

Mommy's Dearest, Ch. 02

"Oh, baby, *there* you are!"

Tingles of delight ran through Senya at the sound of his Mommy's voice. He was on the couch, leaned against the big living room picture window and staring out into the shadows of the forest. He felt a little dazed as he heard Mommy approaching, but he didn't turn around.

Not until he felt her soft hand tap his shoulder.

"I, um..." Senya licked his lips, turning back to face the holstaur. Her silver hair shimmered in the rosy dawn light, a halo of pure holy bliss. "I thought I saw her, Mommy!"

She looked down at him with a beatific smile. "Saw who, baby?"

He shifted, unable to quite meet her eyes. "I... I thought I saw, um, Kitten, Mommy." He hesitated. "Will... will she be back soon?"

For a second, Senya almost thought he saw Mommy's smile falter. But then it returned, more radiant than ever, and wonderful relief filled his heart.

"Oh, poor *baby*..." She leaned over, and Senya's eyes fell comfortably to her bouncing tits, only contained within that tight bra out of a sort of playfulness. He watched them jiggle and squish, and whimpered softly as Mommy kissed him wetly on the forehead. "Kitten is just out on a little adventure! She'll be back before you know it."

Senya licked his lips, staring at those bouncing breasts. "R-Really, Mommy? But... but she's never left before, and..."

"Shh." Mommy reached up and stroked his hand. Her hand gave one breast a slow squeeze. "She'll be fine."

"But..." Senya nodded dumbly. Mommy had long ago conditioned him to become more and more conscious of how empty his mouth felt whenever he stared at her breasts. He bit his lip. He needed his mouth to be filled. Needed to suck. But... "But she didn't even, um, say goodbye, and..."

"Shhh." Mommy's elbows pushed towards her chest, mashing her breasts together between them. "Just relax and watch Mommy's boobies, baby~!"

"Buh... but..."

“You love watching Mommy’s boobies bounce, don’t you?” Her voice settled around him like comforting clouds. “Aren’t they so... *soft*?”

Her breasts bounced up slightly. Squished together. Bounced apart. Squished together, wobbling...

“S... soft...”

“Soft,” she cooed. She swayed her whole body, making them jiggle. “Mommy’s big, fat, bouncy boobies are *sooo* soft. *Soft and safe*.”

“S-Safe...” Senya’s mouth felt dry. He licked his lips, staring hopelessly as Mommy’s breasts bounced up and down. Back and forth. He couldn’t look away.

“That’s right, baby,” Mommy whispered. “Mommy’s breasts make you feel safe. Make those brains go soft.”

“Safe...” Senya swayed, leaning forward on the couch. His lips were parted, waiting. “Soft...” He giggled faintly.

“*Gooooood* boy!” Squish. Bounce. “So safe for Mommy. So soft for Mommy. Mommy’s boobies make those brains go bye-bye, don’t they? You’re letting those thoughts turn into bouncy boobies-brained goo, aren’t you, baby?”

Senya whimpered. He was twitching down there, throbbing, because staring at Mommy’s boobies always made him feel so... “Y-Yes, Mommy...”

“Mommy’s boobies make you soooo silly,” she agreed, giggling. “So silly and safe and soft.”

“S-Soft...”

“Well.” Her voice lilted around a withheld giggle. “Maybe except for *somewhere*~”

She gave her breasts a slow, languid squish. Senya moaned as he felt himself getting... harder.

Soft... silly...

“Boobies go bounce.” Bounce, bounce, bounce. “Brains go bounce!”

“Brains... go...”

“Breasts go *squiiish*~” Squish... so big and pillowy... “Brains go squish!”

“Squish...” He was bucking dumbly in his seat.

“And when Mommy’s big boobies fall *down*,” Mommy cooed, slowly lifting her breasts up, “it’s *sleepytime for you tw—*”

She stopped herself. She seemed to take a moment.

Senya frowned faintly. The cozy fog seemed a little less thick all of a sudden, a little less soft and safe.

