hair down below that I didn't feel too self-conscious that it was still more silky strands than the thick curls older girls had. Stevie was larger, too. Even though he had just turned twelve and still didn't have hair-number-one, he had an impressive five inches when hard.

It didn't take very long, each of us watching the other, for both of us to cum. Stevie might have been well-endowed, but his ejaculate was mostly watery clear goo. Still, seeing each other shaking in our orgasm was enough for me to tell him I wanted to feel him inside me. Stevie didn't blink an eye. I half-think he was hoping for an invitation. His erection slid right inside me. Of course, I was slicker than snot on a door handle from cumming a moment before.

We were rocking together, finding the right rhythm, grinding our young bodies against each other until we both came again.

With that thought cycling in my brain, I pulled my panties down and grabbed my little shoebox of toys for moments like this. My vibrator was soon shifting between satisfying the persistent itch within my clit and the

hunger my pussy felt to be full. I pulled my shirt off and while one hand worked my pussy, the other rubbed against my tits.

Closing my eyes, I could see my brother, as he had been at twelve, looming over me, as he pushed his five inches into me. I'd blink and my brother's face was gone and in his place was Kyle. I blinked, trying to recall Stevie's face, but all I could see in my mind was my boy waving his penis in my face.

I couldn't help myself, I kept moving the vibrator until I felt myself fall over the cliff of my orgasm. My body shook until I pulled the sex toy away from my pussy.

That's when I noticed my bedroom door was open. Kyle was standing in the doorway, a stunned expression on his face, his hand pushed down the front of his Scooby Doo briefs.

## Part 2

I couldn't sleep. I had told mom the Scooby-Doo shirt was too hot. And I guess it is, but the real reason is that I liked how it felt when she had given me my bath and when she had dried me off. Staying in my underwear just felt better. I'm not sure why.

I tossed and turned for a bit, but couldn't get my mind to go to sleep. At first, all I could think about was how embarrassed I was when Mom saw my thing get stiff. Since the start of the third grade, I just knew she'd hated my thing. When I shifted onto my side, my thoughts turned to how good it felt when Mom washed my penis. I got stiff again when she did that. But this time, I didn't feel near as weird, not now that I knew mom didn't hate it anymore.

I got up, hoping a glass of water would help me sleep. I had drained it and then peed into the toilet. I almost forgot to close the lid, but my mom's voice in my head told me not to forget.

Mom usually stays up a lot later than me. She tells me it's because I'm a growing boy and need lots of sleep. I think it's so that she can read her books and not have me bothering her. Maybe I could ask her if she will rub my back until I fall asleep. That used to help me sleep.

Her door was closed, but I could see the light from her TV flicker under the door. So, I knocked. I put my head to the door and listened. I thought I heard her. It sounded like she was hurting, so I knocked again. Still, she didn't answer.

I opened the door. Mom was lying on her big bed. I could see both her legs spread wide. She had something between her legs; it looked like it was inside her, uh, girl thing. She moaned as she pulled the blue thing from her butt.

Then she looked up and saw me.

"Kyle!" she nearly screamed.

She sounded really angry, and I felt like I saw something I wasn't supposed to. I froze and leaned against the door. Tears flowed down my cheeks. I just

knew she was going to punish me bad for opening the door.

She swung her legs out of bed and ran over to me and said, "What are you doing in here, sweetie. Mommy had closed the door."

I couldn't help myself, sure that she was going to tell me I had really messed up. "I, I, uh, knocked a c-couple of times, M-mom. I t-though you were h-hurting and I c-came in."

I couldn't take my eyes from my mom's boobs. They looked soft and warm, reminding me of an icecream cone. And they were not so big that they hung down. No, they pointed toward me. In the middle of each boob was a dark pink circle, the size of a bicentennial quarter. Part of her boob poked out from there, the size of one of my pencil's erasers.

I realized I shouldn't stare and lowered my eyes. That' when I saw her girl parts. Once, my friend Billy had brought his dad's girly magazine to school. He showed it to us at lunch. There were pictures of women, like my mom, and they had lots of hair between their legs. Mom didn't look the same way. Hers looked different. Sort of like mine, without any hair... but like what girls have.

Even though I saw all of my mom, I hadn't stopped crying, and she hugged me tight and said, "There, there, Kyle. It's okay."

She pulled me over to her bed. I guess she realized she wasn't wearing anything. Before she dragged me onto the bed, she wrapped herself in a long, flowing bathrobe.

Mom sat me in her lap and asked, "I'm sorry I didn't hear you knock. Hmm, what did you see when you opened the door?"

It was hard for me to forget Mom's legs spread wide and that blue thing she had between them. It didn' seem like it would fit up her butt. Do people really do that?

Mom hugged me and said, "It's okay, Kyle. I promise I won't be upset. Momma just wants to know."

While I didn't really want to admit to her what I'd seen, my mom is good at knowing when I'm lying. So, I said, "I saw you, um, putting that blue thing



in your, uh, butt. Is that why you were hurting?”

I don’t know why she smiled. But she did. “I wasn’t hurting, Kyle. Sometimes, well, people do things when they’re alone to feel good. Have you ever done things that make you feel good, like in your tummy?”

I know my face turned red when Mom asked that. She couldn’t possibly know about the good feelings when I rub against a pole? She can’t possibly know...

I shrugged, “Dunno. I guess.”

I could see Mom thinking. She said, “Well, when I gave you a bath this evening, and you asked me to wash your penis, it felt good, right?”

“Yeah. I got a stiffy.”

Mom nodded, “That’s right. Well, I was doing something like that.”

I was confused. It had sounded like she’d been hurting. “Up your butt?”

Mom giggled and shook her head, “Oh, sweetie, no. Not up my butt. We’ve talked about how girls have more than just their butt down there, right.”

I felt my tummy lurch. She was talking about her girl thing. I am nine, so I know that girls have a hole instead of a thing between their legs. I know that men put their things in women’s holes. Nine months later, a baby comes out of a woman’s hole. See, I know what I’m talking about.

Still, I was confused. “What was that blue thing for? You can’t use that to make a baby, can you?”

Mom’s face got really red. She even put her hand over her mouth. I was starting to worry I’d said something wrong when Mom shook her head, “No, Kyle. That blue thing can’t make a baby. Only a man can do that.”

“What is it?”

I could see Mom was about to put the blue thing in her shoebox when she changed her mind. “Well, what’s this look like to you?”

The blue thing looked like it was plastic or something like that. It was long, almost a foot, I think. And narrow. It was no thicker than the D-batteries

that I use to power my remote-control car. Then I realized it looked a little bit like my thing, which was still stiff in my Scooby-Doo shorts.

I was red as a beat as I said, "Well, it looks a lot bigger than my thing, but it looks kinda like it."

Mom looks pretty when her cheeks blush red. She said, "Thing? Sweetie. It has a name, you know."

Penis? Anytime any of the boys at school called it that, everyone else made fun of them. It sounds kind of dirty, too. Still, if that's what mom wanted me to call it, then, okay.

I felt silly, "Well, it does look a lot bigger than my...penis."

Mom smiled and ran her hand through my hair. "Well, one day, your penis will get big, like this one. When that happens, you'll be able to make a baby with the woman you love."

I shook my head, "If my uh, penis is blue like that, there's going to be a big problem."

We both laughed. Most of the time, when I make a joke, Mom just gives me that stupid look, but her laughter right then was the real thing.

"Any other questions?" she asked.

I glanced at the blue penis-shaped thing she was still holding, "Uh, well, if you can't make a baby with that thing, and you're putting it in your, umm, hole..."

Mom put her hand up, "Oh, for Pete's sake, Kyle. It's my vagina. Calling it a hole is just... well, I don't like it."

I must have turned even redder. Some of the girls at school will point to their privates and call it their vaginas. All the boys run away, saying the girls have cooties. Still, deep inside, I knew Mom was right. "Okay, anyway, you were putting it in your, uh, vagina. How does it make you feel better?"

Mom hardly ever told me that she'd tell me something when I got older. She's not that kind of mother. Sometimes I don't always understand what

she's telling me, but that doesn't happen as much anymore. But I was afraid she was about to tell me that.

Instead, she said, "When I put that ointment on your penis before your bath earlier, had you been doing something that made it feel good?"

Uh-oh. Mom had noticed the pole. I shrugged, "Yeah."

"Rubbing up against things?"

I shrugged. I could see she knew what I'd been doing. "It feels nice."

Mom smiled as she held up the blue penis, "Well, women sometimes do the same thing with one of these. Just like you and the pole, this helps me feel better."

