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Though she had never let on to it Lindsey felt all but motherly towards her son Sebastian. He was forty two and still lived with her. He had just never found the right girl, that was how they fooled each other, but Lindsey knew the truth was a

bit more sad. No girl had ever looked at little Sebastian twice. He was insecure and lonely and prone to crying bouts. Slowly over the years her love had melted away and what remained was a vague lust to humiliate him. His male inadequacy irritated her. Sometimes she thought her son was immune to the fair sex and only had eyes for his Mommy.

So when she had teased him a bit and he sat quietly crying on the couch in the living room she would look at him with open amusement in her eyes. When he looked up and saw his mother smile through his tears he sometimes would throw himself on his knees before her and begged her for love until he felt the comfort of his mother's hand on his head. She patted him on the head lightly, not very interested in her son's emotion and said 'Poor Sebastian... my poor little boy that no girl pays any attention to...' Her voice sounded unnatural, like the acting in a sitcom that would use terrible dialog like that. And when he looked up into her face she repeated the words, unable to keep her amusement out of them.

Lindsey was a looker, even at sixty two. She had wonderful curves. Her breasts could hypnotize any man, especially when she wore the right support. Lately she had switched to a new lingerie brand her friend Marjorie Goudvink had drawn her attention to called Himalayas. She had bought a few and they were marvelous, making her bosom look arrogantly youthful. It was no wonder that her lonely and sexually frustrated son was looking at her in a different way. But that wasn't anything new. It had begun in his early twenties, as soon as his two elder sisters had left and gone to college. Now alone in the house with his object of desire he had begun to make her little compliments, blushing heavily, to which she replied as any pretty girl would, with gay laughter. This innocent play grew more complicated as the signs of infatuation began to appear. She knew her son had fallen in love with her. Then gradually the infatuation turned into obsession. And by the time he turned forty he was Lindsey's puppy dog, tied to her in an unbreakable bond and her heart had turned cold. She delighted in playing amusing little games with his emotion. Often when her daughters or Marjorie Goudvink visited she would tease him a bit, winking at the others, who more often than not would join in the amusement at the price of the only man in the room. Sometimes the teasing grew a little nasty, smiley nasty, until the little guy seemed to freeze into a deep red blush and was mortally afraid to open his mouth. All he needed was one more little push from the ladies to flee the room crying and hide in his little boy's room on the first floor, from where he heard the ladies' gay laughter stabbing his heart with razor sharp glass daggers.

Lindsey noticed he reacted strongly to certain types of female attire. Refined silk blouses, wide taffeta skirts, ultra feminine dresses, all the stuff she used to wear when she got married, raised her three children and kicked her lascivious husband out. Sebastian was mesmerized by them. By merely entering the living room in a taffeta silk dress, rustling and gleaming and playing the wicked stepmother, she could bring him to tears.

More ladies attended nowadays since Marjorie had drawn attention to the crybaby's regular humiliation at Lindsey's. Secret messages went out, describing Sebastian's

love of silky stuff and elegant attire. More and more ladies began dressing for the occasion. An afternoon Chardonnay at Lindsey's became a private little playground for the elegant lady, all silky mirth and see through blouse and ready to play subtle humiliation games with the cry baby son that their host offered for amusement. Strip games became popular for a while, the settings carefully stacked to make Sebastian lose almost every time. He had stood naked in the room on several occasions, jeered by sometimes as many as ten or fifteen fully dressed women.

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One late morning when she returned home after shopping for underwear with Marjorie Goudvink, Lindsey had discovered the unmistakable traces of secret snooping in her bedroom. When she opened a drawer to put her new Himalayas preformed D cup inside, one of her old ones struck her as abnormally folded. She took it out and unfolded the inside out cup and studied it closely. The white cups had been sullied by slightly dirty fingers, maybe even fondled and kissed. Even the back straps were touched. She shuddered in disgust. Looking into her wardrobe closet a cream colored blouse of the most refined rayon - one of her favorites because of the dazzling effect her breasts made in it - was hung back on its hanger in an awkward way. The hanger had missed one of the shoulder pads and meticulous as Lindsey was with her clothes she'd noticed the asymmetry immediately.

