

## Quickie #5

### A Mother's Love

#### An Athena Corp Chronicles Side Story

Jon proceeded down the hallway, his black heels clicking softly against the polished hardwood floor. He was warm in the costume Mommy had chosen for him today, but it was nothing his thin, boyish frame couldn't absorb. He went about his chores with nary a bead of sweat on his forehead.

As he approached the hall's long mirror he stopped to inspect himself. It was a familiar sight, the flowing, billowy French maid outfit surrounding his body. His arms and legs were outlined in silky, white stockings and arm-gloves. His ears were adorned with pearls and the lacy collar around his neck featured a beautiful pendant. It was a gift from mother that he wore every day, without fail. Jon's painted lips and neatly applied eyeliner and blush were evidence he was getting better at cosmetics with each lesson.

The only thing different about today's ensemble was the headband with rabbit ears mother had placed on his head to make him "extra cute." She had different slutty outfits to dress him in, but the maid outfits were her favorite by far. Mommy loved that her son had become such a proper, dutiful servant in more ways than one.

Jon moved into the living room and began swishing his feather duster all over. As he moved around the furniture, the mantle and the bookshelves, he looked at their family pictures. Almost all the pictures were of him and his mother, Brenda. A few were of Mom's sister, Lisa. He had no other immediate family. Jon's father had never really been in the picture. His parents had divorced when he was very young and Jon had grown up knowing only the stern, but loving attentions of a fearsome, career driven woman.

Athena Corp opened a branch in their city when Jon was a young teen. Mommy signed up for one of their procedures immediately. She was elated when the wait was over and she went under the knife to receive her cock. It was massive! Jon would never forget the first time he bumped into her as she exited the shower. Her towel fell off and he got his first glimpse of her humongous package. Even flaccid, it was a giant club of flesh.

In those days, Mommy would bring strange men home to spend the night all the time. Guys of all different shapes, sizes and colors. None of them ever stuck around to be Jon's new dad. In fact, Jon saw most of them leave the same night. He would be on the living room floor, playing one of his videogames as he noticed them limping toward the front door. Their legs were bowed. Their teeth gritted. They often winced in pain. Very occasionally they'd come back to visit Mom a second time, but most never returned.

Before long, Jon entered puberty and started doing all the things young boys normally do. Chasing girls. Investigating all things sexual on the internet. That's when Brenda mandated he start taking one of

Athena Corp's wellness supplements. It was a twice daily drug guaranteed to help young boys grow into physically **and** mentally healthy young men. Mother was very insistent that he never miss a dose. Jon was given wide latitude in his teens to do what he liked as long as he obeyed Mommy and took his vitamins every day.

As he entered his late teens, Jon quickly developed an affinity for Femdom. His internet search history was a litany of female on male S&M. Over time, this evolved into fetishes for more extreme male bondage, sissification and men being ravished by well hung Futa.

While any scenario where a man was dominated by a woman would get him hard, it was the scenes where they were fucked into submission by giant strapons and Futa cocks that resulted in his most mind blowing orgasms and the biggest messes to clean. Brenda kept a watchful eye on his browsing history during these years, but didn't interfere with his activities. She didn't need to. Everything was going according to plan.

Just three days after Jon graduated high school, Brenda burst into his bedroom as he was groaning out an orgasm and cumming all over himself. Mother tore him from his computer, ordered him on his knees, unzipped her leather pants, pulled her massive cock free and introduced Jon to his new life.

As Jon sucked his mother off for the first of thousands of times, Brenda informed him that he would not be going to college, he would not be dating or seeing other women, he would learn to cook and clean, and that his wardrobe would be getting a major overhaul. That was the first day of his wonderful new life.

Jon's pleasant daze faded away as he realized he'd been staring at the family pictures for something like ten minutes. He wasn't getting much work done and his penis was stiff as a board. It was hard enough being tempted by the lovely satin of his costume brushing against his cock all day. Piling the memories on top of that made him desperate to cum.

Despite his intense arousal, Jon didn't touch himself. He knew better. Many of Mommy's "punishments", like the ones he received for minor infractions, were fun and pleasurable. But she had serious punishments as well, reserved for when she was really ticked off. Cumming without Mommy's permission was one of the big no-no's.

As he got back to his chores, the phone rang. Jon set down his duster and quickly moved to answer it.

"Hello?"

"Hi honey! I'm on the road. I'll be home in twenty minutes!"

"You're coming home early?"

"Yeah, my last two meetings were canceled. Finish up your chores. Mommy needs some relief."

"Oh... I mean, yes Mommy! I'll do my best."

"You better, bitch! Or I'll beat that ass red."

The line went dead and Jon placed the phone back in its base. He resumed his dusting at once.

*'Shit! I haven't done the laundry yet! I haven't even planned dinner!'*

Oh well, at least the punishment he had coming was the kind he liked. Jon smiled as he hurriedly went about his business. His rock-hard dick strained against the silky confines of his panties. It felt like it was about to explode.

