

BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED

Part Two

By: Lillia

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Still sitting beside Vivian, his mother put the catalogue down and shuffled closer so he could feel the warmth of her thigh against him. She took hold of his right hand, brought it to her lips and kissed it.

“Can you do it left-handed?” she said, squeezing his fingers affectionately.

“Mum, I am left-handed.”

She giggled. “Silly me... so you are.” Her cheeks were glowing bright pink.

She guided Vivian's hand down to her knee and flattened his palm on it. The feel of the black stockings quickened his pulse. He could feel his willpower ebbing. An urge to display himself obscenely in front of his mother began to take over. His left hand started caressing his erection.

“Good boy,” she said. “Do you like my lovely stockings?”

Vivian nodded, exposing more of himself to her.

“Mmm... very nice... What a big boy you are. I never realised. Goodness! I'm sure you can't wait to show your mummy just how far you're able to fire your glorious pink cannon.”

Vivian's left hand pistoned faster. She guided his other hand up under her skirt. She scented victory... he was nothing more than putty in her hands now.

“Isn't this sweet?” she said, “so cosy, naughty and nice. Mummy has her very own boy to play with and sissify. And one day, when you're fully trained, Mummy will be able to share you. You wouldn't mind her sharing, would you? You're going to be so beautiful for her and her friends. Soon you're going to show everyone just how good you can be.”

Vivian closed his eyes, as if the reality of the scene was too much for him to take in.

“No Vivian, you must keep your eyes open. I don't want you to miss a thing.”

His eyes came open and immediately rolled back in ecstasy. He rubbed himself faster.

“Look at me and concentrate, or I might have to smack you. Think how much you love me and how much I love you. Enjoy the feel of my lovely, sexy clothes. I think you'd do anything for me, absolutely *anything*... wouldn't you? Look at me.” She pinched the skin of his hand.

Vivian nodded. His eyes were black with lust and he looked at her.

“So come on then... do it for Mummy. Oh yes, show me more, pretty baby.”

He did.

“We’re going to have such a lovely time together. I think I can make a very pretty baby girl out of you.”

This much was true. Vivian’s mother would not have to work very hard to make him into a pretty girl. He was already a good-looking boy with a slender, almost feline frame, soft and virtually hairless; and he would be completely hairless when his mother had finished with him.

She glanced between Vivian’s legs. Her son’s brazen vigour excited her. No inhibitions now. His energy came through to her full force. She felt hot and prickly, her panties sticking to her.

“Cum for mummy, little baby. Let her see you make lots of white cum-cum!”

She artfully guided his hand round to her inner thigh where it was warm and humid. She eased her legs apart, positioned his hand higher, and then closed her soft thighs around his hand.

“I know you love what I’m doing to you and I know you want more. I don’t think I’ll have to try very hard to make you into a sissy-boy, will I? Very soon I’m going to put you in a nice frock and do your hair, make your face up. You already have the features - soft, pouting lips, the long curling eyelashes... so, so natural. You’ll make such a delightful little girl. Oh, yes, yes, yes...”

She eased her thighs again and moved his hand up as far as the tops of her stockings where the gauzy nylon ended and the tender white flesh began, the contrast in sensation was maddening to him. She guided his fingers over the bobble-catch of her suspenders, encouraging him to play with it. He rubbed feverishly now. She watched him gulp air and knew she had made her mark... she had infected and corrupted him. His face was full of hot young, slightly

tainted blood now, as was his cock which was contained in a blur of fury inside his fist. He was ready to explode.

“Yes, Vivian, I think you’ll very much enjoy Mummy dressing you in silk panties and a nice printed frock. And just imagine being put into stockings and suspenders... ooh-la-la! Feel the elasticated straps of your girdle cutting into your skin. Do you know something..? I’d just adore lacing you really tightly in a boned Victorian corset, nice and stiff and restrictive. It will ensure perfect deportment.”

“Uggh, uggh, agghh...”

And suddenly a short looping arc of clear liquid erupted from the tip of Vivian’s cock followed by around half-a-dozen dainty spurts – spit-spit-spit! A few errant drops splashed and settled onto his mother’s knee.

“Bravo! Oh my lovely sissy-boy; what a lot you’ve made for Mummy... and just look how far your cannon has shot. Well done... well done, I love you so much!”

In fact, it wasn’t a great amount, what one might call an immature ejaculation, watery and transparent, but commendable all the same. He was after all, only fifteen and still maturing. She had just seen her lovely sissy-boy shoot sperm for the first time.

The main thing now was to comfort him and make him feel good about himself. Reinforce him by reward and tenderness. She instinctively knew that immediately after an orgasm a man (or boy) could feel fragile with remorse and regret, especially when unexpectedly coerced into a lewd act by another person, especially a mother, so she pulled her son to her and hugged him into her bosom, reassuring him.

She was tender and maternal for him, whispering endearments and kissing his sweat-matted hair, restoring him. Vivian could feel the hard points of her warm breasts poking through her skimpy top, gently denting the side of his face. He began to feel a delicious melting calm take hold.

“One of these days you’ll be able to make nice thick white cream for your mummy... and her friends. I’ll be so proud of you... and so will they.”

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Vivian stood in the shower in a daze, the hot stinging water pinging off his back. The faint, insipid aftertaste of his own ejaculate still lingered on his tongue. There had been nothing to it really. He had heard stories of cum-swallowing from older boys, how it could burn the back of your throat and make you gag. Had they been lying to him?

His mother had insisted that it was only gentlemanly and polite to lick her clean of the little wet bits on her knee... and of course she had reminded him it was a sissy-boy’s duty to clean up any residue.

“You’ll need to get used to the taste, anyway. A good sissy has to learn how to guzzle lots and lots and lots of warm, creamy cum.”

Strange how his mother was talking so brazenly in these ribald terms all of a sudden, as if a change had come over her. Vivian soaped his cock and balls while thinking about what she had said. Had she meant ‘guzzle’ his *own* cum, or the sperm of another male or sissy-boy? His own ribald thinking and the smooth slippery soap over his genitals brought him to a full erection again. The sound of his mother’s voice called out from the bedroom:

“I’ve laid out some of my clothes for you, Vivian. I want you to try a few things on for size. It will give me some idea what to order for your birthday present. I would think we’re very similar actually. Make sure you’re nice and clean, won’t you, and don’t make me wait too long.”

His heart beat rapidly in anticipation of what awaited him in his mother’s bedroom. He was very tempted to masturbate again at the prospect. Perhaps he could hit the wall over the taps this time, watch the goo slither down the shiny blue tiles like uncooked egg-white?

Suddenly his mother was at the door. “I was wondering if you needed a hand... you seemed to be taking a long time...” And then she saw the steamy-outline through the screen of what he was doing. “Naughty girl, I’ve told you before... not in the bath. Isn’t once a day enough for you? I can see I’m going to have to start smacking your little bottom for such naughtiness, young lady. Now hurry up and get dried. I’m beginning to get fed up waiting for you. And you’ve still got your homework to do.”

For the first time that evening a sense of impatience and irritation had crept into her voice. She opened her bedside drawer and considered two of the items inside – an old, plastic ruler and a thin, gold-buckled leather belt.

“Hurry up, Mummy’s getting impatient.”

Her voice was soft and distracted, as if it was caught inside her head and speaking to her alone. She felt dreamy and strange. Her demand went unheard by her son.

She stepped before the full-length mirror, feet apart and chest thrust out in a stance that symbolised authority and power. She admired

herself, running the slim leather 'thong' through her fingers. A thin smile played across her scarlet-painted lips.

(...more to cum in Part Three...)