Anger rose up as she recalled how her son had taken a blouse and a bra away and hid them in his own room only a few months ago. He'd thought she wouldn't miss them because she hadn't worn the items much lately. But she had set that straight alright, and in no uncertain terms. She had put the bra and blouse on for his chastisement, to make a deeper impact on her sons conscience. Now she was unpleasantly surprised to find him at it again so soon.

Angrily she searched further and immediately found a grey taffeta silk skirt hanging askew on its clamp hanger, something she herself would never do. Instinctively - for she often wore it with the skirt - she took her short grey moiré jacket from a high shelf, studied its folding carefully and again noticed her son's uncertain technique. Then she noticed her grey five inch pumps on the closet floor. They'd clearly been put back in a hurry. She took them in her hands and sniffed the inside. The crisp bitter sweet smell of newish leather was clearly tainted with a whiff of unwashed feet. She felt insulted. It was as if her shoes had been raped. But she would put an end to this idiocy today. She put the pumps back in line with her other shoes.

While she folded the jacket correctly, rustling sweetly in her hands, and put it back on the shelf an idea struck her like a mental earthquake. For the first time since entering her bedroom and discovering her clothes in disarray she visualized Sebastian in them, standing enraptured in front of her wall mirror imitating his mother's confident movements, swaying the skirt and whirling around to feel its feminine freedom and hear its sweet feminine rustle. What if she caught him in the act and confronted him unexpectedly?

Moments later a second earthquake shook her, coming as a natural aftershock that exceeded the first. What if she displayed her dressed up son to Marjorie..?

She sat down on the bed and dialed her friend with the bedside telephone. They had a long conversation. When she finally hung up she went back to the closet and took the jacket from the top shelf again, unfolded it and threw it on the bed. With a song in her heart she undressed and changed into the off white blouse, the snow white Himalayas cups shimmering inside. Then came the grey skirt and jacket, the familiar rustling of taffeta like music to her ears. Finally after cleansing the insides with a tissue - smelling them with an expression of comical disgust - she put on her grey high heels. Looking once more in the mirror she saw herself as she was sure she would never forget. There stood the Goddess with the heart of stone, ready to devour her own son. She felt thrilled to the core of her being. Turning to and fro a few times assessing her magnificent silky breasts from different sides she slowly pulled the fronts of the jacket over them and buttoned it up. With her bosom depleted by the force of the grey moiré jacket she turned away from the wall mirror. Her strongest assets would be sprung free again later to perform their devastating destruction.

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Sebastian was doing the luncheon dishes when his mother entered the kitchen. Upon her rustling entrance - purposeful steps on her high grey pumps - dressed in the exact same attire he had secretly put on that morning, her son stared at her open mouthed in shock. A cup fell from his hand into the dish basin and water splashed on his lace trimmed apron and dripped to the floor. He grabbed a dishcloth and knelt down hastily and began to mop the floor dry.

Lindsey stood looking down on her son, shaking her head at his clumsiness.

'I don't know why I bother with a clumsy fool like you for a chores man. When you have finished here - do mop the whole floor will you, while you're at it. How many times do I have to tell you... - Mommy needs you to come visit her upstairs for a good talking to...' she announced. 'I think you know why...' With a disdainful look down at her blushing son she turned away and left the kitchen.

The words 'visit her upstairs' had a strange effect on Sebastian. He felt a dizzying feeling of fear and longing, a queer sensation he had long given up on analyzing. As a young boy 'paying Mommy a visit upstairs' had meant he had done something wrong and would be punished for it. His two elder sisters would accompany him up the stairs and deliver him to their mother. She would have them undress their little brother and lay him down across her silk lap to undergo a deeply humiliating spanking of his buttocks until they turned red. She ignored his crying for mercy but afterwards, when he had 'repaid Mommy her due' she pulled her crying son against her bosom and comforted him, the two girls standing by jeering until mother began to laugh softly too.

