

Son of Mine
by Havoc

“A mother's love is patient and forgiving when all others are forsaking, it never fails or falters, even though the heart is breaking.”

- Helen Rice

Mena put the plates of scrambled eggs and sausage on the dining room table, and she walked back to the kitchen to grab some glasses and the pitcher of orange juice. Once she had them, she returned to the dining room and placed the glasses next to the two place settings, filling them with orange juice before she cupped one hand around her muzzle. “Dylan!” she called up the stairs. “Breakfast is ready! Come on down, sweetie!”

Knowing that it would be a few minutes yet before her son came down to eat, the Ninetails walked to the kitchen one more time just to tidy up a little bit before sitting down to breakfast. Mena was a slightly taller-than-average woman, with wide hips and a pleasantly plump rear, a plumpness that was found all over body and gave her a curvy, full-figured appearance. In all honesty, she cut quite an attractive figure, but eighteen years back at the tender age of twenty-five she had been slender, with a rack that had made the men drool and the women envious. Well, she had kept the tits but put on a few pounds since becoming a mother, and frequently she felt self-conscious about what she perceived to be the loss in desirability. She knew that was the way her ex-husband had felt, especially since he had run off ten years ago with his twenty-two-year-old secretary, a whorish little Lopunny whose looks couldn't have held a candle to Mena in her prime. Good riddance to bad rubbish, she'd thought at the time, though she did fondly recall the way that he'd fawned over her when they'd been dating.

A rapid thudding coming down the stairs alerted Mena to her son's impending arrival. Brushing her golden-yellow, fluffy long hair out of her face, she put a smile on and walked out to the dining room, still wearing her pink-ruffled apron over her “mom jeans” and short-sleeve white shirt. She came in just in time to see her son, Dylan, sit down at the table.

Dylan was a high-school senior, just a few weeks past his eighteenth birthday, and he was the light of his mother's life. He hadn't evolved yet, more than a little late on that particular matter, and since he was still a Vulpix he had a sort of slight, girlish figure. Not that he was a weakling, or anything like that. Her son was on his school's soccer team, so he was in shape, even if he didn't have much in the way of muscle definition. He wore his hair slightly long, so that it curled a bit, similar to his six tails, and just like her his hair sometimes interfered with his green eyes. Mena thought that her son was quite the attractive young man. If he had any idea just *how* attractive she thought he was, well...he might have seen the little ways in which she teased him very differently.

For Mena, the last ten years had been happy ones, but chaste ones. She hadn't done too well on the dating front since Dylan's father had left her. For some women, it might have been just the fact of being out of the game for so long, but for her it was different. In Mena's mind, she'd had all the man that she needed under the same roof with her for ages. For years now, she'd had her eye on her very own son. That was why she loved teasing him so much. Things had started out innocent at first, an extra kiss here or there easily brushed off as just her being a caring mother. Over the years, she had gotten somewhat bolder with her teasing. If they ever went to the beach for vacation, she would wear bathing suits geared to much younger women. She did her best to catch his eye, flaunting her body while making herself seem oblivious to what she was doing. Dylan would usually express awkwardness at what she was doing, but she just kept on with her flirty act. Every now and then she would see his eyes linger just a little longer than could be explained by innocent curiosity, or his body shift in that subtle way that let her know her playfulness having its desired effect. But Mena was getting impatient. No matter how hard she teased, her son had never made a move, whether it was a lack of desire or a lack of confidence. And there was only one sure way for Mena to determine whether it was a lack of desire. She would have to take charge of the situation.

Mena folded her hands in her lap, looking across the table at her son. "I hope you're hungry," she said. "I made an extra big breakfast this morning."

Dylan grinned as he picked up his fork. "I can see that," he said. "Scrambled eggs and sausage, my favorite. What's the occasion?" He scooped up a big forkful of eggs. The Vulpix was dressed for class, in his school's uniform of gray slacks, a black shirt, and a green-and-gray striped tie.

"No special occasion," Mena replied, shrugging. She watched her son take a bite of eggs, and saw the delight in his eyes when he tasted them. She smiled sweetly. "I just want to make sure my boy has what he needs for a full day."

With a little snort of laughter, Dylan rolled his eyes. "Come on, mom. I'm not a little kid anymore."

"Fine, so my big, strong man has what he needs."

"I'm not big, either," Dylan said, laughing harder. He took a bite of sausage next, and then he reached for the pepper shaker, presumably to put some on his eggs.

Mena saw an opportunity, and she raised herself up from her chair. "Oh, let me, sweetie." She plucked the pepper shaker up from the table before Dylan could get it. Reaching across the table, she began to shake pepper onto his eggs for him. "Just say when." As she leaned over, she accidentally-on-purpose happened to give him a clear view down the front of her shirt. Her breasts were just resting on the tabletop, and the tight shirt she was wearing pressed them together, creating a picture-perfect

example of cleavage. Even with the apron, there was still enough of a gap for him to see. The fluffy yellow fur of her chest, tufted just right, was there for his eyes to feast on. Mena glanced up, and could see that he was looking.

“Wh-When,” Dylan said, finally tearing his eyes away and looking off to one side at a blank spot on the wall. The red fur on his cheeks had fluffed out a little, and he seemed more than a bit flustered. He picked his fork back up to go back to eating. “Thanks, mom.”

Mena sat back down in her chair and put the pepper shaker down. “You're welcome, sweetie. That's what I'm here for.” She started to eat her own breakfast. “What's going on at school today?”

“Ah...not much.” Dylan started back into his breakfast, appearing to shake off the experience of what he'd just seen. After all, he was used to his mom's teasing by now, even if he didn't quite realize her purpose behind it. “I have a precalculus quiz, and then there's soccer practice after school. I'll be home a little late.”

“Oh, that's okay. What do you feel like for dinner?”

Dylan shifted in his seat. “Actually...Uh...Joey and Nick wanted to go out for pizza after practice today. I guess I forgot to say.”

Mena's smile faltered a little, but the Ninetails tried to keep a cheerful expression on her face. “Well, that's okay,” she assured him. *Damn...That kinda messes with my plan a little...Or does it? Hmm...* “I guess you're getting a little old to be hanging out with your mom all the time.” She put just the right amount of disappointment in her voice to induce some good old motherly guilt, and she even let her foxlike ears fall back some. “You go ahead and have fun with your friends, hon. I'll get by.”

Her words had the desired impact on her son. “I mean...I don't have to go out for pizza,” he said. “I can be home for dinner.”

“No, no, no,” Mena said, shaking her head insistently. “Don't mind me, sweetie. You enjoy yourself tonight.” She raised a finger, wagging it in a mock scolding fashion. “You just be back before dark, mister. Get me? You have school tomorrow, too.”

