

## Mummie's Hair

(By: Rosie Kreps)

Mummie's Hair Robertson Russell spoke harshly in the phone. "Damn it, Giles, I want the Tunstall contract on my desk ASAP!" There was a frightened murmur of assent on the other end of the phone, and then a question.

"No, I won't be there. I'm staying home to look after my mother. I expect you to be able to handle this contract. Thanks. Goodbye." Hanging up on his menial, Robertson Russell went to change out of his Armani suit before bringing his mother her tea. Bobbie knocked on his beloved Mummie's door.

As he knocked, his Bad Thing grew stiff against the cruel metal case that Mummie insisted that he wear to lock the Bad Thing between his legs when he was not with her. Mummie is very strict with me, he thought. Even though I'm over twenty-one now, she doesn't want me corrupted by nasty young women. And they could play with my bad, nasty thing, because I'm weak.

"Evil Sluts are not for my boy, and they will never touch his Bad Thing." is Mummie's philosophy, and if Bobbie argued he could get a enema to keep his temper straight.

Bobbie was still HER little boy. "A little sissy boy, maybe, but mine." She was wont to tell Bobbie.

"Come in, darling, Mummie's precious voice floated out from behind the door, and Bobbie came in, carrying his valuable package. "Sweet child, how are you, I've missed you this afternoon." Bobbie's Mummie turned to smile at him, and Bobbie could see her golden locks tied into the stern bun at the back of her head, Mummie's heavy breasts pushing through the thin dressing gown. Bobbie's Bad Thing trembled in its cruel prison again.

"Mummie had to polish all her finger and toenails tonight without her baby boy's help, and that made your Mummie so sad." Bobbie hung his head in shame, but Mummie was forgiving. This was good, because Mummie often made the punishment fit the crime, and she might have put nail polish on Bobbie's nails and then made him walk by the men playing stickball in the park...

Mummie could be nasty at times!

"How is my little man." Bobbie shuffled to his Mummie in the tight navy short pants and high socks she made him wear around the house and his beloved Mummie pulled him to her scented neck and gave him a deep hug, the embrace pulling his face into her considerable cleavage, and his eyes were dazzled seeing the high breasts up close.

Oh, his Bad Thing was getting swollen, pushing against the metal of the evil case also known as a Chastity Tube. Mummie felt that this kept Bobbie from having impure thoughts and nasty wet dreams...but it was quite painful for poor Bobbie, both at home, and when he was out among the pretty girls, secretaries in his office, college girls on the bus (For Mummie would never let Bobbie do anything so masculine as drive a car) Whenever the pretty girls flirted with Bobbie, he would flinch in pain, because his Bad Thing would attempt, futilely, to expand against the nasty Chastity Tube...

Once a girl had kissed Bobbie on the cheek, and he had nearly keeled over! Bobbie breathed deeply, but felt terribly guilty...he forgot himself and kissed Mommie's cleavage! Her breast was so soft to his lips. Bobbie so wanted to touch his Bad Thing now.

Mommie waited a moment or so while Bobbie kissed her breast again and again.

SLAP!

"Shame on you, you bad boy!!" Mommie took Bobbie's scalp in her hand and pulled it away from her breasts. "You are a filthy, disgusting boy." Shame came over Bobbie's face, and torrents of tears ran down his crimson face.

"I-I'm sorry, Mommie." Mommie looked very disappointed, and her black eyes snapped as she stared at her perverted son. "What a bad boy you are! What a disappointment you would be to your late father." Bobbie's lower lip trembled, but he forced his head up, and he tried hard not to look into Mummie's chest any more. This was difficult, as Mummie was toying with her diamond pendant, a present from Bobbie for her birthday. Her long nails, which had tormented his Bad Thing earlier when she'd given him a bath were quite alluring against her full cleavage.

"With your bad lustful attitude, I don't know how I can allow you to brush my hair." Mummie said angrily. "I may just have to keep it in its bun tonight." Bobbie's tears began falling freely again...this was their night! The one night when Mummie took her hair out of its cruel bun, and he got to brush it.

