



# Lockdown

a.k.a. Dre and Jax

By Caliboy1991

## **Lockdown**

### **Chapter 1**

Andrea

“You know I want you to come see me this weekend, Dre. But it’s not happening, not with all the shit happening right now. My mom came down with the Wuhan virus and I was with her on Sunday. It’s not safe.”

I wanted to tell Wayne that I needed to see him. After all, how many zoom calls and Facetime sessions can you have and still say you’re dating someone you’ve never actually met? Instead, as always, I gave in, “You’re right. God, I hate it, but seeing everything on the news right now, it’s scary.”

“We can still have a zoom date next weekend, Dre. It’s not as good as seeing you in person, but it’s better than nothing. Maybe you can still show me what you bought for our date.”

Just talking on the phone, Wayne couldn’t see my cheeks color. He was my first venture back into the dating world in several years. When my mom died and my son Jax moved back in with me, any semblance of a love life had gone out the window. “Sure, babe. It’s a date. Well, a cyber-date.”

Once we went through our litanies of goodbyes, I killed the call and jiggled the mouse, which let me return to my virtual workstation. The governor had just declared a quarantine a few days before, and I was still working out the kinks in my work-from-home situation.

At least I still had a job, even if it was remote. Another email popped into my inbox. I clicked on it and read about a coworker’s connection with her home printer wasn’t working. “Dammit to hell, Wanda, didn’t you read, you can’t connect your own stupid printer to our network.”

I was nicer in my written response. I always am.

A Skype message popped up on my screen. It was my boss, Alan, asking how many incident reports I had in my queue. Before the virus, he loved micromanaging the help-desk team. And that often involved coming into my cubicle and invading my personal space while looking over my shoulder.

I found it creepy. But it wasn't worth my time to say anything. He was just as bad with the guys on my team. Alan wasn't a pervert, or if he was, he was an equal opportunity pervert.

Once I responded, I heard a noise in the living room. It sounded like someone playing Call of Duty. The clock in the laptop's system tray confirmed the end of Jax's school day. And that meant only another thirty minutes until my shift ended.

The rest of the day dragged by. I was quick to clock out and log off once the clock reached the bottom of the hour. In the living room, I found Jax cross-legged on the floor, smashing at one button or another on the controller as a character on the screen reacted to his every command.

"How was school?"

He craned his neck to see me before turning his attention to his game, "I guess it's ok. Only about half the class was there today. So, can I skip tomorrow? Maybe tell them the router died."

"I wish, pumpkin. I'd like a day off too."

I sat down behind him on the sofa. Jax was still wearing the flannel pajama bottoms from that morning, as well as a long-sleeve knit shirt. I didn't have the heart to tell him to get dressed when his commute to school was the distance from his bedroom to the living room. I really couldn't tell him to get dressed when I was sitting behind him, wearing flannel sweats and a tank top.

A splattering of blood splashed across the screen. Jax muttered, "Damn!"

I cleared my throat, "Excuse me."

He glanced behind and gave me a nervous grin, "But you say worse things when you're working."

It wasn't true. Well, most of the time. But for the most part, I enjoyed my job. While I still wasn't sure working an IT help-desk job was my ideal job, I was too much of a people pleaser to not try my best. Still, I needed to watch what I said when Jax could hear.

I stuck out my tongue, "Well, at least don't let me hear you."

“That’s not fair,” Jax said as he climbed to his feet and headed toward the bathroom down the hallway in our small two-bedroom apartment. As he walked away, I couldn’t help wondering where the years had gone. I had raised him with the help of my parents until I turned eighteen. They raised him for the next few years because I went to college, tried to discover myself, and dropped out. But by the time I was twenty-two, I had pulled my head out of my ass and got serious about life. It was a good thing, too. Dad died of a heart attack shortly after I finished my associate’s degree in computer science. Mom followed him less than a year later. After that, it was just me and Jax; a twenty-three-year-old trying to raise a second grader.

Of course, that was five years ago. Strange how things go when you have someone else depending on you. Every once in a while, I wonder what it would feel like to tell off my boss or a co-worker. But even if Jax wasn’t dependent on me, I got along to get along. It’s part of who I am, for better or worse.

I found the remote and flipped the TV over to cable and sat and watched the news. I was still trying to figure out why Governor Cuomo wasn’t evacuating nursing homes, given how badly they were being hit, when Jax came out of the bathroom. Since the start of the seventh grade, Jax has shot up like a weed, growing at least three inches. Now, he was just a fraction of an inch under five even. By the time he starts the eighth grade in six months, assuming the Wuhan virus doesn’t turn us all into flesh-eating zombies, I expect he’ll be taller than my own five-three.

“Aww, Mom, do we have to watch this, uh, cra-, stuff? It’s just more stuff about why we can’t go outside.”

Jax was right. The news was depressing. Right after listening to the governor announcing additional measures that were sure to keep everyone safe, I flipped the TV back to my son’s game console. He grabbed a couple of controllers and sat next to me, “We can play split-screen. You wanna?”

I thought about dinner and the casserole in the fridge that needed to go in the oven, but I can count on one hand the times my son has invited me to

play one of his games. I took the controller and got my ass handed to me by a twelve-year-old.

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Jax

I re-read the instructions before hitting the send button on my email. I'd already proofed the essay a couple of times. I figured if I missed something, Mrs. Hernandez would find it and mark up the paper. Well, I guess she wouldn't be marking it up, not like before. She'd use the little comment section in the word processor and let me know what I screwed up.

I looked at the assignments still in my queue and decided they could wait for tomorrow. After six hours of staring at the computer screen, I was ready for a break. Time to stare at the TV screen and play some Call of Duty before dinner.

I had been on the game for a while when I was sneaking up on another player and then my screen went red as someone sniped me, "Damn!"

"Excuse me!"

Oh shit, I turned. Mom was leaning against the entryway to the kitchen where she had been working since before school started. Some of the things she muttered over the past few days of the quarantine made my comment tame in comparison. "That's not fair!"

I wanted to argue my case, but at that point, my insides rumbled. I could argue the point, I figured, after I went to the bathroom. Mom's bedroom was at the end of the hall, and mine was just off from the living room. Our bathroom was in between. We've lived in the apartment since my nana died when I was seven.

My intestines gurgled again, and I hurried to the toilet where I pulled my pajamas down and sat. As I took a dump, I thought about how much nicer it was doing school at home. Sure, I liked science at school, but over the past few months, I'd come to dread PE. The start of the seventh grade had been bad enough. A lot of the boys in the seventh grade were already sporting some pubes when school began. By the time the virus hit in

March, there were only a couple of boys who didn't have hair number one between their legs. And I was one of them.

The bathroom was nicer at home too. Mom kept it clean, and I didn't have to worry about any of the bullies knocking the flimsy stall doors open at home. Only Mom, and she knocks.

After finishing and cleaning up, I stood and turned to face the mirror. I've looked at myself in the mirror a million times, especially since the start of the seventh grade. My dirty blond hair was already longer than normal when the school shut down. But a couple of more weeks and it'll touch my collar. Mom liked to tell me how nice it was when it was long.

She keeps telling me how I'm shooting up like a weed. But someone forgot to give the memo to my dick. Now, I'm closer to thirteen than twelve and my little string bean is still waiting for its growth spurt. Standing there looking at myself, you can guess what happened next. I got hard. Of course, that happens a lot now. Without thinking about it, my fingers wrapped around my four skinny inches and I stroked myself until I realized Mom was sitting in the living room and if I didn't get my butt back in there, she'd come knocking before long.

There was always later. I pulled my pajamas up and washed my hands. Mom was still sitting on the couch. But now she had it on the news. The teachers made sure to talk about current events during school. One had even given me an assignment where I need to explain how the president was putting everyone in danger by not doing more to stop the virus.

I groaned, I just wanted to forget about the world outside our apartment. "Aww, Mom, do we have ta' watch this stuff?"

Mom gave me one of her award-winning smiles and put it back on the console. Glad to be rid of Lester Gibson, I fired the game back up. I knew Mom probably wanted to get into the kitchen to start dinner, but despite being stuck in the apartment for the past few days, I had spent little time with her. I offered her my second controller, "We can play split-screen. You wanna?"

When I landed in the lobby of the multiplayer match, I glanced at Mom's screen. She was on the other team. At the beginning of a game, especially if there were a lot of players, I enjoyed finding a good sniper spot. With the large number of players in the war-zone, it wasn't long before my body count climbed. I even killed Mom twice. But she wasn't very good, so I didn't gloat, although I suspected she figured it out.

The second war-zone we played in, we were on the same team. Unfortunately, I came away convinced our team must have been made up of a bunch of twelve-year-olds playing with their moms. We sucked.

Mom set the controller down, "Well, that was fun, Sweetie. I'm going to put a casserole in the oven. Maybe after dinner we can find something on your PlayStation I don't suck at."

And we did. After I helped clean up after dinner, Mom and I spent the rest of the evening until bedtime playing Crash Team Racing. She even thought I let her win a few times. But the truth is, I wasn't giving anything up. She beat me fair and square.

When I turned off the console, Mom, who was already sitting beside me on the sofa, leaned over and gave me a great, big hug. "I love you, sweetie. I don't know how long this craziness is going to last, but I'm thankful you're here beside me."

I flushed as her chest pushed against my side. It wasn't something I was aware of before, but that was when I realized Mom wasn't wearing a bra, just that white tank top. I ignored a quick flutter in my stomach, "Love you too, Mom."

In that moment, having spent the evening on my PS4 with Mom, I was happy for the first time since the quarantine began. I had no idea how much our lives were going to change as the quarantine continued.

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## Chapter 2

Andrea

That night, while I slept, I'm not sure if I dreamed or simply reminisced.

I opened my eyes, standing in the hallway next to my locker. Instinctively, I knew it was the beginning of my sophomore year. I was fifteen. From down the hall, on an intersecting wing, something slammed into a locker. There was swearing and then the slapping of sneakers running away on the worn linoleum.

When I came around the corner, there was a boy leaning against a locker. His binder was thrown on the floor and someone had upended his backpack, leaving everything strewn about. Hurrying over, I saw a couple of other girls down the hall. They looked at him, shook their heads and turned away, continuing their conversation.

Perplexed, I went over to the boy, "You okay?"

He brushed long, dirty blond hair out of his face. "I guess so. I know Kenny and Lonnie from last year. I guess they didn't flunk the eighth grade after all."

I grabbed his backpack and knelt down with him as we picked up his school supplies.

Once we were finished, I stuck out my hand, "I'm Andrea. But my friends call me Dre."

The boy tentatively took my hand. There was hardly any strength in his shake; almost like a girl's. "I'm Chase. My friends call me, um, Chase."

When he turned and walked away, I figured out why the other boys made fun of him. He had a bit of wobble about him that wasn't masculine. I saw him again at lunch. I spied some of my friends eating in the cafeteria. Chase was by himself at a table a couple of rows over from them. While I really wanted to hang out with my friends, there was something forlorn about Chase. For a fourteen-year-old, he was small for his age, and if my gaydar was going off, no doubt a bunch of other teens picked up the same vibe.

When I got over to the table where my friends sat, there were a couple of empty chairs. I put my tray at one of them, said hello to everyone and then went over to the boy, "Hey Chase. I'm eating with some of my friends and I wanted to see if you wanted to join us."

The look on the boy's face was one of shock. Then a smile, "A-are you sure, Dre?"

I nodded, "Hell, yeah."

When he sat down beside me at my friends' table, a couple of girls gave me a "what the fuck" look. But as we caught up on everyone's summers, my friends, even if they didn't warm to him, they didn't look at him like he had leprosy.

Within a couple of weeks, the other girls had warmed to my gay friend, and he joined us at our regular table from then on. And within a month, he had become my best friend, even though he was a year younger. His mom loved me and had me over as often as possible. Even my parents liked him. And even though I wasn't allowed to date until I was sixteen, Chase wasn't included in that ban. And that made me happy. Because even though Chase had come out, I had serious feelings for him.

The next memory was Halloween. Even though we were both teenagers, the neighborhood where he lived threw a huge block party, and there were contests for the best costumes for all age groups. I sat on his bed while he sat at his desk. I begged, "Come on, Chase. It'll be fun. We can wear costumes. We can go as Bert and Earnie."

Chase gave me a blank stare. "Who?"

"Oh, never mind. Maybe something easier. What about ghosts or something? You think your mom would let us poke holes in her sheets?"

He rolled his eyes at me, "Not even."

Even though he was gay, Chase was still a boy. His room was messy and his bed unkempt. I stood and yanked the top sheet from his bed, wrapping it around my torso, "Okay. Ghosts are out. How about we go as Romans?"

"I dunno. Mom..." he started to say when a voice from the door startled us both.

"Mom, what?"

I twirled beside the bed in my faux toga, "There's the block party this evening. Costume contests and lots of candy. I told Mr. Sourpuss we should

go as Romans.”

His mom came into the room and took the end of the sheet and held it to her nose, “Oh, sister, this won’t do. I’ve got some other sheets you two can use. They’re white and don’t smell of stinky boy.”

Chase looked insulted, “Mom, don’t embarrass me in front of Dre.”

His mom left us, saying, “I’ll be back in a few minutes with some sheets.”

When she came back into the Chase’s room, she had a couple of white sheets and a bolt of white cloth. She set them on the bed, “Don’t get away from here without letting me take some pictures.”

With a sigh of surrender, Chase closed the door behind her and grabbed one of the sheets and sat down at his desk. When he got online, he said, “I didn’t know there were so many ways to put on a toga, Dre.”

After a moment of leaning over his shoulder, I pointed to one video, “That’s the one, Chase. That’s authentic. Let’s try that.”

We watched the video, which explained how women put on togas. I took the cloth from Chase and wrapped it around me once. It looked nothing like what the woman in the video looked like. “What’s wrong with it?”

Chase’s cheeks flushed red, “Um, clothes, Dre. She was in her underwear I think.”

“Oh,” I said as I looked at the video. I wasn’t sure she wore even that much, aside from the toga. I shrugged, “You okay with that?”

