

Title: MILF Diaries *The Water Boy and Me*

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**MILF Diaries:**

*The Fairytale Boy and Me (2023)*

*The Water Boy and Me (2023)*

*The Kennel Boy and Me (2023)*

*The Museum Boy and Me (2023)*

*The Hotel Boy and Me (2023)*

*The Dom Boy and Me (2023)*

*The Nature Boy and Me (2023)*

*The Boys and Me (compilation) (2023)*

**By the same author:**

*Mia och Mr Tigher (2021) (in English 2023)*

**Notes from the author:**

These stories explore sexuality outside of the norm and can be found offensive for some people.

When playing with other adults make sure to follow the bdsm-philosophy RACK: Risk-Aware Consensual Kink. Communication is key. Start with yourself — what you enjoy, where your limits are and when you feel like pushing them, then let your partner(s) know.

Have fun! Your body is the Universe's only way of having a human experience.

# *The Manifesto*

I am 50 this year.

Faithfully married for two decades.

Well behaved children.

Good, good, good girl and middle-manager in public service.

Taxpayer.

Daughter of fairly healthy boomers

Civilized relationship with former husband.

No drama, no worries.

You're welcome World — I have performed my duties.

Now it's my turn. To have fun and to follow my own path. Meet all the people I haven't met yet. Enjoy my body while it's actually well kept and functioning.

This is my sex-manifesto.

I am going to sleep around as much as I can before I die. But not just with anybody. They have to be virile, playful and uninhibited. All my marriage wasn't. I am not going to make any excuses, just dance my time on Earth.

There is only one rule. He mustn't be under 25. Or 21. Not under 21 years old.

# *The Water Boy*

You can tell that Frank is a professional photographer. Not everyone manages to get such a nice first and only shot: the hand around the rock-hard cock, the water from the shower that splashes down into the floor drain.

His bare feet must be at least size 46. I like big, tall men.

The shower curtain lets in just the right amount of light so that the picture doesn't become grainy, and it is still a cozy fuck booth for two.

If I had been there, I would have been able to stand close to him. Stroked his chest with soap and kisses. Got down on my knees and taken that 26-year-old in my mouth and let him come as he pleases.

But now we are a hundreds miles apart. I work in the South, he is doing his last month at a university in the North.

So I have to settle for short films on Snapchat. But I'm not complaining. As I said, it is nicely produced — black and white, and when he comes all over that shower curtain, there are two sounds that make my fingers find their way into the panties:

- 1) The smacking that his hand creates when he jerks harder and harder with the shower water reducing the friction.
- 2) His pleasurable breathing that turns into deep moans.

And when his white semen splashes out of him in uneven pulses, I'm really wet and want nothing more than to have him in my arms.

But it will be a few more weeks before we finally get to touch each other. Weeks with hot pictures and wild flirting.

Like when I tell him how I lie in the bathtub and caress myself between the legs, unsure if I should shave or not. Because I have never had very much pubic hair, and the small amount that grows out since the last shave, is soft and light.

Frank's deepest longing is for me to be his mommy. And I was born in the 1970's, used to the porn magazines of the time with the hairy pussies and unshaven armpits.

So I make my mind up — if he wants the original sin, then he should get it. That's also what I snapchat him, when he contacts me as usual, drunk as a skunk at 2 am.

*Just so you know, I'm not going to shave, because I'm sure you'll love watching your cum be caught in mommy's bush.*

He replies as usual, when he pretends to be unaffected by my cheekiness:

*Oh, I say, I say.*

Despite his youth, he's been around. Frank is ice cold in business and has told me things that have made me raise my eyebrows more than once.

I think he is the youngest in a large group of siblings and has an adorable way of being both very sensible, and completely limitless. You can't help but loving such a man.

That's why I, completely against my principles, send pictures and videos to him. Of my

breasts, or a morning kiss. My usual caution goes out the window.

He's not dominant, it's something else. His lack of shame I think. That he refuses to make excuses for his lusts. And he won't accept those principles.

It's probably a generational thing too. That nude pictures are so common nowadays, and he thinks I'm prudish. It makes me more brave and liberal.

Finally, we are both in town at the same time, and it's the end of our craving for each other.