"But look, Mummie, I had your brush re-furbished" Bobbie said, pulling the Ivory Lady's Hairbrush that she'd inherited from her own mother out. "I had the old bristles that were loose replaced with new nylon bristles. They stitched in fresh filaments, and the wooden insert that the brush was filled in was warped after all these years, and deteriorating, and the workman forged a new insert for your brush. Please, Mummie, can I brush your hair, darling?"

Finally Mummie's stern look disappeared, and she smiled at her hopeful son. "I am so proud of my boy, what a nice thing to do for your grandmother's antique hairbrush." she said. "I'm going to give you your treat, tonight, darling."

With that, Mummie pulled the comb out of the back of her hair, releasing the long golden tendrils around her shoulders. Bending over as she did it, Bobbie got to see her lovely chest again, and he bent over to look more closely. Mummie seemed not to notice Bobbie's staring as she pulled the hair completely out of the bun.

Bobbie was absolutely obsessed with the twin images of Mummie's hair, dropping on her shoulders like a golden waterfall, and the tumbling of her full breasts as she bent over. Had Bobbie seen a flash of nipple? He wondered. Bobbie was so mesmerized.

But, all of a sudden, Mummie looked up, and there was her boy again, staring into her chest.

SLAP!

Bobbie's head bounced against his shoulders as Mummie's long burgundy nails raked his face. "You are a filthy little pervert. What would your dear father say?" Mummie said with gritted teeth. "I've a good mind to deny you your treat tonight." Despite the pain to Bobbie's jaw, his Bad Thing was even harder, pushing against the little case as Bobbie gasped. Mummie had ordered him a very narrow little case, and it didn't permit swellings in Bobbie's Bad Thing.

"If you keep your mind on the Bible, and on heavenly things... and take a few cold showers a day, your Bad Thing won't hurt at all." Mummie would say. But his Bad Thing was now making his entire hips tremble, and Bobbie inadvertently touched himself.

"So that's it!" Mummie snarled. "It's your Bad Thing that's getting you into all this trouble." Suddenly Mummie's tone softened. "But darling, if it hurts, here's the key, unlock it, and promise me you'll think of Godly things and not sick ones... remember, keep custody of your eyes, and don't focus them on things you shouldn't darling."

Bobbie was always puzzled by the way Mummie's moods changed, but he was quite happy to run to the bathroom and take off the nasty cock tube that had been locked on him for some time, since the bath earlier. Mummie had been thoroughly scrubbing Bobbie, he'd been naked in the tub, even though he was a big boy now, and really should be washing himself, and Mummie was wearing a tight sweater that made her resemble the actress Jane Russell.

Mummie had given Bobbie's Bad Thing a thorough washing in the bath tub earlier, because it had gotten so filthy in the little tube... She'd gotten hot in the bathroom and had taken off her tight sweater, and Bobbie had watched Mummie's breasts jiggle and bounce in her frilly black brassiere as she'd scrubbed and soaped his swollen Bad Thing.

At one point, Mummie had made Bobbie stand up in the tub so she could shave off the naughty hair that kept growing around Bobbie's crotch.

"But Mummie..." Bobbie kept protesting. "I'm a grown man now... I'm supposed to have hair down there." and Mummie kept insisting in a sweet voice as her Gillette razor cut the little curlies "Darling, you are forever a little sissy-boy... and curly-man hair isn't right down there for you."

Finally, when Bobbie's crotch was bald, and Mummie had powdered it a bit with some white stuff, and then rubbed it with Ben Gay, she'd put him back in the tub to scrub his Bad Thing even more, her little white fingers with their burgundy nails slurping about Bobbie's long hard Bad Thing, and her nipples seemed to be stiffening in their frilly black bra as she worked. Mummie finally complained that Bobbie was splashing too much, and she removed her skirt as well, and then was just in her little black bra and panties, and still she rubbed and pulled Bobbie's Bad Thing until it was about to have a messy squirtie, which Bobbie knew would make Mummie very angry.