Chase blushed as he nodded, “Well, you can wear a pair of my shorts, if you want.”

“Let’s see how it looks first,” I said. One of the reasons Chase and I had become so close is that I didn’t judge him for being gay, and my parents and his mom thought it was a wonderful friendship. I guess they thought we’d never fool around with each other. For more than one reason, it didn’t bother me to strip down to my underwear. On one hand, he had become my best friend, and I really didn’t care if he saw me like this. On the other, deep down I was seriously crushing on my best friend, and I liked the idea of him seeing me like this.

Once down to my panties and bra, I held one end of the fabric under my left armpit as I got Chase to wrap the fabric around my torso. His face was still red and I could see him steeling glances at my a-cup bra. One time around with the fabric wrap and then we took the loose end and folded it over my right shoulder, and then back around to my left hip.

“We, um, we need to secure it with a safety pin, Dre. Let me go see if mom has any.

When Chase left the room, I glanced at the mirror on the door of his closet. It looked better, although my bra strap stood out. It would need to come off. I got a bit warm thinking about Chase helping me with it.

When he came back into the room, Chase had safety pins and some gold cording, “Mom said we can use these as belts. I think they’ll look authentic enough.”

I said, “Cool. Help me with this.”

I undraped the loose end and loosened the wrapping enough to drop it below my chest. Then I reached behind me and unhooked my bra.

“What are you doing, Dre?” Chase exclaimed when the bra fell away. Even though his face was crimson, and he was gay, he didn’t look away.

I tugged the wrapping up and covered my boobs. I certainly didn’t want Chase to think I was putting on some kind of show for him. “The strap looked tacky. It had to come off.”

“Oh,” he said. “Yeah. I didn’t think about how silly it would look.”

After draping the loose end over my shoulder again, I said, “Can you pin me at my waist?”

With that and a glittering gold cord tied around me, I had to admit, as I looked in the mirror, I looked pretty good.

“Okay, Chase. Your turn.”

The fourteen-year-old took his shirt off without a problem. But after unbuttoning his pants, he looked at me, “Don’t look, okay?”

I coughed, “Um, you just saw my boobs, Chase.”

“Well, um, ah. Well, don’t tell anyone, okay?”

With that, he pulled his shorts down, revealing a pair of red low-cut briefs. Oh, no. I really was getting warm as I saw his small bulge.

His chest and stomach were smooth, although his shoulders were slightly wider than his narrow waist. I knew boys his age had hair, but the parts I could see there was none. He murmured, “You’re staring, Dre.”

“Sorry, man. I just haven’t seen a boy before. Not in just underwear.”

He grinned, “Me neither. Um, not a boy. A girl. I haven’t seen a girl’s um, chest before today.”

I took a sheet, folded in half, and gave him an end, “Hold this against your waist.”

I wrapped the sheet against his waist and then we draped the loose end over his shoulder, just like we had mine. A safety pin at his waist made sure the wrapping would stay in place. A shy smile crossed his face, and he spun around, “How do I look, Dre?”

Sexy. But all I said was “Like a real Roman. All that’s missing is the chain around your neck and you’d be my slave.”

A week before, we had watched a documentary on slavery in the Roman world. Chase put his hands together, like a supplicant, “Yes, mistress. As you wish, mistress.”

We both burst out laughing and a moment later, there was his mom’s soft knock, “Everything good. You kids ready for pics?”

Chase opened the door and came over to me, “Whatcha think, Mom?”

His mom nodded, “You two look good. It’s a good thing the night’s unseasonably warm. Otherwise, you would probably freeze your asses off.”

Once she took a few pictures, she looked at one of the photos and giggled.

Still self-conscious, Chase said, “What?”

“Red underwear, right?”

I stepped back, and I joined in the giggling. Chase's tight red briefs were barely visible through the double folded sheet. He groaned, "What the heck? I can't go like this."

His mom, still laughing "Well, you can always do what Dre did and go commando."

I furiously blushed as I realized his mom was looking at my little bra on the floor. "The strap looked bad."

His mom patted me on the arm as she walked over to a chest of drawers, "It's okay, sweetie."

Chase stammered, "I, I can't go commando! That would be embarrassing."

His mom pulled a pair of white briefs from a drawer, "Here, sweetie, trade these out."

I think Charlie had been beat-red for a while now, as he shimmied out of his red underwear and then slid the white under his toga.

A close inspection revealed no sign of color. "You look good, Chase. Just like a Roman. All your missing is your slave collar."

His mom clapped, "Oh, that would just make the outfit complete."

Once again, she hurried from the room. When she came back, she carried a neck collar made of leather. It looked like something a dominatrix might wear, rather than a slave. The chain was delicate, almost like from a small dog's leash. She waved me over, "Help me put this on your cute little slave boy."

"Mom!"

"Oh, shush. This really is too cute."

I wasn't entirely sure I agreed. The collar and chain were probably overkill. But I thought Chase was very cute, even if he was out of sorts. A few more photos later, Chase's mom pushed us out the front door and told us to have fun.

The party was just down the street. There were kids in every imaginable costume. And we were hardly the only teens. Even most of the adults

celebrated with outlandish and silly costumes. Just before we got there, I pulled lightly on the chain, "Alright slave, you must do what I tell you. Otherwise, there'll be no candy for you."

Chase stuck out his tongue, "Not happening, Dre."

Bossing my best friend around sounded fun. But there was note in his voice telling me he wasn't going to be bossed. Instead of leaving it alone, I changed tack. "Come on, Chase. It'll be fun. We can switch out in a bit, and I'll wear the slave collar and you can boss me around."

Instead of outright rejecting my offer, Chase said, "Really? I can be the master and you the slave?"

"Yep. Once we swap out, I'll be your slave until I have to go home."

Chase bowed low, "Yes, mistress. As you command."

I gripped the dog chain and said, "Very well, Maximus. Let's go see about bobbing for apples"

The next hour or so, we bobbed for apples, dunked Mrs. Mondale, the HOA president, and collected candy from several booths. When the sun slipped below the horizon, they turned lights on, keeping the street lit. A DJ at one end of the party was playing some music and there were several couples dancing. Raggedy Ann and Andy were holding hands. The Lone Ranger and a very sexy Tonto were also dancing. Even Casper and Wendy.

My fingers slid into Chase's, "Let's dance, Chase. It'll be fun."

Although Chase didn't pull back, he glanced over at me, "Come on, Dre? Really? I can't dance."

I haughtily tilted my nose up, "Slave, I command you to dance with me."

Chase snorted, "Is that how it's going to be? Fine. But after this, it's my turn to be the master."

I came around and stood in front of him. He really had no idea what to do, "Put your right arm on my hip and hold your other hand out."

I took his outstretched hand in mine and lightly rested my other hand on his bare shoulder. It wasn't very pretty, but we shuffled around to one side,

keeping away from those who were better dancers. Or more likely, we were being avoided by the other dancers.

By the end of the second song, we were getting a handle on it. Of course, the third was a slow song. Chase stepped away as we saw several couples get closer to one another. I didn't let go of his hand. "One last song, Chase. Then we'll swap the collar."

There was uncertainty in the boy's eyes as I pulled him to me. I put both my arms around his neck, "Put your arms around my waist. We'll just dance in place."

The feel of the boy's arms around my waist felt good. Even though I knew he was unattainable, it didn't stop me from enjoying his body against mine. Especially when I thought about how little we wore beneath our togas.

All too soon, the dance ended and Chase escaped my arm as he managed to unfasten the collar. He held it out, "Your turn, Dre, to be the slave."

Still feeling my hormones getting the best of me, I leaned forward and pulled my hair away from my neck, "Can you help put it on?"

Chase's body brushed against mine as he fixed the collar on me. Then he had fun repaying me for all the commands I had given him. I had just fetched him a drink when several people started breaking down the candy booths. My friend looked genuinely sad, "What the hell? It's not that late."

Then we heard a crash of thunder in the distance, "Damn!" we chimed at the same time.

"Come on, Dre. Let's get home before we get drenched," Chase said, grabbing my hand and hurrying toward his house as wind blew down the street, whipping the bottom of our togas. As we hurried along, he grumbled, "You got to be master for ninety minutes, and I was barely getting started."

Almost running to keep up with him, I said, "It's not fair. But we can keep playing until your mom takes me home. Okay?"

His smile showed how much he appreciated the offer.

When we reached the path from the sidewalk to the porch, the skies opened on us. We were only in the rain for a few seconds, but by the time our sandaled feet hit the porch, our togas were heavy from the downpour.

Chase let go of my hand as we turned, and from the safety of the porch watched the rain send trick-or-treaters scurrying for cover. There was no sign of it letting up anytime soon. And as the wind picked up, it cut through our wet togas, chilling us to the bone.

We turned and stepped through the door. “Mom, we’re back!”

Although the light in the living room was on, the house was quiet. Chase turned and grabbed a sticky note from the door. “Oh, Mom went to the church festival this evening.”

While Chase and I were best friends, I had assumed with a last name like Mazouz that he was Jewish. “Church?”

“Yeah, St. Joseph’s.”

Curious, I just said, “Mazouz.”

The light came on. “Oh, my dad was Jewish. Mom’s Catholic.”

I’d never heard him talk about his dad, but standing in our soaking togas wasn’t the time to ask. “Your mom’s going to kill us. We’re soaking the carpet.”

Chase realized it too, “Oh, shit. We need to get out of these damned togas.” He reached behind him, trying to get to the safety pin, but couldn’t quite reach it. “Dre, can you unhook me?”

I took off the safety pin and, in a moment, he pulled his sheet off, leaving himself shivering in just his white underwear, which was also soaked through, turning the cotton material just transparent enough that the outline of his penis was very clear.

I tore my eyes away, “Unhook me.”

Once he did, I pulled the sheet of fabric off and held it against my chest, my teeth almost chattering. Hanging down in front of the sheet was the dog chain attached to the leather collar, which was still around my neck. The

flush was back in Chase's face as he took hold of the chain. "What a shame about the rain. I was looking forward to being the master."

I tried to keep my teeth from chattering, I felt bad about being the master for most of the evening. After all, I had wanted to see what kind of things he would make me do. "We still can. If you want to."

Despite lips that were turning blue, he said, "Really? You're okay with being the slave?"

"Yeah. But this is cold."

Chase handed me the leash, "I'll get this back in a moment." Then he took hold of my soaking toga, taking it from my hands, "Here, Dre, let me have the toga, its gotta be cold against your, um, chest."

His eyes lingered just for a moment against my bare chest before he turned, "Slave, follow me to the laundry room."

In the laundry room, he tossed our togas into the clothes drier. If I wasn't so cold, I would have enjoyed letting this marvelous, gay boy look at my boobs. Instead, he turned on the drier and said, "Come slave, let's get upstairs."

Once in his room with the door closed behind us, he said, "Are you warm enough yet, Dre?"

I shook my head, "No, still cold."

"Me too," he said. Then with uncertainty in his voice, he said, "Um, slave, follow me."

He opened the door to his bathroom and led me in. In a hesitant voice he pointed toward the tub, "Slave, please turn on the water faucet."

As I turned the water on, I giggled, "Please? Chase, come on, bro. You're the master. You don't have to say please."

He swallowed, "I, um, well. We're both cold. And we're best friends, right?" he had dropped even the pretense of master-slave.

I nodded, suspecting where he was going. Then he continued, "We, um, we can warm up together. In the shower. We just have to be done before Mom

gets home.”

We could hear the rain drumming on the window on his bedroom wall. She would not be home early. We had time to enjoy the hot water and each other’s company. I had really loved it when he had taken my toga away and ordered me about. Even more than when I had been in control. “Um, Master?”

“Yeah, Dre. I mean, slave?”

I gave a slight bow, knowing that my small breasts were completely visible to him. “As your slave, I await your every command.”

“You want me to order you around in here?” Chase gasped, his eyes round in surprise.

I nodded and gave him a submissive bow. “I’m your slave, you’re my master. What do you command?”

The surprised look didn’t really go away. But something else happened. My gay best friend’s penis was pushing against the fabric of his wet underwear. Bent over, I could see its outline.

After a moment, Chase pushed down on his erection, trying to get it to go away. Then seeing me staring at him, he sighed, “Slave. I want you to promise that you won’t tell a soul.”

“Yes, Master. Not a soul.”

“Okay, turn on the shower and let’s get in.”

We got into the tub and closed the curtain, Chase in his briefs and me in my panties. As I turned on the shower nozzle, hot water rained down on us, finally chasing the chill away. We stood facing each other, barely inches apart, both wanting to feel the hot water. Of course, my tits, which were perhaps the size of a couple of half-limes, were inside an arm’s length of his face. Worse, or better, depending on one’s perspective, as I warmed up, my nipples grew erect. They weren’t big, no bigger than the clicker on the end of a Bic pen. But seeing Chase looking at me made me horny.

“What now, Master? Do you want me to wash your back, like a good slave?”

I could see his wheels turning inside his head. He was gay, effeminate, even. He'd told me about one boy he'd been with once before, so I knew him liking other boys was something he'd actually experienced and liked. But right then, he was a nearly naked fourteen-year-old boy in a shower with a nearly naked fifteen-year-old girl.

His voice warbled, "Yes, slave. You may, I mean, you should wash me."

I took the loofah hanging from the water faucet and drizzled some body-wash over it before moving around to his back. I ran my left hand over his back while my right guided the loofah in a figure eight motion. My fingers brushed against his wet elastic band at his waist, "Master, would you have me wash the rest of you?"

Chase's voice cracked, "Y-yes, slave."

My own nerves were a mess as I grabbed his underwear and pulled them down. When they landed with a wet thud on the bottom of the tub, he picked his legs up and kicked the sodden briefs away. The loofah touched the round globe of Chase's ass before I dared to run my other hand over his ass cheek.

Still not having much control over the timber of his voice, Chase said, "Go ahead, slave, wash my legs as well."

I knelt behind him and washed his legs, starting at the bottom and working up toward his ass. My hands washed around his thighs, going most of the way around his legs until I stopped once my hand grazed the underside of his butt.