Paying Mommy a visit upstairs had continued after he grew up and the girls had long left. And as her love for her only son dwindled the visits had slowly increased

in harshness. There were no longer witnesses to his periodic humiliation. The last visit was only months ago, when he had stolen one of his mother's bras and blouses. He could still feel the terrible pain her belting had caused. Surely the punishment would even be harsher than then. After all this was a second time offence. She couldn't allow his perverted habit to continue. He felt fear and anxiety taking hold of him.

When he entered her bedroom after mopping the kitchen floor he was surprised to see her sitting on the arm rest of her salon chair. Disappointment shot through him when he saw the grey silk jacket still buttoned down, restraining her breasts in taut and somewhat dull depletion. Without her asking he went into a corner of the room and undressed hastily, as the visits had always required. To his surprise she patted the seat of her chair. 'Come sit with Mommy Sebastian...' she said. Her voice was the kindest he had heard in years.

He crawled into the chair obediently and looked up into her grave face. 'Mommy believes little Sebastian has some things to explain,' she said in a soft voice. 'Have you been in Mommy's bedroom again while she was out..?'

He nodded in silence, too scared to speak. There was something in her kind voice that scared him. It seemed somehow bigger than her anger of two months ago. 'Have you fondled Mommy's bra again..?' He nodded again.

'Which one was it, Sebastian, can you describe it for Mommy..?'

'It was one of the new ones, the ones named after the mountains...' he whispered deeply ashamed. 'I... I read the label...'

'Which mountains Sebastian..?'

'The... the very high ones, the highest in the world...'

'That's right, the highest in the world. They're called Himalayas. Its cups are like snow covered mountains, you could tumble to your death down the crevice between them. But still you couldn't keep your hands off them. They're the ones Mommy is wearing under the blouse and jacket. So Sebastian, this is the second time I catch you with a piece of my underwear. Only this time I think you didn't just fondle and kiss it when you were lying in your bed. This time I think you have gone a bit further, isn't it..? Have you put it on, Sebastian..?'

Her son began to cry softly, his face a deep red. She repeated the question. 'Yes Mommy...' he replied.

'So... you thought you would prance about dressed in Mommy's bra..?'

'Yes Mommy, but there's more. I... I...'

'What, Sebastian..?'

'I put it all on Mommy...' he blurted out. 'Everything you are wearing now. You are so beautiful Mommy... so gorgeous... such a beautiful lady... I love you Mommy...' he cried.

'I know sweetheart. But you do understand Mommy has to punish you for putting on her clothes, don't you..? It is a very grave sin for a son to take his mother's clothes and put them on his limbs and prance about like he were the lady...'

Sebastian began to cry again. Lindsey smiled when his tears rolled over his cheeks. It was so easy to make her little Sebastian cry, so easy to comfort him and make him happy, so amusing to make him cry again. Her son was such a delightful weakling. Every mother should possess one.

'Do you know what Mommy would really like for a punishment, Sebastian..?' she said and she pulled her son's face against the depleted bosom in the moiré jacket. He stopped crying. His breathing grew faster. 'Mommy wishes she'd been there this morning...'

He looked up into her face in panic. 'What do you mean Mommy..?' His voice had become anxious.

'I mean I would have loved catching you in the act of pretending to be Mommy. You know what Mommy would have done..?' He looked up at her in silence, his cheek still pushed against the moiré silk breast as if his life depended on it. 'Mommy would have helped her little darling look even better as a woman. This outfit doesn't really suit you, Sebastian. It is much too statuesque, much too severe. That's very well for a shapely lady like Mommy, but not for an inadequate little man like you. No, I would have put you into something much more befitting, much more sweet and charming. A lovely dress that would make full use of your petit features and your demure character. Something lacey and silky all our friends would love to see you in...'