Suddenly, Mummie had noticed Bobbie's eyes and the impure thoughts behind them, and she'd taken Bobbie out of the tub by his ear and had whipped him with her balsa wood Bath Brush as he bent over the commode, until Bobbie had screamed and cried. Then Mummie had made Bobbie stand in the corner in the hallway, stark naked, to be laughed at by the upstairs maids. But now Bobbie was in heaven, for Mummie was letting Bobbie brush her hair in long, hard strokes, like she'd taught him, getting all the kinks out of her precious blonde hair.

Brush, brush brush... "I like calling this 'Playing Hairdresser' eh, Bobbie?" Mummie chuckled. "You're just like one of those gay-boy beauty salon types, darling."

Bobbie flushed, because he was a big business man downtown whenever he wasn't at home, tending to Mummie... but he kept brushing. "Would you like that, my son? To have a gay-boy hair dresser poke you in your bottom, Bobbie."

"No Mummie" Bobbie snapped.

"I hope you're not sassing me, dear, just because Mummie likes to joke with you." At some point, however, Mummie felt a hard thing poking into her back.

"What's that, Bobbie? I feel something hard in your pants." Mummie turned to look at the bulge in Bobbie's little navy short pants. "Why Bobbie..." Mummie asked, shocked. "What's that nasty bulge in your short pants, dearie?"

Bobbie mumbled and looked at the ground.

"Bobbie" Mummie said warningly, "You'd better make that nasty thing go away, or some little boy is going to be severely punished. Now you may begin brushing my hair with the Ivory Lady's hairbrush you had fixed." Now Bobbie was in heaven, he began carefully brushing Mummie's beautiful blonde hair in long, swift strokes, gently so he didn't tug any strands. Bobbie knew how angry Mummie could get if her hair was

pulled! Bobbie stroked Mummie's soft hair with his fingers, and went on brushing it heavily, Mummie making soft cooing sounds about her sissy-boy.

"Most boys aren't as dedicated as this, Bobbie... you know how to treat your Mummie. As Bobbie looked over Mummie's shoulder, he saw the swell of her generous breasts again, and watched her long nails toy with the precious diamond locket she'd given him. Bobbie brushed and brushed Mummie's glorious hair, and Mummie leaned back and touched Bobbie's crotch with her elbow.

Yes, it was harder than ever! "Bobbie, you bad boy!" Mummie scolded. "Mummie told you what would happen if your Bad Thing got all hard and swollen when you were brushing Mummie's hair. And I just felt it poking into my elbow. Getting that excited over your own Mummie!"

Mummie looked very angry, and Bobbie protested, "Mummie, please don't be angry with me." Mummie shook her head, and Bobbie watched wistfully as the full blonde curls danced around her shoulders. .

"Now give Mummie the Ivory Handled Lady's Brush, and take down your little short pants... Mummie must correct you now." Bobbie was terrified. It was only an hour since his last whipping, after his Bad Thing had expanded in the bathroom. His heart racing, Bobbie tried to talk Mummie out of being angry.

"Please oh, please don't punish me, Mummie" he protested. "We are having such a good, nice evening here." Tears smarted in Bobbie's eyes, and Mummie smiled cruelly as she saw a couple streaking down his cheeks.

"What a sissy boy you are, Bobbie! How ashamed Mummie is to have a big boy past the age of twenty-one who can't even control himself! A good beating will cure all that." Mummie looked implacable, and took the Ivory Lady's Hairbrush away from Bobbie. "Now take down your pants, Bobbie, you bad sissy-boy." Mummie said reprovingly. "I should invite the children in from the street, particularly the girls you like, to watch your chastisement, Bobbie."

Bobbie's lower lip began trembling like it never had before, but he sighed deeply, seeing his Mummie's scornful dark eyes, and slowly undid one pants-button. Mummie snorted with scorn and pulled her reluctant son to her and ripped the short pants open, dragging them down, and then Bobbie's underpants as well. Then Mummie grabbed Bobbie by the ear and threw him over her lap, exposing his bare bottom.