I wanted to empower him. To make him take charge. In the silence that filled the moment, I said, "Master, what now?"

I prayed against any expectation he'd tell me to wash his front. He drew in a ragged breath, "Slave, you did an outstanding job washing my back and legs." His voice cracked again, "Now show me your loyalty as a slave isn't misplaced. Wash my front."

This time, he turned around, facing me. Already kneeling, when he swung around, his hard penis came within a few inches of my face.

I paused, staring at him. We were both very close to the same height, so he was a bit shorter than most other freshmen. To a girl who had never seen a penis except online, he looked perfect, a bit more than four inches. He had a few strands of pubic hair right at the base of his penis. Perhaps a hundred, maybe. I had expected to see more, thicker pubic hair, but there was a beauty in his sparseness that made me wish, for at least the hundredth time, for him not to be gay.

"It's not much, but Robby likes me like this."

I shook my head, "It's, um, you're beautiful, Chase. I envy Robby."

Chase opened his legs a bit, "Um, slave. Please finish washing me."

He got me with his please. I wanted him to lord himself over me, not simply to beg for permission. Still, I was more than happy to enjoy the shared moment. I soaped up the loofah and washed one hip and thigh, then switched over to the other hip and thigh. Then, looking into his eyes, I took him in my hand, even though I was shaking in fear and dreading rejection.

He gasped, "Oh, shit!"

"You okay?"

He nodded, "It feels good."

Watching a video of some slut jacking off some dude doesn't really prepare you for your first time. My grip was awkward, my rhythm uneven, but I masturbated Chase as though I was his love slave. A minute or so of jacking him, his hips jerked forward and backward as he groaned, "Dre..." he started.

Rocking back and forth, he tried again, "Ahhh, Dre, I'm getting..."

Then it happened. His penis grew even harder in my hand and then it vibrated something powerful as a glob of semen shot right past my nose, missing me by a couple of inches. Then a second blast erupted, falling on my leg. Another shot oozed from his urethra and ran down my fingers. I kept on jacking him as his penis violently vibrated, not stopping until he stopped.

Then, in a voice of reverential awe, I said, "Master, did your slave do good?"

There was a shaky chuckle, "Wow. Yeah. You did good, slave."

Before I stood, I swiped at my leg with a finger, catching the dollop of semen. I examined it. It was thinner than the semen I'd seen in the videos, not quite as thick or white. It was more cloudy than pearly white. It carried a peculiar smell unlike anything I'd ever smelled before. Having heard other girls in school talk about their boyfriends cumming in their mouths, I'd heard several very contradictory stories about how a guy's seed tasted.

I put my finger in my mouth, almost cringing at the expected taste. The acrid bitterness I feared wasn't there. In its place was a slightly sweet but mostly salty slime. As I swallowed it, I decided right then if ever given another chance to suck Chase, I'd take it.

After washing myself off and finishing Chase's chest, I stood tall, looking the boy straight in the eyes, "What now, Master?"

What little I knew about men was that once they orgasmed, their erection would go away. I assumed for a gay boy not attracted to me, Chase would go soft pretty quick. But as he stood there mulling over his next command, his erection never flagged. He touched himself as he said, "Slave, take off your panties."

Happily, I pulled them down and kicked them, making them land on top of Chase's briefs.

And there I stood. Naked and fifteen right in front of a naked fourteen-year-old.

"Dre, I mean, Slave, you need to stand still while I inspect you."

Chase stepped closer, bumping his penis against my hip as he lowered his face to my boobs. He reached out, caressing one of my half-a-lime-shaped boobs. My nipple was hard as a rock. His touch felt even better than when I fingered and caressed myself. Then he used both hands, working them around my tits.

After a moment, he dropped the master routine, “Wow, Dre. They feel really good. I didn’t expect that.”

Feeling even hornier now than before, I said, “Are you sure you’re gay? I mean, you’re hard as can be.”

He gently squeezed a nipple until I moaned in pleasure, “Yeah. Well, I’m sure I like Robby. I’m sure I like his, um, dick. Normally, when I see a girl in a video, it does nothing for me.”

I slid my arms around his neck and pulled his face against my boobs, “Even now?”

His hot breath on my tits made me tingle in ways I’d yet to experience. He lifted his head, “I don’t understand why you’re having this effect on me. I like it. A lot. But it doesn’t make me stop loving Robby. Does that make sense, Dre?”

It did. And it was enough for me to hope my friendship with Chase would develop into something more.

I awoke, sweaty despite the chill in the air. Had I been dreaming or remembering? I couldn’t say. In that moment, I missed Chase, even though I hadn’t seen him in a more than a dozen years.

During my dreams, my hand had found its way inside my panties, rubbing atop my freshly shaven mound. Before the quarantine, Wayne and I had talked about our kinks, and he’d confided that he liked his women smooth. Now, as my fingers drifted lower, they were soon coated in my juices. Dreaming about Chase had made me horny. Even more than when Wayne and I had talked dirty on the phone.

Before long, I ground my finger against my clit, letting the frustration from my dream work itself out as I felt my body respond to the abuse my fingers dished out. I bit my lower lip when I felt a moan coming on. I was so close; I just needed a bit more.

When I came, my fingers became even slicker as my panties soaked through. The release I sought wasn’t there, even as my pussy shook with its orgasm. My thoughts kept returning to Chase. Sweet, beautiful, gay Chase. There was no relief as I came again.

It was a long while before I finally fell asleep.

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Jax

I read on my Kindle until I heard Mom close her door. I glanced toward my door before deciding I wanted to finish the chapter. Once I bookmarked the next chapter, I turned the device off and plugged it up to recharge.

Then I turned the light off and stripped off my pajamas and sweatshirt. Lately, I had taken to sleeping in just my underwear. In truth, I found the freedom in sleeping naked to be a lot of fun too, but I'm a heavy sleeper, and Mom usually has to get me up in the morning. I don't like imagining her response to me sleeping in the buff.

Once I slid between my dark blue sheets, that didn't stop my hand from slipping between my skin and my underwear. Recently, I discovered how much I liked the touch of my hand on my smooth pubic area. There was a large part of me who looked forward to running my fingers through my pubic hair, but for now, I found enough pleasure in my own soft touch on my smooth skin. My penis was soft at first, just two soft, pliable inches. But as I played with my little tube, blood flowed into it and before long it strained the fabric of my underwear.

I knew how to handle that. I pulled my underwear down until my dick was free, lying almost flat against my stomach. I loved that feeling. I closed my eyes, thinking back to that moment a few months before when my friend, Jason spent the night.

Mom had already gone to bed before Jason and I turned off the PS4 and headed to my bedroom. Even though we were both newly minted seventh graders and had known each other for years, I hesitated to strip down to my underwear and put my PJs on in front of him.

Jason didn't bat an eye, though. He stripped down to his underwear and sat on his sleeping bag as though there was nothing more normal than being almost naked in front of another twelve-year-old. Nervously, I stripped down to my underwear and sat on the edge of my bed.

Jason, a few months older than me, said, "Did you check out Carla Kimble today? Her tits are getting big."

All the boys in school liked looking at Karla. She was already thirteen, but she looked nearly as mature as some younger teachers. And she was stacked. Funny how that works. When Jason and I had been in the fifth grade, lots of us had made fun of her when her boobs first started making an appearance. Now, a couple of years later, a lot of us were like puppy dogs on a leash. She could have had her revenge if she'd wanted it. In a way, I suppose she was. She was dating a boy in the ninth grade.

"Yeah. I liked the way she stretched out her shirt," I said. But Karla was never my type. She was too... much. She knew she was hot stuff, and she wasn't afraid to make your life miserable if you overstepped her boundary. I think she really believed in karma, and God knows, if she had been keeping score over the past few years, she had plenty to dish out.

"But, what about Kimberly? I think she looks pretty." I said, changing the subject to the girl I sat next to in homeroom.

Jason scrunched his nose in thought before shaking his head, "Nah. She's got a pretty enough face, Jax. But that's about it. Does she even have tits yet?"

I wanted to be upset with Jason, but he didn't have much of a filter, telling it like he saw it. And he wasn't far off about Kim. I thought she had a beautiful face, formed in the shape of a heart. But her figure was mostly boyish. She wasn't quite as flat as Jason said, but her chest had only recently sported a couple of bumps. A lot of the girls in our school were already wearing adult bras. Of course, we noticed. You could see the thin straps outlined on their shoulders and through the material on their backs. Kim, though, wore more of a training bra. Sometimes, when I sat next to her, I could see the straps on her shoulder. They were wide, covering most of her shoulder. When I stood behind her, like in the lunch line, the backside of her bra wasn't little straps, but covered most of her upper back.

I don't know why I preferred Kim over Karla. It probably had more to do with Kim actually talking to me instead of ignoring me, like Karla.

All the talk about girls and boobs had an effect on two twelve-year-olds, and when I looked down at Jason, his underwear had a tent in it. That alone would have been enough to cause embarrassment, but what really made me ashamed at that moment, his tent was bigger than the one I sported.

Jason pulled out his phone, "Come sit down here, Jax. My brother helped me unlock the parental controls on my phone and let me show you what I found."

There was a war in my mind. I really wanted to see what he had found. I recently discovered girls are fascinating creatures. But it weirded me out about him seeing my stiffy. The girls won out, and I scooted off the bed until I sat next to my best friend as he pulled up video of two girls going at it, completely naked.

By the time the video ended, my dick was so hard, it was painful in my underwear. Jason had the same problem. He pulled his underwear down until his dick popped out. We had seen each other naked before. Even bathed together when we were a lot younger. But I'd never seen him like this. The tent hadn't lied. He was easily four inches. He even has a few strands of hair at the base.

Then, he wrapped his fist around his erection and started moving it up and down. That was the first time I saw someone masturbating. And even though we had already covered a bit of sex education in the sixth grade, things in my mind hadn't clicked until that moment. Jason moaned, "Oh, this feels awesome. Come on, Jax. You're going to tear a hole in your underwear, pull that piece of meat out and beat it til you cum."

Jason and I had always been close, and even though I didn't want him seeing me naked, I wanted even less for him to think it bothered me for him to see me like this, so I tugged my underwear down, freeing my own little nail. At the beginning of the seventh grade, my penis was barely three skinny inches. Not wanting to disappoint my friend, I copied his action and soon had my fist wrapped around my penis, moving up and down, mirroring his motions.

And that's when it hit me. The tingling, which I had felt sometimes when I had touched myself, was ten times more powerful as I stroked myself. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I wondered why Jason hadn't shown me this before. I basked in the pleasure of the gently rising tide of my tingles, as my tiny marble-sized balls bounced just below my penis as my fingers gripped me and pulled on me.

Jason leaned against my bed, "Oh, shit, Jax. I'm about there."

His fist flew even faster as he made a distinct fapping noise, and then he grunted and clear goo exploded out of his piss slit and splashed against his neck and chin. A second later, he shot more stuff out, but this drop hit just above his belly button. A last drop remained on the tip of his erection as he grinned, "Best fucking feeling, dude. Come on, finish it up. Let's see you spunk."

I forgot my shame. It was washed away in the intense tingling sensation that continued rising inside me. I was feeling better than I had ever felt, and then it felt like I had to pee. "Um, Jason. I think I gotta pee, man."

He shook his head, and clapped his hand on my shoulder, "No, that just means you're getting close. Don't stop. You'll see."

That sense of needing to pee got worse. Then it happened. My dick, all three inches, spasmed in my hand and I felt an explosive release in the base of erection. Warm tingles, the likes of which I had never felt before, crashed over me. I barely managed to keep a loud moan from escaping, "Mmph!"

My erection spasmed and spasmed, again and again as my fingers kept bringing forth those incredible tingles. Until I couldn't take the intensity any more. Even after I pulled my hand away, my dick twitched several more times, as the tingles finally retreated.

"Wow," is all I managed to say.

Jason leaned over me, "Dude, you didn't jizz."

Right then, I couldn't have cared less. My first orgasm was incredible. I lost track of how many times my dick has spasmed, every spasm sending a fresh wave of bliss washing over me.

I blinked away the memory, returning to the moment. Mom was asleep in the other room, and I was pulling on my erection. Aside from getting a bit longer, nothing had changed for me since that moment six months before. Well, other than jacking off whenever I had the chance.

Jason and I haven't had a sleep over since January. And now, with the virus locking everyone up, that wasn't likely to happen again for a while. Since then, Jason had tried on a couple of occasions to get Karla to go out with him. But she'd shot him down like Snoopy taking out the Red Barron. It hadn't been pretty.

My thoughts turned to Kim, and I enjoyed the rising tide of my tingles. I missed seeing her in homeroom. Over the past six months, if her boobs had gotten larger it wasn't by much. The last time I'd paid attention to what she wore, she still had on the modest training bra that she probably didn't need.

I closed my eyes and imagined what she would look like without her shirt or bra on. In my mind's eye, her little boobs came to delightful tips and her little nipples were pointing right at me. She pulled her panties down, revealing a smooth gash between her legs.

My fingers stroked faster as that now familiar sense of needing to pee came on me, and still keeping my eyes closed, I tried to bring Kim back into focus. I thought about her boobs, soft and delightful to the touch. Soft and warm. I'd felt a warm and soft breast against my side less than an hour before, and as my body tensed up, in the theater of my mind, Kim was whisked away. My mom stood before me, naked and exposed. Her breasts were small and inviting.

When my body shook, and my erection spasmed, I hit the countdown timer on my phone. My dry orgasm washed over me as my brain seized the image of my mom's soft, warm and small breasts. I didn't want the intense tingling to stop and my fingers kept going. My balls, still small and marble sized, tried to constrict, unable yet to release anything. But the spasms wracked me, time and time again. It wasn't long after Jason taught me the pleasures of my body, I learned that when he orgasmed, his dick would spasm a half dozen times or so, even though he only shot his jizz during the

first couple of times. Not me. When I came, as long as I kept jacking off, the dry ejaculations kept rolling over me.