Have you ever seen a cartoon where the lightbulb pops on over someone? That's what it was like for me. I never realized that girls, or even moms, had similar feelings, like when I rubbed my thing, uh, penis.

Mom returned the blue penis to the shoebox and said, "Anything else, honey?"

I shook my head. "No. But, uh, can I sleep in here? I couldn't sleep, and maybe if you rub my back, I'll fall asleep quicker."

"Sure, Kyle," she pulled back the covers and patted the spot next to her, "Lay here, and I'll rub your back."

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Kyle bounced around a few times before stretching out face down on the bed. I had no illusions that if he fell asleep that my sleep wouldn't be quite as restful. My beautiful baby was an active sleeper. Still, even though I was trying to wrap my mind around the last fifteen minutes, part of me wanted him close tonight.

Kyle just wanted his back rubbed. No deep tissue or anything like that. Gently rubbing did the trick. And as I rubbed on his back, I thought back over the past fifteen minutes.

When I realized the door was open, and Kyle was watching me push the vibrator into my pussy, I could have died right then and there. Worse, he

froze up, like he was petrified with fear, and I ran over and pulled him to me without thinking about how naked I was. It wasn't until I got him over to the bed and realized he'd been gawking at my tits that I put on a bathrobe.

Our conversation had really challenged a promise I made to myself a couple of years earlier that I'd always try to tell him the truth. God, I never realized when I made that promise, he'd see me getting off with a vibrating dildo.

It could have been worse. After I got Kyle settled and he started asking questions, the tent in his underwear went away. I swear, when did nine-year-old boys start sporting boners all the time?

Kyles's pale skin was warm to my touch. That paleness would give way to a nice tan once summer arrived. There were no blemishes, no birthmarks anywhere on his body. Just a perfect nine-year-old boy. My fingers caressed his neck, brushing against his curly blond locks. He'd gotten his blond hair from me, but the curls were all his father's.

I rubbed my hand over his shoulder blades and down the narrow of his back along his spine, and over his lower back, brushing against the blue and green of his underwear. By now, I could hear his rhythmic breathing. He was asleep.

I turned out the lights and put a couple of feet between Kyle and me, hoping it would be enough to let me sleep in peace.

## Part 3

You'd think that with school finally out, I'd be well-rested. You'd be wrong. Today, I hauled Kyle over to the local pool for some swim lessons. Then, in the afternoon, I took him to the library to star on his summer reading list.

Playing outside is good, and I didn't mind if he rides his bike around the neighborhood to play with his friends. But if he were going to hang around the house during the day, then by God, he'd have a book to read.

That way, I could make my way through the stack of video rentals uninterrupted.

After dinner on the first Monday night of the summer, Kyle and I had just finished watching Alf. He'd laughed everywhere the laugh-track cued up the laughter, but I was about ready to scream. Still, the deal we'd made is that we'd watch a movie together after letting him watch his sit-com.

Kyle rummaged through the stack of videos and finally pulled out The Karate Kid. We'd seen it in the theater when it came out a few years before. But it had been pretty intense for a seven-year-old. I figured he would enjoy it more now that he's almost ten.

"Alright. We start this show, and it'll take us past your bedtime. So, why don't we both get ready for bed, and then watch it?"

Kyle didn't respond as much as he bolted toward his bedroom. In my bedroom, I stripped down to my panties and put on a lighter bathrobe. I tied the cord and took a look in my vanity mirror. The robe came about half-way down my thighs. And when I wrapped the robe around and tied the cord, my breasts were modestly hidden.

Since Kyle caught me masturbating last month, for reasons I can't or don't want to consider, I've noticed I'm not wearing the modest pajamas I used to. I've slept in just my panties a few times or with a string camisole a few more.

Also, Kyle won't take a bath anymore unless I give it to him. And he's given up wearing anything other than his underwear, so I guess, to one extent or another, we're growing more comfortable with each other.

Kyle had beat me back into the living room. He hit play as I settled onto my side, lying on the sofa. Usually, he likes to put a pillow on the floor and sit down in front of me. This evening, he came over and crawled on top of me, his legs straddling mine, his head resting against my arm. Fortunately, I don't think he's sixty pounds soaking wet, so having him lying on me wasn't much of a burden. And, although I hate to admit it, I enjoyed our closeness.

We were past the point where Daniel-San gets rescued by Mr. Miyagi after the Halloween party, when I felt Kyle's body slip down a tiny bit. He moved back up. And then did it again. Within just a few short seconds, Kyle was gently sliding against me. More specifically, my hip, which was right where his underwear-clad midsection rested.

I glanced at his face, and while he seemed focused on the movie, I could also see him biting his lower lip, which was something he did when he focused on something. A few more times, and I felt something prodding my skin. I couldn't see anything but, I was pretty sure Kyle was erect.

He was steadily moving back and forth against the side of my body. I was taken aback. But perhaps I shouldn't have been. A few days earlier, when I was bathing him, Kyle had asked why another lady who had brought her own young daughter to the playground had come over and yanked the girl away from playing with my son. Kyle had just finished riding the fireman's pole down three times and had just watched the girl descend when the lady had yanked the girl away.

When I told him it was likely because he'd been trying to make himself feel better, he seemed to catch on that even though I didn't say anything, others might not like it in public. When I had bathed him that night, he told me, "I guess I'm not going to be able to ride the fireman pole anymore. "

I said with a wink, "Well, maybe when it's just you and me."

That seemed to make him feel better, but as I was washing his penis, he said, "What about at home? Can I, uh, rub myself here?"

That seemed a much better choice than the park. I nodded, "Sure, sweetie. When it's just us, you can rub yourself as much as you want."

Now though, I wonder if Kyle had taken me literally. After another minute of him sliding on my side, I said, "Feeling good, Kyle?"

He stopped, and I could see him turn scarlet. After a long moment, in his soft, quiet voice, he said, "You said as long as it was just the two of us. I thought this was okay."

I thought about it. I knew he was curious about the feelings he felt when he rubbed himself. And as his mom, I have to admit, I was curious about how his body was developing, and if he was comfortable sharing any part of that with me, then I should be happy. Right?

I'm not sure how much longer he went, but by the time the movie ended, he was asleep. When I woke him up and sent him to bed, I was a trifle surprised to see him lying on my bed, "Rub my back, please!"

I slid under the covers and put my hand on his back, "Like this?"

He sighed in contentment, "Yeah. That feels nice."

After a few minutes, my hands touch his underwear and start their way back up. In a tired voice, Kyle said, "If you want, you can rub my butt, too."

I had thought he was asleep. When I bathed him, I didn't ignore the butt, not when you consider what comes out of there. But I was a bit surprised at his request. When my hand rubbed his cotton briefs, he pushed his backside into the air a few inches and pulled his shorts far enough for both globes of his delightful bubble butt to be exposed.

He yawned, "Just like the bath, right?"

If his back was smooth as satin, then Kyle's cute bubble butt was silk beneath my fingers. My hands glided back and forth over each orb until I heard my boy's soft, steady breathing. I kept on until I felt my own eyes growing tired. I turned out the light and removed my bathrobe before sliding back under the covers as far away as possible from Kyle, the Destroyer of Sleep.

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I awoke with Kyle's head pressed against the side of my chest. And when I opened my eyes, I could see his feet hanging off the side of the bed. He'd

also managed to work the covers off of him, too. There was sunlight bleeding in through the curtains, so thankfully, I'd gotten an entire night's sleep. There was also enough sunlight for me to see that his underwear was down around his knees. After he fell asleep, I'd not disturbed him. After all, rubbing his butt had been an excellent way to send him to sleep.

Now, though, he was lying face up, and his penis was flying at full mast. Sure, it was only two inches, but as the sunlight danced across his glans, I was happy to experience the moment with him.

I felt his curls moving against my right breast and an unintelligible mumble. My little angel was awake. As Kyle moved again, and his hair dragged across my breast, it dawned on me that I'd slept in just my panties. No problem when I'm by myself, but I wasn't sure I wanted to give the impression to Kyle that women went around exposing their tits to him.

He turned over and yawned. "G'morning," he mumbled.

Then his eyes shot open as he stared at my breasts. That made him look down below, and he yelped as he sat up and pulled at his underwear.

Even as the flush left his face, he slowly nodded, "Oh, yeah. I forgot you were rubbing my butt. What happened to your shirt?"

I smiled at his innocent directness. "I didn't realize I was going to have a guest last night."

Kyle giggled, "I like sleeping with you. I feel safer."

I pulled him to me, ignoring the back of his hair against my chest, "I'm kind of fond of it, too. So, what do you want to do today?"