"Mummie regrets that she must punish her naughty boy." Bobbie's Bad Thing was just as hard as it had been, pushing against Mummie's knees, and hearing her voice from above his head, didn't seem to comfort him much at all. How horrible it was to have to lay across his mother's lap, a grown man, with his underpants and shorts down, like a child! "Are you ready, here it comes!"

Oh please don't hit me Mummie, Bobbie thoughtl. Oh, I mustn't cry.

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

WHACK WHACK WHACK

The Ivory Lady's Hairbrush felt like a tennis racket whacking Bobbie's bare bottom again and again. Bobbie tried hard not to make a noise but it was so difficult!

After the thirtieth swat on his unprotected cheeks, Bobbie began to weep.

"Oh, please, Mummie, please don't hit me anymore." Bobbie wailed. "I won't get hard any more... my penis will be good."

Mummie screamed. "You filthy boy.! How dare you use that word for your Bad Thing in this house!" Mummie pushed Bobbie off her lap. "You're going to have to get a bigger brush now!" Bobbie sighed and stood up, his pants clogged around his ankles. "Go get me the Travel Size rectangular cherrywood clothes brush." Mummie ordered.

"Usually, I would just whip you with the tortoiseshell hairbrush, which is bigger than the Lady's Ivory, but you've been such a filthy boy. And look at that disgusting Bad Thing!" Bobbie's Bad Thing was poking out and wobbling as Bobbie went to get the large Cherrywood Clothes Brush. Once he had returned with the two foot brush, Mummie stood up and pointed a dark red nail at the bed. "Bend over that bed, Sir."

Bobbie, in defeat, bent over the bed. It was almost too much for Bobbie, he squirmed as he thought of it, a grown man, baring his bottom for his Mummie. "How ashamed"

WHACK

"you should"

WHACK

"be, my pitiful"

WHACK

"child."

Mummie screamed, flailing the brush, as if she could read his thoughts "The day is not over, and you have had several bare bottom chastisements... and you a grown man. What would your secretary at the office think?" Bobbie's cheeks burned at the thought of Miss Nillson, his bored-looking secretary, with her long legs and the pert breasts pushing out her little blue sweater, knowing how his Mummie chastised him for little matters.

Miss Nillson knew that Bobbie was a submissive little thing, and not long after he'd hired her, Miss Nillson had Bobbie running out to get her coffee and lunch, and more than once he'd been forced to polish her high heels when she'd been getting ready for a breakfast meeting. He was always worried that Mummie would come to the office and take his pants and undies down right in front of Miss Nillson and spank his naughty bottom... the secretary would probably toss her red hair and assist!

Already, she called him "Bobbie" while he called her "Miss Nillson" still. Sometimes Bobbie would stare at her little blue and pink sweaters, the way Miss Nillson breathed in and out, and when he'd get home, Mummie would notice the chastity tube was unusually contorted, and then would come an even more vicious whipping.

For Mummie didn't want her Bobbie getting any bad ideas! Already Miss Nillson had learned that she could fuss at Bobbie if he brought her too much dictation, and slap his face when he botched up the files. Just lightly, of course. Mummie would often call and have long talks with Miss Nillson, and Bobbie didn't know what they were about, except that Miss Nillson would giggle as she looked over at her blushing boss. It was quite odd that her employer would have to go home for lunch every day and often when he came back he was holding his bottom! Now Mummie's clothes brush landed again and again across Bobbie's rear, and it felt as if she'd pressed it with an iron.

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

"Everyone thinks Bobbie is such a good boy to live with his widowed Mummie, and support her... what would they think if they knew, Bobbie,

WHACK

that I have

WHACK WHACK

to diaper you for bedwetting, spank your nasty bottom all the time, and punish you for not eating your beets? You are lucky I didn't make you eat soap for using the nasty word "Penis" I'm just giving you a little spanking now." It wasn't nearly as bad as when Mummie had Bobbie memorizing his Bible verses... he would miss just one and she would bring out the dreaded twelve inch long five inch thick Oak Paddle, the one with the holes and give him five swipes for every word missed... and there were so many of them! Mummie's aim was incredible, Bobbie thought.