It's Sunday night when Frank rings the doorbell. He is tall, has a short beard and glasses. In his hand — a bag of wine. I have come to understand that he likes wine very much, and why not? Frank is young, free and has just graduated — he deserves all the good things in life. Including getting his wet dream of an older woman in latex taking care of him, fulfilled. He knows what he wants, and I can give it to him. And vice versa. Absolutely vice versa.

So I open the door in a short, black, tight-fitting dress. It's firm around the neck, but has a deep cut neckline so my breasts look like a big heart. He's smiling at me in his t-shirt and jeans.

"Hi Kay," he says.

I reply with a smile as wide as his.

"Hi Frank, welcome."

It's not a given that the real meeting will be like that online. Words are important to tell if the person has a sense of humor and intelligence. If he follows my trails of thoughts.

But when I stand on tiptoe to get up in his arms, him pressing against me, and I can feel his hardness already, I know that this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

I think we would both like to kiss, but it's still a bit fresh and fragile, so he hangs up his jacket and I show him into my little apartment.

Frank sits down at the dining table in the living room while I fetch wine glasses from the kitchen cupboard. In the background, Miles Davis is playing and I feel Frank's eyes on me. He knows what I wear under the dress — the panties and stay-ups. He also knows what we're going to do tonight. And in what order.

It may seem unexciting, but it is rather the opposite. We're like two actors who have read the same script, and now we're going to do the scene. Everything is prepared, but if it will be any good, like his shots there in the shower, it must be something none of us can rehearse. We must find a spark in each other that is not even chemical, but at a level that neither of us can influence. Some kind of soul meeting, that is beyond our powers.

We toast and have a few sips in silence. He is usually quick in his remarks when we chat, but I think he is entering his role, and I do too.

He's at my suburban flat, far from his inner city apartment. I am double his age, the dress is definitely provocative and as I said, he knows where it will start and end — in the bathtub. And he knows about most things that will take place, in between.

When I lean forward and stroke his cheek, while he takes another sip of the wine, he almost chokes.

"Are you ready, honey?" I say in a voice I don't recognize myself.

The whole situation has fired me up on cylinders I didn't know existed. I'm starting to

transform from being a Volvo to a Ferrari. I don't really know how it works, but when he looks me deep in the eyes and nods, I know that we are on our way out of the pit.

Lord, have mercy.

Despite his one hundred and eighty-five centimeters, he looks insecure in my small bathroom without windows. A couple of candles on the washing machine is the only lighting and the water rushes out of the mixer, when I slowly unbutton his shirt.

He has almost no hair on his chest and he gasps when I gently scratch his skin with my nails. He wants to put his hands on my hips, but I wiggle him off, and he gets it. I'm the pace car on this Monza track, and we are not in a hurry. On the contrary.

We have been so incredibly patient for a long time, so that there is no reason to stress about things now.

When I pull down his jeans and briefs, he looks so adorably embarrassed over the hard-on that he must have had ever since he came through the door. Maybe already from the Uber to my suburban woman's cave.

Before I turn off the water, I add bath oil and the room is filled with cherry blossoms. I see how his blue eyes darken in the dim light. There is something about my dangerous femininity that he, on the one hand, has longed for and been sure of how to handle — he has been with other, older women before. But on the other hand, he knows that I am not really...reliable is probably the wrong word. House trained, you might say.

Frank is like wax in my hands when I, with a nod, show him down in the bath.

When he steps in, the tub overflows and I my stay-ups are soaked. I place one foot on the tub's edge, slowly pulling up the dress so that he sees my bare thighs that are white between the black panties and the laced edge of the stay-ups.

He breathes heavily, perhaps from the hot water, but he loves textures. Nylon, latex, skin. He is a real material slut.

And the scents from the bath — and from me, makes him dizzy. His hands have foam on them when he just has to caress my leg. Feel the nylon and my calf under his fingertips.

At first he doesn't look at me. Maybe afraid to get an evil eye. That he has gone too far. But since I don't pull away or otherwise punish him for now moving further and further up the leg, he dares to look me in the eyes. I smile softly and I can feel how my laughter lines deepens, and he glitters back.

He caresses me sensually and tenderly, up and down along the stocking, until he lets his fingers slide under the edge with the rubber that holds it up, and begins to gently roll it down. I shiver at his touch. My stomach pulsates with lust. Those fingers will be inside me before the evening is over. We both know that, and that notion is so incredibly hot.