Breaking into a grin, Dylan nodded. “Sure. No problem. Thanks, mom.”

“Of course, Dylan.” Mena smiled to herself, turning her attention back to her own breakfast. In the back of her mind, though, she was scheming a little scheme.

Don't you be late, boy-o...

Later that day, in the evening, Mena stepped out of the shower, toweling off her golden-furred body. She'd spent most of the day puttering about the house, taking care of little chores here and there. The kitchen was perfectly clean, and the living room and downstairs closets had been cleaned and

organized. That had left her with just enough time in between all of that for a good lunch and a trip to the grocery store, and then she'd been thoroughly ready for a nice hot shower. The Ninetails had taken special care this evening, not only shampooing her hair but also the rest of her fur, when usually plain soap was good enough for her. Mena took a deep breath of the still-steamy air in the bathroom, and the scent of lilac filled her nostrils. She hadn't used this shampoo in years, but it had still been in the back of the cabinet. It had been what she washed with on special occasions with her ex. And if her plans went as they were supposed to, this was certainly going to be a special occasion.

Dropping her towel on the floor, Mena walked out of the bathroom and into her bedroom, where she sat down on a stool in front of a vanity mirror. Picking up a brush and a blow dryer, she got to work on making her flattened, matted fresh-out-of-the-shower hair and fur look presentable. Not just presentable, immaculate. By her calculations, if Dylan's soccer practice went the way it was supposed to, and he went out for pizza afterward, she had about an hour and a half before he got home. Brushing and drying her fur took forty-five minutes, which left her another forty-five to get everything absolutely perfect.

The first thing I need to think of..., Mena thought. Is what to wear... She put her brush and blow dryer down and stood up from her stool. Putting her arms behind her head, she looked at her nude body in the mirror, and turned this way and that. With her arms back, the pudginess around her hips and waist were pulled back and seemed to disappear, and her breasts perked up. The fantasy was momentary, however, because as soon as she lowered her arms everything went back into place. Still, just because she had a more weight and a little more sag here and there didn't mean she wasn't still attractive. What some people called fat, others called curves, and what some people called sag, others called character. Mena was a lot better looking than she sometimes gave herself credit for. When it came right down to it, she was generally satisfied with the way she looked, even if there might have been room for improvement. *Wearing nothing is always a good option...* Mena wagged her nine fluffy tails, tossing her head and running a hand through her long, flowing hair. She blew a kiss to the mirror, then tilted her head to one side. *Well...Maybe not. I want to entice Dylan, not scare him away. If I know my son, and I like to think I do, he's never seen a real woman naked outside of a dirty magazine. Best not to intimidate the boy.*

Mena went over to her closet and opened the sliding door. With one hand on her hip, she tapped the side of her muzzle thoughtfully and surveyed what was inside. Reaching in, she pulled out a matched bra and panty set, colored fire engine red. She turned back and faced the mirror, holding them up in front of her. The red clashed with her yellow fur in a way that she liked, and of course red was practically the color of sex. Again, though, a little bit too racy and intimidating for what she was

planning. Going back to the closet, she took one of the hangers off of the rack inside. This one held a teddy colored a combination of pink, light green, and brown that gave the appearance of a fancy piece of candy. Mena considered it for a moment, but then she shook her head and put it back. A nice article of clothing for when one wanted to have a bit of fun, but this was serious business. Besides that, it went the opposite direction of the last thing, and covered up a little bit too much. Maybe she didn't want to intimidate her son, but she wanted to flaunt her goods, too.

“What to choose, what to choose...,” she mumbled to herself, her ruby red eyes scanning the contents of her closet. She put the teddy back and kept up her search. One of these days, she really did need to clean out this closet. Over the eight years she'd been married to Dylan's father, she had amassed a frankly shameful amount of naughty attire. Some of this stuff might not even fit anymore. A pity, since at least once upon a time she had looked fantastic in all of it. But surely there was something in here that would be perfect for the occasion. After a few more moments, an item in the back of the closet caught Mena's eye. “Oh, that might work...”

Reaching back, she unhooked the item she'd seen and pulled it out of the closet. The lights in the bedroom caught the shimmer of the material just right, sending a sparkle through the garment. Oh, yes, this was the one. Mena carried it over to the mirror and held it up in front of her. Black, trimmed with faux fur, this was a nightie that she'd never worn. She had actually bought it the day before her ex had run off, intending it as a surprise for him. Now it could be a surprise, but for a very different person.

Let's see if you still fit...

Taking the nightie off of the hanger, Mena pulled it over her head. Tugging it down so that the thin straps caught on her shoulders, she adjusted it so that it was properly placed over her body. When it was in position, she reached behind and zipped it up, straightening her hair as she surveyed herself in the mirror. The results were better than she could have hoped for. The top of the nightie was lacy, black with patterns of red, but still opaque enough that her breasts couldn't be seen clearly through the fabric, though her nipples could faintly be made out. Yet the top was low cut enough that her cleavage was clearly visible. Mena cupped her hands underneath her breasts, feeling them through the nightie. Enough support that she wasn't flopping all over the place, but if she leaned over her breasts hung away, free to jiggle pleasantly and invitingly.

The fun didn't stop with the top, either. Moving her eyes down the nightie, she looked at the skirt portion, which started just above her belly button with an elastic band that held the garment tight around her waist. The freely swaying material of the skirt was translucent black, and her lower body was thinly veiled to whatever prying eyes might happen to gaze upon her. Mena stepped her legs apart.

The fur-lined hem of the nightie was mid-thigh, and the gap between her legs was visible through the skirt. Mena couldn't actually make out the details of her pussy, what with the combined interference of the fabric and her fur, but imagination was the name of the game. She turned around, and gave a pleased growl. The nightie was cut longer in the rear, and it was slit up the back like many such garments made for those with tails. As her nine tails swished back and forth, they pushed the sides of the nightie aside like curtains, revealing her ample, pillowy ass for brief moments. What a view!

“So perfect,” Mena pronounced. This was the one, for sure. Covering enough to be innocently playful, yet revealing enough to be tantalizing when presented the right way. The way that it fit her would make her irresistible to any male's eyes, but she only needed it to be that for one man. The Ninetails just hoped that her son would see it the same way that she did.

Giggling sultrily, Mena glanced at the clock one more time. She still had fifteen minutes until Dylan was supposed to be home, and admiring herself in the mirror while thinking about the evening to come had gotten her into an even friskier mood. It wasn't quite time yet, but surely starting a little early wouldn't be a bad thing. Going to her bedroom door, she pushed it gently to, leaving it half open. Then she went back to her bed and laid down on it, her nine fluffy long tails creating a cushion underneath her rear and beneath her legs. Mena pulled up the hem of her nightie to her hips, parting her thighs enough until she felt air on her sex. With a light touch, she put a finger to the downy, soft fur between her legs. She was already damp from thinking about what she was going to do, and she felt it on the tip of her finger. She traced her finger over her pussy lips, which were already swollen with arousal.