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I was a bit tired. Kyle's friend, Jake, had just left with his dad. I Checked out the kitchen; there wasn't anything that couldn't wait for tomorrow. All in all, it was a pretty successful birthday party for a ten-year-old.

Kyle was loaded down with gifts, taking them back to his room. And I followed, making sure all the cups and paper plates were gone. With one last sweep of my eyes, I decided the living room, while it looked lived in, had survived a half-dozen nine and ten-year-olds.



I stopped at his bedroom, where he'd put nearly all the gifts on his bed, "Looks like a good haul, kiddo."

He flashed a happy smile, "Thanks for moving the party over here when it started raining."

I shrugged. You did what you had to do, and the house always been my fallback plan, anyway. Who could have guessed a late afternoon storm shower in the middle of the summer?

He came over to me and hugged me. I enjoyed these moments with Kyle. I sniffed at his hair, smelling boy sweat and choline. I said, "You smell like you had a good time. You want to get your bath now?"

Kyle shrugged, "No bath-pass for the birthday boy?"

"Nope," I said, "Now that you're into the double digits, do you want to tackle your baths by yourself?"

Kyle glared at me, "What? I thought as the birthday boy, all my wishes will come true."

"What does that have to do with your bath?"

Kyle slid past me as he headed to the bathroom, "Well, I wished that you'd still be giving me baths forever."

I smacked him on the butt as I followed him into the bathroom. "Forever's a long time. Don't you think you'll want some privacy one day?"

As Kyle pulled his shirt off, showing a nice summer tan, he said, "Don't we have it already?"

I turned on the water, "Maybe you'll want some privacy from me. You know, Mom?"

Kyle gave it some thought as he slipped his swimsuit off, "Oh, you mean, like when I get big?"

My baby had grown a couple of inches in height over the summer. He was over four and a half feet tall now. Only seven inches to catch up with his mom. He'd also grown a bit downstairs, too. His flaccid penis was almost two inches.

Once the tub was full enough, Kyle sat in the warm water. I grabbed a bar of soap and lathered up my hands. I'd been using a washcloth until a couple of days earlier, but all the towels had been dirty, and I'd just used my soapy hands. I had really enjoyed the direct contact on Kyle's body. It felt more...intimate.

I picked up his left arm and lathered it from his wrist to his smooth pits and then did the same with his right. He's ticklish, so I avoided digging my fingers into his pits. That was a lesson learned. Last time, I had tickled him, and water splashed everywhere, including on me.

My soapy fingers dug into his back, kneading his soft, warm tissue. I elicited a wordless moan of pleasure as I worked my soapy fingers down his back. He even shivered under my touch as I washed up and down his spine.

When I reached the top of his pale butt, I stopped as I lathered my hands. Last time, I'd quit when I reached his bottom. Now, though, I said, "We didn't clean your backside last time. You can clean it if you want..."

Kyle shook his head and smiled up at me as he said, "You clean me better than I can."

"Ok, bend over so I can reach it."

My boy twisted around, sloshing water about, until he was on his knees, bent over. His face was only inches above the water, but his butt pointed upwards. I worked my fingers over each cheek, digging them into the silky-smooth skin. Then I slid a soapy finger down his crack.

Kyle giggled, "You weren't kidding about cleaning it. That tingles."

I said, "Not quite finished, but I'll stop if you want."

He shook his head, "Go ahead and finish. It doesn't feel bad."

My finger slid into the space between his cheeks, sliding along it until I bumped against his little anus. My heart sped up as my finger touched it.

Kyle craned his neck to look back at me. "I promise, I wipe myself clean, Mom, every time I poop."

I smiled back at him, "I'm sure you do, kiddo."

His baths always ended with me washing his penis and him getting his little erection. And even though I often asked him if he was comfortable with how I gave him his baths, he had always said he enjoyed them better than when he used to do it himself. Rubbing a finger over his anus didn't seem as intimate as washing Kyle's penis.

"Mom's just going to make sure it's clean." With that, my finger slid around the outer edges of his anus and then pressed against his sphincter muscle. I briefly thought about pushing into his anus but decided Kyle could do without that feeling. For now. Instead, I rubbed my soapy finger across his puckered hole for a moment.

"All clean, Kyle."

My boy shifted around until he was sitting on his butt again, his hands resting between his legs. "That was weird," he said.

I said, "Well, most boys either clean it themselves or don't do a very good job. If you'd rather, I'll let you take over that part next time."

He shook his head, "Oh, it wasn't bad weird. Just different. I'm going to lay down and let you get my front, okay?"

With that, he slid down until all four and a half feet of him was stretched out in the tub, facing me. Once he stretched out, his hands fell away from his lap. His beautiful erection pointed back toward his belly.

He saw me looking at it, and he giggled, "Well, it got stiff when you were washing my butt."

The problem with crossing lines is that each time you do it, it becomes easier the next time. And I knew when I let Kyle talk me into bathing him again that I was tip-toeing across a line. That barrier between parent and child. Sure, I told myself that I was only doing it because he asked. And while that was, and remains true, deep inside me, I knew I had a duty to be Kyle's mom and set those boundaries that respect his privacy.

But since he saw me masturbating, my sense of boundaries, my sense of finding a healthy balance with Kyle has steadily eroded. And when I try to

find the moral outrage, to rail against myself for these choices mentally, I just can't find it.

Yes, I know what I've done has come close to lines society tells me I mustn't cross, and deep inside, I just don't care. When I see Kyle's happy face smiling at me when I wash him, I can't convince myself I'm doing anything wrong. When his erection grows under the washcloth, and I feel it under my fingers, I can't help but see the love in my boy's eyes.

That's why I laughed and said, "I think it looks beautiful, Kyle."

And as my boy flushed at the compliment, I leaned over and started washing his shoulders with my soapy fingers. With his nice tan, his skin was the same color as his little nipples. Smaller than a dime, as I ran my fingers over them, they both grew hard, barely poking above his chest.

My fingers traced lightly over Kyle's belly. He was just as ticklish here as under his arms. As soft as I was, he still let out a few giggles. From his belly, I moved down to his feet and washed each of his toes as he giggled, "That tickles, Mom."

I soaped up his ankles and shins and tried not to tickle him again as I lathered his knees. From there, I worked up his thighs until my fingers brushed against the underside of his premature scrotum, nestled tight against the base of his still erect penis.

Last time, when I got to this part, I had rushed through it, worried about what Kyle might think. Now, though, as I glanced over at his face, he wore an expectant expression, like he had been looking forward to this part from the beginning.

I ran my slick fingers across his sack, feeling his diminutive balls shifting around under the loose skin. I glanced back at Kyle again and said, "You sure you're good with me cleaning your penis?"

Still smiling, Kyle nodded, "Always."

"If you feel uncomfortable, let me know," I said. While I confess, I enjoyed seeing his boyhood and touching it, however briefly, last time, I want Kyle to enjoy it, too.

I slid my soapy fingers up his little shaft. Over the past few months, he's gotten a little bigger. I think he's just shy of three inches when he's hard. And I traced my fingers, still slick with soap, over that little shaft until suds coated it.

As I gripped his penis between my thumb and forefinger, I remembered my brother, Stevie's tenth birthday. I'd done more to my brother than simply hold his penis. Of course, I'd not even been twelve. Now that I was twenty-seven, even in my desire to pleasure Kyle, I wasn't ready to cross that bridge yet.

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My tenth birthday was lots of fun. I'd gotten a Karate Kid action figure and a couple of GI Joe action figures, too. I got a pogo ball and some baseball cards. Mom had even baked a chocolate cake, and I love chocolate cake.

Mom had reserved the party-section at the local swimming pool, and we'd been swimming for a while when a storm came in and forced the pool to close. But Mom was so cool, we moved the party back to our house, and that's when I got to open my gifts.

After everyone was gone, Mom gave me a big hug and told me I smelled. Sometimes, she still tries to see if I want to take my own bath, but I just shake my head. I feel good when she gives me my bath. I feel closer to her, and I like that.

Tonight, as she was washing me, she just used her hands. That feels so much better than a scratchy old washrag. I like it a lot better. She also did something new that she hasn't done before. After she washed my back, she had me bend over so that she could wash my butt. She touched my poop hole and made sure it was clean. My tummy felt like I had butterflies when she did that.

I know she thinks I'm big enough to take my own baths, so when it felt good, I didn't want to say anything else, in case she thinks I need to take my own baths. I wish she liked giving me baths as much as I like her giving them to me.

When she finished with my butt, I saw that my penis (see, I got it right now. No more calling it a thing) was really stiff. I didn't know messing around with my butt would make me all stiff.