“Mommy, what about...” He lifted his head slightly, biting his lip. “... Joy’s boobies?”

Mommy blinked.

And briefly, for the first time in Senya-didn’t-know-how-long, Mommy looked... unsure.

Then she smiled gently and turned her head. “Oh, baby *Bobbi~?*”

Senya blinked. But Mommy had started bouncing her tits again. “Mommy, um...”

“Hush, little baby,” she whispered. “Watch Mommy’s boobies. Watch them bounce, bounce, *bounce*.”

“Buh...” Senya stared dumbly, lips parting again. The bra was off now. Mommy’s perfect breasts were right in front of him. “But... but Kitten...”

He felt weight on the couch next to him, but couldn’t turn to look as Bobbi pressed in close. “Watch them bounce,” he heard her purr. “No more talking. Mommy’s breasts do all your thinking!”

“Ah...” Senya moaned softly as Bobbi started planting kisses on his cheek. She held his chin up as Mommy leaned in again, filling his gaze with those big, perfect boobies. “Mommy’s... breasts do all my thinkies...”

He heard Mommy laughing. “All my baby does is sinkies!” She swayed her body from side to side, and Senya helplessly watched her breasts swing after her. They were so round, so *full*, and they squished together a little even when left still...

“Sinkies...” Senya whimpered, leaning futilely away from Bobbi’s kisses—she just giggled and started kissing his sensitive neck instead, making her kisses deeper and wetter until he was forced to cry out in pleasure. “But... but, um...”

“*Siiink* into Mommy’s boobies,” Bobbi murmured in his ear, following it up with a long, sloppy kiss.

“Ah...”

“Sink for Mommy,” Mommy cooed down at him. She pressed her tits together, inviting him to lose himself in that deep, endless cleavage... bounce... *bounce*... “Everything is soft and safe with Mommy.”

“M-Mommy...”

“Poor baby.” Mommy cupped the back of his head, spilling onto the couch to squish him in between herself and Bobbi. “Baby must be *confused* because he hasn’t had his milk in so long!”

He nodded dumbly, drooling as he stared at Mommy’s breasts. It had been nearly fifteen minutes.

Mommy giggled. “Does baby wanna suckle?” She pulled him closer. “Does baby need a nice, deep drink at Mommy’s soft, safe boobies?”

She jiggled in his face. And Senya’s remaining ‘resistance’ melted away completely.

“Oh! Yes, Mommy!” He beamed. He couldn’t quite remember what he’d been so worried about, but... maybe he’d remember after a taste? Just a few gulps.

And the pair cooed, and Bobbi’s soft kisses continued, and her hand slid into Senya’s lap as he was pulled into Mommy’s. He latched onto Mommy’s offered nipple and started to suckle.

And soon he was lost, immersed in Mommy’s boobies and happily drugged on Mommy’s milk, clinging to Mommy, adoring and entranced, and he couldn’t remember ever being sad or worried about anything in the entire world.

Soft and safe in Mommy’s arms.

* * *

Laca smiled lovingly down at her little Senya, stroking his hair as he devotedly suckled. So much wonderful pleasure filled her at his eager lips and desperate tongue, but especially at the feeling of how badly her little baby needed her.

That was better. She never wanted her little ones to worry about anything at all.

Especially not... whoever *Joy* was.

She looked towards the forest and frowned.

“Kitten went bye-bye,” Bobbi mumbled, giggling slightly as she nuzzled the sleeping Senya’s neck.
“Poor Mommy.”

“We’ll get her back soon.” Laca’s eyes glittered. She pulled Senya in a little tighter. “She’ll always be Mommy’s little girl. She knows that, deep down.”

“*Uh-huuuh*.” Bobbi planted one last kiss on Senya’s cheek, then raised her head with a dreamy smile.
“Even if she’s another Mommy’s little girl now~”

Laca turned to Bobbi.