And that night, as my brain seized on my mom's chest, I refused to stop jerking. Sweat beaded on my forehead and my entire body shook until I was overcome. In six months of jacking off, my longest sustained dry cum had lasted almost a minute. Yes. I had timed it, even as every couple of seconds my erection would jerk and shoot a blank. The last thing I remembered before I lost consciousness was seeing the countdown timer on my phone pass the three-minute mark.

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### **Chapter 3**

Dre

My alarm went off too early. My hand feebly smacked at it, hitting the snooze. My body was tired, and I was sore between my legs.

Then it came back to me. The dream about Chase and the too-long masturbation session last night. Groaning, I pulled the covers back. My panties had dried, but they still had a funk in them I hadn't had in a long while.

Shaking my head awake, I grabbed a change of clothes and hurried into the bathroom. If there was a silver lining in the quarantine, it's that neither of us had to get up near as early as before. And I took a leisurely shower, washing thoroughly between my legs. I should have felt some shame. I hadn't masturbated like that in years. What few times I had self pleased myself since Jax came to live with me, I'd been careful, usually only seeking sexual release when he was out of the apartment.

After getting out of the shower, I sniffed the flannel sweats from the day before. They passed the smell test, so I put them on. Then I grabbed one of my tank tops and donned it.

Then, with those precious moments when neither of us needed to rush out of our apartment, I brewed a pot of coffee and enjoyed a cup before going over to Jax's door. I had heard the alarm from his room when I was changing after my shower. But, as was too common with my son, he'd slept

through it. Even going in and waking him, it sometimes took a couple of tries before he'd get moving.

I knocked and waited. After a few seconds, I opened his door and turned on the light, and got the shock of my life. Jax was asleep, turned on his side with one of his legs pulled up. And he was naked as the day I gave birth to him.

The last few mornings, when I had roused him out of bed, I'd noticed Jax wasn't wearing his pajama top, but the covers hid the rest of him, and I'd assumed he was still wearing his pajama bottoms. I shook my head and paused before going further. Aside from a bit of us getting adjusted to each other when he moved in with me after my mom's passing, I hadn't bathed him since then, nor could I think of a time when I saw him naked. And yet, lying there peacefully asleep, he reminded me so much of Chase. The same dirty blond hair. The same lips. I hadn't thought about Chase in several years and now, as I stared at my naked boy, I realized how similar in appearance he was to my first love.

On his side, with his knee pulled up, Jax's most private part was hidden from view. Guilt from my dream hit me hard. Dreaming of Chase had turned me on more powerfully than I could recall, and Jax was so much like Chase it ached to see him lying naked in bed. Still, he had school and I, work. At twelve years of age, it was probably past time that I talk with him about his body. Obviously, he was growing up, and he needed to know what to expect.

As quietly as I could, I came over to his bed and pulled his sheets up past his waist. Then I said, "Jax, sweetie. It's time to get up."

He let out a soft snore and rolled onto his back. I would have thought he was faking, except for another soft snore and a very visible tent below his waist. I refused to let my eyes linger there. After all, he's my son and mothers don't do that. Well, they don't if they're not Norma Bates.

I put my hand on Jax's shoulder and shook it, "Sweetie, it's time to get up."

After shaking him a few times, my son's eyes slowly blinked open, "Wha?"

I turned, my eyes drawn to the tent below his waist, and hurried toward the door, where I turned, "I want you online for school by eight thirty, sweetie. You've got time for a shower. I'll have breakfast ready for you after that."

I closed the door on the way out, replaying the moment I saw Jax's naked profile and the other when he rolled onto his back, revealing sheet-covered erection. I filled up another cup of coffee and grabbed some eggs. Jax's favorite breakfast food was an omelet. I felt a heavy guilt. And what better way to assuage it than by fixing his favorite food?

The omelet was still steaming when Jax came into the kitchen, with a towel wrapped around his neck and a pair of blue briefs around his waist. His face was flushed, "Um, Mom, where's my green bottoms? I couldn't find them in my room."

Without intending to, my eyes fell to his crotch. Jax's morning erection was gone, replaced by a modest bulge. I blinked and nodded toward the small laundry room off from our kitchen, "Try in there. Some of your stuff is in the dryer."

From the back, seeing Jax in just his colored briefs, he reminded me so much of Chase. Until this morning, I hadn't realized my little boy wasn't so little anymore. When he came out, the shower towel was still wrapped around his neck, but he found his green pajama bottoms and had them on. He sat down at the table, "Yum, an omelet. My favorite."

As he dug into his food, I said, "No shirt? Aren't you cold?"

His cheeks turned crimson as he chewed. After swallowing, he looked down at his plate, "I guess I'm still hot from my shower, Mom."

Seeing him half naked was a distraction. One I didn't need. Those memories of Chase were still bubbling below the surface of my consciousness. I didn't need Jax adding to that. "Before you log onto the school computer, you might want to find a shirt, sweetie. You don't want your teacher to see you shirtless, do you?"

Still red in the face, Jax shook his head, "Camera on the school laptop isn't working. If I get cold, I'll put one on, okay?"

I found myself nodding, "Okay, sweetie."

When he finished his breakfast, Jax took his plate to the sink before heading into the living room, where a few minutes later, the Windows greeting filled the room. A few minutes later, the kitchen table was cleared off, and I was logged onto my work laptop, gloomily cycling through the incident reports from last night.

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Jax

I'm a heavy sleeper. More often than not, I'll sleep through an alarm. This morning was one such morning. The first thing I felt was Mom's warm hand on my shoulder, shaking me awake. When my eyes finally opened up, she was leaning over me. She was wearing another tank top. This one, one she used to wear when she did yoga, was lower cut than yesterday's. This one, I could see the gentle swell of her flesh above the shirt's very low collar-line.

By the time Mom retreated to the door, it mortified me to realize I had passed out during my jack off session. Worse, the image in my mind when I had cum was how I imagined mom looked without her top on. When she closed the door, I threw back the sheets and looked at my dick. It was still hard as ever, begging for relief. But I needed a shower and didn't have the time to take care of it.

At least not until I got in the shower. Once the hot water poured down my body, I soaped up my hand and attacked the erection. Unlike last night, when there was no rush, I had stuff to do, and I badly needed a bit of relief. The tingling crept up fast, brought on by the slick lack of friction between my hand and dick.

As the first wave of my dry cum hit, I leaned against the poured marble wall and watched my dick dance and twitch in my fingers. It was all I could do to keep my eyes open. The intense tingling felt so good that I just wanted to close my eyes and enjoy the cums.

After a dozen times of dry firing, I let my eyes close. And saw a visage of my mom leaning over me. Only this fevered image wasn't wearing a yoga shirt.

The intensity seemed to increase until I let go. “What the fuck?” I murmured. I’d been fantasizing to Kim since before the pandemic hit. And now, for reasons I couldn’t understand, my mom invaded my thoughts and overwrote my existing fantasy.

As I dried off, I thought about why Mom was invading my jack-off sessions. Jason had told me more than once that my mom was hot. I’d even hit him hard enough on his arm to raise a bruise when he said, “I’d tap that ass, dude. You’re so fucking lucky to have a hot mom.”

I had to admit, Mom was hot, in a willowy way. In a way, she was a lot like Kim, except more grown and mature, with a little more curve to her figure. Still, she was Mom, and it felt really weird to even consider how Jason was right. I pushed the thoughts away as I scrounged around for something to wear. My pajamas from yesterday smelled funky and my sweatshirts were just as bad.

Swallowing my pride, and also a fair amount of shame, given the image of what I’d just cum to, I wrapped a towel around my neck and went to ask Mom about clean clothes.

Later, after I put on a pair of green PJ bottoms, I sat at the table and ate an omelet. I love eggs and there’s no better way to fix them than to turn a few of them into an omelet. Most mornings, it was oatmeal or cold cereal. I kept glancing over at Mom while I ate, but I couldn’t figure out why she had prepared my favorite food. Then, as I finished eating, I replayed the morning. Had she seen me and realized I’d slept in the buff? Or did she see my stiffy when she came in? Was the omelet some subtle Mom way of saying she saw more of me than she intended? I didn’t know, and as I set my plate in the sink, it bothered me.

The only thing good about school was it was Friday. Once I powered down the laptop at the end of the day, I had two glorious days. Scratch that. If there wasn’t a quarantine, there’d be two glorious days. Instead, we were locked inside the apartment, just the two of us. Given what my sick mind seemed to focus on when I got horny, I really wanted to get away, give Mom some space. But that wasn’t going to happen. I sighed as I got up and went into the kitchen.

Mom's fingers were flying across her keyboard as she muttered, "The problem with people, is that half of them are below average. And my company specializes in hiring them."

When she saw me, she flashed an embarrassed grin, "Just ignore my grousing, sweetie."

Then, I felt weird when her eyes tracked across my chest, "I guess you didn't get cold?"

Involuntarily, I crossed my arms, "No. The heater kept things comfortable."

Even though it felt weird for Mom to be checking my body out, it also felt good, albeit weirdly. As I went back into the living room while Mom finished her workday, I wondered if Kim had ever looked at me like that.

Mom had put a stew in the slow cooker earlier in the day and when it was ready, she ladled it into a couple of bowls and we sat down on the couch beside each other and ate it while starting over on the first season of *Stranger Things*. When I finished my bowl, I hit the pause button and started to get up. Mom said, "Here, sweetie, let me have your bowl. You want a refill?"

Mom was usually all about me doing for myself. But since the quarantine, she had taken to doing more things for me. I shrugged as I handed over my bowl, "Yes, please. It's fantastic."

When Mom brought the second bowl in, she handed it to me and then settled herself next to me. By the time I finished the bowl, I was full. She whisked it away and when she came back, she leaned against me as we finished watching the first episode.

Before I could start the second episode, Mom said, "Being stuck at home sucks in a lot of ways, Jax. But if there's one good thing about it, it's that we're getting to spend more time together. I'm grateful for that. In fact, it's only sneaked up on me that you're growing up. This summer, you'll be a teenager."

I've heard other boys in class talk about "The Talk." That embarrassing moment when your 'rents decide to sit down and tell you about sex. As if school didn't already explain the mechanics. Even if Jason and I hadn't

discovered the joys of mutual masturbation, I didn't want to hear Mom stumble through how birds and bees pollinate flowers.

I grumbled, "I know, Mom."

Mom didn't pick up on my tone, "You're probably already aware of some changes. After all, this year you've almost caught up with me. Just a few more inches and you'll be taller than me."

Wishing I was anywhere else, I set the remote down. The surest way to get this over was to just let her say what she wanted. Then we could get back to the show.

"I want you to know, you can ask me anything. Anything at all about these changes and I'll do my best to answer them. My mom didn't want to talk with me about puberty and all that stuff and because of it, I really didn't think about the consequences of sex."

Oh, God. She wasn't going to talk about how she conceived me. Please, God, no. Even when I was little, Nana had made sure I knew my mom had just been a teenager when she became pregnant with me. Since Nana's passing, Mom and I hadn't talked about it. It didn't matter, not to her and not to me. Why now?

I said, "You mean how girls get pregnant? Mom, we covered that in health class."

Sitting so close to me that our sides were touching, I felt as much as saw her blush. "I know, sweetie. Still, I want you to feel comfortable enough to ask me anything about the changes you're going through, because, believe it or not, I've gone through them, just as a girl."

Throughout dinner and the first episode of *Stranger Things*, I hadn't really been aware how my bare shoulder was touching mom's bare shoulder. Sure, she wore her tank top, but I was shirtless. Now, talking about bodies, when I glanced over at her, I could see the soft rises of her breasts on her low-cut shirt. Seeing the swells reminded me of the fantasy I'd had last night. And worse yet, my body reacted to her touch.

Mom continued, "Your body is getting urges now that are new. Maybe you've noticed your, um..."

Her voice faded out. She was looking down past my bare chest, at my pajama covered crotch. I felt the heat rise in my face as I hoped she couldn't see my erection. Thankfully, sitting down, the pajamas bunched at the waist and probably did a decent job hiding me. Then it came to me. Talking about sex and body changes, Mom had to have seen me this morning. At the very least, the tent in my sheets.

My face had to be red, and I was hot for reasons not related to the thermostat. Flustered with my mom, I knew it was wrong, but if she could make me uncomfortable, I could do the same, "My what? My dick?"

Mom swallowed nervously, "Yeah. Your, um, your dick. Maybe you've noticed it getting erect more than it used to. That's a sign you're getting close to puberty. And once you enter puberty, well, you'll be able to get a girl pregnant."

Still embarrassed and more than just a little irate, I drew some pleasure at making Mom uncomfortable, "I know about that, Mom. But what if I'm gay? I wouldn't really have to worry about that. Right?"

Her eyes grew round, "Your father..."

Her voice failed her. My Nana never talked about my dad. I was pretty sure Mom had never told her who my father was. Until this moment, Mom had never mentioned him. When she found her voice again, she continued, "There's nothing wrong with that, sweetie. Sometimes nature just takes a different path. Do you think you might be gay?"

I shrugged. I really enjoyed looking at Kim in homeroom. But fooling around with Jason was a lot of fun too. Just before the virus hit, he and I had been talking about another sleep over. He had dropped some hints about wanting to do more than just jack each other off. And I had been looking forward to it, too. And then there was last night. When mom had hugged me and her boobs pressed against my chest, I'm pretty sure that's what caused me to fantasize about her. All that left me confused.

I sighed, "I don't know, Mom. There's this girl I really like. But there's also a boy, and we like..."

I stopped. The last thing I wanted to admit to Mom was jacking Jason off.

Mom reached an arm around me, pulling me into a half hug, "Jason? I wondered about that. Just because the two of you might explore stuff with each other doesn't make you gay, Jax. It also doesn't not make you gay. Kids your age experiment with one another. That's actually how you were made."

Stunned at her admission, I leaned against her, "What? How?"

Mom's chuckle was low, not rising higher than her throat, "Well, you know a bee pollinates- "

I dug my elbow into her ribs, "Don't. Please. I know how stuff works. You know, school. The internet."