When she was almost done, she washed my nuts, and it felt good. If I weren't already hard, that would have done it. The last time she washed me with just her hands, she was really quick, just barely touching me down there. This time it was different. Her fingers found my balls, and she made them move around inside my sack. I really liked it. Then, when she washed my penis, her fingers touched it all over the place. The butterflies in my tummy were hard to ignore. Even my penis tickled. But not a bad tickle, where you want to fight to stop it. No, it was a really nice tickle.

This was the longest she'd ever touched me down there, and I was sure she was almost finished. But I didn't want her to stop. This felt even better than when I rubbed myself on the swing set at school or on the fireman's pole at the playground. A lot better.

She didn't stop. She put her fingers all the way around my penis, and she moved them up and down. They were super slick, and it really tickled good when she did that.

She said, "That okay, Kyle?"

I nodded, "Mm-hmm."

She kept on sliding her finger up and down, and I felt even more ticking inside my penis. And some pressure, too. This was way better than when I rubbed myself.

I don't know how long Mom moved her fingers up and down, but the tickling grew powerful inside, and I started to feel like I needed to pee. And all the time, it felt super good.

Mom had seen me pee lots of time, but I'd never felt like this before, so I just let that feeling grow, figuring she wouldn't mind too much, if at all.

Then I felt something at the bottom of my penis pop inside me and a feeling so strong spread out from that spot. My entire body tingled as my penis kicked in Mom's hand. I didn't even realize it at first, but the noise in the room was me, "Ahhhh!"

My back arched, and that good feeling went on and on until Mom let go of my penis.

When I opened my eyes, Mom was looking at my face, “Oh, sweetie, I, uh, are you okay?”

I could see in her eyes that she was bothered by something. I knew what it was. After all, she’d told me about how I should avoid talking to strangers at the park, and if an adult that I don’t know comes up to me that I should find an adult I do know. She had also told me about good touches and bad touches. And that basically, any of my touches were good, but that nobody else could touch me without my permission. Those were bad touches.

Now that I’m ten, I know more than I did when I was nine. I could tell Mom worried that she’d touched me in a bad way.

As I sat in the cooling water, I took her hand and said, “Wow, Mom. That felt really good. A lot better than when I used the pole at the park.”

Her little laughter sounded nervous and shaky, “So, it felt better?”

The look in her eyes wavered. I added, “Loads better.”

Mom got a towel and started drying me off. She said, “What did it feel like, kiddo?”

As she rubbed my hair with the towel, I said, “It was like when you took me to Six Flags last year, and we rode the rollercoaster. Every time we got close to the top, and just before the drop, I’d feel pressure inside me. And then when we got to the top, and we flew down the other side, my stomach would bunch up, and then I’d feel awesome.”

She was looking at me a bit strange, so I finished by saying, “Well, sort of like that, but a lot better.”

“And you’re sure everything’s okay?”

Sometimes moms can be frustrating. I just wanted her to know that I loved the feeling she gave me. I grabbed her hand and pushed it down so that I could throw my arms around her neck. Squeezing it in my best hug, I said, “More than okay, Mom. Touching me like that was better than a good

touch; it was the best touch, and I'm glad you did it. So, stop asking if it's okay. Okay?"

We hugged each other. I could tell she was feeling better because when she laughed, there wasn't any nervousness now. And that made me happy.

When she finished drying me off, she wrapped the towel around me and pulled me onto her lap. She said, "Do you know what just happened to you?"

Her voice sounded normal now, I didn't think she was still worrying about things, so I relaxed against her and enjoyed the feeling her holding me. "It felt really good. Something to do with rubbing my penis."

"Yeah. That's right. When your penis gets rubbed, and you feel that good feeling, the longer you rub it, the better the feeling until something happens. Like now."

Talking about my penis made me realize it hadn't really gone down much. It was mostly stiff. "Uh-huh."

Mom said, "It's called an orgasm. Have you heard the word before?"

I repeated the word back to her. After a moment I nodded, "Yeah. I think so. Me and Billy overheard his sister telling one her friends that if her boyfriend didn't give her an orgasm that she was going to break up with him."

Mom smiled at me, "Any idea what she meant?"

You gotta understand, I was nine when I overheard Billy's sister. And I didn't know as much as I do now. You know... ten, and all. Now that I thought about it, all of this had been about sex.

Whenever sex got talked about at school, it was something totally gross. After all, girls have cooties, you understand. Only, maybe they don't. Mom sure doesn't. That's a fact. Billy's sister wanted her boyfriend to make her feel really good. Just like mom had wanted to feel really good when I saw her with her blue penis thing. And the feeling she'd given me. Oh, man.

A lot of the things I'd heard about or seen were making more sense. Once, a few months ago, Mom had been watching something on TV in her room,



and when I came in, I saw a man laying on top of a woman. Mom had paused the VCR when I came in. And when I asked her what they were doing, she'd told me they were hugging. I guess that's because she thought nine-year-old boys don't know anything about that stuff. But now, I realized the man had put his penis in the woman's vagina, and they were doing sex.

Slowly, I nodded at Mom, "Yeah, she was talking about sex."

Mom nodded, "Well, yes and no. You don't have to have sex to orgasm. Like what just happened, you had an orgasm. From the looks of it, a very nice one. You don't have to have sex to orgasm."

I nodded. I wanted her to know I understood. "Kind of like when I saw you a couple of months ago? When you had that blue penis thing. Did you, uh, orgasm with it?"

Mom got red again. "Yeah. I had an orgasm. Any more questions?"

Sure, I had more questions but didn't really know how to ask them. I shook my head, and mom stood me up and said, "Alright, go on and get ready for bed, young man."

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Feeling Kyle hug me so tight made me feel good. Somewhere in the back of my mind, part of me wanted to condemn me for what I'd done. A much larger part of me saw the pure bliss on my son's face. I knew I was mostly responsible for that happiness and knowing that made me question how what I'd done could possibly be wrong.

I explained about orgasms and was a bit surprised he had such a good grasp. It was clear that he associated what I'd done for him with what he saw me doing for myself a couple of months ago. Perhaps I have some reservations about Kyle thinking about me having orgasms, but I definitely want him to understand before he goes through puberty in a year or two, that girls also orgasm. I don't want him to grow into a man who only considers his own sexual needs. And if he thinks of me and that damned blue vibrator, then that's a small price to pay.

When I'd answered all his questions, he ran off to get ready for bed. I drained the tub. Most of the time, I'd get my bath in the morning, but after

the long day, a couple of hours in the sun, and dealing with the craziness of Kyle's birthday party, I decided I'd run a bath for myself tonight. It would be nice just to soak and relax for a bit.

When the tub was full enough, I turned the water off and went to close the door. Kyle came out of his room at that moment, wearing a pair of gray briefs. He said, "Can we watch a movie in your room before bed?"

I was unfastening the buttons on my shirt as I said, "Maybe in a little bit. I'd like to take a bath first."

"Okay," he said. He stopped even with the bathroom door and said, "I can wash your back, if you wanted."

My heart melted a bit at his words. Even though I know the world beyond the walls of our house wouldn't understand the bond we shared, I felt so close to him right then. That he was thinking of me. Still, I've always enjoyed the solitude of my baths—those few moments when I didn't have to be on my motherly toes.

"Thanks, sweetie. I think I can manage," I said.

He nodded, "I know, Mom. It's just... well, I really like it when you give me a bath and I thought you might like it if I washed your back."

I just wanted to reach out and kiss my baby's adorable face. Standing so close to him, I could feel his love for me at that moment. In truth, over the past few months, the little boy aspect of Kyle had been easier to manage. There were a lot less of the childhood chaos and more aspects of him behaving emotionally mature. Enough so that he wouldn't be a pain if I let him come into the bathroom with me. Still, right after crossing such a colossal line earlier in the evening, I wasn't sure I wanted to cross any more lines tonight.

Before I could figure out another gentle way to tell him no, Kyle said, "I really want to do this for you, if it's okay."

The beautiful, earnest expression on Kyle's face was just too much, "Okay, baby."

He came in and I closed the bathroom door. He sat on the toilet seat as I slid the shirt from my shoulders. Even though Kyle had seen me naked that one time, it felt surreal, exposing my bra-covered breasts to him.

I guess it felt surreal because as soon as the door clicked closed, something in me wanted my son in the bathroom with me. That part of me wanted him to see my breasts, to see my pussy, to see every inch of me. It wanted to share with Kyle everything he shared with me. As I reached around and unclasped my bra, I told that part of me to chill out. This was just a bath, and Kyle was only there to wash my back.