Bobbi was deeply entranced. Infatuated. *Addicted* to Laca. She would never escape, would never retake control. Laca had her submerged in more triggers than she’d ever had on Laca during the Ranch days. Baby Bobbi’s deeper and deeper humiliation and ever-thickening adoration was one of Laca’s very favorite little pet projects.

And in spite of that, Laca could swear she heard a trace of Bobbin’s bratty defiance dripping into that voice.

And was that the faintest sparkle of lucidity in those eyes?

Laca licked her lips. She smiled slightly, cupping Senya’s chin. “Bobbi, baby, hand me the bottle?”

She saw Bobbi hesitate. Just for a moment. She’d been happily drinking right up until Laca had called her over, and it was only half-full, but still held tightly in one hand.

And that hesitation was all Laca needed to know.

Bobbi must have sensed her danger, because she immediately passed the bottle over, babbling an obedient, “Yes, Mama!” and biting her lip. A perfect, submissive little fey.

But too late.

Laca smiled, cupped Senya’s cheek, and briefly pulled him off before switching him to the baby bottle. He clutched at it happily and kept drinking, moaning softly. The adorable boy was already too deep to know the difference.

Then she turned back to Bobbi, beaming at that speck of nervousness in Bobbi’s eyes.

“Oh, baby-baby-Bobbi,” she cooed, reaching up to cup her breasts, “has it been too long since Mommy... took proper care of *you*?”

She let Senya sink back into his seat and stood up, sauntering over to lean down in front of Bobbi, giving Bobbi a nice, indulgent view.

Bobbi squirmed. “N-No, Mommy,” she mumbled. She was already nibbling on her thumb, already no doubt noticing that empty feeling Laca had so carefully programmed into them all.

“No?” Laca giggled. “You mean you don’t want more?”

Bobbi’s eyes widened. Aw. The poor, dummy little babygirl was too silly and stupid now to know how to lie. “No! I-I mean! Um! Yes, yes, I—”

Laca started bouncing her breasts together, heat rumbling in her chest. “Poor baby-baby-Bobbi,” she cooed. “It’s okay. Don’t be confused. Just watch the bouncy boobies, baby Bobbi.”

“Ah...” Bobbi’s lashes fluttered. Her head rose and fell, following the bouncing of her Mommy’s chest. “Um... buh...”

Laca laughed softly at her. “Be good for Mommy,” she whispered, “my little baby Bobbi boobies-brains~”

And she started to pull Bobbi in.

In a way, Laca was glad Bobbi still had these pockets of resistance.

A nice, deep reprogramming session with her old ‘rival’ was just what she needed today to settle her nerves~

* * *

Senya’s head sank and swam and sloshed in a strange sort of... incompleteness.

He was suckling Mommy’s milk. He could hear Mommy nearby, her warm, liquid purrs easily overriding Bobbi’s nice, submissive whimpers. And it all felt so normal. Mommy always won. And Mommy’s milk tasted so nice, and his thoughts still felt so nice and bouncy and squishy and soft, and the couch was still warm with Mommy’s heat, but...

... but still, something felt like not *enough*, and he didn’t know why.

He didn’t mind bottle time. He didn’t mind hearing Mommy make Bobbi relapse and suckle. But he wasn’t falling all the way asleep like usual.

It took him a long moment, and many deep gulps of milk, to figure out what it was.

Usually, he would be lulled to sleep by Kitten's purring right by his ear, her vibrations against his lap. Kitten's warm nuzzles would help him sink into easy, cozy dreams, and her kisses and suckles would melt his thoughts away for hours and hours on end.

But she wasn't here today.

And things didn't feel finished without her.

He frowned drowsily, still suckling. It didn't feel right.

And just then, as though the world knew just what Senya was missing...

The sound was impossibly faint. Senya was only able to make it out because everything else around him was a soft, rumbling echo, and it was high-pitched and sweet, carrying over the hum to his ear.

"Mew?"

