

My Long-Lost Den Mother

By

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It's Saturday evening, my twenty-first birthday, and a full moon. Something tells me it's gonna be a night to remember. I couldn't be more excited.

I stride into the most popular tavern in town and pull up a stool at the end of the bar. I notice a few barflies ogle me as I do. My jeans are snug in the stern and groin, showcasing my impressive rump and package. My black beater leaves my muscled arms exposed and clings tight to my protruding pecs and ripped abs. Never the brightest bulb, I've always had to work hard to survive. Physical labor spawns a hardbody and I've done more than my share of strenuous drudgery. My thick blond hair and bold blue eyes also allure.

I order a bottle of Bud from the potbellied bartender and flash him my ID. I figure I'll start with what I know. It's what I've been drinking since I was in the eighth grade. It was never difficult to get our hands on a six pack of Bud in a town plagued with alcoholics living on a fixed income. I plan to meet up with my underage friends after I score with a babe.

I spin around on my stool and sip my beer as I survey the selection. The biggest problem with a rural town is frequent familiarity. There isn't an unattached lady here that I haven't seen tiptoeing out of my father's bedroom on a Sunday morning. My mother abandoned us when I was only a toddler and my father got over it much quicker than me. I'm still not quite right. I guess you could say I have some mommy issues. I don't trust women and refuse to commit to any. But I'm not a player. I'm always upfront and honest with the women I lay.

I should have made the long trip into the city but I was worried my country charm wouldn't win the favor of a big-city girl. Feeling disappointed, I drain the rest of my beer in one draft. I was hoping to meet a real woman. The inexperienced girls I usually smash are boring in bed. They just lie there squirming and sniveling like it hurts. I want a woman with some fire in her gaze. A woman that isn't afraid to get rough and rowdy. A woman that can handle my girth and great need.

I'm about to leave when a voluptuous vixen saunters in. She looks about thirty-five but she's a serious hard ten. Her facial features are sharp, including high cheekbones and a defined jawline, a proud nose, full lips, and piercing eyes like orange flames of desire. Her flowing mahogany hair cascades over her bare shoulders and reaches halfway down her back. Her strained sky-blue halter top is cropped, spotlighting her taut tummy and big buoyant bosoms. She isn't wearing a bra. Her cut-off denim short-shorts flaunt her shapely legs and heart-shaped rump, her round cheeks peeking out from the frayed fabric.

I order another Bud and a shot of Jack Daniel's. I'm gonna need the liquid courage to bag this bombshell. I down the whiskey and chase it with a swig, watching the woman out of the corner of my eye.

In that time, she refuses drinks from three separate men that approach her where she sits alone at the bar. She shoots each of them down without so much as a flit of her eyes, as though she has appraised them without looking at them. She wrinkles her nose at each offer and snarls a decline in a hushed tone.

The three men she callously rejected are not only the best of buds, they're also the biggest hell-raisers in town. They don't handle rejection well. They're not accustomed to it. Their faces flush red and their knuckles tighten white as they brood among one another, brewing up a vengeful rage. I can almost see the steam whistling from their ears.

I'm halfway through with my second beer when they march over to the jukebox and cue "Bodies" by Drowning Pool.

The corner of the woman's mouth perks into a grin as though she knows what is coming and isn't the least bit concerned about it. She pulls her hair up into a ponytail as the three fuming men come up behind her and fan out.

The song chorus booms, *Let the bodies hit the floor!* And the woman whirls around and leaps from her stool.

My jaw drops open and my cock grows rigid as she opens a can of whoop-ass like I've never seen. She moves with gorgeous grace and yet such swift strength. She is curvaceous but capable. Her heavy breasts heave and bounce as her taut muscles flex with each stunning strike. Everyone in the tavern gawks. No one moves to help, not that she needs it.

I knock over my stool as I find myself charging across the tavern to lend her a pair of fists. I'm a gentleman like that. I grab the wrist of one man from behind and twist to oust a bottle from his grip and the woman spins around and delivers an uppercut to his chin that knocks him out cold. I catch him before he can hit the floor and hand him over to his two bruised and bloodied buddies. They drag him out with their tails between their legs.

The woman didn't even break a sweat, let alone suffer a single blow while handing the three much larger men their asses in doggy bags. She isn't even breathing heavy. She sniffs as though smelling my cologne and looks up at me with a smile that would suit a wolf.

My mind reels, searching for words to stammer as she shakes out her hair and then motions for me to join her at the bar. I sit next to her, my throat tight and my heart pounding in my ears. I've never been so shaken in all my twenty-one years.

Signaling the bartender for a round of beers and shots, she asks, "Do you always get a raging boner when you crash a bar fight?"

I choke on my own spit and launch into a coughing fit.

With maternal-like care, she pats me center of the back with one hand and rubs my chest with the other. "It's okay, my teddy bear. I was just teasing you."

The fit passes and I change the subject. "Where you learn to fight like that? You were incredible."

Her hand rubbing my chest drops to my inner thigh and gives a firm squeeze. "Would you like to tussle? Practice is the best teacher."