My boy's eyes went to my breasts as I dropped my bra on top of my shirt. I would never win first prize for my tits. Far from it. Most women's breasts swell, filling up with fatty tissue, filling up a c or d cup. I wasn't that lucky. My breasts were conically shaped, with minimal swelling. They poked out a couple of inches, coming to a point at my little nipples.

When I had been young, making love to Simon, he'd not cared. I think just the fact that they were boobs made him happy to suck on them. Since then, I seldom dated. The couple of guys I'd gone out with, as soon as they saw Kyle, they were gone.

I drew a sharp intake of air as I realized the last time anyone other than my gynecologist had seen my tits had been Kyle's dad.

I pulled my pants down, letting them fall onto my pile of discarded clothes. My baby's eyes flitted between my tits and the mystery hidden behind my pink cotton panties.

I paused as I hooked my fingers onto the hem of my panties. Kyle must have seen my uncertainty. That final act of disrobing that would bare all of me to his curious eyes. He said, "It's okay. It's no different than when you see my penis."

Was it? For years I would have sworn it was. But was it really? I gave a little mental shrug and pulled my panties down. Kyle hadn't said anything a couple of months ago about my pussy, but now I wondered if he'd comment on how smooth I was. This was something else that went back to when I was young. The last time that Stevie and I had fucked, he had

commented that it wasn't fair that he didn't have any pubic hair while I did.

When I asked my brother why it mattered, he said that he thought I looked better without any hair. Well, being thirteen and being horny for a newly minted twelve-year-old boy's cock, I shaved my pubic hair off. Maybe Stevie was on to something. When we came together, the feeling of our smooth bodies grinding against each other had been heavenly.

When Simon and I started dating, we got serious pretty quick, and it turned out he liked the feel of my smooth pussy, too. Liked it so much that he shaved his pubes, too. And the truth is, even though he's been gone for more than ten years, I keep it shaved because I loved how good it made me feel when his shaved pubic area rubbed against my bald pussy. And I get more turned on when I masturbate without any hair down there than with.

Now that I was disrobed, I slid into the still-hot water and sighed as I lay against the back of the tub. After a moment, Kyle came over and knelt by the tub. I guess my thoughts about him seeing me were changing because I found myself enjoying his eyes.

"Whatcha think?" I asked.

He said, "You're beautiful. Uh..."

"Question?"

Kyle nodded, "I thought women had uh, hair on their... well, down there." His eyes fixated on my pubic area.

I nodded as I ran a bar of soap over my chest. "Yes. That's true. But lots of women like to shave their hair down there."

Kyle looked confused. "Why?"

Perhaps I'm a horrible mother, introducing my baby to sexual themes so young, but I don't care. I said, "Well, when I'm touching myself down there, it feels really nice not having a bunch of hair."

Kyle's eyebrows rose, "When you, uh, orgasm?"

I nodded, "Yeah. No hair makes it feel a lot better."

He asked, "Even for men?"

I thought back to Kyle's dad. Simon's smoothly shaven pubic area had always turned me on. "Yeah. Even for men."

"Okay. When I start getting hair down there, can I get rid of it, too?"

I shrugged, "Most boys are actually proud when they start getting hair, Kyle. It's kind of a symbol of becoming a man among your friends."

"Oh. But if I wanted to, could I?"

"Sure, if you want to," I said. "But why would you?"

Kyle looked down. His voice was soft, "You'd like touching me more if I don't have hair."

I stopped washing, "That's not true. I'll always love you the same, no matter how much pubic hair you eventually grow."

Kyle shook his head, "I know that, Mom. That's not what I said. I think you'll like washing me more if I don't have, uh, pubic hair, than if I do."

I wasn't sure how to respond to that. Based on the feelings I had for Simon, my boy was right. I had enjoyed the smoothness of our bodies together.

"We'll worry about that when it happens. But, just how much longer do you think I should keep bathing you?"

Kyle flashed me a smile. "Well, forever, duh!"

I ran my fingers over his belly, "We'll see, okay. You ready to wash my back?"

I twisted around, facing the other side of the tub. After a moment, I felt his warm fingers rubbing across my shoulder blades. Everywhere his fingers touched made me feel good. His fingers gently slid against my spinal column, going from my neck down to my lower back. Soaping his hands, he attacked my lower back muscles, gently kneading the tissue. When he had done a thorough job on my back, he lowered one of his hands onto the top of one of my butt cheeks.

I craned my neck around, "Trying to feel my butt?"

He giggled, "Well, I really liked what you did and, well, if it's okay, I wanted to do it for you."

The problem I had right then is that there was nowhere on my body Kyle could have asked to touch that I would have refused.

I got onto my knees and bent low, pushing my butt into the air. It wasn't lost on me that if Kyle explored down there, he might find that second hole. Still, I didn't care, as long as he enjoyed himself.

His lathered hands rubbed on each of my cheeks, one at a time. About the time I was going to ask him if he could see himself in the reflection, his finger slid down my crack a little bit at a time.

After a moment of sliding in just a bit at a time, Kyle said, "How can I tell where things are at down there?"

In answer, I reached back and pulled my butt cheeks open.

"Oh, I see. OH!"

Suspecting the answer, I said, "What?"

In that same soft tone, he said, "I, uh, see your... vagina."

I let go of my cheeks and sat back up. Kyle looked a bit dizzy. I said, "You okay? Maybe I shouldn't have done that."

Kyle shook his head vigorously, "No, it's alright."

Worried I might have let things go too fast, I finished washing and said, "Hand me a towel, please."

My lovely shadow followed me into my bedroom, where he climbed up on the bed and said, "I liked washing your back. That was fun."

I dropped the towel, exposing all of me to Kyle again as I found a pair of panties. I felt a bit less exposed once they were on. I probably should have put on a top, but I liked how I felt and knew Kyle wouldn't complain.

When I slid under the covers, I said, "Go find a movie, and we'll watch it. Okay?"

Kyle came back a few minutes later and put on Crocodile Dundee before climbing into bed. I could see him glancing at my tits as he leaned his head against a pillow.

"I can put a shirt on," I said after the second time he looked.

He shook his head, "Um, it is bad that I like looking?"

I reached over and rubbed his chest, "No, sweetie. I'm kind of flattered you like looking at my boobs."

For a few minutes, Kyle enjoyed the movie, but then he rolled onto his side and surprised me, "Um, Mom, can I, uh, touch your... boobs?"

I was blown away by the question. More than that, I was kind of turned on. Part of me, a shrinking part, told me that I should have worn a nightshirt. The largest part of me was thrilled at Kyle's request.

"Sure, sweetie."

Kyle reached across the bed, and his finger touched my nipple, turning it hard almost instantly. I pursed my lips, not wanting to make any sounds that might alarm my boy. After another tentative touch, I took his hand and said, "Let's do this right."

I sat up a bit straighter and pulled Kyle over to me and had him straddle my body, sitting on my lap. I felt warm, his bottom resting against me. I said, "This is easier, right?"

Kyle stretched out his hand and touched my nipple again. In a moment, both his hands were touching, caressing, and even lightly squeezing my boobs. And it felt terrific. After a few minutes, I said, "Now the mystery is solved. You know what they feel like."

He flushed a bit and said, "That was cool. Thanks."

As only boys can do, he turned around and still sitting on my lap, his interest returned to the movie, his curiosity sated. After a bit, he paused the movie and went to the bathroom. When he came back, climbed on my lap only to spread his legs to either side of me and slide himself forward until his head faced the TV, resting on his crossed arms, which rested on my shins.

His crotch rested against mine. I could even feel his soft penis on my pubic mound. It was a nice view, as far as I was concerned. With his legs splayed to either side, I could see his bottom. And, as you can imagine, even though our underwear covered our sexes, I felt warm down there, enjoying the pressure of his body pressing against me.

The movie was close to the end when I felt him move. When he did it again, I saw his feet flex next to me, and his body moved against mine. But where I really felt it was on my mound. Any pretense at being the responsible adult was gone. I loved what Kyle was doing. After he did it a couple of more times, I reached down and rested my hand on his butt.

He craned his head around, with an apologetic expression, "Oh, uh, is this okay?"

I love him so much. There was no pretense. No attempt to try to deflect what he'd done. He just wanted to know I didn't mind.

He did it once again, and I could feel his penis stiffening as he moved it. I reached out with my hands and pulled on his underwear. Instead of looking back around or saying anything, Kyle just lifted his hips and let me pull them down. I had to move his feet around, but in short order, I dropped his underwear on the floor.