Senya's eyelids fluttered, then slowly opened.

He turned away from Mommy and Bobbi and towards the kitchen door.

"K-Kht'n?" he mumbled around the nipple, almost frowning. In a heavy, bumbling daze, he pulled himself to his feet and stumbled towards the sound's source.

The door swung silently for him, and didn't quite close all the way behind him. The kitchen window was closed, but the curtains were parted. Senya's head lolled.

"Kitt'n?" he mumbled again weakly, frowning as he approached the window. There was someone out there. He could see the silhouette.

But as he drew near...

A pair of familiar glossy pink lips curved upwards in a sly smile.

"Hello, my little lamb," Joy cooed, her voice muffled by the window and yet echoing inescapably in Senya's ears. She tilted her head sweetly to one side. "Have you lost your way~?"

* * *

Senya stared dumbly, trying to understand why he couldn't seem to... move.

Joy was there. So pretty. So lovely. He felt so happy to see her, but...

But Mommy had told him to watch for strangers today. To stay away.

And... and he couldn't shake the worry that maybe, somehow, Joy might have something to do with Kitten being missing. As sweetly as Joy smiled, he felt like he could always see a glint of something colder in those eyes, as if she was carefully calculating exactly how much sweetness to pour into each and every smile.

And yet he stared and squirmed in helpless silence.

Joy's eyes drifted up and down. Her smile seemed to widen slightly, and her voice came out a syrup-dripping coo. "Would *you* be a *total sweetheart* and close the little door, little lamb? Quietly, now."

He blinked blearily. The door? No, but that was... Mommy wouldn't...

"Be a good boy for me, Senya~"

Senya heard the door softly click shut. His hand dropped back to his side.

"*Gooooo* boy~!" Joy beamed at him, and he found himself smiling shyly back. Although he was having trouble meeting her gaze, when her dress gave him such a nice view of her big, soft...

He licked his lips. His mouth felt weirdly empty.

He brought the bottle back to his lips and suckled, blinking big eyes up at Joy. "W-Where'sh... um... K-Kitten?"

"Hm?" Joy's lashes fluttered. "I'm sorry, what was that?" She cupped her ear with one hand, smiling innocently. "I can't hear you through the glass, silly."

Oh. He smiled guiltily, reaching forward to the window's latch. Silly him. He'd just...

... he hesitated. Wait, wasn't he...

Joy's eyes sparkled. She took a step closer, breasts jiggling slightly, and put her hand on the glass. If it weren't for the window, their hands would be touching.

"Go on, baby," she whispered. He couldn't 'hear' her, with how soft she was speaking, but he'd seen Mommy's lips caress those simple words a thousand times. "Be a good boy."

Suck. Suck.

The latch clicked.

And before Senya could process what he'd just done, Joy reached up and slid the window open, and her sweet scent and angelic voice flooded the room like sunbeams.

"There's a good boy! You're such a good boy, aren't you, Senya?"

Feeling dizzy, confused, Senya blushed and ducked his head. "I-I, um... um..."

"You were asking me something?"

He hesitated. He lifted his head, still suckling Mommy's milk, and slow-blinked, trying to remember his question—and then to muster the courage to ask it.

"H-Have you, umm..." His voice was slurred around the bottle. "Sheen Kitt'n?"

Joy's eyes sparkled. "Why, of course~!"

His heart fluttered. "You—you have? Wh're, um—"

She leaned forward, head and shoulders slipping through the window. Her hand slipped down and grasped the bottle. "Here, baby. Let me take this. You won't need it soon."

"B-Buh..." Senya hesitated, but a pretty lady with big boobies was telling him to do something, and he knew he wasn't supposed to resist them, and...

The bottle left his hand, and Joy gave a little giggle as she tossed it to the ground outside. Her lashes fluttered as she leaned forward, massive tits held up by the windowsill, and rested her chin upon clasped hands.