“Mmm...,” the Ninetails murmured, closing her eyes and letting her head relax against the pillows. She reached down with her other hand, using it to spread her pussy apart, and allowed her finger to touch herself more directly. Inside, her sex was absolutely soaked, and her fingertip slid around the slick, warm flesh easily, teasing little tremors of pleasure through her lower body. “That's nice.”

Crooking her finger, Mena bit her lip gently as she slid it inside of her vagina, curling it up to press along the upper wall of her passage. For years now she had been solely responsible for her own pleasure, and she knew exactly how and where to touch to bring herself to dizzying heights of ecstasy. She began to slide her finger in and out of herself, her claw providing a tingly, sharp edge to the velvety goodness. At the same time, her thumb started to swirl in a slow, steady circle over her clit with practiced pressure. In the quiet of her bedroom, Mena could hear the quiet, almost imperceptible moist sounds of her masturbation. It felt so good, but even then she knew that it could be so much better once she had her son with her.

Oh gods..., she thought to herself. Her head tilted back as she started to thrust her hips up subtly,

going along with her self-fingering. Mena pictured her son, coming to her and being the lover that she had always wanted, that his father had never truly been to her. She had seen him naked more than her fair share of times (she was his mother, after all), and she most definitely liked what she had seen. He was gorgeous, even if he was still a Vulpix, and she couldn't have asked for a more perfect specimen of a young man. She slipped a second finger inside, imagining that it was her son, penetrating her body and taking her over. *Yes...*

Mena rolled to the side and reached over with her free hand to her nightstand, and she opened the top drawer. Rummaging around inside, she withdrew a small but choice toy of hers, a small pink bullet vibrator. She switched it on and brought it between her legs. Mena pressed the buzzing device to her clit, where it began working its magic. She gave a loud whimpering moan of pleasure, her legs tensing up and the muscles in her tails undulating underneath her. Her fingers were flying now, her wrist starting to ache as she slid them in and out of her sopping pussy as fast as she could manage.

“F-Fuck...,” Mena growled through her teeth, her breasts heaving as she brought herself closer to climax. “Almost there...” From downstairs, she heard the faint sound of the front door opening and closing, and her ears pricked up. “Perfect timing. Come to mama...”

When he walked through the front door of his house, Dylan was in a fantastic mood. Soccer practice had gone absolutely perfectly, with the coach singling him out for praise on his technique, and as planned he and his buddies had gone out for pizza afterwards at Freddy's, their favorite pizza place. They'd played a few video games there, and Dylan would have stayed there late if he hadn't remembered his promise to his mother to be home before dark. Joey and Nick, his friends, had been disappointed when he said he had to go, but he knew better than to disobey his mother. As nice as she could be, when he messed up she made sure he knew it. So he left his friends to their games and made his way home, quickly arriving at his front door and entering.

“Mom, I'm home!” he called, kicking off his shoes and tossing his bag next to the door. The Vulpix teen walked into the living room, expecting to see his mother there waiting. But the room was empty. “Huh...Car's still here. She's gotta be home.” Then he shrugged. “Eh...She's probably in the shower or something.”

With that, Dylan went to the stairs, feeling like he ought to take a shower himself. Like his mother, he had his own bathroom attached to his bedroom, so that was exactly where he was headed. To get to his bedroom, he had to go upstairs and walk down the long hall on the second floor, which would take him past his mother's room. As he got to the top of the stairs, he saw that the door to her room was partially open, with light coming from inside. He didn't think much of it, until he got about

halfway to the door. Once he was closer, the six-tailed pokémon could hear an odd series of noises. A soft whimpering sound, high-pitched and made by a shaky voice, accompanied by a subtle buzzing and a quiet, fluid noise that he couldn't place. The noises seemed to be coming from his mother's room, and his curiosity got the better of him as he walked past. Stopping at the door, he looked inside.

What he saw there made his eyes shoot wide open.

The Vulpix had a clear view inside of his mother's bedroom, and she was lying on her bed. She was wearing what could only generously be called clothes, a black nightie with fuzzy faux fur that covered her torso reasonably well but the lower half of her body not well at all. But it wasn't the garment she was wearing that had made him widen his eyes, it was what she was doing. His Ninetails mother was reclined, her legs spread wide open, the fingers of one of her hands working furiously on her pussy while the other held a small, buzzing egg vibrator against her clit. She was moaning loudly, the sound which had drawn his attention in the first place, and her body was writhing about in the throes of intense pleasure.

Dylan could feel his breath start to quicken along with the pace of his heart. He wasn't a sheltered boy, and he wasn't stupid. He knew that his mother masturbated. Even if he hadn't been able to hear it some nights when it was quiet in the house, she was a healthy, single woman who didn't date much. On an academic level, the teen would have known that she probably tended to herself on a regular basis. However, knowing that she did it and actually seeing her do it were two very different things. As much as he knew he ought not be watching his mother do this, he found himself unable to look away. At the same time, he felt a swelling start inside his tight-fitting soccer shorts.

He lost track of how long he stood there, peering through the cracked door. His eyes were more concerned with the curves of his mother's body, and the way she was twisting around on the bed. Her luxurious, fluffy yellow fur was a treat for his gaze. He really did think his mother was an attractive woman, even with the extra padding she carried here and there. Dylan knew it was wrong of him to think that way, but when he looked at her large breasts, wide, pudgy hips, and the matted, slickened fur between her legs, he couldn't help being turned on.

Before long, though, he got nervous. His mother could look up at any moment, and if she saw him spying on her, that could be it for him. Dragging himself away from her bedroom door, he made his way to his own room. He tried not to think too hard about what he had seen, but it had been a powerful image, indeed. As he went inside his bedroom and closed the door, he noticed more than ever how hard he was. As he stripped out of his sweaty soccer clothes, his cock stood out in front of him, several inches of the red organ protruding from his fuzzy sheath. Gingerly he touched it, and it gave a twitch as another inch throbbed its way out.

