Mother Knows Best

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Mother Knows Best

by sandstormhero

Summary

How far will a mother go to protect her child? Ann Possible finds herself faced with such a question when Kim reveals her plans to forgo college in favor of joining the secret spy agency, GJ. Unable to change her mind and determined to save her daughter from throwing her life away, an idea comes that is as drastic as it is twisted. Leaving Ann to question if she had any ulterior motives when she decided to get her daughter pregnant.
A/N: Here we go, a brand-new story for all of you to enjoy. I started this story a few years ago, around the time I started Ron’s Toys. That said, I’ve already finished writing the entire story and will be uploading the six chapters every two weeks. So look forward to that. Also, keep in mind that this chapter is a good representation of what you can expect in terms of themes in this story. If it looks like something you won’t enjoy, please don’t feel obligated to continue. That said, to those that are looking forward to more, please feel free to leave a review/comment letting me know what you thought. I can’t wait to hear from you. Enjoy.

Chapter One – An Idea

Tag(s): N/A
Girl(s): N/A
Words: 5,010
Editor: Mr. G

"Could you repeat that?" Ann asked, staring at her daughter in disbelief.

Rolling her eyes, Kim Possible's smile beamed with excitement. "Mom." she gave a false groan of irritation. "I said; GJ just accepted me into their training program to become a real agent!"

Exclaiming her joy, Kim looked as though she had just won the lottery - literally bouncing with joy. This was a stark contrast to Ann, however, as she continued to stare at her daughter in stunned silence. "Isn't this amazing?" Kim prompted her mother for a response.

Blinking for a moment, Ann's mouth opened but no sound came out. Truthfully, she couldn't believe that this was actually happening. She had just been sitting in her kitchen enjoying a small lunch on her day off when, without warning, her daughter had burst into the room speaking far too fast for her to understand. But as her daughter repeated her news, Ann's face was awash with surprise as she tried to understand everything that it meant.

In her last year of high school, Ann knew her daughter was growing up and was going to be moving on to bigger and better things. But this was nothing like what she had planned. "What about college?" the red-headed mother finally forced out. Staring her daughter in the eyes, Ann's voice was almost pleading.

"Mom," Kim groaned, "GJ has some of the best education available. They have the tech and resources to teach me things other colleges could never offer."

"Kim, that's crazy," Ann dismissed her daughters claim almost immediately. "What kind of job can you get with a degree from a secret organization?" Unfortunately, instead of becoming unsure like the mother had planned, Kim's eyes only seemed to beam even brighter in their green hue.

"That's the best part," she revealed. "Dr. Director nominated me herself so she can train me to take over when she retires! Can you believe it? I mean, it's still going to be a long way away but I'm going to run a secret government agency!"
But she didn't believe it. While Kim looked to be happier than ever, Ann's feelings toiled with dread.

Watching her daughter grow into the young woman that she was today, Ann Possible had spent quite a bit of time thinking of the type of future that Kim would have. In her favorite fantasies, Kim was a doctor just like her and helping people in need. She would go to college, meet a boy, fall in love, and have a family. But this, Ann, shook her head at the path Kim looked to be taking. It was wrong for her. No matter how excited she was now, Ann knew eventually Kim would regret making this decision.

"Kim, no," Ann stated in a firm tone. "You need to go to a real college and get a real job." Reaching forward, she pressed her hand against her daughter's head and gently stroked against its auburn hair. "Trust me, this… agency of yours isn't what your future should be."

Unfortunately, Ann's soothing tone and gentle touch were rendered useless as Kim's face crumpled in pain. "Mom? What are you talking about? Of course GJ is my future. It's everything I've ever worked for! Can you imagine how many people I would be able to help?" Kim's face was splashed with betrayal as she tried to convince her mother. But Ann would not be swayed.

Ann understood her daughter's feelings, but she also understood how flippant teenagers tended to be in these types of situations. Stepping towards the shorter redhead, her expression morphed into one of sadness.

"Kim, I know how much you love to help people, and I love that about you – I do. But there are other, more constructive ways to do that. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to forbid you." Ann wasn't used to ordering her children around. Usually, there was no need. But when she had to, the young mother was more than capable of putting her foot down. Unfortunately, Kim didn't like that one bit.

Kim's face was the picture of pain as she stared at her mother in utter disbelief. "Forbid?" she asked, speaking as if the word itself was the one who had affronted her. "Excuse me, but I don't think I asked for your permission." A redhead through and through, Kim's legendary temper seemed to come alive as her eyes burned with anger.

It was Ann's turn to stare as her daughter's defiance registered in her brain. "Kim—" she gasped, disappointment dripping from her saddened eyes. But Kim gave her mother no time to continue as her temper continued to flair.

"I don't want to hear it, Mom," she interrupted, turning her face away. "In a few months I'll be eighteen and I won't need your permission." Looking back at her mother, Kim's anger seemed to deflate a bit as a pleading gaze took hold. "Mom… this is my dream. Why can't you be happy for me? I thought you would be proud."

'Because I know better than you,' Ann answered in her mind. Though she knew better than to vocalize her thoughts. Instead, she was forced to harden her features as her sadness and desperation bled through her sky-blue eyes. "I'm sorry Kim," she spoke in a cold tone. "But I don't approve. That isn't what you're meant to do with your life. It isn't what will make you happy."

Kim looked ready to cry. "What I do with my life is my decision," she glared. "And this is what I want." Kim shot her mother one last look before turning away from the older woman and up the stairs to her room.

"Kim!" Ann shouted after her. "Kim!" But it was useless. By the time she was at the foot of the stairs, Kim was already safely locked away, shut up in her room and obstinately refusing to speak any further.
Strolling into the kitchen, Ann's face looked exhausted, mixed with both worry and guilt. In a single swift motion, her hands grabbed a bottle of wine and poured it into a glass on the counter. Cup in hand, Ann walked herself into the family room and allowed herself to fall into the couch, a deep sigh falling from her lips.

It wasn't often Ann allowed herself to indulge in alcohol, but as the fragrant taste of wine splashed against her tongue, she couldn't help but sigh with relief. Nursing her glass in her hands, Ann remained plagued with anxiety as she replayed her and her daughter's conversation. She wasn't trying to upset her, but Ann knew her daughter was making a mistake. GJ… it just couldn't end well. What kind of life could that lead to?

But Ann knew. That kind of job consumes people. It's the kind of career that leaves nothing else to exist in their life. Not friends, not family, or anything. Ann wanted more for her daughter. She wanted her to have a family, children; a real life. But the way things were going, it seemed she was only pushing her strong-headed daughter even further from her true path.

Shaking her head, Ann stole another mouthful of red liquor.

She didn't know what to do, and that left the poor woman fretting as her child's future seemed to be disappearing before her very eyes. Kim wouldn't listen to her, especially after their fight. Ann knew this because she knew her daughter and because Kim was exactly like her when she had been at that age.

Adventure and fun, pushing every limit she could find, that was the life of Ann Possible before she had found the stability of a career and family. Originally, she hadn't planned to be a doctor. And a family had been the furthest thing from her mind. And yet it was these two things that had tied her down long enough to show her how happy they could make her life.

She just wished Kim could understand.

She had allowed her daughter to indulge in her little missions and traveling, only because Ann assumed that Kim would grow out of it and mature. But it seemed that adrenalin run lifestyle would be the cause of Ann's downfall.

She turned sad as she thought of her daughter's choice. And even worse as she realized Kim might never understand the joy of having a family.

Again, she recalled how unexpectedly her life had turned out. To say Kim had been a surprise would be the understatement of the year. A date with one of the cuter scientists on campus had turned into an eighteen yearlong marriage, as well as two more lives being born into the world. Finding out she had become pregnant had shocked her beyond words. Thankfully she had decided to keep the baby and it had turned out to be the smartest decision she'd made up until that point.

With Kim came responsibility. And with responsibility came the stability she needed to become a doctor, as well as the woman she is today.

Taking another sip of wine, Ann's face glowed as she recalled the day of Kim's birth. Holding that tiny baby in her arms had been the single greatest moment in her entire life. It was at that moment that she realized how happy being a mother made her. But Kim might never feel that. And that thought alone made Ann want to actually cry.

Nursing her glass for the next half hour, Ann thought of her daughter and reminisced over all the memories she and Kim had shared throughout her childhood. Try as she might, Ann failed to find any way that could sway Kim from joining the organization. After all, Kim was right. She was going
to be eighteen and she didn't need Ann's permission.

‘Things would be so much easier if Kim could just have a little accident.’ Ann sighed wistfully. Slightly buzzed from her wine, the mother pictured her daughter, and imagined Kim going on a date, going home with whatever kind boy she had met and make love with – only to find out days later she had fallen pregnant.

As strange as it seemed, the fantasy left Ann with a glowing warmth in the pit of her stomach. She knew Kim would make a wonderful mother. She was kind and patient, if a little bossy, but she had everything a good mother needed to raise a child. Unfortunately, Ann's little fantasy was ruined as she realized the possibility of this happening in GJ, of all places, was slim to none.

If only there was a way for it to happen before she graduated, Ann mused dreamily. But as she stared into her now empty glass, the mother wasn't sure if her daughter was even interested in any of the boys at her school. It would take a miracle. Or at the very least some extreme interference on her part.

‘If only, if only. If only pigs could fly,’ she pondered her long list of wishes. Laughing a bit at her last thought, Ann's listless expression slowly changed into one of thoughtfulness.

It wasn't… the craziest idea she had ever had. Okay, maybe it was, but she still found herself absorbed by the idea. Be it the slight buzz vibrating through her skull, or the impending future of her daughter, but Ann couldn't seem to free herself of the idea. Getting Kim... pregnant.

Biting her lip, Ann looked anxious taking a nervous glance around the room. She wasn't too much older than Ann was when she had been pregnant. And it helped guide her and gave her the best gift the world had to offer. Not to mention, if she were to become pregnant, GJ would be practically a non-issue. There's no way they could allow a pregnant teenager into a secret agency. She'd be forced to attend a real college, have a real life. Maybe even buckle down enough to stop going on those silly missions…

The more she thought about it the more the idea began to appeal to the red-haired woman. So much so that, before she was even aware of it, she was already beginning to think of a plan.

And in a flash, Ann's intellectual mind had worked out just how she could get it done. Smiling to herself, the smallest spark of doubt still lingered in the back of her head. This was her daughter after all, whom she loved more than anything else in the world. Was it her right to rule her future like she was thinking, to force her into something as life-changing as baring a child?

And like the answer to her questions, the image of herself staring down at Kim after her birth flashed through her mind. The emotions, the happiness, all of it. And with that, the last of her hesitation faded away.

‘She might hate me at first, but she'll thank me one day…' Ann mused as she got up from her seat. ‘It's for her own good.'

OoOoOoO

Kim cautiously approached the kitchen the next morning. After locking herself in her room, the teenager had remained there the entire day, not wishing to see her mother at all. She knew she might have acted a little bit like a brat, but this was her dream. And the fact that her mother had refused her support hurt the young woman more than she could say. She loved her mother; she loved both her parents, which is what made hating them so much harder.
Standing in the room's archway, Kim peered around the corner and saw her mother standing at the stove, pots and pans ablaze with a multitude of breakfast foods. Unsure if she should walk in and confront her mother or simply leave for school, her indecision lasted too long until Ann finally turned around to spot her sneaking oldest.

For a moment, both of the women stood in silence, the only sound being the sizzling of the bacon Ann had been in the middle of preparing. Kim braced herself for the frown, for the anger, for any sign of the long talk she was sure was about to come. Only for Ann to smile with a warm greeting.

"Good morning, Kimmie," she hummed brightly. Giving her daughter a quick smile, she turned back to her food and began to stir a large helping of hash browns around on a pan. "Sleep well?" she asked over her shoulder.

Utterly confused, Kim just blinked, shocked as her mother's good mood completely took her by surprise. "Um, yes?" She dubiously answered. Kim continued to eye her mother, unsure if this was all just one big act to guilt her. Meanwhile, Ann nodded her head, a pleasant hum drifting from her lips as she swayed in her good cheer. It was bizarre and so opposite of what the teenager had been expecting. It left her unable to grasp the situation and even more anxious.

"Well, take a seat if you're hungry." Kim actually jumped at the sound of her mom's sudden invitation. "Breakfast will be done in just a sec."

Kim looked at the table then back at her mother, conflicted. Truthfully, she was starving. Staying in her room all night had meant no dinner; and considering the light salad she'd had settled for at lunch, her body was currently trying to digest itself. Placing her hand over her navel, she was just in time to feel her stomach rumble.

Face set in a scowl, Kim was unable to help herself as she was forced to take a seat at the table. 'Stupid Mom and stupid incredible smelling breakfast!' Still, just because she was accepting her food didn't mean she was about to wave any white flags.

The next two minutes were spent in silence as Ann finished cooking the last of the breakfast. Grabbing a dish from the cupboard, she happily made her daughter's plate, delivering generous portions of what she knew to be her eldest's favorites. Placing the offering on the table, Kim took one look at the pile of food and immediately saw the bribe for what it was. Alarms were sounded.

"It's going to take more than breakfast to make me change my mind," she swore, sending a sharp look into her mother's kind expression. Again, the older woman didn't respond as her daughter had expected and just put on a deep frown as she took a moment to consider her words.

"Kim—."

"But her daughter wouldn't hear it.

"I'm serious," the teen obstinately insisted, "cook as much as you want, you're not going to guilt me out of this." In response, Ann simply sighed before removing her apron and settling into the chair next to Kim's.

"I'm not trying to guilt you, Honey." She spoke tenderly. Ann met her daughter's stare, unblinking in an attempt to convey her honesty and show that her words were true. If only Kim could believe her.

Calming just a fraction, Kim continued to stay wary. Her Mom could be tricky, but a liar she was not. "Then what's going on? Why are you acting like nothing happened?" It was sharp and to the point, though Ann's daughter had never been much for subtly. At that moment, the mother found herself grateful for her daughter's lack of tact. It made things so much easier.
"How about… an apology?" Ann offered, giving her daughter a hopeful look. Kim was left staring at her mother in disbelief.

"Look," Ann sighed, "I've had some time to think and… you are right. You should be free to follow your dream. If you really think GJ is where you belong, then I'll support your decision." Ann Possible looked at her daughter and smiled apologetically. She placed her hand over Kim's and squeezed it affectionately.

"Seriously, you mean it?" Kim asked in a fearful tone, afraid that it was too good to be true. But seeing her mother nod her head, the teens entire body seemed to crumple in relief. To know her mother was back on her side made everything so much better. "Thank you!" Kim exclaimed, getting up from her chair to wrap her arms around her mother. "And I'm sorry for what I said, too. I know you're only trying to look out for me."

A smile tugged at the corners of Ann's lips. "That's right, Kim," Ann hummed in agreement, tightening their embrace ever so slightly as she continued in the same even tone. "Because I love you. And because I love you, I'll always do what I think is best."

Stepping back, Kim looked at her mother and returned her warm expression. "I love you too, Mom."

The two shared a smile a moment longer. Satisfied that their relationship had been mended, the mother turned back to the stove, getting three more plates ready. Kim was about to dig into her own meal when Ann's voice suddenly chirped, almost too nonchalant in its idle delivery.

"Besides, nothing's been written in stone yet. Just because you want this now, doesn't mean you'll want it forever. Who knows what can happen between now and graduation? You could find a boyfriend, gain an interest in a career you haven't considered, maybe decide you want to take a year off and backpack in another country, for all we know aliens could end up invading the earth!" She gave a dramatic eye-roll. "You're still so young, your whole outlook on this decision could change completely."

A strip of bacon dangling from her lips, Kim eyed her mother's back with a wide expression – slowly chewing the crispy strip of meat before answering. "Ah, not likely. But… I guess it could happen." She spoke awkwardly, stressing the word 'could' while her features screwed up into a pinched frown. Honestly, she just didn't feel like starting another fight after just mending their last argument. Ann went back to humming to herself with a knowing smile, an expression Kim missed facing the older woman's back.

"Honey!" James voice suddenly called out, "Have you seen my shoes anywhere?" The two women shared a derisive glance, more amused by their husband and father than anything else. Washing her hands and hanging up her apron, Ann moved towards the direction of her bedroom.

"Kimmie, help your brothers with their breakfast, okay?" With their relationship now patched up, Kim nodded her head happy to move on from the sensitive subject.

Afterwards, the Possible family of five all sat down and enjoyed their family breakfast like it was any other day. Kim argued with her brothers, James read his morning paper and Ann simply sat back enjoying the familiar atmosphere she had grown to love. And after they had all finished, James was quick to gather his briefcase, ushering the two twin boys off into the car.

"Bye, Mom," the twins shouted in unison, smiling as they ran out the door. Immediately afterwards, James came from behind giving his wife a quick peck on the cheek and saying his own goodbyes. Staring after the men in her life, Ann's heart and expression throbbed with love. Soon after, her daughter jumped down from her room, a backpack firmly strapped to her back.
"Bye, Mom." Kissing her mother on the cheek, Kim started for the door. "Off to school." But before she could make it, Ann called for her attention.

"Kim." Seeing her daughter stop and turn, Ann smiled warmly. "Don't forget to finish your milk." She held up a large glass of white liquid. Kim looked from the drink to her mother, an auburn eyebrow raised. She'd noticed the glass during breakfast but had opted for juice instead, never much of a milk drinker.

Ann's expression didn't change as she approached her daughter, all but ignoring the queer stares. Kim blinked suddenly finding the glass thrust into her hands without any chance of argument. "If my daughter's going to be some kind of secret agent, she's going to need strong bones, isn't she?" Ann explained after another few heartbeats of silence. Her daughter still looked at her like she was crazy but seemed to accept the explanation if only with a hint of exasperation.

In the end, Kim ended up shrugging her shoulders at the woman's expectant gaze. This was just what a kid could expect when their mother is a doctor, it seemed. If only to satisfy her, Kim allowed the large glass to her lips before pouring the pure white liquid into her mouth. Rich and creamy, for a moment Kim thought she noticed a slightly bitter flavor hidden. But after another swallow and another mouthful, the taste became less and less noticeable, urging her to dismiss the brief irregularity.

After five seconds and several deep gulps, the glass was finally empty. Which looked to make her mother very happy. Unseen by her, Ann's eyes had been glued to the picture of her drinking the entire time, watching critically at each and every drop. And as Kim sighed, whipping the little milk that remained on her upper lip, her expression relaxed into a more subdued pleasure.

With a breath of fresh air, Kim coughed. "Happy?" she asked, only sounding a little sarcastic.

Unperturbed, Ann gave her a bright smile before taking the glass from her hand and brushing her finger against Kim's lips striking a missed drop. "Ecstatic," she remarked, tickled pink.

Kim simply rolled her eyes at the weirdness, having long ago accepted that her family would never be close to normal. But time was running short, urging her to quickly grab her bag from the floor and continue towards the door. She waved her mother a goodbye, and this time Ann just returned the gesture wishing the young woman a wonderful day.

Watching her daughter leave, Ann's happy expression grew until she was sure her daughter was truly gone. At this time, she leisurely made her way over to the sink and began to scrub the milk stained glass liberally—all the while humming a cheerful tune.

She had been worried for a moment that her daughter had noticed the difference in taste, but it seemed to have all gone perfectly. It was funny to think just that morning when she'd been preparing the cocktail, her emotions had been a nervous wreck, constantly stressed and second-guessing her every action as she added the different vitamins and nutrients to mix into the white liquid. And yet, the moment she watched Kim start to actually drink it, a kind of warm glow had started in her belly, reassuring her that everything was happening as it had to.

This was just the first step in her plan. It hadn't been anything too extreme. Just a few things Kim's body will need to stay healthy and prepare her for her upcoming motherhood. And, maybe, just a drug or two to help with the more stubborn problems. Just the thought alone sent a spark of excitement through her very core.

Smiling happily, she continued to wash the cup until all traces had been wiped clean. And with that done, she put it aside, a content sigh lifting from her lips.
Alone in the house, she still had fifteen minutes before she needed to leave for work. Just enough time to move onto the second phase. It was the only time she could rely on her daughter's absents, hence, leaving her bedroom completely unguarded.

Since becoming a mother, Ann had sworn to herself she would never be the kind of parent that invaded her children's privacy like so many others jumped at the chance. But as of late she'd found herself behaving in a lot of ways she'd never considered.

Casual as ever, Ann's feet moved with confidence she climbed the stairs and entered Kim's room. The space was familiar in its pink and purple colors with only a few discarded clothes crumpled on the floor. Careful not to disturb anything and leave clues of her meddling, she had to take into consideration how perceptive her oldest could be. Thankfully, standing in front of Kim's dresser, she knew exactly what she was looking for.

A grand colorful display of bras and panties greeted her as she opened the top drawer. Most were the comfortable sort, soft cotton bikini styles varying in color and design. A little deeper, Ann raised her eyebrow at the discovery of a pitch-black thong of all things, surprising her in a way that was more proud than disapproving. Kim really was growing up. But digging around in her daughter's underwear drawer, she wasn't actually looking for undies. And it was only after her fingers searched the very back of the furniture that she felt a smile start on her lips.

Ann's eyes widened with a gasp of triumph. Grabbing her prize, the object in her hands was a small disk-shaped medical container, one that any woman or teenage girl would recognize as birth control. She hadn't known for sure if her daughter was actually taking them. But a quick snap of her fingers opened the top, revealing a ring of small white pills, each day clearly labelled. And sure enough, counting the number of empty pockets, it seemed as though her daughter was very careful in this circumstance.

With Kim's birth control in hand, Ann moved quickly and empty the small white pills into her hand. In her pocket, she revealed a new medication, a key aspect of her plans if she was really going to go through with this. But searching inside of herself, there was none of the anxiety or indecision she'd expected. Rather, staring down at the label, Ann's eyes dance with excitement as she read its effects: Fertility Treatment.

They were left over from when she and James had been trying for their second baby. Considering she'd ended up with twins, she could personally vouch for their efficiency. Without knowing how many chances she would get to impregnate her little girl, she felt that she really couldn't over prepare. If there was only one opportunity to make sure she became a grandma, then she would rather the medication was too powerful than not enough.

Uncapping the lid, Ann emptied a handful into her palm and compared them to Kim's real birth control pills. The fertility drug was a little bigger, and the coloring was a little off, but luckily Ann felt confident that Kim would be none the wiser. Lining the new pills in the appropriate slots, she grabbed all the real birth control and stashed them in her pocket. In their place, Kim's new drugs now rested safely, just waiting to wreak havoc on her young, bountiful body.

Carefully replacing the disk back where she had found it, Ann quickly folded any of the panties she'd displaced to cover her tracks. In a matter of seconds, she finished closing the drawer and was walking back downstairs to continue with her day. A glance towards her watch explained she still had another five minutes to enjoy her morning and contemplate what had just happened. Ann did so after grabbing a fresh cup of coffee, settling into the same chair where she'd first concocted this entire scheme.

With her mug in hand, Ann settled her back against the cushion, swirling the dark liquid in her mug
with a spoon. She took a drink, smirking in undeniable triumph. In her head, all she could picture was Kim swallowing her new pills completely oblivious to the real effects the tiny medication would unleash. As much as she hated the idea of abusing her position, Kim trusted her, and Ann needed to use that trust in order to do what was right as a parent.

Closing her eyes, Ann's smile grew. Part one and two had both been completed without a problem. Unfortunately, it would be a while before she was able to take anything any further. But as Ann pictured her daughter's stomach swollen with child, she knew it would all be worth the wait.

A/N: I hope this was interesting enough to grab a bit of your attention. Again, next chapter will be released in two weeks. And it will start revealing some of the more sexual themes. I’m really excited to finally get this out there and I hope a few of you will feel the same way. Please remember to review and comment.

Next chapter: Tuesday, August 14.
A/N: Wow you guys, I just want to thank everyone for the impressive amount of feedback I hadn’t been expecting from this story. Kim Possible isn’t exactly the most active fandom anymore and I understand this isn’t the subject matter for everyone, but you guys have really shown your appreciation and I can’t tell you how much that means to me. Thank you so much and let’s see if we can keep it up.

Addressing some frequently asked questions: No, this is not affiliated with Ron’s Toys and is its own self-contained story unaffected by the events featured in that story. Sorry if this disappoints anyone who has been waiting for an update from that story. The good news is that I do plan to go back and finish Ron’s Toys as soon as I finish either Vault 69 or Sense of Semblance, so I ask that any lingering fans be patient until that time.

Chapter 2

Tag(s): Public humiliation, Masturbation, Sex-Toys.

Girl(s): Kim

Words: 11,366

Editor: Mr. G

The sound of an alarm pierced the blissful quiet of a Wednesday morning. A young figure twisted in sheets and blankets could be seen fast asleep, each limb thrown to a different corner of her mattress. As the constant beeping pierced through the fog of sleep, the light snoring stopped, only for a whimpering groan to take its place. Without bothering to lift her head, Kim’s hand curled into a fist before slamming into the fragile plastic box.

The beeping stopped.

A sigh of relief sounded as the young woman slowly curled into herself, grasping desperately for whatever strands of sleep she could still reach. ‘Just five more minutes,’ she feebly prayed, ‘Just one...’ But she’d already set her alarm the other night for the very last possible second, leaving no time to wallow in her comfortable nest of warmth and happiness. And yet, rather than rise and greet the morning, this young woman found herself clutching her pillow to the point of tearing, not quite able to let go just yet.

Not for the first time in the last week, Kim found herself wondering just what was wrong with her. She’d never had issues waking up in the past, provided she get her seven-hour minimum of sleep. And yet one night it was like she went to sleep normal and woke to a world where everything was ten times heavier. She just couldn't get enough sleep. And the more days that went by, the more exhausted she felt. Making every attempt to leave her bed that much harder. Today especially she could feel the weight dragging her mind. And it was only the memory of a long day of tests that kept her from falling back asleep right then and there.
When Kim finally managed to lift her face, her features reflected how she felt inside. A night of tossing and turning had transformed her long red locks into a nest of chaos that hovered around her head in a way that most would claim defied gravity. Her normally bright green eyes were shadowed by heavy bags that only seemed to grow with each passing day. A trail of dried saliva completed the lovely picture, a puddle of which darkened the pillow she was forced to leave behind.

A lot of grunting and irritated thrashing followed before Kim was able to fight her way from the tangle of bedding and make it to her feet. A pair of pink pajama shorts riding dangerously high up her young thighs and a thin lavender tanktop were all she wore, exposing a fair amount of pale, ginger complexion for anyone lucky enough to catch a glance. But her slumped posture and shuffling feet did nothing to attract attention. All she cared about was making it to the shower before she fell asleep on her feet, another low groan rumbling past her lips as she passed into the tiled space.

Eyes crusted shut under the Sandman's spell, Kim looked more machine than teenage cheer-leading heroine as she went through the motions of stripping out of her clothes. A round bottom flashed into view before a pair of small but perky breasts capped by pink shaded nipples. Completely nude, she walked to the shower opening her eyes only after she could feel the hot water start to pour into her hair and down her stiff body.

For the next few minutes, the teen did nothing but stand under the spray letting the warmth lift her mind from the haze of sleep. It worked, but consciousness forced her to be aware of the many other discomforts she'd developed as of late.

Cringing, Kim tried to roll her shoulders, knees, and other joints, each radiating a sore pain usually reserved for the worst cheer-leading routines. Again, she was lost as to why her body was aching so much. And all she could do was remain in the shower, hoping the warmth would help relax the tender muscles along her figure.

It just felt… wrong. Not sick exactly, but definitely wrong. It felt as though her muscles had been tenderized like a fine porterhouse. She couldn't remember any missions lately that was strenuous enough to reflect this type of discomfort. But thinking about it only seemed to make things worse. If Kim were paying attention, she might have noticed that these pains were the result of something affecting more than just her mood. Most notably, a distinct lack of definition where sculpted muscles used to line her frame. The wiry strength that once let her do amazing feats was waning, cannibalizing itself. Turning soft and into fats that her body was being told it needed to build up in preparation to better nurture a life she had no idea she was soon going to bring into the world. Simply her bodies reaction to the hormones she unknowingly swallowed each and every day.

Soon she would start noticing that she was getting slower, that gravity isn't heavier, that she is – and that things that used to be possible are quickly falling out of her reach. The body she created through hours of hard work and dedication was, in fact, turning against her and had been turned against her. Not by a villain, or an enemy, or any of the people she might think could be behind such a plot. But by her own mother, a woman who slept not even fifty feet away from her own bed.

Amazingly, this didn't take away from the tight shape of her youthful figure. While her body might be losing the hard edge of an athlete, the softer curves that replaced it wasn't wholly unappealing giving her a more feminine sense. And the extra padding she was already starting to notice seemed to stay around her hips and bust while leaving her waistline mercifully untouched. Whether she noticed or not, she was slowly but surely gaining the body type she always secretly longed for.

Kim remained in the shower much longer than was probably needed. The warm water did soothe a few of her pains, although a few remained stubbornly achy. She already knew that she would be grabbing a handful of Tylenol before class. Once her body had a chance to loosen up a little, the teen
went about washing herself, all the while fighting just to stay awake.

Of course, not all the changes she’d noticed were painful. And lathering soap into her hands, Kim's breath hitched feeling a now familiar tingle between her legs.

She didn't pause to address the shift in her body, stubbornly ignoring it as she started to run a now sudsy rag along her arms and legs. Her face was the picture of irritation, wholly uninterested in the signals her body was trying to send in favor of disregarding the annoyance altogether. This isn't to say she'd never felt arousal until the last few weeks. But in that time, there had been a definite spike in activity that Kim had no interest in satisfying.

It just wasn't something she was comfortable with. Experimenting a bit as a young pre-teen, she'd managed to work herself to a place where sparks of pleasure had been born. But the way her body responded to it all, the heat, the embarrassing wetness, the sounds, the smell, all of it was enough to make her sure that there were better uses of her time. Which is how she knew if she ignored it, the pressure in her loins would go away on its own. But each morning it seemed to be taking longer and longer for that relief to come, resulting in her sour mood.

Thirty-five minutes later, a slightly less miserable Kim arose from the steam heavy room, blissfully bereft of any lingering tingles – leaving only the remaining aches and pains. Towel wrapped around her hair with another tucked firmly around her body, a few dragging steps took her to her dresser where she let the fabric held against her new cleavage fall around her feet.

Kim didn't bother taking the time to pick out her underwear in favor of grabbing the first pair of panties she could reach. Finding a blue striped pair in her hands, she mindlessly slipped them over her still long and toned legs before pulling them snug against her slightly wider backside. The lack of extra room and damp skim molded the cotton to her shape making the material all but useless in any facet of modesty.

Crotch covered, a bra was next which she found in the same open drawer. This one pink and polka dot, part of Kim idly wondered what Bonnie would think if she found out about her fashion choices. But the majority of her consciousness couldn't find it in her to care. Ambivalence established, the teen hero pressed the breast covering against her body, hooking the straps around her torso and twisting it around to place the cups over her chest. Or at least, she tried to.

The young woman found herself staring down at her chest, a look of slowly mounting irritation mixing with disbelief. She tried adjusting it, trying to find an angle that would work. But this only made the truth that much more real. A quick glance at the tag and the redhead couldn't do anything but shake her head.

She had actually gone up a whole cup size…

Kim's eyes winced as she reached up, cupping the supple mounds. Massaging the tender flesh, she cringed as she realized how unbelievably sore they were. She'd been noticing her bras getting tighter as of late. But she'd put it off as a slight growth spurt or her period. Her trash was already filled with all of her smallest bras, the ones she'd kept around only because they were a little tight. But today she realized that she'd finally outgrown all of her b-cup underwear. A fact that left her much less excited than she used to think it would.

A little more than frightened, Kim briefly wondered if she should consult with her mother about these sudden changes. The sore muscles, the exhaustion, the sudden increase of her breast size, what if something was wrong with her? Thinking this over for a moment, the teen paused before shaking her head, too embarrassed to bring up such things. Instead, she replaced the now useless underwear with a sports bra, hoping it would help keep anyone from noticing their sudden development.
‘It's probably just a growth spurt,’ the teen rationalized, a look of worry still present on her face. ‘It'll be back to normal in no time.’

With those thoughts in mind, Kim pushed her discomfort to the back of her attention and set about getting ready. It took some time, but with her clothes in place and about fifteen minutes brushing of her hair, Kim deemed herself presentable.

"Oops…" a sudden groan left her lips.

Casting a glance over her shoulder, Kim was about to step outside her door when she turned to drag herself back to her dresser. In all the dreariness of that morning, she had nearly forgotten to take her birth control. Shaking her head at her thoughtlessness, the teen hero was quick to pop the container open and retrieve that day's dosage.

Kim allowed a small smile to appear on her face, relieved. It had taken a lot of time and patience to convince her parents to let her start taking them. Her father had been outright adamant on refusing. Even her mother had denied her. It was only when she stated her fear of being taken advantage of on a mission that her father had crumbled. Amazingly enough, her mother had still been against it forcing James to get them in secret.

Kim smiled as she realized her mother probably still didn't know about them.

Thinking back to that time, the teenager shook her head before bringing the pill to her lips and swallowing it dry. It was a practiced motion, and one Kim didn't think about twice as soon as the pill was in her body. She would continue throughout her day unaware of just what she'd swallowed. Sighing, the redhead was satisfied that she'd remembered everything and was ready to start her day.

Reaching the kitchen, it seemed she had more trouble getting up than she realized as her whole family was already up and eating. Settling into her chair, she looked up just as Ann's hand came into view placing a plate full of food in front of her.

"Are you feeling alright, Kim?" she questioned in a motherly tone.

Kim hesitated before answering, the mounting issues she faced weighing on her stubborn tendencies to face all of her problems on her own. Eventually, Kim just winced before nodding her head. "Just… stayed up too late I guess. I don't know; I'll get some more sleep tonight."

This was a lie, of course. The night before, Kim had taken extra care to fall asleep two hours early so that she might make up for her exhaustion and maybe recover from whatever had been afflicting her – just as she'd been doing for the past week. It seemed she would have to try even earlier tonight.

Ann put on an understanding noise and ran her fingers through Kim's hair. "Don't forget to take care of yourself," she reminded her daughter. "You're still a growing young woman, after all."

Kim glanced down at her chest only to snort at the irony. "Tell me about it," she grumbled under her breath.

Kim's stomach growled ravenously as she stared at the food on her plate. Never one to be shy about food, the teenage girl still would have winced if she could see how fast she reached for her fork before tearing into the pancakes and sausage at speeds Rufus would find rude. It was only when the food was gone that she was able to look up and realize the incredulous looks her family was giving her. "Ah," she blushed.

"Jeez, Kim," Jim, smirked at his sister.
"Sprout a curly tail last night?" his brother finished. This caused the red-head to blush even deeper as she wished she could disappear completely.

"Jim, Tim!" Ann's voice suddenly barked. Looking at their mother, both young boys ducked at her critical tone. "Why don't you two get ready to go?" she finished, leaving no room for argument.

After a quick peck from her husband, the mother watched as he escorted the two guilty boys, leaving her the room and a chance to be alone with her daughter.

Peeking up at her mother Kim's cheeks still swirled with color. "Guess I was hungry," she gave a weak chuckle. Failing even to manage that much, she allowed her expression to dip to the floor, defeated. She remained as such as her mother approached. It was only when the daughter felt her mother's cool hand run through her hair that she dared to look up, no longer hiding her exhaustion.

"Come on, Kim," Ann tried to sound encouraging, her tone gentle and coaxing. "You too." For some reason, this only further grated on Kim's mood who had to resist from outright glaring at the older red-head. In the end, she just sighed a slow breath before rising to her feet.

Her hand was already outstretched before her mother could even present the glass of milk. Ann, not even blinking at the rehearsed motion, appeared more than happy to reward the gesture with exactly what Kim already knew was coming.

Over the past two weeks, Ann looked to have taken her daughter's physical health as a personal responsibility. Kim couldn't count how many times her mother had surprised her, bursting into her room without notice to offer some form of healthy snack. And of course, the morning milk was the most constant of changes. Every morning without fail, Kim was forced to drink a glass.

She knew it was odd, but if it helped her mother come to terms with her career, what's the harm? She should be grateful that her mother was so ready to prepare her for her future. But in truth, it was beginning to wear on the poor girl.

Kim pushed those thoughts aside and downed the glass in her hands without question.

For all her nagging, Kim had to admit sometimes her mother did know what she was doing. Whatever special kind of milk she forced her daughter to drink was making a difference. Already, even as the pale drink continued down her throat, Kim could feel a semblance of her energy returning. And by the time she was finished, the teenager could only wipe her mouth clean; her dread for the upcoming day that much less.

"Thanks," Kim offered, handing the glass back to her mother. Ann simply continued to grin, happy as a clam.

"Off you go." Slapping her daughter playfully on her rear, Kim found herself rolling her eyes before hefting her bag over her shoulder and sauntering out the door.

OoOoOoO

Going through her day, Kim fell easily into the familiar pattern of her day. In the mindless studying, learning, and social gathering that school required, Kim was able to fight herself free from her funk. However, partway through the day, Kim couldn't help but notice one thing out of order. Ron, who was usually less than calm, had been unusually quiet for some reason.

Walking through the halls, both had some time before moving on to their next class. And for what felt like the hundredth time that day, Kim would be talking. Nothing specific, but when prompting Ron for a response, he would remain silent. Or at the very most would give a hum of
Irritated at the teens absent-minded behavior, Kim turned her head, prepared just to ask what the matter was. When just out of the corner of her eye, she looked to see his attention stuck almost hypnotically on her chest – his eyes leering as best they could from the corner of his sockets.

With a start of shock, Kim found her cheeks reddening as she found her best friend staring blatantly at her boobs. It seemed he had managed to suss out her sudden growth. And with a dramatic roll of her eyes, she figured she should have known he would notice eventually.

This wasn't the first time she had caught Ron sneaking a peek at her body. They had known each other for years, after all. And Ron wasn't the best at subtlety. But that was what happened when your best-friend was a guy. And Kim had come to accept that. It was too awkward to tell him to stop. And as long as it didn't happen too often, Kim was resigned to allow him that much. It would be more trouble than it would be worth to bring it up. The last thing she needed was to give Ron an opportunity to tell her his feelings.

Kim knew he had a crush on her. And Ron was a nice guy, a little messy and way clumsy, but still a nice guy. And someday, Kim was sure that he would make some other girl very happy. But other is the key word. He was fine, but not exactly the hottie she was hoping to score someday. Thankfully, used to this, Kim had come up with more than one way to subtly divert his attention. Getting up to get a glass of water or rolling onto her stomach when they were doing homework were just two examples. In this case, a subtle shift of her books would do just fine.

With a bitter thought, Kim glanced down at her clothes and began to shift her books to cover her chest. In all honesty, she couldn't blame the poor boy that much. In her sudden development, her usual green tank top wasn't quite as innocent as it had once been. Amazingly, the already thin fabric seemed to be stretched against her bust. Maybe she should have taken a bit more care in her wardrobe that morning…

Glancing down, she could see the top of her jiggling flesh clearly through the neck of her shirt – the swollen mounds rippling with new-found weight. A small gasp of delight was found as she discovered to have something that could actually be called cleavage. And silently, she decided she might have to give Bonnie a small eyeful changing for practice the next time she had the chance.

With a small smirk, Kim glanced over to see Ron's eyes dejectedly cast on the ground, his eye candy officially over. Sighing, Kim could only shake her head. 'Boys.' she thought mockingly. Little did she know she was about to have a much bigger problem than her childhood friend.

Sitting in her calculus class, Kim was hard at work on the paper in front of her. This was one of the more important tests of the semester counting for a staggering thirty percent of her grade. And, as such, Kim was so focused in the maze of numbers and problems, she didn't even notice her body slowly warming before it was too late.

Eyes trained on her work and struggling to remember the many formulas she'd forced herself to study the night before, a now familiar warmth started in the lower regions of her belly. But this was different than the slight tingles the young woman was used to experiencing every morning. Not only in that it was happening in the middle of the day, but also different in strength. And whereas before the pleasure came upon her like a nudge, present but easy to ignore, she would soon find these sensations particularly more stubborn.

So out of place and focused on the task at hand, her body began to react before she could; A blush that ran down her throat and into the delicate flesh of her décolletage, a slight shift in her posture as she sat up a little more straight, fidgeting in her seat as she rubbed her thighs together in an idle
attempt at scratching the beginnings of an itch. It was only when her breast, still larger than she was used to, brushed against the back of her hand that Kim became aware of her condition, a sharp spike of pleasure arcing through her body from the now hard tips clearly visible through her sports bra and top.

Kim's eyes widened, followed by a sharp intake of breath. There was a moment of confusion, but she wasn't so naive as to mistake the sudden heat in her blood or the distinct wetness along her crotch. The only thing she couldn't make sense of was why it was happening. *Here. In a classroom* where everyone could see her. Immediately her shoulders hunched in a vain attempt at hiding the obvious state of her chest.

Her eyes danced around the room struggling to stay subtle despite her frantic horror. The only thing that gave her a semblance of calm was that everyone looked focused on their own work, oblivious to her pain and humiliation. But this didn't change the fact that she was aware, which is how she knew that these feelings were only getting worse.

A subtle sweat broke across her skin giving the flushed complexion an alluring sheen under the otherwise lifeless florescent lights shining overhead. Her hips were visibly shifting in her seat, unable to keep from resisting the urge to grind her backside against her seat like a dog in heat. She was painfully conscious of her thighs this time as they resumed their feeble attempts at satisfying her cravings. But it only stoked the flames kindling between her legs. And the fact that she couldn't do more lest she be found out was its own kind of hell as she continued to battle between her fear of humiliation and the slowly all-consuming sensations demanding she attend to what she'd been ignoring morning after morning.

Kim took a slow deep breath forcing her body to still. But as panic bubbled in the back of her brain, she struggled to find an explanation for her sudden energy. Could it be possible, while in the midst of figuring the distance of 'X,' that she had imagined one of her current crushes? Maybe her Mom was using a new detergent for their underwear, and everything she was feeling was some weird allergic reaction? Her brain even considered the possibility that Drakken was involved somehow and this was all yet another attempt at ruining her social life as means of distracting her, so he would be free to do as he liked.

More explanations flashed through her slowly melting brain, each about as likely as the truth. And all the while, she kept trying to continue with her test, the clock ticking above the teacher's desk a constant reminder that she didn't have time for whatever explosion of puberty her body was currently suffering. Unfortunately, that same body was tired of being ignored. And as the sensation of her insides tightening registered in her brain, all other thoughts flew from her wide expression as a small, but audible mewl of pleasure radiated throughout the otherwise silent room.