She sensed her son shrinking away after her last words. Had she been too quick in revealing her end game? He was clearly torn between raw fear of exposure to a room full of women and the heavenly feel of her well filled jacket. She'd seen the deep disappointment on his face when he entered the room to see the short moiré jacket fully buttoned up. Her son was deeply addicted to the sight of his mother's well bloused bosom. It was time for the first button. She decided to trust her instinct and not pull back from further mentioning an exposure to the assembled ladies at the next Chardonnay afternoon. Only play it cool, do it step by step. The pull of her breasts would be too strong for her weak and depressed son. The buttons would do the job for her. She was certain of it, even though there had never been a test of strength like this before.

Her hand slid up from her lap to her bosom. The swishing sound the sleeve made over the front had Sebastian's immediate attention. His mother's thumb and index finger touched the top button, slowly took it between them. They waited for a few seconds. Sebastian held his breath, his eyes wide open. The bedroom was in complete silence. Then she pushed the button through its hole and Sebastian cried

out softly when with a short hissing sound the taut jacket opened up slightly to reveal the top of her silky breasts. She looked down on them. The Himalayas cups' lacey top edges and her tanned skin shone vaguely through the rayon. They promised full silk heaven, with only two more buttons to hold it back.

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Sebastian sat staring at his mother's grey taffeta front when her hand pushed his cheek against her moiré breast again. It briefly patted his head as if to display its pleasure of this vulnerable position. He cried out softly again and she giggled. 'Sebastian knows Mommy always wins...' she said in an almost inaudible voice, as if to warn him that more danger was coming. He nodded and began to cry again. She lifted her head and laughed gaily.

'Do you want Mommy to undo another button..?' she asked him smiling coyly when his crying had stopped. 'Yes Mommy...' he sniveled.

'But you know there will be a price to pay, don't you..?'

'Yes Mommy...'

'It'll be our secret, our closed curtains secret. Mommy will dress you up properly, make you look like the sweetest girl in the world. Tomorrow we will go into town and Mommy will buy little Sebastian all he needs. A beautiful white Himalayas bra, real silicone fillings, a taffeta silk wide skirted dress, I'm thinking the softest salmon pink, you love my salmon pink blouse don't you, the one you took last time..? What do you think Sebastian..?'

He blushed realizing his mother knew everything about his obsessive love of her clothes and underwear. 'But... but no ladies present..?' he asked in a deeply insecure voice.

'Just the two of us together on the couch with the curtains closed. Like a mother and daughter cuddling, admiring each other's dresses and bras, softly stroking the silky loveliness with loving fingers...' She raised her arm again and fingered the middle button.

'J... just the two of us Mommy..?' Sebastian cried. His voice was shrill with insecurity and confusion. She nodded, smiling her most treacherous smile. She lifted her arm again to undo the second button. Sebastian sat staring at it hungrily and when the button popped loose and the jacket front widened further in a hissing burst of freedom, more of the bloused bosom was visible. It was still depleted but between the lapels a deep cleavage was shimmering through the refined rayon fabric. He pushed his face against it in hunger and felt his mother's hand pat his head for a second time.

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There was one button left.

For minutes the room was silent. Sebastian's arm lay around Lindsey's waist. His cheek was pressed against the grey moiré. His eyes were closed.

'A wig? I don't think so...' he heard her say to herself. He looked up in wonder. New panic made his eyes swim.

'I'm sorry darling,' she said, 'Mommy was thinking out loud. I was thinking, shouldn't I buy you a lovely blonde wig? Make you out like Marilyn Monroe? But no. You're girly enough as you are. For a boy at least. Your refined features. Your full red lips. Your narrow shoulders. Your male inadequacy speaks for itself. No, I'm thinking, let the clothes do the job. The dresses, the skirts and blouses. The perky breasts. The high heeled shoes. You'll be a lovely virgin gay boy. A little male maiden. Every woman will adore you...'

'Every... Every woman..? What do you mean Mommy..?' he cried. 'You promised just the two of us on the couch cuddling...'