She knew just where the most vulnerable parts of Bobbie's bottom were, and she could find them with deadly accuracy. She knew that the tender part just under Bobbie's buttocks were of especial sensitivity, and ooh, could she land the clothes brush there with a nasty, vicious slam.

"I punish you just like I did your Daddy" Mummie would tell Bobbie, and he never quite knew what that meant! Oh, how it hurt.

WHACK WHACK

Mummie's clothes brush was vicious and repeating, and Bobbie bit into the bedspread to keep from screaming. "Why can't you learn

WHACK WHACK WHACK

to be a

WHACK WHACK WHACK

big grown boy

WHACK WHACK

so Mummie could let you

WHACK WHACK WHACK

stay up after eight o'clock at night, and date women and have a normal life... are you crying, darling... is my Wimpie crying?" Bobbie tried hard to keep biting into the bedspread. He knew that Mummie didn't want him to be a wimpie boy, and if Bobbie made too many noises during his beating, he knew from bitter experience that Mummie would make him wear a little girl's ballerina frilly dress and Mary-Janes and eye shadow and blush and have him walk down the street while the other little boys laughed at him... this had always been a good punishment, and had effectively kept him from making friends that would keep him apart from his Mummie.

This was why Bobbie had to be home from the office at a certain time, and sign in on the chart that Mummie kept in the kitchen. He'd tried being late once or twice to have a drink with the boys or stop to pet a dog, and Mummie had taken him right out in the back yard and made him scream, her cruel switch landing again and again on his bright red buttocks. Oh, how hard it was to please his Mummie! Bobbie also had to register every time he had a bowel movement, and Mummie would give him enemas accordingly. She wanted her little boy to be "regular" Finally Bobbie's mouth let go of the spread as a particularly nasty slam from the clothes brush hit the tender spot just under his thigh. "Ah, now the birds begin to sing" Mummie said brightly, as she continued Bobbie's eternal flagellation.

As Bobbie continued to howl, Mummie said calmly, "Scream

WHACK WHACK

all you like

WHACK

darling... I knew you would start up... but these WHACK WHACK wails of little-girl anguish

WHACK WHACK

won't affect

WHACK

Mummie, she needs

WHACK WHACK

to encourage her

WHACK WHACK

cherub to stop

WHACK WHACK

his nasty behavior.

WHACK

This hurts me

WHACK

more than it hurts you, my dear."

But Bobbie could hear the excitement in Mummie's voice as the brush fell again and again on his scorched bare buttocks. He knew that Mummie was having quite the good time. At one point, Bobbie's Bad Thing fell between his jouncing legs, and Mummie eagerly whacked that with the brush end, and Bobbie screamed loudly, and he could hear Mummie snorting Poor Bobbie also knew that Mummie could be even stricter, she had to be with her recalcitrant boy.

She might decide to whip his Bad Thing excessively. Mummie would tie her naked boy spread eagled onto the bed, on his back and get a thorn branch from outside and thrash Bobbie's Bad Thing till he screamed, the thorns sticking in various parts of his savaged penis.

Mummie had done it when she'd found one of Bobbie's nasty girlie books, or if she'd seen one of his handkerchiefs with evil white Bad Thing spillage stains. As Mummie would thrash the Bad Thing's tip again and again, she'd say "Your Bad Thing needs to be kept under control, and what better control than a little pain, darling?"

Finally Bobbie had gotten the chastity tube locked by Mummie... and he had to wear it wherever he went, except during the times Mummie was bathing him, or cleaning his Bad Thing with baby oil, her long fingers with their burgundy nails slurping and slipping all over his tortured Bad Thing, as the veins bulged in it with Mummie massaging it, giving him warning glances.

"You are supposed to use this Bad Thing for pee-pee only, just big boys can have adventures with it, dear." And Bobbie would cry in frustration! But Mummie knew that Bobbie loved to rub his Bad Thing, and Mummie was determined to break her Bobbie of the evil habit... only she was allowed to rub the Bad Thing, and just of course to make sure it was clean and working right.