Were this any other situation, such a quiet noise could have easily gone unnoticed. But in a classroom in the middle of a test, where the only sound is the sound of pencils scratching on paper, it might as well have been played on a loudspeaker. Mortified beyond belief, Kim was forced to sit and watch as every student in the class slowly turned to stare, hushed whispers filling the room.

Ducking her head, Kim's face was several shades brighter than her hair. She could not believe what had just happened. Nor could she explain it. And even worse, despite the indignity, despite literally everyone in the room staring at her, Kim could still feel the resounding throb of her crotch echo with need.

"Kim." The teacher stood from his desk. "Is… everything okay?" And appearing concerned, it was clear by the small look of disbelief that he could see exactly what her problem was.

"U-Um!" Stuttering worse than she had ever before, all Kim could do was try and hide her burning
cheeks while desperately thinking of a way out of the room. "C-Can I please use the restroom!?" she asked urgently. And looking up just enough to meet her teacher's eyes, her expression was desperate. Unfortunately, glancing away, the teacher held a look of uncertainty.

"I'm… sorry," he started out, "but, um, you can't leave so long as you're still taking the test. School's rules."

It was her turn to stare incredulously. Kim's eyes were wide as the whispering in the room began to build. She could even hear a few of the boys in the room chuckle. Desperately, she looked at her test, only to groan at the sight of two more pages filled with problems. And in a quick fit of stubbornness, the teen tried to figure how long that could take her. This line of thought was crushed, however, as Kim shifted in her seat, only to feel the soft squelch of soggy clothing against her bottom. At that moment, Kim's face widened in disbelief, before she was standing and thrusting her test into her teacher's hands before fleeing out the door.

Walking as quickly as Kim could deem natural, the dripping teen hurried to find a place to figure out what was happening to her. But moving through the halls, the tight sensation of her belly made the journey surprisingly difficult.

Almost hyper-aware of her core, all she could feel was the sensation of her thighs rubbing against each other. The feeling was too tempting in her vulnerable state. Kim found herself increasing the friction with each step, deliberately searching for what her body craved. This, added with the rubbery consistency her legs seemed to had become, made her walk anything but natural. Which is why, as Kim's eyes caught sight of a girl's bathroom, she almost sobbed in relief as she burst into the room, immediately searching out the nearest stall.

Collapsing onto the toilet, Kim couldn't stop her mouth as a fresh gasp of pleasure escaped. And cursing herself, Kim was lost in the horrifying embarrassment. She could just picture what her classmates must be thinking of her. And that poor teacher…

A deep throb from her crotch forced her attention back at the matter at hand. Tight in her belly, the needy muscles clenched, desperate for something to grab. The redhead wasn't quite sure what she was supposed to do about that. All she wanted was for it to go away! Unfortunately, as Kim's breath continued to increase and her grip on her knees tightened, it was becoming increasingly clear that this was not something she could ignore.

With a small groan of desperation, Kim seriously considered if she should just go home and… take care of herself. But then she remembered there was still a presentation after this class and another test after that one. Damn Midterms! Even if she made it all the way there without driving into a ditch, there was no way she could miss all of that on top of the test she'd just failed.

Laying her head on her lap, Kim gave a small whimper of helplessness. And the fact that, in this position, she could actually smell herself wafting from her jeans only proved to bring her depression that much deeper.

The thought of it was humiliating, disgusting, and possibly even worse than what had just happened in class. But she could not go through the day like she was. And if she couldn't go home, this was the only place she could think to take care of it.

'Ooh god.' Kim thought miserably.

Lowering her head disgustingly close to the floor, she peered under the stall's walls looking for feet. Next, she took a small peek out of her stall door to make sure the room was completely empty. Satisfied, Kim closed the door, taking one deep breath before unbuckling her pants and allowing
them to fall to her ankles.

Removing her panties, Kim felt a shiver of disgust role up her spine as the crotch of the material had to be peeled from her core. Even as they fell to her pants, she could feel even more wetness starting down her leg. Sitting down on the toilet, Kim had to force these thoughts from her mind and focused on the matter at hand.

Casting an uncertain glance at her sex, Kim's cheeks flared at the obscenity of it all. Even if she couldn't see the worst details, there was enough from her angle to earn a grimace. Flushed red, her lips were swollen with arousal and glistening. Through her red hair, her inner folds had opened, ready and willing to accept anything into their center.

Seeing most of this, Kim's stomach churned uncomfortably. Thankfully, as she moved to cup her tingling core, the pleasure of her fingers just resting against the skin helped amazingly in her tolerability.

With a few unsure strokes, Kim rubbed her entire hand against herself, trying to remember what it was that her body had liked. Thankfully, after only a few embarrassing moments, Kim was able to work it out without too much difficulty.

With two fingers, she rubbed them animatedly through her cleft, relishing each time her digits grazed the outer opening of her entrance. Motivated by this, she found herself circling her finger around its rim, tantalized before bringing it back up through her folds to tickle that wonderful bundle of nerves that rested at the very top. She was so wet; her skin glided easily against each other while still delivering the delicious friction she knew she craved. Kim's mind was a fog of lust as she repeated these motions, fighting desperately to give in to her body's cravings.

One thing Kim always hated most about this act, was the sound. Even through her lust, she tried to keep her volume to an absolute minimum. The wet ‘shlick' of her fingers in her sex was horribly embarrassing – especially so since its sound seemed to echo in the small stall. It was gross, disgusting. But the sensation of it made it impossible to stop.

She could even hear the wet dripping of her arousal falling into the water of the toilet. Was it normal to be that wet? She wasn't sure a body should even be capable of so much. It just kept coming. To know that this noise was her only made the situation that much worse as it only seemed to increase in consistency.

As the inside of her stomach clenched, a sensation she was growing more used to, her fingers penetrated her burning entrance. At this point, Kim had made a valiant effort keeping the moans and groans rumbling in her throat from escaping her clenched lips. But feeling the slick warmth of her inner muscles slide around her tiny finger, Kim's voice could not be contained.

Her body exploded to life, finally given what it had been craving this entire time. Kim seemed to realize this at the rush of what could only be described as euphoria peaked as her inner muscles celebrated the object they could clench around – even going so far as to seem to try and draw her deeper into her core. This is how she finally came, her voice moaning like a slut as a new wave of arousal dripped down her wrist and into the toilet water below.

The sound of deep gasping breaths was the only thing that registered in the lonely bathroom stall for the next ten minutes. Kim rested there, the metal piping behind the ceramic bowl digging into the small of her back while her slightly mussed red hair laid against the cool tiled wall. It hadn't ever felt like that before, and the young heroine found herself relishing the afterglow. And if that was how it felt for everyone, Kim couldn't help but take back the disparaging thoughts she harbored for the girls and their locker room talk.
It took a moment, but Kim did finally remember where she was. And feeling her heart lurch, her breath froze while she listened to the silent echo of the room, praying no one had stepped inside in the midst of her self-indulgent pleasure. Thankfully, as no sound could be heard, Kim allowed herself to go limp in her seat.

Aftershocks of pleasure still lingered in the tips of her toes, and the rest of her lower half seemed to hum in contentment. Idly allowing a lone finger to stroke through her puffy lips, the motions sent the most wonderful of sensations through her hips and up her back. She could have stayed there for hours like that, finally given a moment's peace from everything that seemed to be going wrong in her life. But it wasn't meant to last. And just as quickly as it left, Kim slowly righted herself in the toilet seat, a deep line forming between her furrowed brow.

"You have got to be kidding me!" she exclaimed, as a small but notable tingle still dazzled her lady parts. Even worse, she could feel it growing, apparently not yet sated with the single release. With a pitiable whimper, Kim's mind fought to understand why this was happening all over again. Unfortunately, at that very moment, the sound of the third-period bell rang, signaling a great wave of students that would soon be streaming into the halls.

In a quick panic, Kim stood to redress herself, only to cringe at the sensation of her now cold, damp panties molding to her very much heated core. She didn't have much time to muse on this uncomfortable sensation as she was forced to pull her pants up, grabbing her backpack and make the act of flushing the toilet before exiting the halls and rushing out the door.

Not a second too soon it seemed, as the moment she opened the door to leave, two girls stood on the other side about to enter. Pushing past, Kim glanced back to watch them go inside, only to freeze and curdle their faces in unison. "What is that smell!?" one of them gasped. And that was all Kim could take before she pushed herself into the stream of students, her face burning with shame.

Kim lived in a mix of mortification and need for the rest of the school day. The memory of what she'd done and her scene in the classroom was only numbed a bit by the fact that the ache between her legs managed to keep from turning unmanageable as it had been before she'd allowed herself to indulge in her body. Unfortunately, neither did that mean she was completely free from the oppressive sensations. Instead, she was forced to endure in this purgatory with enough mind to comprehend the full brunt of her actions with the heat and desire that tempted her just enough to not care.

Classes were spent with an edge usually reserved for her most dangerous missions. Like an itch, she couldn't scratch, Kim's arousal pulsated inside her panties as if to make sure her mind couldn't focus on anything else. More than once she would find herself thinking hard on a problem or in the middle of an uncomfortable conversation only to become completely sidetracked by a particularly large pang of need.

In her lap, her hands were pressed almost painfully against her leg to control any adventurous fingers. While she managed to keep any vocal emissions from spouting, she was already more than aware of the rumors her math classmates had managed to spread.

The trips between classes were easily the worst part of the time she had left in the day. More than once had she found a group, boys usually, who would spot her and begin to grin obnoxiously. The sight of their eyes staring at her, Kim could almost see their teenage minds conjuring god knows what with her as the star. It made her stomach curdle. And yet, at the same time, Kim could not deny the sudden flush of heat she would experience. Then, not only was she disgusted with boys, but even more so herself.

It was like they could smell her, like pheromones. Ever since leaving the bathroom, Kim was
horrified to find the musky stench of her arousal hanging around her in a cloud. No matter what she
did, even a fresh blast of the perfume she kept in her locker wasn't enough to clean it from her. By
the end of the day, it was enough to make her dizzy. Which is why she was sure, walking into her
last class of the day, that there was nothing that could make it even worse than it had been.

So, it only made sense that Ron would be the one to prove her wrong.

She didn't even bother greeting her friend as she all but collapse in her desk. He'd made an attempt to
get her attention but had quickly stopped seeing the edge in her gaze. And for a moment, she actually
thought that she would be able to make it through the class relatively unscathed, socially speaking.
She kept her head down, focusing on the test when it was placed in front of her and even managed to
fight her every instinct telling her that it was okay to just brush a finger between her legs or along her
breast. But it wasn't okay, and she'd played that game before.

Temptation was the devil's game, and she knew if she allowed herself even one indulgence, it would
break whatever walls she'd managed to reinforce against her libido. Pride in her ability to stay strong
was evident and only increased as the minutes ticked by and she managed to make some kind of
effort in answering her test sheet. The light at the end of the tunnel was almost within her grasp. She
just needed to last a little longer.

A moment of weakness is what did her in. Huffing to herself, the mental fatigue urged her to close
her eyes for a moment, resting her face in her palm. She was strong, and she knew she could make it.
But cracking her eyes open, Ron's face caught her eye already half turned in her direction – ogling
her body like a mountain of nachos.

Surprise turned to rage as she traced his line of sight to the front of her shirt. In his defense, the
swollen shape of her bust was practically begging for attention with two nubs stubbornly poking
through the material of her bra and tank top. This was, of course, news to Kim who immediately
flushed while struggling to remember how long they had been like that. Suddenly all the looks she'd
been getting throughout the day seemed a lot less paranoid.

Indignation flared like a fire-storm burning away what little thought remained. She openly glared at
her friend who hadn't even noticed he'd been caught, apparently that entranced by the pair boobs
hanging from her chest. He was supposed to be her friend. She was supposed to be able to trust him.
But he couldn't even control himself enough to notice her obviously distressed state?

Normally she tried to spare him the embarrassment of knowing she'd caught him. But this time, she
made no attempt at disguising her intent as she crossed both arms over the soft cushion of her chest.
Surprised by his suddenly obscured view, Ron looked up only to find his friend's eyes piercing his
own with a heated glare. He naturally flinched back, embarrassed at being caught. All Ron could do
was hunker down in his seat in shame.

Kim didn't let up even when he tried to look like a kicked puppy. She needed something to take out
her frustration on, and Ron's never-ending list of shortcomings only made it that much easier to stay
pissed. It was only the page of questions she had yet to answer left on her test that forced Kim to
remember what was important. But by then, her focus was all but shot.

Not really reading the paper, Kim's mind was a race with questions. Had she seriously been walking
around all day looking like she was smuggling raisins in her shirt? Why hadn't anyone said anything?
Why hadn't she noticed sooner? And the most pervasive, why did Ron have to be such a freaking
perv!? Having an answer to none of these, Kim chose to lay her head down on the table, her teeth
merciless as they chewed her lip, muffling a muted grown that sounded dangerously close to a moan.
Kim remained lost in her thoughts, bouncing between a long string of curses followed by Ron's name and the test she still had to finish. As such, she didn't even think to pay attention to her own body, nor her hand which appeared to move of its own volition between her thighs. It was easy to do without any kind of thought. The same way a person would reach up to scratch their nose while reading a book. But the inching motion of her fingers continued between her thighs, steadily growing more and more firm in an attempt to reach through the thick layers.

Being in the back of the class, everyone else was too busy to notice. But Ron, horrified at the thought of his best friend being upset with him, found his anxious expression widening as soon as he peeked to gauge her mood. He expected glares. He expected a temper. He expected a whole host of clues explaining how badly he messed up. Which he'd found; but none of that drew his attention as much as the subtle back and forth motion of her wrist pressed between her thighs.

He knew he was risking it, being caught once was bad enough. And if Kim caught him watching a second time, he knew he would be in big trouble. And yet, as a second finger worked itself to join its brother, the young man found himself entranced, unable to look away. Even if he couldn't see her expression, the lithe curve of her back rose and fell with the even tone of her breath. It almost looked like she was sleep. And then the pace began to pick up, leaving his expression impossibly struck with a dense pressure building in his pants.

With a heavy sigh, Kim's breath increased as a gentle pleasure continued to grow in her pants. Lost in her head, she tortured herself with the memory of her earlier release. She might have called it disgusting at the time, but right then she would have found an empty bathroom a godsend. The thought of her fingers on her sex yet again, drawing the same pleasure as before made her drip with need – a new-found humidity starting to stain the inside of her panties. It wasn't until her fingers pressed deliciously into the seam of her pants, right where her clit was, that she gasped, realizing what she was doing.

Her entire body clenched, green eyes stretched wide inches from her desk. Her posture righted in a moment, red hair dancing around her flushed expression as she sat ramrod straight in her seat. But as she thought to look around for any unwanted attention, her face almost immediately found itself turning to an equally wide-eyed Ron. And watching him watching with what appeared to be a very obvious erection tenting the front of his cargo pants, for the first time Kim understood how it felt to honestly and truly want to die.

In the horrible moments that followed where their eyes connected, each person locked into each other's gaze. The air was thick and hard to breathe. Time seemed to stretch on forever. Which is why, when the bell suddenly rang and broke the spell, Kim immediately stood to blaze outside of the room before her friend had any chance to make the situation even worse and speak.

The ride home was a blur as Kim sped through the streets of her hometown. The only thing that challenged the embarrassment she'd just experienced was arousal she had to fight in the limited privacy of her car. For a moment, she'd actually considered giving in right then and there, hoping that the surrounding parked cars would be enough for just a quick one. But she managed to hold fast, gripping her steering wheel to the point to breaking throughout the entirety of the limited traffic leading out of school grounds.

The idle vibration of the car's engine reverberating through her seat made it hard to think about anything, in fact. Thankfully, the road to school was fairly short and only upon her arrival home did she remove her fingers from the crotch of her pants, the inside of her lips chewed raw by the sheer stress and frustration.

Kim was inside her home and up the stairs to her room as fast as her legs could carry her. Basking in
the privacy and comfortable familiarity of her own space, the teenage girl found herself faced with an entirely new problem as it seemed she could not remove her pants fast enough. Huffing a warm puff of frustrated air, the button eventually broke in her haste, popping free from the material only to be forgotten as the redhead threw herself onto her bed.

Just being free from the confines of her pants was already amazing. In the cool air of her home, Kim shivered, feeling a gentle draft blow against the warm juices trailing down the inside of her thighs. She opened her legs to expose her panty-clad sex which had been reduced to little more than a dark stain the covered the whole of the strip of striped cotton laid against her lips. A look of trepidation on her face lasted only a moment before it was clear she could hold back no longer.

Whatever was wrong with her, whatever was forcing her to act like… like this, Kim would worry about it later. All morning and afternoon she had suffered, toiling over the matter until her mind had become numb with stress. It was amazing how little it takes to break a person. One itch over a long enough period of time and even the strongest mind can crack under the need.

Forgetting her day, forgetting Ron, forgetting everything, Kim's mind shut down as her fingers pressed into the pillowy softness of her sex. And without regard for her or her family, Kim's voice could not be contained any longer as she moaned, a long and drawn out symphony of need and lust just waiting to devour her.

Kim's fingers pushed in and out of her silken walls at a speed one might worry. Even the sound of it, wet flesh moistening even further than it already was, bounced throughout the once so innocent room. And too lost in her own lust, Kim could not even hear it. Nor her moans, or even the little voice in her head yelling, 'What the hell is happening to me!?'

Instead, all she could focus on was the soft, wet sensation of her own insides wrapping around her exploring fingers as though they would never let them go again.

Starting with just one finger inside her virginal opening, the lack of sensation forced Kim to quickly upgrade to a second. The initial burn of feeling herself stretch to accommodate was forgotten in the pleasure that forced the small of her back to arch off the mattress. Feeling especially adventurous, Kim's gasping breath paused as she took a moment to force the two digits as deeply into her body as her biology would allow. The result? A fluttering breath escaping in a single rush as she laid back and savored the sensation of her inner muscles slipping past the length of her fingers.

In the back of her mind, Kim couldn't help but still find herself unsatisfied by the means she was given to tend to her own hormones. Her fingers were soft, tiny, feminine, and even if she didn't rationally comprehend how she was lacking, all she understood was the frustration. That what she was doing wasn't enough. That it wouldn't scratch the itch that had been bothering her for the last four hours. And that what she really wanted was considerably… bigger than what she had available.

Her imagination started to fill in the gaps telling her what she wanted as images of boys started to rise to the surface. Some she knew from school, be them crushes or just particularly attractive specimens. Others were celebrities, people she would never hope to meet but still had managed to draw her eyes for one reason or another.

Suddenly she could feel something inside of her shirt, the heat in her belly growing eager. Her fingers reacted accordingly, spearing deeper into the tight hole of struggling muscles. The following pleasure quickly eliminated any hesitation.

It wasn't like she wasn't interested in boys. She was like any other girl her age. It was just, after three long years of struggling to balance relationships and feelings and everything else in her life, dating had quickly fallen in her list of priorities. She'd just accepted that the time for that kind of thing
would have to wait. Her body was very clearly stating its opinion on the matter.

She found herself imagining a boy in the bed with her then. That it was his fingers pressing into her sex, longer and thicker than her own. She imagined how it would feel to enjoy their sturdy frame against hers. And, eventually, she even imagined that sturdy frame laying on top of her and how it would feel when they pressed inside her body. Her fingers were a poor imitation, but the idea alone seemed to be enough for her body to scream in approval sending her over the edge she'd been chasing from the moment she walked through the door.

A warm tingle spread throughout her hips as her lower body openly rolled against her fingers. This was different from the pleasure she'd experienced in the bathroom. She could feel it, a wave of sensations tightening, tightening, and continuing to tighten until she was sure she would break. Until finally something inside of her snapped, and a long moan filled the air.

Lightning like energy danced across her now sweat sodden flesh. It radiated from the base of her spine and seemed to spread throughout her entire body. And yet, through all of this, her hands kept working, in fact seeming even faster in an attempt to prolong the aching pleasure for even a moment longer.

She didn't know who she was anymore. She wasn't Kim; she never thought she would act this way. And yet even the thought of stopping was almost enough to cause physical pain in her sexually starved frame. Finally, she was allowed a moment to rest, the whole of her body falling back onto the bed like the boneless sack of meat she was.

Kim was dazed as she stared up at her ceiling, eyes unfocused as she relished in the pleasant ache that permeated her figure. Her lungs actually burned as she panted for breath, a feat not easily achieved. The pleasure. The exhaustion. The… the peace. God, she couldn't remember the last time she felt this relaxed. It was a sensation Kim had never felt before, and before she was even aware of her thoughts, she found that she was already looking forward to doing it again.

Her skin was already flushed, but she still managed to find enough warm blood to noticeably darken her round face. Kim chastised herself for already planning to do… this again, and so soon after the first time. Honestly, what was wrong with her? She didn't have time to waste rolling around with herself in bed. She had homework, tests to make up for, grades to keep up. But, rolling her nipple between her fingers, Kim found the stressful reminders rolling off her back in a way she'd never been able to.

It was just so easy to want to forget about everything but how she was feeling at that moment. She felt drunk and high and happy enough to smile as she stretched along her bed, a gentle sigh blowing from her nose. She would fix all of that later. Definitely. At the moment, however, she could already feel a stirring in her crotch that once again demanded she continue her not so gentle ministrations and she was helpless but to oblige.

She was so… tried. All Kim wanted was to fall asleep and drift away into the wonderment of her first real orgasm. But with her breast in one hand, and the other still buried in the sopping mess that was her sex, Kim could only groan before gearing up for round two. All the while completely oblivious to her cracked door, open just enough for a single blue eye to peer inside and watch its plan unfold.

OoOoOoO

Awoken by a sharp bang, Kim's eyes blinked only to find her mother inside her room standing beside a now open window. Not quite awake, Kim stretched her limbs, groaning in the wonderful sensation it brought. It was only as her arms settled back onto her stomach, feeling the stringy texture
of a towel, that Kim looked down to see the single barrier between her naked body and the person
she called, Mom.

Immediately, the fog that had settled in Kim's mind lifted as she gasped, grasping the blue towel to
her chest as she scrambled to cover herself. Memories of what she'd been doing before she dozed off
and what her Mom must have walked in on flashed like the most horrifying vision. "MOM!" she
exclaimed, her face burning with disbelief. "G-Get out! What are you doing!?

Appearing truly shocked by her daughter's outburst, Ann Possible didn't even blink at her daughter's
state of undress. Instead, she continued to act as if everything were normal, even offering her child a
small smile. "Your fathers on his way home from work with the boys. I heard you were having a bit
of alone time when you got home, and I just thought you'd prefer to… give the room a little air
before they get back." And as if Kim wasn't embarrassed enough, Ann had the decency to cover her
mouth as she took a breath, the scent of her daughter's vagina still heavy in the air.

Feeling her heart stop, Kim stared at her mother mortified beyond belief. "Heard?" Kim squeaked,
her voice shrinking as her eyes grew. "Were you home?!" And already Kim just imagine it as her
Mom sat in the living room, listening as her daughter fingered herself into oblivion because her
stupid body decided to go haywire.

"I had a half day," Ann conceded, her smile as cheerful as ever. "You knew that, right?" and seeing
her daughter's expression of devastation, followed by her dropping her head into her hands, Ann had
to understand that no, no she had not. Oh well.

"Oh Kim," Ann chastised. "It's nothing to be embarrassed about! It's perfectly natural for a woman's
body in your age group to feel spikes in arousal. It just means you're healthy." Kim's embarrassment
increased, horrified that this conversation was still happening. That said, hearing that her… condition
wasn't some horrible disease did manage to pierce her clenched expression.

"Really?" she asked with a bit of hope. Her mother was a doctor after all. And if she said it was
natural… But, Kim didn't see any other the other girls creaming themselves in the middle of a school
day!

"Of course! I would be more worried if you didn't masturbate. God knows you're not taking care of
that any other way. And letting all that sexual energy build up, it's very unhealthy. Not to mention
the effects it can have on your hormones."

Perking up, if only slightly, Kim gave a small sigh of relief at finally understanding everything that
had been happening to her. The sudden arousal, the exhaustion, her boobs, for a moment she had
begun to worry that something was really wrong with her. But nope. Turns out all she needed was a
good finger and an afternoon. They certainly never explained that in health class.

With a glance down, Kim jumped as she had actually forgotten she was still naked. And doctor or
not, it was still SUPER awkward with her mother just… standing there. In a fit of desperation, she
 glanced around her room looking for the sparsest glance of panties she might salvage. Unfortunately,
 added to the kindness of covering her daughter's passed out nude body and airing out the sex-scented
 room, Ann seemed to have taken it upon herself to gather and wash her musk laded clothes and
 underwear as well.

Griping aside, Kim really did have to thank her mother for opening the window. As the fresh air
 poured in, she could smell less and less of herself as it emptied out into the night. The scent of it was
 more than overpowering in the small box of her room. Even now, it swirled around her, filling her
 lungs and her head. She could practically taste it.
And the thought that her mother had walked into the thick of it, breathing the full brunt of her arousal was worse than anything Kim could imagine.

Unbelievably, as Kim mulled over the horrors of her night, the sensation of her sex, tingling with newfound desire, forced her to stop and blink in utter disbelief. And to make matters worse, after sending a self-conscience glance at her mother, Ann seemed to understand almost immediately, reading her daughter's body language like a book.

Offering the teen an understanding smile, Ann swallowed before moving closer to the bed and sitting down – much to her daughter's disbelief. With moistening loins, Kim's discomfort level tripled into the thousands as her mother's hand fell onto her towel covered thigh, giving it a soft pat.

"Well, I shouldn't keep you. It seems you need a bit of privacy." Ann couldn't help but give a small smile. "Just one last thing before I go."

Reaching below her daughter's bed, Ann pulled free the little present she had acquired in her daughter's slumber. After a bit of searching, her fingers finally grasped the long cylinder before pulling it into view.

Kim's jaw dropped.

Held in her mother's hand was a medium sized vibrator about six inches in length. Before she could even begin to release the freak out that was going on in her head, Kim was helpless but to accept the offered item as Ann dropped in her hand, still acting like nothing was wrong. Even though Kim knew this had to be at least a little strange!

"Oh, don't look at me like that," Ann chastised, registering Kim's incredulous expression. "Honestly, I should have gotten you one years ago." Moving a little closer on the bed, Ann tried not to let her eyes linger on Kim's exposed flesh. Although, it seemed she couldn't help at least one glance at the exposed collarbone and the plump cleavage just below. Swallowing against her oddly dry throat, the mother forced her eyes back to Kim's face and smiled soothingly. Her daughter really was a young woman.

"Kim, I know it's embarrassing. But it's my job as your mother to make sure you have everything you need to stay healthy and happy. And trust me, this," she ran her finger down the pleasurable electronic, "will make you happy. I know I ran through my share of batteries when I was your age."

And in response to her mother's words, Kim's expression froze, the reality of what she was talking about seeping into her mind. Clearly, her mother had suffered some sort of brain damage because this was nowhere near the touching mother-daughter talk she obviously thought they were having.

Ew!

"But, hey," Ann relented as she stood up from the bed. "If it makes you that uncomfortable, you don't have to use it. In fact, if you want, you can just throw it in the back of your closet and forget about this whole conversation."

Falling silent, Ann stood at the edge of Kim's bed and watched her daughter squirm uncomfortably. Whether that was due to what she was holding, or the growing dampness of her crotch, Ann couldn't be sure. But regardless, she knew she should give Kimmie her privacy.

Walking towards the door, the mother of three was about to leave, only to stop at the sound of her daughter's voice.

"Mom," she called, a surge of red coloring her cheeks. Staring down at the object in her hands, her
expression remained begrudging. Never the less, Kim had to admit her mother had been a lot cooler about this than she had ever imagined. Horribly nonchalant and awkward, but still cool. The least she could do was tell her so. "Thanks," she finally worked up the courage, her face darkening even further as her fingers explored the phallus-like object in her hands.

Ann simply smiled, a soft, gentle smile that only a mother's love could express. "Of course, sweetie. I'd do anything in the world to make you happy." And seeing her daughter look up, a soft smile curling at the edge of her lips, Ann's heart swelled with the knowledge of things to come. "I left a glass of milk by your bed if you want it," she continued after a time. And stepping out of her daughter's room, Ann couldn't help it as she ducked her head back in, a cheeky grin gracing her features. "Something tells me you worked up quite a thirst." And much to her amusement, Ann couldn't help but chuckle at the 'kill me now' expression that consumed Kim's entire being.

Closing the door behind her, Ann rested her back against the frame. In the silence that followed, she closed her eyes focusing on the sounds she could make out from the other side. It was quiet for the most part, with a few small sounds of ruffled fabric and squeaky springs. And as the lack of activity continued, a spark of worry started in the older woman's clear blue eyes. But she shouldn't have bothered as soon as the soft sound of vibration started to buzz from the other side.

Ghosting down the stairs as to not make any noise, Ann hummed softly to herself. She knew what her Kimmie was going through. Those pills had quite the side effects, after all. When she had been the one taking them, poor James had a limp after she had been through with him. She could only hope that her daughter's new toy would be enough to keep her satisfied until the next phase of what was to come.

Part of her was hoping that she wouldn't need any more meddling and that the heightened arousal in addition to her daughter's misconception of her supposed protection would be enough for a pregnancy to happen on its own. It would be so much easier for everyone if she took some boy home to take care of her needs. But the more rational aspect of her personality recognized that just wasn't her daughter. No, it looked like it was time to start getting ready to find her first grandchild's daddy. Thankfully, she had just the young man in mind.

Ann was still humming a pleasant tune as she mused on this – standing in front of the stove and mixing a pot of noodles. Clearly, her position hadn't changed in the time since she started this little crusade. And if anything, she found herself even more eager to see the culmination of her machinations come to fruition. The only thing that did give her pause was an oddly pleasant heat swelling between her legs in addition to her normally pleasant glow.

Ann blinked at the unexpected arousal, thinking herself too old for the sporadic passion she'd enjoyed in her youth. Though, to be honest, she'd gotten the same reaction watching her daughter through the door earlier that day. She'd been too busy at the time to explore or even consider the pleasant tingles, driving to the nearest sex store for her daughter's gift. But as she looked at the oven and saw she still had another forty minutes before the timer went off, a pleasant smile lifted her mature features as she recalled a little toy hidden in the back of her own dresser.

Letting the noodles in the pan simmer, Ann's heels clicked along the linoleum floor of her kitchen as she moved for her and James' room. And just before closing the door, Ann reminded herself to be sure to pick up some batteries later. Something told her they were going to be running short very soon.

A/N: a big thank you once again to everyone who took the time to leave a comment/review.
And even those of you that left a review, deleted said review, only to leave yet another review and repeat the process the next day. Haha, looking at you Alibi. Just letting you know I enjoyed each and every one of them. Hope to hear from you again, as well as the rest of you.

Next Chapter: August 28th
Chapter 3

A/N: Time for another update. Seems like everyone is still enjoying themselves so a big thank you to everyone who took the time to review and comment on the last two chapters. This week we finally get a look into Ron’s part to play in this little scheme Ann has going on. Hopefully, a few of you will enjoy what this chapter brings to the story. Be sure to let me know what you thought after you’ve finished reading. Considering how old this fandom is I am continuously blown away by the amount of people who still care enough to read and give feedback. I’ll look forward to hearing what you have to say.

Chapter 3

Girl(s): Kim/Ann

Tag(s): Handjob, Cum Eating.

Words: 8006

Editor: Mr. G

Bright and early in the next morning, Ann possible could be found preparing her family’s breakfast, flipping pancakes and stirring eggs. Already her loving husband was at the table, his morning paper in hand and reading it with a peaceful expression. It was the perfect scene of a peaceful morning shared between husband and wife. But they were also father and mother, which is why when their two youngest twin boys came racing into the room, pushing and shoving the entire way, neither was surprised when the gentle atmosphere was shattered and replaced with a much more familiar but appreciated excitement.

A sigh fluttered from the Possible patriarch as he dropped his paper to give his sons an admonished stare. Catching the warning, both young men quieted before sitting themselves down in their usual seats. A little roughhousing between boys wasn’t all that strange, but it was time for breakfast. And seeing the food their mom put in front of them, whatever disagreement or dare that had sparked the fight was quickly forgotten.

Smiling to himself, the father of three took a small drag of his coffee mug, proud of seeing his family. But only seeing two of his three children, a quick glance at his watch sparked a concerned glance upstairs.

“Honey, Kimmie cub is going to be late if she doesn’t hurry,” he remarked. His wife didn’t seem nearly as worried about their oldest as she poured the food onto plates, discreetly giving Kim a slightly larger portion. She would need it.

If the deep panting and buzzing sound were anything to go by, Kim was most certainly taking care of something. Twice, by the sound of things. But James didn’t need to hear that.

Placing his plate in front of her husband, Ann carried a fond smile as she ran her hand through his
brown hair. He cared about his children so much. It was one of the things she loved most about him. Many times over the past weeks, she had thought about how all that was happening would affect him. And ultimately, Ann wasn’t too worried. Sure, finding out his little girl is pregnant will be a shock, but when he sees her in the hospital holding her newborn baby in her arms, Ann knew her husband would be putty.

Giving a soft chuckle, the redhead woman placed a soft kiss on the top of his head before returning to the stove. Kim took this moment to make her appearance, walking down the stairs with a bright and healthy glow alight in her cheeks.

Muttering a soft hello to her family, Kim gave her mother a shy glance before settling down at the table, an unusual awkwardness firm in her demeanor. Thankfully, none of the rest of her family seemed to pick up on this as her plate was set before her and an uneventful meal began to start the morning. A quiet and peaceful mood that would continue right up until a certain blond-haired young man decided to pay his favorite family a visit.

The family looked up hearing a rapid knock on the home’s side door. Years of just making himself welcome and inviting himself inside whenever he liked meant he didn’t bother waiting for anyone to get up and opened the door on his own. No one even blinked seeing the familiar freckled face suddenly appear. “Hola, Possible family! Kim, you ready-?” he stopped short, making an exaggerated effort to sniff the air. His expression shifted to something more bashful before he continued, “Er, are those pancakes I smell?

So cheerful, even this early in the morning, it was hard not to return the boy’s wide smile. Unfortunately, as Ann glanced at her husband she could see his disapproving face curl from the inside of his newspaper.

With a sigh, Ann knew James wasn’t quite as fond of Ron as the rest of the family. In his eyes, the young man was simply an ignorant clown, undeserving of his daughter’s friendship. He kept this to himself, however, more than aware that he alone held this opinion. Standing up, Ann was more than happy to see the young man on this day, greeting him with her own warm smile.

“Ronald,” she touched his arm affectionately. “would you like me to fix you a plate?” And not one to hold back, Ron made no effort to hide his enthusiasm as he nodded his head, already gearing for what would be his second breakfast of the day.

“Bottomless pit,” Ann heard James grumble into his paper, that just being one of his many, many endearing nicknames for the young lad.

For a moment, Ann thought Ron had heard the older man as she watched his expression fall ever so slightly. Raising an eyebrow, Ann followed his eyes to Kim instead. Suddenly, it was impossible not to notice the two seemed distinctly uncomfortable. And if the way Kim stubbornly refused to look at her best friend was any clue, it was clear something was going on between the two. Exactly what, she couldn’t say. But given the events of the other day, it wasn’t impossible to put the pieces together.

Whatever it was, Ann was willing to bet a pretty penny it had something to do with the thick sweater her daughter had chosen to wear that morning.

“We should go too, Ron,” Kim spent the entire breakfast focused on her meal. It was only when her dad and brothers left, and they were running late that she finally acknowledged his existence. Appearing almost too afraid to hope, even this small a gesture was enough to restore his signature grin.
Choosing to show up like nothing was wrong had been a gamble, and part of him had half expected to be turned away at the door. But seeing the olive branch for what it was, however begrudging, Ron just nodded his head, all too eager to pretend the other day hadn’t ever happened.

Ann watched the two stand up, Ron scrambling as he offered to carry Kim’s bag. Nursing a now lukewarm mug of coffee, she had been waiting for the two to get going. But she needed just one thing before they left.

“Hold on you two,” Ann called out. Turning his attention from one redhead to the other, both young adults turned as she approached the pair, eyes trained on the young man. “Ronald, I was hoping that I could ask you for a favor.” The mother smiled at them both.

“Sure thing Mrs. P,” he grinned. “whatcha’ need?”

One thing Ann always loved about Ron, he was always so ready to please. As soon as he heard her, his expression beamed at the chance to return any of the kindness the Possible family had shown him over the years. A fact that Ann was dearly counting on.

Rather than answer right away, the older woman surprised the two when she glanced at her daughter. Gesturing with her head away from the other woman, her smile was playful and secretive, the kind of teasing delight a parent might carry when they knew of some surprise they couldn’t yet disclose. Ron hesitated for a moment but ultimately couldn’t find a reason not to obey before allowing his friend’s mother to lead him across the room.

The secretive tone continued when Ann pressed her shoulder to Ron’s, angling them until they both faced away from her daughter. This had the added effect of allowing Ron to breathe in the older woman’s perfume and feel her breath on his face as she murmured against his stiff expression.

“Ronald, dear, you don’t have anything planned after school, do you?” He shook his head, still openly confused. But Ann’s answering grin was enough to help him ease against her smaller frame.

“Wonderful,” she breathed, seeming genuinely pleased. “you see, I was hoping you wouldn’t mind coming by to help me with a little something. Kim should have cheerleading and its very important we finish before she comes home.”

Still awkward, Ron visibly fidgeted, shifting from foot to foot before answering. “Um, yea! For sure. But, ah, what do you need me to do?”

Already dangerously close to the older Possible, Ron did his best to avoid looking at her face, lest he finds himself… distracted. But feeling his eyebrows draw up, he made the mistake of glancing towards her blue eyes, only to freeze at the sight of a small dusting of red color flush her cheeks. Suddenly, his own face was burning under his freckled complexion. If Ann noticed, she chose not to comment, and the next thing he noticed, her lips were dangerously close to the sensitive lobe of his ear sending goose bumps up his spine as soon as her warm breath broke across the side of his face.

“It’s a surprise,” she whispered in a tone that did sinful things to Ron’s virgin sensibilities. “For my daughter. And since you and she are such good friends, I know you’re the perfect person to help. You can do that for me, can’t you?”

When she pulled away, Ron’s cheeks were the color of rubies. It took visible effort not to laugh out loud. Thankfully, befuddled as he was, Ron still retained enough of his motor skills to nod his head and stutter out, “Yes.”

“Thanks so much,” she responded cheerfully. They were still close enough to whisper, but Ann had
mercifully put enough space between them that he could think clearly again. “You won’t mind keeping this a secret, will you? At least for now?” Again, he nodded his head. And Ann rewarded him with a smile that was dazzling all on its own. But she wasn’t a cruel woman and having gotten what she wanted, she decided it was time to return the boy to her daughter’s side.

Of course, throughout all of this, the young woman watched her mom and friend like they were crazy. Moving towards the sink to start on dishes, Ron walked back to Kim to get headed towards school. They didn’t even make it to the door before Ann overheard her daughter question, “what was that about?” But true to his word, Ron remained silent. Blushing, ever so slightly, but otherwise quiet, much to Kim’s annoyance. The last thing the mother heard was the sound of Kim’s hot sigh before the door slammed behind them.

Watching the two children leave, Ann gave a peaceful sigh before glancing at her watch. She needed to get busy herself if she wanted to be home in time to make her new appointment. From her schedule, she had two biopsies and a hemorrhage on her plate for the day. Tedious, but not time-consuming. With any luck, she would be finished with enough time to get ready.

True to her assumption, time in the operating room would fly allowing her to blow through her appointments. By the time she was finished, clocked out, and rolling up her driveway it was hardly afternoon – allowing an extra two hours before she could expect Ron to bumble through the front door.

A quick hop in the shower and Ann went to work applying her special shampoo and skin softening creams she kept hidden away for special occasions. Already shockingly young for her age, she knew these things would give her skin and hair a glowing sheen. When she finally arose from the steamy room and caught her reflection in the mirror, she couldn’t help but pause and admire the extra effort. With any luck, James would be home later that night and she’d be able to surprise him. Two birds with one stone.

A smile lifted her features as she mused on the thought. For whatever reason, her and her husband’s bedroom activities had picked up as of late. Mostly in part to her initiative, though he certainly hadn’t been complaining. Which only made herself smile.

She was proud to know she could still be called desirable, even after three children and more years than most women were comfortable to admit. Even stark naked and stood in front of her reflection, Ann could admire her body and say that she was still one hot momma. Her breasts might not rest as high as they once had, and her hips were certainly wider, but both remained shapely and suppled. Seeing Ron’s reaction that morning had certainly been an ego boost.

She gave her reflection one last wink before moving onto cosmetics. She spent the next twenty minutes applying all that she knew to enhance her already dazzling features.

Deep smoky color dusting her eyes made their bright blue color even more startling. Mascara was next flipping her long lashes in a way that made men swoon. And to top it off, Ann’s blue orbs twinkled as she twisted a stick of bright passionate red lipstick free from its tube and onto her full lips. It was only when she was finished that she inspected herself. The woman that stared back at her looked more ready for a night on the town than a simple conversation. But she recognized she needed every weapon she could utilize for the next step of her plan.

A nervous flutter caused her flat stomach to heave in the weight of the uncertainty that awaited her. A deep breath later and Ann forced herself into her room, underwear and clothing were strewn in all direction.

In all her planning, in all the time and expenses she had put into the crafting of her daughter’s future,
there had always consisted to be one thing that remained unaccountable. A random element that couldn’t be arranged beforehand. A wild card. Unfortunately, this one thing just happened to play the largest part in making her grandchild’s life a reality.

Ronald.

From the very beginning, she already knew who she wanted to be the father to her daughter’s child. While not the most desirable sort of young man, Ann knew from personal experience that the unassuming and boring type of guy most woman saw as teenagers made the best husbands and fathers as adults. Unfortunately, most girls were too obsessed with looks and popularity at that age to ever give them the light of day. But Ann knew better. Ann could see how devoted he was to her daughter even without ever dating her. And Ann knew there wouldn’t ever be anyone who loved Kim more.

She had no way of knowing how he would react to what she was about to reveal to him. In the back of her mind, she wasn’t too worried as she knew the mind of a teenage boy was more than malleable when it came to the opposite sex. But even so, one bad reaction or guilty conscious was all it took to send everything she had worked for up in flames.

Ann chose a simple, albeit tight fitting blouse and left the first two buttons undone. The two halves opened just between the shape of her breasts allowing a healthy shelf of cleavage to show through. Perhaps a little obvious, but she knew she would have to be as ‘convincing’ in her pitch as she could.