She raised her head again and laughed with pleasure. 'I was merely painting you a picture sweetheart,' she replied. She pulled her son's face against the moiré breast again. 'I can paint you a lot of pictures, one more enticing than the other. You and me on the couch cuddling is one that I'll definitely want to do. But it'll be more fun for you than me though. I want to open the curtains, let the sunshine in, open the front door for my friends, entertain them. Have a lot of laughs together. I'm a social lady...'

Unable to tear loose from the bulging jacket Sebastian cried out in fear. Relentlessly Lindsey went on.

'Of course I will have to teach you to behave more feminine, like all gay boys. Most of them are perfect little ladies. I'll teach you the gay lisp and how to whine like a sissy...' Slowly her hand had crept up again and her fingers were closing in on the last button. 'Would you like Mommy to teach little gay Sebastian how to lisp and whine for the ladies..?'

He sat breathing heavily, sweat had broken on his brow. His eyes were wide open and stared at the fingers. But they hesitated again. 'Sebastian..? Would you like Mommy to do that..?' she asked in a voice as sweet as honey. Her hand lowered slowly and he cried out, his voice high pitched in hysteria. 'Yes Mommy... Yes... Yes...'

'You've got to be certain Sebastian...' she warned him. 'You will be standing in the middle of the room, dressed in a pink silk dress and petticoat, tilting and lisping and whining like a perfect little sissy homo, surrounded by all our friends who've come to be entertained by me. And entertained they will be. It'll be a special afternoon and I'll ring them and ask them to put on their Sunday dresses for it'll be a special occasion. I'll make damn sure they won't be disappointed. Are you quite sure that is what you want..?' Her hand slid up slightly.

'Yes Mommy...' Sebastian screamed in desolation. Sweat streamed down his forehead as he stared at the last button.



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Heaven burst open with a loud rustle as the moiré jacket front split apart and the silk bloused breasts sprang forward in freedom, pulling taut little pleats in the rayon.

Sebastian cried out with joy at the sight of his mother's liberated bosom and when she straightened her back and her hands took his head and held it against the underside of a silk breast for worship he couldn't stop kissing. She took off the jacket and threw it on the floor, turned her body and showed her son her back. He cried in shock but soon his lips discovered the back straps beneath the thin rayon and began kissing them, feverishly whispering his love to her back. But his hands crept under the sleeves and sought his mother's firmly standing breasts and laid themselves around them, sliding the rayon back and forth and up and down over the preformed cups in polite little movements like a nervous debutant lover. And when she turned back again towards him he cried out his adoration and buried his face in the silky cleavage, oblivious of his mother's soft laughter above him.

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Now that Lindsey had her son hooked she wore the grey moiré jacket over a silk or rayon blouse every day. For Sebastian it became the North Star of his mother's mood. He sailed the waves of her resolve steering on the buttons closed or undone to seek a way into her favors. And like an ordinary seaman on his first voyage he struggled to find security underfoot. Of course she was much too smart to provide her son with it. Security is a costly and rare commodity and should not be handed out as a favor. One has to pay for it, pay for it dearly.

She played with his emotion like a One Thousand and One Nights Scheherazade. It was a game of reversing rewards and punishments back and forth. She constantly changed the rules she played by, leaving little lovesick Sebastian dizzy with confusion. One day a fully buttoned up jacket meant some sort of reward for something he couldn't remember doing. The next day when a button came loose it clearly meant she was displeased, judging by her cold demeanor. She assigned new meanings to her silk moiré front every day. And then when she saw her son catching on to it - or at least thinking he did - she changed them back and forth several times within a few hours. Sebastian became more and more desperate trying to fathom which way to swim. Several times a day he felt himself close to breaking down from the conflicting messages his mother sent.