After pulling off my one stayup, we repeat the procedure with the other. His big hands against my leg. Up and down.

When he "accidentally" touches my panties with the back of his hand, on the swollen labia, it is I who catch my breath, but we say nothing. Just keep smiling at each other. Like small children with big secrets.

Well, I'm not a child here, I'm his driver. But the fact that he even wants to go on this journey

with me, be a co-driver, if we are to continue this strange metaphor to the rally world, is necessary for there to be any race at all.

We must both want the same thing. Have the same vision on accepting challenges; risking life in the chicanes. Trust, to turn the steering wheel at exactly the right degree of the adventure.

But unlike driving a car, our experience will not be measurable at any exact speed or have a goal flag. It will all be about feeling, presence and love.

The scents are heavy and the bathroom mirror is foggy. I sweat under the dress and feel how my foundation is rubbing off a little. But it's ok. The mascara is waterproof and I have expected it to be a night where the least to care about is perfection. Rather the opposite. We are both set on it being as dirty as it can get.

When I stand barefoot in front of him where he sits among the playful bubbles, I ask him to dip his hair. Meanwhile, I go down on my knees, on the bath mat. When he surfaces again, I'm at eye level with him and he wipes the water off his face.

"Hey, are you down here now, mommy?" he says and lets his hand stroke my cheek.

"Mhm, now I'm here with you, my little prince."

I let him tone in on me; rest in my gaze, until I get up and lean over him.

I see that he is getting ready for us to finally kiss for the first time, but it's wonderful to tease and yearn.

So the dress that accentuates my heavy breasts, moves right past him, when I grab the plastic bottle on the other edge. Slowly I pour a large amount of shampoo into my hand. It's sticky and white, not unlike that which he soiled the shower curtain with, and that he filmed to please us both for the past few weeks.

I sit behind him and he relaxes as I slowly begin to massage the shampoo into his curly, brown hair. He gets goosebumps in his neck, and strangely enough I feel the same way. How I too relax for each circular motion my fingers do in his scalp.

It drips from the water tap and in the living room you can hear sober trumpet solos. I lean forward and whisper so close to his ear that my lips touch him:

"Does it feel good, my sweetheart?"

He nods and turns to me, really wants to kiss now, but I pull away and continue washing his hair.

After a while, I ask him to rinse off, and he dives under the water again, while his knees towers like alpine peaks.

When he surfaces again and blows the water out of his mouth like a blue whale, I have taken out conditioner and a washcloth. Without too much hassle this time, he gets conditioner that will stay in his hair, while I want to explore more of his body.

I dip the washcloth in the water and take some soap and start to gently cleaning him. The neck, collarbones, upper arms, hands. Each finger receives gentle treatment.

He doesn't let me go with his dreamy gaze. His whole being is full of happy-hormones now. The heat from the water; the tactile massage from the cloth that is a little scrubbing.

Hair strands have fallen out of my hair knot, making my face — which is very close to his, soft and harmless. I'm just a nice aunt, a mother figure who takes care of him after long days at

school and heavy party nights with classmates. Now he's with me, an older caring friend who just wants to make sure he's okay.

At the same time, there is tension there. Because this is just the beginning, we are on our way to dangerous terrain, but need this confidence-building starting distance.

When I slide down with my hand in the water and continue the washing over the chest and down to the stomach, his eyes sharpen and the muscles in the body tense when I reach the groin and work my way around his genitals, but never directly touch them.

Every once in a while I feel his cock touch my arm in the depths. Like a wild plant or an underwater animal, hidden in the dark.

He puts his wet hand on my neck, I don't really know why. Maybe he just wants to touch me. Or he wants to play with the idea of pushing me down in the bath and letting me suck him fast and hot, until I have to get up and gasp for air.

Maybe he wants my hair to get wet like his. That water would run down like heavy autumn rain on my shiny dress. Like on asphalt on a dark night in one of those New York neighborhoods where Miles Davis played on feverish nights. A wilder piece from his electric period leaks in under the toilet door, here in our womb in the Universe.

"Now you're probably done bathing, my beloved little boy," I say in a hoarse voice, stepping up from the floor to prepare to receive him in a towel.