Without a bra, Ann’s mature breast pressed against the thin fabric of her top in a way she knew Ron would notice. Glancing down, it was impossible not to see the outline of her nipples clearly through the cream color. And even better, as Ann failed to properly dry herself after her shower, spots of dampness turned the material nearly translucent against her flesh.

Licking her red lips, Ann gave a hum of excitement already seeing the poor boy’s expression. But oh well…

Looking back at the pile of clothes, Ann decided forgoing any underwear might be just a tad too much for the boy. And so, to give Ron even a speck of hope, Ann gathered and shimmied a pair of lacy white bridal cut panties up her legs and around her curvaceous hips. To complete her attire, she fished a nice pair of jeans that hugged her body just so, making each and every curve of her mature body as clear as day.

Admiring herself once again in the mirror, Ann couldn’t help feeling a small tingle flush her sex. Suffice to say, she looked, well, like a tramp. But that wasn’t necessarily a bad thing. Before she could be too caught up in the moment, the sound of the doorbell ringing broke her from her reverie as she turned her attention to the next piece of her ever developing plan.

Hurrying to the front door, Ann retreated into the kitchen and called out, “the doors open, Ron. I’m in the kitchen. Just come on in!” The sound of the door opening echoed not a moment later, followed by a slightly nervous Ron. “Thanks again for dropping by,” she added, still making sure to remain hidden from sight. Ron was such a frightful young man. Ann needed to make sure he was comfortable before she could do anything that might scare him off.

Giving a great big smile, Ron closed the door behind him. “No problemo, Mrs. P. Happy to help. Just tell me what you need and I’m your guy.” Then, rubbing his hands together to show his eagerness, Ron paused, a look of confusion overtaking his features. “But, ah, I actually don’t know what we’re doing today?”

“Kim, remember? But we’ll get to that in a second. I’m just finishing some last-minute dishes, but
why don’t you have a seat? I left some snacks in the living room.” And just as Ann had anticipated, no sooner were the words out of her mouth than a loud whoop sounded from the other room; followed by the sound of footsteps hurrying off. With this, Ann made one last adjustment to her shirt, maximizing the amount of cleavage teasing from her open collar before heading towards the living room.

The sight that greeted her was not one of surprise. Just as she expected, Ron had already taken liberty with the tray she had left out, devouring half of the cookies and brownies. Ann’s smile only grew. If there was one thing men seemed to appreciate more than a pretty woman, it was a full stomach.

Ann purposefully made herself comfortable, sliding primly down onto the seat next to her daughter’s friend. She didn’t make the situation quite as awkward as that morning, but she remained close enough that their knees comfortably brushed against the other. Ron, however, remained completely oblivious to the presence next to him in favor of stuffing even more cookies into his face. It was only when Ann cleared her throat that the young man finally looked up from his plate, only to freeze as soon as his brain registered her appearance. Consequently, this forced his jaw to actually drop along with the current mouthful of food he had been about to swallow.

Cringing slightly at the glob of food falling onto the floor, Ann kept her expression light and pleasant as she pretended not to notice the boy young enough to be her son ogle her with little to no discretion. Honestly, the only way he could have been more obvious is if he actually pointed out her open shirt. With a small roll of her eyes, Ann eventually had to reach out to lift his jaw back into place.

“Ron?” she asked gently. Finally, his eyes snapped back up to hers, followed by an audible gulp. “Now, I was really hoping we could have a word about Kimmie.”

“Kim?” Ron asked in a slightly dazed voice. His cheeks burned vermilion as he attempted to look anywhere but his best friend’s mother. Unfortunately for him, Ann answered this action by scooching herself even closer, pressing them hip to hip.

“That’s right, Kim.” Ann agreed, smiling at the boy as he dared a nervous peek out of the corner of his eyes.

“S-Sure,” he stammered nervously. “Um, whatcha’ need to know?” It was only then that Ron realized how strange it was that Kim’s own mother was asking him for advice about her daughter.

With a deep sigh, Ann folded her hands in her lap - her expression turning tender. “Ron, I’ve seen how you look at my daughter.” The young man took this admission with all the grace of a punch to the stomach. Ann had to pinch her lips in amusement at the wide-eyed, almost afraid expression her words had inspired. “And,” she spoke before he had the chance to run away, “I just want you to understand that nothing would make me happier than to see you and Kim together.”

Whatever excuse or apology Ron had prepared to vomit in response to Ann’s first sentence was completely dashed upon hearing her continue. He even managed to forget about her… outfit, at least for that moment. “Really?” he asked in a voice Ann thankfully understood as hope. This offered her the chance to nod her head, before putting a sympathetic hand on his own.

“Of course, Ron,” she confirmed. And giving a small smile, Ann waited a few moments before she allowed her features to fall into a look of disappointment. “That’s why I wanted you know I feel why it’s just too bad…” and letting that hang in the air, Ann let out a saddened sigh.

“What’s too bad?” Ron asked, immediately taking the bait.
“Oh, you know,” Ann continued, somber. Waiting to look at his confused expression, Ann matched it with a small gasp of surprise. “You mean Kim hasn’t told you?” And upon seeing him shake his head in confirmation, Ann made a show to appear regretful as she squeezed his hand.

“Ron,” Ann spoke gently. “G.J.’s accepted Kim to join after she graduates high school. In a few months, she’s going to be gone for… well, who knows how long.” And appearing saddened by the thought, Ann took a deep breath before giving his hand a small pat.

“Wow… G.J.” was all Ron could mutter, the reality that he was losing Kim crushing any spirit he had to put into the mumbled words. “She… must be so excited.” Dropping his head, it was clear that Ron was anything but. “I can’t believe she didn’t tell me.”

“Oh, she thinks she is,” Ann sighed, disapproval clear in her features. “But I’m afraid I just can’t help but feel it’s wrong somehow.” Ron managed to look surprised by the admission.

“You… think she’s making a mistake?” he asked. he tried to hide it, but Ann could still pick up on the small twinge of optimism dusting his tone. Not one to ignore an opportunity, Ann made no hesitation on playing off of his emotions.

“Of course! A spy is no proper life for a young woman. I mean, what about college? What about marriage? What about children.” Accidentally putting an emphasis on children, Ann had to pull it back for a moment with a cough. Thankfully, Ron was too busy nodding his head in agreement to notice. “I just mean that she’s going to be missing out on so much. Who even knows if she will be happy?”

Letting that sink into to Ron’s brain, Ann stayed silent waiting for him to respond. Thankfully, the teen boy did not disappoint. “Well… should we try and talk to her?” And hearing him include ‘we’, Ann couldn’t suppress the deep feeling of satisfaction she was feeling in that moment.

Ann shook her head before leaning close to the boy, pressing their arms against each other. “Oh, I’ve tried. But you know how stubborn that girl can be. And, Well… I had one idea, but-. No, I couldn’t. It’s too crazy.” And just like she expected, at the smallest possibility of hope, Ron jumped like he’d been trained.

“Wait! What is it? I mean, it might be worth a shot, right?” And as Ann looked into his big brown eyes staring back at her with what she could only describe as pure trust, the mother of three actually felt her heart jump in her chest.

Taking a shuddering breath, Ann’s expression strained in its attempt to look neutral. Keeping one eye on Ron’s features, the redhead searched for any reactions she could read. “Ron?” she asked, creeping her fingers from his hand to his thigh. Glancing down, Ron made no move to push her away as he turned back to her gaze, a small flash of caution being his only response. “What… would you do for Kim? How far would you go?

Blinking for a moment, his face turned serious as he answered without hesitation. “Anything.” Pleased by his answer, Ann graced the poor boy with the smallest of smiles.

“Do you mean that, Ron? And don’t answer right away. Would you do anything for Kim? Even if it upset her for a little bit? Even if it made her hate you?” At this question, Ron’s features curled in worry. Feeling his breath start to build, his eyes flickered in indecision.

“W-Why would she hate me?” he asked in a pained voice.
“That’s not what I’m asking, Ronald,” Ann responded, her voice eerily calm in the stuffy atmosphere. “What I want to know is, if my daughter is about to make a mistake, would you do anything to stop her, even if it made her angry?” And staring into Ann’s emotionless mask, Ron finally began to feel the oppressive, overwhelming air of the room.

Swallowing nervously, Ron’s eyes stared into Ann’s features as if they might hold the answer. After what felt like an eternity to them both, Ron nodded his head – slowly at first but quick to increase in speed as his resolve hardened. And much to Ron’s relief, Ann’s face broke into a wide, joyful smile. This is when he felt her hand slip to the inner surface of his thigh, and face come confusingly close to his own.

“I can’t tell you how happy I am to hear that Ron,” And Ron nearly jumped out of his skin at the sensation of her hand suddenly rubbing up and down his leg without warning.

Before he could voice what was going on in his head, Ann was quick to speak, her face still hovering mere inches from his own. “Ron? Let me ask, do you think Kim is… attractive?” she asked without mercy. And this showed on Ron’s face as his eyes widened dramatically.

“What-?” he exclaimed in response, becoming increasingly uncomfortable and aroused by the second. It was right about then that he suddenly remembered the surplus of exposed flesh peeking from his best friend’s mother’s blouse. Not surprisingly, this did nothing to help his thoughts flow any smoother. In a flash of panic, all he could do was hope the sudden hardening underneath his pants didn’t grow long enough to greet her gentle petting.

“My daughter,” she repeated herself. “Do you like her body?”

Swallowing audibly, Ron had to blink to try and process what he had just been asked. Unfortunately, the growing wood in his pants, as well as his inability to look away from her chest left his ability to filter his words less than functioning. “Sometimes!” he admitted in a panic, a bead of sweat trickle down his neck.

“Well,” Ann drew out, swallowing the final distance between her chest and his arms, mushing them into the thin appendage, “would you like to have sex with her?” Growing a coy grin, Ann couldn’t help but giggle at sudden jump her question had inflicted.

“What!” Ron gasped as he seriously questioned his own sanity. This had to be a dream, after all. There was no way Ann Possible was actually asking these things. But mustering the courage to look up from her chest and into her patient features, a tight fist closed around his stomach as he realized this was, in fact, reality. Blinking incredulously, Ron gave a nervous laugh before shutting up completely. “There’s no way Kim would go for a guy like me.”

Ann let out a modest chuckle before she moved her hand to brush aside a few strands of hair – giving the boy a knowing smile. “You just leave that to me. But this isn’t about what Kim wants, this is about what you want. So, let me ask again, do you want to have sex with Kimmie?” and waiting for a reply, Ann watched Ron stare up at her completely lost.

Suddenly, Ron’s throat felt very dry as he actually tried to picture him… being with Kim. He always thought she was beautiful, always. And even the slightest possibility that he could actually make it happen left his crotch ridged in the confining tent of his pants. Finally, unable to deny his greatest wish, Ron met Ann’s eyes and nodded.

“Do you want to take care of her?” Ann asked without missing a beat. And again, Ron nodded his head.
“Yes,” he spoke, his voice high and small.

“For the rest of her life and yours?” Giving him this question, Ann’s features darkened considerably. “I can’t give my only daughter to a boy who’s just looking for a one-night stand, Ronald. Are you prepared to be with her forever?” Despite meaning for her words to sound imposing, to Ron’s ears, it sounded heavenly. The rest of his life with his best friend? With the most beautiful girl on the planet? What the hell kind of question was that? Regardless, he nodded his head furiously as though he couldn’t answer fast enough.

Taking a deep breath, Ann’s pupils looked to dilate as she stared deep into the expression of the boy before her. Both of them were breathing deeply. Ann’s free hand rose to caress the surface of Ron’s face in a gentle and tender action. All before she angled her head low to meet his ear.

“Then Ron,” she whispered, the sensation of her breath on his ear sending chills of delight up his spine. “Please help me force my daughter to get pregnant.” And the following silence would consume the entire home until not even the air dared to stir.

Still caressing the other side of his face, after a few tense moments Ann pulled back enough to gauge his expression. Unfortunately for her, upon seeing it a wave of panic flooded her entire system.

Eyes wide, Ron’s mouth remained open in shock as his entire body seized in one completely tense figure. Ann had no idea how things could turn out. But she’d known that even before approaching the young man. Lucky for her, she’d already come up with a few… contingency plans just in case she needed to ply him a bit. Unwilling to let everything she had worked for disappear, Ann’s hand completed the short journey from his thigh to his crotch, cupping the delicate bulge in a firm pressure that forced the young man to gasp, and break from his reverie.

“!” Letting out a shocked gasp, Ron’s wide eyes move to Ann’s in an expression of clear confusion. Ann met this with a look of complete serenity, as calm as one would be tending to a paper cut. This only proved to confuse him even further, however, as his eyes dropped down and back up multiple times to see her pale, manicured fingers against the tent that had formed from her words.

“Well, Ron,” she hummed with a smile, “how about it? Will you help me?” Adding a bit more pressure, she could feel the head of his dick press into the palm of her hand.

“What?” he gasped, part of him wanting to get up and run, but the other was too busy celebrating the event of a woman as beautiful as Ann actually touching him down there. Unfortunately, as her eyes pinned him with her question, his thoughts inescapably returned to his crush. “Bu-But we can’t do that to Kim! It’s wrong!” And attempting to keep a serious expression, the sensation of his zipper being pulled down ruined any chance.

Ann’s lone finger dipped into the dark, humid confines of his pants and ran her finger down Ron’s swollen member. “Why?” she innocently asked. She was already working to free the young man completely from his fly. And just as she hoped, Ron did nothing to stop her, too busy gaping like a fish forced out of the water.

“Ron, there is nothing on this earth I care about more than my children. There is nothing I wouldn’t do to keep them from living the best life they can.” Ann said all of this pinning him with her piercing blue eyes. Internally, her mind was awhirl trying to take into account how much of a liability Ron had become.

If he really rejected her, she wasn’t sure what she would be able to do. True, there were more young men she could possibly use. But Ron was who she knew would love her daughter as she should be loved. Not to mention the risk of him telling. Thankfully, despite the rocky start, Ann took comfort in
the fact that Ron’s trusting light had yet to fade. Perhaps it wasn’t too late to salvage this investment.

“I- I know, but-” he stuttered out, flinching at the sensation of her nail scratching across the bulb of his inflamed head.

“But what, Ronald?” she dared him, her expression darkening ever so slightly. “Do you really think if I didn’t know it was the only option that I would do something so drastic? Could it be that you have a better idea?” Staring him down, her caressing gestures turned sharp as she held the blade of her nail against his shaft. Ron could only gulp at this pressure, shaking his head as he had to admit that he didn’t.

“Good,” Ann sighed. And once again her expression seemed to flow back into the upbeat and friendly disposition she was known for. The effect was jarring in a way that left Ron’s head spinning. So much so that when Ann’s hand returned to the slow languished stroking, he found himself relieved that he had not made her angry, rather than remembering that the person touching his dick was his crush’s mother. And as her hand engulfed the now ridged flesh, Ron could only feel the pleasure, amazed at how different a woman’s hand felt to his own.

“Ron.” Looking at the boy in front of her, Ann gave a small sigh before putting on an understanding expression. “Look, honey, I understand where you’re coming from. Trust me. At first, I had some trouble with it myself. But when I think about my Kimmie, and how much I know she will appreciate it one day, it gives me the strength to push on and do what I can for my little girl.” Giving Ron an enduring smile, Ann tried to make him see that she was doing all of this for Kim.

Ron glanced up at her eyes as he tried to understand the words she was saying. Unfortunately, his attention was drastically divided between her voice and the wonderful sensations he could feel from her hand. Although from what words he could discern, he had to admit Ann sounded sincere, and that maybe he had been a bit quick to judge… maybe?

“B-But… me?!” he finally managed, his eyes becoming wide at the prospect of his child growing inside of his friend. And in response, Ann simply smiled a wide grin that left him as breathless as her thumb currently brushing over the head of his arousal.

“Because, Ron” Ann answered already understanding his question, “I knew that, like me, you care about Kim more than anything else on this planet. And you were the only one I could trust to help me.” Even as she said this, Ann made sure to pick up her momentum – adding the pleasure of her words with the release she could feel building in her hand. And just like she hoped, the boy before her seemed to blush at her words, a slow expression of satisfaction rising beneath his growing sense of arousal. Ann knew she almost had him. Now, all she had to do was drive the nail into the coffin.

Drawing herself even closer, Ann’s breast now fully rested against his side as she rested her chin on his shoulder, her petite frame wrapping around the young man in ways he hadn’t imagined. Her free arm wrapped around his shoulders allowing her fingers to tease the shell of one ear as her lips tickled the other.

“Besides,” Ann breathed, her tone and warm breath sending a shiver up Ron’s spine. “I know how badly you want her.” And like the best lie detector imaginable, Ann could feel Ron’s dick throb at her words.

With a cheeky grin for only her to see, she continued, “Just think about it, Ron. Kim, all yours for as long as you’re both alive. For you to hold, kiss, touch.” With each tempting offer, Ann rubbed her palm across the sensitive head of his staff. “Won’t she look beautiful under you, in the bed you’ll both share? And oh, when her stomach starts to swell, and you know that it’s your child inside her, there won’t be any better feeling in the world.”
At this point, Ron’s breathing had begun to pick up. And much to Ann’s delight, she could feel him beginning to thrust into her hand. From the light sheen across the top of his bright red head, she could see his precum leaking with every pass of her fist. The inside of her hand was coated in the stuff.

“Don’t you want that Ron?” she tempted him. “Don’t you want Kim all to yourself?” Then, with a wicked expression, her teeth glinted in the lamplight as she sighed into his ear. “Or… I suppose if you’re really so against the idea, I could find another boy to take your place.” And in that simple sentence, Ann could almost hear the sound of metal sinking into the wood as Ron’s attention snapped to her face, his lust-filled senses exploding in an expression of anger that could only be translated as one word.

Mine.

With a hand as fast as ever, Ann’s grip tightened as she could feel the poor boy coming undone. Still meeting his gaze, Ann watched as she speed her hand up, rocketing it up and down the now constantly throbbing mass of flesh standing from his thighs. And when the moment came, Ann would be left shocked when he used the distraction to launch his face into hers, capturing her lips in an explosive kiss.

Too shocked to stop him, Ann felt the first explosion of cum gush from his cock. In her hand, the underside of his shaft bulged so that she could actually feel the goo travel up and out the length of him. Reaching an impressive height, Ann had to actually gasp against Ron’s face as the first load landed on the arm of her still milking hand. Unable to help it, a soft mewl of arousal slipped out feeling the thick, warm goo soak into the sleeve of her blouse and mark her arm beneath.

After the first jet of cum, there were many others. Thankfully, the rest were extremely weak in comparison, merely shooting up to land back on her hand or simply leaking out entirely. All the while, Ann’s hand continued her massage, not stopping until the very last drop dribbled out.

After the amazing release through Ann’s hand had dissipated, Ron had to break the kiss as his lungs cried for air. And rather than chastise him for the inappropriate gesture, she used this time and stared at the mess he had made in the living room – humming in consideration. As a doctor, she stared at the white spew around her and took in all the information she could. Off her arm she wiped it away and held it up to her eye, inspecting its qualities. And as a woman, she couldn’t deny the deep throb the sight of all this mess had caused in her panties.

Soggy underwear aside, Ann was actually very pleased with Ron’s performance. The color looked good, as well as the thickness. And looking at just how much of her couch and carpet had been painted in jizz, quantity would not be a problem. She would need actual lab equipment to get a real read on his sperm count, but she doubted she needed to go that far. No, by the looks of things Ron was as healthy and fertile as any other teenage boy. Which is exactly what she’d been hoping to find out.

With great care, Ann moved to clean away any stray globs that had made any haywire trajectories in their fever. It wouldn’t do to have her husband and children come home to a spunk riddled family room. That’s just bad parenting. Thankfully, through years of practice, she had managed to keep most of what had emerged contained. And just as she finished her inspection, Ron awoke from his post-coital exhaustion and stared at her with an expression she could only call reverence.

Clearing her throat, Ann put on her most pleasant smile before sitting next to Ron and patting him on his knee. “So?” she asked, her voice as chipper as ever. “Change your mind?” Unfortunately, it was at that moment the silence was broken by the sound of the front door swinging open.
“Mom, I’m home!” Kim called out. After the incident yesterday, she wasn’t taking any chances.

Walking just two steps into her home the young teen could see her mother’s back and her friend on the couch through the open archway of their living room. She walked towards the pair, offering a curious hello. “Hey.”

Ann was still turned towards Ron when she spoke, “Well, I think I’ve taken up enough of your time,” she thanked. “Thanks again for your help, Ron. I can’t say how much I appreciate it.” And without so much as another word, Ann moved to leave the room. “Nice to see you, Kim! Hope you had a nice day!” That was all she managed before she was out of the room somehow managing to keep her seductive appearance hidden.

Looking after her mother, Kim turned to Ron raising a confused eyebrow as soon as the older woman disappeared. “Do you know what that was about?” she questioned. Unfortunately, as Ron stared up at her, eyes large as the moon and expression just as empty, Kim was beginning to feel she might have just walked in on something she wasn’t supposed to.

Out in the hall, Ann Possible stood with her back pressed against the wall. She listened into the room, heart pounding in her breast as soon as she heard her daughter’s question. If she’d only had another few minutes, just one more and she was sure that she could have secured Ron to her side. Or at the very least, sworn him to secrecy. Now everything was balancing on a razor's edge and she was helpless but to sit there and wait to hear Ron’s answer.

“Ah,” making a hesitant noise, Ron stared at the young woman in front of him and felt his brain turn to putty. Should he tell her? Should he not? The ramifications of what Ann had told him could drastically affect his friend. Didn’t she have a right to decide what she wanted in her life? Even if that wasn’t him?

But then, if not him, then who?

And that’s what stopped him. For all his unconditional love, for everything he was able to put up with in the friend zone, the day Kim eventually fell in love with some other guy remained stained on the horizon of his consciousness as inevitable and foreboding as the grim reaper himself. He wanted to say that he was prepared for the eventuality, that he would be happy for Kim. But that was a lie. A lie he told himself because secretly part of him always knew that Kim would never pick him herself. But hope was a dangerous thing in the wrong hands. And that’s exactly what Ann had given him.

He didn’t know what the older woman had planned. He didn’t know if there was really any chance for him and Kim to be together. But Ann was telling him that she had a way. And in doing so, he would be helping Kim have a better life. Finally, the answer was made for him as the word popped free of its own volition.

“Nope,” he answered, his head shaking negative. Kim watched him, his face strangely intense as he stared back at her. “She ah, just wanted me to move some boxes and books and, um… other… manly things…” Letting that awkward sentence die, Ron could feel himself start to sweat under Kim’s gaze. If her expression was anything to go by then he definitely sounded as crazy as he felt.

“Boxes?” she asked suspiciously, a single eyebrow raised to her hairline. To which Ron just nodded his head, humming in confirmation. “And that,” she just pointed to the door her mother had just left from, “you don’t know anything about why my mom was acting weird?”

“Was she?” he answered in response, a look of forced innocence plastered across his face. Staring at him for five more moments, Kim eventually sighed, a deep roll of her eyes signifying that she gave up.
“Whatever.” Giving the rest of the room a final sweep of her gaze, her eyes landed on the tray of treats Ann had left unattended. Following her eyes, Ron did the same, only to feel his heart stop.

Despite Ann’s rushed clean up, it seemed she had missed a spot. As Ron’s eyes fell on the food on the tray, his expression froze at the sight of a line of his cum blending into the white icing atop a stray cookie. It wasn’t much of one, but it was more than enough to still the young man’s breath. It was only when the sight of Kim’s hand entered his field of vision that he looked up, only to be too late as she grabbed the very treat he had been watching.

Raising his hand, Ron’s eyes widened as he reached to stop her. But he would be too slow in the end as he sat there watching her take a bite. If she noticed the oddly salty flavor mixed with the regular sweet sugar, she didn’t let it show – eventually swallowing her mouthful of baked good and fresh spouge with an appreciative hum. And all the while, Ron continued to sit there and watch helplessly but to stare as she unknowingly took himself into her body.

After being stared at like this for an uncomfortable length of time, Kim covered her mouth, still full of her second bite, before answering in an exasperated tone, “What?”

Blinking, Ron just shook his head hoping to hide the heat suddenly flooding his cheeks.

“Nothing.” And that was all he would say.

Out in the hall, Ann Possible could be seen grinning to herself as happily as a mother could be. With Ron dancing to her tune, the last of her pieces were finally in place. And it was only a matter of time now before it was all said and done, and her baby’s future was set.

Filling her lungs with air, Ann sighed in bliss as she moved to escape to her room and change back into something more comfortable. She had some reservations to book.

A/N: And there we go people. Ron is officially on board and all it took was a handjob and the promise of the opportunity to make Kim his. Whether she wants him or not. Kim, of course, remains oblivious to the actions of the people she calls friends and family and will possibly remain this ignorant until it is too late. Make sure to toon in to the next chapter in two weeks as we see what Ann has in store for her daughter next. And as always, please be so kind as to let me know what you thought of this and the last two chapters, if you could be so kind.

Next chapter – September 11th.
Chapter 4

A/N: Okay, obviously this is a little late. Thank you to everyone who kind enough to remind me. There was a slight issue with how I planned the layout of each chapter. For instance, some were close 15,000 words while others weren’t even 6,000. Meaning I had to shift things around a bit to fit better. If it’s any solace, chapter 5 will still be coming out two weeks from the original release date so try and think of it as getting the next chapter three days sooner rather than this one being three days late.

Anyway, the climax of the story is fast approaching. Hopefully some of you are looking forward to the big event. This chapter shows some of the preparation for that. Enjoy and be sure to leave a comment if you have the time telling me what you thought.

Chapter 4

Girl(s): Kim, Ann.

Tag(s): Incest, Petting, Forced Orgasm.

Words: 8,900

Editor: Mr. G

A very irritated Kim found herself sitting in the front seat of her mother’s car pondering, for what felt like the hundredth time, just what it was her mother was thinking.

The day had started normal enough. Wake up, shower, getting dressed and ready for school. So you can imagine her surprise when she found out her mother had different plans in store. Plans she hadn’t felt the need to explain until that very moment. Maybe she could feel better if Ann wasn’t so set on everything being a surprise. But as of yet, no amount of groaning, sulking or pouting managed to get her a single clue. Her mother seemed fixed on keeping silent, her ever cheerful smile irritatingly cheerful as ever.

Her sour mood continued for the entire thirty-minute drive. It wasn’t until the car started to slow and she realized that they were in a parking lot that the young woman looked up from her Kimmunicator, only to immediately blink at what appeared to be a spa? And in one of Upperton’s more upscale locations by the looks of it.

Kim cast her shocked gaze to her mother. In response, the older woman’s confident expression merely shifted, a single eyebrow raised in a proud, ‘see’?

“You took me out of school to come to a spa?” the teen question incredulously. Though her disbelief didn’t stop the small amount of excitement from bleeding into her tone.

“You’re the one who’s been talking about how sore you’ve been lately,” Ann countered. And despite herself, Kim grimaced at the reminder. True to her mother’s word, Kim had had more than a little trouble dealing with her body’s aches and pains in the past weeks.

It wouldn’t be so bad if it wasn’t for the discomfort covering her entire frame. Even now, as she
absentmindedly rubbed a finger along her arm, she could feel the skin give where taut muscle used to exist. “I just thought you might enjoy a little day of pampering,” her mother went on. Kim couldn’t help but smile at the thoughtfulness.

Pushing the thoughts of her anxious paranoia to the back of her mind, Kim gave a wry smile. “Still, pulling me out like this could be pretty dangerous. I mean, what if I had a big test?” Shooting Ann an inquisitive stare, she laughed at the sight of her mother rolling her eyes.

“Kim, please. You and I both know you could have dropped out a month ago and still graduated top of your class.” Not waiting for her daughter’s smart mouth to rear its ugly head, Ann quickly got out of the car and motioned for Kim to follow.

Walking into the ornate building, both Kim and Ann had to stop and take in its beauty.

Almost overwhelmed, Kim cast a sideways glance to her mother and found herself confused. Sure, her mom and dad had great jobs. Between a brain surgeon and a rocket scientist, it’s not like she could ever remember their family hurting for money. But still, it wasn’t like either of them to splurge unnecessarily. Neither wanted their children to grow up entitled or spoiled. Which is why, as Kim gazed at the black marble floors and sculpted ivory fountain, she found herself unsure how to respond.

Ann, it seemed, had no such trouble. In a confident gate, she ignored all the finery around her and walked straight to the hostess standing behind her podium and smiled graciously. “Possible for two, we should be signed on for the all-day package.” And briefly glancing down at her appointment book, the young woman greeted them with a gracious smile before gesturing for them to follow.

Catching up with her mom, Kim’s expression was ripe with incredulity. “All day package? I thought we were just getting a massage.”

“What’s the point of taking you out of school if we don’t spend the whole day having fun? Besides, who knows how much longer we have before you’re off to that G.J. business. I want to be able to look back and have some nice memories of spending time with my only daughter.” And looking back, Ann gave her child a kind smile.

Kim felt her chest warm at the words. Her mom really was an amazing person. Whatever flecks of annoyance from having her schedule interrupted were quickly brushed aside in light of what awaited them. On top of massages, Kim’s head was filled with manicures, pedicures, mud baths, maybe even some hair treatment? With that in mind, Kim gave into the weirdness and followed, already imagining how amazing all the treatments and pampering that was to come.

After a few minutes of following the young hostess through the building, both Ann and Kim found themselves entering a room dimmed to a gentle dusk with aromatic candles filling the room. “Alright then, for the first activity we’ve planned is a deep tissue massage, followed by a relaxing soak in our heated mineral bath. If you’ll both just disrobe, your masseuses should be with you shortly.” And without waiting for a response the receptionist exited the room to hurry back to her post.

Blinking in surprise, Kim’s eye followed the woman out, her mind still stuck on what she had just said. ‘Disrobe?’ her mind reeled.

At the sound of shifting fabric, the young teen felt her eyes go wide before looking for its source. Discovering her mother with the top three buttons of her blouse already undone, her gaze zeroed in on the pink bra hidden underneath, the top of her mother’s breasts already clearly visible.

Cheeks igniting with embarrassment, Kim’s face snapped away from her mother to stared dead in
front of her. “Um!” Stuttering at her own embarrassment, Kim found herself completely blindsided by her mother’s shameless exposure. “Shouldn’t we be in separate rooms for this or something?” But looking around the room Kim found her stomach sinking at the sight of two tables, side by side.

“What are you talking about, Kimmie?” Ann laughed, clearly amused at her bashfulness. “They wouldn’t be very good memories of us together if we’re in completely different rooms.” And slipping her arms around her back, a quick pinch was all it took before her mature mounds slipped free from their confinement, wobbling slightly before settling into place. “Besides, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before. I used to change your diapers, you know.” And chuckling once more, Ann dropped her bra into the growing pile of clothes beside her.

Fidgeting nervously, Kim thumbed the edge of her shirt still unsure. Okay, maybe she was being a little silly. They were both women, after all. And it wasn’t like the locker room after cheer practice left a lot of opportunities to avoid being around her own gender naked. A fact that never failed to make her even somewhat uncomfortable.

People might be surprised that the teen hero Kim possible was actually quite shy when it came to nudity. Whereas some girls, Bonnie, didn’t seem to blink an eye at walking around the room with her tits out for the whole squad to see, Kim usually waited to change out of her uniform in the comfort of the shower stall.

Maybe it had something to do with her braces and other early awkward qualities that had instilled the anxiety of exposing her naked body. She’d developed into a beautiful woman, even she knew this. But insecurities were not an easy thing to throw away. And despite herself, when she reached for her own clothes, she found her fingers hesitating – turning to glance at her mother instead.

Casting another furtive glance towards her mom, curiosity got the better of her as she snuck a second peek. Her attention would quickly widen watching the older woman slip out of her business skirt, a matching pair of pink panties flashing into view along with all the curves that filled them. That, plus the view of her full breasts now dangling in the open air, forced a hushed squeak of embarrassment to erupt from her lips. Clearly, her mother didn’t share in her hesitation.

In a fretful huff, Kim figured she had stalled long enough and made quick work of her shirt. The sooner she was naked the sooner she could get under the towel laid on the massage table. Following this way of thinking, her bra and pants followed in the same rushed, awkward motions. Finally, fingers hooked around the waistband of her panties, Kim let them fall to the ground - kicking them over to the rest of her clothing.

“Wow!” her mother’s voice suddenly exclaimed. And covering herself with her hands, Kim let out a shocked squeak as she found her mother equally nude and standing completely unabashed in her direction. And to make matters even worse, Kim was horrified to find her mother’s gaze focused completely on her chest. “Someone’s had a growth spurt.”

“Mom!” Kim answered in embarrassment. But the older woman simply laughed, disregarding her daughter’s modesty completely as she began to walk towards her.

“Kim, relax. It’s a compliment. Those things must be up a whole cup size by the looks of it.” And much to Kim’s discomfort Ann reached out, forcing her hands out of the way for a proper inspection.

Letting her mother hold her arm, Kim turned her face away to be spared the embarrassment of meeting her mother’s eyes.

Truth be told, it wouldn’t be nearly as bad if she hadn’t been right. What had been an exciting thrill at first had quickly turned worrying. Between her sore muscles, sore breasts, and increasing libido,
Kim was actually getting a bit worried. But any time she worked up the nerve to voice their concerns to the one doctor she trusted, her mother, she simply disregarded it as a ‘faze’ and ‘not to worry.’ Personally, Kim felt it might be a bit more than that but wasn’t ready to start something over it. Her mom would always look out for her.

And speaking of…

“Are you done?” Kim exclaimed, jerking her arm from her mother’s gentle hold to shield herself. Blushing, Kim couldn’t help but remark that this was the second time her mother had caught her in the nude. Part of her felt she should probably be more freaked about her mom of all people checking out her new chest - but compared to the last time she was just glad this wouldn’t end with her mother handing her a sex toy.

‘Not like I could complain about it anyway,’ her inner voice argued. And all that did was remind her of her little friend, still stashed under her bed, well-hidden and even better loved.

Ann laughed at her daughter’s bashfulness, finally walking back to her side of the room. Although, she keep help but keep at least one eye on her daughter’s naked form. It probably shouldn’t excite her so much just to see how her treatments had affected Kim. But at the sight of such full breasts and padded hips, the mother couldn’t help herself as she saw what could only be described as one thing. A young fruitful body just waiting for its first drop of seed. A thought that sent a pleasant pang through her hips.

Licking her suddenly dry lips, Ann had to bring herself back to the present. ‘Don’t get ahead of yourself.’ True, she shouldn’t be enjoying this. It was sick and depraved and, while for Kim’s own good, it would still be a very dramatic experience for her. But even so, looking at Kim now, Ann could only see her as beautiful.

With their towels firmly in place, both women situated themselves on their tables and settled in for a relaxing morning. And it did not disappoint. As soon as their masseuses entered the room and got to work, both could be heard groaning in pleasure as the skilled hands worked against the muscles of their backs and shoulders.

Kim especially found her experience to be surprisingly pleasant. She’d been a little nervous at first, a complete stranger seeing her in nothing but a towel and all that. But even those fears had melted away as soon as she felt the worker’s hands pull all of the pain she’d been struggling with directly from her skin. Her brain quickly threw away the fact that she was naked, just so long as she could enjoy these pleasures for even one more second.

Just as the attendant had explained, immediately following their relaxing massage both women found themselves ushered off to a room holding twin pools of mud. Anxious at first, Kim quickly warmed to the idea as she felt the heated element bubble into her pores and clean her skin. The seaweed kiwi facial didn’t hurt either! And all the while, they got to relax as two more attendees manicured their nails to perfection, ruby red nail polish and all.

Resting in the dreamlike state, Kim finally understood why her parents found it so important for her to understand the meaning of a dollar. If this was how she had grown up her entire life? Man… she could have even turned out like Bonnie.

Unfortunately, like all good things, this too had to end. But as Kim and her mother rested in the sauna sweating out whatever impurities the mud bath had missed, the teen couldn’t ever remember feeling this content.

Walking out of the heated room in a fluffy white robe Kim could only imagine was made from
clouds, she gave herself a small pat down before looking around expectantly. “So… what now?” Unsure if there was more, Kim couldn’t imagine what it could be. Already her muscles felt like warm Jell-O and her skin was softer than the day she was born. But even so, as Ann smiled her knowing smile, Kim couldn’t help but feel her excitement rise. Unfortunately, Ann’s joy was entirely different from hers.

Leading her daughter away from the sauna, the mother could feel her energy buzzing with anticipation. Everything she had worked for, all her plans were for this day. She was happy her daughter was enjoying herself, but something told the mother that Kim might change her mind if she knew what all this pampering was actually for.

Yes, it was nice to feel clean and rejuvenated. But what real good was soft skin without somebody to show it too? But they weren’t about to stop there. If Kim was going to be ready for their night, they were going to need to take care of just a few more things before she was ready. Although, she doubted Kim was going to be as excited for the next couple of treatments. And sure enough, approaching their next destination, Ann’s cool blue eyes peered back at her daughter to see her flinching back from the sign like it was on fire.

“Waxing?” Kim questioned, her cheery tone clearly taking a dip at the sight of their next station.

“Oh don’t say it like that!” Ann gushed, forcing the teen inside. “It might hurt at first, but you’ll just love how it feels afterward. So smooth and clean!”

Unfortunately, Kim wasn’t convinced. Sure, as a girl she always made sure to shave what needed to be shaved. It would be kind of hard to be a cheerleader with mammoth legs, after all. But she never really found the idea of waxing to be all that appealing. If guys had that much of a problem with body hair than let them have their skin torn off.

Her open reluctance didn’t stop her mother from ushering her deeper into the closed off room. Like the rest of their rooms, this station was free of windows. What looked like a recliner sat in the center, which the young woman quickly found herself sat upon. What followed could only be described as… unpleasant.

When the little Asian woman who was their attendant walked in, Kim had been nervous. When she felt the uncomfortably hot wax against her skin for the first time she had started to feel afraid. And when she felt the line of hair between her eyebrows get pulled out by their roots, she was sure she’d never felt anything so painful in her life. Of course, that only lasted until the next minute or so when it was time to start on her arms and legs. And the entire time she was forced to sit there, yelping and flinching, her mother simply watched from a seat by the door staring at the scene with the same gentle smile.

This lasted for a full hour before Kim was sure that every hair that wasn’t on her head had been yanked from her body. Armpits, her upper lip, nothing had been allowed to remain. And the result? A very, very unhappy young woman who was all too happy to jump out of her chair as soon as the experience was finished.

For a moment, she seriously tried to understand how women could voluntarily submit to such torture. God forbid Drakken ever learn to harness such evil. But Kim did her best not to focus on the experience. Yes, her skin was tingling it was in so much pain. But the important thing was that it was over and she was free to move on to something hopefully much more relaxing.

Of course, when were things ever so simple? She should have known better than to assume anything. A fact she quickly realized as soon as she walked past her mother only to feel a hand on her own, firmly pulling her back towards the table of pain. Her dread quickly swelled in her breast.
“Kim, where are you going,” her mother laughed like she hadn’t just seen her daughter skinned alive. “Were not done yet.” And hearing that, Kim’s jaw actually dropped.

“How? How can we not be done?! I don’t have any hair left,” she exclaimed. But Ann knew otherwise.

As comfortable as the robe Kim was wearing had been, it was surprisingly easy to forget that she was naked underneath. But as Ann reached down below the knot tying it together, Kim was immediately reminded of this fact as she felt her mother’s fingers tug of the strings of her red pubes.

“Oh, I think otherwise,” Ann hummed cheekily. And removing her hand, she had to chuckle at the expression on her daughter’s face, very much resembling that of an owl.

“Mom- what- no!” Holding the flaps of her robe tightly against her chest, Kim couldn’t believe what her mom had just done. It was almost enough to make her forget what she’d said!

“Oh Kim, stop being dramatic. Women do it all the time. It’s called a Brazilian!” Unfortunately, Kim couldn’t care less what it was called. It was still weird! It’s not like she didn’t take care of that area herself anyways. Sure, it might have been a week or two since her last maintenance, but it wasn’t so bad that it needed to be ripped off! Yet, continuing to pull against her mom’s grip, Kim still found herself being led deeper into the boutique.

In the back of her mind, Kim couldn’t help but think it was a kind of magic only parents had. How, no matter how much you said no, no matter how sure you are that they can’t make you do something, or how stubborn you can be, you still found yourself being led as easily as if you were willing. This is how she found herself laying back in what could only be described as some sort of recliner, doctor’s table mix. As well as a hot pot of fresh wax bubbling just beside a new attendant.

“Oh Kim, would you stop glaring at me?” Ann sighed. Kim laid in her chair, her heart in her throat while she waited for her next round of torture. As if the pain wasn’t enough, now she had the added fun of exposing herself to a total stranger. Some might think a good mother would be able to see their child’s discomfort and offer to leave. But, nope! It would seem not. So, her mom would need to excuse her attitude for a moment. It was literally the least she could do.

“I can’t help but notice you’re not joining me,” Kim argued. Expecting her mom to flinch or back off, the teenager would be disappointed by the casual confidence as the older woman happily corrected her child.

“Kim, I do this every month,” was her reply. And to that Kim could only gape.

“Even-!” Stopping short, Kim blushed as she looked towards her mother’s robed crotch.

“Of course! Your dad loves it.” And to that Kim’s mind came to a screeching halt as a shiver of disgust rushed up through her spine. There her mom goes again, sharing things that really didn’t need to be shared between a mom and daughter. ‘Ewwwwwwwww!’ Thankfully- or not, depending on how you look at it- Kim found her horrible train of thought derailed at the sensation of the attendant’s hand on her foot motioning for her open her legs.

Feeling a shot of anxiety, Kim gave one last pleading look at her mother only to be told to hurry up. Complying, Kim couldn’t believe her position as she found her robe being opened and her naked sex bared to the room.

If the attendant had any comment for her behavior, she didn’t say it. Instead, the elderly Asian woman simply went to work, mixing the hot wax and getting ready to apply it.
“Hold on,” Ann suddenly spoke up. Walking toward the end of the table, Kim’s eyes went wide as she found her mother staring directly between her legs. Letting out a strangled gasp, Kim’s cheeks continued to burn as she attempted to cover herself and yell at her mom to get out of the room. Instead the elder Possible waved her off, dismissing her words completely as she forced her daughter to comply.