Then after a few weeks when he thought he was going crazy he suddenly began to think that he had discovered a frail thread of understanding. Her mood swings were still considerable but they appeared to match a certain consistency in her jacket front. An opening into his mother's favors appeared when he served her a glass of white wine in the living room and with anxiety fed clumsiness spilt some on her skirt. A little cry escaped from his mouth that sounded unusually high in pitch. He felt ashamed when he heard it but Lindsey smiled at him as if in surprise and loosened her top jacket button. 'Go fetch a cloth darling and come sit with Mommy for a minute,' she said. She let him dab the wine stain off her skirt then sent him

back to the kitchen to rinse it and bring it back for a second round of cleansing. Blushing fiercely he mumbled 'Mommy's skirt must be squeaky clean...' in a high pitched voice and was immediately rewarded with a tender smile and a second button. Then she sent him away to fetch a towel and she taught him the way to dry a taffeta skirt by laying a dry towel underneath it and wait half an hour. She let him put the towel over her thigh and carefully drape the silk fabric over it. Then they sat and waited.

She kept him talking and as soon as he inadvertently squeaked for her again she laughed enraptured and sent the jacket front lapels flying open with a loud swishing. Her breasts sprang up dancing in the silky blouse. She pulled his head close and said:

'Feel it sweetie...'

He lifted a shaking hand and for the second time in his life Sebastian touched his mother's bosom. As in a heavenly dream he felt its hard elastic softness pressing the silky blouse out and cried in the high pitched voice again. Lindsey laughed gaily.

'Not Mommy's breasts darling, Mommy's skirt... the stain...' she said tenderly. She took his hand and laid it on her thigh. An electric current shot through his spine when he touched the wet taffeta and when his mother's hand guided his slowly across her silk thighs, causing them to sing in the softest rustling, he suddenly understood what she was doing. An abyss opened before his mind's eye and he was standing on the edge, staring down into the void that seemed to rustle sweetly and entice him to fall down and land on a silk bed embraced by her, by the one love of his life.

'Oh Mommy...' he squeaked softly as high as he could. He felt like an idiot, like a silly gay sissy. And then he knew he would say the words that would forever shape his life according to his mother's will. There was no turning back now that he had felt her breast. In a high gay voice he crooned:

'Sebastian wants her dress now Mommy...' and began to cry softly.

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When Chardonnay Sunday finally arrived the weather was cloudy with spells of light spring rain. In his new room - his dad's gloomy old office redone for a rich little girl's bedroom - Sebastian got ready for his recital. He wore his prettiest dress, a dream robe in the finest salmon pink taffeta, petticoated to full princess style. He traipsed around his quarters with the book of poems in his hand, a bit uncertain on his high heeled pink sandals. But the walking improved day by day and soon he knew he would be able to walk on them like girls who seem to be born in them and who can express their state of mind in their stance.

One by one he heard the ladies arrive. Caught in anxiety he had left his door open and immediately recognized Marjorie Goudvink's low and musical voice. A shiver ran down his back for this sexiest and richest of all Mommy's friends was hard as

nails, a cruel and merciless tease. He had often experienced her razor-sharp wit directed at him, the only male in the room, bringing him to tears of humiliation. He felt afraid of her more than ever now.

There was a brief rustling as the two friends embraced. 'Thanks darling. Again, I couldn't have managed so well without your advice,' he heard his mother say. Then some more rustling of silk dresses entangled in a tender embrace. He heard mumbling but couldn't understand the words. Marjorie's low voice speaking some final words loaded with intimacy and poison. Mother giggled and he heard their high heels walking down the hallway together. Did they have their arms linked? Were they holding hands? His imagination raced. The living room door opened and he heard ladies cordially greeting Mrs. Goudvink when she entered. He recognized the respect they felt in their voices and in their gay laughter. They were a hungry crowd eager for some wicked entertainment. And when rich and witty Marjorie was around she must at least in part be responsible for it.