The grin she gave me was embarrassed, "Chase was my best friend in high school. The only reason our parents trusted us so much was because he was gay. Well, one thing led to another, and we were left alone one night. We were so naïve and innocent. And horny. We were playing a game. Like I said, one thing led to another, and we had sex. It didn't stop him from being gay. He was simply experimenting with me."

If I had been standing up, she could have knocked me over with a feather. Chase. That was my dad's name. Still processing the revelation, I said, "I didn't think a girl could get pregnant the first time?"

My mom squeezed my shoulder and laughed, "God, no. That's bullshit boys tell girls to get them to spread their legs. Still, I didn't get pregnant that time. That game we played that night, we kept playing for a while. It was probably a month or two after our first time when we created you."

Shaking my head, "Why didn't you tell me about him?"

Mom let out a deep, unsettling sigh, "I wish I had a good answer for you, Jax. At first, when I discovered I was pregnant, I told my parents a boy who had just moved away had been the father. Of course, I refused to give a name. I told Chase the same lie. I don't think he believed me. But he was just fourteen. I think he went along with it. He had just started dating this other boy and the complication of having to acknowledge he might have knocked up his best friend would have been more than he could have handled."

I leaned my head back, resting against Mom's arm. "Wow."

Mom pulled me into a hug, wrapping her other arm around my stomach, "So, you see, Jax, the consequences of sex can be pretty serious. That's why it's important, if it's a boy and a girl for one or the other to take precautions, unless you're ready for the responsibility of parenthood."

I could read through the lines of what she wasn't saying. Mom and Nana hadn't gotten along very well after I was born, and Mom left when she was eighteen. Okay, she was actually kicked out. And that's why I stayed with my grandparents until Nana died. Still, that was about half a life-time ago for me. Since then, my mom has been everything I needed.

The heat unrelated to the room temperature rose inside me as I returned Mom's hug. Despite the tank-top she wore, I could feel her breasts against my chest through the flimsy fabric. I was thankful for the bunched-up material at my crotch masking my stiffness.

"Maybe you weren't ready when I was born, but you're a pretty good Mom now," I said.

Another little squeeze, "Thanks, sweetie. I'm trying."

When the hug ended, she kissed me on the cheek and added, "Enough about my misspent youth, Jax. I told you that because I want us to be open and honest with each other. I want you to be able to ask me anything you want."

My head swam with all the new information. I had more questions about my dad, but sensed Mom might not want to talk more about him yet. I was also curious about what she'd seen when she came in and woke me up. I wasn't sure if it was the kind of question she meant, but her touch made me hard. "This morning, Mom, when you came in and woke me up, did you see me?"

"See you? Of course, you were lying in bed. You were right there."

Flustered that she might be trying to avoid answering me, especially after telling me I could ask her anything, I clarified, "I mean, did you see me naked?"

Mom's cheeks colored again, "Oh, yeah. You were lying on your side. I guess you're not sleeping in your pajamas anymore?"

I shook my head. "Not for a while. They're too constricting. Usually, I just sleep in my underwear. Is that okay?"

Mom smiled, "Sure, sweetie. If you're comfortable sleeping in your underwear or in nothing at all, you're welcome to."

I felt something lift off me. For months now, I'd worried about what Mom would think if she caught me sleeping in anything less than my pajamas. Not enough to wear them, but enough to give me a little anxiety.

Seeing the relief on my face, Mom added, "You might want to figure out how to wake up to your alarm if you're going to sleep naked, sweetie. Unless you're okay with me seeing your, um, what'd you call it? Your dick."

I could see she was playing with me, making light of me sleeping however I wanted. And teasing me, calling my penis by its other, dirtier name. I'm sure it would mortify most boys if their moms caught them naked in bed, even more than having their mom refer to their package as a dick. But as I thought about that morning and the fantasy from last night, I discovered it didn't bother me as much as I had expected.

This playfulness was something new to me. Before the quarantine, me and Mom pretty much did our own things. She bustling me off to school before she caught the bus to where she worked. At night, she would watch TV in her room and I'd play on the PS4 in the living room. Then, she'd run me off to my bedroom or make me get a shower. Then it was the same thing the next day, and the next. Now, though, she was making a joke about something incredibly personal. Imagine my surprise when I discovered I liked this change.

I did not know if I was overstepping, but I felt both bold and terribly naughty as I said, "I don't think you can handle seeing my big dick."

My skin radiated heat as soon as the words escaped my mouth. Mom's eyes arched. Still, I had surprised myself just as much as her. Like a cobra lashing out, her left hand struck my ribs, her fingers digging in, tickling me.

I squirmed as giggled erupted from me. She hadn't tickled me like that in years.

Holding me with one arm around my shoulders and the other attacking my ribs, she said, "Oh, is that right, my little munchkin? You forget I'm the one who changed your diapers, made sure your little pee-pee was all clean."

Her fingers raced along my ribs, circling around to my sensitive stomach, "Or have you forgotten, I'm the one who bathed you and made sure your little willy was clean? If you happen to sleep naked, I think I can handle seeing your willy."

We were both laughing, me from Mom's tickles and her from being silly. Gasping for air, I squeaked out, "I've been eating my Wheaties. It's all gone to my, hahaha, cock!"

Mom let go of my shoulder and attacked my stomach and ribs with both hands, "Oh, you evil little boy. Going on about your dick and cock."

There was only mirth as she critiqued my filthy mouth. With her hand no longer holding me in place, I toppled onto my side as I struggled to slide away from her unrelenting fingers. But when I fell, all of my torso was even more exposed, giving her unrestricted access to where I was most ticklish.

With Mom's hands on my stomach and ribs, her body leaned over me. The tickling was tiring my muscles and my body responded by my legs pulling up against my chest. Mom used one hand to push my left leg down and then shifted her weight, pinning that leg down with her leg. Then she did the same thing to my other leg, leaving me open again to her tickling.

I was gasping between my giggles, "St-, stop. G-gotta breathe."

Mom's fingers stopped their attack, yet remained poised to resume, resting on my belly. Her face was flushed red from the laughter, "Now what was that you said about your willy?"

When Mom mentioned it, I became aware that my stiffy had never gone away. And now that she was lying on top of me, I glanced down and saw her straddling my midsection. Surely she must have felt it.

Tired from this game of tickles, and hoping she hadn't felt me under her bottom, I raised my hands over my head, "I surrender, Mom. You win."

Mom smiled down at me, "Do you know how long it's been since we've played like this, Jax?"

The last time I'd played the tickle game with mom I had been eight or nine. "As I recall, you made me pee my pants."

She giggled, "God, I had forgotten that. You were so embarrassed, especially when I gave you a bath afterwards."

I tucked my arms behind my head, "I was big enough to bathe myself."

Mom shook her head, "I miss those days, sweetie. You were my little boy. When you moved in with me following your Nana's passing, we were practically inseparable. The last couple of years, as you've gotten older, we've grown apart as you've become more independent."

I knew it was all part of growing up. I enjoyed having my own friends. I liked discovering the world was bigger than just the four walls of our apartment or the school. But with Mom so close right then, I felt it too. I missed how close we once were. I missed our games. And even though I wasn't about to admit it, I missed how she had used to bathe me.

I said, "We're close now, Mom. I hate this stupid quarantine, but I like how it lets us hang out, watch movies and play games together."

Mom smiled as her fingers caressed my stomach and chest, "Me too, Jax."

I pulled my arms back until they were on my stomach and then feeling a boldness I didn't know where it came from, I reached out, finding her ribs beneath the yoga shirt and gently tickled her. Mom smiled as her fingers responded in kind. It wasn't like before, when they were digging in, trying to find my most ticklish spot. It didn't matter too much because I was terribly ticklish. I giggled, "See, we're playing together."

Mom giggled as I found one of her ticklish spots, "Yeah. We are, sweetie."

Mom's fingers kept tracing over my ribs. Emboldened by her actions, my fingers traced along her ribs, digging just deep enough to elicit more giggles from her. She kept up the same gentle pressure on my ribs for a

moment, then one of her hands drifted to my stomach and played with my belly button. I burst out laughing because it felt ticklish and marvelously weird.

Not to be outdone, I slid one hand under Mom's shirt and found her belly button. The softness of her flesh sent tingles throughout my body. How she managed to not feel my stiffy while sitting on my midsection was a mystery, but one I had decided earlier to ignore. Then it hit me. I was touching my mom's belly.

As she let out a deep laugh, Mom's hands jerked back against her sides. She went from leaning over me to falling against my chest with an "Oof." She stopped her fall a fraction of an inch before her face would have smacked into mine. In a voice so quiet I almost had to strain to hear it, she said, "Well, hi there, my little man."

Then, she shocked me by giving me a quick peck on the lips, like something from my childhood when she used to tuck me into bed. Using her arms, she sat back up. Even though my fingers still played with her belly button, the surprise leading to her toppling onto me was gone and her hands returned to my stomach and ribs.

I resumed my giggles as her fingers danced across my ribs and belly. She giggled too as I played with her stomach. With one hand, I moved it across her satiny smooth skin, upward until I found one of her ribs on the right side and did to it what she was doing to mine. I moved my fingers to the next rib, enjoying the giggling we shared. Then the third rib, and I froze when my finger brushed against something even softer than the skin over her ribs. I had inadvertently brushed against her boob.

At that point, Mom said, "Um, sweetie, don't go too high on my ribs, please."

My fingers retreated to the bottom rib, "S-, sorry about that, Mom."

"It's okay. It was an accident."

A couple of minutes later, she pulled her hands away from my chest, leaned forward again and gave me that quick peck on the lips, "That was fun, sweetie. You want to watch the next episode now?"

I was sad to retract my hands from beneath her shirt as she climbed off my lap and we resumed sitting next to each other. It's a good thing I'd already seen Stranger Things, otherwise, I would have missed most of the second episode. I was thinking about the game we'd played. Sure, in a lot of ways, it was very similar to the tickling game mom had played with me when I was younger. But I don't think I had enjoyed it as much when I was younger.

And that pleasure is where my mind stayed. Touching Mom's stomach and her ribs had been so fun, even if I felt naughty for doing it. I didn't understand why I felt naughty until I realized it was because I'd been stiff the entire time, and my enjoyment wasn't really childlike anymore. It was... different. How, I wasn't sure. But it was.

I leaned against Mom as the third episode started up, and her arm snaked around my shoulder. Maybe I shouldn't let myself get so close to my mom during this quarantine. But that thought was cast aside almost as soon as I thought it. I liked this newfound closeness, and I wanted it to continue, especially considering it was just to two of us and I didn't want to go back to the way it had been before, when we barely interacted with one another.

I wanted to play more games with her, to be closer to her, even if it made me feel wonderfully weird inside. By the time the third episode was over, I gave Mom a hug, "I love you, Mom. Thanks for getting all silly and playing with me."

She hugged me back, and once again, I enjoyed the soft pressure of her breast against me, "I enjoyed it too, sweetie. I'd love to play more games with you."

Something Mom had said earlier came back to me, "When you and my dad were younger, you said the two of you played games together. What games?"

Mom rubbed her hand over my back, enjoying our hug, "Oh, just silly games."

"Come on, Mom, what'd you play?"

Mom pulled back from the hug, the flush of heat on her cheeks again, “It was just a silly game. We called it the Master and the Slave.”

“Master and slave? How do you play it?”

She cut the TV off and said, “The one who played the slave had to do whatever the master commanded. There was no getting out of it.”

It didn’t sound like much fun to me, “Why? How’d you know my, um, father wouldn’t make you do something painful or really embarrassing?”

Mom cocked her head to one side, like replaying some memory, “We were best friends. And we trusted each other completely.”

Still not convinced, I said, “Which part did you like the best?”

She still wore that reminiscent expression, “I liked being Chase’s slave.”

“Why? Wouldn’t the master be more fun?”

Mom shrugged, “Chase was more than just my best friend. I loved him so much. Even thinking about it now, all the feelings come back. I trusted and loved him. I knew he felt the same way about me. Well, except for the gay part. Being his servant, doing everything he commanded, I felt such a connection.”

I still didn’t really understand it. “But if he asked you to do something you didn’t want to do, did you do it?”

She nodded. “Yeah. That was part of the attraction of the game. Pushing each other’s boundaries. The thing was, I was in love with him, and being dominated by him, unable to refuse any command was fun because I also trusted him. God, we had fun.”

Even though I didn’t really understand the game or mom’s attraction for it, I said, “Maybe we can play it tomorrow. I mean, if you want to.”

Mom smiled at me and gave me a gentle peck on my cheek, “We’ll see, Jax. Just spending time with you is enough for me.”

I watched her as she disappeared into her room. A moment later, I turned out the light and went to bed.

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## Chapter 4

I felt exhilarated and worried when I slid into bed last night. My body fairly hummed at what had transpired after dinner between me and Jax. It took me back to when he moved in with me. He was six when he moved in with me and over the first few years of living together, we had been incredibly close. He would lie in my bed in just his underwear and I'd tickle him until he would nearly pee. I felt like I had lost something when he stopped wanting to do that around the fifth grade. Of course, he had accidentally peed himself that time.

Tickling my son last night had felt so good. I had felt the years melt away. But was that a lie? The years really hadn't fallen away. When I had straddled him and tickled him mercilessly, there had been a constant reminder my little boy wasn't so little anymore. I did my best to ignore the bulge in his pajamas, but even though I never mentioned it, forgetting about it was another matter.

Then, when he tickled me back, Jax's fingers on my skin made me tingle all over, and sent me back thirteen years.

As my memory returned to that stormy Halloween night, my hands pushed my panties down. I wanted nothing between my fingers and my pussy.

Closing my eyes, I was back in the bathroom with Chase. The dog chain hung between my small boobs, still attached to the leather collar. We stood facing each other on the small rug beside the tub. I was on fire, wanting more of Chase. I gave him the chain, "Your will, Master."

While there was doubt and uncertainty in his eyes, there was also something else. I hoped that something else would guide his next action. "Um, slave, would you please dry me off?"