I'm not used to being the prey rather than the predator and so I change the subject again. "What brings you into this nowhere town?"

Her hand glides from my thigh to my bulging crotch and gives a gentle squeeze. "I was searching for someone."

I gulp heavily. "You *were*? As in you found them?"

She kneads my cock and balls over my jeans. "Him."

I throw back my shot and pound my beer. "Me?"

She nods with a wink. "Wanna go outside and let me relieve your pent-up stress?"

My eyes drop from her hungry gaze to her tongue licking her lips to the swell of her bosoms and back to her thirsty stare.

She snorts softly. "I'll take that look as a yes." Relinquishing her grip of my package, she slams her shot and gulps down her beer.

I follow her out of the tavern and around to the rear of the building. The scent of pine is pungent in the night air due to the wooded area that borders the old tavern. The exterior light is out so we only have the illumination of the full moon.

I gasp with the surprising force with which she shoves me up against the wall. She drops into a crouch, tears open my jeans and yanks them to my ankles. I'm not wearing any underwear.

“Wow,” she marvels at my erection, “you’re a *big* boy!” She spits on my dick and then wraps her palms around my pulsating prick and pumps her hands up and down the length of me. She gazes up with blazing orange eyes as she opens wide and sucks my hefty balls into her sultry mouth.

I groan, “*Ooh*, fuck yeah!” And comb my fingers into her silky hair and knead her scalp with ardent affection.

After a few minutes of sucking and humming, she spits out my sopping balls but continues to fist my dick. “You like that, big boy?”

I moan, “*Fuck*, I do!”

She chomps her lower lip. “You want me to suck your big fat cock and swallow your hot milky cum?”

I nod vigorously. “Uh-huh, yeah!”

She offers me a coy smile. “What’s the magic word?”

I plead, “Please, please, please!”

She laughs demurely. “Such a well-mannered young man you are.”

I caress her cheek, and beg, “*Please* suck my cock.”

“Anything for my big boy.” And she pecks the sensitive tip of my dick with a soft, sucking kiss that sends tingles into my loins. She twirls her tongue around my cockhead, again and again, driving me mad with desire. She skims the flat of her tongue up the broad underside of my shaft and flickers her tongue at the tip over and over again, causing my toes to furl.

Finally, she purrs, “Are you primed for the real deal? Are you ready for me to quit teasing you and suck your cock deep and sloppy like a champion suckslut?”

I tremble and my voice quavers. “Yes, *please*, yes, yes.”

“Okay, teddy bear.” She clasps her hands behind her back. “Don’t be shy. If you feel the urge, go right ahead and fuck my face.”

I inhale a quivering breath. “*Fuuuck*, that’s the hottest thing anyone’s ever said to me!”

She arches a brow with a wolfish grin. “Well, aren’t you the cutest thing ever. I could eat you up. I might. The night’s young.”

I blush and look away, which is completely unlike me. “I’m not usually so timid,” I confess. “Somehow you keep throwing me off my guard.”

She kisses my cockhead again and smiles up at me. “That how you offer compliments?”

My cheeks flush even hotter, and I blurt, “You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen in all my life.”

She bats her long lashes. “Aww, thank you, teddy bear. You ain’t so bad yourself.”

I sink into a stoop with a bout of bravery and stare directly into her soul. “I wanna kiss you.”

She flashes an amused smile. “I’m not gonna stop you.”

She holds my gaze with her burning eyes, luminous in the pale blue moonlight, as I arch forward, unsure if she’s going to bite me. I kiss her lips lightly and they part for me. I cautiously trace the inside of her lips with my tongue tip before dipping inside. She nips my tongue and I withdraw as she giggles. Her playfulness inflames my arousal, inciting my dick to throb.

I clutch her by the throat and she utters a gasping groan. “That’s my big boy! Take what you want! Use me however you desire!”

My pulse races and I kiss her on the mouth with a surge of passion. Her taste is deliciously narcotic. It’s rich, robust, and addictive.

As our tongues duel, I grope her breasts with my free hand and feel her nipples stiffen through the thin fabric of her halter top. Her bountiful bosoms are soft and supple, yet natural in spite of their boastful buoyancy. I figured them bolt-ons but am pleased I was wrong.

When I finally manage to pull myself away from her luscious lips, I pant, "My name is Caleb. What's yours?"

She breathes, "Are you sure you don't want me to suck your meaty member and gargle your creamy cum before I reveal who I am?"

"Yeah," I nod, "of course."

She whispers, "My name's Louve."

My brow furrows with disbelief. "My mother's name was Louve."

She dons a guilty grin. "It still is, teddy bear."

I slam back against the wall as the air is expelled from my lungs in a roar of repulsed realization. This woman is my mother.

She cradles my face in her small palms as hot tears trickle down my cheeks. "Caleb, teddy bear, it's okay. Mommy is here for you. I'm sorry I hadn't been there throughout your childhood, but that was not by choice. I can explain everything, *promise*, but it'll take some time."