"Now, little lamb." Her voice dripped with sweetness. "Tell me what's the matter~"

It was a command, and that was another thing that felt normal to obey. Senya tried and failed not to stare at her breasts. "Um... I, um..." He licked his lips. They felt so, so empty... but he had to focus. This was important. "Kitten's... gone, Joy. And I can't find her anywhere!"

"Gone?" Joy's brow knit with gentle concern. "Oh, you poor thing! That must be so frightening!"

"Y-Yes." He nodded uncertainly, forcing his eyes to meet hers. "It's... um..."

Joy's met his with sly intensity. Her eyes darted down, and he followed them back to her tits. Her big, soft tits, concealed within that diaphanous dress...

"But there's no reason to worry, sweet boy," Joy purred. Her fingertips traced around the faint outline of her nipples poking against the fabric. "Kitten is perfectly fine!"

"Sh-She is?" Senya's heart leapt. "How do you know?"

Joy giggled. She placed her hands on both sides of her chest and slowly mushed those tits together. "Because she's with me, little lamb. And I've been taking *such* good care of her."

Senya's breath caught. Alarm bells were ringing in his mind, but they were curiously faint. As if heard from underwater, or... or muffled beneath a pair of big, round, bouncing, squishing... "Y-You took her?"

"Took care of her." Joy rose slightly, letting her breasts lift ever-so-slightly from the sill, and squished them together again. "Taking care of her. She's such a good, sweet kitten, little Senya."

"O-Oh." Senya whimpered, staring hopelessly. He needed to... to look back at Joy's eyes, but her nipples were leaking milk through the fabric... "But... but, um..."

"She was shy at first," Joy cooed, her hands rolling up and down, kneading her tits together, squishing, groping... "But she's *so* happy now, Senya, because... she's with me. Soft and safe."

Soft and safe.

"S-Soft... and, um..." Senya blinked blearily. "W-Wait, but—"

"Hush." Joy seemed to bounce on her feet. Her boobies bounced in exaggerated slowness, controlled by her hands as they jiggled and squished... they jiggled like they were filled with liquid, bounced like they weighed nothing, and yet when she squeezed them, they looked so nice and firm, so... *heavy*...

"It's okay, little lamb. You don't need to worry about a thing anymore. Not when I'm here~"

"N-No, but..." Senya's world sloshed as he, with all his mental might, dragged his gaze back to Joy's gleaming eyes.

Briefly, he thought he saw something cold in those eyes. Cold and sly and calculating.

But then her smile just widened, and her eyes filled with pure loving warmth. "Oh, baby..."

She reached down, hooked her thumbs under the neckline of her dress, and—

And her breasts came spilling out of that dress, flawless and glimmering in the faint light, and Senya's gaze fell back down into them without another thought.

"Everything's going to be okay," he heard her purring, as she slowly squished those breasts together. "A sweet little thing like you shouldn't worry so much~!"

"Buh..." Senya stared helplessly, his lips parting instinctively. His mouth felt so... empty... "But... um..."

"Oops~" Joy giggled and gave her breasts a nice, big *bounce*. "There goes that thought~!"

Senya's mind skipped a beat. "Wh—"

"Oops!" Joy bounced her breasts together again. "There goes that one, too~"

Senya stumbled in place. He blinked rapidly, watching Joy's breasts ripple and squish. "I—"

Bounce~! "And that one."

"A-Ah—w-wait, um—"

Bounce-bounce-bounce~ "And those~"

Senya stared at the faint droplets of milk leaking from Joy's nipples. His mouth was hanging open. His knees were wobbling. It was all he could do not to fall straight forward.

"You know how to obey big, soft boobies like mine," Joy cooed, "*don't you, little lamb?*"

"A... ah..."

"You see some nice, fat, full udders..." A smug laugh. "... and those thoughts just go *bye-bye for boobies*, don't they~?"

She bounced her tits together, squishing them up to her chin and then letting them fall.

Senya stared, drooling. He babbled something.