He kept flexing his toes, sliding his body up and down mine. It reminded me so much of how he liked pleasuring himself on the fireman's pole on the playground.

With his legs splayed, I could see his butt, and I didn't hesitate to put my hands on his backside, rubbing his beautiful pale orbs.

The credits rolled on the show, but Kyle didn't say anything about it. He kept sliding along me. I loved how his little erection felt, rubbing me through my underwear. The next time he shifted, I moved him down, pushing his penis from rubbing on my pubic mound to rubbing against my slit.

What had been a pleasant tingling grew more pronounced. Kyle's not-quite three inches ran from between my legs, sliding back up to just above my slit. And back again.



My eyes fluttered as I felt a buildup of pressure. I wanted to feel him even more. When he stretched out, and his penis rubbed the bottom of my underwear, I put my hand on his bare butt and said, "Instead of sliding, can you move your butt up and down?"

It took a moment, but then Kyle's hips were pushing and pulling his erection against my panty covered slit, driving me wild.

After another thrust, I thought I was going to lose it, my pussy tingling intensely. Kyle stopped for a moment, and I said, "You okay, Kyle?"

He grinned back at me and nodded, "Yeah. Just resting. This really is okay?"

I nodded, "Yes, sweetie. I just need you to do one other thing for me."

"Sure, what's that?" he asked.

"Take my underwear off, too."

Kyle's eyes grew round, and then his smile was even wider. He used his legs and hands to raise off of me and then worked my panties all the way off. When he lowered himself back down, I felt his erection rub my outer labia, skin on skin, making me shudder and sigh.

Still facing forward, he said, "Was that okay?"

My voice shaking with raw emotion, I said, "Y-yeah, baby. Does this feel like what I was doing to you in the bathtub?"

He shook his head, "Not really. This feels even better. Is this anything like that blue, uh, penis?"

I chuckled, "Not really, baby. This is a lot better for me, too."

Taking that as encouragement, Kyle thrust his hips forward and back, running his penis against my pussy lips. A few more thrusts and I felt myself growing wet, and that made Kyle's erection slick. Maybe it was how slippery his penis had gotten, maybe it was the tingling in his erection, but my baby started going faster, until he looked like a rabbit fucking, shoving in and out as quickly as he could manage.

Then he squealed, "Ahhh."

His penis, rubbing against my outer lips, spasmed and then kicked a few more times. And that was enough stimulation that the pressure building up in my pussy was released, and I felt my orgasm wash over me.

After a few minutes, I grabbed his arms and turned him back around until he was resting on my chest. Kyle had a tired but happy smile. He rested his head on my shoulder and said, "That was fun."

A few minutes later, he fell asleep.

## Part 4

I thought I was waking up from a dream when my eyes opened. For a long time, I thought I had dreamed that me and Mom had rubbed our bodies together. Then as I looked around, I was lying in her bed, snuggled up tight next to her body. She didn't have anything on. And neither did I.

Then I realized it wasn't a dream. We had really been doing stuff together. I wanted to hug my mom right then. Somehow or another, she knew what I had been hoping for since she'd given me my bath last night. Oh, man. She'd given me the best birthday present I could have wanted.

As I lay there beside Mom, she looked so peaceful and beautiful. I didn't know exactly how to kiss, but I sure wanted her to teach me so that I could kiss her back and show her how much I love her. She shifted in bed, and her arm stretched out, and that let me inch in closer, and that's when I leaned forward and put my lips on my mom's.

Her eyes fluttered open, and I pulled my face back, uncertain that was really how she wanted to be awakened.

Mom blinked a few times before she said, "Mmm, good morning, my love. That's a nice way to wake a girl up."

I couldn't help but smile as I thought about what me and her had done last night. "Well, I'm not very good at kissing, but I really wanted to wake you up with a kiss."

She rolled onto her side, and I felt her boobs against my chest as she said, "I think that's easily fixable."

Then she said, "Do what you just did, and we'll go from there."

Eager to make Mom happy, I leaned forward and put my lips against hers. Then she did something with her lips that made mine feel good. It was like she puckered up when I kissed her. I could tell she wanted me to do the same. And when I did, I realized we were actually kissing. Me pressing my lips and Mom pressing her lips.

When it ended, she said, "What'd you think of that?"

I nodded, "That was nice."

She grinned and said, "Show me it wasn't a fluke."

By the time she put her tongue into my mouth, my lips were a bit chapped, but...oh, my God! My mouth felt like it was on fire in a good way when her tongue pushed into mine. I've heard other kids talk about French kissing, but didn't understand it until then.

When Mom pulled her tongue back, I could feel a connection between us and just knew she wanted me to put my tongue into her mouth. The feeling of touching her tongue and her cheeks and her teeth, it was really nice.

My tummy rumbled a couple of times, and then I felt Mom's also rumble. That's when she said, "That's a pretty good lesson for now. We'll do some more practicing later."

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I was tired when we got home. In-service days before school won't wear you out like a full day with a classroom full of sixth-graders, but by the time the day was over, I was 'stick a fork in me and call me done' done.

Kyle was a big help throughout the day. The middle school took a fairly relaxed attitude to the in-service days, and I wasn't the only teacher who brought my kid with me to help me get my classroom set up. Of course, the real reason is that most of us couldn't find daycare for just two weeks before the start of school, and our principal was nothing if not understanding.

One the way home, we swung by Dairy Queen and picked up some hamburgers and onion rings. With the last Friday before school starts by back up nearly over, the last thing I wanted to do was stand in the kitchen and cook dinner.

By the time we'd finished eating, I was ready to relax in front of the TV with Kyle. I think we were both dreading the end of summer a bit, and the thought of cuddling up next to him and watching something on TV put a smile on my tired face.

We had just finished watching the Wheel of Fortune when he looked up at me and said, "Bath time tonight?"

My arm wrapping around his narrow shoulders and I leaned against him and sniffed. He smelled delightfully of boyish sweat. But I didn't want to mess with a bath tonight. Maybe tomorrow.

"I think we can skip the bath tonight, Kyle. We'll get one tomorrow, okay?"

I could hear a note of disappointment, "Oh. Okay."

I hate to hear Kyle sad or disappointed. But right then, I actually felt happy. Because I knew it was because he wanted me to touch his body. And he also knew the odds of me letting him sleep in my bed were higher after a bath.

This was the last weekend before he started the fifth grade, and I wasn't going to miss out on a chance to make both of us feel special. Not this weekend.

I gave him a little half hug and said, "What did you have in mind?"

The disappointment vanished in his voice, "I was hoping you'd let me sleep in your bed tonight. I really like it when I get to."

I tousled his hair, "Me, too." Then I said, "You know what one of the things I like about giving you a bath is?"

Kyle shrugged, "What?"

I dug my fingers into his ribs, eliciting a giggling fit, "Seeing you naked and making you feel good."

When he stopped laughing, he said, "Me, too. Why can't I have a bath tonight."

Instead of answering him, I tugged at his T-shirt until I pulled it over his head, and then I unfastened his shorts. That's when I said, "How about we just skip the bath and go straight for a beautiful naked boy?"

Kyle giggled as he stood up and let me slip his shorts down. His superman underwear was starting to get a bit tight on him, and I liked the way his penis normally framed the front of his briefs. Now, though, his erection

was pushing out the material. I pulled his underwear down until he was completely naked.

He'd grown a little bit more over the past few weeks, and I swear he was three inches. A gorgeous three inches. I closed my legs and had him straddle my lap as I wrapped my arms around Kyle's waist. Then I pulled him forward until our lips met.

Kyle had really improved since learning to kiss a couple of weeks ago. His kiss, which tasted of hamburger and pickles, was soft and sensual. He didn't rush it, just letting the passion slowly build. Finally, when the kiss ended, he said, "That was nice. You know what?"

I shook my head, "No. What?"

He giggled, "You're wearing too much."

Of course, he was sitting in my lap, naked as the day he was born. And he was looking wonderful. It's utterly strange. Knowing that Kyle returned my feelings and that he would never betray that trust, I am happier now than ever before.

I grabbed his hands and put them on my shirt, "You're right. Do you want to help?"

Kyle nodded and started unbuttoning my blouse. Then he pushed the blouse off my shoulders, and I shrugged it off, letting it fall behind me.

My son hasn't quite got the bra figured out, so I unfastened the hooks, and he pulled the straps off, taking my bra off. He dropped it on the floor and said, "Wow. they look nice."

That was becoming his thing. Over the past few weeks, he's seen them a few times. I'm looking forward to him seeing them lots more.