“Kim, relax!” she exclaimed. “I told you, I’ve done this before. I’m just telling her what you want done!” And while in her head Kim knew this sounded reasonable, it didn’t make the fact that her mother had a completely unobscured view of her vagina any less humiliating. Throwing an arm over her eyes, the teenager just fell back onto the backrest and whimpered helplessly.

Such great memories they were making!

“Leave a bit on top, but other than that strip it clean,” Ann informed the attended. Barely acknowledging her, the woman took her clippers to the mass of red curls between Kim’s legs cutting them down to a tasteful trim. And all the while, Kim could only pretend to be somewhere else and ignore the disturbingly delightful tingles the buzzing of the electric shears produced.

The next fifteen minutes went about as anyone could expect. Wax and cloth stripped her sex of all covering. There was pain, there was swearing. And by the time it was over, all Kim could think was that the next time her mother wanted to bond, they were going to see a movie.

As the attended started to put her equipment away, Kim felt her entire being slump in relief. The area between her legs was still burning from all the unusual stress. Moving her legs only increased the uncomfortably warm sensation aching between her legs. For a moment, she seriously wondered if she was going to be able to walk out of there.

“For the pain,” the attendant spoke. Looking up, Kim sighed happily at the sight of a bottle of oil in her hands. Without even thinking, Kim nodded her head enthusiastically, having no idea what she was giving this other woman permission to do. Instead, all she could do was groan in relief at the cooling sensation of that magical liquid as the attendant began to rub it into her now smooth mound.

Without warning, Kim jumped at the sound of the door opening. Thankfully, before she could panic too much, she was quick to identify the newcomer as another female employee.

She spoke to her attendant in another language, seemingly in some kind of distress. Whatever she said looked to annoy the other woman greatly. With a muttered curse, she dropped what she was doing and wiped her hand clean with a rag.

“Stay,” she spoke to Kim through a heavy accent. “Be right back.” And before Kim could voice her protest, the woman was out the door chasing after whatever mess her employee seemed to have cooked up. Unfortunately, this left Kim helpless, stuck between a sweet relief and burning pain.

“Wait!” she called out. But the attended was already long gone.

Back to whimpering, Kim could only fall back against the chair rubbing her legs together in a feeble attempt at quieting the irritated surface. So focused on the pain, Kim didn’t even notice her mother step closer with the bottle of oil in hand until she felt the mother reach between her legs.

As Ann watched the woman working on her daughter rush out of the room, she couldn’t help but give a mental ‘tsk’. Up until this point she had been content to just sit back and watch her daughter from the corner of the room. But sparing a small glance at the closed door, the mother couldn’t help but inch forward for a small peak.
It had been interesting, to say the least, to see her daughter, the young woman that she is, spread eagle and another person between them. Her pained gasps had filled the room for quite some time before it was over. And despite how much she knew it must hurt, in the end, Ann knew it would be beautiful. And looking at her daughter’s sex now, irritated as it may be, she knew she was right.

With the attendant out of the room, Ann had to watch her daughter fidget it pain. And looking at the bottle of lotion, a thought crossed her mind that forced her heart to pick up the pace. Maybe… she could help her? It was almost a bit too exciting.

Not that she found the idea sexual at all, no of course not. That would be… sick. The mother was merely happy to have a chance to help her daughter, that’s all. If it were to help her, to relieve her pain, then surely such an act couldn’t be considered perverted. Rather, it could only show how far her love was for her child. And such a thing could only be described as beautiful.

Besides, who knows what would happen if such a thing were left untreated? The pain could increase, she could even get an infection if the attendant was gone too long. No, she couldn’t take that risk. It was far, far too dangerous. In fact, it would be cruel not to take action.

Thank goodness Ann was such a giving person.

Ann reached for the bottle of lotion and stepped to the end of the waxing table. She was almost completely between her daughter’s posed legs, the view of her flushed sex entirely unobscured. With a blush on her cheeks, Ann could feel her pulse quicken as she observed her daughter. While for her daughter’s safety, it didn’t make the view of her any less intriguing. And stuck like this, Ann couldn’t help but take a moment to stare, taking in every detail of her daughter’s crotch.

Finally able to get a proper look, Ann couldn’t help but comment on her daughter’s new style. Still a teen, Kim lacked the full thickness of hair she would one day grow into. Regardless, Ann could hardly call what she was seeing as peach fuzz. A strange middle ground that suited her perfectly, the mother decided.

Still, in the throes of pain, Kim failed to notice these observations, and instead busied herself tensing and flexing her thighs, resisting the urge to rub them together. Ann couldn’t help but think how desperate she seemed, needing relief with no ability to get it on her own. This alone was enough to still the breath in her chest. A moment later, it was all Ann could do to tip the bottle and pour its contents over her open palm, saturating her skin in the slick oil.

‘I’ll give you what you need…’ she promised.

Touching a single finger against the inflamed mound, Ann felt Kim almost jump out of her skin. Even as the younger woman opened her eyes, discovering what her mother was doing, Ann continued to press her fingers against the whole of her pliable flesh.

“Mom! W-What the hell!?” Not one to curse, Kim was well and truly freaked the fuck out at the sight and sensation of her mother’s fingers against her naked sex. But the older women ignored her and continued to touch. It was all Kim could do to not kick her mom right in the face.

“Shhhhh,” Ann responded, well prepared for this reaction. But not stopping for a second, she ran her oil-drenched fingers over the top of Kim’s pubis gliding across the flawless surface. “It’s okay, baby. You looked uncomfortable, and who knows how long they might make us wait. So, I thought I might help.”

In hushed tones, she attempted to calm her child, much like she had when Kim was a baby. It was nice. It felt tender. And before she could stop herself, Ann felt a small smile grow on her lips. “Just
lay back and let momma take care of the pain.”

Staring at her mother in shock, the teen found herself seriously questioning the reality of the moment. Because, this was weird, right? This kind of thing didn’t just happen? There was no parent alive who was this laid back. But no matter how much Kim tried to argue, it didn’t make the sensation of her mother’s hand feeling her up any less real.

Too shocked to react, Kim remained still, frozen between pushing her mother away and covering her most private of places. Ann used this indecision and pressed on, her gentle tone never wavering. “It’s okay, baby. Don’t be scared.” Ann immediate responded. She couldn’t remember the last time she had called Kim baby, or referred to herself as Momma. The words just seemed to pour out of her. “There, see? Doesn’t that feel better?” She rubbed the oil into the soft skin around her daughter’s lips, now silky smooth without the added texture of hair. “You don’t need to feel embarrassed, baby. Momma’s a doctor, remember? Just let momma take care of you.” Despite herself, at her mother’s prompting, Kim couldn’t help but notice she did feel somewhat better.

Only half listening to what her mom was saying, Kim couldn’t help but feel herself relax at the gentle tone. Programmed at infancy, it was natural to relax at her mother’s voice. Past the embarrassment, past the horror of having her mother touch her in such a way, Kim couldn’t help but notice how her mom’s fingers cooled the fire on her crotch. With clenched eyes, Kim could feel herself giving into the relief rather than fight and go back to the pain. “There’s a good girl,” Ann cooed in delight. Though she could see that her daughter was nowhere near comfortable, at least she didn’t look like she was going to fight her anymore. Seeing this, Ann took the opportunity to more properly… examine the afflicted area.

With her middle finger, she gently traced a path from her bikini line down to the tasteful tuft of red fur sprouting at the tip of her developing lips. The older woman couldn’t help but regard the beautiful contrast of colors. The red hairs surrounded by a perfect plain of pale skin. Just as beautiful as Ann had imagined.

Most women who go through the trouble of waxing prefer to get it all taken off. But as a redhead, Ann knew the pride of having proof of the natural color.

With deliberate leisure, Ann took her time drawing her fingers from the flat plain of her daughter’s pubis down to the plump outer lips of Kim’s sex. She could feel Kim tense at the sudden transition. “Shhhh,” Ann pressed, quelling the interruption before it could start. “It’s okay baby, just let momma do what she needs. I have to get everything, or you could get a hurt. So just sit back,” Ann once again cooed, “and let Momma be as thorough as she needs. I’ll make all the pain go away.” And true to her word, Ann held no qualms about her duties as she pressed her fingers into the meaty lips of Kim’s vagina, spreading the healing oil out to cover her thighs.

Even hearing her mother’s words, Kim couldn’t hold back a startled squeak at the sensation of her fingers pressing so close to her core. Just outside the crease of her sex, she could feel the perfectly manicured nail scratch against the soft skin. So close, in fact, that she almost couldn’t believe herself as the telltale spark of arousal blossomed in the pit of her belly.

Disgusted beyond words, Kim’s features froze in a mask of horror. Her whole body clenched to deny the pleasurable feeling. Unfortunately, this did little to stop her subdued gasp of delight as her mother’s surgical fingers continued to rub her core.
Increasing her horror, Kim could feel her juices begin to flow and her sex flush with blood. In no time at all, Kim’s vagina was swollen with its arousal, her own oil just beginning to leak freely.

Down at the other end of the table, Ann was just finishing up, her slippery hand drawing across the underside of Kim’s cleft. With almost reverend attention she painted the oil across every surface of her daughter’s loins she could reach, slowly and deliberately. It had been... incredible to say the least. The soft skin, still so fresh with youth slipping beneath her touch.

Drawing one last swipe of her finger across a cheek of her daughter’s bottom, Ann found her hand frozen at the sight of Kim’s feminine mound responding to her attention, its pale complexion exposing the teen’s embarrassing secret.

Widening her eyes, Ann’s breath froze in her chest. There, right between her cleft, beads a slick liquid pearled onto the swelling lips. Like a flower, her delicate petals bloomed, emerging from the bud of her mons with their own dew clinging along the red length. No longer irritated, the gentle flesh flushed with blood for a wholly different reason.

Before she could even blink, Ann found herself staring at not a girl’s vagina, but a hungry and dripping pussy that could only belong to a woman. And the knowledge that she, Ann Possible, had been the one to bring about the change, was nothing short of mind stopping.

She had… aroused her own daughter.

Feeling an unidentified emotion bubble in her chest, Ann couldn’t understand what was happening to her. All of a sudden, her heart seemed to have tripled in speed. Not only that, but as well as her breathing and sweat had all begun responding as though she had just run a marathon. Gripping the front of her rope with her free hand, her mind came to a shuttering stop as she found herself at the center of the moment.

Her heart, her breath, her warmth, and even her hand, still hovering over the damp surface of her daughter’s sex, all left her feeling so… so…

So good.

And it was that thought, that realization that finally returned her breath in a single shuttering gasp of pleasure. Why it felt good, the older woman couldn’t quite put her finger on it yet. But she did know she wasn’t anywhere close to being finished.

“M-Mom, are you done?” In a more than slightly shaken tone, Kim shyly spoke, hope clear in her tone. Her crotch had already stopped burning and the relief was palpable. Thank goodness too.

She could feel a new type of fire building in her crotch, a throbbing ache that demanded her attention. She’d thought she’d played with herself that morning enough to stave off any unmanageable excitement until that evening. But her body appeared to have other plans. This only made the presence of her mother so close to the afflicted area that much more horrifying. She needed to get out of there before her mother noticed. There was no way the teen was about to explain why her crotch suddenly seemed so warm. No way. Kim knew the best thing to do was get out and walk off whatever the hell was happening.

Too bad Ann felt otherwise.

With a heavy breath, the mother found herself unsure how to answer. Technically, she was done. In fact, if she were being honest her daughter probably didn’t even need that last coat she had seen fit to apply. But now, staring into the soggy mass centered between her daughter’s thighs, the older
woman found her mind blank.

It looked… uncomfortable, Ann found herself thinking. And as a woman herself, she more than understood the pain of unattended arousal.

Would it be so bad if she were to… help her? After all, this wasn’t all that different than before. She would just be helping. Helping her daughter who was in obvious distress. It would be kind after all, relieving her child of an unnecessary discomfort. It was practically a medical treatment! And as a mother and a doctor, she shouldn’t feel any guilt about giving her child what she needs.

It’s not like she got anything out of it. It’s not like she was becoming aroused. She was simply excited for the opportunity to help her child, her baby, her Kimmie. It was then, picturing the little girl she had raised that, Ann found herself making her decision.

“M-Mom,” Kim’s voice stuttered. She hadn’t felt anything for quite a few moments and her mother’s silence was slightly worrying. Oh god, did she figure it out?!

“Hmm?” Ann responded, snapping from her thoughts. “Oh, sorry baby. No, I-I was just reaching for more oil.” And scrambling for the said bottle, Ann reached over to pour another helping of that delicious liquid to coat her hand.

“R-Really?” Kim stammered, her stomach falling into a pit. “Because, I mean, I’m feeling a lot better now. Can’t we just, you know, get out of here?” She was hurried, panicked, and Ann knew all too well why.

“No baby, sorry,” Ann answered without mercy. And even worse, Kim heard herself gasp as the sensation of her mother’s hand return to her sex. “I have to make doubly sure that I get everything. After all, I couldn’t live with myself if you somehow got a rash or infection because I didn’t do a good job. What kind of mother would I be if I didn’t take care of you?” All the while she was talking, Ann made sure to keep a firm hand rubbing all the right places.

“Are you sure!” Kim exclaimed, her voice raising a few octaves as she began to feel her mother’s touch inch along the crease of her rear. “I-I mean, how about I just do it?! In fact, you go leave and I’ll just finish up. I promise to do a good job. A great job even. I’ll just be like five minutes.” Stressing her words, Kim’s breathing had notably begun to increase. Oh god, that sounded nice. If she even lasted that long. Unfortunately, those thoughts only served to increase her arousal. Which made her mother’s next sentence that much more torturous.

“Oh baby, don’t be silly! You can’t see properly from up there. What if you miss a spot? You’d have no way of knowing. No, just sit back and let momma take care of you. I’ll make sure to cover every inch. I won’t miss a spot.”

Tracing a finger down the line of Kim’s sex, Ann punctuated this point by following it all the way down to the crack of her rear, her oiled finger slipping easily into the clenched cheeks. And hearing her daughter squeak in surprise, it was all the older woman could do to stop purring with delight.

Too overcome with the sensations of her mother’s hand, Kim’s ability to argue left her. All she could do was fall against the back of her bed, and pray she was able to stave off the coil tightening in her belly until her mother was finished.

Seeing her daughter give in only gave the woman that much more courage. Ann’s free hand joined her first causing the teen to jump as it massaged her thigh. The two appendages worked together, groping the two pillars of muscle guarding Kim’s sex while slowly working towards it.
Tightening her grip, her knuckles turned white as she became hyper-aware of every inch they stole towards this goal. It was only as they reached her center, both palms splayed against the uppermost point of her thighs, that Kim felt her mother’s thumbs press into the plump lips of her sex and rub against them – the anticipation of the act only fueling the pleasure.

Kim couldn’t breathe, a deep drought to fill her lungs to capacity. Holding it there, her body seemed to come alive. A fire, feeding on the air she had just taken, grew in her belly and rushed through the rest of her. At its epicenter, it seemed to flow directly to her crotch increasing her sensitivity to the horribly wonderful things her mother was doing. It was only when she could hold on no longer, and the pressure in her chest reached its max that the teen was forced to exhale, a single long drawn out mewl of want that she attempted to muffle with every ounce of will within her.

Of course, her mother wasn’t much better. Ann’s chest rose and fell in great crests, her breathing almost matching her daughter. The smell in the air was slowly filling the room, saturating her brain with the lust-laden musk. She tried to stay focused on her work, the entirety of her attention on the apex of her daughter’s thighs.

Before, she had worked her hands like she had been handling a fine piece of art, beautiful and fragile. But now, as Kim’s blood began to burn and Ann could see the art come alive, she couldn’t stop her fingers as they danced across her skin, tickling all the places where she knew Kim would love. All, but the most important. And Kim couldn’t stand it.

Ann marveled at the way the hips in her hands were beginning to buck, small little spasms that jiggled her cute butt before settling back on the table with a subtle thump. Every time she caressed her thumbs along her daughter’s plump lips, she had to brace herself against the little kick that followed. Seeing her baby act like this, like an adult, like a woman, it only increased the excitement for Ann. Especially so as she was able to watch Kim’s cute little pussy dance for her entertainment.

Pushing the barriers even farther, the mother couldn’t help but hold her breath as she braced her thumbs in the middle of that delicate crease she had been dancing around for so long. She pulled it apart, splitting the lips of her daughter’s lower mouth to see the innermost depths of her being. Seeing this, the mother moaned – a deep and grating baritone just under her breath that consumed her entire being.

She was beautiful, a shade of pink only known to those that have remained untouched. Virginal. It gratified the mother to know she was seeing something no one else had yet to. She could feel its heat burning at the edges of her thumbs.

But even more than that was the absolute wetness that seemed to drip from her core. All along the bright coloring the light reflected off the sensual liquid seemingly springing from every surface.

It was all Ann could do to keep her fingers from diving even further inside her little girl. This did not, however, keep her from taking in another breath, only to release a cool stream of air directly aimed for the small pearl of nerves throbbing at the tip of Kim’s slit.

By this point, Kim had forgotten all about the point of the oil. All she could think, all she could feel, were her mother’s fingers tracing lines all up and down her sex. Where before her touch had brought relief from the fire, now it was the fuel. With each pass a new line of burning heat cooked at the edge of her core.

But always the edge.

No matter how much she bucked or mentally pleaded, her mother never dared to cross that line as to actually touch her center. And this drove Kim to the edge of her sanity. She tried to hold off, the
embarrassment of having an orgasm in front of her mother too much to bear. But with each passing moment, the memory of her struggle became that much harder to recall.

‘Give in,’ the voice in the back of her head called out, ‘give in.’ And for a moment, Kim thought the voice to be that of her mother. But opening her eyes to look between her splayed legs, Ann’s expression remained the same. Calm and serene, a small smile highlighting her beautiful face even as her fingers continued to rub Kim’s crotch into a frothing mess.

In truth, her mother was anything but those things. Those eyes she found so calm and serene were simply half-lidded, drunk in the haze that consumed her mind. And her smile, which Kim thought to be warm and gentle was really an almost mad Cheshire like expression threatening to split her face. All of which was flushed with the warmth of her own blood and arousal.

This only made the rate of her breathing, sucked in through flared nostrils, that much more alarming. Especially so when considering the air to be heavy with the smell of Kim’s sex, her face hardly more than a foot away from its dripping source.

The feeling of her daughter’s thighs, warm and solid beneath her fingers was a thing of beauty. Her skin was so smooth, flawless even. Not a blemish in sight. This only made the contrast of her sex that much more exquisite.

Ann loved her daughter’s vagina. The way Kim’s lips gave to her fingers sent a shock up her spine every time she dared rub against them. They were just so soft, a subtle hint to what Ann knew lay deeper in her center.

Unfortunately, no matter how much her heart throbbed at the thought of crossing that dangerous line into Kim’s folds, Ann knew that wouldn’t be a proper thing for a mother to do. After all, she was just helping her daughter burn off a little steam. To take advantage of the situation like that, it would be inappropriate. As long as it remained innocent, it was okay. As long as she was just helping, she didn’t need to feel guilty about how much she was enjoying it. Or how damp the inside of her thighs currently were. Nope, no reason at all. After all, what kind of mother would she be if she tried to use this as an excuse to violate her only daughter?

No, that would need to wait for tonight.

She was such a good mother. And just like a good mother, Ann chose that moment to increase her speed, her oil slick fingers palming the whole of Kim mounds before rubbing the oil hard against her skin with the heel of her hand.

Now outwardly panting, her stomach muscles were cramping with the effort to keep her release at bay. Half-crazed with lust and the other with embarrassment, Kim’s body was flushed with sweat that rivaled that even of the steam room. Her breath was heavy and the battle to hold it at bay was long forgotten. Any and all hopes of keeping her aroused state hidden from her mother were dashed long ago. It was only Kim’s stubbornness and refusal to orgasm that kept her going.

The part of her brain that still functioned cried in the indignation of the whole situation. Surely her mother was finished tending to her by now!? But every time those sinfully wonderful hands pulled away, they only returned moments later – a brand new helping of fresh oil to greet her. Not that she needed it anymore. Oh no, Kim was quite sure she was providing more than enough lubricant to service whatever her mother was doing.

She could feel it, with every flex of her inner muscles or pass of her mother’s hand, it dribbled out of
her burning core and down the crack of her rear to mix with the voluminous oil covering her lower body. There, it caught in Ann’s hands only to be rubbed back into its producer’s skin. Not that Ann minded. Rather, seeing that small trickle of arousal leak from her baby’s hot little box only served to raise the temperature burning in the confines of her own robe.

As much as Ann might wish otherwise, in the end, someone had to give. And as much as Kim fought it, not God himself could have stopped the overwhelming swell of burning need from bursting as Ann ran her oiled hand through the tuft of red fur, brushing the tip of her finger over the throbbing pearl above her slit, red and sopping in its hood.

With a great gasp, Kim’s entire body seized in a single fit of rigidness. She felt the electricity rush up and down her body, only increasing its heat as Kim swore she had burst into flames. She saw colors flash, and angels sing.

In all the times she had spent in her room playing with herself, she could never remember feeling herself come undone this hard. So hard, in fact, that in the wake of her explosive orgasm, Kim was helpless to do anything but lay back and feel wave after wave of pleasure consumes her entirety, head to toe. And all the while, Ann continued to watch, silently quaking in her own release brought on without so much as a touch.

During the following minutes, Kim’s mind drifted in and out of consciousness. Only aware of a few things in that time, all she could recall was the strange sound of her mother’s heavy breath, followed by a warm towel mopping up the lower half of her body.

With a groan, her mind finally seemed to return for good. For the first few moments, she was confused. She was unsure how long she had been out, but her internal clock told her it couldn’t have been for more than a few minutes. Finally, in that confusing haze, her memories came back to her. And at that moment, she felt her breath hitch in her throat.

She was… mortified. Beyond everything else, she found that to be the best word to describe her current train of thought. What was wrong with her? What kind of person came just from their parent’s hand?

Too afraid to open her eyes, Kim dreaded what kind of expression she would find on her mother’s face. But she couldn’t hide behind her lids forever. The teen forced them open and braced herself.

Part of her had expected confusion. Or maybe even disgust. At the very least she expected some semblance of embarrassment. But, amazingly, as the teen stared into her mother’s features, the older woman didn’t even look bothered by the situation, not a red hair out of place.

Kim tried to open her mouth, to apologize or at least explain herself. But staring into the blue orbs of her mother, all she could do was sit there, the memories of what had just happened playing again and again in her head. And just as sick as the first time, it horrified Kim to find the arousal trickling back.

As Ann finally came forward, Kim found herself shrinking back, the reprimand she had been expecting sure to rear its head. This is why, when Ann opened her mouth to speak, instead Kim found herself blinking in utter confusion.

“So… what do you feel like eating for lunch?”

A/N: Thank you for reading and don’t forget to leave a comment if you have the time.
Next chapter: September 25th
Chapter 5

A/N: Here it is, the last chapter before the climax. Just letting you guys know, I’ve decided to make the epilogue its own chapter due to length issues. Please enjoy the chapter and don’t forget to let me know any thoughts or options if you have the time. Thanks for reading.

Chapter 5

Girl(s): Kim.

Tag(s): Drugging, revealing clothes.

Words: 12,258

The best thing about lunch, Kim decided, was being able to dress back into her clothes. Other than that, the teen couldn’t find it in herself to care about much else.

Head held down, her posture was awkward and stiff. And every few moments she would look up from her plate and stare at her mother always expecting to find some kind of expression. But rather, Ann always remained the same, smiling, happy, even chatting with her despite her resolved silence. It left her… grasping for what the hell had just happened.

Could her mother really… not have known? It seemed like the only explanation that could explain how Ann was so unaffected. But, was that possible? It wasn’t as though Kim had managed to be discreet, she remembered that much. And after waking, the teen had been horrified to look down and discover her sex still beaming a bright heated red, saturated with her own arousal.

It was gross, vulgar, and her mother’s hands had been all over it. It was this realization that almost brought the teens lunch back onto the table.

With all of this facing her, the teen was helpless but to accept the only remain option. Her mother had known. She had known and continued and wasn’t reacting in the slightest. She was just sitting there, eating a salad and babbling on as if she hadn’t just… brought her daughter to climax. It was a slightly disturbing image in Kim’s mind. So, she sat there, shoulder’s hunched and a troubled expression clear on her features.

“Kim, Kim?” Ann spoke up, her sentence cut short at the sight of her tepid daughter. “Kim, are you even listening to me? What’s the matter?”

Silent for a few moments, the teen squirmed awkwardly. “Nothing,” she muttered out. But even to her own ears, Kim had to flinch at just how petulant and teenager she sounded.

“Kim,” Ann reproached. But her daughter did not answer. She tried again but was still met with silence. “Oh Kim, are you still fretting about what happened on the waxing table?” And this, at least, earned a response.

In a quick flick of her neck, Kim looked up to meet her mother’s gaze, genuine surprise on her face. It was the first time she had said a single word about it, the first time she even acknowledged it had happened. Not willing to let the topic die, the teen’s features hardened before she gave a single nod of her head.
Letting out a long drawn out sigh, the mother’s expression became gentle as she put down her fork and laid a hand on top of her daughter’s. This only served to increase the teen’s discomfort as she was forced to look away, fighting the urge to tear her limb away.

“Kim,” the mother began, “you have no reason to be embarrassed about what happened. It was a perfectly natural reaction that you had no way of controlling.” The teen actually had to hold back her look of disbelief.

She thought she was embarrassed? Screw that. She was mortified, disgusted, horrified, and… and… yes, super freaking embarrassed! But even more than all of that, she couldn’t believe how her mother just seemed to accept it. And in a harsh and whispered tone, she told her mother just that.

“Kim,” Ann spoke, stressing the words in way that pleaded to be understood. “I’m a doctor. And I wouldn’t be a very good one if I worked up a fuss at every little bodily fluid I came across, now would I? Besides, it’s not like this was the first time this has happened to a patient.” And at that, the teen could only blink, a startled blush creeping up her cheeks at the implications of those words.

“Oh, honestly Kim,” Ann admonished at seeing the shy expression on her face. Was she really so innocent? “There called pelvic exams. And every doctor’s done them.”

“And women actually…” making a motion with her hands, Kim was too embarrassed to actually say the word.

“Climax,” Ann finished, laughing internally at her daughter’s squeamishness. “Yes, though some more than others. It’s just the bodies reaction to a certain stimulation.”

Seeing her daughter’s dubious look, Ann sighed. “Look,” she forced, righting herself back to her original point. “I’m sorry if I made you uneasy by not saying anything. I thought you be more comfortable that way. The fact of the matter is, you were in pain and I simply wanted to help you. I mean, what other reason could I have?” And grinning at that, Ann’s smile froze the harsh expression on her daughter’s face.

Kim swallowed nervously. She had been so angry before, but looking at her mother now, so earnest, it made her completely forget why. Maybe… maybe she had been overreacting a little. It wasn’t like her mom did what she did on purpose. And she really had been in a lot of pain. Her mom was probably just as uncomfortable by the whole thing as she was.

Kim’s features softened to a look of uncertain guilt. After all, how could she think her mom would ever do anything to hurt her? Ann was great. Kim couldn’t ask for a better mother. Not once could she ever remember her doing anything she didn’t think was best for her. And holding that close to her heart, Kim forced her eyes up to her mom and smiled.

“I-I’m sorry,” the teenager finally forced out. “I didn’t mean to ruin our day.” And seeing her mother smile back, Kim felt hope.

“Oh honey, you didn’t ruin anything! There’s still plenty of fun left to be had. In fact, I think it’s about time we got on to our next stop. I hope you like having your hair done.” And not waiting for her daughter to respond, the mother’s energy never seemed to die as she forced the teen to her feet and dragged her off to their next activity.

Forcing a laugh at her mother’s actions, the teen allowed her mother to lead her off, determined to salvage what was left of their quality time. She loved her mom, after all. And her mom loved her. Which is why, returning her mother’s bright mood, Kim ignored the uneasy emotion stirring in her stomach and forced herself to smile. Because no matter what, above everyone else, she knew she
could trust her mother. Which only made the doubt in her heart that much more painful.

As it turned out, Kim did like having her hair done. Side by side, the mother and daughter began to talk and laugh, all the while duel hair dressers massaged and washed their hair to a fine sheen. The sensation of their fingers against their scalps was toe curling. And the wonderful smelling product they implemented filled the room in a bouquet of fruity and floral scents. By the time their session was over, Kim found herself almost completely back to normal.

“We have to get a bottle of that stuff for home,” the teen grinned as she admire her hair glimmering in the light. And racking her hand through the locks, she couldn’t remember a time her head had felt his soft.

“Oh, okay.” Ann laughed. And nodding to the attendant they were kind enough to wrap it together before handing it to her. “But you might have to fight me for it.” Giving the teen a wink, Kim responded with a small giggle, delighted by her mother’s antics.

Taking another moment to enjoy her reflection in the mirror, the appearance of another attendant walking up to them caught her eye.

“Are you ready for your next activity?” And before the teen could so much as raise an eyebrow in question, Ann thanked her and motioned for her daughter to follow.

Walking beside her mom, it wasn’t long before they turned in to a room housing a single chair sat in front of a large desk and mirror.

“A hair cut?” she questioned her mother. Ann simply nodded before pushing her child towards the seat.

“Kim, it’s part of the package,” she reminded her cheerfully. “Besides, don’t you think it’s about time for a new look? Honestly, you’ve had the same haircut since freshman year.” And putting on a disapproving expression, Ann stared her daughter into submission.

Biting her lip, the teen stared at her reflection in the mirror and found herself begrudgingly giving her mother’s words some thought. It had been awhile since she had tried anything new. Sure, she could wear it in different ways, but that didn’t really make much of a difference. Maybe a small change wouldn’t hurt. Emphasis on small.

In reality, she had been thinking of growing out her hair. Sure, it might be a pain to take care of, but thinking of all the things she would be able to do with it made all the trouble seem less so. But, not willing to fight her mother over it, the teen simply nodded, silently swearing to request nothing more than an inch at most.

With a resigned sigh, Kim made a show of giving in by grabbing one of the nearby magazines and settling into her chair. This seemed to satisfy her mother enough to get her to wait quietly in the corner.

With her nose stuck in one surprisingly interesting article, Kim failed to notice the attended entering the room right away. This gave the mother ample time to intercede, drawing the young woman over to her corner and speak in a whispered tone. By the time Kim looked up to see her coming, the hairdresser was already stood behind her.

Catching the woman in the mirror’s reflection, Kim waited patiently for her to get all her supplies ready, turning back to the article. After all, any sane person would rightfully assume that a
hairdresser wouldn’t start without any kind of instruction. And any sane person would be right. Little
did she know, in her absent mindedness, Ann had had more than enough time to fill the attendant in
on everything her daughter wanted done.

Unfortunately, the teen failed to notice the women pick up a pair of sheers.

Even as Kim felt the woman soak her hair, and even a she felt the stranger brush her hair back into a
neat uniform, it wasn’t until the teenager heard the sound of metal slicing hair that she thought to
look up, the image of it cut all the way up to her neck meeting her shocked gaze.

“!?” letting out a mixture of shock and confusion, Kim’s noises quickly made the attendant back off
in a look of horror. In a rush of garbled apologies, her eyes flashed between mother and daughter
clearly imagining she had done something horrible. Thankfully, Ann was quick to calm her, giving
her a look of reassurance before moving towards her daughter.

“Kim, relax,” she insisted. But The teen was too preoccupied with her reflection, running her fingers
through the space where her hair used to be.

“Mom, my hair!” She stared at Ann as if her mother had some way of fixing the issue. Instead, Ann
rolled her eyes, forcing her daughter to look in the mirror.

“Kim,” she spoke pointedly. “I told you, you needed a new look.” And so surprised by her mother’s
words, Kim’s expression froze just before transforming into a look of betrayal.

“You told her to do this?” and raising her voice a few octaves, the teen made a point of pointing her
finger right at the area of offence.

“Of course,” Ann replied, not an ounce of guilt in her tone. Hearing her mother’s response, Kim
found herself actually stumped at what to say. All she could do was blink and stare at where her hair
used to be.

“Oh Kim, would you stop being so dramatic? You were the one that told me you wanted me to
support your career choice. Well, here you go.” And as if proud of herself, the mother put her hands
on her hips, a small pose as she looked at their reflection.

“How is ruining my hair supporting anything?” Kim immediately questioned, her tone mystified and
confused. Ann didn’t respond in the slightest, however, and continued to pet her child’s shoulder.

“Kim, how much time do you usually spend on your hair every morning? Thirty, forty-five minutes?
You’re not going to have that kind of time once you start training. With hair like this, your mornings
will be cut in half.” And despite herself, Kim almost forced herself to see her mother’s way of
thinking.

Taking a dry breath, her tone was shaken and unsure. “I-I guess that makes sense.” But even saying
that, the pore girl couldn’t seem to make herself believe it.

“Trust me Kim, long hair may be beautiful, but it just isn’t practical. Honestly, it amazes me you
haven’t had any problems with it already. I mean, what do you do if someone grabs it? Or, what
about if it gets caught in one of those doomsday machines? Or what if it catches on fire!” To any
other child, this kind of logic would have been ridiculous. But for Kim, these were all real-life
hazards that could actually afflict her.

Opening and closing her mouth, Kim’s eyes were wide as she scrambled for an excuse to keep her
beautiful hair. Unfortunately, finding none, the teen knew no matter how much she wanted to argue,
her mother had a point.
However, this didn’t make what was about to happen any less painful. The attendant soon moved back into place, and her sheers once again clipped the long hair into a manageable bob.

Settling into a small smile, Ann couldn’t help but enjoy the sight before her. Everything she had just said was a legitimate accident that could very easily occur should her daughter actually become part of a spy agency. She just hadn’t thought to mention to her daughter that she wouldn’t be getting that opportunity. Oh well!

It didn’t matter anyway. This new hair was beneficial for more than just missions. Managing a child was much simpler when you don’t have to worry about them getting a fistful every time you held them, a lesson Ann had to learn the hard way.

Long hair, while beautiful, was for girls. Girls without responsibility or with too much time on their hands. It wasn’t until they cut that hair and they were forced to make sacrifices that they became women. Ann still remember how heart breaking it had been for her when she had been forced to make the decision. This was just another way of preparing Kim for that inevitable fate.

Ann couldn’t help but feel a sense of satisfaction. Once she had a baby to occupy her time, the loss wouldn’t seem so bad. Kim might even thank her for forcing her to make the transition so early. But in the meantime, Ann was content to simply watch; watch and admire her daughter’s true future unfold.

Staring at the hair fall around her, Kim’s face was an emotionless mask, refusing to show just how much her heart was breaking with each strand that fell away. She was proud of her hair, she loved it. It was one of the things she treasured most; going so far as to go out of her way in missions to protect it from any would-be damaging fire of lasers. But now it was gone. And she had to just sit back and watch as some woman cut it down to half what it had been. Finally, unable to watch any longer, the teen closed her eyes waiting for the ordeal to be over.

After about fifteen minutes of uninterrupted snipping, the attendant announced her completion.

With a deep sigh, Kim gripped the arms of her chair already fearing the worst. The sensation of air on her neck was strange and unfamiliar. It only made the act of opening her eyes that much harder. Unfortunately, no matter what she tried to prepare herself for, the teen could never have anticipated the horrific sight that lay before her.

She… she… she looked just like her mom? And it was at that moment Ann chose to step behind her daughter, only allowing Kim to compare them that much more.

“Oooo,” the mother cooed, delight brightening her expression as she stared at her daughter. “Oh honey, look how beautiful you are.”

Despite the kind words Kim remained how she was, her expression stuck in a muted horror. Ann gave this no mind, however, and continued to fawn over her new look.

“Oh baby, you look so much more mature like this,” she grinned. “Just look how it frames your face.” The older woman ran her hands through the shortened strands. “I think it’s safe to say your new look is much better than before.” But even that wasn’t enough to break the overwhelming haze of unease that fixed her gaze on her reflection. Instead, the teen simply sat there, her mom twittering about like a bird cooing gentle compliments that never once did a thing to calm her. It wasn’t until her mother sighed, taking a moment to compliment her hairdresser on a job well done, that Kim was able to look up, a strange, muted expression of sorrow on her features.

“Mom… can we go home now?” in those six words expressed all that Kim could want. For the day
to be over, for her to be home and alone and for her to be able to mourn in silence for everything that had happened that day. Unfortunately, just like she feared, her mother simply laughed, disregarding her emotions once again as she condescendingly petted her head.

“Oh sweetie, but the day’s not over!” It was all Kim could do to keep from pulling out what little hair she had left. What else could there be!?

Ann’s expression softened, as if reading her child’s thoughts. She gained a somewhat thoughtful expression.

“Kim,” Ann sighed. “I understand that today might not have gone how you expected. And I know I may have been pushing you out of your comfort zone.” It was all Kim could do to stop from giving her mother a sarcastic snort of disbelief. Ann ignored this poorly concealed expression, her own eyes boring into the girl forcing her to listen. “However,” she pressed. “I just want you to know how proud I am at how mature you’ve been handling it all. I can really see you’re not my little girl anymore. And as much as I know I’ll miss her, I love the young women I’m seeing right now even more.”

Her expression became soft and gentle. Kim found her own melting from its frosty demeanor, unable to face the warmth emanating from her mother’s every pore.

Crossing her arms, Kim fought to stay mad. She hated how her mother could do this, how Ann could take a situation that was totally her fault and completely turn it back on her. It was evil, horrible, completely unfair, and worst of all, completely working. She struggled to keep hold of the last visages of her temper. But Kim found it all slipping away before she could so much as grumble.

With a deflating sigh, the teen found herself looking into her reflection, trying to look past the horror of her new look. In reality, she knew it wasn’t that bad. She didn’t look that much like her mother. And even is she did… who cared? ‘Really, it’s not like mom is ugly or anything. I’ll be lucky if I look half as good as her by the time I’m her age… It’s a compliment.’

Repeating that train of thought, the teen forced herself to get over her own insecurities and be happy that her mom thought so much of her. After all, it’s just hair.

With one more huff, Kim gave up her anger entirely. “Thanks mom,” she finally answered, actually very touched by what her mom had told her. It wasn’t every day a parent acknowledge their child as an adult, after all. And despite herself, Kim actually felt herself endeared to the compliment more than she thought it would. It was often a worry of hers that her parents would forever treat her like a child. So now, hearing her mother talk as she did, the teenager couldn’t help but feel her chest inflate with the compliment.

Seeing her child perk up, Ann’s eyes twinkled with relief. She had avoided the melt down, but now she needed to real her back in.

“Actually,” Ann spoke up. “I’m afraid I have a bit of a confession to make.” And seeing Kim whip her head around to stare at her mother, Ann’s pleasure hummed internally. Of course Kim was suspicious. The way the day has been, she’d be naive not to.

“The spa isn’t the only surprise I have for today,” the mother confessed. And just like she knew would happen, Kim’s eyes went alight with the new information. “I don’t want to give it away completely, but let’s just say I have some very special dinner plans for the evening.”

“Special dinner?” Kim questioned, her interest peeked. “Like… fancy?” And seeing how her daughter sparkled at the thought, Ann couldn’t help but nod her head.
“Fancy enough to need a new dress,” Ann replied happily. “And a makeover if you’re up to it.” And grinning happily to herself, Ann forced a dejected expression on her face. “But, I guess if you’d really rather go home…”

Biting her lip, Kim felt her cheeks warm with excitement. Make-up? Dress shopping? Real food that didn’t come with a grande option? Kim knew she’d been caught.

“I-I guess I can go for a little longer,” the teen conceded, her smile turning bashful. “I mean, how many times have we had the chance to eat at an actual restaurant?”

Grinning right back, Ann helped her from the chair before leading her by the small of her back towards the door. “Oh baby,” she sighed. “It will be life changing.” That was all she could say before her building grin broke free, her one arm holding her daughter close as the last of her planning finally fell through.

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Back in the car with her mother, Kim couldn’t stop the excited smile stretched across her newly painted face. Never one to do overboard when it came to cosmetics, in the hands or professionals Kim had been amazed at what they’d been able to do to her and her mother.

Rich, vibrant red lip stick. A radiant blush that seemed made for her pale complexion. Maschera and eyeliner that transformed her lashes into long and graceful swoops. They’d even given her a puff of perfume before they walked out the door staining her skin a deliciously sweet fragrance that reminded the teenager of candy and flowers.

By the time it was over, and she was able to look herself in the mirror, Kim almost couldn’t believe how much… older she looked. Not in a bad way. But mature. They’d taken an awkward teenager and transformed her into exactly what her mother had called her. A beautiful young woman. And despite herself, Kim couldn’t ignore the pride and confidence she felt radiating from her chest.

As buildings and cars whizzed by, her curiosity only increased. They were in Upperton after all. And everyone knew that this was where the money was. Her mind raced with all the possibilities. Waiters in tuxedoes, wine in crystal glasses, everyone beautifully dressed in their best clothes. Which only turned her attention back to her own wonderful new dress.

Kim still couldn’t believe how her mother had talked her into the thing, glancing down at herself. It was… beautiful. It was! Which was good, considering the price she’d watched flash at check out. A passionate red, the color played off her pale skin and green eyes in a way that made all her best features pop.

If there was one thing she had to complain about though, she had to admit the top was certainly lower than she was comfortable with. Low enough that she’d been sure her mother would have been the first to shoot it down. And maybe part of her had even been hoping for that outcome.

But, of course she didn’t. if anything, her mom seemed even more excited when she’d stepped out of the dressing room. It was super embarrassing, especially with her newly acquired… shapes. She was practically spilling out of the top. one wrong move and she was pretty sure she’d be giving the room one hell of a show.

Despite all of this, Kim would be lying if she said it didn’t also make her feel incredibly beautiful. It only added to the excitement she found in exploring her womanly side. And… there was also the fact that, compared to her mother’s dress… well, let’s just say she realized that things could have been much worse.
This didn’t mean she wasn’t still impressed. Turning to look at her mother, the older woman seemed even more dressed up than Kim. Equally low cut, a black dress wrapped around her mother’s form like silken liquid. The way it hugged her curves, while beautiful, left little to the imagination. She had tried to talk her mom out of it, even more than she had for her own dress. But she wouldn’t be heard. In the end, Kim decided to take comfort that at least any attention they got would be focused on her parent.

Shrugging her shoulders, Kim turned back to the window, pulling the front of her dress back up for what felt like the millionth time.

Kim couldn’t wait to see where they were going. And as time continued to pass and the car showed no sign of slowing, the teenager couldn’t help but question where her mom was actually taking them. One minute, five, ten, and then fifteen. And before she knew it, Kim was watching Upperton disappear behind them.