She would bend over working away with the baby oil until Bobbie was panting and gasping, trying to hold off having an accident, to keep from shooting the evil white stuff, though it was so difficult with Mommie's blouses with their plunging necklines bending over poor Bobbie.

Once, when Bobbie had made a bad little mess, Mummie had hit it with a small rock-hammer, and another time with a razor strop. And the punishments were awesome when Bobbie had a nocturnal emission, or a wet dream during the night. And Mummie made sure that Bobbie wasn't trying to get with girls... if she caught him talking with a saleslady when they were shopping, she'd come over and say something like "I see my little boy is bothering you, yes he looks all grown up, but if I were to take you into the dressing room, you'd see he was wearing little pink panties under that manly suit" and then Bobbie would begin crying, big thick tears coming down his cheeks right in front of the amused saleslady. But Mummie knew to encourage Bobbie away from bothering ladies he just didn't qualify for.

WHACK WHACK WHACK

The cruel clothes-brush brought Bobbie back to the present, leaning as he was across the bed, getting Mummie's awful whipping. On the fiftieth whack Bobbie felt a blister opened by the brush, and he began screaming with abandon, and Mummie's laugh was raucous as she lifted and landed the clothes brush and slammed it against his buttocks again and again.

"Did I break the little boy's blister?" first was the tender voice and then savagely "You deserve it, you little bastard. How dare you get these impudent thoughts about your Mummie. I should hire a grown man to come whip your nasty bottom."

Bobbie was terrified at this, but his Bad Thing got even bigger at the thought of a man coming over to give him chastisement. Finally, as Bobbie was completely collapsed on the bed, his buttocks a map of welts and weals, and the one blister bleeding down his legs into his short pants, Mummie stopped.

"Do you want to have another chance to brush my hair, you bad boy?" Bobbie got quite excited.

Oh, that hair! "Yes Mummie...I won't misbehave again." Bobbie pulled up his pants, whimpering, and picked up the Lady's Ivory Hairbrush and began brushing his Mummie's hair in long, firm strokes. His bottom felt as if it had been blown apart with buckshot, but Mummie was calm now, and he had the privilege of running the brush across her glorious blonde locks.

Bobbie hoped and prayed that his Bad Thing wouldn't lose control this time, though he had serious doubts. Suddenly Mummie stopped Bobbie.

"I have to take off my robe, darling." she said gently. "It's much too warm in here." Bobbie gasped.

"But Mummie, what about my pen-my Bad Thing? Aren't you worried--" Mummie smiled grimly at Bobbie as she removed her robe.

"No it's Bobbie that will have to be worried if he gets excited. I'm your Mummie, and there is no call for perverted thoughts." Mummie dropped her robe, revealing a peach colored demibra holding up her gigantic bosom.

"And just so you won't try to hide your Bad Thing from me, take off your clothes, you evil boy!" Bobbie took off all of his clothes, reluctantly, willing his mind not to think of his Mummie's beauty especially her fantastic breasts. Mummie didn't help, as she toyed with her brassiere, running her fingers over the nipples poking through the bra tips as Bobbie removed his shorts. Bobbie tried hard to think of baseball and the upcoming election...trash in the back yard... anything to take his mind off his beautiful Mummie's round honeys. But instantly, of course Bobbie became mesmerized by his Mummie's spectacular bosom. The full vanilla breasts, stuffed as they were in the little demibra seemed to hypnotize him.

"Well?" Mummie asked impatiently. "Aren't you going to brush my hair?"

Bobbie gulped. "Yes Mummie, of course!" Bobbie began brushing his Mummie's hair with a lot of enthusiasm.

"I hope I don't have to use the cane on you, darling" Mummie said, as Bobbie brushed her hair, hoping against hope that his Bad Thing wouldn't touch her back. "I love canes, though sweetheart. The one I would use on you--"

"You don't have to, Mummie, I'll be a good boy." Mummie clucked her tongue. "Don't interrupt, sweetheart. The one I'd use on you is the three foot six rattan, not the light and whippy one, but the one I call the Headmaster's cane, you know it of course."