As soon as he stands in front of me, with the water dripping all over the floor, I now start drying him from head to toe. The hair. The face. Shoulders, stomach. I go down on my knees and rub gently on his legs and feet.

His cock sways in front of my face but I don't give it more attention than when I just dry it too. Still completely asexual. As a caregiver, or a mother.

"Is the kimono in the bag?" I ask, and he nods.

He has two, I know that. One black and one white. But we agreed that he would bring the black one.

I go and get it, wrap him in the silk, and tighten the rope and pull him really close to me. He looks down at me with his curious, longing eyes and puts his arms around me, but I still hold on tightly to the rope knot on his stomach.

At first we just kiss the lips gently, searching — but it can no longer be resisted. Our tongues must finally meet, not just fantasize. My heart rate rises from 0 to 100 in a second.

Frank stands in an awkward position so without thinking, he lifts me up and throws me down on the washing machine. The candles go out in sheer terror and there in the now pitch-dark bathroom, we continue to kiss as if it were the last hours of our life.

His hands chase over my body. The waist; the ass where he can reach it. Up between my legs, under my panties against my throbbing pussy.

I pull him towards me, press my breasts against him. Just want to let him fuck me. It would be so damn, damn wonderful to just come here and now, let him fill me with his cum while he bites on my neck to feel my aorta beat against his tongue. But in the back of my mind, a small voice reminds me of our larger mission.

So with all the willpower I have, I sharpen up and back out of his grip as best I can on the top-loaded appliance. I swallow a couple of times to succeed in sounding as cold as I plan.

"Frank, this is really bad. Kissing your mom?! It's completely forbidden, you should be

ashamed of your self." I push him away from me. "Turn on the light so I can look at you", I continue in a stern voice.

He fumbles on the wall and finds the light button. Suddenly, the secret room is completely lit. All the taboos that have been going on here are being revealed. He does look ashamed, as he should.

"Go to the living room and reflect on your behavior, while I'll get it in order here," I say while I straighten the dress.

I let out the water and rinse the bathtub. With a mop from the cleaning cabinet, I wipe the floor, and then hang the towel and carpet to dry.

During the whole time I have been cleaning, he has been sitting straight up on the sofa with his wine glass. When I come out to him and just fill my own glass of wine, while I take away his, I say:

"Well, do you think this was an appropriate behavior, or do you have something to say?"

He looks up at me with a cheeky smile. And that's how it should be, that's what we decided. Bratty teenager. He will never be able to be submissive, or for that matter ignorant of sex. He has already fucked himself through Europe and co-produced a couple of porn movies. Pretending to be a virgin in my company would be too big a personality change.

However, this young man needs to be taught a little more politeness and respect for the elderly.

"If you are dressed like that, and caress and kiss me as you do, then I just can't stay off you", he says.

"Exactly. You lack discipline and it is time for you to learn it."

I take a sip of the wine, but instead of swallowing it, I pull up the short dress even more over my thighs, and sit astride on him on the sofa. His kimono has slipped open a bit and I see his cock and curly pubic hair. Call me old-fashioned, but I prefer men who don't shave either.

He hugs my ass hard with his hands when I lean forward to kiss him. But when he opens his mouth he doesn't get my tongue, but calmly and controlled I squirt the wine from my mouth to his. He stops in his touching of my curvy body to receive the unexpected. The cold alcohol, the flavors from me and the grapes. It is so sensual that the little cub drinks like this from his mother.

He swallows gently, with a sigh. And when my mouthful is over, he slithers in with his tongue as if to find more, then licking my lips and taking a new grip on my ass and up over the waist. I press close to him. We sit for a while. His hands over the rubber material. Me with my fingers in his damp hair. Our tongues and lips that get to know each other more and more with each passing minute.

I feel him grow against my panties. It's wonderful and again it would be easiest to just pull them aside and let him slide into the pussy which is swollen and wet after all this playing. But again I straighten myself up, and give him a kiss on the forehead.

"My sugar pie honey. Now we have to make a bed here so that we can lay down under the covers."

I show him how to make the sofa into a bed and give him sheets and pillows. He does a fine job, making the bed, but we still can't help but touch each other when possible.



The air is erotic and the jazzy playlist has seamlessly turned into something soulful about night shifts, when he is on his back under me, and I open his bathrobe and I have him all nude again.