I took a towel and turned him away from me so I could focus on his back. But I had more fun rubbing the towel on his butt before spinning him around. I knelt and as gently as possible, I dried the few lonely strands of pubic hair off and then held his soft ball sack in my hands. Aside from the

small patch of pubic hair just above the base of his penis, he was smooth. I finished toweling off his hair.

Once finished, I said, "Does it meet Master's satisfaction?"

Chase was as erect as he had been in the shower. He flushed as he nodded, "Yeah, Dre. That felt nice. I mean, slave. You did well. But I can't have you getting the rest of the house wet. Stand there while I make sure you're dry."

He took the towel and toweled my little boobs down. I felt a little current of something run from my boobs down to between my legs. A few seconds later, Chase knelt and dabbed the towel against my pubic hair. I wished he had done more than just dab at my hidden space. Instead, he spun me around and finished by drying my back.

Then, he took the chain and pulled me back into his bedroom. Before he could figure out what to say next, his cell phone lit up as a melody erupted from its speakers. Chase dropped the chain and jumped in surprise. Still naked, he grabbed the phone and swiped at it, "Oh, hi mom."

"No, we almost made it home before it opened up on us.

"Yeah, she's in the bathroom now. When do you think you'll be home?"

"Oh? Yeah. You did. That's cool. When she gets out, I'll have Dre call her parents."

"Bye."

When he killed the call, Chase grinned. "Mom's stuck at the church. Said she'll be home later tonight when the storm lets up."

That meant we had a few more hours to ourselves. "Why do I need to call my parents?"

Another grin, "Mom talked to your mom, and neither one of them wants to drive across town to take you home. So, you're supposed to stay over tonight."

My smile matched his own, and I snagged the phone and called my mom. It was even faster than his mom's call. Mom told me to behave and that

they'd swing by the next day to pick me up.

Once I ended the call, I stepped over next to Chase and handed him the chain, "Master, how may I serve you?"

Chase grinned, "Damn, Dre. You're really messing with my mind. And I'm having so much fun."

I just offered a small, subservient smile, "Master, what is your command?"

Sweet Chase. Gay Chase. He'd told me before that girls confused him, and that was part of why he enjoyed being with boys over girls. When I had asked why he and I were good friends, he'd told me I wasn't like the other girls. That night as the storm raged outside, I wanted that lovely boy to dominate me. I was his. And if I wasn't as confusing to him as other girls, I hoped he would figure out how to take me.

His eyes softened. "I don't really know what to do, Dre. Don't just do something because I'm telling you to. Okay?"

I nodded back, but I had no intention of telling him no. I needed him over me.

"Come over here, Slave girl," He commanded with a little more confidence than he'd had a moment before.

I got up close, inside his personal space. "Yes, Master?"

His penis was so close to my pubic mound, I rocked forward until our bodies touched. He said, "Slave, my dick requires your attention. What can you do to help?"

My eyes grew round, and I grinned. I could hardly believe my luck. I knelt and took his shaft in my hand. I'd only seen videos about what came next. I leaned forward and licked his flared head, making him gasp. Then, my tongue lapped at a little bit of clear liquid that appeared on his piss slit. It was tasteless, which suited me just fine.

Then, I opened my mouth and stuck his glans in my mouth and sucked on it, using my tongue to stimulate the tip of his erection.

He moaned, rocking forward, sliding about half of his erection into my mouth. I liked the rugged, loose skin that circled the base of his glans and I sucked on him even as I took the rest of him into my mouth. The handful of lonely strands of pubic hair tickled my upper lip right as the tip of his dick touched my tonsils. I swallowed hard as I fought against my gag reflex. It was just enough for me to adjust myself to him filling my mouth.

And then I bobbed back and forth, feeling his entire shaft slide through my lips. Even though I had never tried to give a boy a blow-job before, there was something almost effortless in sucking on Chase. After a few minutes, this lovely boy, the object of my affection, thrust his hips forward and back, as he moaned, "Ah, fuck, Dre. I'm close. Watch out."

I redoubled my suction on his penis. Then the most amazing thing happened. His slightly more than four inches seemed to expand, becoming even harder. Then, he rocked forward, with his dick going as deep into my mouth as possible, he shuddered and something hot and wet splattered my tongue and the back of my throat. It was salty with just a hint of something sweet mixed in. The second blast left me swallowing Chase's seed.

When I pulled back, he giggled and used his finger to wipe a bit of his jizz from my lips. "Very well done, slave girl."

My eyes fluttered open. I was back in my bed. Jax was down the hall, and my finger plunged in and out of my vagina. My other hand worked my clit. I felt the orgasm rising inside me. The image of Chase standing with his dick waving in front of me held in my mind until it didn't. I changed from my index finger to my middle finger massaging my clit. When I tried to recall Chase's features, all I could see were Jax's. I imagined him grabbing my tits as we played the tickle game. And then overcome with lust, I orgasmed, coating my fingers with even more juice.

I pulled my panties off and pulled my covers up to my neck. Usually, after an orgasm like that, my pussy was satisfied. Not this time. I was still horny. But more than that, I was exhausted. I closed my eyes, even as I slept in the nude for the first time in thirteen years, and drifted off to sleep.

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Jax

I lay on my bed, confused, happy, and horny. My fingers had grazed my mom's boob when we had been tickling each other. I had touched a girl's boob! The idea left my erection straining, and after too long, I pulled my pajamas off and threw them on the floor along with my underwear.

I wrapped my fingers around my little pole and grappled with the confusion, even as I settled in to a rhythmic stroke. While it was true, I loved my mom completely and utterly; it wasn't supposed to be like this. I tried to imagine Kim standing in front of me, flashing me her little tits. Instead, I saw my mom lifting her shirt and flashing boobs that weren't all that much larger.

I came right then. My dick spasmed as I stroked. I was stunned at my body's reaction. I hadn't been jacking off even thirty seconds and there I was, shuddering under the most intense orgasm in my twelve years. I kept stroking it, letting the spasms crash over me with earth-shattering tingling, until I felt myself slipping away. I let go of my dick and felt the wild spasming ease off until I lay there gasping in ragged breaths. I glanced down at my erection, still pointing toward me. Then I noticed something. A small clear bead emerged from where I normally pissed. The drop was no bigger than a drop of rain, and when I touched it, a small bit got on my finger. Rubbing it, I found the substance slick to my touch. Because there was so little of it, the slickness went away within a few seconds.

My eyes were huge. I had actually cummed. Excited about it, and hoping to see it again, I gripped my erection and started masturbating again. Thrilled at the first sign of puberty, I didn't even bother with fantasizing about Kim. Instead, I imagined my mom standing in front of me, slowly stripping her clothes off. In my mind's eye, she was naked when the tingling grew more pronounced and I felt that marvelous sensation building inside me.

My orgasm hit like a wave crashing onto a sandy beach. I strained to keep my eyes open, focused on my dick even as my fingers kept on stroking it. Every spasm seemed stronger than the one before, and even though the magical elixir hadn't appeared after a couple of minutes, my flying hand

took me behind my mind's ability to process my dry orgasms and things faded to black.

The next morning, I was cold when I woke up. When I realized I had slept naked above my sheets, everything else came back from last night. The tickling game with mom and the back-to-back masturbation sessions. I glanced at my morning wood before deciding I'd rather crawl under the covers to warm up. I needed that more than I needed to pee.

It didn't take long to get comfortable and as I warmed up, my hand went back to my erection, where I just played with it, enjoying the hint of tingles that came from my touch. I was halfway asleep again when I heard a knock at my door. I pulled my hand away and rolled onto my side, which made the tent in the sheets go away, "Yeah?"

Mom opened the door, "Good morning, sweetie. You decent?"

I couldn't help but smile as I said, "I'm covered up, Mom."

Between the light filtering through my blinds and the light from the hallway, I could see Mom. She wore another yoga top. Actually, it was more of an athletic tank top she had turned into a crop top at some point in the past. The straps were narrow on her shoulders, and the u-neck showed little skin. Of course, at some point, she had cut off the bottom, leaving her belly exposed. The shorts she wore, I'd seen her wear before when she went to yoga. They were a pair of loose fitting black athletic shorts. Standing in the door, her thighs were on display. I had seen her in both the shirt and shorts before. But it had never had this effect on me.

Glad I was lying on my side and my erection was hidden by the covers, I said, "You look nice this morning."

She leaned against the door frame, "Thanks, sweetie. It's the weekend. I wanted to be comfortable. How'd you sleep?"

Seeing how sexy Mom appeared in her clothes, I was wide awake, "Good. How about you?"

She came into the room and sat at the foot of the bed, "Well enough. I dreamed about your father some. After thirteen years, I miss him."

“What happened to him?”

Mom sighed, a frown creasing her face. “He passed away.”

Seeing my distressed look, she added, “He was away at college when it happened. He and his boyfriend were driving home one night after a party. There was an accident, and they both died. I think you would have liked him. You’re a lot like him, you know.”

“I don’t think I’m gay, Mom.”

She reached over to me and patted my shoulder, “Not like that, Jax. You look so much like him, sometimes it’s like seeing him all over again.”

Mom’s melancholy expression had me reaching for her hand, “I’m sorry, Mom.”

Her lips curled at the ends, “It’s fine, sweetie. I rather like how you look like the boy who helped me to make you.”

I held onto her hand, “What’s the plan today? You want to hang out?”

She nodded, “Yeah. I’ve got some bread in the toaster. I figured we could have cinnamon toast. How does that sound?”

I loved it. I was about to climb out of bed when I remembered I was naked. Everything we had talked about came back from yesterday. Still, as much as I loved the new closeness, the idea of letting her see me naked made me too nervous to consider it. I said, “I need to get dressed, Mom.”

Mom’s eyes roamed over the sheets that covered me halfway up my chest, “Oh, you slept naked?”

Blushing, I nodded, “Yeah. You said it was okay. Right?”

The crimson on her cheeks reassured me, “That’s right, sweetie. I’ll give you some privacy.” With that, she stood and then leaned over me and gave me a kiss on my temple before turning and closing the door behind her.

As soon as the door closed, I grabbed my underwear from the floor and put them on. Then, thinking about the shorts Mom had on, I rummaged around in my chest of drawers until I found a pair of boxers mom had bought me from last year. I held them up to my waist and saw they should

fit. Baggier and longer than the briefs, I swapped them out and then looked myself over in the mirror. The boxers looked like a pair of short shorts. The biggest difference at first glance was the flannel material of my boxers felt different from the sheer material of Mom's athletic shorts. Of course, there was also the fly on the front of the boxers. But the fly's fabric overlapped pretty good, and I thought a wardrobe malfunction was highly unlikely.

I found her in the kitchen, smearing butter on the toast. She glanced over at me, "Oh, I'd forgotten about those boxers. You look handsome in them."

As we ate the sweetened toast, I swallowed a bite before asking, "Can we play a game today?"

Mom reached over and ran her fingers over my ribs, just enough to get me to smile, "Sure. You ready to be dominated by my tickling?"

Happy to see things were as we left them, I responded by tickling her exposed skin just above her hip. "Maybe. But what about Master and slave? You played it with my dad. Can we play it too?"

Mom grew red as she chuckled at my touch, "I don't know about that, sweetie. The slave has to do anything the master orders. I mean, what would you do if I were the master and ordered you to clean your room?"

I giggled as her finger still traced my rib, "I guess I would have to clean it."

Mom leaned in, gently tickling more of my ribs, "What if I ordered you to take a shower?"

"I'd take it, after all that's what a slave does; obeys the master."

Then, when her head was close to mine, "What if I ordered you to let me give you a bath? How would you handle that, sweetie?"

I saw how this game could quickly spiral out of control. My feelings were a mixture of fear, embarrassment and arousal. "Oh. Um, I guess I would let you give me a bath."

She smiled at me, "Even if that meant seeing your little pee-pee?"

I giggled at her touches on my ribs, "Geez, Mom, It's not that little. Yeah. I guess so. So, can we play it?"

Mom kissed my forehead and nodded, "I suppose, sweetie. Do you want to be the Master?"

Me be the master? As mom had explained things she might order me to do, I had wondered what it would be like to be the slave, subject to mom's every whim. But as the master, I'd be in control. It could be me ordering her to pick up my room. Or order her to shower. Or even order her to let me bathe her. The thought sent a fluttering sensation through me. "Are you sure you don't mind being the slave? How long until we switch?"

Mom shook her head, "I'll be your slave, sweetie. A session lasts all day, unless you choose to end it early. So, maybe tomorrow you can be the slave, if you want."

Then she stood up and gave me a deep bow, "What is your command, Master?"

With those five words, my world shifted. I was the master, lord of our little quarantined domain. A hundred thoughts invaded my mind. Most I discarded as impractical or things I lacked the boldness to say. I scanned the kitchen and saw the first order. In the deepest voice I could muster, which admittedly wasn't very deep, given how my voice had yet to break, I said, "Slave, the table is dirty. Clean it."

Mom dutifully bowed and cleaned up the dishes. Any other time, it would have been me bussing my own dirty dishes. But Mom happily put them in the sink. Next, I ordered her to clean the dishes and load the dishwasher. Then I had her gather all the dirty clothes from my floor and put them in the wash along with stuff from her room. Most of my pajamas and underwear were still in the dryer from the last time I had done laundry, and I ordered her to take them to my room to be put away.

I followed her back to my room. The shorts she had on were amazing, showing almost all of her shapely legs. Her top was cut high enough I saw plenty of skin between the top of her shorts and the bottom of her shirt.

She dumped the clean clothes on the bed and took a pair of my pajamas and folded them up, all the while smiling. This was simply too surreal. I said, "Um, Mom, are you sure you're okay playing the slave?"

She grinned as she grabbed another pair of pajama bottoms, "Oh, sweetie, you wouldn't have talked me into it if I minded."

I felt confused about her cheerful disposition at following my commands, "Why? As the master, I'm bossing you around."

She picked up one of my colored underwear and folded it, "Jax, if I tell you something intimately personal to me, I need you to promise that you'll keep it between us."

I nodded as I watched her fold another pair of underwear.

She pursed her lips, and glanced toward the door as if making sure we were truly alone, "I loved playing this game with Chase. I discovered something about myself with your dad."