Kim remained silent, consoling herself that while it may not be Upperton extravagant, her mother had still promised fancy. Unfortunately, this hope only made the appearance of their home rolling by that much more disappointing.

Coming to a full stop, Kim looked at her house and then back to her mom in confusion. She tried not to let her disappointment show. “Do you need to grab something quick, or…?” she let the question hang, hoping her mother would have an answer.

“Nope!” Shutting off the car, she unbuckled her seatbelt before turning her full smile onto her daughter. “This is it!” And before Kim could so much as fake a smile, Ann was out of the car and urging her daughter to follow.

Great, just what she was hoping for. Getting this dressed up just to have dinner with the tweebs. Despite her reservations, Kim did as her mother asked and forced herself from the car. The least she could do is try and make her mother happy. At least there was one good thing about this outcome. She had said she’d wanted to come home…

The walk to the door was a quite one, though one wouldn’t be able to tell by the near tangible energy emanating from the elder Possible. It was like she couldn’t get to the front door fast enough. Kim had to jog just to keep up with her steps not an easy feat considering the shoes currently lifting the heels of her feet a solid four feet from the ground. Finally, reaching the door to their home, Ann stopped to turn to her daughter.

“Kim, I hope you’re ready to see your surprise!” Grinning larger than Kim had ever seen, she was helpless to do anything but shrug her shoulders.

If Kim’s lack of response hampered Ann’s excitement, she didn’t let it show. Instead, like a game show assistant, she turned the knob and stepped away with the door. And on the other side, Kim’s expression actually faltered at the sight of… Ron, a bouquet of red roses in hand.

Just as sharply dressed as the two women, Ann had seen fit to get the young man fitted for a suit of his very own. In the suit now, he looked every part of the dashing lad she had always known he could be. Well, except for the face.

Tense almost beyond recognition, the young man’s smile stretched his face like bad Botox. Even worse was the sweat, literally pouring off his skin in waves that even the high-quality suit couldn’t completely absorbed. As a result, Kim grimaced at the sight of stains marking the spots under his arms, as well as the collar of his neck.
Whatever romance or impression Ron might have made was dashed. Immediately, Kim’s disappointed face turned to that of horror.

No, there was no way. Her mother couldn’t have thought to set her up with Ron, could she? But one glance at her mother’s still excited face was all the teenager needed to understand that, yes, she very well could.

“Kim!” Ron spoke, his voice high and actually painful to Kim’s ears. “T-these are for you!” and suddenly Kim found the bouquet of roses suddenly thrust in her face, the unclipped thorns catching on her cheek. Wincing, Kim’s eyes went wide before returning to her mother, pleading with the woman to not let this happen. But Ann seemed intent on making the situation worse, silently motioning for her to take them.

Smiling tightly, Kim sighed as she took the flowers. In her mind, all she could think was how fast she could run in her new heels. Outwardly, she forced herself to meet her best friend’s eyes and say, “thank you?”

The way he kept twitching sent shivers down her spine. ‘God, he’s like a squirrel.’ Kim doubted she had ever seen him so nervous. Even if she knew why. Part of her had really been hoping that she would be able to leave town before anything like this could happen. Though, the other had known it was unavoidable. Whether she knew it or not, her mom had inadvertently forced her hand.

Without warning, Kim watched him stiffly turn around and walk farther into the house. Before she could begin to question it, her mother’s firm hand pushed on the small of her back, forcing her through the threshold into the longest night of her life.

If Kim thought things were bad before, inside the house was something from a horror movie. The entire building was blanketed in a soft light emanating from candles peppered throughout the halls and rooms for a romantic glow. Even worse, Kim looked down to see even more flowers, this time spread across the ground to make a path she was no doubt supposed to follow.

Feeling a surge of panic take her breast, Kim’s eyes were wide as they looked to her mother. “Where are Dad and the tweebs?” she asked, hoping against hope that they might save her. She didn’t even dare tread the irony of what she had been thinking of them in the car.

“Oh, I convinced your father to take the boys on a little overnight camping trip. They shouldn’t be back until tomorrow afternoon.” As if the breaking of her last resort hadn’t been enough, Ann went on to say, “bet your glad I talked you into that waxing now, hmm?” And giving her daughter a small wink, she completely missed the look of horror that her words inspired as she walked on ahead.

Kim was frozen in her spot. Her mother was not only condoning, but encouraging her to have sex with Ron? The poor teenager felt physically ill. Unfortunately, with no other options, she could do little else but continue on the flowery trail before finally stopping at the kitchen.

For a moment, Kim was actually impressed.

Even more than the rest of the house, the Kitchen was aflame with candles and rose petals. Covering all available surfaces, the room had taken on a somewhat pink hue. She could just make out the sound of music being filtered in, soft and classical. And yet none of that compared to the scene created in the center of the room.

The table she had grown up with had seemingly been transformed. Covered with a pure white cloth, dishes of food she knew her mother could not have made littered the available space. Meats and salads, adding in even more candles and a vase holding a single rose and it was a scene any young
woman would hope to be in.

“Isn’t it great, Kimmie?” Ann asked, bringing her daughter back to her horrible reality. “And Ronald did it all by himself. You’ve got to love a man that can cook, right?” All Kim could manage was a weak smile that still came off as more of a grimace. It seemed to be enough for her mother, however, as her answering grin had blinded a lesser man.

“Mother,” Kim spoke, her teeth gritted. “May I please have a word with you?” Without bothering to look back, Kim stole out of the room, her steps hard and echoing.

Ann simply smiled at her daughter’s actions, like that of a petulant child throwing a tantrum. Rather than provoke her further, the mother simply patted Ron on the shoulder before following after her child.

She found Kim in the entryway, arms crossed under her bulbous bosom.

“Mom, what the actual hell?” Kim demanded in a hushed whisper, seething in silent rage. Apparently too silent, because her mother actually seemed to smile wider from her reaction.

“I know!” she answered, nearly bouncing with joy. “Oh, it’s even more beautiful than I imagined. Isn’t it incredible?” She sighed, taking a look at the room like it was actually beautiful, instead of the nightmare Kim had stumbled upon. Kim’s jaw actually dropped in disbelief.

“What!?” her voice threatened to crack under her tone. “No! No its not wonderful. This is awful! Why on earth would you agree to set me up with my best friend?” Because seriously, she was curious how this could be anything but a punishment.

“Oh, Kim!” Like this was just another outburst from a typical teenager. “Listen to yourself. Just get back in there. You know boys don’t like to be kept waiting.” As though Kim actually cared about what Ron thought. As though she actually wanted tonight to happen. No, the red-haired girl had put up with a lot in the last twenty-four hours. But this? No, she was putting her foot down.

“I don’t care if he waits!” she practically hissed, forcing her face into her mother’s and forgetting about the tragically low cut of her dress. Ann’s eyes couldn’t help but glance down, keeping her attention occupied while Kim worked passed her frustrations.

“And I don’t care what he thinks! I don’t want him here. I don’t want to have dinner with him. I just want to go to my room and forget this ever happened. Just listen to me for once, please!” Finally, Ann lost her smile. Kim wanted to cheer at the small victory. But whatever satisfaction she might have found was quickly quashed by the chastising frown that took its place.

“I don’t see why you’re being so difficult. He’s a nice boy! You might not appreciate it but trust me. I thought the same thing about your father. And look how happy we are?” This, as it turned out, was not the right thing to say. As Kim’s eyes widened to near comical proportions, before narrowing in a scathing glare.

“I. Am. Not. Interested,” she spoke slowly, praying for her mother to accept what she was saying. “Ron’s my friend, okay? But I don’t want to date him.” Her nose crinkled as though the very thought disgusted her. But only because it did. “He’s lazy, and skinny, and just gross!” It was Kim’s turn to speak out of turn as Ann’s frown shifted into something sharper. Her eyes turned cold as she lost what little patience she’d been pretending to uphold.

Whatever cheeriness the older woman had been trying to force was suddenly cold and harsh. Kim didn’t notice until she’d already finished, forcing a small jolt to straighten her back. Before she
realized what she was doing, she found herself taking a step back. Ann just followed after her, languid and stone faced until Kim felt her back press against the wall.

“I am so disappointed in you.” And what a way to start.

Kim’s eyes widened like she’d been punched in the stomach, that hurt by her mother’s words. But Ann didn’t hesitate and didn’t pause for a single moment and continued on like she’d found her daughter passed out near a dumpster, drug infused needles still lodged in each arm.

“I never thought my own daughter would behave like this. So quick to judge other people. Ronald is a kind young man. He may not be the most handsome, but I thought you were at least open minded enough to try and look past something so trivial.” Wide eyed and panicked, Kim tried to speak up.

“But-!” Ann cut her off before she had the chance.

“Kimberly Ann Possible.” And Kim could only gasp seeing her mom become actually angry. “That boy spent all day putting this together. All so that he could have a nice dinner with you.” And the way she said the word ‘you’ only continued to make Kim feel like a pile of dirt. “And you are going to go in there, thank him, and then you are going to spend the rest of the evening eating dinner until those plates are licked clean. Do I make myself clear?”

By this point, any indignation Kim had been feeling had been stripped away. And what was left made her feel oddly young, quivering under her mom’s firm expression.

“But-.” She stopped short on her own this time, wide eyes begging while she failed to find the words. “But…” Ann’s gaze didn’t waver, effectively pinning her against the wall. Finally, Kim knew that nothing short of a severed limb was getting her out of this. She gave in with a soft whine, pouting like the child she felt she was. “Fine…”

And just like that, Ann’s grin was back, as large and radiant as ever.

“Oh, Kimmie! You won’t regret it.” Except she already did.

“And I’m not… sleeping with him!” Her cheeks still burned recalling her mother’s earlier comments and bazar expectations for the evening. Ann just chuckled good naturedly, as though everything had been one big joke. This did little to put Kim’s nerves at ease, even as her mother gently urged her back towards the dining room.

Stepping back into the candle lit space, the blonde-haired boy was still standing awkwardly in the middle of the room, impossibly more sweaty than when the pair had left him not five minutes ago. Upon their reentry, his front snapped in their direction and his twitchy expression homed in on Kim. Just as awkward, she didn’t even bother to try and hide the fact that her mother had pushed her back in his direction. Something close to resignation settled over her as she realized this night was going to happen.

The two teenagers stayed like that for a moment that seemed to stretch into infinity. Neither said anything, Ron through sheer nervousness and Kim by clear disinterest. Finally, Ann felt the need to step in, smoothly gesturing towards her date for the evening.

“He may not have told you this, but I’ve been helping him with his college application,” Ann continued to talk to her daughter. “He’s managed to get into a very good culinary program up in Upperton University. If everything goes well, he should have a very bright future ahead of himself.”

While somewhat surprised by the news, Kim didn’t let any of it show - offering little more than a strained nod of acknowledgement. She was glad he wasn’t going to be homeless after she left, but
that was all. He could cook her breakfast, lunch, and dinner. That still wouldn’t make him attractive.

“That’s… nice,” she finally offered, face about as impressed as porridge. Ann must have noticed her train of thought and quickly looked toward the young man in the room before motioning for him to change the subject.

“Ronald, would you like to offer my daughter her seat?” Turning to the young man, Ron looked like he’d been shocked by how high he jumped. Kim was then treated to the sight of her friend scrambling to pull her chair out. Nervously, his eyes turned to her, waiting for her to take it.

By then, Kim knew she wouldn’t be getting any help from her mother. Without so much as glancing in her direction, the teenager solemnly walked forward before lowering herself to the offered chair. A grunt sounded in the otherwise silent room as Ron pushed her in a bit too far, lodging the wood against her mid-section.

“Sorry!” he apologized quickly. Kim offered no words.

Pushing away from the table, the teenager’s eyes rose to watch Ron sit on the other end. With nowhere else to look, Kim found herself forced to watch him squirm. For the first time in her life, Kim actually found herself regretting talking to that weird boy at the playground all those years ago.

“Well, isn’t this nice?” Ann hummed at the two of them. Neither answered. Thankfully, Ann was too excited to let one little detail ruin the night. “I don’t want to get in your guy’s way. But if you need anything, just give me a shout, okay? Okay.” Kim watched her mother leave begrudgingly. No matter how much she might be upset with her, the last thing the teenager wanted was to be alone with the boy in front of her.

To think, their whole day, all the pampering, the waxing, had all been so her mom could try and set her up with Ron. Ugh. Returning her attention to her plate, she stared at the food in disgust.

“Y-You look really beautiful tonight Kim,” Ron stuttered out, forcing the young woman to look at him. His voice was still nervous, but it looked like he’d calmed down enough to keep his tone from screeching in her ear. The redhead took his compliment with a grain of salt, trying to make the best of things.

“Thanks,” she answered. Though, by the burst of excitement that crossed his face, she might as well have just declared her undying love for him.

In contrast, Kim took another look at him still disturbed by the obvious circles of moisture surrounding his arm pits. “You too,” she finally returned, trying not to look at him too much. She did catch him adjusting his tie, something akin to pride actually flashing across his face.

Eager to focus on anything but her date, Kim finally took notice of the meal that Ron had so painstakingly prepared for them that evening. And to her surprise, she couldn’t deny a small spark of excitement seeing a wonderfully prepared stake and potato meal set in front of her. Its red juices and buttered starch glistened in the candle light set between them. He’d even gone so far as to bake a loaf of home-made bread, carefully sliced and set in a basket between them.

Hunger flared to life, forgotten in the horror of discovering the nights festivities. While slightly annoying, she had to admit that Ron’s cooking had always been the exception to their relationship. The one thing he excelled at whereas she… didn’t. And for the first time that night, she figured she might actually get something out of suffering through her mother’s machinations. With careful purpose not to seem too excited, Kim reached for her meal and began to dig in. Knowing that the sooner they were finished, the sooner she could start avoiding the awkward teen for setting this night
And it was good. Better than good, it was heavenly. The meat had been cooked to perfection, better than any steak house she had eaten at. Even melting in her mouth while its rich juices blanketed her tongue. Her veg was just as satisfying, slathered in butter and salt and all the things that made her tongue tingle in appreciation. She was absorbed by her meal almost entirely. Enough that, she’d even forgotten about her date for the evening, still seated across from her. It wasn’t until she was already half way through that she thought to look up, only to flush heatedly.

While she had forgotten about him, Ron had certainly not forgotten about her.

He was silent as a mouse, fork and knife clutched in both hands as he sat across from her as though they were weapons to be brandished. His meal was shockingly hardly touched, at least until Kim recognized where his attention really lay. And following his gaze, she nearly spewed the mouth full of food she had been chewing as she remembered the… daring cut of her dress.

In the car it was all she could do to keep her swollen breasts from spilling free, constantly pulling its hem back into place, only to feel its soft satin slide back down over her sensitive, braless tips. First seeing Ron, and then food, she’d completely forgotten about her modesty. Which had cost her dearly. Glancing down and following his line of sight she was horrified to find an obscene amount of cleavage spilling from her deep red gown setting her skin almost the same shade.

Just another inch and the pale shade of her nipples would be clearly visible. In fact, looking down, Kim could already clearly see them through the fabric twisted and hard from the background stimulation. Kim all but threw her utensils cross the table to wrestle the gown back up on her breasts, but not before sending the gawking teenager the most heated glare of her entire life.

This, this was why she’d wanted to avoid situations like this. This is why she didn’t even bother trying to start a relationship with her best friend. Because she knew, no matter how nice he was, at his core he was still just another boy.

Ron opened his mouth like he was going to say something, only to realize there was no talking his way out of the situation. Instead, he stared at her like a fish, quickly opening and closing his maw until finally snapping it shut. Blushing up to his ears, he slammed his gaze towards the table and quickly started on his meal. As though she would forget about him staring at her breasts.

Kim continued glaring long after he glanced away. In one hand she grasped at the fabric pinning it to her collar if it dared go any lower.

She wanted to change. Into anything so long as it kept that situation from arising. Hell, she would even settle for a bra. But she already knew her mother wouldn’t even think of it. She’d been the one to pick out the dress after all. Knowing the straps of her bra would ruin the effect. Knowing that she would need to talk her daughter out of the unrefined sporty elastic.

Another wave of hot white indignation flared through her, only to be quelled by resignation a few seconds later. Frowning, all the rage in her eyes died as she realized she couldn’t spend however long she was stuck at the table clutching her dress. And as much as it made her want to vomit, there was no getting through the night without Ron getting an eyeful of her swollen chest. Taking a deep breath, she finally let it go. Hating the cool breeze that blew across her exposed flesh and reminding her of just how naked she was.

She turned back to her meal, stabbing and tearing at the cooked meat with renewed irritation. She tried to console herself, muttering that he better enjoy it while it lasts because from this day on it was nothing but turtle necks and sports bras. The thought mollified her, even if she had to let loose
another sigh. The deep breath did nothing to disguise her womanly traits. And Ron, cautious, dared another glance before quickly returning to his meal.

As time passed so did the silence between them stretching endlessly and making what was already an uncomfortable meal painfully awkward. To make matters worse, Kim had to watch Ron try and break the silence. The key word being, try.

“Hey, um, kim! How was your day?”

“D-Do you like the roses?”

“That last mission sure was crazy, huh?”

And even, “so, how’s your school work going?” And each time she responded with one-word answers, dry and lack luster.

She knew if she wanted to, she could put in a little more effort. But between feeling her mom rub one out and getting her long red hair chopped to her jaw line, her patience was already all but spent. And Ron’s insistent need to try and turn this into a real date was only further grating on her nerves. To the point that, when he opened his mouth yet again, Kim found herself flinching before he could even utter a single word.

“Kim, ah, how about that weather?” he chuckled weakly, blatantly aware of the fact this was going horribly. Rather than join in on the joke, like he’d clearly been hoping, Kim simply slowly drew her eyes from the plate to pin him against his seat, green eyes on fire and the first time she had voluntarily looked at him in over twenty minutes.

His strained smile quickly died. Replaced by a hurt that had Kim flinching. But she was quickly realizing, that it was inevitable.

She’d worked so hard to keep from hurting him. From the moment she realized he saw her as more than a friend, she’d done everything in her power to avoid a situation where she would need to break his heart. Because, lack of romantic feelings aside, she did care for him. He was her friend, her best friend.

She just always assumed she could avoid it. It’s not like it could last forever, after all. Wither he grew out of it or caught on, there was no denying the fact they had different futures set before them. And after GJ called, she figured she could just slip away quietly. No tears, no awkward hugs, and no conversations like the one she was going to have right then.

It was with a heavy sigh that Kim dropped her fork, leaning back into her chair. Her eyes remained fixed on her friend who stared back like a beaten dog - all too aware of what was coming. But with no way to get out of its path. Kim pushed the image from her mind.

“Ron, look, we need to talk,” she sighed, flinching at the foreboding cliché. The blonde-haired young man across from her must have felt the same. In a matter of seconds his cautious expression dropped to an expression of utter disappointment. Kim had to force herself not to look away.

“Okay, so, I just want to start by saying that I appreciate that you care about me enough to set this whole thing up. It... means a lot.” She lied through her teeth. “But, um, I don’t want to lead you on or anything. So, I need you to understand that I like you, just... as a friend.” There it was again. God, as if turning him down wasn’t enough the least she could do was try and make it sound sincere. Right now, she felt like she was ripping off of script from a bad romcom. “you get that, right? I mean...” she faltered, trying for a smile.
Ron stared at her in that same stricken face for what seemed like a life time. Eventually his sadness softened, and his eyes met her own with a surprising amount of intensity. To be perfectly honest, she’d thought he would just take the news and sulk for the rest of the night. Or, hoped, at least.

“I-I get it,” he nodded. But the sudden stubbornness in his face told just how untrue that was. “We’ve been friends for… our entire lives. It’s not fair of me to expect you to change how you feel in one night.” Kim dared to hope that her immature friend might actually surprise her. But, of course, this only made her disappointment that much more acute when he continued, “but, that doesn’t mean forever, right?” His eyes looked at her with so much hope. “I’m sure with a little time you could totally see me like that.”

God, Kim was almost compelled to say yes, just to make it through the night. But this talk was a long time coming and the last thing she needed was to give her mother a new reason to set up another night like this.

“Ron,” she sighed, “no.”

“Look, you’re my best friend, okay? Why would we want to ruin that with something like trying to date?” She tried to reason with him. “It would just make things complicated, you can see that, right? If we tried dating, what would happen if we broke up?”

To her relief, and regret, she watched some of the old pain return as she turned him down for the second time. And yet, desperate in a way only teenage boys seemed to manage, a stiff smile remained plastered across his jaw as he visibly searched for some other avenue to exploit.

“O-Okay,” he stuttered, running a hand nervously through his unkept blonde hair. “But, um, I mean, that just means you care about me! Too much to lose our relationship. That’s… a good thing. Yea, for sure. Haha,” Again he tried to laugh. But it sounded flat and forced even to him. Collecting himself his eyes looked… scared. “We just need some more time.” He looked away, pulling at the knot of his tie. “Just more…”

By this point Kim was pinching her lips in frustration. How could he seriously not understand her by now? Did she really need to just go right out and say it? Closing her eyes, she did her best to repress the anger burning in the core of her chest. But when they opened she couldn’t deny the sharp edge hidden just below the surface. And by the look on Ron’s face, neither could he.

“Ron,” she started, her tone low and slow. “I need you to listen to what I am telling you, alright? Because, I am never going to date you. Ever. Not after some amount of time. Not after anything. I am not interested.” Caught up in the emotion, she continued before she could stop herself. “God, it’s been like three years and I’ve never said anything. You think you would get the hint already.” Glaring, she slumped back into her seat shaking her head in exasperation.

Ron stared at her in silence, clear and honest heart break contorting his normally cheerful expression. What a sight he made all dressed up in front of a candle lit dinner. Suddenly he felt like a child playing dress up. And while he normally embraced his particular brand of immaturity, now it was all he could do to keep from running in humiliation.

She… she’d known? About how he felt about her? All this time? But of course, she did. She was Kim Possible.

He tried to imagine it, all the times he’d thought he’d gotten away with a small glance or longing sigh, only to find out Kim had probably caught each one only to say nothing. Just watching him, even laughing maybe? The thought was enough to make his stomach ache. Clenching his face, he couldn’t help but bring a hand against the churning organ.
With time Kim’s temper cooled, though the teenage girl could hardly say she preferred what was left in its wake. Guilt, thick and dark that made her skin feel slimy and rotten. A guilt that flooded her entire system faster than she could blink.

Looking up, she could see her friend’s broken expression and she HATED it. But he just wouldn’t listen! She had to say it or else he would just keep on chasing after her. Still, just knowing that didn’t make her feel any better. And she struggled to think of something she could say to make up for the pain she’d forced upon a boy she really did care about.

“Look,” but Ron didn’t lift his gaze, staring at his plate like his world had shattered. As if the knife in her gut had to dig just a little deeper. She continued regardless, “don’t… take this too hard, okay? I know it sucks now but pretty soon you’ll find someone else and you’ll forget all about me!” She tried to sound cheerful. Smiling in the hopes that he might join in. But, if anything her words made Ron feel even worse. And his dark eyes reflected that. Her grin slowly dropped.

“Ron, please!” she groaned, rolling her eyes. “Schools almost over and… and soon you’ll have an entire new batch of girls, way more pretty than me by the way, who have no idea about your… um, you.” In her exasperation to throw away her guilt Kim finally spewed, “I—I’ll even help you!” And that, finally, earned Ron’s attention.

“You’ll help me get a girlfriend? At college? Together?” His tone had shifted from the dazed denial from only moments ago, sounding oddly flat as he tried to make sense of what his friend was saying. Kim, however, could only sigh in relief, more focused on her own guilt than Ron’s feelings.

“Yes! Totally. Like I said, you are a great guy! Just not for me. I’m sure as soon as we’re away at college it’ll be way easy to find you someone else, way better than dumb ol’ me. I mean, seriously, what’s so great about me anyway?” she rushed capitalizing on the opportunity to shift his attention. But Ron just kept staring at her, face blank and eyebrows drawn up in disbelief.

“so you mean, when we go to the same college?” He dared her to agree, eyes narrowing ever so slightly. Unfortunately, this was yet another challenge Kim couldn’t help but meet, her strained grin flinching ever so slightly before fixing itself back on her face. Ron watched her start to nod her head, a cold sensation starting in his lower belly.

“Duh!” Kim lied with all the finesse of a toddler. “Like I could go anywhere without my BFF.” She couldn’t even look him in the eye any more, staring instead towards her plate while she pushed what was left of her mashed potatoes around with a fork. “We… We have the next four years to worry about stuff like who we’re going to end up with. So, can’t we just forget about this whole stupid date thing?” She shook her head like it was no big deal, like he hadn’t spent the entire day setting up the house just for her. And all the while, Ron just stared at her, finally understanding just how little he meant to his friend.

She was lying to him. Everything she’d just said; every word had just been to shut him up and make the night end. And come spring when it was time for them to go to college, he could see she fully intended to just let him believe they would be together right up until he showed up alone and with no way to contact her. Compared to how much he loved her, loves her, it hurt. It hurt more than anything he’d ever experienced. More than any mission injury. More than any bully. More than camp Wannaweepe. And yet, all he could feel was a coldness slipping into his veins that spread and collected where his heart continued to beat. Replacing the warm, beautiful emotion with what could only be described as resignation.

Kim missed all of this, still wincing at her food. Eyes closed, she was half tempted to take the fork in her hand and jab it right into her eye. She was officially the worst kind of person who ever lived. Drakken should take lessons on how to be a real villain from her. And yet, no matter her regret, Kim
couldn’t find the strength to take back any of what she said. Choosing instead to tell herself that when the time came for Ron to realize the truth, this was easier. For who, however, she chose to ignore.

Silence reined in the candle lit kitchen while Kim waited for Ron to respond. After what seemed like a life time, she forced her expression to lift, carefully peaking across the table while utterly convinced she would find her friend in some state of tears. And yet, when her blue gaze washed across his brown color, Kim was amazed to find him… smiling?

“Hahaha,” Kim’s eyes widened further as a laugh suddenly bubbled from his chest. Not uproarious mind you, but a casual chuckle one might expect after a somewhat funny joke. Reaching back to scratch his neck, his expression was especially bashful, boyish even as he glanced at Kim from under his lashes. “Ah man, I made things a little awkward there, didn’t I?” Kim didn’t answer, eyes wide as she tried to make sense of the boy’s sudden shift in attitude. Seeing her silence, Ron just nodded, a slow sigh slipping past his lips.

“Kim, look, I’m sorry. I guess with the school year almost finished and the future right around the corner I let myself get a little freaked out. About us, about what would happen once we stopped being kids. I just thought, if we were dating, that it would keep us together somehow, no matter what happened. But, ah, that was pretty stupid wasn’t it?” Again, Kim didn’t answer, but something close to hope did start in her breast. Maybe tonight didn’t have to go to complete hell? She stayed silent just in case, watching Ron fall quite for a few more moments before finally turning back to meet her gaze and say the words she’d hoped more than anything else to hear.

“Hey, can we just forget tonight ever happened?” her expression dropped into unmitigated relief. “Seriously,” he continued, pretending not to see his friend’s sudden joy. “I can’t believe I talked your mom into helping me set this up. I’m so embarrassed.” He gave another chuckle, at himself this time. And finally, Kim rushed to answer.

“No! I mean, yes. Please!” She nearly fell over herself rushing to agree. “Oh my gosh, Ron. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. Seriously. This was… sweet,” she winced again, but Ron just smiled at the effort. “But don’t worry. The food was actually really good and how many girls can say any boy went through this much trouble just for them? I know whoever you end up with will be the luckiest girl in the world.” This summoned a different smile; one Kim wasn’t quite sure how to place.

“I’m so glad to hear you say that, Kim,” he answered honestly. To which Kim answered with a reassuring smile. “How about this,” he raised his hands, “how about we just start tonight over? No date, or romance or whatever. Just two friends having a bite to eat. I promise, no more tricks. Remember, I made desert. And I’d hate to see it go to waste.” Kim’s relief stopped short for a moment as she bit back her long sigh.

“That… sounds great Ron.” She didn’t even try to keep the relief from her voice.

And she meant that. She didn’t want to spend however little time they had left together fighting and resentful and irritated. Which is why she was so happy to hear him give up so quickly. Just because she was choosing to leave at the end of the school year didn’t mean she was happy about it. She’d even pushed for GJ to include her friend, not that they’d listened.

In a way, maybe it was even better like this? At least, that’s what Kim tried to tell herself. At least now they were free of the elephant in the room they’d both been walking around for the past year.

Kim slumped in her seat, a sigh of relief lifting her chest at the thought. No more tip toeing around, no more going out of her way to make sure the two of them were never alone for too long, no more guilt over seeing her friend’s feelings and ignoring them. They were free to just hang out as actual
friends. And she was looking forward to spending the rest of what little time they had left to make wonderful memories. Hopefully that would be enough to make up for when Ron eventually found himself arriving at college all by himself.

“So, Mr. chef in the making, what do you have planned?” she couldn’t help but ask. Her stomach growling wildly beneath her dress. To think she could still be hungry after everything that happened that day could only be a testament to Ron’s cooking, although her perpetual appetite definitely deserved some credit of its own.

Oddly enough, the young man seemed to hesitate for a moment as he just stared at his friend. Tilting her head, Kim couldn’t quite make out the expression. Regret? Unfortunately, it disappeared as quickly as it had come, playful cockiness resurging back into place. “Mrs. P? I think we’re ready for desert.”

He turned his head ever so slightly, calling towards the kitchen. Kim blinked at her mother’s name, only to blink again when said woman seemed to appear in the next instant, as though she’d been waiting for the call. Further supporting this idea, two plates sat in each of her hands where slices of what appeared to be generous cuts of rich, moist red velvet cake.

Panic blossomed in Kim’s breast and she struggled to avoid looking the older woman in the eye. Had she heard them talk? Her mom was more than aware of her plans to go to GJ. Did she hear her lie to Ron? Or, worse, reject him? Memories of only a bit ago when Ann had chastised her in the hall came to life and Kim could only imagine what her mom would say if she knew how cruel she’d been shutting him down. Daring a glance, however, Kim could only see excitement on her mother’s painted features.

God, she’d been even more excited for tonight than Ron by the looks of it. Would he tell her the bad news? Thankfully, turning a nervous glance in her friend’s direction, he appeared to have read her mind, pushing a finger against his lips to sign silence on his part. Immediate relief filled the young woman, and she made sure to thank him with a smile.

She would tell her mom in the morning that they both decided to stay friends. There was no reason for her to disappoint both of them in the same night. Kim relaxed back into her chair, turning to the plate that had been placed in front of her.

Oh god, it smelled even better than it looked. If someone told her the food had come from a five-star bakery, she wouldn’t have even blinked an eye. Not for the first time, Kim had to admit that this aspect of her friend would definitely draw some attention from the right woman. But for tonight, she was the one getting spoiled.

Picking up her fork, Kim was so busy admiring the cream cheese icing that she didn’t notice her mother walk back into the room until a tall wine glass was suddenly thrust into her vision. This, of course, was nothing compared to the sight of the wine bottle in her own mother’s hands.

Kim didn’t know what to think and didn’t say a word as the older woman went about opening the alcoholic beverage. Popping the cork free, Kim could actually smell the fruity aroma tickle her nostrils. Whatever disbelief that remained was quashed as her mother proceeded to pour the rich red liquid into her new glass, which she then proceeded to repeat for Ron. Kim managed to last until her mom finished before finally giving voice to her confusion.

“Mom?” her tone was cautious, as would any teenager put in the same position. Her parents weren’t exactly the type to over indulge themselves, so it would make sense they were even less inclined to allow their children. To her surprise, it was Ron that answered.
“Kim, don’t worry. This cake is a special recipe. It’s supposed to be eaten with wine. I hope you don’t mind. I asked your mom ahead of time to make sure it was alright.” Kim glanced at the young man, only to watch him chew on a small slice of cake before attempting his first taste of wine. She felt better seeing him hesitate before bringing the drink to his lips. But taking a moment to adjust to the adult flavor, his expression eased to show satisfaction. “It really brings out the flavor.” But Kim immediately looked to her mother for confirmation.

Ann giggled at her daughter’s suspicion. “I trust you aren’t about to start drinking six packs because you had a little bit of wine with desert.” Her long lash winked at the joke. “This is supposed to be a mature dinner between two adults. Which means there’s no harm in an adult beverage.” Leaving the bottle on the table, she gave her daughter a warm grin.

She reached out running her hand through Kim’s short bob of red hair. It was a comforting gesture, and Kim found herself slowly relaxing back into her chair. “You aren’t my little girl anymore. And that means letting you make your own decisions. And consequences.” Of course, Kim didn’t hear the ominous undertone in her mother’s words, far too touched by her mother’s trust. Which only increased her guilt.

“Thanks, mom…” she managed, unable to look the older woman in the eye.

God, of course she would talk about trusting Kim right after she went behind the older woman’s back and ruined the night she spent so much time putting together. Did mom’s just have this sixth sense about what to say to make their children feel worse than dirt?

Looking at the wine glass, the thought of alcohol was suddenly much more appealing. A glance towards Ron showed him indulging in a second mouthful, followed by another bite of his cake. The opportunity, stress, and curiously finally culminated into enough pressure for Kim to reach for the offered beverage.

She was naturally cautious, breathing in the smell before allowing the glass to touch her lips. For a moment, she was afraid she might not like the flavor. Only to find the fruity, slightly bitter and tart flavor quite tasty. A second sip quickly followed, drawing much deeper into the pool of red liquor. Suddenly her stomach felt warm and tingly and the stress of the evening seemed just a little bit less.

She looked up to see both Ron and her mother staring intently. Her friend’s face seemed… worried? Maybe she’d drank that a little too fast. But a glance towards her mother showed nothing but the same warm smile she’d ever shown her children. Confusion started to bubble in the back of her mind, but the pleasant buzz she’d thought she’d gotten from her second drink was starting to get stronger.

Her thoughts were slowing down and her vision seemed to blur with the candle lights and bright colors around the room. She swayed left and then right, but her mother caught her shoulder before she could topple to either side. Finally, her weight shifted forward as she was slowly guided to lay her head on the table.

“Wha-,” Kim blinked, suddenly so sleepy. But a soothing, “shhh,” in her ear silence any mumbling. Ann continued petting her daughter’s head, encouraging her to just close her eyes and let it happen. And eventually, Kim’s frantic breath and eyes would calm as she slowly drifted away into a drug-induced slumber.

A/N: Okay guys, just one more chapter and then the epilogue (which I’ve decided to make its
own chapter due to length issues.) Hopefully you guys enjoyed. Make sure to leave a comment letting me know what you all thought.

Next chapter: October 9th
A/N: Okay guys, here it is. What everything else has been building up towards. A few of you seemed surprised by how the last chapter ended and expressed some worry that the overall tone of this story was turning somewhat dark. Which begs the question, how the hell did you think this story was going to go? Seriously, the entire theme focus on a mother manipulating and drugging her daughter so that she’ll have a baby. I’m being serious when I ask, did any of you actually think this story was going to be happy? Just in case, let me clarify so that there are no more misunderstandings.

This is not a happy story. This is not a story where Kim realizes the error or her ways and thanks her mom for fixing her life. This is a story about a mother’s good intentions that awaken something inside of her even darker and twisted then she ever imagined and the consequences those desires eventually force upon the person she claimed to love above all else. There will be no happy ending. At least not for Kim. Please stop reading now if that offends you.

Chapter 6

Tag(s): Lesbian, Incest, Fingering, Masturbation, Virginity, Cream-Pie, Face-Sitting, Tribbing, Missionary, Doggie, Oral.

Girl(s): Kim, Ann.

Words: 14,452

Neither Ann nor Ron said anything right away. Choosing to continue to stare at the young woman they both claimed to love in dead silence. Kim’s eyes were closed now, and her breath even, utterly oblivious to the world around her. Leaving her completely vulnerable to the two people she trusted most.

Eventually, it would be Ann to break the silence as a long sigh filled the room. “I’d hoped she would make the choice herself,” she mused out loud, far too idle for the crime they had just committed. “I’d thought she would be frustrated enough by this point.” After a moment of silence, she continued, an almost proud expression curling the edge of her lips. “She really is too stubborn for her own good. Though, I suppose she did learn it from me.” She shrugged her shoulders, the bare skin of her shoulders lifting enough for the front to dip ever so slightly. “I suppose it doesn’t matter in the end.”

“She- she’s not hurt, right? I mean, this isn’t going to hurt her?” Ron stuttered. From his end of the table, he stared at his best friend, trying to look for any sign of discomfort.

“Of course not,” Ann reassured. Moving towards her daughter, she reached out to run her hands through Kim’s shortened hair. Her eyes sparkled. “I told you, Ron; I love my daughter. I would never do anything that would hurt her.” She glanced at him, only to sigh at his worried expression. “I just used a small sedative from the hospital. It’s what we use to calm the patients in the psychiatric ward. The director over there owed me a favor.”

“I was afraid for a moment I might have to intercede on my own.” She continued after a moment.
Her eyes flickered towards the glass of wine and the desert that it came with. I’ll admit, I was starting to worry you wouldn’t be able to give the signal.” Ron mistook her approval for judgment and responded in kind.

“She was gonna leave me!” Ron murmured, eyes trained on his plate unable to look at either woman. “She was really going to…” his voice fell off. Finally lifting his face to look towards Ann, his expression crossed between cold determination and desperation. “This was the only way. Once she’s pregnant, we’ll have more time, and she’ll see we belong together.”

Still petting Kim’s hair, Ann tucked a strand behind her ear. Seeing her fast asleep, so calm, it reminded Ann of when her daughter herself had been a baby. The mother had been able to watch her sleep for hours…

“Can… can she hear us?” Ron asked, his eyes wide. “Does she understand what’s happening around her, or…” he trailed off, having no idea how the medicine Ann had used worked.

Sighing a bit, Ann gave her daughter’s cheek a soft brush before giving Ron her full attention. “Somewhat,” she admitted, “but not enough to remember anything tomorrow. Right now, Kim probably feels like she’s dreaming. But that’s not important. What matters now is that it’s time for you to fulfill your end of the bargain.”

Swallowing, Ron stared at Ann almost hyperventilating. His eyes danced between the mother and daughter. Finally, gripping the material of the tablecloth, he stood up, the memory of his best friend’s words giving him the strength to do what Ann asked of him.

She would love him eventually; she’d even said so. He just had to give her a chance. He just needed to give her the time to see him as more than a friend. And that was all he was doing, giving her time. The rest of their lives should be the perfect amount.

The legs of his chair squeaked against the floor as they dragged backward. The obnoxious sound only made the silence of the room that much more apparent.

Guiltily, Ron walked toward the two women unable to muster up the courage to look at Kim. “You know where to bring her,” Ann spoke, strolling up the stairs to her daughter’s room without another glance towards the pair. Faced with Kim’s unconscious body, Ron could only fidget before awkwardly reaching down and bundling her body into a bridal hold.

Ann could hear the heavy footsteps and breathing of her future son in law as he carried her unconscious daughter to her room. As calm as Ann appeared on the outside, her insides were boiling with anticipation - the doubts she had been holding off for so long finally rearing their ugly head. But one more glance at the room around her calmed them rather quickly.

It had been set up beautifully, even better than Ann had pictured. Just like downstairs, the room was alight with warm candles that flickered and cast a dizzying display of shadows throughout the dim room. The floor and the bed itself seemed blanketed in more of the dark red flowers, filling the air with their sweet scent and turning a teenage girl’s bedroom into something more commonly found in fairy tales.

Compared to Kim’s conception, her night with James had been a quickie in the restaurant’s bathroom. It had seemed kinky at the time, and heaven knows James had been excited. But looking back on it now, the mother of three secretly wished the creation of their daughter had been just a bit more romantic.

It was one of the reasons she’d put so much effort into making the night perfect. The makeover, the
dinner, the decoration; Ann would give her daughter everything that she’d never had, whether the young woman wanted it or not. Kim should be thanking her, even! How many girls had days like today before getting knocked up? Not many. Ann was doing something horrible, she was sane enough to recognize that, but it didn’t mean she couldn’t make up for the fact. Somewhat.

Ann turned as Ron finally made it to the top of the stairs, even sweeter and more out of breath that he’d already been. He huffed over her daughter with each step like a deranged dog. Ann just sighed before motioning him towards the bed.

He didn’t hesitate to obey, grateful for the opportunity to ease his burden. In fact, he obeyed a little too quickly, dropping the unconscious girl onto the flowered bed like she was little more than a sack of potatoes. Ann’s irritation flared, as did a brief glare. Thankfully for him, her attention quickly became distracted by the image before her.

Still dressed in her red gown and against the red flowers and orange candlelight, her pale skin seemed to glow as if cast by the moon. Fast asleep, her features were a mask of calm. Lips parted as her gentle breath pushed the swell of her chest up and down in an even pace. She looked like a princess. Ann’s princess. Who was about to become a queen.

The moment stretched on as the mother continued to stroke her daughter’s hair. Likewise, Ron found himself stunned by the moment, awed by her overwhelming allure. Caught up by the scene, his hands began to work at the puzzle of his suit, stripping away the layers in slow, deliberate movements.

Ann’s lips curled upwards.

“So…,” Ron coughed awkwardly earning Ann’s attention. Her eyes pierced the young man without preamble unnerving him even more. Nevertheless, he pressed on fueled by arousal. “Are we, ah… I mean, can I-. Is she ready?” he stumbled through. Ann’s auburn eyebrow rose at his delivery, but she stepped back regardless, waving a hand at her unconscious daughter.

“By all means,” she offered. Hands folded in her lap, she patiently paused as Ron stared at her, waiting.

“Are… you going to stay and watch?” The young man’s words took a higher pitch towards the end of his question. Ann disregarded his incredulity with a roll of her eyes before adopting a gentle smile.

“Well, of course! I trust you with my daughter, Ron, but I’m not about to leave you alone with her while she has no means to defend herself. What kind of mother do you think I am?” And just staring at her, Ron honestly did not know how to answer that question.

Ann sighed, exasperated. “Oh, just pretend I’m not even in the room. I’ll just… sit right over here and make sure everything goes as it should.” Perching herself in the corner of the room, the red-haired mother watched the young man expectantly, shooing him with her hand towards her daughter.

Ron once again did as he was bid, albeit much more hesitantly as he stood over Kim’s sleeping visage. Rather than reach for her dress on his own, he just stood there awkwardly working up the courage to take the first step. However, feeling a bout of stage fright, he couldn’t find the strength to move on his own. The sound of Ann’s heavy sigh quickly broke the silence, followed by gentle footfalls sounding in his direction.

