

BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED

Part One

Vivian flipped through his mum's mail order catalogue, turning to his favourite bit – the lingerie section. She had asked him to choose something for his birthday, a new fishing rod perhaps, a couple of golfing irons to add to his set, or maybe even some new clothes.

The catalogue provided some welcome respite from the maths homework he should have been concentrating on. The funny thing was - it was the garments in which the sexy models posed, rather than their bodies that held him spellbound. How fantastic it would be to dress in something like that.

He drifted off into a salacious daydream - that of trying on several different exotic items. Wouldn't it be really great to pose in front of a full-length mirror in them? He imagined imitating the stances and poses of the lovely models. Wow! How fantastic to have *that* job, getting to wear all that fabulous stuff, *and* getting paid for it. What must it be like to put on a pair of lace or satin panties, the gorgeous sensuous feel of the material around his bottom and against his cock? The thought stirred his JT into life.

Then there were the stockings and suspenders, the garter belts, and what about the wearing of a nice lacy bra, filling the cups with real breasts rather than padding. It didn't seem quite right to cheat. Yeah, he knew even girls had to pad themselves out sometimes to achieve their desired shape, but he'd read somewhere about guys (and girls) these days, if they were so inclined, could have implants in whatever size they desired. There was really nothing to it apart from having the nerve – and of course the money - to go through with the procedure.

Some guys preferred the natural route... growing one's own tits.

This involved a course of hormone injections to stimulate breast growth in the male gender. The results for some were quite astounding, achieving wonderfully natural-looking boobies, and for some an added enjoyment - and source of stimulation - the actual budding, the sprouting of little titties, watching them grow, and their continued monitoring into maturity and fruition, pubescent buds to full-blown milky bazookas was mind-blowing. Ultimately - he thought to himself - the thrill was watching oneself developing into an attractive young lady – plus... the added bonus of being able to tit oneself up occasionally, surely a fairly pleasant pastime in itself - kneading and squeezing and then teasing the nipples until they became hard and pointy. Oh boy, the very mouth-watering thought of it...

Vivian was fully hard now and a tad uncomfortable. To relieve some of the pressure he undid his fly and gave his burgeoning erection some air and much-needed liberty while he browsed the sexy pictures. He absent-mindedly stroked himself while reading. It was very pleasant. He'd just have to keep an ear out for the sound of his mother coming through from the kitchen. God, what if she caught him in this state of impropriety? Would she mistakenly assume that he was in the middle of a good old wank? And yet... would that presumptuous assumption be so far removed from the truth?

He must have been miles away because the next thing his mother was coming into the lounge, through the door and he had no time to zip up. In one quick, but awkward movement he'd covered himself with the glossy catalogue and hoped for the best. It was rather conspicuously open at the exotic ranges of underwear – crotchless panties, corsets, basques, girdles, garters, fishnet stockings... He felt his face become hot very quickly. There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.

His mother was an attractive woman; indeed, when she made the effort now and again she still looked pretty and at least ten years younger than her actual age. She cut a nice figure - good high tits and

shapely bottom, the couple of extra chocolate pounds on the hips you could forgive. Everybody had a weakness. Many of Vivian's mates had compared notes about their individual erotic fantasies involving his mum, Mrs Richardson. Of course, they never let on to Richardson junior.

"Have you found anything you like, Vivian?" said Mum, taking a seat beside him on the sofa.

Vivian knew his face must look like a traffic light on red at that moment. He felt flustered and had not even turned the page to something more appropriate – like sportswear, sports equipment or menswear.

"What's this? Does my dear little boy have a thing for ladies undies? Or are you thinking of buying something for the girlfriend you don't have yet but are thinking of acquiring?" She smiled teasingly, winked and nudged him.

"I was just getting to the right pages when you came in."

"Oh I see. Here, give me the catalogue... I know the section you want. We'll look together."

"I can do it." Vivian shifted awkwardly.