His cock's head shines from a large dose of precum, and when I go down and take him in my mouth, he moans like the toy-boy he actually is, even though he likes to think he's in command and dominates me.

His saltiness; his warmth, is lovely. And his hypnotized gaze when I sit up and stroke the hard cock against my breasts there in the cleavage, makes me laugh. He shakes his head in amazement: it's completely crazy what we do, and how we met. Still, we have only just begun. This is nothing compared to what is to come.

The footstool has a lid and under it is a bottle of silicone lubricant and a double dildo we decided on together already a couple of weeks ago.

I chose the clothes myself, even if it was with his preferences in mind. Just to satisfy him? I thought about that for a while. If there was anything insecure within me that wanted him to be pleased with me. But I came to the conclusion that it's just a matter of him being more competent in the field, and I take his knowledge seriously. I have bought all my clothes by mail order the past decades. When he says that I should choose what I want, because he wants to see what I like, my references are limited. But he likes latex as you know, and I lace, so it became a bit of each. To both's satisfaction.

But when it comes to toys, we decided together and it was this long, thick cock with a head in each end. Like a fat, 30 centimeter snake in pink silicone.

After getting rid of my underwear, I take one of the sofa cushions and place it under him, with a blanket on top. This is going to be messy.

He closes his eyes and shakes his head again. Getting anal fucked sounds very good in theory, but now I see that he is starting to hesitate.

"It will be fine my darling", I say confidently, without really having a clue how it will turn out. The lubricant is cold, so I massage the dildo for a long time to warm it, but it is also very sensual, and when I start to slowly insert it into myself, while I look him in the eyes, we are both so hot that it doesn't matter much if it would feel cold at first.

The fake cock is pretty thick, and I hold my breath before it's at the bottom of me.

I move it gently back and forth, to get used to it myself, but it's also a very nice sight for him, when it slides in and out my labia.

I grab Frank's cock which is pointing up against his stomach now. Jerking it off while I without hesitation, pour lubricant on his perineum so that it flows down to his narrow hole. He twitches from the cold and may want to complain after all, but my look tells him that he must be quiet, and he obeys.

Infinitely slowly I approach him with this new body part that is deep inside me, and which is on its way into him now. Maybe I should have prepared him with a finger or two, but there is no time for that now. He's hungry, and so am I.

So with a soft but relentless pressure, I push back and forth against him so that his anus will wake up and give in. With my left hand I caress his hard-on so he can relax.

Sometimes I look up at him, and I can tell he's both scared and horny.

"Let go, Frank," I tell him. His shoulders drop, his legs fall out when he really tries to follow my advice. "Fine. Just enjoy ", I say for his sake, but it's also damn nice in me, I really want him to feel the same.

After a while, the silicone head is actually a bit inside him and he breathes heavily. There's something about that mechanical movement. Like the relentless rhythm of a connecting rod. His muscles comprehend, mine too. None of us get away and neither wants to, and as he opens up more and more, his breathing becomes heavier.

He caresses himself across the chest, wants to touch himself at the same time but I see it as my job — to keep his cock hard, and he can come only when I think it is appropriate.

He closes his eyes and grasps in the air after me, as if he wants me to fuck both his ass and cock.

Frank is incredibly sexy in his lust and when he sometimes looks at me through his thick eyelashes, he flinches, as if every time he has forgotten about my breasts there in the dress, and my riding movements with our lovely fake cock — and gets happily surprised each time he sees me. He is really in the present moment and so beautiful to watch.

I decide that he will receive one of the treatments we saw in a porn video I shared with him this spring. So I let go of his cock and say:

"Frank, look at me now when I come, but you're not allowed to. Do you understand?"

He nods quietly and looks me in the eyes, while I ride faster, caressing my clitoris. The new, quicker movements does of course affect his anus, and he breathes heavily.

Even though his cock is currently not touched, he has a number of lust nerves in his sweet, little ass.

But he does what he's been told, and when I come with a growl, he swallows hard so as not to break his promise to come himself.

I look exactly like what he's here for. A horny mommy in a tight black dress, who just wants him. His obedience is touching.

It takes about a minute before I have winded down, and we sit so still now, linked to that pink snake, and smile. Then I pull out the dildo and rise to take off the dress.