“Honestly, it’s like I have to do everything myself.” Ron might have felt more embarrassed if the older woman could have bothered to sound even slightly put out by the notion.
Sitting on the edge of the bed near Kim’s head, Ann turned to face her daughter’s sleeping form. With a glance in Ron’s direction, she looked back at Kim only to move her hand to the fabric of the younger redhead’s dress. She slowly began to pull the red material up, the threads flowing around her daughter’s legs like the water of a river. Ron watched along, no longer caring about the presence of his future mother in law. Far more captivated by the sight of Kim’s thighs and what lay even higher.

Another few inches and the teenager’s panties came into view. They’d been handpicked by Ann. But seeing them on the rack and seeing them on her daughter’s young hips was a very different sight. Despite her knowing better, Ann found herself drinking in the picture, silently congratulating herself on the selection.

Almost too sheer to be called clothing, the bikini style rode high on the young woman’s developing figure, just covering the newly styled bush of red hair that could clearly be seen through the triangle of fabric disappearing between her child’s legs. There the material thickened, becoming a more tangible strip of black fabric.

No doubt her daughter had been confident that no one would see them. It was the only way the young mother could see her daughter accepting the flimsy garment. Ann was delighted to see the dark material shaded even more by rather apparent wetness saturating the fabric. Breathing in deep, she could already smell her daughter’s natural aroma.

The fabric of the dress was bunched just under Kim’s ribs, exposing all of what was hidden below. Taking a moment to enjoy the feeling of Kim’s young, smooth flesh, Ann turned a delighted eye towards the young man. With her free hand, she motioned for him to join her on the bed. He hesitantly complied.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” Ann asked, her voice awed as she ran a hand up and down the snow pale thigh. Not able to speak at the moment, all Ron could manage was to nod his head, his expression the epitome of simplicity. With a brilliant smile, she paused just long enough to reach for the young man’s sweaty hand and brought it to join her own in appraising Kim’s body.

Ron paused, just for a moment. Nervously, his eyes turned toward Kim. She looked peaceful. Or, what he guessed was peaceful. At the very least, she was still asleep. Seeing her features blissfully unaware, he became bolder and released a shuttering breath as his hand began to feel up his grade school friend.

Up and down he felt the heated skin, surprised at its suppleness. In all his fantasies of Kim, he’d imagined her body more firm, muscular even. But as he gave a tentative squeeze just below the juncture of her thighs, the skin and muscle gave with gentle ease offering a surprisingly feminine texture.

Biting his lip, the teenager couldn’t help but stare at his friend’s underwear, perhaps just one size too small. From his angle, the outline of her lips were clearly defined as it pressed against Kim’s crotch. And the idea that he would not only get to see this but that he would also be inside of her soon, nearly had him off in his pants alone.

Meanwhile, the object of the two people’s attention was still fast asleep; her mind dragged into an ocean of tar by the drugs her mother had slipped into her drink. Faintly, she was somewhat aware of the sensation of hands caressing her skin, but lacked the consciousness to question it. Instead of fighting these strange sensations, she found herself giving into them, a soft sigh falling from her nose as the hand on her lap grew ever closer to her crotch.

Ann was the first to pull back, testing the wetness that had begun to seep through Kim’s panties and
down the inside of her thigh. The mother unconsciously stole a quick whiff of the liquid coating her fingers, sighing as the aroma seemed to fill her entire body. Her eyes turning hungry, a calm smile spread across her features as she moved towards her goal.

The soft hair of Kim’s pubis tickled Ann’s fingers as she pressed them under the hem of the teenager’s underwear. The air underneath was warm and humid. And finding the sopping mess that was her daughter’s sex, Ann couldn’t hold back her shiver of delight that tingled throughout her body.

No longer under pretense or the watchful eye of her child, Ann was free to explore what she’d been so close to just earlier that day. Still silky smooth, Kim’s mons slipped over the mother’s fingers as she pressed the digits into the crevice that held her daughter’s most special of places. The place where she would become a woman tonight. And the place she would one day use to bring a whole new life into the world, just nine months from this night. It was all Ann could think about as she eventually found Kim’s opening, forcing a single finger inside.

No longer paying attention to his friend’s thighs, Ron had noticed Ann’s new focus and had been watching unabashed at the image before him. He could see the older woman’s hand inside the teen’s underwear, moving up and down, pushing in and out of the hot little box. To the young man’s eager excitement, he could actually hear the wetness seeping out of Kim. And with each pass of Ann’s knowledgeable fingers, the satisfying wet squelch echoed throughout the space between them.

Ron could see Ann’s excitement, her sexual excitement. The way she licked her lips, the glowing pink hue radiating under her cheeks, the hardness of her nipples poking through the thin material of her black dress. She was aroused by all this, whether she acknowledged it or not.

Shifting his gaze to Kim’s sleeping face, not for the first time that night Ron found himself second-guessing his choice to accept Ann’s proposal. This had taken a turn he hadn’t expected. But then, had it ever been about helping Kim? If he was honest about it, when he had agreed to help Ann, had Kim’s wellbeing really been on the front of his mind? Or had it been this? Had it been the thought of her naked skin bared to his worshiping gaze.

Turning back towards Ann, he watched the older woman molest her daughter and could feel his erection press against the inside of his dress pants. His moment of consideration came and went. And with it left an expression set in decision as he opened his zipper to free his throbbing member.

He knew why he was here. He’d always known. And while seeing Ann so openly aroused by her daughter, that twisted part of Ron in the back of his mind couldn’t help but find the image incredibly arousing. Finally, kicking the rest of his pants off, the teen stood in only a pair of tented boxers.

Ann was oblivious to all this. Her entire focus having become devoured by her daughter. Her right hand continued in Kim’s panties while the other drew long comforting trails through her child’s shortened hair. It was a relaxing gesture, and one she took comfort in. And Kim’s expression slowly started to respond to the stimulation, so open and honest in her drugged state.

The fire had already been burning before Kim had ever been touched. All Ann had done was stoke the embers. Now the red-haired mother was treated to the overheated embrace of Kim’s lips as they greedily gobbled at her fingers, sucking on them in a desperate plea to keep them inside of her dripping sheath. Ann was all too happy to comply.

It wasn’t until a dramatic shift in the bed that shook her sleeping child that Ann even remembered Ron was there.

The mother’s eyes widened at the sight of Ron’s rigid penis. He hovered over her daughter looking
like a predator about to strike, a stark difference to the shaken boy she’d last seen. It was about time too. Ann couldn’t do all his work for him.

Pulling her hand from Kim’s underwear, her digits were saturated in her daughter’s arousal, the tips of her fingers pruning as proof. As much as she would like to continue spoiling her little girl, Ann forced herself to remember the purpose of the night.

“Just wanted to make sure she was ready,” She blushed as she understood how lost in her actions she had become and what Ron must have seen. “We don’t want her to get hurt after all.”

Ron looked conflicted but eventually just nodded his head. “So, is she ready?” he asked. His erection seemed almost painful it was so swollen. Excited to get to the final stage of the night, Ann nodded her head, taking it upon herself to move down the bed, pulling the now saturated panties down her daughter’s long legs.

The underwear flew across the room landing in the corner with a wet ‘thump.’ But no one was paying any attention. Instead, both conscious people in the room were focused entirely on the now bared sex of one teenage girl.

The pale lips of Kim’s nether was flushed a deep red and swollen with arousal. Even the patch of hair above her crease was completely sodden, the strands glistening in the lamplight. Having had her turn, Ann simply waited for Ron to move closer, shifting the unconscious teen’s legs apart as he wedged himself between.

With nothing left but to watch, Ann moved from the bed to her daughter’s desk, taking a seat in the swirling leather chair. In her position, she found the perfect view to watch Ron’s throbbing erection poised for her little girl’s tender opening. Breathing slowed to crawl as she waited for the bated moment.

“Remember,” the mother spoke, her voice nearly vibrating in anticipation, “try and get as deep as possible. We don’t want any of that valuable specimen slipping out, now do we?

Ron wasn’t even listening to her any longer, far more focused on the picture of his cock so near his best friend’s opening. For a moment, he found himself thinking back to the years of pre-school and the young girl he’d met so long ago. Who could have guessed that fateful afternoon could ever lead to… this? Certainly not him. And for a moment, he actually found the moment stealing his breath.

Ron finally glanced towards the mother and nodded, swallowing against his dry throat. Turning his attention back towards his date, his clumsy hands reached for the pillars of her thighs and gently rubbed his hand against its softness, a subtle smile growing on his face. Shifting his grip, he lifted the dead weight to curl her knee against her stomach. The petals of her slit spread slightly as a result, raising her core into the perfect position for penetration.

“There we go,” Ann purred, watching the young man spread her daughter’s legs. “Don’t worry about being shy. She might be sore in the morning. The toy I gave to Kim was on the modest side, so you might still have some of her hymen to work past. However, right now she won’t remember feeling a thing.”

The throbbing tip of his cock touched against Kim’s heat. Ron felt his eyes widen as he found his future mother in law’s words to be all too true. The soft, pliant skin of her sex gave way to his rigid flesh sending shivers up his spine as his head rubbed against her smooth folds. More than that, he found himself shocked at the copious amount of liquid arousal practically streaming out of her core.

He looked towards Ann in surprise. The woman simply nodded her head, her eyes darkening as she
waited anxiously for him to finally enter her Kim.

He fumbled for a bit, pinching his features as he searched for her opening. Up and down, he worked his head through her slit gathering the slick arousal that coated her pink flesh. Finally, trying lower, he felt himself slip into a small dimple that enveloped his head in warmth.

Shifting around, Ron could feel sweat building on his brow. His dick was hard, harder than he ever remembered. Moving his hips, he felt the skin around him shift, giving way to the pressure of his weight. Trying again, he looked down at his cock, watching as he slowly entered Kim’s virgin channel with surprising ease. A little further and he finally found his progress stopped.

Gasping, Ron turned to see if Kim could actually feel anything that was happening to her.

Eyes still shut, Kim’s features seemed uncomfortable, pinched and tight. The young man could see a defined wrinkle along her brow between the red-haired strips. And while she breathed with relative calmness, her lips remained pinched together in obvious displeasure.

The young woman moved her head suddenly, turning it to the side as a fitful grumble mumbled out. Draping her arm across her stomach, she sighed before falling still. Ron watched all of this, testing the strength of her virginity by lightly pressing against it with varying pressure. Affected by the pain, Kim’s features darkened further before Ron felt her legs shift in his hands, unconsciously trying to dislodge the foreign object from splitting her privates. However, her rolling motions only proved to increase the pressure against her barrier. Finally, giving a fitful huff her head turned to the opposite wall, staying there as Ron moved to push her legs farther apart.

Pressing her leg back, Ron knew how flexible his friend could be and paid her comfort no attention as he positioned her for her deflowering. With her knee in one hand and hip in the other, Ron carefully balanced himself before pushing his hips forward.

A part of Ron knew how bad the night truly was, how horrible it might be to anyone who didn’t understand. But, despite this, in his heart all he could feel was pride. The pride that he was the one who would get to claim this jewel of jewels, that it would be his child that would be planted in this stomach, and that he was the one who would get to spend his days growing old with his best of friends.

Surrounded by the soft muscle of Kim’s vagina, the walls wrapping around him narrowed to a single point. Kim’s head turned fretfully from side to side the harder he pressed against this unable to escape the effects of her mother’s cocktail. Her lips parted for a single breath, groaning.

Kim’s cherry gave way with all the subtly of a magician. Switching between pulling back and pushing forward, Ron pressed his hips just a bit harder until, suddenly, it just seemed to disappear, shredded by the blunt tip of his cock that stabbed her with all the finesse of a battering ram.

Finally, inside, the young man felt himself relax, his tense muscles turning slack in the wonderful sensation of finally claiming what was his.

Across the room, a pair of blue eyes burned in the gentle candlelight - devouring every inch of the scene before her with rapt fascination. Ann relaxed against the back of her chair with a shuttering breath she hadn’t even known she’d been holding, amazed at how caught up she had become in the moment of her daughter’s deflowering.

Allowing a smile to grace her painted lips, Ann looked across at Kim and felt her chest swell with pride. Still pinched tight in pain, the fearful agony of her virginity had passed leaving only the vague twinkle of tears in the corner of her eyes. Ann saw the pain her daughter had endured and continued
to grin, regardless. Before her grandchild was brought into the world, Kim would need to go through much worse.

Turning her attention to the boy, Ron was still hovering above her child; his young cock buried halfway inside. Past her barrier, he let her leg fall lewdly to the side, freeing his hand to caress her young body and giving her opening a chance to adjust to his size.

Openly panting, he stared down at her body with an enchanted expression, entirely enthralled by the living doll he’d been given. The top of Kim’s dress had already slipped, exposing the full shape of a single breast swollen by the hormones she’d been unknowingly ingesting for the past month. Creamy and pale, just like the rest of her, the light color was broken by a reddish nipple standing at attention pointing off towards the corner of the ceiling.

Due to their size, the round shapes sagged ever so slightly to the side of her ribs. Ron’s attention quickly focused on the soft, malleable mound, allowing his hand to draw up the silk on her waist. Giving one a squeeze, he marveled at the sensation of his fingers sinking into the gentle flesh.

How many days had he spent staring at these boobs? How many times had he been caught? To think that he would get to touch them-. But it didn’t stop there, did it? He was free to do whatever he wanted for the night. Well, so long as he came inside of her. But that left a lot of wiggle room…

Ron enjoyed the sensation of her warm hole around him. Another inch disappeared into her body with little resistance as he allowed a fraction of his weight to press against her. His hand gave another squeeze, dropping the heavy shape to turn his fingers on the blushing tip wound tight in the pleasure forced upon her by her mother. It was at this moment, rolling the soft nipple between his fingers, that Ron laid his front against Kim’s, finally making his dream come true as he captured her unresponsive lips with his own in a searing one-sided kiss.

For a few minutes, Ann watched this go on, seeing Ron lovingly touch and kiss her daughter’s body. Unfortunately, being the young man that he was, his patience was short, and the mother watched him prepare to finish impaling her little girl.

Shifting awkwardly for a second, Ron pushed forward lodging himself in the wet warmth of his lover. Ann could see his pleasure, the uncontrollable lust of inexperience as he had his first taste of a woman. And just like any young man, he was eager for more, pulling himself out of Kim before quickly shoving himself back in. The sound of springs could quickly be heard as the momentum of his body forced the pair to bounce against the soft surface of Kim’s bed.

Just watching from her seat, Ann could feel a familiar tingle threaten her panties. If she’d been wearing any, that is. Not that she was there because she enjoyed watching two people have sex, of course not, that would be perverse! She was simply making sure that her daughter was being treated with the respect she deserves.

Yet, despite the older woman’s assurance, as she watched the thin frame of Ron’s body writhe above her child and his young bottom pumping away between her legs, Ann couldn’t deny the picture to be somewhat pleasant.

Doing her best to ignore her actions, nevertheless, the mother of three didn’t stop her hand as it moved to bring the hem of her black dress above her knees. At the same time, she touched her chest, feeling her breathing build as it forced her breasts to heave with emotion.

She palmed the modest orb, loving the sensation of her silk dress rubbing against her braless chest. She stole a moment for herself, kneading the supple flesh like her husband loved to do. This only made the cool air blowing against her now bare thighs that much more unbearable.
Unlike her daughter, Ann was mature enough to know that the only true way to avoid panty lines was to forget them all together. So, as she pulled the length of her dress over her hips and opened her legs, the deep auburn hair of her mature slit became clearly exposed in the flickering candlelight, glittering as it wept arousal. Not one to leave such things unattended, Ann finally gave in to her body, bringing her free hand to caress the soft skin of her vagina.

With her butt resting on the edge of her seat, Ann’s head rested peacefully back against her chair as she watched her daughter get pumped through half-lidded eyes.

To both her and Ron’s delight, past the stage of pain, Kim’s body was beginning to respond to the pillar of flush grating against its velvety insides. It had been craving this for months now, after all, for a man to come and plunder her depths. And even if Kim didn’t understand, this was the only real cure to ease the aching in her loins. Only when she was filled with a fresh blast of seed to answer the call of motherhood.

Fast asleep, her breath came and went in an increasing tempo. Furled into a small wrinkle, the sensation of Ron bucking into her body wound her ever-present arousal tighter and tighter, coiling her womanly muscles around his length. She was so starved for cock, her hips even seemed to respond of their own volition, slowly rocking up to meet his thrusts in a lazy, but desperate rhythm.

Ann watched her daughter’s lips part and released a breathy moan. Inside of her body, she could feel her fingers thrusting, careful not to push herself too far while driving her ever closer to that delicious edge her child was currently riding.

Unable to stop herself, the sensation of an orgasm blossomed in Kim’s lower half, willing her womanly muscles to clamp around the thrusting lad and arching her breasts high into the air as she contorted against the pleasure.

Ann watched until completion. Until Kim’s tortured form and restless panting crested and fell back towards something close to peaceful. And afterward, the young woman simply fell back into the bed - unmoving and falling into an even deeper sleep than before. Beyond helpless, she would remain completely unaware of her own pleasure and of the effect it had on her partner who was still just waiting to spill his potent seed into her young and nubile belly.

Kim’s orgasm had made even more of effect on poor Ron than that of her mother. Inside of Kim the entire time, his face was lost in a mask of bliss as he felt the strong mass of strength tighten and ripple around his length. He’d looked down at her expression, tight and fretful in her bliss, and listened to her moans as though they were the sweetest sounds he’d ever heard. Even after she calmed down, his pace picked up even more enthusiastic in his motions driven to join them for life. Because, he knew that when she had his child, they would be irrevocably bonded.

His hips picked up the pace, drilling at her body and rocking it against to metal springs that creaked in protest to the exclamatory slamming. On each side of his hips, her spread legs jumped with the force of each thundering impact, jiggling with a weight that had once been muscle. Just as malleable, her breasts had started to rock with the tempo of his fucking, her bright red nipples bouncing up and around in a way anyone would call lewd. All of which was accompanied by the loud slapping of damp flesh, that which now covered the boy’s loins and thighs as arousal continued to spill from Kim’s crotch.

Ron groaned feeling his balls tighten against his body. And despite having already just cum herself, he could feel his crush’s insides continue to clench around him, the heat of her body and the wonderful wetness she continued to produce all doing its best to coax his load from his tip and into her womb.
On either side of her chest, his hands tightened against the bedsheet while sweat beaded from his pores to trickle down his flushed face. Finally, the pleasure building at the base of his cock broke, and he felt the first line of cum rocket from his tip and into Kim’s body.

Ann’s advice from before screamed from the abyss, and he slammed his hips against hers as deep as her body would allow. Narrowing at the far end of her channel, the tip of his cock was less than an inch from the puckered gate of her womb. Buried to the hilt in warm, twitching muscle, he let the rest of himself spill freely, painting his friend’s insides white and with the hope of drowning her eggs in his cream.

He bucked wildly, a tortured gasp tearing from his lungs. At the same time, his back and arms clenched against the pleasure showing a hint of the compact muscle underneath his slim figure. Ann watched all of this, her eyes nearly beaming with arousal as she watched him seed her baby girl.

Her fingers moved with renewed vigor, tasting the heat of her own pussy and forcing her arousal to drool from her opening and down her thighs to stain the back of her dress. Still drawn up and over her hips, there wasn’t any regard for her modesty as she exposed the flushed red of her sex, opening her legs wide. Humping against the delicate appendages with all the grace of a back-alley whore, she pressed the two of her fingers deep into her body. Finally, seeing Ron’s body tense and empty into Kim, she felt the release of an orgasm flood her body and forced a moan through her painted lips.

It seemed to last a lifetime. It was better than anything she’d ever experienced. Gasping on her chair in the corner of the room, she felt the pleasure crest three times before her sensitive little sex settled down. Each orgasm was better than the last. And by the end, she was left to simply lay there, legs splayed lewdly, and the front of her dress skewed enough to expose a single breast.

If anyone were to see her like this, none would recognize her for the proud, loving mother they knew. But at this point, Ann hardly recognized herself.

While she eventually collected herself, Ron was in much the same position. Gasping and dripping with sweat, his rod, thighs, and dark blond pubes were saturated in the combined juices of his and Kim’s cum. Still trapped in her body, he laid himself atop her smaller frame wrapping his arms around her shape and savoring the softness of her warm body pressed against his.

This is how Ann approached the pair, weak in the knees and flushed down to her breasts. Casting her gaze on Kim, she was delighted to find her in the very same state. All over again she could feel that rush of need in her loins - apparently unsatisfied with the company of her hand. Correcting her dress, she looked down at her child knowing the night had only just started.

Ron took notice of her proximity a few moments later and allowed his meager weight to lift from Kim’s hot skin. Her figure surprised him, and he found himself unable to look away. Even if she’d corrected her clothes, her hair was still in total disarray. And he could smell the perfume of her ripe arousal wafting off of her thighs and fingers.

“So, you think it worked?” he swallowed against his breath. His lungs had calmed some but not enough to be relaxed. Tearing his eyes away from Ann’s well-fucked appearance, his gaze trained on the smooth surface of Kim’s belly underneath the belt of fabric her dress had become. The head of his cock remained buried there, plugging the pool of cum he’d left behind in the very back of her channel.

Ann didn’t answer for a moment, doing the same. Beneath the surface, she envisioned all kinds of things. The most notable of which was a herd of thrashing tadpoles racing towards the teenage girl’s lone egg. Considering how many drugs she’d forced down the girl’s throat, there was no doubt in her mind that they would take root, just so long as they managed to find the little bundle of genetic
information. Best to stack the odds in their favor then, wasn’t it?

“We might as well make sure,” she hummed delightfully, as though she were simply suggesting they double check they had their keys. From her position, she could see Ron’s cock was still hard and ready to continue. And his answering smile didn’t dissuade her any. All at once his eyes and hand returned to Kim’s helpless form as he cupped her generous bust.

Without the immediate need to relieve the pressure in his balls, Ron took a moment just to enjoy Kim’s body. Face cast to the side; she remained lost in her own unconsciousness offering little more than a huff as Ron had his way.

Ann’s eyes remained fixed on her daughter’s debasement, unable to so much as think of anything else. The flush in her cheeks. The wobble of her exposed breasts every time Ron rocked against her hips. This close, she could even see a few drops of white, creamy cum leaking from the seal of her and Ron’s union. Before she knew it, her hands were gripping the front of her dress, pulling it up just so they had something to do; which did nothing to soothe the heat licking at her sex. Nor did it ease the steady flow of arousal trailing down her thighs.

Ann struggled with these emotions for a handful of minutes.

Ron was oblivious as he took his time easing his length in and out of the slimy, smooth walls that he’d made in Kim’s sex. Playing with her breasts, his hands traveled elsewhere groping and pinching with a strange amount of confidence. Spilling his seed, most of the nervousness seemed to have left him. Leaving only a boy full of wonder as he explored the girl of his dreams.

Ann’s breath was speeding up as the heat beneath her cheeks flushed to make her pale skin even redder. Parting her lips, her wide blue eyes watched the young man move to capture one of her daughter’s breast in his mouth and had to stifle a moan less it interrupt the wonderful pace. Biting her now swollen lips, she stood there reeking of sex while a boy half her age continued to molest Kim’s womanly mounds, sucking and licking at the hardened nub until Ann’s sanity finally left her.

“Ron, dear?” her tone was shockingly easy considering the amount of tension clenching her stiff posture. Ron broke from his embrace to give the older woman a heated look. He was just as lost by his own lusts now. And the vision of Kim’s mother so ready to be fucked only made his swollen cock throb that much harder inside her daughter.

“You wouldn’t mind if I… joined you, would you?” The question was answered with wide, shocked eyes. The older woman continued easily, “it seems I’ve gotten myself a bit worked up is all. And it doesn’t seem like a problem I can solve on my own.” Her eyes turned to Kim’s sleeping face, calm despite the hard fucking she’d just received. Another pang sounded deep in Ann’s cunt, and she muffled the sensation with a shudder. “You won’t have to worry about me getting in your way, of course. I’d never interrupt such an important job. But, you don’t mind sharing, right?” She gave him her best smile, motherly and kind and completely inappropriate for the question at hand.

Ron didn’t answer. He couldn’t. After all, what was the correct response to a mother asking for his permission to join in on raping her daughter? Instead, he forced his dumb expression to nod. A gesture that seemed to be more than enough for Ann. Immediately, her grin widened, and that twisted fire that had been burning in her eyes turned just a bit darker. She let loose a slow, heated sigh.

“Wonderful,” she breathed and didn’t even think about what she was doing before reaching for the straps of her gown.

Not that it was concealing much in the first place, but Ron still found himself stricken by the sight of
the older woman stripping right in front of him. Already loose around the neck, she had no problem peeling the midnight black fabric from her shoulders to free her heaving breasts. Swollen with arousal, the pale milky orbs were stained a lovely pink, shading her nipples a darker red. For her age, they remained incredibly perky. Most notably attributed to their less than impressive size. But with a body much like Kim, three children had added enough inches to her bust line to make the mounds stand proudly out from her chest.

A bit further and her panty-less sex came into view. The average lighting made her arousal especially visible as her mature hips and full backside were bared. Gravity took care of the rest, and she stepped out of the ring of discarded material without a second thought, the full line of her red pubis standing proudly against her enflamed mound.

Ron was dumbfounded, utterly taken by surprise at how the night was turning. He’d even stopped his thrusting to sit and watch the older woman reveal herself.

Aware of his attention and never one to shy away from an appreciative glance, Ann was shameless as she offered the stricken lad a quick wink. But her attention remained on her daughter. Her gaze turned hungry before she allowed herself to crawl onto the already crowded round bed.

Ann moved with purpose toward her daughter, slowly slinking toward her splayed body while her crotch throbbed between her legs. Her breath was heavy as though she’d just finished a run. Ignoring Ron and focusing only on the beauty of her daughter, Ann finally reached out to touch Kim’s face, her long dexterous fingers lingering along her lips which remained parted to allow a slow and easy breath.

She was beautiful. So beautiful. And even more beautiful now that she was a woman. For so long the mother tried to ignore these feelings inside of her aimed towards her oldest. But this entire ordeal had only seen fit to stoke the embers she hadn’t even known were inside of her. This might be her only chance to satisfy her twisted cravings.

Almost shaking with anticipation, the woman finally drew herself up Kim’s body until her knees rested against Kim’s now short bob of bright red hair. Hesitating for only a moment, Ann reached out to steady herself before drawing a long leg to the other side until her damp sex hovered above the younger girl’s face just waiting to be smothered.

Ann balanced precariously over Kim’s face, her wide hips swaying as she felt her core drip down her thighs. Leaning forward, her hand settled on the soft cushion of Kim’s breasts keeping her upright and forcing her own tits to droop invitingly from her chest. Her rear slowly began to descend onto Kim’s face until the sharp edge of her nose and the soft pillows of her lips pressed against Ann’s swollen sex.

It was like lightning racing up her spine. Opening her mouth to gasp, she couldn’t help but settle even more of her weight on her daughter’s face; careful not to actually smother her but relishing the wonderful sensation of her features nuzzled against the line of her mound. Gripping the young woman’s breast just a bit too tightly, her hips urged forward drawing a line of arousal across Kim’s clenched expression.

She started slow, sitting against Kim a little harder each time her pronounced clit ran along the many grooves of Kim’s features. The strange friction was just what she’d been craving. And yet it did nothing compared to the simple knowledge of who was beneath her at that very moment.

Not very surprisingly, this wasn’t her first dalliance with the same sex. Her time at college really had been quite an adventure. And it would have been nice if she could have added her daughter’s tongue to the sensations setting her blood aflame. The gentle breath breaking across her damp flesh was just
as thrilling. And the sight of Kim’s head between her legs, back from where she’d been born, was almost enough to send the older woman over the edge right then and there.

Ron watched all of this, dumbstruck but impossibly hard as he remained buried between the abused girl’s legs. His eyes remained locked on the apex of Ann’s thighs and the face constantly disappearing and reappearing from behind Ann’s mound. The obvious relish on the mother’s face was only made sweeter by the gluttonous moans falling from her parted lips.

Possibly for the first time, Ron realized that the mother of three might have had ulterior motives in her plotting against her daughter. But it wasn’t anything that made him want to pull free.

No, if anything he thrust deeper, pulling her legs as far apart as they would go to press his cock that much farther into the heated mass of Kim’s sex. At the end of the day, what Ann wanted wasn’t relevant anymore. All he cared about was that this was still his best opportunity to get Kim for himself. And meanwhile, he might as well enjoy the show.

Ron’s thrusting didn’t interrupt Ann’s fun in the least. If anything, the sudden gasp that tore through Kim’s slumbering form created the perfect opportunity. Laying her sex against the young woman’s open mouth, the new sensations sent shivers up Ann’s spine, urging her to reach up and grope her dangling breast.

She rubbed herself, pulling and pinching at her boob with practiced ease. Glancing down, her eyes locked on the vision of Ron’s cock surging in and out of Kim’s redhaired sex. She watched the pale flesh and flushed folds push and pull along his length and could see the arousal glittering. It wouldn’t be long now before she was filled with another blast of baby batter. All but assuring a fate already set out for her.

Ron grunted into the heavy weight of his hips. He could feel the smooth, slick pleasure of her inner walls along his shaft. The fire in her loins hadn’t cooled at all. Increasing even, to cradle Ron’s sex in a stifling warmth that pulsed and tightened with each beat of her heart.

Breathing around her mother’s lower half, her open mouth unknowingly drank in the pungent fluid flowing from her mother’s sex, even sucking against the long folds that fell from Ann’s cleft. All of it only served to increase the older woman’s pleasure who’s humping motions grew desperate as the pit in her belly began to tear, bleeding the beams of pleasure that quickly consumed her entire body.

The picture of Ann’s release was carnal, stripping her of the natural grace that she was known for. Instead, she allowed her expression to fall open and her voice to cry out. All at once her body seized in a single clenched muscle while her flowing sex saturated her daughter’s face in her cum.

Ann had been careful up until this point not to suffocate Kim under the weight of her rear. But all control left the moment she felt her womanly muscles clench in unadulterated bliss. Finally, she allowed her full weight to press against the defenseless teen, riding and grinding against her face for all it was worth.

Ron watched her dance, mesmerized. Shifting her hips back and forth her breasts jiggled, glistening with the sweat of pleasure. The pressure in his balls couldn’t help but answer Ann’s call firing another thick load from his tip before he could even realize it was happening – unexpectedly joining Ann in her pleasure.

The two stayed like that, enjoying Kim’s body while she was forced to simply lay there between them. They treated her like a toy, something to be used for both of their gains. And the consequences of that night wouldn’t end when Kim awoke the next morning. Not until she was swollen to the point of bursting with a screaming infant to fulfill her every hour.
The two selfish coconspirators moaned and writhed while their animalistic pleasure ruled their minds. Ron felt nothing but satisfaction at having deposited yet another bout of swimmers to invade his friend’s body.

Still hard, he allowed his length to pull from her sheath, watching in amazement as what appeared to be a torrent of white goo came spilling after. The substance seeped into her bright purple sheets, staining them and mixing with the rose petals pinned just beneath her rear. Against her pale thighs and beaming red folds, it made quite the picture.

Ann was just as inclined to inspect her handy work. That is, after she collected herself to think of the mess she’d just made.

Ann’s features were lifted into the biggest smile any had ever seen on the older woman’s face. Running a hand through her bobbed main of red hair, she couldn’t stop the bubble of laughter that erupted from her joyous expression; which jiggled her heaving breasts delightfully. It was only after Kim started to struggle, turning her face away from the suffocating weight of her mother’s pussy, that the older woman even thought to lift her hips. And what she found only grew the warmth in her heart.

Kim’s face was covered in her mother’s pleasure; bright and glittering across her oval face. Eyes closed, drops of the stuff could be seen clinging to her long lashes, and much of the sticky fluid had ran down on either side of her round cheeks seeping into her hair. It was a good thing the mother had thought to suggest waterproof makeup or there was little doubt the dark mascara and eyeliner would be streaking across her pale complexion.

Still stretched open, Kim's lips gasped before she eventually settled back down; the pungent flavor of her parent’s cum saturating the entirety of her smacking lips.

“That was-.” Ann broke off, releasing another breathless giggle more fitting for a woman half her age. She didn’t care in the slightest, dabbing the flushed surface of her heated skin with the back of her hand to wipe the perspiration away. She moved very carefully on shaken legs from her place above Kim’s face, giving the young woman her first wave of air not tainted by her own mom’s pussy.

“She is-” Ron finished for her, infected by her euphoric joy and giving his own nervous grin because of it. Together they just smiled at each other like a pair of old friends. Meanwhile, Kim lay between them stewing in their combined juices.

Ann laid out along the bed, thankful for once that she and James had seen fit to buy such a large mattress for their only daughter. She rested on her side to look to the young man still kneeling between her daughter’s splayed thighs. Seeing the white cream flowing from Kim’s depths, a motherly warmth bloomed in her chest. But it was hardly a match compared to the flames still licking at her sex.

This was incredible. It was even better than her college days. It was like she was drunk, not on alcohol, but pleasure. And call her a glutton, but even now, stretched out naked before two teenagers, all she could think about was getting one more orgasm. To feel her muscles bear down around a firm cock that she hasn’t been fucking for the past eighteen years.

Her eyes naturally zoned in on the half hard lump of meat dangling between Ron’s legs. Normally, she would never entertain the idea of cheating on James. But then, she’d done a lot of things this night that she normally wouldn’t think of as acceptable. Maybe this was just a midlife crisis, or maybe birthing Kim hadn’t helped rid as much of her wildness as she’d thought. But something about tonight felt so… freeing.
In the morning she would regret. In the morning she would go back to being the perfect mother and wife. But tonight… tonight she just wanted to get fucked.

“Ronald,” she prompted, grinning in that special come-hither way. Taking his own break, Ron laid on his back basking in the freeing sensation of having his balls drained. Hearing his name, he managed to glance up, only to find that perhaps he wasn’t nearly so empty as he’d first assumed.

At the moment Ann made quite the picture, especially so next to her daughter. With Kim’s new haircut they might as well have been sisters, although Ann the bustier, curvier of the two. Naked, the both of them, he could only stare between the two and enjoy the comparisons of their unique shapes.

Seeing his attention, Ann just smirked, allowing her legs to tangle themselves under Kim’s breasts. She let him enjoy the sight a few more moments before continuing in the same heavy tone.

“Ronald,” she repeated, “I just wanted to… thank you for everything you’ve done tonight. Really. I understand that not many would be able to understand how this is for Kim’s own good. But then, you’ve always looked out for her, haven’t you?” Her expression shifted to a more muted warmth, one that looked entirely out of place against her naked breasts and flushed sweaty complexion. Ron found himself blushing despite himself and utterly unable to find a correct response.

“S-Sure” he shrugged his shoulders instead, knowing he should look away from the woman’s impossibly blue eyes but entirely unable to do so. “I mean, it’s for Kim’s future, right? To make sure she doesn’t do anything she regrets?”

It felt good to say the words out loud, to reinforce the rationale that had led him to his current position. God knows he hadn’t been thinking about his friend’s wellbeing a moment ago, balls deep in her tight little hole. But Ann didn’t seem to care either way. Instead, she just tightened her smile, enough that the slight wrinkles starting at the corners of her eyes deepened enough to show through.

“Exactly…” she hummed pleasantly. “You’re such the caring type, you see? It’s why I knew I could count on you when I needed help. So, I don’t suppose you would mind helping me with a different kind of problem, would you?” And as if there were any question to her intentions, whatever doubt that existed was washed away as soon as the woman uncrossed her legs from her daughter’s body and opened them to allow the young man an intimate view of her swollen, glistening sex still weeping from the arousal of her release.

Ron’s eyes widened as he drank in the sight with all the lust of a teenage boy. Ann had the experience to know just how to stoke his arousal as her hand slipped from her tangled hair, down between her breasts, and towards her enflamed sex.

The tips of her fingers passed through the shorn strings of hair guarding her sex when she continued, “I hope you don’t get the wrong idea, Ronald,” her voice was deeper, heavier. “I am a happily married woman, and I would never do anything to betray James. Unfortunately, I find myself… touched seeing just how much you love my daughter. It reminds me of when I was Kim’s age and first fell in love with my husband. Enough that, I’m in need of my own attention.”

“Normally I’m satisfied with taking care of such urges myself. But watching you with Kim, I find myself reminiscent. You wouldn’t mind indulging an old lady’s melancholy, would you? Help me feel the fresh, young love I was allowed to enjoy so long ago?” It was at this point her fingers dared to press between her folds, curling in a gentle come-hither motion to spread even more of her arousal across her flushed mound.

Ron watched the entire scene only half listening to her proposal. In all truth, he was having a hard time wrapping his mind around the idea his crush’s mother was propositioning. But, considering he’d
just watch Ann grind herself against said crush’s face, maybe it was time he stopped applying logic to this particular situation.

She could pretty it up as much as she liked, but basically, she was asking him to sleep with her, right? If that were the case…

“Okay?” Ron managed, eyes wide and throat dry. Looking up from the apex of her thighs, he watched her motherly expression widen into something made of hunger. It was hard not to feel slightly intimidated. Of course, that didn’t mean he was any less intrigued, or excited.

Sure, his heart belonged to Kim. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t recognize her mother might be the sexiest woman alive. This would probably be his only chance to feel himself slip into her mature figure. “I mean, yes! Totally, happy to help!” His enthusiasm picked up. Unfortunately, getting up on his knees to approach the older woman, a quick glance towards his crotch explained a glaring issue.

Ann did the same seeing his expression drop. She could see his cock still wet with her daughter’s juices, dangling towards the floor. He still managed to stay at half-attention but compared to the thick pillar of man meat he’d been able to feed Kim; it was only slightly disappointing. Although not surprising, if Ann were honest. He had just pumped two full consecutive loads into the teenager’s unsuspecting belly. Even a young man like him would need a few minutes to recover. Thankfully, after a moment to think, Ann decided she might as well help him along.

“Oh, don’t you worry about that sweetie.” She purred, her expression no less predatory. “Since you’re doing me this quick favor, I suppose it’s only fair I do the same.” Before Ron could blink, he found her hand pressing against his chest until he fell back onto the bed. Legs outstretched across the purple bedspread, Ann quickly made her home between them, snuggled up until her face hovered mere inches from the length of his crotch.

She started with a kiss, full painted red lips pursed against his swollen tip. They were soft and warm and right away Ron could feel a shiver tickle his spine. The hand that wasn’t cradling his dick slipped up his thigh, and soon all he could do was focus on the sensations stemming from his lower half. Ann was all too happy to give him what he wanted, smiling against his shaft even as she allowed her tongue to peek out and drag along his length.

To say Ann was familiar with this particular chore would be accurate, even by her own account. Goodness knows she’d learned from an early age how happy it made men for only a slight amount of discomfort on her part. Thankfully, what this task lacked in physical pleasure on her part was more than made up for in the simple expressions she was allowed to spy on every time she watched a man enjoy her talents.

Ron turned out to be particularly entertaining. And staring up over the short nest of his dark blond pubes, her blue eyes appeared to twinkle at each open-mouthed gasp and twitch.

Imprints of her lips were left with each kiss, marking his cock in the shame shade adorning her wide smile. When it was time to swallow him for real, she did so with no hesitation. Rather, she welcomed his tip into her parted lips with no small amount of anticipation. Especially as the full, ripe flavor of her daughter’s leftover cum flashed across her taste buds.

She moaned audibly, giving Ron another kind of treat as he felt the vibration of her throat tingle through his shaft. Ann couldn’t help it, forced to take a deep breath as her tongue bathed the hardening flesh, again and again, savoring every drop that remained. She hadn’t expected to be so affected by the additional flavor, she hadn’t even thought about it really, not until her first lick. But as soon as she was allowed to experience the slightly tart aftertaste lingering on the back of her tongue, any and all reason quickly fled.
She found her lips pressing deeper against his shaft until she could feel the wiry hairs above his crotch tickled her nose. Her attention had been more than enough to return him to his full size which she could feel eagerly knocking at the back of her throat. But she didn’t stop. She kept licking, sweeping her tongue over his crotch until only the taste of his skin remained.

It should have been disgusting. She should have been horrified by the fact she was tasting her own daughter’s arousal. But by this point, she’d all but given up holding back.

When she finally finished, she allowed her pursed lips to wind around his shaft as she sucked a long line up his length. She pulled free with a pop and a smile, eyes alight and sparkling even as she looked up to see Ron’s dazed expression.

Another giggle started in her chest. The tip of her finger pressed against his tip before she spoke. “Seems like everything’s in order,” which was quite the understatement. Still, Ron just nodded, even more eager now as he looked about ready to stand and mount her. Ann’s hand on his chest stopped him, however. She had one last thing to say before the real fun could begin.

“Just one last thing, mister,” she waggled her finger before enveloping his throbbing mass with her hand. “This?” she gave him a squeeze. “I’m just borrowing from my daughter for the night. What’s in here, however,” she paused to shift her grip down towards his aching balls. She gently massaged the orbs which earned another shiver, “that’s all for Kim, understand? Can’t have you wasting even a drop on me. So be sure to pull out before you pop and get it where it needs to go. Any problems?” And when Ron shook his head, Ann allowed herself a proud smile.

There wasn’t a lot of room on the bed with Kim laying right in the middle, so Ron wasn’t surprised when Ann opted to roll from her stomach onto all fours, directly above the unconscious teenager. But rather than just bend over, the young man was surprised when the mother reached for her daughter’s legs, lifting the dead weight with ease until the limp limbs were hooked around her hips.

Laying herself down on top of Kim, it almost looked like Ann was trying to fuck her daughter on her own, if she had the right equipment. Instead, all she did was give Ron one hell of a view. A fact she was more than aware of as she turned her head back just enough to offer the stunned boy a coy grin.

Not that Ron noticed. His attention remained on the picture of Ann’s full, round backside framed by her daughter’s legs. Her crotch was actually pressed against her daughters, the crease of her lips lining up perfectly with that of Kim’s. The effect was… powerful, doubly so when Ron remembered that the two women could practically be called twins. What he didn’t notice was the bonus this particular position afforded the older woman.

Biting her lip, Ann couldn’t help but shiver feeling the warmth of her daughter’s pussy on her own. Giving her hips a slight roll, her clit drew along the pillow soft surface of Kim’s mound. At the same time, she could feel the warm point of her daughter’s button slide against her own body. A certain amount of satisfaction lifted Ann’s features as she watched her daughter respond to the stimulation, her face not even five inches from Ann’s.