"That's right, my sweet little one." Joy swayed her whole body, tits bouncing from side to side. "You know your place, don't you? *You know where you belong.*"

Senya heard himself moan. He was throbbing down there. He stared at her nipple, and every other thought felt so bouncy and squishy and soft and silly...

“And you remember the taste of *Joy*, don’t you. *Don’t you.*” Her voice coiled around him as he stared. “And I know how whenever you see a nice pair of big, bouncy boobies, you feel so soft, so... *safe*...”

Soft. Safe. Bounce. Bounce.

Senya nodded dreamily, swaying to match her movements.

“And you remember how *good* it tastes,” she cooed. “How nice and natural it is to *submit to Joy*. How *good* it feels...” She lowered her hands to her hips and sandwiched her tits between her elbows, just like Mommy had done before, squishing them together tightly. “... to suckle at Joy’s breast, *gulp down her yummy milk* and get *nice and addicted* like a *good little lamb*.”

She swayed from side to side, making her tits jiggle enticingly.

Senya nodded slowly, a big, stupid smile spreading across his face. He felt like something was off, but the taste of Joy’s milk was on his tongue, so close, so familiar, so *irresistible*...

“It’s just natural to submit, baby,” she whispered. “Isn’t it?”

“Uh... uh-huh...”

“It’s what good little boys do for their Mommies~”

Her fingertip traced around a nipple, and it was like she was beckoning him, curling her finger around an invisible leash. He felt himself leaning in.

Joy’s other hand found the back of his head.

“It’s what you do,” she purred, “for *your* Mommy.”

His Mommy. His... but?...

Senya whimpered softly. No, but... but his Mommy was... that wasn’t...

He tried to struggle against Joy’s soft hand.

“Hush, little baby,” she cooed in his ear. “When you see nice, big tits, you can’t help but think about the taste of my sweet milk, don’t you?”

Joy’s taste. Sweet, heavy cream and rich, nutty vanilla... no, no, but...

“Nice big boobies,” she cooed, “that go *bouncy-bouncy* and make those brains all go...”

She wiggled her hips, and her tits swayed, bounced, bounce-bounce-bounced...

“... b-bye-bye,” Senya whispered.

“Bye-bye for Mommy.” Her fingers ran through his hair, the touch intimate, affectionate, and deeply possessive. “And you love Mommy’s milk, don’t you?”

“Y-Yes, b-but, um...”

Her tits squished together. “You need Mommy’s milk.”

“N-Need...”

Her tits wobbled as if time were slowed down. “You *looove* Mommy’s milk.”

“L-Luvv...”

“And tell me, little lamb.” Joy’s voice trickled into his ears. “How do you get Mommy’s milk~?”

Senya stared helplessly at the nipple, his lips fumbling for words. He could smell her sweetness. His brain felt soft and bouncy and silly, and Mommy’s—Joy’s—the milk would taste so good, and—

“You’ll do anything for Mommy’s milk, won’t you?”

A tiny moan shook Senya’s body. He was touching a little, even though he knew that just made him weaker, just made this easier, but he was supposed to be weak for—for *Mommy*, but—but Joy wasn’t his—

“*Won’t you, baby~?*” She pulled him slightly closer, stroking his hair. Her soft giggles made her breasts jiggle. “Won’t you, Mommy’s sweet, precious, silly little addicted baby boy~?”

Senya trembled. He licked his lips, feeling that emptiness, that certainty that he was supposed to... to fill them...

Anything for... for that sweet, creamy vanilla taste...

“*Come to Mommy, baby.*”

And Senya leaned in with a moan, latched onto Mommy’s nipple, and started to suckle like her good little boy.

He heard Mommy moan softly in turn, and something inside him glowed with pride. He was being *soooo* good! He suckled eagerly, wrapping his arms weakly around her, clinging as that wonderful, wonderful taste started to spill onto his tongue...

“*Gooooo* boy.” Her arms encircled him. “Doesn’t Mommy taste so wonderful?”