I shouldn't do this, he thought, as he sat down on his bed and swept his six tails out of the way. Dylan put his hand down to his cock, wrapping his fingers around the exposed portion and slowly beginning to stroke himself. He closed his eyes and called to mind the image of his mother on her back, with her vibrator buzzing away. *But I can't help it...Surely just once would be alright. She wouldn't have to know...*

Mena heard the soft sound of her son's feet on the carpeted floor of the upstairs hallway, and a few moments later she heard the quiet click of his bedroom door closing. With a pleased sigh, she sat up on her bed and surveyed herself. She looked a delightful mess. Her fur, which had been so nicely brushed just a little while ago, was tousled and rumpled like she had just had a rough night's sleep. The same could be said of her long, thick yellow hair, and that was to say nothing of the slick, matted mess between her legs. Smiling to herself, she turned off her little pink vibrator and set it on the nightstand, and then she went back to her mirror to brush her hair so it would look presentable again. She was slightly shaky as she walked, her legs weakened from the absolutely sinful treatment she had just finished giving herself.

He watched for quite a while, the Ninetails thought to herself as she ran the brush through her long tresses. *But he didn't come inside. I suppose I shouldn't be so surprised by that. But still...* She gave a little shudder of excitement. *He watched me. He wouldn't do that if he didn't feel some attraction, however deep down it might be. I guess this might take just a little bit longer than I had hoped. Ah, well...At least I got to relieve some stress for a bit!*

When she was done with her grooming, Mena felt a bit thirsty, so she decided to head down to the kitchen for a little something to drink before bed. She got up from her vanity and made a brief stop at the closet, where she took her robe off of the hangar and put it on, tying the sash loosely about her waist. She left her bedroom, intending to head for the stairs, but before she could take a step in that direction her ears twitched. She thought she heard a little sound, something that she hadn't heard before. Curiously, Mena turned her head in the direction it was coming from, and her eyes locked on her son's bedroom door.

Now herself playing the spy, she crept over to her son's room, careful not to make a sound. Her nine fluffy tails twitched anxiously behind her as she placed a hand on the door and leaned into it, and she pressed one ear against the wood. Dylan was obviously inside, and from what Mena could hear, he was hard at work. She felt her arousal growing anew as she heard quiet moans, the volume occasionally rising as it turned into deeper groans. She had never heard her son masturbating before. Though she had assumed that like all boys his age he would indulge, Mena had supposed he would be discreet

about it, not at all like her.

“Oh, mom...”

Mena's heart skipped several beats when she heard that, and her mouth opened in surprise. Her tails started wagging a mile a minute when she realized that her son was jacking off while fantasizing about her! Apparently her little show had worked better than she'd realized! She knew that if this wasn't a gift from the gods of opportunity, she didn't know what else could be. With a thrill of anticipation, she reached for the door handle and silently, ever so carefully turned it. When it was turned all the way, she very gently pushed the door in to open it.

Dylan was seated on his bed, naked, half turned away from her, and better yet his eyes were closed. The Ninetails could see his shoulder moving in a way that made it even more obvious what he was doing with the arm attached to it. She craned her neck, and as she peered around his body she could see her son's cock. She felt her legs go shaky, and the area between her legs heated up like a furnace. His prick was absolutely perfect. Mena couldn't believe she hadn't ever seen it when he was wearing those tight soccer shorts of his. He was six inches long, at least, thick, and just the perfect, delicious shade of red. Her eighteen-year-old son had his fingers wrapped firmly around his shaft, and he was stroking himself up and down. His cock glistened in the light of his room, and Mena knew his length was slickened with his precum. Almost involuntarily she licked her lips. She wanted to taste him so bad, and she was tired of waiting.

Softly, Mena cleared her throat. All in an instant, the Vulpix's ears perked up and he whipped his head around. His eyes went wide as he saw his mother standing in the doorway, and he gave a yip of surprise and put both hands over his lap, hiding his cock from her view. Then he thought better of it and reached over and grabbed his pillow, and brought it over his lap to offer a better cover.

“M-Mom!” Dylan gasped, his face showing equal parts shock and shame as he realized he'd been caught masturbating. Mena wondered if he thought she'd heard him say what he had said moments before. He probably wasn't that with it right now to think about that. “I, uh...You should have knocked, I...I mean...”

Mena played it off well. “I thought I'd come in to check on you,” she said sweetly. She took a few steps towards the bed, until she was standing right next to it. Her robe was still tied shut, although it was tied very loosely. She knew that the nightie she was wearing was visible underneath it. “I wanted to make sure you'd gotten home on time. I didn't know you were doing...that.”

Though it was difficult to see through the reddish-orange fur on his cheeks, Mena could tell that Dylan was blushing. “I...yeah, I got home when you said I needed to,” he mumbled. His six tails were limp on the bed. “I came upstairs and I was getting ready for bed. I didn't want to bother you.” He

swallowed, and looked down at the floor. "I'm so embarrassed right now..."

"Embarrassed? Oh, sweetie, there's no need to be embarrassed." Mena sat down on the bed next to him and put a hand on his shoulder. "There's nothing wrong with masturbating." She saw him redden a little more as she used that word. "Everyone does it. It's perfectly natural. All it means is that you're a healthy young man."

Dylan rolled his eyes, groaning a little in his humiliation. "Come on, mom, it doesn't really help to hear you say that..."

"You didn't seem to be embarrassed when you were watching *me* do it."

The way that Dylan froze when she said that, Mena was afraid for a moment that his heart might have stopped. His jaw dropped open and his eyes went, if possible, even wider than they had been before. His fur was standing on end, and she could hear a very quiet, subtle sort of choking noise coming from deep in his throat. She, on the other hand, was smiling quite unconcernedly, her nine fluffy tails waving placidly behind her. One would almost have thought, from her expression, that she had merely been commenting on the weather.

"You...", Dylan finally managed to croak. He swallowed hard and worked some moisture back into his mouth. "You... You knew I was watching?"

She gave him an almost pitying expression. "You weren't very subtle, sweetheart."

"Oh, gods...", he groaned. The Vulpix covered his face with his hands. "I can't believe it. You must think I'm some kind of freak."

Hearing the tone in her son's voice actually threatened to break Mena's heart a little. "Honey, not at all," she assured him. She put an arm around her son's shoulders, pulling him closer to her in a gentle hug. "You're not a freak. You're young and curious. And it was my fault for leaving the door open. I wasn't even thinking." The lie made her feel guilty for about half a second. She kept her arm around her son for a few more minutes, and allowed the silence to give him a chance to calm down. Once she thought he was okay again, she spoke. "Did you like it?"

Dylan's hands dropped from his face, and he looked at his mother incredulously. "What?" He seemed as though he was certain he had heard her incorrectly.

"I mean, did you like what you saw?" Mena asked. She leaned back from him, watching his reaction carefully. "You watched me for more than a little while. Did you like seeing me do that?"

"I...I..." Dylan didn't seem to know how he was supposed to answer. He was obviously taken aback by the question. He had probably been assuming that she would give him a gentle admonishment, or tell him not to snoop on her again, but instead she was asking him a question like that. "I mean..."