I found myself leaning forward, hanging on her every word, "I liked it when he controlled me. I know it's crazy. I'm a woman and we're all supposed to be liberated and independent. But the truth is, I felt more alive and free simply surrendering my will to him."

I had never seen my mom in this light before. She was always strong for me, especially after Nana died. But as I thought back over the years, I recalled an incident here and there, where I pushed back on being told to do something only to have her do it for me.

I came over to help her with the clothes, but she gave me another bow, "Master, it's my duty and pleasure to follow your commands."

With that, she gently pushed me back and returned to folding the clothes. I said, "Do you really want me to order you around? Like a slave?"

She took the rest of the clothes and put them in the chest of drawers, "That's the purpose of the game, Jax. You reminded me so much of Chase when you were ordering me about. I loved it."

I shook my head, "My dad doesn't sound very nice, the way you describe him telling you what to do."

Mom shook her head and sat on the edge of my bed, “Oh, Chase was so sweet and loving. That’s the thing about the game. Outside of it, he was never a bully, and he cared a lot about my feelings as his best friend. The game was as much about stretching him, making him more assertive, as it was about me feeling the freedom of submission.”

“You think I’m like him?”

Mom nodded as I sat down beside her, “I see so much of him in you. When we first started playing the game, he was shy and uncertain. Just like you. But over time, as he realized it made us even closer as friends, he grew to like it too. Even though there was always an awkward innocence in the way he ordered me about. You know, he never stopped saying please when he gave a command.”

The way she talked about my father, I regretted I would never get to meet him. For a guy who was gay, it sounded like he and Mom were super close. I asked, “When you first started playing the game, did he order you to do anything you didn’t want to do?”

Mom leaned back on the bed, “Oh, that was thirteen years ago. Let me think. We had just come back from a Halloween party, where we actually went as a Roman master and slave. We were both dressed in these cute little togas. On the way back to his house, the skies opened up, and we got back soaked to the skin. When we got into his house, he ordered me out of the toga so that we could get them dried out.”

“Wow,” I murmured. My father had seen my mom naked from almost the very beginning. Those images from the previous night were readily recalled, and I was glad I was sitting down and wearing boxers that weren’t as tight as my briefs.

Mom rubbed my back, “So, Master, what is your next command?”

I liked her touch and wanted more of it. Yesterday’s game had been more fun than we’d ever had. “Um, slave, how about the tickle game again?”

Mom stretched out her hand until she touched my ribs and she dug her finger into a ticklish spot. I recoiled and giggled at the same time. Mom sat

up and wrapped her arms around my chest in a hug. Her mouth was next to my neck as she whispered, "As you wish, Master."

Then her fingers dug into my belly, forcing more giggles out of me as I rolled onto my side. This time, though, I was ready to fight back, at least a little. I put my hand out until I touched her exposed belly. When I pushed my fingers into her belly, Mom let loose a fit of giggles even as she worked her fingers around my belly with one hand and with her other hand tortured my ribs.

While I wanted to continue the assault on her belly, I was tearing up from giggling so hard. I pushed away, inching myself toward the headboard on my bed, trying to keep her from landing any more tickles. Mom rose onto her knees and grabbed my legs long enough to throw a knee over my legs, straddling me, and making it hard to move away. Then she scooted forward until her shorts touched my boxers. The problem for me was all the intimate tickles gave me a stiffy, and it was seriously tenting the front of my boxers.

That's when Mom looked down and saw. She paused her tickling of my stomach and then looked at my reddening cheeks. After a moment of thought, she said, "Master, although you look to be enjoying yourself, if you would prefer, we can stop the tickle game, and do something else. I am your obedient slave."

I felt a moment's relief as Mom gave me an out. Only I didn't want it. While I was incredibly nervous about her being so close to my stiffy, I also wanted to see what would happen next. I gently shook my head and stammered, "Sl-, slave, we shall continue the tickle game."

Mom's fingers prodded my belly, eliciting another giggle. Her hands moved toward my ribs as she scooted further up. The bottom of her shorts rested just below my boxers' fly. I felt pressure from Mom's front, as her short-covered front pulled against my boxers' flannel cloth.

I didn't know if I wanted to stop inching forward. I knew I didn't want to make it look like I was eager though. My hands redirected toward her stomach, even slipping under the ragged hem to find her lower-most rib.

She laughed even as she moved forward. Mom's front, covered by her skimpy shorts, moved forward, pushing my stiffy back until it lay flat against my stomach. Mom giggled down at me, as my hands continued tickling her belly and ribs, while her bottom rested firmly on my stiffy.

She redoubled her attention on my stomach, sticking fingers into my belly button and wiggling them about. Not to be outdone, both my hands slipped under Mom's loose-fitting shirt, attacking her ribs, one by one. I knew what I'd find if I went above the third rib. And that didn't stop my right hand from moving up. Before I found the rib, the tip of my finger brushed against Mom's boob. Unlike yesterday's warning, this time, she simply giggled in response to my tickles. I moved my left hand up and felt her other boob.

Uncertainty came over me then, and despite the laughter she pulled from me, I managed to look Mom in the eyes. There was warmth there and laughter in her mouth and she gave me a barely perceptible nod. Any other time, I would have shied away from touching my mom. But the game we played took me in and instinctively I felt we both needed this, no matter how wrong it might otherwise be.

Both hands moved up. The soft, warm tissue of her boobs made it impossible to find her fifth rib. What I found were the tiny ridges separating her areolas from the rest of her supple breasts. She gasped as my finger slid across that small, open space and bumped against a nipple.

Worried I was taking this too far, I said, "Um, Mom, should we stop?"

Mom's fingers stopped tickling my stomach, and she leaned forward until her face was just above mine. Then, her lips touched mine, lingering longer than yesterday. When she pulled back, she said, "Master, I am your slave to do with as you please. Does Master find me pleasing?"

Part of me was stunned to hear those words come from my mom's mouth. The part in control moved both hands to touch her nipples. That part of me found her very pleasing. I stammered, "Y-, yeah. Very pleasing."

In response, her lips pressed against mine. This time it was a distinctly sensual kiss. I had never kissed anyone before, but I responded by pressing

my lips against hers. A dozen heartbeats later, she sat back up. Instead of the deep tickles designed to rip tickles from my lips, her fingers gently circled my belly. Under her loose-fitting shirt, my hands cupped Mom's breasts. I hadn't realized until then, they were as small as they were. Both fit comfortably in each hand, no bigger than half a lemon in size. Still, they were a perfect fit.

After a minute of me playing with her breasts, Mom leaned forward and kissed me again. This time when our lips parted, she said, "Would master like for me to remove my shirt?"

My lips were still tingling from the kiss when I nodded.

With my hands still on her breasts, Mom lifted the hem of her shirt over her head until she dropped the shirt onto my floor. Seeing her tits was just as good as feeling them. Her soft, pliable skin moved under fingers that were becoming deftly familiar with her form.

Her hands stroking my stomach slid lower until they brushed against my boxers. She kept at it, rubbing my lower belly until her fingers slid under my boxers' elastic band. Her fingers stopped their circular motion once between my skin and the flannel. They moved down, sliding smoothly across my bald pubic bone until the tip of Mom's finger touched my dick. I gasped at the touch.

Mom said, "Is Master pleased?"

Still working my hands over her exposed boobs, I nodded.

Her fingers went lower until her hand cupped my stiffy. She pulled her hand away long enough for her to tug my boxers down my legs. Then she sat down again and played with my freed erection.

I asked, "Did you and Chase do this kind of stuff?"

Mom nodded, "Yeah. He was so adorable. I really liked being his slave, just like I'm enjoying being your slave too."

I couldn't believe my dreams were now my reality. Kim Lanham, eat your heart out. I'm touching a *woman's* boobs. Even though there were a lot of other things for us to do, things I dreamed of at night with my fist around

my dick, this was a lot to take in. And even as I saw the love in Mom's eyes, I didn't want to push her too far.

With a lot of regret in that moment, I pulled my hands away from Mom's perfect-for-me tits and said, "Alright, slave. Maybe we can play this some more later today. Right now, let's go watch some TV."

I had to order her to put her shirt back on, and I very nearly didn't do it, thinking about how nice it would be to watch TV next to my topless mom. Still, when I pulled my boxers back up, it didn't feel right to leave mom exposed.

We settled onto the couch and picked up Stranger Things on the next episode.

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## Chapter 5

Dre

It was like holding Chase all over again. Instead of the errant strands of pubic hair at the base of a thickening young teenage penis, my fingers played with Jax's four smooth and hard inches. The base of his penis was smooth, with no sign of pubic hair. His balls were smooth, like his father's, but smaller than the grape sized balls I remembered.

All thoughts of tickling my son's belly or ribs were gone. Jax was solely focused on touching my exposed breasts. After I became pregnant with my son, I waited impatiently for my breasts to swell, as was common. But for whatever reason, they remained small throughout my pregnancy. Even after Jax was born, my breasts stayed the same size they were at fifteen. I suppose I could have packed on another seventy pounds, just to see if the little lime-shaped boobs would get bigger, but I wasn't that desperate for jugs, just so men would look a second time at my chest.

And Jax evidently had no problem with my small chest. Each hand cupped a breast that seemed tailor-made to fit within the contours of his palm.

When I looked at Jax, massaging my breasts, I saw in his eyes the heady realization we were doing things few mothers do with their sons. Although,

I suspect the number of women who seduce or are seduced by their sons is far higher than people are willing to admit. He sighed as he pulled his hands off my tits, saying, "Slave, we can play the tickling game some more later. Let's go watch TV."

I think I understood him. Had we continued, we were heading toward deeper water in uncharted territory. Just like Chase at fourteen, Jax at twelve was uncertain of himself. I crammed my own uncertainties and doubts into a deep recess of my mind. I couldn't handle any thoughts except that I was my son's slave, for him to have his way with me. Anything else would interfere. So, I waited, and he ordered me to put my shirt back on and join him in the living room, watching the show we started last night.

After lunch, which I happily prepared after coaxing another command from him, I settled back on the couch and snuggled against his bare chest as we watched more of the series. We really did make a day of it, although I made sure Jax knew the game was still going and he was still my master. We even ordered Chinese takeout. While every restaurant on the island was closed, at least for dine-in, delivery drivers, with their surgical masks covering their faces, made a killing delivering food to everyone who was shut in.

When the doorbell rang, I said, "Master, the food is here. What is your command?"

Jax, still in just his boxers, said, "Slave, would you please get it?"

Just like Chase before him, Jax frequently fell back into asking instead of ordering. It was that part of him that knew this was just a game and that his mom still had feelings that mattered. I never entirely broke Chase of that endearing charm, even though I wanted him to dominate me in every way. I suspected Jax would be very much like his father.

The look on the Hispanic guy at our door, when I opened it in nothing more than my cut-off top and very short yoga shorts was priceless. Even though my breasts were small, that didn't stop his eyes from roving over every inch of exposed skin. I suspect if not for the blue mask covering his face, I would have seen him leering at me. I paid for the food, took it, and closed the door without a word. Something else from that time with Chase came

back to me. What I had, such as it was, wasn't for anyone else but my son. I took my mask off and took the bag into the living room, where we ate dinner while binging the show.

After cleaning off the boxes and putting the leftovers in the fridge, I came back and settled next to Jax, putting my arm around his shoulder and resting my head against the side of his chest. Wordlessly, he responded by sliding an arm behind my back and letting me snuggle against him. When the episode ended, he said, "Um, mom, when you were playing with Chase, Dad, how long did your game last?"

I put a hand on his chest, "It depended on how much time we had. That first time, our game lasted well into the night. Other times, we managed a few hours. You're not tiring of it, are you?"

Jax shook his head, "What? Tired of it? No. It's just really different. I mean, you'd do whatever I order you to do. It's really weird."

I rubbed his chest, "Yeah. That's why it's a game. We're turning everything up on its end. Normally, as your mom, I'm the one telling you what to do. But in the game, you're in charge. It helped Chase to be more assertive, and it taught me how much I loved having him dominate me."

"What do you mean be dominate?"

My fingers stopped rubbing his chest, and I held them there. To explain that to Jax would be a big deal. It was to bare my innermost desires from my time with his father. "I wanted him to own me, sweetie."

I could see the surprise in his face, "Own, like a slave?"

I smiled, "It's in the name of the game. Right?"

"Oh, yeah. Master and slave. But to own you, that would mean he could have done anything he wanted."

My fingers massaged Jax's chest, finding a tiny, flat nipple and encircling it. "Yeah. Anything."

Jax was processing a lot, despite the distraction on his chest, "Anything. Wow. Did that mean he ordered you to do a lot of um-, ah-, you know, sex stuff?"

I chuckled, letting my fingers track down to his smooth stomach, “Oh, yeah. That was half the fun of the game. Because he preferred boys to girls, sometimes the game was as much about getting him to do stuff so that he was the one giving the orders. Of course, toward the end, he enjoyed being in charge and he became good at making me feel dominated.”

Jax shifted and tried to be inconspicuous as he adjusted himself. That’s when I noticed the tent in his boxers. He said, “And when we’re playing the game, you really are okay with me, um, dominating you?”

I lifted my head from his shoulder and turned his head toward me and kissed his lips again. The tingly current running through my body right then made everything seem right with the world, even though the world was being wracked by a virus from China and everyone was huddling at home, trying to be safe. When I pulled my lips away from my son’s, I said, “Yes, my love.”

I kissed him again and let my free hand return to his belly, rubbing it and working my way down to the band of his boxers, sending as clear a message as possible about how I wanted him to dominate me.

When the kiss ended this time, I looked into my son’s eyes, “Master.”

His lips curled into a smile as he murmured, “Slave.”

I wanted to touch his penis again. To feel its heat against my hand. But I needed Jax in control. This was like the frustration I sometimes felt with Chase, whose natural passive tendency created a lot of the tension in our games. Finally, I said, “Master, you seem trapped in the confines of your boxers. Do you want me to help?”