I am completely naked in the dim light, my breasts are heavy and my hair is tousled. He looks at me with interest as he moves teasingly with the dildo left in his anal; he is still horny as hell.

I crawl up on him so that my breasts reach the height of his mouth and he immediately grabs them, brings them together and starts sucking on the nipples. Hard and hungry.

This is one of our hottest, shared dreams, but it's not really time for that now. There are other things to do first.

Reluctantly, I pull away from him down towards the cock again. I take him in my mouth and he flinches again, because it's so nice when my wet heat surrounds the head, and the other hand grabs the dildo and I start to fuck him again.

I don't go fast, I need to find a steady pace to suck and fuck, but now he has been excited for so long and just wants to come, so I take him as deep as I can so that he will understand that he has permission, that he should remember that porn scene.

And with his hands in my hair, he can't hold back anymore. Frank empties himself heavily into my mouth, while our toy is as far in him as possible. He's scream is so loud that I'm glad to have a steel door to the stairwell.

I swallow nothing, but let the whole load flow out of my mouth, down on the cock like thick, white glaze, and I see in his eyes that that sexy sight will accompany him, all his life.

Slowly I pull the dildo out of his anal, and wipe myself on the blanket before I crawl up and lie down in his arms. I'm rewarded with a kiss and he mumbles:

"You are crazy."

Maybe I can agree with that.

We lie for a while and catch our breath and just enjoy the body heat from each other. The music is low and scents from both sex and the drained bath, create a calm space.

But then I remember why my sex manifesto includes young men only. Because he will not fall asleep now, we have only just begun.

Almost unnoticed, his hand begins to reach for my breast and he takes the nipple between his thumb and indexfinger and rolls it. I moan and he smiles and slides down my side and presses against me and takes the tit in his mouth.

Frank latch on the whole wart and much of the areola, and starts sucking me like a hungry lamb. I can never resist that.

His arm holds me tight as I wrap my leg around him, pressing my pussy against his cock that is not quite ready for a new round yet, but it's not very far away to the second lap.

The swirling tongue and his pleasurable moan ignite me instantly.

Frank has a bit of a hard time holding my breast in his mouth, as I turn and press myself against him. He's trying to keep me still with his arm and I really just want to enjoy, but at the same time I have a crazy desire to be fucked by him now. Not just a plastic toy, but to have all of him in me.

"Lie still and I'll finger you, mommy," he says when he unlatches my breast for a second. And then he does as he promised.

Two of his fingers slide into me and I sigh as he mixes soft and hard pressure. The breast is back in his mouth and I lie as still as I can under his loving touch.

I can't help but to grab his cock and it grows in my hand. Soon it will be hard enough to actually use, and I intend to do so.

I slide up on him and still with my heavy breast in his hungry mouth, I steer him into my wet hole. Finally feeling him makes me shiver all over and I ride him slowly at first, then faster and hungrier.

But I have a plan, so I lean down to his ear and whisper:

"You are the most wonderful boy I have met in a long time. But listen now..." I have to stop myself a little when he bites too hard in the nipple and it's so nice that I almost come. "Now listen, my son," I continue. "You are not in control of your orgasm this time either. It's mommy who still owns it. Do you understand, darling?"

He seems to nod but I grab his hair and look him in the eyes and then he hums a "yes" with my soft, milky heaven, still in his mouth.

So I start fucking him as hard as I can. He moans and tries at some point to actually push me away, because he is so close to coming from the treatment, that he doesn't know what else to do. But he's reliable, the little pet.

When I finally can't resist, but come — screaming, he closes his eyes tightly so that the sexy sight of he's mommy madly fucking him, won't make him pump my horny pussy full with his hot, boy cum.

I lay down by his side again, panting and enjoying the peace in my body.

"You were such a good boy, doing everything mommy wanted you to do without being that disobedient anymore."

Frank looks up at me with something that can almost be compared to gratitude.

"I want you to be happy with me."

His reply surprises me. I don't know if it's role playing anymore.

He has a Peter Pan-energy. He does what he feels like. Never stops. Constantly looking for new rushes. It's been clear that playing with my milf-persona is one of them, and it's no problem. I'm also on an adventure. A Tinkerbell who flies from boy to boy.

But suddenly we have both stopped in the middle of the game and look at each other. I trust my intuition when I let my fingertips caress his bearded cheek and whisper:

"I am very happy with you."