Mena smiled at him. “You can be honest. I want an honest answer. Did you like seeing me naked, touching myself?”

“W-Well...” The answer was a long time coming. As Mena glanced down, she could see the pillow over the young Vulpix's lap rise a little. He had probably lost some of his arousal from the shock of her coming inside, but as his mind drifted back to the memory of what he had seen he seemed to be regaining it. Finally, Dylan swallowed once more and slowly nodded, although he looked away from his mother as he did so. “I...I guess I kinda did...”

“Did it make you hard when you saw?” she purred, leaning close to his ear.

“Y-Yeah...”

Mena acted a little more boldly, and she placed her hand over top of the pillow on her son's lap. Her heart beat faster as she felt the hardness of his cock, even through the thick padding. “Be honest with me again. When you were masturbating just now...were you thinking of me?”

Her son couldn't do anything this time except nod. He was shaking a little bit, through a combination of confused arousal and discomfiture. His red fur had smoothed down, though, and he didn't seem as embarrassed as he had been earlier. Mena knew that his teenage horniness was starting to override the part of his head that would have made him uncomfortable being in this situation with her. Seeing that, the Ninetails dropped the heavy end of the hammer.

“Do you want to see me naked again?”

Mena was almost surprised by the lack of hesitation in his reply this time. “Yes.”

Grinning wider, she knew that she had him. She gave him a very motherly kiss on the cheek, and then Mena stood up from the bed, and she moved over to stand right in front of her son. While she kept her ruby red eyes locked with his green ones, she raised her hands to her waist and slowly undid the sash of her silk robe. She heard her son give a quiet gasp as the garment slid off of her shoulders and puddled on the floor around her feet. His eyes traveled up her body, taking in the sight of her in nothing but her sheer black nightie. Her voluptuous breasts were barely covered by the top, and he could see her darkened nipples through the material. Mena could smell the scent of her arousal permeating the air in her son's bedroom, and she knew that scent would seem all the stronger to him. She raised her arms to her breasts, and she skimmed her palms down over them and to her belly, continuing down to the fur-trimmed hem of the lingerie. Dylan's eyes tracked along with her hands.

“Do you think I'm pretty, Dylan?” Mena asked him, trying not to sound too hopeful or desperate. This was the moment of truth. She had asked him to be honest just a minute ago, after all, and if she knew anything about young males it was that sexual attraction was tangentially attached to physical beauty. A male could very well get turned on by the sight of a naked female, even if she wasn't

all that attractive.

Thankfully, her son came through when she needed him to. “You're really beautiful, mom,” he said, almost before she was finished asking the question. Dylan almost looked in awe of the sight before him.

The fire-type female felt a surge of warmth pass through her body, but she had to make sure. “You don't think I'm too big?” she asked him with a worried expression, putting her hands at her waist, where she carried the most extra weight. She turned to the side to show him her belly and her rump at the same time. From looking at herself in the mirror, she knew she had a slight paunch. “I'm not fat and saggy?”

Dylan looked amazed that she would even ask the question. “No, you're not,” he insisted. “You're...I mean...I think you're really, really pretty, mom.”

Mena broke into probably the widest smile she had ever made. Hearing her son say that to her made her really happy. “Thank you, Dylan,” she gushed, facing him fully again. “It's been a while since a man has said that to me.” She regained her sultry expression once more, and she leaned over slightly. Dylan's gaze locked onto her cleavage. “I bet you want me to take *everything* off, though, don't you?”

Somewhat more eager now, Dylan nodded his head fervently. Without saying anything else, except for the silent joy of her furiously wagging tails, Mena reached behind herself and drew down the zipper at the back of the nightie. Shrugging her shoulders, she let the straps slip away, and the garment fell away from her breasts. Dylan gasped again as he saw the huge, furry orbs unveiled completely to him for probably the first time since he had been an infant. The pillow on his lap was pushed up even more. Pleased by his reaction, Mena put her hands underneath them and lifted them slightly. Her dark brown nipples stood out starkly against the golden yellow of her fur, and they were very erect right now.

“Do you like them?” she inquired of her son.

“They're so big...,” the Vulpix breathed, unable to tear his eyes away. He looked like he wanted to say something else, but he hesitated again. He glanced away, his hands fumbling around in his lap. Mena thought she knew what he wanted.

“You want to touch them.” She didn't phrase it as a question.

Looking back at her, her son slowly nodded. Mena didn't say anything, but she crossed her arms underneath them, supporting her breasts as she stepped forward. With a swallow, Dylan reached out with his hands and tentatively brushed his fingers against her pillows. She gave a little murmuring sigh of soft pleasure as he palmed them more firmly, his fingers tightening around her boobs as he tested their firmness. His thumbs brushed against her nipples, and Mena moaned a bit louder, her eyes drifting

shut as a pleasant tingle radiated from the sensitive nubs of bare skin. She had been dreaming of this for years, and now it was finally happening.

Her quiet joy turned to surprise a few seconds later, when she felt a warm sensation around her left nipple. Opening her eyes, she saw that her Vulpix son had leaned forward and closed his lips around it. She moaned again as he began suckling gently at her breast, his hand squeezing and massaging its twin on the right. Mena placed her palm at the back of his head, and she cradled him like she could remember doing so long ago when he was nothing but a little bundle of a Vulpix kit. She rubbed her fingers in between his ears, her little whimpers of delight encouraging him. When he'd had his fill of the left breast, he moved his mouth over to the right and gave that one all the same attention as the other.

Reluctantly, after about ten minutes of this attention, Mena pulled his head gently away. Dylan gave an adorably confused whine, and she shushed him with a finger against his lips. Then she straightened up again and took a step back. Her nightie was still snug around her waist, held there by the elastic band around the middle. Mena hooked her thumbs into the band and shimmied it down over her hips. As she did so, she turned her back to her son, and she bent over to pull it down her legs, presenting her rear to him. Her tails were raised, and she could almost physically feel his eyes on her, as he would almost certainly now be staring at her pussy and tailhole. She gave him a few all too brief seconds of that sight, and then she straightened back up with her nightie bunched up in her hands, turning back around to face him. Now she was as naked as the day she was born, and her son could appreciate her nude body in its entirety. The chubby Ninetails mother let her nightie drop to the floor. She put her hands on her pudgy hips, watching as her son gaped. His lips were slightly parted and she could see his tongue twitching inside as he panted a little.

“Wow, mom,” Dylan said. “You look amazing...”

Smiling, Mena gestured to her son. “I think it's about time you lost the pillow,” she suggested, her tongue flicking out briefly to lick at her lips. “It's not fair for you to cover up while I've got nothing on.”