He turned the book in his hand and looked at the front. On it were depicted a lush blonde and a raven black lady pictured against a background of medieval palace towers and walled gardens. "Damsels in Distress. The Ladies of Camelot in song" it read. If Mommy were Lady Guinevere then certainly Marjorie must be Morgan le Fay, the evil half-sister of King Arthur. A modern day Morgan, mauling the male heart, wiping out male egos. He shuddered when he thought of her black eyes looking at him, deprived of all mercy. Cold as fish she was, Mommy's best friend. And Mommy had thanked her for some advice given and embraced her in gratitude.

Mommy had always been kind of treacherous. It had made her seem worldly and dangerous and more like a visiting aunt than a mother. He had seen the woman in her appearing a long time ago. Gradually through the years their asexual mother son bond had grown thin, together with her diminishing maternal feelings, until it was an invisible layer that could no longer hide her enormous sex appeal. Mommy, though he still called her that, had changed into Miss Lindsey, the gorgeous woman he had so fatally fallen for.

When he heard his mother calling him at the foot of the stairs he got up from the edge of the bed. He felt very nervous. But the idea that he would put himself to shame and humiliation because that was what she desired, filled him with a bitter sweet love. He felt grateful that he may perform for her, for her amusement and for her friends' amusement. He had bowed his head for her and was prepared to undergo all things this gorgeous lady would inflict on him. His overwhelming need for her put every feeling and every emotion in its shadow.

She stood in the doorway, smiling at her guests, when he entered the large living room. She laid her arm around his narrow shoulders. 'Ladies... my son Sebastian,' she announced. 'A few weeks ago we sat down together so we could analyze his true nature as a man. I rang my dearest friend Marjorie for advice. And together we have come to the conclusion that a somewhat more feminine appearance would suit Sebastian a great deal better in the future. I'm sure you all agree with me, having

met him on numerous occasions. You may applaud him for his willingness in this. He is such a sweet and obedient little man...'

As the crowd politely clapped their hands with apparent mirth Lindsey led her son to the middle of the room. 'Little Sebastian will recite a few poems from a delightful little book called "Damsels in Distress." I read them myself when I was still a damsel though I cannot remember ever being in a great deal of distress. Not as Sebastian is at the moment at any rate. Look at that little man blushing...'

The room fell silent when he began reading the first poem. He was acutely aware of the surprise his newly acquired gay voice would bring the audience. And indeed as soon as he opened his mouth there were giggles and some mocking laughter from the women around him. When he finished the first recital a storm of laughter and teasing broke out. Just then the sun broke through the clouds for a moment and a ray of sunlight fell on his mother's golden curls and silky white bosom, setting her apart from the other women in the room. She was in a lively conversation with Marjorie who sat next to her on the couch. Marjorie put her hand on Lindsey's silk chest in admiration. She said something and they laughed gaily. Lindsey looked at him, strangely devoid of expression. And when her fingers slowly and deliberately buttoned up the grey silk jacket he saw who she truly was, who she truly had been since she was a schoolgirl. The American Princess. The girl with the adoring dad, with the crowd of adoring highschool teenagers vying for her attention. The blonde with the golden boobs. The girl that could pick and choose who she liked and collar him. And Sebastian blushed with gratitude that she had picked him, the one man that perfectly suited her needs.

Filled with a burning love he began reading the second poem. It was called The Lady of Shalott and it was about a lonely girl locked in a tower close to Camelot. He read the long romantic poem as if in a dream, nearly crying from the longing it caused. He just made it to the last lines.

'Lay siege the lonely virgin cries,

Lay siege, my liege, my Lancelot...'

'The end...' he lisped in as gay a voice as he could, deeply moved. Again his audience's mirth broke into gay and teasing laughter. His blush deepened when he dared to look at the women's faces surrounding him and saw cold amusement in their eyes. They got what they came for, an unlikable and shy man humiliated beyond recognition. His vulnerability wounded with cruel delight. And he saw his mother, beautiful busty Lindsey, looking around at her guests, a proud smile on her lips. Her smile broadened into soundless laughter, her grey moiré bosom dancing, when she looked at her son, blushing in his beautifully gleaming pink dress. Her eyes were hard as flint, like Marjorie's next to her.

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By Castre