I was still wearing the skirt I'd worn to work. I had him slide off my lap. I stood up and turned around so that he could see the zipper. Kyle tugged the zipper down and then pulled my skirt down.

I looked at the couch and thought about my comfortable bed, and while I knew Kyle and I could enjoy our time on the sofa, the truth was I knew

we'd be more comfortable on my bed. In my panties, I said, "Follow me back to my bedroom, and I'll let you take them off."

I didn't need to look behind me to hear Kyle's soft footfalls. When I got to my bed and turned around, he was only a step behind me. As soon as I stopped, he put his hands on the lacy hem of my panties and pulled them down. God, the boy had to be as horny as me. I climbed onto the bed and rested my head on the pillows leaning against the headboard. My legs were splayed wide, giving him a clear shot between my legs.

"You got me undressed, now what?" I asked with my best 'come hither' smile.

Kyle came around to what I have started to think of as his side of the bed. And he climbed up beside me and smiled, "You're really pretty dressed like that, Mom."

I chuckled as I reached out and rubbed his belly. "I could get used to you just like this, Kyle."

His little voice tugged at my heart, "You mean sleeping in here with you, naked like this?"

My hand drifted down until my fingers wrapped around his little erection, "We'll see, sweetie. I enjoy falling asleep next to my little angel."

He leaned his head back as I stroked his three inches. After a few seconds, I thought of a better way for him to enjoy this, and I slid down and rolled over until my face was just inches above his beautiful erection and the rest of me stretched out below.

Kyle had a surprised look as I lowered my mouth and touched his glans with my tongue. I'd stopped asking if things bothered him because he got upset and told me that the only thing bothering him was me asking if I was bothering him. So, now, I just slid his erection into my mouth. When my libs pushed against his pubic bone, it brought back the first time I gave Simon a blowjob. It had been toward the end of our freshman year. He had just turned fifteen, and it was right after he'd shaved his pubes for the first time. He was about five and a half inches long, and when I took him in my mouth the first time, the only other boy I'd given a blow job to the past

year or so had been Stevie. And I'd taken all of my brother's four and a half inches into my mouth without a problem. But that extra inch Simon sported made my gag reflex kick in the first time I tried to take him all in.

That wasn't a problem with Kyle. The nice thing about being able to take a boy all the way inside your mouth is that you can apply suction and your tongue alone to make him cum. And that's exactly what I was going to do to Kyle.

My tongue swirled around in my mouth, sliding up one side of his penis and down the other. Even when I used my mouth as a suction, my tongue still stimulated his cute little mushroom of a head, and soon the tip of my tongue slid along his urethra hole, followed by Kyle letting out a loud, wordless moan. His penis jumped and spasmed in my mouth as his hips writhed beneath my face. After about a half dozen spasms or kicks, Kyle's penis seemed done for now.

But as I pulled off of him he stayed erect. All he needed was a chance to catch his breath, and he would be back in action. His dad was like that when we were both fourteen. But by the time he was sixteen, Simon needed thirty minutes or more for his little troopers to recharge.

I moved myself up Kyle's body and kissed him before saying, "How was that?"

He was still breathing heavily as he said, "Holy crap, that was awesome. I didn't think anything could possibly be better than when you make my orgasm with your hand, but I was wrong."

Listening to Kyle talk about sex is so cute. The boys his age don't have a clue about any of that, so when I explain things to him, that is his only point of reference.

I reached behind him and pulled his mouth back to mine. I loved the taste of Kyle's mouth and almost moaned in pleasure when he slipped his tongue into mine.

As we kissed, I moved to sit in his lap. I loved the feel of his lips against my lips and his erection against my pubic mound. As I rested against him, he kissed me back and used his fingers to tweak my nipples. Finally, The



pressure that had been building inside me all summer long couldn't be contained any longer. I rose up on my knees and took a moment to line up Kyle's tool. But I felt Kyle's erection bump against my pussy's opening, I sunk down on him.

When it's been ten years, even an inexperienced boy's three inches feel good. Especially as his silky smooth pubic bone rubbed against the top of my slit, stimulating my clit each time I moved up and down. I couldn't believe it. Without asking permission or telling him what I was going to do, I was making love to Kyle, taking his virginity.

I found a rhythm, moving up and down, up and down. Kyle had climaxed just a few moments before. I knew there was no hurry to rush to my own orgasm. Every few moments, I looked at Kyle's face. His eyes almost looked like they had crossed. He had a spacy look on his face like he couldn't believe his luck. I imagine I wore the same expression, too.

After a few minutes, my knees were telling me they were getting tired, but just about the same time, the pressure intensified, and I forgot about my aching in my legs and sped up. Up and down, even faster. Kyle's eyes were glazed, and he had a loopy smile.

I groaned as I felt a wave crash over me as I came, "Ohhh."

I slowed my speed only to have Kyle finally say something, "Ah, wow... I think I'm..."

He didn't finish his sentence before I felt his penis spasming in my pussy. My orgasm had nearly subsided, but the feel of Kyle's three inches jerking and spasming brought me right over the edge again. But, when he stopped shaking and twitching, I slipped off him and lay on my side facing him.

His eyes didn't look cross-eyed or glazed. They sparkled. He gushed, "Oh, my God. That's what IT feels like. Wow... Can we do it again?"

His penis was still flying at full mast. I envied his stamina, but I couldn't match it yet.

"We'll do it plenty, Kyle. I just need a few minutes to catch my breath. I guess I don't need to ask you what you think of sex. Do I?"

He shook his head, still smiling. "It was really cool."

The experience had outstripped his vocabulary. Hell, I teach English, and I knew sex with Kyle would leave me speechless.

## Epilogue

“Don’t leave your backpack on my vanity, Kyle,” Mom said as I set my backpack down. I was looking forward to three whole months of not having to think about school now that summer has arrived.

I smiled sheepishly back at her and hefted my backpack and took it over and dropped it in the closet, in the corner. Out of sight, out of mind.

“Don’t forget what happened last year when you forgot your gym clothes all summer,” Mom said.

I wrinkled my nose. That had been bad. Who knew that damp gym clothes could mildew and ruin a backpack? I shrugged and took my PE clothes from the bag, and dropped them into our hamper.

I looked at the stack of movie rentals we picked up on the way home from the restaurant. There weren’t many ways better to spend an evening than watching movies. I’m so glad Mom likes a lot of the same movies as me. Now that I’ll be in the eighth-grade next year, mom added rated R movies in our mix of rentals.

Thinking over the past few years, I couldn’t help but chuckle to myself. My home life was rated X, and yet I couldn’t watch rated R movies until a few months ago. Still, I didn’t really mind.

I pulled my shirt off and added it to the hamper as I said, “I picked the last couple of movies. It’s your turn.”

Sitting on the bed, I pulled off my pants as Mom sorted through the tapes. “What about Die Hard. Watch that tonight, and then maybe tomorrow night, we can catch the sequel at the movie theater.”

“Sounds good,” I said as I came up behind her and wrapped my arms around her, just below her breasts. I rested my chin on her shoulder as she pushed the VHS cassette into the player. It still feels a bit weird to be as tall as Mom. However, she keeps telling me that I’ll get a lot taller.

She turned around and kissed me. The longer our lips touched, the more her body pushed against mine. And the more my dick strained at my

underwear. Her mouth tasted of the Chinese food we'd eaten earlier. I could almost taste the heat from the General Tso's on her lips.

The movie was forgotten as I pulled at her T-shirt with our school mascot on it. I dropped it on the floor as I reached around her and unfastened her bra. Over the past few years, I've gotten to be pretty good undressing my mom, and I certainly felt myself get even stiffer when her small breasts came into view.

For the moment, I ignored everything else as I sank my mouth onto her left tit, sucking on her nipple, feeling it grow hard against my tongue. Then I knelt and unfastened her jeans, pulling them and her underwear down in a single tug. I don't know how many times I've done this since I was ten, but it never got old. I even leaned in and kissed where her slit and pubic mount met. It was smooth under my lips, which tingled from the touch.

Mom pulled me back up and then slid my underwear to my ankles, where I kicked them off. This was the moment I liked best, when we're both naked in front of each other. She took me in her hand, wrapping her fingers around my erection.

I'd done more that grow more than six inches over the past few years. Now, that my thirteenth birthday is about two months away, I think Mom likes my dick even more than she used to... and she's always wanted it. Used to, Mom would wrap just her thumb and index finger around me. But now she can get almost get her entire fist around me when she jacks me off.

She let go of me and crawled onto the bed and lay back and spread her legs. The smoldering look was all I needed. I followed her onto our bed and moved between her legs. I grabbed my nearly five inches and leaned forward, resting my chest against Mom's breasts. The tip of my dick tingled as it touched the folds of Mom's pussy. She was already wet, which told me she wanted me inside her just as much as I did.