Her son seemed a little surprised at that request, and he also seemed more hesitant. In his mind, it was a very different thing to let his mother see him naked than it was for her to see him the same way. But he was unable to deny that it *was* unfair for her to have to be bare, and as awkward as he was feeling he really didn't want her to cover up again. So he moved the pillow away from his lap and replaced it at the head of his bed. The Vulpix started to hold his hands over his groin, but he caught himself and forced them to his sides. Even though he still looked a little embarrassed, his cock was very, very hard, standing straight up from his lap. His heart was beating very hard and fast, as

evidenced by the way his shaft was very subtly bobbing up and down.

Mena could see that he was growing nervous again, so she offered some flattery, however honest it was. "You're very handsome, Dylan," she said softly to him. She stepped forward so that she was right in front of him again. "And I think you have a very sexy cock..." She was rewarded with an anxious sort of smile from him, and she felt confident enough to make a request of her own. "Can I touch it?"

"O-Okay..."

Sinking down to her knees in front of her son, Mena placed one hand on his knee while her other slid up his leg to his groin. She watched his abdominal muscles twitching as she touched a fingertip to the underside of his red member. He sucked in a sharp breath as she traced her finger up his length, all the way to the tip. He was still wet with his own precum, and the slippery fluid collected on her fur. When she got to the tip, she swirled her finger around in his pre, and then she brought all five of her fingers around his shaft. He felt warm in her hand, and his cock twitched as she squeezed him. He was as rigid as a Steelix, and she began moving her hand up and down his cock, slowly at first.

"Oh, mom...", the young fox pokémon breathed as his mother began masturbating him tenderly. His breath was shaky, but he seemed to have lost most of the reluctance that he'd had when she'd first entered his bedroom. As her hand began to speed up, his hips started to thrust up slightly, aiding her in what she was doing. His knot was growing steadily, and the pressure started to become almost painful. He groaned even louder as he felt his mother's other hand come underneath him, cupping around his furry balls and massaging them carefully. The feeling of pleasure was almost unbearable, and way more intense than when he played with himself.

Mena was mesmerized by the sight of her son in her hands, and she could feel herself growing wetter and wetter by the second. She licked her lips again. More than anything right now, she wanted to taste her son, but she wanted it in a very specific way. She tightened her grip on his cock, and looked up into Dylan's eyes.

"Sweetie, you're doing so nice right now," she said, a seductive purr in her voice as she continued jerking him off. "Do you want me to make you cum?" Dylan choked back a whine as he nodded rapidly. "Just let me know when you're about to cum, sweetie. I promise I won't stop, but you have to tell me when. Can you do that?" He nodded again, more desperately this time.

With that, she began stroking him harder and faster than ever. Precum was dripping down his shaft now, and the scent of it was thick in the Ninetails' nose. He had a strong, musky scent, much more potent than his father's had been. Mena rolled his balls around in her palm as she pumped her fist up and down his cock. She heard the thumping of her son's six tails on the bed behind him, and his hips

were jerking more rapidly, like he was humping her hand. It took barely a minute more before she heard his voice, high-pitched and strained.

“I’m...I’m gonna cum, mom...”

Instantly, Mena leaned forward and opened her mouth, pointing the tip of her son's cock towards her muzzle. She put her tongue out and slid it underneath his shaft, while she continued to let her fingers dance along the thick, red rod. Dylan gave a deep moan as his cock swelled in her fist, and Mena felt a pulse along his length as the first shot of her son's cum squirted onto her tongue. She moaned as well, her eyes closing as she tasted the strong, salty flavor of his seed. His shaft pulsed again, and the Ninetails had to suppress a cough as the second, more forceful burst hit the back of her throat. She swallowed just in time to catch the third strand of cum, and she kept her fingers milking him as he bucked up into her mouth, flooding her muzzle with his thick, pent-up seed.

When he was finished, the Vulpix teen slumped back on his bed, his head bumping against the wall. He didn't seem to care. He was gasping for breath, and as Mena opened her eyes she saw a wondrous expression on his face, halfway between a smile and a grimace. Smiling to herself, she closed her lips around his cock, making sure that every last trace of his cum was cleaned away. Then she straightened up on her knees, her tongue coming out to lick her lips free of every last drop, which she swallowed. His cock was shrinking, the knot already deflated as his shaft began retreating back into his fuzzy sheath.

“So, how was it?” Mena asked him. “Embarrassed that your first handjob came from your mom?”

Despite his weariness, Dylan managed to give her a little laugh. “A little bit,” he admitted. He shook his head weakly. “But, wow...That was amazing.”

Mena chuckled, and she rubbed his lower belly soothingly. “I’m glad it really was your first,” she said. She climbed up onto the bed next to him, and then she leaned down and surprised her son by pressing her lips to his. At first it started as just the same sort of kiss that a mother and child properly shared, but Mena soon made it very different, indeed, slipping her tongue out to flick along Dylan's lips. For a few moments he didn't seem to know what to do, but then he tentatively parted his lips and let her through. The Ninetails began playing her long, wide canine tongue around the inside of the Vulpix's mouth. She wondered if this was Dylan's first kiss, as well.

It seemed from the way he hesitated that it was, but her son proved himself to be a quick learner. He opened his muzzle wider and slipped his tongue out to toy with hers. He didn't seem put off by the taste of his own cum which still clung to her breath, and he leaned into the kiss. Mena lowered herself to him, her pillowy breasts mooshing against his chest, and she tilted her head to the side to

deepen things with him. Her turn to be surprised was coming up, as Dylan put a hand around her back and hugged her to him. She felt a warmth spread through her chest as feelings of love for her son began to flare up inside of her. They had always been there, but feeling him respond this way to her made them all the more fierce. Even as she had been doing it, she had worried that being physical with her son might put a rift between them. Now she knew that those worries had been groundless. The way that he was kissing her felt like how a real lover would kiss her.

Even though she wanted nothing more than to continue like this forever, Mena finally broke the kiss with her son. She pushed herself up on her arms, her breasts hanging pendulously down. She was feeling her own needs once more. “Dylan, I was kind of hoping you could do something for me.”

Her son smiled up at her, light in his green eyes. “What is it?” he asked her curiously. He didn't have any awkwardness left in him now.

By way of an answer, Mena leaned away and sat down on the bed. She lowered herself down on her back, laying her head on the pillows, and she reclined with her arms behind her head. Her large breasts settled to the sides a little, and her pudgy belly flattened out somewhat. Her downy golden hair was spread out around her head like a radiant halo. She raised her knees with her feet on the sheets, and as Dylan watched her she spread her legs. Her rump was seated in the fluffy nest of her tails, and she saw him lock his eyes between her thighs.