He babbled happily, nestling in deeper. Suck... suck... so thick, so heavy, so sweet...

“You’ll always do as Mommy wishes,” she cooed. “You’ll do *aaanything* for another taste. Anything for Mommy’s nice, big, bouncy boobies.”

“A-anm’th’nmm...”

Suck... suck...

“That’s *riiight~!*” He felt her laughter as Mommy shoved him in deeper. “And whenever you see a pair of nice, big, bouncing breasts, what are you going to think about, baby?”

“M-Mommy’sh milk!” he burbled around her nipple, gulping down the sweetest, creamiest, richest, yummiest milk he had ever tasted! As Mommy stroked his hair, he pressed in deeper, suckling harder, drinking eagerly, desperately...

“*Oh, darliing~*” called a familiar voice.

Senya’s suckling paused.

The headpets paused.

Senya blinked blearily, half-turning to see Laca—Mommy—standing in the doorway, a funny little smile on her face.

“Having fun, baby?”

Dreamy and drunk, Senya shyly nodded. He couldn’t help but continue suckling.

“Of course he is,” Mommy murmured, patting his head fondly. Senya’s eyelids drooped. “He’s being taken care of so well~!”

“Aww, you must be Joy.” Mommy’s smile didn’t drop, but her eyes slightly narrowed. “It’s so nice to meet you, darling.”

“Oh, you, too!” Mom—*Joy* gave a little giggle. “I’ve heard so much about you.”

“Senya, baby.” Mommy’s voice rose to a higher-pitched coo. “Be good for Mommy and come over here, okay?”

Senya’s heartbeat sped up. He moaned, trying to will himself off, but... Joy’s taste... her boobies are so soft...

“Hush, little one,” Joy whispered. “it’s okay~! You can just stay here and keep nursing like a good boy, can’t you?”

“Darling boy.” Mommy gave him a beautiful smile. She reached up and lifted her bare breasts, nipples still visibly leaking from earlier. “Silly, darling baby boy.”

Senya, still suckling, stared longingly. “M... mmy...”

“Just focus on suckling, baby,” Joy whispered, stroking his hair. “Focus on Mommy’s breasts!”

Senya stared at Mommy’s breasts. He tried to rally himself, but he felt so dizzy, so confused...

“Focus on Mommy’s taste,” Joy purred, but she let her hand fall away. “Remember, little lamb~?”

Senya stared dizzily up at Mommy as she slowly bounced her breasts. He thought about rich, creamy, nutty vanilla sweetness...

But Mommy smiled gently, lovingly, pure heat and adoration in her eyes.

She squished her breasts together.

“Come to Mommy, darling boy~”

Senya’s lips parted, and he popped off of Joy’s nipple.

“M-Mommy,” he moaned dumbly.

And Mommy’s smile widened, her eyes gleaming with triumph. She swept forward as Senya stumbled towards her. Joy did nothing to stop him as he fell into Mommy’s arms.

Mommy squeezed him close. “Good boy,” she whispered. “Mommy’s good, precious, perfect darling boy. *Mommy’s. Mine. Mine.*”

“Mommy,” he babbled, and he latched onto her proffered breast without a thought.

He dimly heard the window shut behind him. Mommy was laughing softly, clutching at him tightly.

“Not to worry, baby,” she murmured, stroking his hair. “See? Mommy is so much stronger. So much lovelier.”

Senya moaned happily, drooling, clinging.

“You know you belong to Mommy.” She stroked his hair with a smug little laugh. “And so does Kitten. We’ll have her back in no time at all, my darling baby boy~”

Senya mumbled his adoring, lovedrunk agreement and clung on tighter.

But secretly, he felt a strange pinprick of doubt. Joy had let him go so easily, so happily, and something felt... different now.

Because as wonderful as Mommy’s milk tasted, suddenly it seemed like every time he looked at her nice, lovely tits...

... he couldn’t stop imagining a different taste.