The effect is immediate and magical. It is as if a door to his soul opens. All his coolness runs off. The breathing becomes slower and he crawls into my arms and catches a nipple between soft lips. But this time he doesn't suck. He only wants closeness and motherly love. I am his secure base, his safe haven.

The total trust he now shows me makes my heart swell with care and compassion. I kiss him softly on the forehead. I will protect this young man with my life.

It is difficult to say how long we stayed like that. Maybe we dozed off, but his mouth never let go of my nipple that acted like a giant pacifier.

But then I feel a pressure in the bladder and I smile to myself. It's soon time for the highlight of the evening. I poke him and say:

"Soon you can rest, but we have one thing left, don't we?"

He freezes, aware of exactly what it is we want to do with each other, even though it is really taboo, really across the line.

We have not been sure if we would even do it the first time. It's recommended to know each other well before embarking on such adventures.

But I'm completely safe with him now, and he with me, so he lets go of my breast, and looks at me with a crooked smile. With one hand he lifts off a strand of hair from my cheek.

"The bathtub again then?"

I nod and smile. From the floor I pick up his kimono and put it on. He must be naked now. And then I take him by the hand and we go back to the bathroom where we started the evening.

Frank gets into the tub, which is now completely empty, of course. There are not even any water drops left from before, everything is dry and nice.

He starts caressing himself and quickly gets hard again. My orgasm has dried up on him, and the memory of all the pleasure remains. But it is probably the expectation of what is to come now that really makes the cock turn purple.

He lies on the bottom of the bathtub with his feet up against the wall. When I stand wide-legged over him, with one foot on the opposite edge, in the same place where the shampoo was before, he now looks straight up into my pussy, under the black silk of the kimono; the labia and the small, fine hairs that have not yet actually caught his semen. But now they will get something else to be moisten from.

I look down into his eyes and ask, "Are you ready?" He just nods with a dreamy look. I pull up the kimono a little, so that it won't get dirty, and take a deep breath. Since I really need to pee, it shouldn't be a problem, but the situation is undeniably odd. Below, he lies with his mouth open, waiting to receive the most sacred — and shameful.

The first drops hits his chest and I stop, so that he may grab my thighs and steer me right, before I let go again.

Had I sat on the toilet, it would have splashed out, but now I take it easy so that he doesn't get it in his clean hair, and we soon find the perfect position and pressure.

What I have been eating and drinking, has been purified in my kidneys to accumulate in the bladder — and now yellow, hot piss sprinkles out of the urethra.

He drinks in deep sips the salty, alkaline water from my body and I become a part of him. Down in the throat, into the stomach. All that is me is taken up by millions of his cells. You don't get closer than this to someone.

His sighs as he swallows greedily. His hands holding my thighs tightly. The total taboo, but oh so intimate — makes my senses explode.

Frank is deeply concentrated and me too, until I stop again. There is a little pee left but I am saving it for the final.

It's like he's reading my mind as I pull back so that instead of continuing to fill his mouth, my pussy is in line with his throbbing cock. He has a real grip on it now and we look at each other as I empty the last of the golden shower over his groin as he ejaculates for the second time tonight.

He comes with a long, sexy roar and twists around in the enamel. The sperm is thick and sticky over his hand, and I'm mad about him.

When he's done, he wants to lick me clean, and that's absolutely fine. He sits up in a perfect position to let his tongue work in wide strokes between my holes and up to the clitoris.

Frank collects pussy juice with a finger and then inserts it into my asshole while he continues licking with circular motions.

Everything that has happened tonight makes me come fast in a violent squirting orgasm, which soon drips down from his lips.

Piss, wine, cum, pussy juices. It has been a wonderfully messy event. I almost lose my balance, but manage to get hold of the sink while I moan loudly over him.

The urine cools quickly so I shower him but he has to dry himself this time, while I clean myself too.

Just minutes later we are huddled together on the sofa under the covers. He is lying in the spoon-position in front of me, in my arms and I slowly caress his back.

"It turned out pretty good, didn't", I say softly, not sure if he's even awake anymore. He just hums, on his way into the world of dreams. But before he falls asleep, he presses my hand that he holds in his, against his chest and says:

"Nightie, nightie mommy."

I smile in the dark before I too fall asleep.