“I know you can see it,” the Ninetails mother whispered to her son. “Can't you tell how wet you've made me? I'm soaking for you, Dylan.” She brought one hand out from behind her head and reached between her legs, and she used two fingers to spread her puffy, darkened canine pussy. She revealed glistening pink flesh to her son, whose mouth opened just a hair. He was starting to breathe hard again.

The Vulpix gave an involuntary shudder of renewed arousal, not taking his eyes away from his mother's pussy. “What do you need me to do?”

“Lick me,” she said simply. Mena swirled one fingertip around her clit, and she whimpered at the pleasure that the light touch gave her. “I want you to bury your muzzle in between my legs and eat my pussy like your life depends on it.”

“I don't know...I mean, I've never done that before,” Dylan said uncertainly. He didn't want to disappoint his mom. Mena thought that was adorable.

She lifted a leg, placing her foot against his back and nudging him down. “I'll teach you what to do,” she promised him. “Get on your belly and put your head between my legs, sweetie.”

Dylan did what she told him. He slid back and rolled onto his stomach, and he positioned himself so that his head was in between her thighs. His mother could feel his breath on her nethers,

warm and gentle, but coming rapidly with his excitement. She was very excited herself, having thought about this many a time when she was all alone, but now it was happening for real and she was almost giddy with delight. Her heart was thudding in her chest, and with how the rest of the house was quiet she was sure that Dylan could hear it, if not the next-door neighbors.

“See how my pussy looks like lips on the outside, only up and down instead of side to side?” she asked him. The Ninetails took her hand away so that her son would have a better view. “Just pretend like it is lips, and start by kissing it.”

Glancing up at her, Dylan waited for a few second before he leaned in closer. Mena felt his lips press against her pussy, and she heard a soft smacking sound as he very literally kissed her sex. She gave a soft moan as a little twinge of pleasure tingled up her spine. The sound gave her son encouragement, and he kissed her again, firmer this time. He teased his mouth around her heated cunt, the moisture on her fur smearing his muzzle and inundating him with her intoxicating scent. His tails began to wag quickly behind him, and he brought his hands around to her hips, holding her as he kept kissing her pussy.

After a few minutes of this, Mena was ready to proceed to the next step. “Sit up a little,” she instructed Dylan. When he did what she said, reluctantly pulling himself away from his kissing, she reached back between her legs again and spread her vaginal lips apart. “Look here. You see where it's all wet and pink inside?”

“Yeah...,” Dylan whispered. He sounded amazed. “I did that?”

Smiling happily, Mena nodded once. “You sure did, sweetie.” She rubbed his fluffy head with her other hand for a second. “Now I want you take your tongue and start licking all over. Inside, outside, wherever you like. Just remember that it will feel the best near the top.” She put her finger against her clit, showing him where the swollen nub was. “Right here.”

Nodding eagerly, Dylan lowered himself back down as Mena pulled her hand away. He slid his hands underneath her ass, lifting her up slightly so he had a better angle, and then she felt herself being transported away to heaven as his tongue gave her pussy the first, long, sensual lick. She closed her eyes and let out a long, loud moan as Dylan pressed his tongue against her, slurping at her sopping wet pussy. The Ninetails spread her legs wider to give him better access, and her hands came to her breasts, squeezing and massaging them gently as her son began to eat her. He followed her directions to the T, swirling the tip of his tongue around her clit, alternating that with slipping it inside of her. In minutes he had her toes curling with pleasure, and she was fairly humping his face.

Dylan was in a world he had only dreamed about before. There were cute girls in his class at school, but now he could barely remember what they looked like. To him, now, the only female in the

world was his mother, and the only thing he could think about was how delicious her pussy tasted. He wanted more and more of the flavor of it, and he delved deeper inside as he heard her encouraging moans. He realized that he was doing that, he was making her feel that good, and it gave him a strange sense of pride to know that his mother was enjoying what he was doing that much.

“Oh, Dylan, baby...,” Mena groaned. “That's so good, sweetheart...Keep going...” She placed a hand on the back of his head, urging him to lick deeper as she rotated her hips around in a slow circle. “You're going to make me cum. Don't stop, keep licking.” She bucked her hips up, driving herself against her son's muzzle, and a wave of intense pleasure washed over her. She grit her teeth, her jaw muscles straining as she felt her orgasm begin.

All at once Dylan heard his mother give a loud, tortured howl, and felt her body spasm. The flavor of her pussy intensified, almost making him dizzy, and her thighs clenched around his head. He felt her sex clamp down on his tongue, and it was squeezed rhythmically as she came. The wetness increased tenfold, slickening his muzzle with her juices as she tossed her head back and forth. He kept on licking her, though he was scarcely able to move his tongue, so he satisfied himself with suckling at her cunt with his lips as he rode out her climax.

It seemed like hours, but finally Mena felt the pleasure begin to drain away, replaced by delicious, nurturing warmth. Her entire body relaxed, and she drew a breath for the first time since she began to cum. Her eyes opened and she looked at the ceiling, her vision seeming cloudy with the lingering haze of her ecstasy. She lifted her head once she had the strength, and she saw her son watching her from between her legs, a goofy grin on his face.

“That was amazing, mom!” the eighteen-year-old Vulpix marveled. He licked his lips, cleaning off some of his mother's nectar. “It was really intense when you...you know, when you came! I'm glad I got to make you feel good like you did for me.” He grinned at her. “I love you, mom.”

Mena felt tears welling up in her eyes. “Oh, baby, I love you, too,” she whimpered, her throat nearly closing with emotion. “You're the best son a mother could hope for. You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this to happen, how long I've wanted this to happen.” She sat up along with her son, and wrapped her arms around him, embracing him as tightly as she ever had in her life. They kissed again, even deeper than they had before, pressing their bodies together as they both reveled in the closeness that they felt. His light, athletic form felt so nice against her wider, pudgier frame, and though they both looked so different it felt like they belonged together.

After they hugged for a while, Mena leaned back from her son, her eyes shining with tears and the silliest smile on her face. She looked down between them, and her smile widened. Her son's cock had reemerged from its sheath, just as thick and stiff as it had been when they started. Chuckling, she

reached down and wrapped her fingers around him again. Dylan jerked a little as she touched the still-sensitive organ, but he relaxed when her gentle touch began to caress him. He gave a low, peaceful growl as his mother started rubbing his cock up and down, her other hand rubbing between his shoulder blades in a slow circle. He reciprocated by slipping his hand between her legs and stroking two fingers along her pussy, occasionally pressing a fingertip just inside her entrance.