Like this, she was face to face, and breast to breast with her daughter, staring into her sleeping expression while she waited for a boy half her age to press into her waiting pussy.

“Well,” she gave her ass a small wiggle for effect, “don’t keep me waiting, Ronald. I’d hate to have to lend you another hand because you prefer just to stand there.” And when he started to blink rapidly, Ann couldn’t help but give herself a deep chuckle, slowly allowing her arms to bend and lower herself until the mounds of her breasts pressed against Kim’s.

The effect wasn’t lost on Ron who watched her backside and sex lift as her head dropped. Moving
towards the pair, all he could do was shake his head, feeling his heart pound in his chest. He pressed a hand along Ann’s cheek, steadying himself as he angled his tip towards her sex.

Part of him still struggled to accept the fact that he was actually about to have sex with his best friend’s mother. If he were honest, growing up Ann had almost been a second mother to him… almost. Unfortunately, even as a young boy, he hadn’t been able to get over the impossible beauty she carried. Creating something of a crush he’d eventually grown out of.

Or not, it seemed. Much faster than the first time, he managed to find her opening and pressed his tip against the dimple leading deeper into her body. He could already feel the heat aching from her depths. She hadn’t been kidding when she said that she needed this. And he was just as eager to give her a helping hand.

Among other body parts.

He’d only just lost his virginity, and now here he was about to lay claim to his second woman. Forget that it was happening over the unconscious body of the girl he’d first enjoyed. As soon as he felt himself enter her body, everything else slipped away as his expression turned calm, a hot sigh falling from his flared nostrils as he sank ever deeper into the woman’s core.

For her part, Ann couldn’t remember the last time she was this aroused. She’d already come twice this night, and a third had already rolled through her system as soon as she felt the hard bar of flesh start in on her body. Even better, Kim’s softer shape felt incredible to hold as Ron continued to force himself between her muscles.

Taking a deep breath, her nose pressed against the point where Kim’s neck met her shoulder, surrounding herself in the natural perfume of her daughter. Before she could stop herself, she felt her lips start to kiss the young woman’s neck.

It was around then that Ron started to thrust against her offered backside. Sweat starting at his brow, his hand left his base to grasp the woman’s other hip and grip before pulling himself back an inch. But before Ann had the chance to complain, he was already thrusting forward, knowing better than to treat the situation as anything but what it actually was. A quick and lustful fuck.

There was no love between them, not like him and Kim. There was no need to be tender or gentle. He could actually see Ann’s need glisten against her thighs. She was starving, ravenous even for any kind of attention. And it was his job to give her just that.

He didn’t hesitate to start pounding against her backside, each stroke slapping his thighs against her frame while their conjoined motions rocked on the bed’s springs. Very quickly the metallic squeaking could be heard anew. And all while Ann enjoyed the taste of her daughter directly from the source.

‘Kim,’ was all she thought, even as pleasure started to rush through her hips and up her spine. Now and then a sharp mewl or low moan could be heard escaping her lips. And yet, even then all she could focus on was her daughter, so beautiful even as she slept the entire night away.

Closing her eyes, Ann leaned further against the young woman’s neck, allowing her teeth to grace the number of hickies she’d already seen fit to leave. The only proof that she could leave behind after the night was over as her part in her grandchildren’s conception.

Another moan and another groan and she shifted her posture. She pulled back enough to looked down at Kim, her entire head and shoulder jerking with the impact of Ron’s cock piercing her depths again and again.
Her expression was far too warm for the situation, too motherly. In all honesty, she’d lost her right to call herself such the moment this very night had been born in her mind. But she couldn’t help it. She loved her daughter. More than any words or actions could ever describe. And really, wasn’t that all this was? Love? Maybe not in a way most would accept, but it gave Ann the courage to finally reach down and kiss her daughter’s sleeping expression.

She was in heaven. There couldn’t be any other way to describe the pleasure coursing through her nerves as she was allowed to experience the sinful taste of her daughter’s lips while a young man drilled her from behind. Each time his hips slapped against her ass, she could feel another spark shoot through her body, forcing her to moan into Kim’s mouth. She didn’t even bother breaking the connection. Instead, she deepened it. Turning her face and opening her mouth against the young woman’s pillow soft lips to press her tongue into the humid warmth inside. Soon, the mother found herself licking at the limp tongue and slack expression trapped beneath her body.

The strong flavor of wine was still as fresh as if she were drinking from a glass. Accented with the taste of her own arousal that her daughter had inadvertently drunk down, it wasn’t like anything the older woman had ever experienced.

Pleasure tightened in her belly, satisfaction more than anything else driving her towards the edge of yet another orgasm. And yet she could already tell, the pressure winding in the pit of her stomach would threaten the very seemed of her body when it eventually came undone. But that was fine. She didn’t care anymore. Let it take her. Because if tonight was the last she would ever see, at least she could take solace knowing she fell at the very peak of what it means to know joy…

While Ann’s mouth drank in her daughter’s saliva, her hands quickly joined in, taking advantage as much as Ron as she started to grope and massage the girl’s swollen breasts pressed between their bodies. At the same time, she struggled to find a rhythm that matched Ron’s thrusting, allowing her to continue grinding her pussy against Kim’s.

Mumbling and groaning into her mouth, Kim’s unconscious body did its best to cope with the sensation. This brought back the warm flush and delightful blush that invaded all of her more womanly aspects. Ann’s grinding only made it worse, the friction against the core of her pleasure too much for her slumbering brain to resist. Ann’s efforts allowed her to enjoy an expression no mother should ever see from their child.

Kim’s face clenched down, a stubborn frown coming to life as she felt her sensitive nub grind against her mother’s lips. And for all her unconscious struggling, Ann’s attention was only met with wet warmth as pleasure began to overwhelm the younger girl.

“There we go,” Ann muttered to herself after finally breaking the kiss. While her hips worked her daughter toward another orgasm, she just smiled down at her fretful expression, Ron’s pounding against her ass forcing her hair to bounce forward with every blow. “There’s my baby girl.” And even though she tried to keep her voice even, the pleasure being forced into her core was clearly having an effect. Still, she continued with her motions, deftly rolling her hips against all the right spots to see the red-haired girl squirm beneath her touch.

“Don’t fight it,” she moaned now, unable to stop herself as Ron’s motions began to pick up speed. The familiar urgency told her that the young man was close, but then so was she. To match his motions, her humping motions pressed harder against her daughter, increasing the friction that drove both of their pleasure. By this point, the young woman had started to buck back. A fact that finally sent Ann over the edge she’d been craving since she started this entire plot.

Ann’s voice cried out and her muscles locked. Inside of her body, she could feel her muscles clench around the firm staff of flesh and blood, reveling in the sensation that only a real cock could
subscribe. But even then, her attention focused on Kim; the very core of her being marveling at the sensation of her daughter joining her in her pleasurable throes.

Warm juice ran down the two women’s legs. Gasping in her sleep, the teenager’s eyes were clenched against the unwanted pleasure, doing everything that she could just to hold on while chemicals exploded behind her eyelids. Her body bared down as it was natural to do.

Unlike her daughter, Ann’s eyes were wide as they just watched her, a drunken daze starting to take over while her blue orbs threatened to roll back into her head. And as Ron’s figure suddenly seized and the older woman could feel the release into the deepest part of her body, her eyes finally closed. And she knew she had found the pleasure of the world.

For Ron’s part, he was left as almost a bystander in the mother’s release. Sure, he got to fuck her. But staring down at her from behind her wide hips, it was made very clear early on that this woman only had eyes for her daughter.

Part of him recognized that the entire point of the evening had taken a turn. And that they could hardly say Ann’s participation did anything for the girl they both loved. He would even go as far to say the older woman was sick. But if that were the case, then whatever she had must be infectious. Because watching the mother lock lips with her own daughter, Ron felt only the indescribable pleasure of knowing you were watching something you shouldn’t.

He could feel himself swell with approval as he started to draw against Ann’s hips with even more force. If this was how the night was going to go, then fine. Just so long as he got his share.

He continued with that mentality, all but throwing away any mercy for the older woman as he used her for his pleasure. He ran his hands along her body, fucked her as hard as he wanted, and all the while she only seemed to grow hotter and tighter around his shaft. Compared to Kim’s unconscious body, it was like night and day. A different kind of pleasure that satisfied more than his drive to claim his longtime friend. Which is why it was no surprise at all when he found his balls start to rise after enough time, despite the amount of cum he’d already delivered.

Just underneath Ann’s slit, he could see Kim’s even as Ann seemed to be trying to smother the lower lips with her own. A delightful pressure started to build at his base, but he couldn’t slow down. He didn’t want to. So, he didn’t. And feeling Ann clamp down around him, instead of pulling free, he actually pushed farther into her body. As far as his cock could reach before the tension he’d been holding back was released in a wave of fertile, thick cum.

The three bodies writhed in union as each one experienced their own release. Kim was the first to calm down, falling ever deeper into her drug-induced sleep as soon as her mind and body was allowed some kind of rest. Ron was next, slowly pulling himself from Ann’s warm body only to watch what he’d left inside of her slowly start to seep from the lines of her sex into Kim’s where his previous loads still dripped freely.

Still saddled next to Kim’s pussy, he was free to stare at two delicious cream pies filled to the brim. It wasn’t until Ann slowly came back from the brink of her chemical lobotomy that he even thought to worry about her reaction to his ‘decision.’ Thankfully, drugged out on her own hormones, Ron got the feeling she wasn’t exactly in the right state of mind to pose much of a threat.

Ann’s eyes blinked slowly, marking her addled state nearly as much as her large grin. Slowly her thoughts appeared to return, and a slight furl came to life between her sculpted brows.

Sure enough, the hand that had been groping her daughter’s breasts pressed between their bodies as she reached for the sensitive folds of her pussy, now stained in cum. Feeling the gooey texture for
what it was, a long sigh seemed to deflate the woman’s chest before she finally turned back to look at the young man who’d just blown his load inside of her, an ironically dry expression marrying her peaceful exterior.

“I believe that was meant for my daughter,” she hummed, sounding almost amused in the way parents managed when they knew their child had misbehaved, but still managed to be too cute to get mad. It certainly didn’t help matters that Ron didn’t appear to feel any kind of regret, even grinning as he continued to enjoy the picture of his essence leaking from both of the women’s holes.

“More where that came from.” He promised as a small consolation.

The brazen comment was especially impressive when it was considered just who it was coming from. Despite herself, Ann couldn’t help but allow a low chuckle to escape. A slow shake of her head dropped the issue with surprising ease, as though he’d done little more than track mud on the carpet. Instead, she turned back towards her daughter, watching her peaceful mask of sleep before muttering, “you had better.”

The mother of three remained like that for some time, caring little for the white substance trailing down her slit. Her focus remained on Kim, as though she were doing her best to burn the image into her memory. Occasionally she would reach out and tame an errant strand of shorn red hair from Kim’s flushed cheeks. She otherwise remained silent, the gentle smile ever present on her motherly features. Finally, a sigh announced her acceptance as she moved to stand from the bed.

Ron moved back, giving her room to crawl away and to admire the view. On her feet, Ann silently went about collecting her discarded dress from the floor as well as any other traces of her presence. Turning around, she could see Ron watching her and simply hoped that the view would help encourage whatever was left dangling between his legs.

“You remember what I told you to do after you’re finished, Ronald?” Said boy just nodded, his idle hands already reaching for his friend to start groping her chest.

“Mhmm,” was his answer, already distracted. He looked about ready to make up for lost time, reaching for Kim’s shoulder to flip her on her stomach.

“Just keep in mind you’ll need to lay a pillow below her hips before you’re finished for the night. I don’t think we’re going to get a second chance at this, so we need as much of your sperm in her womb as possible.” Ron made another dismissing hum, enjoying the firm muscle of the cheerleader’s backside in his palm.

“And please don’t forget-,” Ann started, her tone slightly too motherly as she found herself hovering over the scene of the two young lovers. Rather, her attention turned instead to look at Ronald’s already hardening member, just waiting to spit even more sperm rich batter into her daughter. Finally, Ann just sighed, a bittersweet smile stealing the full warmth from her expression as she accepted the fact that her part in the night was finally finished.

Ron knew what to do. It was time for a graceful exit.

“Alright,” she conceded, “I can see when I’m in the way. I’ll let you two have your fun now. But, Ron?” And this time, the young man did turn his head unable to do anything but at the serious tone that hardened the woman’s innocent words. “From tonight onwards, Kim will be partly your responsibility; whether she knows it or not. I hope your prepared to be there for her when the time comes.” Ron’s eyes naturally widened at the foreboding warning. But then, he’d already more than prepared himself for the consequences this night could bring.
A lifetime with Kim? Yes, for that, he was more than ready.

“I’ll take care of her,” he promised, his tone equally serious. And seeing the sudden maturity in his eyes and expression, Ann’s heart once again warmed as she found her expectations for the boy that would father her daughter’s children that much closer to being reached.

Yes, he was young now. But so had been James when they’d first met. Children would only nurture that sense of responsibility. And one day, Kim would be glad to have a husband as tentative and... pliable as Ronald. She left without another word, the full shape of her backside the last thing for Ron to see before she disappeared into the darkened hallway; leaving him to turn back to said girl and turn his full attention on her perfect shape.

Sounds of bed springs quickly picked up as Ann descended the stares of her home towards the kitchen where a romantic evening could still be seen.

With a pleasant sigh, she quickly found a robe to wrap around her naked figure before she went about blowing out the candles still burning on the counters and sweeping up the rose petals already starting to wilt on the entryway floor. So much preparation had gone into making the night perfect. Hopefully, Kim would come to appreciate the memory someday.

It was almost strange to think that it was finally all over. That there was nothing left to do but wait and see if anything took root. But no matter the outcome, Ann took solace in knowing she’d done everything in her power to protect her daughter from a life of regrets.

Finally, what was left of the dinner and Kim’s drug-laced wineglass had been washed and put away. Leaving Ann to just sigh before glancing at the half-full bottle still sitting in the center of the table. A few moments later, a full glass rested in her palm as she made her way towards the comfort of the living room where she took her seat, the very same she’d sat in when she’d first concocted this idea in a rush of panic and fear.

Ann closed her eyes, looking back on the moment she’d condemned both herself and her child to her twisted whims. It seemed so long ago, and herself an entirely different person.

Part of her couldn’t help but wonder if the woman she had been would look on all they had wrought and regret having ever conceived of the idea. Unfortunately, the woman that she is now couldn’t answer that. Not as her free hand continued to run along the line of her sex, enjoying the pleasant tingle still lingering throughout her lower half. And all the while the sound of Ron humping into Kim resounded throughout the silent building in a rhythmic echo.

A/N: And there we go. Only the epilogue is left which is going to be a fast foreword of events leading up to Kim’s eventual birth. I’ll you know right now, there aren’t any more sex scenes, and it’s going to focus mainly on the psychological aspect of Kim’s life as she realizes she is pregnant, gets kicked out of G.J., gets stuck with Ron and so on. So, if that doesn’t like your kind of thing and you were just here for the sex, hopefully this chapter was enough for you. For the rest of you, I’ll do my best to get the last chapter out on time but give me some leeway if it’s a little late.

As always, if you like the chapter or have something to say, I’m always happy to see a review or comment. Sense of semblance is nearly finished and I’m hoping to get vault out soon as well. Thanks for reading.
Next (and final) chapter – October 23rd.
A/N: Sorry for the wait, but here it is. The last chapter of Mother knows best. All I can say is that this chapter ended up being a lot longer than I’d initially thought which is why I wasn’t able to get it out on time. And I just want to thank everyone for waiting so patiently.

Something I feel like I need to bring up, some of you might feel like some parts of this chapter are slightly rushed. Well, that’s because it is. Basically, I needed to summarize a large portion of time which means that some details will get lost. If I’m being honest, I could easily make another ten chapters out of the content addressed in the epilogue. But that isn’t what I want to do. This feels like the natural point to stop and I hope that everyone enjoys what I’ve made.

Don’t forget to leave a review/comment telling me what you thought if you have the time. Otherwise, have a wonderful day.

Chapter 7

Tag(s): N/A

Girl(s): N/A

Words: 15,604

As it so happens, Ron would manage to get it up for three more rounds throughout his night with Kim; sometimes waking up in the middle of the night just to admire his friend’s naked shape.

Each time he managed to find yet another burst of teenage cum to fire from his tip, and each time he did so buried as deeply into her body as he could manage. When he finally and truly retired for the evening, the young woman’s sex was irreparably drowned in cum, staining the bright red color of her swollen lips an opaque white that dripped down the crease of her tight butt and up into the tuft of hair left above her exposed hood.

Every inch of her insides was stuffed full of the fertile goo which didn’t hesitate to slowly dissolve into a clear, watery substance. The sperm laden juices followed down the unnatural curve of the teenager’s hips thrust even higher by the help of a pillow so that it all quickly pooled against the final defense of the gate of her womb.

Over the hours of peaceful sleep, her biology was forced to yield, slowly allowing drop after drop into the previously untainted sanctuary. And by the time the sun would begin to crest over the horizon bringing light to a new day, the feminine pocket of her womb would be all but stuffed with the over-eager tadpoles.

Kim woke slowly at first, unusually dizzy even as confusion was the first thought to greet her weighted cognizance. Her body felt heavy and… sore? But her mind was too clouded for even that much to become readily available. Instead, she continued to lay there drifting in and out of consciousness until she finally found the strength to question her situation.
Her face grimaced against the dull ache of her hips. She breathed a slow sigh of distress.

There was a… strange taste in her mouth, one that only grew stronger as she dared to lick her lips, tart and a little sour. Slowly her mind turned to the previous night, or, at least it tried to. But for some reason, she was having trouble remembering the entire day.

For the briefest moment, part of her felt content to dismiss the uncomfortable sensations as some consequence of a mission. Unfortunately, a slight shift on her mattress forced her brows to rise in a questioning grimace. As much of a chore as opening her eyes seemed, she finally allowed the sparkling green orbs to greet the day, as well as the familiar picture of her bedroom’s ceiling.

Turning towards the disturbance, Kim would quickly find this one aspect to be the only recognizable part of her morning.

She blinked again, slowly this time as her brain struggled to take in so much pale skin laid next to her. There was a lot of it, too much to be normal, in fact, which prompted her brain to finally start recovering. A sharper sensation settled in the back of her mind as she was able to recognize her friend Ron, as well as the fact that he was completely and totally naked in her bed.

Face down and fast asleep, snoring sounded from the pillow he’d tucked under his arm. Above the blankets, Kim had an unobstructed view of his entire body, as well as an ass so pale one might shield their eyes. But Kim wasn’t in a joking mood. And with each building heartbeat, her blank expression grew more and more pale as reality began to sink in.

She didn’t cry out. She didn’t yell. She didn’t do anything but sit there, a frozen fist settling around her heart. For the very first time, she recognized the sensation of cool air against her flesh, as well as a distinct lack of the weight of her pajamas.

Already knowing what she would see, the young woman wanted to do anything but confirm her suspicion. Unfortunately, she found her head turning back towards herself of its own volition. And soon, her vision was filled with her own pale complexion, the tips of her breasts wound tight in the cool morning air and her bare thighs splayed open without shame.

Her breathing began to pick up to match her now hammering heartbeat. She slowly sat up in bed, limbs still heavy from sleep. Shaking her head, she tried to remember how this could have happened, and why she was naked in bed with the boy she’d known since pre-k. It wasn’t until her hand reached up, shaking the entire way towards her once long hair, that she found the now much shorter bob, reminding her of the trip to the mall. And given a foothold, the memories seemed to come flooding back, each worse than the last.

Her mother, the spa, the wax, the haircut, the… dinner. Finally, she was allowed a shuttering gasp, hands held above her open lips as she remembered just how she’d been set up.

Her mother, her own mother, had gone behind her back to try and set her up with her best friend. The idea was just as confusing now as it had been the night before. To think the entire day had been spent trying to make her look good for him, it was irksome. But not as much as the fact that she still couldn’t remember how they had gone from a quiet, albeit awkward dinner, to… this!

The panic spiked as she moved to back away from the other person in her bed. It was a natural response. She felt so exposed, clutching the blanket that had been kicked to the foot of the bed against her naked self. She didn’t even notice the pillow that had been stuffed under her butt throughout the night.

The quick movements inspired another dull pang between her legs, forcing a slight wince. Hissing
slightly, Kim finally dropped her gaze to the space between her legs, only to feel a wave of vertigo suddenly sway upon her.

She was… a mess. Kim stared at the small tuft of pubic hair that had managed to survive the other day, only to find the red hairs matted in a congealed white crust. Her horrified expression deepened as she opened her legs even farther, finding even more of the substance coating the inside of her thighs. Following the lines of dried cum, she was eventually faced with the splayed color of her sex. And for all her questions of the previous night, Kim found herself at least one answer.

He had **not** worn protection…

Her mouth opened, agape in the horrifying reality. This was cum. *Ron’s* cum. And it was inside of her?

As if her caked mound could leave any question to this fact, Kim found her hand drawn towards her apex, gently and carefully inserting a single finger into her tender depths. And to her surprise, the digit pressed into the soft flesh easily, much more easily than it had just the other morning. And just a few inches deeper, she was greeted with the still wet slime coating her once virginal walls.

Pulling back, her fear quickly turned to disgust at her now glimmering fingers, sticky in the worst way. She was only able to watch as a line dribbled down her wrist before the final strands of her sanity gave way, releasing everything she’d been doing her best to hold back.

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Ann awoke to a scream.

Eyes flashing open, the blue orbs snapped up to the ceiling in an instant where she could hear her daughter’s voice loud and clear, as well as the many expletives she saw fit to exploit.

The noise was accompanied by a number of loud thumps, most likely objects being thrown in quick succession. A loud bang rocked the structure of her home. More and more noise continued to build before she sighed, smoothly rising from the chair she’d fallen asleep in to stand and finish what she started.

Ever the morning person, a slight hum carried her towards the kitchen leading to Kim’s room. The closer she got, the clearer she could hear her daughter’s strangled tone.

“Get out! Get out! Get out of my room! Get out!” And so on and so forth.

Ron, in return, seemed only able to respond in wounded cries of, “ow! Wai-. Kim, please. I can explain!” To which Kim could only continue her unending cry for him just to leave.

The young mother rose to the top of the stairs just in time for the door to swing open and a desk lamp to come flying out. Missing her by just an inch, Ann blinked twice before a still nude Ron Stoppable came tumbling after. Hands clasped over his sex, he nearly gasped at the woman’s sudden appearance. Ann simply laid a comforting hand on his shoulder before leaning in close to his ear.

“I left some spare clothes by the front door. Don’t worry about Kim. She’ll need some space, for now. I’ll call you when it’s time.” Still panting, he pulled back with a dubious stare. Thankfully, a heeled shoe smacking into his back encouraged him to quickly take her advice. Ann watched him scramble away with a smile before turning back to attend to her child.

Passing through the open door, said young woman could be seen tucked back against the farthest corner of her room, a blanket held white-knuckled against her nakedness while her cheeks burned an
iridescent red. And in her hand brandished yet another weapon, daring the young man that had just run to come back. It wasn’t until she looked up to see the concerned expression of her mother that Kim’s throwing arm dropped. The rage in her features cooled, becoming once again scared and confused.

“M-Mom?” the teenager stumbled. Taking several deep breaths, the young woman slowly sank until she found herself sitting at her computer chair.

Ann didn’t answer right away, looking at how her daughter was handling her morning after. Unfortunately, she could tell right away the answer was, not well.

Now that Ron was gone, Kim didn’t have anything else to distract her from reality. Clutching the blanket against her breasts, Kim’s already wide green eyes looked comically pathetic as she stared towards her parent. It was unfortunate that she needed to suffer like this, but Ann took solace in knowing she had an opportunity to soothe some of the pain she’d created.

Without a second thought, the older redhead moved to approach her daughter, taking one of her hands in her own while she sank to meet Kim’s terrified gaze.

“Kimmie!” Ann gasped, her tone soft and soothing. “Oh, honey, what’s the matter? Is everything okay?” Her other hand reached out to cup the round shape of her daughter’s cheek, petting the soft surface with her thumb while also brushing away some of the dried arousal she’d no doubt left the other night. Oblivious, Kim just blinked at the question before furrowing her brow into a deep wrinkle.

“What’s the matter?” Kim managed, shaking her head like she couldn’t believe the words had come from her mother’s mouth. “Mom! I-.” She stopped short, hiking the edge of her blanket even higher towards her collar. “I mean, Ron! We, he, I… I just woke up, and-.” She blinked again, long eyelashes fluttering nervously. “We were naked! And sore! And… I think we had sex.” Her expression widened as she hissed the words to emphasize the horror. But Ann just nodded, her understanding expression unwavering as if she were still waiting to hear what the problem was.

“Kim,” Ann chuckled softly much to Kim’s disbelief. “I think I knew that much.” And when the teenager’s jaw dropped, and her mom could see the question in her eyes, Ann awkwardly added, “Well, Honey, it’s not like you were exactly… quiet last night.” Unfortunately, despite her best smile, Kim still took the news with a deep, deep blush. Her expression opened once again, humiliation on an entirely new scale sweeping through her as she understood what her mother had just said.

Kim’s mouth opened a few times despite no sound leaving. Her gaze shifted from one side of the room to the next, never settling on her mother in the middle. Despite knowing better, she tried to imagine the fact that her own mother had been forced to listen to her daughter lose her virginity.

Actually, how was she so cool about this? Weren’t moms supposed to, like, keep that from happening? Instead of, you know, whatever the hell this was?!

Mind swimming, a low whine was drawn from her lips as the rest of her face clenched in a mask of pain. Drawing a hand down her face, the dainty finger stopped at her lips.

“What happened last night?” Kim begged, the confusion too much to bear. “I don’t remember… anything. At least, not anything that would explain why I woke up naked in bed with Ron! Oh god, I can’t believe this is actually happening!”

With her daughter looking on the verge of tears, Ann had to take a deep breath to prepare herself.
She didn’t like lying to her children and liked it even less when they did the same to her. But she’d convinced herself that this situation just had to be a small white lie, like the tooth fairy. Technically untrue but ultimately for her child’s benefit. Thankfully, she’d already come prepared to answer just this question.

“I’m not surprised,” the older woman hummed, putting on a slightly reproachful face. “I hope you remember this morning the next time you think about drinking an entire bottle of wine.” Her disapproval lifted, becoming more amused as she added. “Honestly, you really can’t hold your liquor. You’re kind of a lightweight.”

Of all the things Kim had been expecting her mom to say, that hadn’t been it. Jerking her head back, her brow lifted as she stared at her mom in disbelief. Wine? What wine?

That said, thinking about it for a moment, she did remember something about her mom bringing out a bottle of some kind. Kim tried to think about the dinner, how uncomfortable she’d been, how stressed out the entire day had been, in fact, and part of her had to consider the possibility she’d accidentally overindulged; especially since it was her first time. Still, if she’d been drunk…

“Why didn’t you stop us!?” Kim whimpered weakly. “If I was drunk… doesn’t that mean Ron took advantage or something?” But Ann was quick to respond, her tone sharpening to cut that line of thought before it could hope to take root.

“Kim!” the older woman admonished, and the young woman suitably shrank back, eyes wide with hurt. “First of all, I didn’t let you do anything. Aren’t you the one that’s constantly telling me you’re an adult now? That you can make your own decisions? Well, getting drunk was your decision, and you can’t blame me for what happened or on other people just because you aren’t happy with how things ended up.” Best to make sure she understands that ahead of time…

“Besides,” Ann continued, her intense eyes softening ever so slightly, “do you really think Ronald’s the type of boy to take advantage of anyone, much less you?” And at that, Kim finally had to admit defeat.

She tried to imagine the meek, nervous young man she’d known for her entire life doing anything to hurt anyone and came up dubious. For all she could say about him, Kim had to admit that he was a nice guy, painfully so at times. It was probably one of the reasons she found herself so not attracted to him. Call it teenage stupidity, but the idea of a nice, reliable guy she could count on just seemed so… boring. As much as she wanted to blame Ron for what happened, Kim accepted that she couldn’t.

“No,” she mumbled at her lap, defeated. Still, that didn’t make her any happier about what had happened.

“Good,” Ann soothed, returning to her smile. “I’m glad you can take responsibility for your own choices. That’s very mature of you, Kim.” It might be a little dirty playing on the teenager’s constant need to look good in front of adults. But seeing the tiniest smile pull at the younger girl’s lips, Ann decided it had been worth it.

“It doesn’t mean he’s off the hook,” Kim’s grumpy face was back. She still felt sick knowing he’d actually seen her naked, touched her, kissed her, and god knows what else. Worst of all, she could still feel him inside her, leaking onto the chair. Her expression narrowed queasily. Ann just rolled her eyes.

“You know, you didn’t seem so upset by the idea the other night,” the mother saw fit to remind her daughter. Kim’s confusion came up short as she gave her mom a slow stare.
“Wait,” she started, almost unsure if she wanted to continue. “You don’t mean-.” Her lashes fluttered for a moment. “Are you saying I came onto him?!” It was a good thing Ron wasn’t around to be hurt by her incredulity.

“Is that really so hard to believe?” Ann laughed gayly, but Kim just gaped at her, wholly unable to wrap her mind around the idea. Her expression was all the answer the mother needed.

“Oh Kim, honestly.” Ann shook her head. “Just because the night started off a little stiff doesn’t mean things couldn’t improve. And after a few glasses, you really seemed to connect with each other. You must have spent an hour just talking and talking. I almost called it a night when you finally pulled him up to your room. After that, I can’t really say what happened, but as I’ve already explained, I can assure you, you were nothing but agreeable.” She gave her daughter’s hand a soft pat as she winked at the blushing girl.

Kim’s eyes never left her mother, despite wanting to look anywhere else. She had to stare at the older woman in the eye and see if she was serious. But looking back at her, the teenager couldn’t find anything but warmth and amusement. Seeing her distress, Ann took the initiative and moved to pull the still naked girl into her arms.

“Honey,” Ann’s chuckle rumbled from her chest, “it’s nothing to be embarrassed about. You’re a growing young woman. I’ve already said its perfectly natural to have needs. Honestly, I’m surprised it took this long for you to finally drag some poor boy up to your room to take care of it. How many batteries have we gone through since I bought you your little present?” It was at this point Kim was especially grateful her face was pressed against her mom’s shoulder, if only because it meant the older woman couldn’t see the shade of red that consumed her face.

“Those hormones were only going to keep building up. It’s not healthy to go that long without some kind of release. And see, don’t you feel better already?” And blinking, Kim pulled out of her mother’s embrace realizing that, yes, she actually kind of did.

When was the last time she woke up without needing to work out two or three quick orgasms before starting the day? It seemed like, for the last month, her entire life revolved around working the stress out of her body, only to feel it start to build back up as soon as she pulled her fingers from her panties.

It had felt like her body had been starved for something she’d had no idea how to feed it. She had been so freaked out by waking up naked; she hadn’t even noticed the distinct lack of cravings.

In fact, even if she hated the thought of feeling Ron inside of her, she couldn’t deny a certain peace beneath the surface of her skin. Or… satisfaction?

She’d imagined so many horrible scenarios as soon as she’d realized she’d slept with her best friend. But, the truth was somehow worse than if she’d really been attacked. There wasn’t any grand scheme, no betrayal; rather, she’d just been drunk and horny, a tale as old as time. She’d laugh if she didn’t feel just as ready to cry. Thankfully, sucked of her fear and anxiety, she found herself too exhausted to do either.

“I think I’m gonna lay back down for an hour or two.” She mumbled, lifting her deflated expression from the floor. Ann frowned but still nodded before running her hands through her daughter’s hair.

“That sounds like a good idea, baby. I’m… sorry yesterday wasn’t what I hoped it would be.” It was the first apology she allowed, even when she knew she owed her daughter so much more. Kim still managed to force a smile, however begrudging.
“It’s okay,” Kim gave a halfhearted shrug. “I know you meant well. I just… don’t think me and Ron are going to be what you want.”

Ann frowned. “I just want you to be happy. You… know that, right? You know that’s all I ever wanted for you?” Despite her conviction, despite everything she’d done up to this point, Ann found herself needing to hear that her only daughter understood at least that much. Thankfully, Kim nodded her head rolling her eyes. But the smile teasing the edge of her lips was honest enough.

“I know, Mom.” She drawled in that bored tone teenagers adopted whenever they needed to reciprocate affection from their parents. Ann couldn’t help but giggle, relief lifting her cheeks into a real smile.

“I’ll get out of your hair. And don’t worry about your father. I remember what it’s like at your age and I don’t think James needs to know about your night, or the wine.” She swept away a fear Kim hadn’t even thought to consider, earning a groan of relief. The last thing Kim needed was her dad freaking out about his little girl’s virginity.

Ann stood from her daughter’s slumped figure moving casually towards the door, only to pause before taking the first step. Turning slowly, Kim was surprised to see something like fear in her mom’s eyes before she spoke. “I love you, Kim. So, so much. And I always will.”

The teenager blinked at the sudden strength of emotion. If this were any other situation, she would be worried her mother was sick or something. Taking a moment for their touching exchange, Kim just gave a stiff smile before returning the emotion. “I love you too, Mom.”

“Get some sleep, Baby. I’ll see you when you wake up.”

Kim watched her mother leave, slowly feeling a numbness settle in her chest. Everything about yesterday was so strange, so stressful. All she wanted to do was sleep and forget all about it. As soon as she woke up, she’d shower and clean her room, and there wouldn’t be anything left to remind her.

Sounding too good to be true, Kim groaned as she stood, letting the blanket fall from her grip as she stumbled nakedly towards her waiting bed. The bed Ron had been in only a few minutes ago.

She fell into its embrace with a wistful sigh. Hugging a pillow against her breasts, she could already feel her mind start to slip away when a nagging reminder kept her from falling over the edge into unconsciousness. Groaning softly, this issue was unfortunately too important to forget forcing her to stand and shuffle towards her dresser.

Opening the top drawer, she pulled out the hidden case of birth control while silently weeping with joy that she’d been smart enough to have already been on the pill before threats of pregnancy had ever been an issue. She opened the case and popped the pill without a second thought, taking solace in the knowledge that she wouldn’t need to worry about one consequence of her night.

She returned to the bed with a smile, doing nothing about the semen still pooling inside of her while the drug she thought would protect her actually opened her body wider than ever for the fertile missiles. She would drift away completely unaware of the already fertilized egg slowly drifting to implant itself against the wall of her womb. Where it would take root and start to grow for the next nine, long months.

Epilogue

To Kim’s credit, she didn’t allow what transpired that night to slow her down. In fact, after her nap, she seemed genuine in her desire just to let it go and forget the night had ever happened.
It wasn’t exactly ideal, obviously. And she wasn’t proud of what she’d done, no matter how drunk. But when it came down to it, losing her virginity wasn’t so large a loss. Embarrassing and slightly disappointing, but otherwise a small bump along the road of her life. Although, it didn’t make the clean up any more pleasant.

Besides sweeping up an obnoxious amount of rose petals and stripping her bed of everything not sown into the mattress, Kim made sure to spend an inordinate amount of time washing away the evidence of her night in the shower.

Stepping into the bathroom, she’d been horrified at her own reflection. As if the reminder of her hair wasn’t bad enough, her swollen lips and the number of bruises lining her neck and collar left her feeling even more strained than before. It all only made the picture of Ron on top of her that much clearer. But while she couldn’t do anything about her face or the hickies, she took comfort in knowing there was at least one physical memory she could scrub away.

She spent the majority of her time in the shower crouched down with her knees spread, scooping out finger after finger of cum from her sex.

Seeing for herself just how much was inside of her, she could only wonder how many times they’d actually fucking did. It just kept coming, thick and white only to be washed away by the water’s spray falling overhead. In the end, she’d settled for turning the hand nozzle against her swollen lips to wash away the last of her shame.

What followed would be a series of thankfully peaceful and easy school days that teenagers were supposed to have. No more seizure-like bouts of pleasure rising up at the most inopportune times. No more lazy mornings spending hours on her back while she played with herself. Although, part of her couldn’t give up the idle pleasure of her vibrator quite so easily. But what had been an insatiable need had quelled to the occasional indulgence that she was allowed to enjoy, rather than fear.

The biggest surprise, it turned out, had been Ron. A week after the infamous evening, he’d finally approached her clearly trying to gauge her reaction. She’d been expecting this, of course, although that didn’t make the sudden anxiety in her belly any less sharp as soon as she was face to face with the boy who’d taken her virginity.

It… sucked, for lack of a better word, to suddenly find herself telling Ron that she needed space, or rather, that she didn’t want to see him for a while after doing what they’d done. But she’d already made up her mind that she couldn’t let her mistake give him hope, which is why she was so shocked when he just nodded his head. Rather than argue, he just replied that he understood and that he hoped maybe they could try hanging out again once they were settled at college.

Just like that. So easy. The maturity was unexpected, to say the least. But Kim wasn’t about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Instead, she celebrated any chance at all for the opportunity to leave that night buried in the very back of her mind until it was forgotten completely.

By random coincidence, even missions had tapered off to a crawl. And for what seemed like the first time in her life, Kim was allowed just to be a teenager. To focus on school. To wonder about her future. To enjoy quiet mornings with her family. And before she knew it, two full months came and went before any abnormalities started to draw her attention. But as symptoms started to arise, Kim would quickly find her happy and carefree life coming to an end.

It started waking up to some slight nausea every other morning. Which was odd, but nothing to question too closely especially when it seemed like a slight flue was running through the Possible household. But with time, the queasy clenching of her stomach would grow in frequency and intensity until her new alarm clock became rushing to the bathroom so that she could throw up
whatever was left of the last night’s dinner.

Stubborn in her own right, she didn’t mention her sickness to anyone until two full weeks of nonstop vomiting finally forced her to confront her mother. Who responded to the news… strangely. At least, Kim didn’t think it was normal for a Mom to smile when her daughter explains she’s spent the last half of a month sick to her stomach. But Ann didn’t seem worried in the least. Rather, she just said that she’d already been planning to make a doctor’s appointment and left it at that.

Kim chose not to think about the issue too much, just happy that she could get whatever medicine she needed to go back to a normal life. She would quickly learn, however, her’s was a sickness that would take quite a bit of time to pass.

The redhead sat in the doctor’s office sighing for what felt like the hundredth time that afternoon. Her mom sat beside her, flipping through one of the magazines left in the office while they both waited for the doctor to return with the blood results they’d just taken. She wasn’t exactly sure why they would need blood for a stomach bug, but her mom had insisted.

It was slightly annoying that it looked like the older woman knew what was going on but refused to tell her. Kim would have worried if not for the casual ease with which her mother relaxed in the seat beside her’s. Finally, the doctor returned, and with her, news.

Kim’s wide, expressive eyes didn’t react even as the doctor repeated the prognoses a second time. Despite this fact, she still found herself struggling to process what was being said to her, as though someone was trying to convince her that the earth had suddenly reversed orbit. Seeing the surprise on her face, Kim’s doctor sighed before explaining just what she’d found.

“Feel free to look at the chart,” the doctor offered, which Kim immediately snatched out of her hands. “Multiple tests are showing an elevated HCG count in your blood, Ms. Possible. Taking into account that you reported being sexually active in the last five months as well as your symptoms, there really is no other explanation than that you are simply pregnant.”

There it was again, that word that her brain refused to process. Her mother, on the other hand, was accepting the news with chilling ease. A fact that she confirmed as soon as the doctor fell silent.

“Just as I expected,” Ann hummed gayly. Just digging the thorn into Kim’s paw that much deeper. But when she turned around to glare at the older woman, her emotions were swirling too fast for her to even decide if she was angry. Ann just sighed.

“No…,” Kim muttered in a dazed tone before returning much more firm, “no! I mean, I can’t be… I’m not… I’m on the pill!” she all but demanded, as if she could convince the diagnosis away. But Ann just shook her head, placing a calming hand on her daughter’s shoulder.

“Kim…” she admonished, disappointed. “I’m sure you’ve been told no birth control is one hundred percent effective. There’s always a risk of an accident.” A fact that Kim intellectually understood. Or, at least, she’d thought she had. Suddenly falling silent, Ann looked from her daughter to the doctor with a patient smile.

“Doctor, my daughter seems to be having some trouble processing this wonderful news. There wouldn’t happen to be an available ultrasound that we could wheel in, would there? Maybe seeing the baby will help her acclimate.”

And suddenly, there was an ultrasound available. Just one of the perks of being a very, very well-established doctor in the very hospital they were visiting. Considering the rumors that Ann was on the fast track to being the hospital’s next chief of surgery, there weren’t many who were willing to
tell her no.

Before Kim could so much as start to grasp the reality of something actually being alive inside of her body, she found herself being transferred to a new room where she was laid down on a table with her shirt pressed up to her breasts. Her bare stomach greeted the room as toned as ever, and not at all what one would think of when pregnancy came to mind. And yet, after a dollop of cold goo and a little bit of searching, a strange pulsing image appeared on the screen that was quickly identified as her… baby.

“Looks about ten or so weeks along,” her doctor identified, shifting the angle of the wand pressed against Kim’s stomach to get a better look. “The heartbeat looks strong; it seems to be developing well. Mhmm, as far as I can tell, it’s a perfectly healthy baby. Congratulations, Ms. Possible.” Regardless, of the fact that Kim felt anything but congratulatory. Ann was quick to jump in on the admiration.

“Oh, Kim…” the mother sighed wistfully, “she’s beautiful,” apparently having already decided that the small dot on the screen was a female. Holding her daughter’s hand, her eyes remained locked on the screen where Ann could see her first grandchild already started on the path to life. Honest tears looked to start to form in her eyes as emotions welled up from inside her heart.

“Would it be alright if we could get a picture to bring home? I’m sure Kim will want a keepsake.” Of course, Kim chose to remain silent. And would continue to do so long after the pair returned home.

Giving her some space, Ann pressed the polaroid of Kim’s unborn child into her hand before leaving her to lie down. Kim walked up to her room with slow steps; a numb and empty expression firmly fixed on her features as it had been ever since she looked at the heartbeat supposedly inside her belly.

Rather than keep arguing, or denying what should have been impossible, she’d simply fallen into an arctic silence.

It was only when she was finally alone, curled up on her bed with her favorite pandaroo wrapped in her arms, that she dared look again at the picture her mom had given her.

She… didn’t know what she was supposed to be feeling. She’d gone in thinking she had the flu and had walked out with a mountain of thoughts and fears she couldn’t even begin to process. Just knowing that this thing was inside of her made it impossible to think of anything else. Unbidden, she found her hand naturally rising to cradle her womb.