I stammer, "W-w-why didn't you tell me who you are?! W-w-why did you seduce me?! W-w-why would you wanna suck my dick?! I'm your son!"

She thumbs away my tears. "I never stopped loving you for a single moment of the years I was away. Now you're a strapping man..." She looks away, no doubt struggling to find the words to justify her shameful actions. "I knew it would be near impossible to explain, so I wanted to demonstrate the intimate felicity we can share. I wanted to express the profound depths of my affection by granting you rapturous pleasure."

I rise to my feet with a huff, pulling up my jeans as I ascend, and stuff my erection away. "That's definitively the most fucked up thing any mother has ever said to her son. You're fucked up in the head and I don't want anything to do with you."

She brings her palms together, remaining in a crouch, and begs, "Please, Caleb, don't go." Her eyes well with tears. "I understand your confusion. I appreciate your anger. But there's so much more I need to tell you." Tears trickle down her flushed face. "Your life could be in danger."

"My life is in danger?" I roll my eyes. "Now I'm sure you're fucking crazy."

"You don't understand," she exclaims, "I'm being hunted and my scent is all over you!"

I spit, "Did you escape from a fucking psych ward?!"

She stands and grips my beater, her orange eyes intense. "My pheromones are extremely potent! You have to bleach or burn these clothes right away! Then scrub yourself thoroughly with hydrogen peroxide and baking soda!"

"Get off me!" I grab her wrists and attempt to pull her hands away but she has an iron grasp.

Crying hysterically, she screams, "I'll let you go when you promise to follow my instructions!"

"*Fine*," I scoff, "I'll toss my clothes when I get home and take a shower."

She shakes me so fiercely, my beater rips down the center. "That's not good enough!"

Shocked by her strength, I accede, "Okay, okay, I promise."

She relinquishes my beater and curls her arms around my midsection, resting her head against my chest as she squeezes me in a loving embrace. "I'm sorry I didn't find a better way to reveal myself to you, teddy bear. Please forgive me if I've scarred you with this experience."

I'm so emotionally twisted I don't know how to respond. I return the embrace and notice my erection hasn't wilted, which further compounds my confusion. My heart is ragged and yet my cock is raging. I fantasized about this reunion for years, but now that it's happening I'm utterly unbelieving.

Louve tenderly kisses my bare chest and looks up at me with tear-ridden red eyes. "If you're gonna go, teddy bear, you better do it now before I latch on and never let you go."

I kiss her forehead. "Please, Mom, get yourself some help. Come back after you're better."

Rising onto her toes, she pecks my cheek with an enduring kiss. "Go straight home and do as I instructed."

Although I have no intention of following through, to set her heart at ease, I promise, "Okay, Mom, I'll do exactly as you told me."

"Thank you." She releases me and steps back with obvious reluctance and more welling tears.

I gaze at her for an extended moment with a contradiction of repugnance and yearning. She really is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I can still taste her on my lips and feel her lips on my cockhead.

When her weeping eyes flit down to my bulging crotch and widen with carnal craving, my cock twitches with titillation and so I force myself to turn away before I do something I may regret. Walking away from my crying mother is the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

I'm about to climb into my pickup when I sight a police cruiser in the empty lot across the street. I can't afford a DUI so I guess I'm walking. My house is only a few miles down the road. I could use the solitary trek to ease my mind.

As the tavern clamor fades, I pull off my ruined shirt and toss it into the woods edging the road. It's a nice night and I'm sure my friends are having a good time partying around a bonfire, but I'm in no mood to celebrate. I'm going home to jerk off and escape into bed. Of course, I'll most likely dream about my mother's fiery eyes staring up at me as she deep-throats my cock. Even now, my dick remains rock-hard and my pulse elevated. She's so strong and yet she was submissive to me, offering her face for fucking.

I shake my head, attempting to banish the tantalizing thought. She's my mother, who abandoned me without even a goodbye, and yet she returns after all these years attempting to seduce me and talking nonsense. Her teeth are perfect, her complexion flawless, her body healthy, so she's not a tweaker. Our family has never been religious, so I doubt she'd fall victim to a cult. There's no history of paranoid schizophrenia in our bloodline either. Now that I think about it, her eyes are brown in all our old photos. Maybe she's wearing colored contacts. But what about her strength?

I stop short and whip my head toward a low growl in the darkened forest. Not fifty feet away I spot a pair of emerald eyes gleaming in the moonlight. Black lips peel back to unveil sharp fangs of alabaster. The creature steps forward under a break in the canopy. Shivers surge up my spine. I've locked gazes with a predatory animal like a timber wolf cross-bred with a grizzly. Even if I had a shotgun I wouldn't stand a chance against this monstrous beast. And there's no outrunning it. I glance up and down the road, hoping for headlights.

When I look back, the brute is hurtling towards me. I stumble backward into the barren street onto my ass. I bring up my fists in an automatic reaction of defense as the charging creature pounces, its massive jaws stretched wide in a terrifying bellow.

This is the end of the free preview of [My Long-Lost Den Mother](#).
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