“Dylan?” Mena said after a while. Her nine luxurious tails were waving serenely behind her, and as her son looked up at her face he saw a rosy tinge to her cheeks. “If I asked you to fuck me...would you say yes?”

The Vulpix felt his heart skip a beat, and he felt his face grow very hot indeed. If his fur hadn't already been red, he would have instantly been that color all over. “Do you...really mean that?” he asked breathlessly.

“Uh-huh.” Mena leaned in and nuzzled the side of his face. “I need you inside me. I want you. I'm ready to have a mate again, and I want it to be you.” She kissed at his neck, feeling him shiver in her arms. “Fuck me, Dylan. Please...Let me be your vixen.”

Dylan had to force himself to remember to breathe. Although he could scarcely believe what he was hearing, his tails began to wag very hard indeed. “Mom...,” he said. He hugged her as hard as he could, and the excitement rose to a deafening crescendo inside of him. “I...I want you, too. I want you so bad I can hardly stand it.”

Mena sniffed, emotion threatening to overwhelm her. She had been dying to hear those words for so long. “Then I'll give myself to you,” she vowed. “I don't need anyone other than you, as long as I live.”

The Ninetails leaned back from him then, and with a parting kiss on the tip of his nose, she turned around and faced away from her son. Feeling like she was in a dream, she lowered herself down so that she was on all fours, wrapped her arms around the pillows, and rested her head on the soft padding. She raised her ass in the air as high as could, and curled her tails up so that they laid over her back. She felt the air of the room on her sex, and felt her pussy open up as she stepped her knees apart. Mena closed her eyes, and a soft whimper of need escaped her lips.

For Dylan, it was all instinct as soon as he saw his mother presenting herself to him. He shuffled forward on his knees and placed one hand on her rump, and he caressed her full, soft cheeks for a while as he admired the view. With his other hand he pressed his thumb into her slit, rubbing up and down in the wet, hot crevice of her sex. He almost laughed as he saw her tailhole clench from the pleasure in her pussy, and heard his mother's whine as she begged him wordlessly to get on with it. Dylan took his hand away and wrapped it around his Vulpix cock, bringing the tip to his mother's pussy and pressing

in just a little bit.

“Please...,” Mena begged. She moved her rump from side to side, stirring the tip of her son's cock inside of her. “Take me now...”

Without further delay, her son hooked his forearms around her waist and thrust his hips forward. They both groaned together as all six thick, rigid inches of his cock slid inside of Mena at once, right up to where his swelling knot was kissing the outside of her cunt. He held himself in the pussy that bore him for several minutes, as he grew used to the sensation of his mother slick, ridged inner passage contracting around his member. It felt like the perfect fit for both of them. She was tight around him, but as he flexed his hips and tested the connection, it was easy for him to move himself within her. They both felt so right.

Slowly Dylan pulled himself out of his mother, dragging inch after inch of his throbbing cock out of Mena until just the very tip remained inside. Then he thrust back inside, rocking her forward and making her groan with feverish pleasure. Holding on tightly, Dylan began to fuck his mother hard and fast, unwilling to show her tenderness on this, the first of what he hoped was many times they would mate. And Mena wouldn't have had it any other way. She wanted to be taken over, claimed by a new male, the perfect male for her. She rocked back against him, driving him deeper inside of her each time that he thrust inwards. His knot bumped up against her clit every time, grinding around on it for a brief second before it came away.

“Fuck, Dylan, baby!” Mena howled, her arms squeezing the pillows like she was holding on for dear life. “Oh, sweetie, that's so good! I want you to take me over, don't stop, don't ever stop.” She clenched her teeth, her voice coming out in a whining hiss as the pleasure built up inside of her to a level that she had never felt before. “Yes, yes, yes...Oh, gods, yes...”

Dylan hunched over his mother's back, wrapping his arms around her soft, chubby belly as he tried to fuck her even harder. Her pussy was clutching at his cock just right, massaging his length every bit as masterfully as the Ninetails' hands had. The way that her inner muscles rippled around his iron shaft drove him crazy, and he began slamming into her with deep, rapid thrusts. Each time that he pushed in, his knot drove in just a little bit more, stretching her entrance and making her scream.

“Mom...,” he moaned. He pushed up on his feet, his legs straightening almost completely out as he fought for more leverage. His claws scrabbled at the sheets, tearing and ripping them as he did his damndest to force every last bit of himself inside of his mother. The Vulpix's balls were slapping back and forth, whacking her clit every time he thrust in.

“Yes, baby, yes,” Mena cooed, her front claws puncturing the pillows as she tried to help him. “Oh, honey, I want you to do it, I want you to...Push it in, baby, you can do it. I want you to cum in

me...”

Dylan pulled his hips back for one last, maddened push, and he howled as he slammed home and felt his knot force its way inside his mother's vagina. Mena screamed shrilly as she instantly began to cum harder than she ever had in her life, and she faintly heard Dylan's howl as the fiery jets of his seed burned their way to her womb. His cock pulsed inside of her, milked by her spasming cunt, as every last drop of his potent cum was squeezed out of him and into her fertile body. She felt like there was a fire inside of her that was being doused even as the searing sensation built up inside of her, and they both continued to play off of each others pleasure for an eternity, trembling and shaking against each other as mother and son relished their passion for each other...

“You were wonderful, sweetheart...,” Mena said, for what had to be the hundredth time, hours later. Her Vulpix son was reclined on top of her on the back, his back against her stomach and his head cushioned by her breasts, as she had her arms wrapped around his lower belly. The smell of sex was still thick in the air, and they were both filthy and sticky with their combined fluids, but neither of them had the energy to get up to take a shower.

“I can't believe that happened,” Dylan replied, also for the hundredth time. His cock was hidden away neatly in his sheath again, though it had taken quite a while for his knot to shrink enough to pull out of his mother. Barely any cum had leaked out, most of it remaining stubbornly inside the Ninetails. He was sure that would change when his mother stood up, but for now he had a sense of satisfaction that his seed was within her. Come what may, she was now completely his, marked by his essence.

Mena rubbed a hand up and his stomach lazily, her claws scratching at him slightly. He murmured his pleasure at what she was doing, and she could tell that he was growing drowsy. That was to be expected. He had just exerted an awful lot of energy, and that was after a full day as well. She bore no ill will that he was this tired, and in fact she was nearly as worn out herself. She leaned her head down, kissing the top of her beloved son's head. The Vulpix nuzzled up at her, though it was a weak gesture, and he began to drift off to sleep.

“Sleep well,” she whispered to him. “I'll see you in the morning. My mate.”

“My eyes are tempted by the smile of an angel, and your lips whisper secrets of forbidden love.”

- Unknown