It didn’t feel real. She didn’t want it to be. But no matter how much she wanted to deny this reality, that damned photo just stared back at her. Proof of a life inside of her that she didn’t even want.

Suddenly, it felt like her body didn’t belong to her anymore. And it was the single most terrifying notion she’d ever experienced.

The tears finally sprang as she crumpled the picture into her fist, her other clutching at her stomach. And like a gate had been holding them back, all the emotion’s she’d been trying to process unleashed all at once until she was reduced to a clenched sobbing mess curled around a childhood toy.

Of course, sadness wasn’t the only emotion she had to deal with. The tears on her cheeks hadn’t even finished drying before she was on her feet, throwing her stuffed toy across the room as well as anything she could get her hands on. Namely pillows and bed sheets. She was like a large child throwing a tantrum, looking for any kind of outlet for the rage burning in her chest.

‘Why did this have to happen to me?’ she demanded. ‘I don’t want to have a baby!’ she swore. But no matter how much of her room was destroyed, it did nothing to change her situation. This lone fact
was what finally calmed her down enough to stop. Panting and out of breath, she would start to express the regret in her heart the only way she knew how and once again fell into tears.

The constant pendulum between extreme feelings would continue until she finally exhausted herself, both emotionally and physically. But rather than feel better for getting everything out, she just felt empty.

She didn’t go to school that week. She didn’t even leave her room, preferring to sulk. Her mom was kind enough to bring up food whenever she could. Which Kim begrudgingly ate. It turned out, no matter how upset she might be, her body still demanded food like it was any other afternoon. It was beyond annoying having such a big appetite knowing she would most likely throw up half of it before the next morning.

Then, there was also the fact that everything she ate also went to... it, as she was quickly growing accustomed to calling the thing inside of her. Every bite just helped it to grow bigger inside her belly. Every second it just got closer to being a real live person. Most people might be awed by that fact, the miracle of life and all that. But Kim... Kim didn’t want it getting stronger. She just wanted it to go away. For everything to just go away. On the eighth day, however, it looked like her mom decided she’d sulked enough.

“Kim,” Ann muttered, rubbing a comforting hand on her daughter’s shoulder. “I know things seem... so big right now. But I promise you won’t always feel this way. You might not be able to see it now, but this is a good thing.” Her words were finally enough to earn a response as Kim’s red, puffy eyes turned to glare at her well-meaning parent.

“How?!” she stressed, “how can this be anything but horrible? I don’t want a baby, Mom. I’m not ready!” But Ann just smiled, turning wistful as she corrected her oldest.

“I wasn’t much older when you suddenly popped into my life, you know. And just like you, I felt like my entire life was over. I was terrified. Little did I know, you would turn out to be the greatest thing that ever happened to me. Children are a gift, Kim. And I know, as soon as you hold that baby in your arms, you’ll understand what I mean.” Unfortunately, Kim wasn’t so sure.

Her mom’s words were pretty, but the teenager wasn’t convinced. She didn’t want this baby. This wasn’t how her life was supposed to go. This had ruined everything, and there wasn’t anything she could do about it. She wasn’t like her mom. She couldn’t be a mother; maybe it just wasn’t in her. But it wasn’t like she had a lot of options.

“Mom,” the girl whimpered, still clutching her pandaroo like it was the only thing keeping her from falling apart. She was desperate. All she wanted was a way to escape this hell of a reality. And yet, even then, she couldn’t quite meet her mother’s eyes as she continued, “can’t we just... get rid of it? Please?” And suddenly, Ann’s comforting hand stilled on the small of Kim’s back.

Silence swelled in the small room, a kind of quiet that shouted in Kim’s mind as she waited for her mom’s outburst. She knew it wasn’t ideal, but it was still better than letting this stupid thing inside of her ruin her entire life. But Ann’s anger never came. Instead, her tone carried on as usual as she answered.

“you can...” she agreed, a hesitation in her tone that stopped Kim from feeling any relief. “That is, if you think you can live with that decision for the rest of your life.” And there it was, the guilt. “I won’t stop you; you’re an adult. I’ll even help pay for it if you make that decision. But something tells me that isn’t who you are. This is a baby we’re talking about, Kim. Not a thing to throw away, but a living baby. And an innocent life. Considering how much good you’ve done and how hard you’ve worked to protect that kind of life, well, let’s just say I would be surprised in you if it turned
out you were capable of something so… selfish.”

It would have been kinder if the older woman just slapped the teenager across the face. Already curled in on herself, Kim’s clenched expression bore down even more as she struggled against her mom’s words.

Honestly, she hadn’t even been completely serious when she made the suggestion. Maybe part of her had just been looking for the comfort of a choice in what was happening. Thought, her face turned green as soon as her mom made it clear just what that choice would entail.

“T-Then what about adoption?” she tried again, desperately looking for any kind of out. It wasn’t ideal, of course. She would still need to have the baby, which would suck. But at least that would be the end of it. Of course, as silence once again fell between the two, Kim could already feel the rejection.

“That’s certainly another option,” Ann nodded her head. “I just can’t imagine how it would feel leaving a child to live their entire life feeling abandoned by their own parents. I suppose I would just ask you how you would feel if you’d grown up without your father and I?” Kim finally just went silent, downcast eyes set on the crumpled image of the ultrasound. She tried to find any semblance of maternal affection or love for the tiny dot, but it just wasn’t there.

It was Kim’s turn to go silent as she realized that there was no easy out of her situation. Not that she’d expected one, but still. It would have been nice.

Turning the photo face down, she buried her expression into the crown of her Cuddle Buddy, allowing it to soak up some more of the moisture collecting in her eyes as it had been for the past few days.

“This feels like a bad dream, and I just want to wake up. I want it to go away. I… I’m so scared.” And hearing the tears in Kim’s voice, Ann’s pretense fell away as she swept her little girl into her arms.

Kim latched onto the hug with all her strength, burying her face into her mother’s shoulder and sniffling against the desperation still dominating her thoughts. Ann petted her hair, letting her get it out of her system some before answering.

“I know things seem dark right now, Kim. But I also know you’re strong enough to get through this. Because I was strong enough, and you’re already so much more wonderful than I could have ever hoped to be. Just remember that you aren’t alone. And that you have so many people that love you and want to help you. Me, your father, even your brothers.” Then, hesitating, she not so subtly snuck in, “and… don’t forget about Ronald either.”

Kim sucked in a sharp breath, pulling her face from her mom’s shoulder to show a fearful expression. Ron… she hadn’t even thought of him. But technically the baby was just as much his as it was hers. As if her life wasn’t complicated enough, now she had to deal with the fact that she also had to tell her best friend that he’d knocked her up after a night of drunken debauchery. God, could they be any more teenager?!

“Ron still doesn’t know,” the teen breathed, her face breaking at the realization. Oh God, so much for trying not to lead him on! It kind of didn’t get much more intimate than having a baby with another person. How the hell was she going to tell him when she couldn’t even say the words to herself? “What am I gonna do?” the teen lamented. To which Ann was quick to answer.

“Well, I’m fairly sure there’s only one thing you can do.” And when Kim’s brow drew up in
confusion, Ann’s hand slipped up her daughter’s lap to cup the still flat space above the unborn child. “Don’t you think that a child has the right to have both parents love and take care of them?” And just like that, all of Kim’s sorrow was replaced by incredulity.

“Wait,” the teen shook her head. “are you saying that me and Ron should, like, get married?” The way she said the word seemed more akin to an execution or genocide than the simple matter of matrimony. And Ann couldn’t help but laugh at just how taken aback her child was by the idea.

“Would that be so bad?” she prompted to no avail. Kim’s wide eyes and horror-stricken features seemed to think, yes. Yes, it would. Remaining silent in her disbelief, Ann continued in the same motherly tone.

“Oh Kim, I know you don’t exactly love him.” To which Kim rightfully snorted with indignation. Ann continued as though she didn’t hear her. “However, I think it’s about time you understood that you need to start thinking about more than just yourself. Whether you like it or not, your life isn’t just your own anymore. And you need to start thinking about what would be better for the baby. That’s all that matters anymore.” Kim’s wide expression finally crumbled at that, fear taking its place

‘My life really is over,’ she thought, finally coming to the realization that she no longer had the luxury of living just for herself. It was a sobering moment and one that only proved to crush her spirit that much more.

Things like fighting crime, traveling the world… G.J., oh god, it was all ruined. One stupid mistake and everything was just gone. Well, not everything. And remembering Ron, the teenage girl quickly curled back into her mom’s shoulder.

“I don’t even know what I’m going to say to him,” she mumbled, just loud enough to reach her mother’s ears. “What if he doesn’t even want to stick around!” she continued with a gasp.

After all, how many teenage dads did? Suddenly, she wasn’t sure what idea she hated more. Marrying Ron or being forced to take care of this new life all on her own. She didn’t love him… or even really like him. At least, not in that way. But there was definitely a comfort in knowing that there would be someone else who understood what she was going through. Who she could rely on. Who she had been relying on for years to watch her back.

After a few moments of silence, Kim realized her mom hadn’t answered her and glanced up. A new kind of foreboding started in her gut as soon as she saw her mom’s expression. A nauseous mix of hesitancy and… guilt? Suddenly, the teenager was pulling away, her face cautious as she broached her mother’s response. “Mom,” she started slowly, “what did you do?” Ann’s only answer was to smile apologetically.

“I may have already told him,” was her response. One that left Kim feeling as though a trap door had suddenly fallen out from under her.

“He has a right to know!” The older woman defended herself seeing Kim’s exaggerated expression. “And I knew how much you would struggle with it if I just left it alone. You’d already be on the delivery table before he found out if you had it your way.” Kim’s anger was diminished somewhat as she realized that she couldn’t actually argue with her mother’s reasoning.

It had taken her over four years to so much as reject him. How long would she have put off something like this? At least this way she got to avoid the shock, the fear, maybe even the anger if Ron was capable of something like that. If anything, she was kind of grateful she got to avoid the entire ordeal. Of course, that didn’t mean she wasn’t still annoyed her mother hadn’t so much as asked her before going forward. But it did solve one of her issues.
I guess I should probably meet with him then, huh?” she tried to do the mature thing. But when her mother’s answer was silence once again, all Kim wanted to do was cry.

“I’m so glad you feel that way,” Ann did her best to sound cheerful, as though a bright tone would lessen the impact of her next words. “Because I may have already invited him over.” Yep, it was exactly as bad as Kim had feared. Ann smiled brightly.

“Now?! I meant, like, in a week, or two when I actually had the chance to know what I wanted to say to him! What am I supposed to do now?” Lucky for her, her mom had just the answer. Unluckily, it probably wasn’t one that Kim wanted to hear.

Her first clue that it was bad was her mom reaching out to place a hand on her cheek. The older woman’s eyes were suddenly very serious, none of the playful joy from before reaching her bright blue eyes. Kim couldn’t help but fall into the same mentality, sobering immediately. Finally, her mom answered, though Kim wished she hadn’t.

“Sleep with him,” was the older woman’s advice. Nearly doubling over, Kim’s eyes looked ready to pop out of her skull at the complete turn the topic had taken. But her mom could only be described as serious, leaving Kim to grasp at her reasoning.

“What are you even talking about?” Kim demanded. “Isn’t that kind of how I got in this trouble in the first place?” Her sarcasm could have stopped a blade. Thankfully, Ann seemed more inclined to smile when she answered.

“Well,” the mother gave a wry expression, “it’s not like you can get more pregnant, right?”

Unfortunately, she wasn’t able to get the laugh she was fishing for. Not even a smile. And collecting herself, Ann settled back into a nurturing tone as she began to stroke her daughter’s cheek with her thumb.

“Kimmie, I know it seems extreme, but try and think about the future. You don’t love Ron now, but he’s a wonderful young man who thinks the world of you and I know he’ll love your baby with all the heart in his body. There are worse men you could have been stuck with. I really think you should do your best to give a relationship with him a real shot. Both for yourself and your baby.”

“You can either force yourself into a loveless marriage that does nothing but make everyone unhappy, or you can put your best foot forward and make the most of the situation. Wither you like it or not, he’s going to be a part of your and your baby’s life. The only question is, how selfish are you to not even try to make it a good life?

Ann left her daughter like that to stew with her words, offering no more guidance. Kim spent the entire time curled up on her bed with her stuffed animal deep in thought as she wrung her hands against each other. Unfortunately, Ron was already on his way. And after only an hour to consider her options, a knock on the door announced her baby’s daddy’s arrival.

She didn’t answer, and Ron waited a handful of seconds before opening the door anyway. Face pressed into her stuffed animal, Kim was surprised to find she was actually afraid to see his expression. Be it one of joy or pain.

Staring at her hunched figure for a few moments, the young man eventually made his choice and walked towards the bed to sit down on the cushioned edge. Despite herself, Kim still found herself flinching back.

“How are you?” His tone was muted. Kim played with her toy’s foot for a few minutes before answering in the same mood.
“Been better,” she tried, honestly. Ron just nodded his head, his face reserved as he kept his expression facing forward.

“Would it help if I said I was sorry?” There was some stress in his tone, some exhaustion. Clearly, he’d been spending quite a bit of time considering the wonderful news. At the very least, he didn’t seem angry. Which the young woman finally realized was foolish to even consider. However, in his lack of rage, she found her own temper rising. And Kim couldn’t help but feel bitterness at his attempt.

“A little late for that,” she chuckled without any amusement making her words sound more biting than she’d intended. It was his turn to flinch back, casting a hurt wince towards his lap as he hung his head.

Kim couldn’t help but regret her words. No matter how much she wanted to blame anyone else for their current predicament, as mad as she wanted to be, blaming Ron wouldn’t do anything to help either of them.

“I-I’m sorry,” she immediately followed. “Really, I didn’t mean that. I’m just so….” She didn’t finish, letting Ron fill in the blank with whatever he felt like. She was sure whatever it was, he must be feeling something similar. “I fucked up just as much as you.”

Silence followed urging Kim to finally glance towards her friend’s mood. And part of her was shocked to see him… oddly serious in the way he carried himself. For a guy so, well, goofy, she partially expected him to be out of his mind with panic. And, while not exactly calm, he actually seemed more put together than herself. A fact that was bizarrely comforting.

Still staring ahead, the quiet came to a stop as he turned to meet her green eyes, the words he’d been building up the courage to get out finally at the tip of his tongue.

He started with a sigh. “Kim… Kim, I haven’t forgotten about what you told me the night we… That is, I know even though we slept together you still don’t return my feelings. And that this isn’t exactly what you want. That I’m not what you want.” Kim almost looked down at that, wanting to refute the words while knowing that she couldn’t. However, the intensity of his words stopped her, bidding her to stay focused on his expression as he continued.

“But Kim, I just need you to know that no matter how you feel, I still love you. And I’m not going to run away from this.” Finally, the confession he’d never been allowed to say.

Kim balked at the emotion in his words, her wide eyes blinking in an attempt to grasp the situation. Her mouth opened but no sound came out, unable to decide what she wanted to say. Eventually, Ron turned his body to face her and reached out to take her hand in his, continuing before she had the chance to reject him.

“I know,” he continued, a pitiful attempt at a grin pulling at the edge of his freckled cheeks, “I know I’m not the most handsome guy out there, and I know that you deserve someone… so much better than me. But… I hope you’ll forgive me when I say that I’m still selfish enough that I want to prove to you that you can love me someday, if I work hard enough. To show you that I can make you happy.”

“You may not believe me or you might not even care, but let me just tell you that I… I want this. The situation could be better, and I’ll admit I’m still more than a little freaked out, but I want this. I want you. And I even want this baby. I want the chance to be a good dad. But even more than that, I want the chance to give this baby a good life. The best I can give it. And… I honestly feel like the best way to start that is if we can raise it together.”
“I guess, despite everything and knowing that I fall short, I’m asking if there’s even a chance for us to try and make something work between us? If not for each other, then just for our baby? I know if you give me the chance, I can even show you that I’ll even be a great… husband.”

Ron’s intense gaze softened ever so slightly as he put on a more pathetic expression. By this point, Kim’s eyes couldn’t so much as blink as even her breath remained frozen in her chest.

“That said,” he continued, somber, “I don’t want to force you to do anything. If you’d rather go it alone, I’d understand. I mean, if anyone’s strong enough, I know it’s you.”

Despite herself, Kim couldn’t help but feel her pulse quicken at the way he was staring at her. It should be so easy to brush his words aside, to disregard them as the weightless promises teenage boys so easily made. But there was an undeniable… maturity in his demeanor that the young woman found impossible not to notice. And really, for all his faults, when had Ron ever broken a promise to her?

There had been too much going on for her to notice right away, first dealing with the fallout of their date and then her sudden condition. But… she missed her best friend. She missed Ron, more than she’d ever thought she would. And after dealing with all of that on her own and now having him so near, she couldn’t deny the comfort she found in his familiar brown eyes.

No, she didn’t love him. And part of her seriously wondered if she ever would. But… she could count on him. He’d never done anything to make her feel otherwise. And if she needed to raise this baby, maybe that could be enough for them? Maybe that kind of life didn’t have to be so bad? And with the alternative being going through all of this on her own, she knew the decision she was going to make.

Kim’s eyes remained locked with Ron’s as she thought about his words, hardly blinking as she absorbed Ron’s sincerity. In return, the blond boy seemed resigned to stay silent, waiting for his friend to make a decision. Finally, breaking the eye contact to glance down at her lap, when she peeked up through her lashes she offered the only answer she could give.

“I… I’ll try,” she whispered, offering the smallest of nods. “I promise, I promise to try my best to… make it work.” It was so small a thing. Little more than a wish for a wish. But as Ron’s grin stretched across his face in an impossibly wide smile, Kim felt like she’d just promised him the world. The moment lasted only a moment before his expression shrank ever so slightly followed by his face slowly drifting towards hers.

To his credit, he didn’t immediately press his lips against hers. Rather, he took his time, carefully watching his friend’s reaction and giving her every opportunity to pull away. Kim remained frozen, every muscle in her body locking up as she realized what he was trying to do.

A part of her couldn’t help but rebel against the idea of letting Ron get so close. But she resisted pulling away, forcing herself to stay still and to allow him the affectionate gesture.

She understood that he would stop if she told him too. She trusted that if she said that she needed more time that he would give it. But… she’d promised to try, and she knew if she pushed him away now, she would never be able to work up the nerve to try again, to see him as anything more than a friend.

It was still awkward, and she found her stomach rolling slightly at the sensation of his hand settling on her hip. But tilting her face and allowing him to deepen the embrace encouraged something close to pleasure.
His lips were soft, and he was gentle in the way he held her. And more than anything else, Kim could feel how much this boy cherished her. It was why, when he finally pulled back, an anxious question in his gaze, that she found herself nodding her head and allowing him to lower her back against her bed, her mother’s words echoing in her mind.

This was going to be her future, after all. She might as well do her best to get used to it now. Kim mused on this to distract herself from watching Ron start to slowly urge her pajama bottoms down her hips and legs.

As if she had any choice…

xXx

Sex, as it turned out, was… different then Kim had imagined. Face currently pressed against Ron’s chest, her new boyfriend, fiancé, whatever was currently fast asleep after a solid hour of showing her just how he’d knocked her up the first time.

It had certainly been embarrassing letting him see so much of her. All of her, really. But he actually hadn’t stared as much as she’d feared, which she had greatly appreciated. The last thing she wanted to see hovering above her was his brown eyes stretched wide and devouring every inch of her. Although, that might just be because he’d already gotten his eyeful the first time around.

It had also felt better than she’d expected… a lot better. Her face still burned remembering some of the noises she’d made when Ron had somehow managed to make her cum.

It was so much more different from how it felt on her own. Just the heat and weight of another person’s body on top of her made everything so much more. It had actually felt nice to have someone to cling to when she’d eventually been pushed over the edge.

Semen was still definitely gross, though. Her nose curled thinking about how it had felt when he’d burst inside of her.

Technically, she hadn’t actually told him not to; which she should have definitely expected considering how they got into this mess. But besides a slightly cool sensation on the inside of her thigh, it wasn’t so bad if she just didn’t let herself think about what was leaking out of her.

He even seemed to smell better than she remembered, lacking almost all of the musky cheese scent that she used to remember catching from his clothes. It was a welcomed improvement which she tested once again pressing her nose into his shoulder. And in the end, that was all she could really say about it all.

It… wasn’t bad.

For what felt like the hundredth time, she peeked up at his sleeping face, once again wondering if she would ever actually love him. And after letting the question nag at the back of her mind for a few moments, she finally closed her eyes deciding that it didn’t really matter. Even if she didn’t ever develop real feelings for him, getting stuck with your best friend for life might not be the worst thing in the world. She could at least take comfort in knowing he’d always be there for her. Which, as it turned out, meant more than she’d ever thought.

At the very least, it was enough to get her up and out of her room. Knocked up or not, there was still a good few months left of school, and Kim’s mother made it clear that she was still expected to graduate.

Suddenly, she was back in class filling out worksheets and getting assigned homework like nothing
had changed. It was nice, as it turned out. And Kim quickly found the familiar pattern comforting in a time when nothing seemed to make sense. If she let herself, she could even forget about her condition for a few hours every day. A gift that seemed more precious than anything the girl had experienced in life.

And that’s how Kim found herself living out her days. Struggling under the weight of this thing inside of her while living for the brief moments of her day where she was allowed to just be a teenager in high school.

Unfortunately, even she wasn’t strong enough to power through all the milestones she would find herself approaching. And these would be the moments that hit her particularly hard. For lack of a better word, depressions that even her mom and Ron couldn’t pull her out of right away.

Prone to fall in and out, the first serious interruption in her life started when she first started to show. Fit her entire life, when a defined bump started to form from between her hips she immediately noticed.

Suddenly, nothing could distract her from the fact that her body was no longer hers. And the constant reminder of her pregnancy took its toll. Suddenly, she couldn’t go outside in her tank tops and belly shirts. Rather, her wardrobe was restricted to hoodies and jackets, a fact that wasn’t missed by the majority of the school given enough time.

Compounding this fact with her abrupt and sudden departure from the cheerleading squad, it was impossible for rumors not to spread. Especially when facilitated by a certain tanned brunet all too eager to bring the past cheer captain down a few pegs. True or not, no one seemed to actually care as vicious and merciless as only teenagers could be.

Kim stayed home from school a whole week during that period of her life, spending days just laying in bed staring at the subtle rise of her belly while her fingers ran up and down the intrusive shape.

The next period of darkness came as soon as it was time to legalize her and Ron’s marriage. Having turned eighteen and finally finished with her last year of school, her mother had insisted that there was no reason to put it off any longer; and that it would be for the best if they went through with things before Kim could no longer fit into her dress.

Of course, not everyone was as excited as the older woman to see the two young adults get together, and most were even less happy finding out why.

Kim had the mercy of allowing her mother to tell James not long after they themselves found out about the wonderful news. While Ron was forced to bear the message himself, explaining to his parents how he’d knocked up his best friend before they’d even graduated high school.

Not surprisingly, Kim’s father had responded the most negatively to the news, daring and planning deep space missions for nearly a month before a different shift in his life luckily demanded his attention. The only solace to be found was that his anger seemed to be focused on Ron who he blamed entirely on Kim’s situation, leaving an awkward and disappointed demeanor towards his only daughter.

When the idea of the marriage was finally brought up, he’d been talked into giving his blessing. Although, if his face and tone were any clues to his real emotions when he’d talked to the young man who’s impregnated his little girl, it was clear he found Ron nothing short of lacking in terms of his compatibility with his child.

Ron’s dad was equally disappointed, although anger never really rose up in his smaller frame. A
quiet man and prone to thoughtfulness, he’d reacted by ushering Ron up into his office where he asked questions about Ron’s future, and Ron did his best to answer. And as soon as he learned that his son did intend to take responsibility and even had a future career planned out to help support his new family, the older Jewish man relented somewhat in his disapproval.

In the end, all he’d been able to manage was to wish his son the best of luck and to wish for his happiness where it could be found.

It was Ron’s mother that ended up having the most surprising reaction. To put it simply, the tall blonde woman was ecstatic at the news of her son’s first child. She made sure to put up a front of the disapproving parent telling her son that she was disappointed and that she raised him to be more responsible than that. But even then, she hadn’t even been able to keep the smile off her face.

It certainly helped that his mom loved Kim, almost more than her son himself, it seemed. Suffice to say, she was as eager to see her first grandchild as Kim’s own mother. And it would be the two of them working together that would eventually set everything up for the special day. Leaving Kim to simply sit and watch the date grow ever closer.

When it was months away, she’d been nervous, but it was still easy to brush it off as something to think about later. Then months turned to weeks, and she found herself getting fitted for her dress and watching her mother run around on the phone planning a photographer and caterer and everything suddenly felt more real. It was finally when her weeks turned to days, and her wedding dress was hung up in her closet, and an engagement ring was fit firmly around her finger that she’d finally shut down, the fact that she was marrying Ron as terrifying as it was sudden.

She hadn’t expected the cold feet, even if she knew she hadn’t been totally sold yet on the idea of tying herself to Ron for the rest of her life. For a while, she’d even gotten used to his presence when he’d come to visit every so often. Most of the time, they just hung out like they’d used to. Playing games, watching tv or movies, helping each other with homework, along with a few odd dates to mix things up. Although, sometimes their interactions would be more… physical.

Now that they were dating, it was only natural for Ron to lean in for a kiss every now and then, to want to touch her body. Even to have sex with her when Kim allowed it. And to his credit, when she pushed him away, he never pressed the issue. Not that Kim did so often.

As strange as it was for a woman so brave, part of her felt almost afraid to refuse him when he wanted to get more intimate lest it ruin the tenuous relationship they’d somehow pieced together.

When her stomach started to swell, she’d actually hoped the growth would disgust him, or at least dissuade him from climbing on top of her so often. But that turned out to be the opposite of what happened, for whatever strange, bizarre reason. As her belly continued to grow, Ron almost seemed to become more aroused by her, always eager to see as much of her swelling body as she allowed. A prospect she tried not to dwell on often.

And after a while, everything seemed barrable. Until it wasn’t. She spent that week curled up in her bed, terrified out of her mind at the prospect of being married so young, and the pain of her future suddenly closing around her. But when it was time to walk down the aisle, her mother made sure she was dressed and made up to go, going so far as to remind Kim that this, like everything in her life now, was for the baby’s future.

In the end, she’d walked down the aisle, she’d let Ron slide the ring down her finger and even managed a hesitant; “I do,” when prompted. And that night, she experienced her honeymoon, staring up at the boy who she’d known her entire life realizing that it would be the face she stared up at for the rest of it, as well.
It had been very nice of her mother to gift her and Ron the trip as a wedding gift. After all, how many teenage brides got to spend the days after their weddings enjoying sunny beaches and clear blue water? Unfortunately, for Kim, the picturesque and exotic sights only proved to further remind her of the adventures she’d no longer get to enjoy.

No more tropical jungles before calculus. No more arctic expeditions. Not even just an out of state adventure. For the perceivable future, this was going to be her last adventure until her life was nothing but dirty diapers and sleepless nights. And still, somehow, she managed to pull herself back together in time to enjoy at least some of the time away from home.

Depression aside, the resort was beautiful. And while her stomach drew more attention than she would have liked at the beach, Ron’s constant attentiveness and drive to attend to her needs made it hard not to want to feel hopeful. Though, she still wasn’t able to look at him or the ring on her finger and think of him as her husband.

Once again, she was helpless but to accept her situation and allow herself to be swept up in the flow of time that her life had become. Unfortunately, even this wouldn’t be the worst she would face before the baby was born. And her last and worst fall would come with all the warning of an avalanche.

Not that it should have been unexpected. Honestly, Kim wasn’t sure what she had been expecting when she just put it out of her mind and time again.

Perhaps she thought, so long as she never addressed it, she could somehow manage to correct the events of her life in a way that would allow her dream to remain intact.

Or, perhaps, she’d known all along what had been taken from her and simply wanted to pretend it was still in her grasp, for comfort if nothing else. In the end, her reasoning didn’t really matter as she found the same ending staring her right in the face.

The message on her Kimmunicator was simple if a bit blunt. Never the less, five simple words somehow manage to damage her more than all the fights and accident’s she’d encountered on missions put together.

“Our offer has been rescinded.”

Just like that. Without so much as a phone call to tell her in person. Rationally, Kim had understood what this pregnancy meant. That there was no way she could still be a part of G.J. and have a baby. But seeing the words for herself, feeling that path of her life become suddenly torn away, it left something jagged and torn across the pulsing muscle of her heart.

Finally, the last strings of Kim’s hope were cut, leaving her as something of a doll, completely unable to move or feel or want.

She laid in bed for an entire month afterward. When people visited, she didn’t say anything, just laying on her side and petting the now swollen curve of her belly. In the end, she wouldn’t respond to anything. Not until Ann came up one day, laying out a tray of food as she’d grown used to doing. But when Kim moved to begrudgingly eat, beneath the plate, she found a brochure for Upperton college medical program.

“Please remember, Kim. There is more than one way to be a hero. To help people.” Ann stood for another moment at the door, before gently closing it behind her.

Kim would spend the next hour curled around her swollen stomach before a hesitant hand finally
reached out for the pamphlet. And upon opening the folded paper, her listless gaze would only dim as the young woman finally gave up resisting and simply accepted what her life had become.

Time moved much faster after her... compromises, mercifully without any more milestones to cross. With an application and acceptance from Upperton University, a wedding band around her finger, and her future all set out for her, all she had left was to see her baby through to the end.

It happened just when she thought her stomach couldn’t get any bigger. One evening the wet sensation of her water breaking quickly ushered into being what would be a very exciting twenty-four hours. A long birth, contractions would start at six in the evening and wouldn’t pick up until late the next morning. A period of time in which Kim grew to understand the meaning of the word pain. Finally, after twelve long hours, labor was allowed to begin. And nine months of planning and pain was finally about to end.

“Push! Kim, I’m telling you it’s time to push. Please, you need to try!” The doctor between Kim’s legs did her best to shout above the sound of Kim’s pained moans. Unfortunately, despite her insistence, the young woman was unable to summon the strength to continue fighting. A weakness never before seen in the teenage hero. Compared to all the battle wounds, compared to everything she’d faced, to think that childbirth would be the thing that finally overwhelmed her. But after so much pain for so long, she simply had nothing left to give.

The contraction ended allowing a brief window of relief, however small. Kim’s clenched expression fell slack as her head dropped back onto the flat surface of the hospital pillow that had been stuffed beneath her neck. When her eyes opened, they appeared desperate in the fear of knowing that her ordeal wasn’t over. Her mother’s face appearing overhead only further compounded this fact along with the steady pressure of the older woman’s hand clapping her own.

“You’re doing so good baby, you’re doing so good,” Ann did her best to sound soothing. “It’s almost over, okay? I promise, you’re almost there, and you’ll see that everything’s been worth it. I just need you to give one last big push when the doctor says. Is that okay? Can you do that for me?” But in answer, all Kim could offer was the weakest glare her tired muscles could manage. An expression Ann was more than used to as she continued to push her daughter.

From the moment her Kim’s water had broken, and through the long night it had taken to even get this far, she hadn’t left Kim’s side adamantly in supporting the frightened young woman throughout the ordeal of childbirth.

Standing on the other side of the bed, a much more terrified Ron took Kim’s other hand looking more frightened and gaunt as Kim’s pain continued. But that was fine because he was still fulfilling his role as Kim’s husband just by being there.

It was up to Ann to be the pillar that supported her daughter. Which is why she would keep telling the younger redhead to push, and she wouldn’t let her give up, no matter how much Kim wanted to glare and hate her for it.

“Get ready,” the doctor’s voice warned. And it was the only warning the teen hero received before another wracking, clenching pain wracked her midsection forcing her to lift back up contorting around her swollen belly.

“Now, Kim! Push!” Her mom ordered. At the same time, both her and Ron’s hand clenched around Kim’s straining grip, offering what little support they could. It was at that moment, mustering up all the energy she didn’t have, that she bared down for the last time successfully pushing the screaming infant out of her body and into the world.
A flurry of activity followed as the doctor and nurses began to scurry about doing all that they needed to clean and prep the newborn baby. Said child welcomed its new existence with an ear-splitting wail; a tiny red-skinned creature that writhed and kicked the entire time the medical staff did their best to wipe away the remaining goo still clinging to its body. It was only after that it was wrapped in a soft pink blanket that the infant began to quiet, disquieted moans continuing in the alien space of reality.

Amidst the chaos, Kim and her support remained fixed in place as the pair responsible for the outcome fusses and exclaimed over the exhausted young woman. For all their congratulations and excitement, however, Kim’s sweat-stained face remained dazed in the relief of having finally finished with the pain. Her half-lidded eyes didn’t even bother to focus on the small bundle of blankets suddenly drifting back in her direction.

“Oh… Kim…” Her mom’s voice, which had been so sure and confident throughout their entire ordeal, finally broke as tears threatened the corners of her eyes. And when Kim didn’t move to lift her arms to accept the bundle of joy, Ann quickly interceded, wrapping the baby in her arms as she stared lovingly down at her first grandchild.

Choked on her own emotions, the older woman didn’t say anything, choosing instead to stare down at the red-faced baby until finally, she managed, “she’s beautiful…!”

Suddenly Ron was beside her, just as amazed if not in awe as he finally had the chance to look down at the fussing baby in his mother in law’s arms. His wide expression spoke clearly of just how large an impact it made seeing his child for the first time and knowing that it was his.

All the plotting, all the schemes, and all the lies, everything that he and Ann had done had led to the creation of this tiny, tiny person. And somehow, it actually made it all seem worth it. After all, how could the creation of something so incredible, so pure, be anything but right?

After another few minutes drifting in and out of consciousness, a bleary-eyed Kim finally took notice of the room around her. Inevitably, her eyes drifted over to her husband and mother and the life she’d just created. Although, focusing on her newborn baby, her blank expression did nothing to lift. Even as her family noticed her attention and moved the shift the bundle so she could get a better look, her flushed sweat-stained features hardly so much as flinched.

“Kim,” Ann started, still holding back tears of joy, “would you like to meet your daughter?”

Unfortunately, if she was expecting a response, joyful or otherwise, the mother would only find disappointment.

Not even blinking an eye at the cold reception, the grinning grandmother didn’t hesitate to carefully lean over, shifting the precious package until it lay gently in its mother’s lap. Cradled awkwardly in an unsure attempt at holding the large head.

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Unfortunately, if she was expecting a response, joyful or otherwise, the mother would only find disappointment.

Not even blinking an eye at the cold reception, the grinning grandmother didn’t hesitate to carefully lean over, shifting the precious package until it lay gently in its mother’s lap. Cradled awkwardly in an unsure attempt at holding the large head.

How had her mom put it, again? That, as soon as she held her baby that everything would just… click. That all her fears would go away? All doubts? And that, most importantly, she would see that all the pain was worth it and that she would finally understand what it was like to love something more than you thought your body capable of?

Kim’s eyes scanned the scrunched face of her infant in search of any motherly affection Ann had promised, idly taking note of the division of features she found all too familiar between her and Ron. His round nose. Her pale complexion. His freckles. And her round face. What little hair there was sticking out the top of her head seemed to be a strange combination of the two, coming off a unique strawberry blond.
She was actually… beautiful, her mom had been right. The perfect blend between her and her best friend turned husband. 

“you did great,” Ron shuffled closer to the bed, leaning against the frame close enough so that he could wrap an arm around her shoulder. Pressed together and staring down at their child, suddenly the two young adults seemed the perfect young couple whose lives had just started.

Kim looked up in response, a tight smile pinching her lips as she turned from her daughter’s face to the unbridled joy of Ron’s smile, and then to her own mother standing proudly just a few feet away. She looked at all three of them, face etched in a way that seemed far too stressed before she turned the attempt at a gentle expression back on her daughter, sighing a gentle breath.

She was surrounded by so much love. Family, friends, and now her very own child born of her own blood and body. It wasn’t the life she’d imagined for herself, but it was one cherished by thousands of young women before her. Yes, she should be thankful for the gifts life had given her. And yet, staring down into her now sleeping child’s face, Kim’s heart only sank as she found… numbness that she could only hope to hide behind a forced smile.

Her hand reached out to touch the soft skin of her daughter’s cheek allowing her to appreciate the impossibly soft texture. Closing her eyes, her pinched lips widened in a grimace of a smile as she pretended to share the moment with her husband and mother. It’s how her face would remain even as she turned back towards her daughter, silently praying for the last time, ‘Please… please, just let me wake up…’

But she never would, even as a tear rolled down the grin she was forced to wear as she stared down at the creature that had ruined her life, pretending to feel anything other than contempt.

XxX

Ann possible hummed to herself, particularly pleased with the current moment as she gently rocked back and forth with Kim’s daughter in her arms while Kim enjoyed her well-earned rest not even five feet away. Of course, the new grandmother was more than happy to look after the little girl. The youngest Possible was thankfully fast asleep, it's clenched and wrinkled expression adorably lack as it soaked in the comfort of another person. The familiar weight of a baby in her arms only increased the mother’s joy as she recognized the satisfaction stirring in her breast.

The tender moment was broken momentarily by the sound of the door slowly drifting open.

A young nurse poked her head in, apparently checking in on her patients. Seeing Kim fast asleep curled up on her side, she seemed satisfied and about to move on when the motion of Ann’s rocking drew her attention. Staring for a moment, recognition quickly flashed across her face before she gingerly opened the door wide enough to step inside and excitedly approach the older Possible.

“Dr.-. Or, I guess it’s Chief Possible now, isn’t it? I just wanted to congratulate you again on your promotion. I’m sure you know we can’t wait to have you back after your leave.” Ann’s answering smile was polite as she turned to look up and acknowledge the young woman.

She’d been getting a lot of attention ever since the good news had been announced to the rest of the hospital. Ann was proud of her accomplishments, of course, but in the face of other accomplishments as of late, something as simple as her job paled in comparison. Rather than voice this fact, however, she simply turned her kind expression towards the young woman and responded the way she’d done for everyone else who’d approached her.
“Thank you.” But then her attention was back on the sleeping baby in her arms.

Following the direction of Ann’s gaze, the nurse’s eyes widened ever so slightly. “Oh! Is that your,” she hesitated for a moment before tenuously continuing, “granddaughter?” thankfully Ann’s polite smile widened greatly as true pride finally shown in her eyes. “She’s beautiful!” the nurse quickly gushed in relief. This time she didn’t bother looking up, but still answered all the same.

“Yes, she certainly is.” The warmth in her tone could have melted chocolate. It was impossible not to return the emotion as the nurse felt her expression turning tender at the scene.

Ann appeared as the perfect doting grandmother, swollen with emotion at the sight of her first grandchild. New chief of surgery or not, it was a distinctly humanizing moment even for the brand-new employee who couldn’t help but look up to the amazing woman.

“Oh, she is,” was Ann’s answer, too casual to seem out of place despite an almost awkward pause. “she’s just tired after such a long birth. As soon as she gets her energy back, I’m sure she’ll never want to put this little delight down.” The corner of her eyes crinkled ever so slightly as a muted chuckle rolled free.

This was, of course, technically true. Or, at least, that’s what Ann adamantly insisted on telling herself. It was slightly worrying that Kim hadn’t so much as tried to look at her child after getting the chance to hold it for the first time. But that would change in time. Her little girl just needed a little time to adjust to the mentality of a mother. She would see her blessings soon enough. After all, how could anyone help but love such a beautiful baby!

The grandmother found herself cooing at the child before she could think to stop herself.

The nurse couldn’t help but wince. She hadn’t been in the room to help, but the whole hospital had been aware when Dr. Possible’s daughter had been admitted. Thankfully, despite its length, the actual delivery had gone without serious issue to either the new mom or her child. There had actually been some confusion when the call had come in, concerning… well-.

The nurse fidgeted nervously, unsure if she should voice the next question on her mind. But Ann’s kindness comforted the young woman even as her eyes drifted down the older doctor’s body.

“You… must be fairly excited yourself,” she finally ventured. It was impossible not to sound nervous, especially as she found herself unable to look away from the large, round stomach growing out of the famous doctor.

Her eyes were unintentionally wide as she continued, “I can’t even imagine, a new baby right around the same time as your oldest. What are the chances?” The young woman giggled, nervously anxious to see if she’d offended the woman. Thankfully, after an exaggerated sigh, Ann simply patted her swollen abdomen hidden beneath a warm woolen sweater.

“Oh, I don’t think anyone was as surprised as I was,” Ann’s chuckle was honest as she began to rub the child growing in her body. “But these things tend to happen when we’re least expecting it at times. I think both me and my daughter learned that lesson as of late. But at least this beautiful girl will have a friend growing up.” She smiled at her grandchild. “Honestly, I think my husband was the most surprised.” She offered another giggle at the memory. “But he’ll start to calm down as soon as the baby’s born. He always does.”

“Shouldn’t be long now. I’m almost surprised you weren’t in the next bed over right along with your
daughter.” The nurse’s eyes continued to unintentionally marvel at the bulge. “you guys must have conceived in a week of each other.” She shook her head.

Ann’s answer was a gentle hum. “Something like that…”

“Do you know the gender?” the nurse perked up, clearly eager for the news. But the older woman shook her head, eyes still trained on the baby in her arms while her hand caressed the one still inside her body.

“No, we want it to be a surprise. Though,” her eyes crinkled ever so slightly as she finally looked back up to show an eager expression. “I think a girl would be nice.” She seemed to find the idea especially pleasing, allowing a full grin to curl the corners of her mouth.

FIN~

A/N: A few of you might be wondering why I wrote this chapter the way I did. Obviously, it doesn’t really fit with the “sexy” tone of the rest of the story that most of you enjoyed. And, if I’m being honest, it might have been better to just leave things just before the epilogue started. It’s what most people who write these kinds of stories would have done. But, that’s exactly the reason why I didn’t.

This was a different kind of story that I wanted to focus more on the psychological aspect of sexual manipulation rather than simple assault or humiliation. But even more than that, I wanted this story to tell the story of the consequences of these characters and just how their lives were affected by their actions.

It might not be the arousing type of writing I usually go for, but I do feel like it carries a sense of satisfaction to follow Kim right up to the birth. To see if her mother was right or not And I definitely think it’s more interesting. I’m almost sad that I can’t take the story even further. To show an emotionally muted Kim do her best at pretending to enjoy a life and a marriage just because she’s told she has too, all the while slowly resenting her child and husband and mother just a little more each day until she looks in the mirror one day to see a cold, emotionless woman who’s succeeded in everyone’s eyes but her own.

But… this is good too.

Thank you for reading. And, if you have the time, please let me know what you thought in a comment/review. I would love to hear from you.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!