"Let me show you. You'll be here all day at this rate."

"No, Mum!" Vivian's fingers tightened on the catalogue and kept it firmly pressed down on his lap.

"Give me the catalogue. What's the matter... are you hiding something?"

"No! Please, Mum, let me do-"

And with one super-determined effort Vivian's mother snatched away the catalogue from his 'death-grip' grasp. Something sprang to attention which naturally caught her undivided attention. Vivian's hands flew to the rescue, covering the offending item as best he could. He wished he was somewhere else; far away... anywhere... anywhere away from here, away from his mother's accusing eyes. He imagined lowering himself down into a nice deep hole and somebody putting a lid over the top.

"Oh, I see," said his mother. "Your mind was obviously on other things." Her eyes went from her son's frantically shielding hands, to the pretty girls in the catalogue, and back again.

Vivian was speechless. Why didn't she just go out of the room so he was able to salvage at least some dignity? But she didn't go anywhere; she just sat there prolonging his discomfort, tormenting him it seemed.

"So this turns you on, does it? Girls in sexy underwear?" She tapped the page and then turned to the next page which had girls modelling even more exciting and revealing items. She held the catalogue up for him to see. "Which of these do you like best?"

Vivian looked away, squirming in his seat, wishing his erection would soften. But his naughty willy had no intention of letting him off so easily; in fact he was so hard now it was positively painful.

"Come on; tell Mummy which ones you like. Don't be shy."

"Mum, please..!"

"I've suspected for a while you know - that you were into this kind of thing. I know for instance, that you go through my underwear drawer from time to time. I don't mind too much. In fact I'm quite

flattered if anything, that you should want to play with my knickers. Do you ever try them on?"

Vivian shook his head in a shameful lie. He felt humiliated, but there was something thrilling about it too. It was as if he was being held prisoner but in a consensual, agreeable way, as if his cock would not allow him his freedom and dignity on the one hand, and on the other, the sceptre of his mother's knowledge about his fetish paralysed him, kept him in his seat. The fact that she was fully aware of his present state of decorum (or rather - lack of it) only amplified his shame... and thus his enjoyment.

"All right, Vivian... I know how desperate your urge is. The lure of ladies underwear and the femininity it represents is a powerful force to some. She is a demanding mistress once she gets her long, sharp fingernails into you. It is pointless trying to fight it, believe me. It is better to embrace something you have no hope of defeating.

"I went through the same thing with your father when he was still around and I found it far easier going along with his desires and encouraging them rather than forcing him into denial. And so I'll make it easy for you too. Here's what we'll do..."

Mrs Richardson angled her legs and turned towards her son, her skirt riding up to reveal an extra inch or two of sleek black stockinged thigh. Her knee bumped his leg. He could smell her warmth and perfume.

"You're going to think I'm terrible, but..." She smiled, folding down the corners of the page absent-mindedly. "I'd like to watch you do something..." She blinked and blushed. "You know..."

Vivian was confused. What was she getting to? "Watch me what?" he said. There was buzzing and ringing in his ears.

"Don't make me spell it out."

He stared at his mother's nice breasts, the shadowy beginning of her cleavage visible in the 'V' of her skimpy black top. He wondered if she might be wearing a favourite item of his underneath – the lacy

black bra he sometimes held to his nose, breathing the feminine odour of his mother while he played with himself. If she was wearing it now, how sexy it would be to slip his cock between her bunched titties, to feel the light graze of lace against his stretched foreskin. The sound of her voice brought him back to reality...

“I’d like to see you do it... see how much lovely spunk you make now you’re a big little boy. There, I’ve said it now. Are you shocked? If you do that for me I will treat you to a nice set of women’s underwear of your choosing for your 16th birthday. Perhaps you’d even like to model them for me? What do you think, Vivian?”

Vivian’s heart raced with confused anticipation. Did his mother really mean all that she was saying?

(...continued in Part Two...)