If he said yes, then it was his command. There would be time to train him to assert himself. After a long moment, Jax nodded, “Um, yeah. S-, slave, please.”

My fingers moved to the fly and snaked through the cloth flaps until I felt the warmth of Jax’s thin erection. Spreading the fly apart, I pulled on him until his four inches were no longer trapped. He was perfect. His small, flared glans rested perfectly above the slightly darker skin of his

circumcision, which perfectly balanced the glans from the rest of his cylindrical shaft.

As my fingers traced around his glans, I enjoyed playing with the edge of his helmeted head while another finger pressed against the small opening of his urethra. When I pulled my finger away, I saw a bit of moisture on the tip of my index finger. Rubbing it against another finger revealed a slickness that could only be Jax's pre-cum. Perhaps he was more like Chase than his smooth skin promised.

Using my thumb and forefinger, I tenderly took hold of his shaft. The heat radiating from him warmed my hand and sent tingling tendrils through my body. Slowly, I slid my fingers up and down his shaft, lightly tugging at his skin.

Jax moaned wordlessly and leaned his head back against my arm. He showed his pleasure as his hips pushed against my hand, trying to hump my fingers as I kept lightly stroking him. I knew the pleasure building wouldn't last long. Especially not the first time. I discarded the idea of stopping. I wanted to feel Jax's orgasm, to see if he could make the same elixir I loved to take from Chase's erupting cock.

After a minute or two, a strangled note came from Jax, "Arggh!"

And his penis spasmed in my hand as his body shook. I kept working my fingers over his erection, watching it jolt around my active fingers, still stroking, still teasing his cock.

After the eighth or was it the tenth spasm, a tiny clear drop oozed from Jax's slit. And, still, his little rod kicked about while his body kept shuddering from his orgasm. With my index finger, I let loose of his shaft long enough to swipe it over the tip of his glans, taking the clear pearl and using its small amount as lube.

His moan was loud enough, I worried about disturbing our neighbors, "AHH!"

Jax threw his hands behind his head, where he interlaced his fingers, all the while his body shook from the constant spasms. He squeezed his eyes shut against the painful pleasure continually wracking his body until I finally

relented, having lost track of the number of times his cock had dry ejaculated. I'd never seen anything like that. Not even with Chase. When the fourteen-year-old came, a few shots of his milky elixir would blast out, followed by a few more spasms, and that would be it.

Jax though barely seemed conscious as his penis finally stopped twitching several seconds after I stopped masturbating him. I touched his cheek, "Sweetie, Jax, you okay?"

His eyes fluttered open. He was breathless, "Oh, yeah. Wow."

My son's penis mesmerized me. He had kept on orgasming for as long as I stimulated him. I'd never heard of a man, let alone a boy, doing that.

"Is it always that intense, Jax, um, Master?" I asked.

He shook his head, "Your touch is better than mine. Oh, God, that felt... wow."

"When you do it yourself, sweetie, do you keep on cumming until you stop jacking off?"

He nodded, "Yeah. Pretty cool. When Jason showed me how to do it, he was super jealous."

"I bet so. So, what now, Master?"

His eyes shot open, realizing the game continued. "Oh? You're still my slave?"

I kissed his cheek, "Of course, Master."

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Jax

My body was still on fire even after Mom brought me to the most incredible cum ever. My dick was still poking into the air. Of course, that wasn't uncommon. Some days, I've been so horny that I could jack off several times in a row. This was, I figured, one of those times.

Mom still wanted to play, and I was still the master. She had shown me by bringing me to an incredible orgasm that nothing was off limits. Still, it was

a bit crazy. "Um, Mom, you'd really let me do anything I want with you?"

She nodded, "Sweetie, I trust you. I know you won't order me to do something dangerous, so yeah. I'm yours to do with as you please... Master."

Curious about how far we could take this game, I said, "Tomorrow?"

She nodded, "Yeah. If you want."

"What about next week?"

Still nodding, Mom said, "Well, we should probably agree to keep it to after school and work, don't you think?"

The endless possibilities this presented sent a tingling sensation down my spine, "You know, if you want to be the master, I can be the slave."

She offered me a grin, "I figured you wouldn't mind trading roles. But for now, Master, I am your loving slave."

Marveling at this, I wondered if I even needed the commands. Testing this, I stood and took her by the hand and pulled her toward the hallway. She followed, a curious smile on her features. When we passed by my room, her smile widened.

I opened her bedroom door and came over to her bed. I have always been jealous of her big king-sized bed. I sat on the edge and patted the spot next to me. Mom dutifully sat. I put my arm around her waist and leaned my face toward hers. She turned, offering her lips. I leaned forward the rest of the way until I felt her warm, moist lips on mine. The mechanics of the kiss weren't any different from those she had given me when I was a lot younger. But it still felt different. Then I realized. It was because I kissed her instead of her kissing me. I *was* the Master.

When I ended this kiss, I didn't move back. Instead, I put my hand on her stomach and moved it upward, sliding it under her shirt until I found her breasts. I felt the power of the moment and I cupped one of her boobs, gently squeezing it until a gasp of pleasure escaped Mom's lips.

I stood up long enough to come around to stand in front of Mom and I reached over and grabbed the ragged hem of her shirt and pulled it over

her head, revealing for a second time her small, gorgeous breasts.

The look she gave me told me the game didn't always require commands. She really was mine to do with as I pleased. As gently as possible, I pushed her down on the bed. She stopped me only long enough for her to lie lengthways along the bed.

Then I straddled her waist and put my hands on her breasts again, massaging and playing with them. Mom loved it, moaning as I pinched one nipple or the other. She reached down and placed her hand on my exposed dick. So focused on her, I had forgotten to put it away after she made me dry cum earlier.

While I couldn't ignore her hand on me, I wanted to give her pleasure, so I leaned forward until my face was over her breasts and then I took one of them in my mouth, sucking on the small, erect nipple. My tongue went to work on it, racing around the eraser-sized protrusion. She moaned, "Oh, baby, yeah."

I lavished attention on both of her boobs until my mouth was a bit chapped. Mom even grabbed my head at one point and pulled me deeper onto her tit as I put as much of it as I could manage into my mouth.

Mom stopped touching my dick long enough to tuck me back inside my boxers before pushing the flannel cloth down to my thighs. She tugged her shorts down a couple of inches, just enough for my dick to touch her lower abdomen, skin-to-skin.

Her arms wrapped around my back as I kept licking and suckling on Mom's boobs. When I finally sat upright, she looked up at me, a pleased look on her face. She murmured, "Master is pleased?"

"Very, slave."

The fantasies I used just a day earlier to jack off to, had nothing on what I now experienced. Even though I was still coming to terms with what Mom had meant when she told me she was entirely and completely mine, I suspected by the time we both fell asleep, we would never be able to go back.

I inched back until my butt rested on Mom's thighs, leaving her short, black yoga shorts exposed. Even though she had pulled it down an inch or two in front, it still kept her secret parts covered. I put my hands on her stomach and looked into her eyes. The look she gave me left no doubt her secrets were mine to explore.

My hands found the hem of Mom's shorts and ever so slowly tugged at them. The first inch revealed smooth skin. Living on Staten Island, just like me, her skin was pale, no tan-line between the soft skin of her stomach and her lower abdomen. I tugged, exposing another inch. My hands were on her pubic mound. She was smooth where I expected to see the beginning of pubic hair. Running my fingertips over the skin, I felt fine bumps where stubble would come in after a few more days. It stunned me at the revelation she had shaved her pubic hair. And left me very aroused.

I tugged another inch. There were a few spots where I could feel the tiniest hint of stubble. The thrumming in my belly at touching so intimate a spot on my mom only added to my arousal. I pulled on the shorts another inch. At the very bottom of that revealed spot, a slight indentation appeared. There were tiny bumps across the area, evidence of Mom's freshly shaven pubes. I tugged just a little bit. The indentation became a small slit. Another tug and the slit became a gash as Mom's labia came into view.

I gasped aloud. I was staring at my mom's pussy lips. Even though I had nothing against which to compare them, they looked exquisite to my twelve-year-old eyes. With the way I was sitting on her thighs, my dick was just a few inches away. It twitched involuntarily, so close to what nature created it for.

I wanted to ask permission to touch her. But that's not how the game was played. I slipped a finger between the lips of her labia, enjoying Mom's pleased gasp. I couldn't help but look up at her as I felt a raised bump under the hood of skin at the slit's opening.

She gave me a look of unbridled lust. She wanted me. Oh, my God. Mom WANTED me! That look told me exactly what she wanted and where she wanted it.

I had never touched a girl, let alone a woman. Every sensation was new to me, and even though I knew Mom wanted me to dominate her, I was flying blind, going only with what I have seen in porn videos Jason and I had watched online. I shifted my legs, spreading them wider, as I pointed my dick at the slash between Mom's legs. When it touched the outer lips of her labia, something within those lips made the tip of my dick slick. As I pushed forward, the outer lips spread open and my head disappeared into the slit before nudging against her inner labia, which was even wetter. I grabbed my shaft and moved it toward Mom's backside, only stopping when she gasped. By some fate or miracle, I had stumbled upon her vagina.

In that moment, groaned, "Put it in me, baby. Fuck your slave."

I've heard mom swear before, but there was something incredibly naughty hearing her tell me to fuck her. It took my arousal to a new high, and I shifted my body forward until I felt my head push through a tight opening, becoming entrapped within the walls of her pussy.

She moaned wordlessly, and I got the implied message. The heat of her body, the fluids coating my erection, were enough and when I pushed, I sank all four inches into her without intending to be so quick.

"Oh, fuck!" Mom moaned when my pelvis pushed against hers. My mind was on fire. This morning, Mom had jacked me off to an incredibly powerful and long orgasm. The sensation on my dick made this morning pale in comparison. Then, as I recalled the porn videos I'd watched with Jason, I pulled back, almost sliding out of her cavern before pushing all the way back in, mingling my groan with Mom's.

The tingling from with the base of my dick confirmed I was doing something right as I rocked my hips back and forth, sliding in and out of Mom's pussy. The moans escaping her lips told me I wasn't the only one enjoying things. It wasn't too tricky for me to find a rhythm in my thrusts that let the tingling gradually grow, becoming a bit more pronounced with each passing moment. Perhaps three, maybe four minutes passed since penetrating her hole when that orgasmic wave hit me and my dick shuddered insider her. Another spasm wracked my dick and spread out

across my body. Another spasm and the orgasm shook my entire body. With each successive spasm, my dick twitched, trying to send my semen deep within Mom's womb. If only I had any.

My dick didn't stop shuddering, ejaculating empty shots. After thirty or more spasms, Mom's legs gripped my back as she arched her back, "Ahhh, Fuck!"

As new to this as I was, I still recognized her orgasm for what it was and despite my body's continual cumming, I felt more aroused as her pussy shook around my dick.

Mom leaned forward, throwing her arms around my neck, her own body shuddering even more than I shook. "Oh baby, I'm cumming! D-, don't stop!"

My next spasm hit me hard, and my vision dimmed as even bigger fireworks inside my brain exploded. Again, I slid deep inside her, my balls slapping against Mom's ass. My dick kept jerking, dry firing for the umpteenth time.

In and out, an intense spasm as my body dry ejaculated again. My vision became dimmer as the fireworks inside my head threatened to overwhelm me.

I pushed in again and my mom's arms slid from around my back and her knees unlocked. Her head fell back as her eyes rolled backward. I pushed in again and spasmed once more. The explosion in my head was the last thing I remembered.

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Dre

There was something heavy laying across my body when I felt light dancing across my face. When I opened my eyes, I saw gray light poking through the tiny gaps in my blinds. My alarm clock confirmed it was early; barely six-thirty.

The heavy weight on me brought back last night's memories. The heavy weight was Jax. And he was as nude as me. I had lost consciousness from

the most intense orgasm in my twenty -eight years and took my son's virginity in the process.

As I became more awake, I realized I had raped my son. My twelve-year-old son. What kind of woman fucks her own son?

I wanted to slide away, not wake him. I needed time to think. What had I been thinking?

I sucked in a deep breath, counted to ten. Then Chase came unbidden into my thoughts. Jax looked so much like Chase had all those years before. What Chase and I found had been special. Why couldn't this be just as special?

After all, it wasn't any different that what I had shared with Jax's dad. Was it? Then, as I replayed the events, I rationalized, I hadn't initiated sex with Jax. No, it was his choice. He had taken me. My son had chosen to have sex with me. Part of me rebelled against this line of thought. But after a brief struggle, I locked the voice away. It wasn't a voice I cared to listen to, and it certainly wouldn't help me get through the day.

Jax had done it. He had dominated me last night. He had taken me and in doing so, had given me an orgasm unlike anything I had ever imagined possible. How many women actually go unconscious from the power of their orgasms? And it had happened to me! To me! It was both scary and exhilarating to think of Jax dominating me again.

And what about my son's orgasms? God in heaven, I did not know it was even possible for a man or boy to keep orgasming beyond the normal half-dozen or so ejaculations until I saw it with my own eyes when I masturbated him.

Now that I had calmed down and put aside thoughts of the police breaking down my door, I could think more clearly about yesterday. Jax was more responsive to my suggestions than Chase had been at first. And he had dominated me last night, taking what he wanted. And I loved every bit of it. I hoped today would be more of the same, because I longed to feel his boyish penis inside me. The next time would be even better as Jax took everything he learned from our first time and applied it.

I must have moved as I thought things through. There was pressure between my legs, where Jax's penis rested. A bit more pressure confirmed my son's penis wasn't exactly resting anymore. His morning wood had arrived, and I shifted my body enough to close my legs, trapping his erection between my legs.

There was a stirring on my chest as Jax mumbled, "I was afraid it had all been a dream."

I wrapped my arms around my son's back, "No dream, my love. Last night really happened."

Jax pushed himself up a bit until he looked down at my face, "Wow. We really, um, had sex?"

His penis between my legs, only a couple of inches away from my vagina, I was already growing wet "Yes, Master. You were very good. Now, about today, what is your command?"

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I can end it there if I choose. Although there's so much of the quarantine to go.