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Jon heard his mother pull into the driveway followed by the garage door opening and closing. He stopped what he was doing and put away his cleaning supplies. The femboy maid hurried into the living room, lifted his skirt and knelt down about fifteen feet from the doorway. That's where Mommy expected him to be each day when she got home.

A few moments later the door wrenched open and Brenda walked in. She looked a little tired, but very happy to be home. She eyed her slutty son with a wicked grin before closing the door behind her and setting her briefcase down. Brenda disrobed immediately. First her leather jacket. Then her top and skirt. Finally her bra and the pantyhose her cock had been trapped in all day.

Jon swallowed as her monster unit unfurled before him. He was practically salivating. He wanted it in his mouth. Brenda teased him. Mother rarely fed it to him straight away, as much as she wanted to. She stalked around her bitch-boy maid and started unzipping his dress at the back.

“Let's take this off. Don't want to make a mess of it.”

With her help, the dress was pulled free and Brenda tossed it on the sofa with her own garments. All that was left of Jon's clothing were the silky arm-gloves that ran from his palms up to mid-bicep and the satin stockings that came up to mid-thigh. She circled back to his front, grabbed her impossibly large python and brought her glans to his lips. It was hardening rapidly and pulsing with lust.

“Get to work, slut. Hands behind your back.”

Jon clasped his hands behind him and pushed his face forward. His mother's girthy phallus slid through his lips and deep into his mouth as he moaned happily. Jon loved her pungent aroma. He tasted a day's worth of stink and sweat, combined with just a hint of flowery scent from the fabric softener he'd used to wash her clothes. It coated his mouth thoroughly as he pushed his mouth over her shaft. He sucked and slurped away on her bulging staff with abandon.

Brenda smiled down at her obedient, cock-sucker son as he pushed his face as far onto her fat fuck-meat as possible. She placed her hands on her hips and let him attempt to take more than five or six inches on his own. She knew he would fail. He needed his mother's help to go further than that.

After a minute or so of his futile attempts to take more of her cock without the use of his hands, Brenda chuckled and seized his head.

“Mmmmm... This is your most important task, you know? The one you were born for. You really should be better at it by now. But that's OK.. Mommy is always happy to guide you.”

She grabbed his rabbit ears along with thick clumps of his hair and shoved her hips forward. Her fleshy tool dove in deep as phlegm choked sputters bubbled from the side of Jon's lips. Brenda drove herself down into his throat slowly, but insistently. Her fat rod was soaked in the heavenly, moist cavern of her son's sucking mouth. Within seconds, her fat scrotum was pushed up against his chin.

“That's what you are. My *dick drainer* cum dump. So do your job, you fucking slut!”

Jon's cheeks burned red with delightful embarrassment. He enjoyed the humiliation almost as much as her massive cock. He focused on breathing through his nose as his well hung mother began sawing back and forth with urgent need. Her breasts heaved as she threw back her head and moaned. She pistoned her girthy meat missile in and out of the sucking, saliva packed pussy that was her son's mouth.

**\*GLORM GLOP GLOP GLOP GLORM GLORM GLOP GLOP\***

“Oh yeah! That's it! JUST LIKE THAT! **MAKE MOMMY FEEL GOOD!!!**”

Jon could do nothing but hang on for dear life as his sex-crazed mother face-fucked him silly. His body rocked back and forth as she became more aggressive. Her cum filled orbs slapped his chin with each forceful fuck. Her frenzied motions and loud groans meant she was close. Jon coated her shaft in pure pleasure, wagging his tongue along the bottom of her thrusting cum pipe.

His stocking laced knees became raw on the floor and his back was slumped forward awkwardly, but his hunger for Mommy's creamy sludge was greater than any discomfort she might visit upon him. Saliva and pre-cum ran from his stretched-wide lips and drooling nostrils as she throat fucked her son into blissful submission.

**\*GLOP GLOP GLOP GLOP GLORM GLORM GLORM GLORM\***

“NNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!”

Brenda grunted as her seed propelled into her bitch-made femboy. Her cock swelled and expanded his lips as each thick rope of jizzum blasted into his throat. She let out several loud moans as abundant seed rushed from her fleshy sack, flowing from her cum cannon into the sticky stomach of her sucking sewer slut.

Halfway through her climax, Brenda pulled her pulsing cock from her son's eager mouth and began jerking it furiously. Jon closed his eyes as fat ropes of ejaculate painted his face, hair and chest. His mother continued until every ounce of filth had decorated her depraved progeny. Mommy loved giving facials and Jon reveled in receiving them.

His tongue extended and Jon began licking up the warm, gooey nut around his mouth. Brenda pushed her hand into his face, plastering the cum all over. She pressed her fingers into his lips, demanding that he suck them clean.

“That's a good boy...”