When my head slid into her pussy, it was already slick. I pushed my pelvis forward, sliding all the way inside her. The warm walls of her pussy gripped my shaft, making me tingle all over. I don't know how many times I've felt her pussy walls grab my dick over the past few years, but it never gets old.

As I slid back, Mom wrapped her legs around my butt, pulling me back inside. My pubic bone glided smoothly against hers. In the past few weeks, I've started making semen, and I bet by the end of the summer, I'll be getting Mom's help to pluck out any hair that comes in. I know it sounds weird and crazy, but after three years of heaven, I'd become addicted to the smooth feeling of our bodies grinding and gliding against each other, and if plucking or shaving a few pubes was what I have to do, then it was a small price to pay.

My hips rocked back and forth. In no time at all, we found that rhythm where our bodies almost felt like one. Mom's breathing quickened as she groaned, her head leaned back against the bed, "Ahhh, mmm."

I sped up as Mom's fingers dug into my back. Seeing her expression turn to one of bliss, knowing she was close to cumming, made me tingle even more. My balls tingled, my dick tingled, even my belly button tingled as I felt myself closing in on that electrical feeling.

My balls pulled up, and then my dick jerked inside the tight confines of Mom's pussy. I felt that first hot spasm shoot out of my dick. Bam, bam, bam... With the first couple of jerks, my watery cum shot into Mom's pussy. Still, my dick kicked, thinking there was more there. I didn't care. The physical feeling of my semen erupting out of my slit was incredible. Yeah. When I get older, I know there'll be more, but for now...it was, like Mom says, Nirvana.

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I could hear Kyle in the bedroom. He was watching some TV show, waiting for me. There was nothing more that I wanted to do than get up and go in there. It's crazy, I know. If you had told me the first time I slid his three inches into me that I would love it even more when he was a bit older, I would have laughed, simply because he's been perfect at every stage.

But it did get better. When we first started making love, seeing his little erection would make me wet and horny. At least I thought it had. But by the time he was twelve, he was four inches of delight. Seeing him naked made me even hornier and the sex even better. Of course, by then, we had

turned his bedroom into his study. He hadn't slept in any other bed than mine in more than a year.

I guess it was sometime after this last spring break that I felt him ejaculate for the first time. The first time Kyle ejaculated had been a few weeks before the end of the school year. We were making love, him on top of me, when I felt his penis felt like it grew even harder inside me right before he came. In my mind I knew it had mostly felt the same as before. But it didn't feel the same. I wanted to see it, to experience my boy's newest development. After pulling him out of me, I only waited long enough for him to catch his breath before going down on him with my mouth. I ignored my taste on his penis, as I slurped and bobbed and sucked.

And sure enough, my boy, just a bit older than twelve and a half years, deposited his second load of semen into my mouth. It was thin and watery, yet sweet on my tongue. We didn't get much sleep that first night he came. The last time I brought him to orgasm, his cum was dry.

By the time summer came, we made love almost every day. There was one Saturday that we only got out of bed to eat. He came in me five times that day, and each one better than the time before.

And now, that school is just around the corner, there I was, sitting on the toilet, staring down at that plastic stick. Those two lines felt like they were staring back at me, accusing me. I shook my head, uncertain of what to do. Until a few months ago, Kyle wasn't ejaculating at all, just dry orgasms. And then, when he started producing that clear semen, I figured his body wasn't making any sperm, at least not yet. After all, he is still smooth, without even a hint of pubic hair. I had expected Kyle's semen to have no sperm for the first few months. I'd been planning on starting birth control when school begins in the fall.

I looked to the ceiling, as though I would find an answer there.

I muttered, "Shit."

In my heart, I knew I would have found another excuse come the start of school to hold off the birth control. Somewhere inside, I knew why, too. Simon had been my love, and part of me had died the night I learned he

died. Some portion of me was resurrected when Kyle was born. He was the continuation of my love for Simon.

And then, when Kyle turned ten, and our love blossomed into something so much more than just mother and son, my boy filled the same place in my heart that his father had filled. It wasn't that Kyle was a stand-in for Simon. Not at all. In the same way Simon had been the love of my life when he was alive, Kyle is the love of my life now. And as fucked up as it may seem, I think deep inside, I delayed birth control, hoping in my subconsciousness that Kyle would impregnate me.

As I fretted over my predicament, I came to understand that my subconsciousness had long been at work on this. For the last year or so, my coworkers thought I'd been dating a guy from Houston. It was a convenient lie I came up with when several of my friends at work kept trying to set me up on a date. Still, when I couldn't hide my pregnancy, the lie was already in place. I could tell them this made-up guy had dumped me upon finding out I was pregnant. Anything other than the truth.

But I couldn't lie to Kyle. It had nothing to do with the fact he knew he was my one and only lover, but everything to do with how much I love him and that didn't have it in me to deceive him.

I threw the stick in the trash. I'd need to schedule an appointment with my gynecologist pretty soon. My periods had never been what you'd call regular and predictable. I hadn't thought anything of it when I missed my period six weeks ago. But missing the second one and the mood swings I've had lately, I needed to know how far along I was.

I needed to tell Kyle, and soon. But first, I needed him, and badly. I stripped down and opened the bathroom door. A few steps later, I stood at our bedroom and looked at him. He must have been wanting me just as much as I needed him. He was already naked, his five-inch erection laying almost flat against his smooth belly.

I climbed onto the bed and crawled toward him, not stopping until I straddled him, his penis lying flat against my labia. When I moaned how much I needed him, I don't think I've ever meant it more.

I grabbed his penis, feeling the slickness of his precum, and rubbed his head up and down my labia until his erection was slick with both our juices. I slipped him inside me as I groaned at the anticipation of our orgasms.

My hips and my knees moved with a frenzied abandon I'd never felt before. Kyle's eyes, filled with lust, molded himself to my movements. He reached out and fondled my breasts, and already there was a change in how sensitive they felt.

God, his penis felt so good in me. If he was like his father, he might grow another inch, become a good deal thicker around, but even at five inches, he felt terrific, sliding in and out of my pussy. One thing about our lovemaking; it was frequent, and my hips and knees had built up some well-used muscles now.

Sweat was pouring off my body by the time I felt Kyle tense up under me. He squeezed his eyes shut and bit his lower lip as he gripped my hips, bucking and slamming up against me as I felt his penis kick inside me. There was even a bit of pressure deeper in me. Was that his semen? Even though I always felt Kyle's orgasm, this was the first time I felt physical pressure from his semen.

When he stopped bucking, I continued my own up and down motion. I wasn't there yet, and God, I needed to cum, too. Up and down, again and again. I lost track of how long I'd been riding my son. Even my knees and thighs were shaking. Even though Kyle's position was easier, he was soaked in our sweat when I finally felt that rush of pressure deep inside me as my orgasm washed over me, my body shuddering from the intensity.

I didn't want this moment to end. I was wet. So wet that more than just Kyle's penis was slick. Our bodies slid against each other, soaked with my juices. I shut out the pain in my knees. The walls of my pussy practically vibrated as that rushing feeling kept pouring over me.

And then, Kyle yelled, "Ah, fuck!" He knew I hated him cussing. Still, to hear him swear gave me one last burst of energy. I rose up, feeling his head briefly slide out from me, and then I crashed down, taking all of him back in me.



Then he shuddered as I felt his penis spasm again. He groaned, “Ahhh...”

When I finally rolled off, his eyes were glassy, still in the throes of his back-to-back orgasms. I snuggled against him as we both came down from our sexual highs. Despite all the fear and emotion of what was to come, at that moment, holding Kyle, I felt satisfied.

After a bit, Kyle said, “Wow. Did you know you rode me for like, twenty minutes! I haven’t ever cum that much...like, ever!”

I reached down between my legs and felt his semen on my pussy lips. “I felt it this time. Actually felt your cum fill me up.”

I loved the curiosity on his face, “What’d it feel like?”

I took his hands in mine and drew them against me, “More intense than ever.”

He smiled, letting me hold him. He said, “Why do you think that’s so?”

I steadied my nerves, “Kyle, there’s something I need to share with you...”

## **The End**

*Dear reader, this is where my tale ends, and yours begins. Let your imagination run wild, thinking about the future adventures of Kyle and his mom.*

*There are no right answers, no wrong answers—just each of our flights of fancy.*

*Drop a line below if you enjoyed this little tale. Better yet, let your imagination go and let us know your imagination takes Kyle and his mom next.*