Bobbie shuddered, thinking of the Headmaster's cane. which Mummie also called the "judicial" cane.

"I could use one of those bendable canes, sweetheart, but they're so light, and the last one broke on your bottom, and one might bend around your adorable cheeks and make a damaging point, my dear."

Bobbie shuddered. "That's why I like the Headmaster's judicial cane, which is used to punish prisoners in Singapore and other countries... it will make you think, so you won't be focused so much on your own pleasure, darling."

Bobbie remembered the last time the Judicial Cane had been hefted across his tender bottom, and how he'd screamed for hours, until Mummie had had to tie a duster in his mouth to finish the whipping without the neighbors being alerted.

"Then there's the birch...might that take your mind off that Bad Thing for a while?"

Bobbie's lower lip began to tremble. "Please, Mummie, I'm trying to be a good-" Mummie laughed.

"Enough of that, darling... we know how good you are." Bobbie thought of the horrible birch and how the bound branches had felt the last time Mummie had thrashed his bottom with them. He'd had to be tied down and his pants dropped to his knees before Mummie was able to swing even once, and he'd nearly ripped the ropes off the bed before the third lash. I've gathered a nice set of twigs and bound them, true it did draw a good deal of blood from your naughty bottom the last time we used it, we soaked the tips in brine... but you're such a squealy boy! But I imagine you might stop thinking about your Bad Thing if the birch was used right where it needs to be." "But even the Birch hasn't seemed to calm your Bad Thing down. It's such a pity. I think the only other alternative is my Scottish Tawse." Mummie said thoughtfully, as Bobbie's hairbrush ran over her blonde bangs. "I bought a new one, you know. It's twenty inches long and about two inches wide, and has five leather tails! Might that get your goat, my sweet boy?"

You must, MUST learn darling, that your Bad Thing is not for use in any way other than urination."

Bobbie felt his Bad Thing expanding again, and he backed away slightly from his Mummie's back, so she might not feel it again, poking her back and elbow. It would help if Bobbie didn't look over his shoulder into Mummie's cleavage while he brushed her glorious hair, but he was only human. And Mummie had poured a few drops of Cologne in there! It was making Bobbie crazy! His Bad Thing seemed to be expanding!

No! No! It can't...not now. Bobbie tried to think of something disgusting. Cigarette filled ashtrays.... no, that only made him remember when his Mummie put out a Winston on his squirming Bad Thing once... and it turned Bobbie on!

"Darling, would you squirt a bit of Lubriderm onto my chest, please?" Bobbie obeyed, and then Mummie shifted so her breasts were up a bit.

"Now rub it in just a little darling." Bobbie rubbed Mummie's breasts... Oh, he was in heaven! They were so soft, the nipples pointing out, and oh, what pleasure it was!

"That's enough!" Mummie slapped Bobbie's hand as he reached her bra-covered nipple. "Get back to your hair brushing, you little sex fiend."

Bobbie breathed deeply and continued brushing Mummie's hair while Mummie tantalizingly rubbed oil into her own breasts. Mummie squeezed and massaged the oil into her beautiful breasts as Bobbie looked over her shoulder, combing her long tendrils again and again.

"They're sore, Bobbie. It's one of those things that happens to a girl, even of my age, it's a shame. Mummie rubbed them some more, and Bobbie unconsciously began rubbing his Bad Thing against Mummie's back, hypnotized as he was with watching his Mummie rub and squeeze her full breasts.

"What's that I feel?" Mummie asked all of a sudden, and she turned around, and there was Bobbie's Bad Thing full and expanded, a long pink hotdog, it was.

"Oh, Bobbie" Mummie said sadly as she looked at his precum soaked Bad Thing. "What can I do to keep your mind pure?" Bobbie's eyes were fixed on Mummie's full breasts now, as she'd turned her entire body around. "Now I must punish you again, Bobbie—"

Bobbie sighed, and burst into tears. It would be a long evening.

The End