She fingered his mouth several times as he sucked away on her digits. She smiled as cum dripped from

his hair and face, sliding down his hairless chest and glazing her son thoroughly. His cock was standing at attention below, but she had no plans to give him relief any time soon. Maybe if he performed well throughout the night, she'd let him cum before putting him to bed.

Brenda pulled her fingers free with a light pop from his sucking lips. She breathed deep and gave her breasts a firm squeeze, her body still surging from its delirious high.

“Get yourself cleaned up. Then come to my office.”

Her heels clacked down the hallway as Jon gulped fresh air. Jon's body glowed with the intense pleasure of sub-space. His smile was wide and his tone giddy.

“Yes, Mommy.”

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Brenda lowered her naked body into the executive office chair and sighed pleurably. Her office fan oscillated in the corner, blowing cool air over her nude curves as her warm back and ass meshed with the lovely brown leather.

She logged into her desktop and checked her inbox while she waited for Jon. Her lips spread into a smile as she noticed a new email from Athena Corp advertising their latest products and services. Undergoing the surgery had been the best decision of her life; after having Jon and ditching her loser husband, that is. The options Athena Corp was offering modern women were changing the world swiftly and for the better.

The next email beckoning her attention was from FeminizeHim.com, one of her favorite online purveyors of feminization goods. A quick perusal of their new dresses, sex toys and bondage gear caused the blood to flow back to her cock. Athena Corp's phallic implants weren't just larger and more potent than a man's sad excuse for a dick. They had a much shorter refractory period as well.

A few moments later, a mostly nude, freshly washed Jon entered the room. He walked around the desk and was about to kneel down when Brenda stopped him, swiveling her chair to the side.

“Ah ah! Over the desk. You didn't finish your chores. It's time for your punishment.”

He looked at her anxiously. “But Mom, you came home early. I didn't have time!”

“Rules are rules. Don't make me say it twice.”

His protest was an act and they both knew it. Jon slid between her and the desk, pushing her keyboard out of the way gently and prostrating himself forward. His naked bum was pointed back at his leering Mommy Domme. She drank in the view of his cute, hairless posterior and his thin legs clad in satin and lace.

Brenda rose from her chair, her naked flesh leaving the sensual kiss of leather behind. She made up for it by seizing a pair of leather gloves from her desk drawer and slipping them over her hands. She stood

to Jon's left, taking hold of his left shoulder firmly. Her right hand started circling his smooth ass, the leather digits brushing over his soft cheeks soothingly.

“Besides, you enjoy this. Don't you, honey?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Her first six blows sang out, her leather-clad palms smashing his ass with considerable force. She switched between right and left until both ass cheeks had taken three stinging blows. Jon let out a low moan as his mother returned to massaging his singed cheeks.

“Did I tell you about Aunt Lisa?”

“I don't think so, Mommy.”

“She finally got the surgery. Two weeks ago.”

“Oh...”

“That's not the best part. She's coming to visit for a while. Maybe a *long while* if things work out. I don't like leaving you here on your own all day. When Mommy is at work, Aunt Lisa will be in charge. You'll do what she says. Isn't that right?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Jon's moans came louder this time. He loved getting his behind blistered. Brenda could see his cock rising to attention yet again.

“Eight more and then I'm going to fill that hungry fuck-hole of yours. Once you're nice and full of Mommy's cum, we'll put your butt plug in. Then you can make dinner.”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“After dinner you can have a couple hours off. Then we'll have fun in the dungeon before bed. Doesn't that sound nice?”

“Yes, Mommy. Very nice.”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

A gratifying redness spread through her son's delightful bubble bottom. Brenda brought her club of fleshy steel to bear and placed it lovingly in his inviting crack. It was an absurdly large hotdog for so small a bun. Her tip drooled pre-cum all over his lower back.

“Tell me what you want, sweetie.”

“Please Mommy, feed me your wonderful cock!”

**\*SMACK\***

The twenty first spank cracked across his ass without warning.

“How hard do you want it, my little femboy slut?”

“Very hard! Please, Mommy! **Fuck me hard!!!**”

Brenda wanted to tease him more, but the hunger overcame her. She dragged her cum pipe back through his warm, gripping crack and plunged it home in his soft pucker. His fleshy walls split open for her fat length gladly. Jonny had taken her so many times before and would do so for the rest of his bitch-boy life.

Pretty soon he'd be pulling double duty to accommodate both his mother and Auntie, but he was ready for it. His slutty holes had been thoroughly trained. His lust for cock and sexual endurance had been well fostered. Mommy had seen to that.

Brenda pushed her sons head against the desk as she thrust into his boy pussy hungrily. Its grip on her fat phallus was tight and warm. His hips invited her inward, ever eager to receive her. Lust overwhelmed Brenda as she pounded her son into the desk. His body and the furniture jolted as she went balls deep in her human cock sleeve and her heavy scrotum battered his small, fleshy orbs.

“Cmon honey! Tell Mommy what you want!”

“**MORE!**” he shouted as his tongue extended, drooling on the desk between earnest begs.

“**HARDER!!!**”