

The Whore At The Bar

leon elshout, NL, march 2024,
roodgoudvanparvaim.nl & www.wattpad.com/user/roodgoud

I don't feel at home at Dad's business party. At the same time, the comfort of this hotel is something that appeals to me. The people here seem to come from another dimension. I don't know what to say to them either. But the atmosphere in the hotel itself is okay. There is a peace that I have been looking for for a long time. The enormous columns decorated with gold leaf that support the first floor make the hotel a pompous building. They stop just below the ceiling. So they only support the first floor. On top of the pillars are lamps that shine weakly against the ceiling. On the wall where the stairs are located there is a huge painting of a dancer. I have no idea if I should like it, but it is noticeable. I recognize some of Dad's colleagues by face. I keep a book with me in case of emergency if boredom strikes. but it is not very nice to sit here and read. I don't drink alcohol, so I have to make do with coffee, Coke Zero and some juice all evening. However, the bowl of sausages, eggs and cheese is passed around. That's a big plus.

I'm not very hungry, so I don't eat much. I look around and see my mother walking across the room. She's wearing a blue dress that shows off her figure. The way she moves, the way she carries herself. She looks like a queen. How does she feel? Does she feel as uncomfortable as I do? Does she wish she was somewhere else? I wish I could ask her. But I'm afraid she'd laugh at me or think I'm crazy. I watch her and try to catch her eye, but she doesn't seem to notice me. She's too busy talking to one of Dad's colleagues, a very handsome man. He's touching her arm and laughing at something she says. I close my eyes for a moment and try to imagine her touching me like that. I want to feel that warmth, that closeness. I open my eyes again and see her looking at me. There's a smile on her face. I feel a strange warmth spreading through my body. She comes over to me and sits down next to me. "How are you doing, Thomas?" she asks. "You seem a bit down." Her voice is soft and gentle. I want to tell her everything, but I can't find the words. So I just shrug and say, "I'm fine, Mom. Just feeling a bit out of place, I guess." She reaches out and takes my hand. "I know how you feel, sweetie. Sometimes these things can be a bit much. But remember, you can always talk to me, okay?" I nod, feeling a little bit better. Maybe she understands me more than I thought.

I can tell that Hanneke has had something to drink. That's a dangerous combination with all those men here. Her contact with me doesn't last long. She goes back to him. My heart catches in my throat. Apparently she would rather be with him than with her own son. She is really not obliged to be with me all evening, but she can still make it clear that I am her number one. I look away and focus on the painting of the dancer. She seems to be looking at me. I wonder if she's trying to tell me something. I close

my eyes and try to think. Maybe I'm reading too much into it. Maybe it's just a painting. I should just enjoy the party and not let my thoughts get the better of me. But it's hard not to when everyone around me seems to be having a good time except for me. I take another sip of my coffee and wonder if I should find Dad and talk to him. Maybe he could help me feel more at home here. Hmm, I guess Dad's too busy with everyone. When I look back I see Mom chatting with that handsome guy again. They are a little too close together. Five more minutes, I guess, and things will happen. My heart is pounding in my throat. I hope they don't notice. I take another sip of my coffee and wonder what the night has in store for me.

The music suddenly gets louder, and everyone starts dancing. Even my mother gets up and starts moving to the rhythm. She looks so graceful, so confident. I watch her for a moment, trying to muster up the courage to join her. But just as I stand up, she sees me and smiles. She comes over and takes my hand, leading me onto the dance floor. I'm nervous at first, but she's a good dancer, and soon I'm following her steps easily. We move together, our bodies swaying in perfect harmony. It feels good to be close to her like this, to feel her touch and her warmth. I realize that this is what I've been missing all evening. This is what I needed. As we dance, she leans in and whispers in my ear, "You know, you're not so bad yourself. You've got your father's moves." I blush, but I'm grateful for the compliment. And as we keep dancing, I feel a sense of belonging, of being wanted and loved. It's strange, but in this moment, with my mother holding me close, I feel like I'm finally a part of something.

The music slows down, and she pulls me closer. Her hands are on my shoulders, her face just inches from mine. I can feel her breath on my cheek, and it sends shivers down my spine. For a moment, I think she's going to kiss me. I close my eyes, waiting for that first touch of her lips against mine. But instead, she pulls back and smiles up at me. "Thank you for being such a good sport, Thomas. I'm so proud of you." I'm not sure what she means by that, but I feel a warmth spread through my chest. "You're welcome," I manage to say, my voice barely a whisper. We stand there for a moment longer, just looking at each other, before she lets go of my hand and returns to the party. As she walks away, I watch her go, feeling a strange mixture of happiness and sadness. But mostly, I just feel grateful for this moment. For finally feeling like I belong.

The rest of the evening passes in a blur of laughter and dancing. I find myself talking to more people than I ever thought possible. Even Dad seems to be enjoying himself, laughing and joking with his old friends. There's a certain energy in the air, a sense of camaraderie that I've never experienced before. And through it all, I can't help but think about my mother and the way she looked at me when we were dancing. It's as if she truly sees me, really understands me, in a way that no one else ever has. As the night wears on, I start to feel more and more like I'm a part of something special. Something real.

The wine flows and the atmosphere loosens up. It comes as a not unexpected shock when I see Mom and that business friend of Dad's hugging each other at the door leading to the hotel rooms. They stand there for a moment, bodies pressed together, hands clasped on each other's back. It's not the kind of hug you would expect between two friends, but there's a sense of familiarity in their embrace. I can't help but wonder what they could possibly be hiding from each other. Or maybe they're just sharing a secret that I'm not supposed to know about.

I wonder if Dad doesn't see it. All my energy seems to drain from my body. When I look again two minutes later, they are still cuddling. My mother with a strange guy. I tell myself that maybe that man has just got bad news and that Mom is trying to comfort him. It reminds me of a woman I met in a movie theater during intermission. She just told me she had cancer. I spent the next few months wondering how she was doing until I met her again. I would have liked to hug her too. Is this something like this? Is Mom just trying to be kind? I wish I knew.

It's even worse when I see them let go of each other for a moment, chat for a while and then disappear through the door into the hall behind it. As far as I know, that hall leads to the hotel rooms. They may also want to chat with each other, away from all the noise. I wish I knew what they were talking about. It's all so strange and out of place. I mean, why would Mom be so close to another man? And why would Dad not notice it? Maybe he's just too caught up in his own world, too busy with his own business deals and whatnot. Or maybe he doesn't want to see it. Maybe he's in denial. Mom and that guy going to his hotel room? Is she being used as a whore? Before I think about all kinds of things, I try to calm myself down. It could mean anything, but to be honest, it is a bit strange what they do. I'm upset. I don't want to admit it to myself, but I don't feel well at all. I can follow them and see what they are doing. But that's a shame to me. What if I see them kissing? I don't wait any longer, get up and walk to the door. Then I also go through the door to the hall behind it. I pretend I'm looking for a toilet. There is the staircase that leads to the hotel rooms. As far as I can see there is only one way to go here and that is to the hotel rooms. Then there is an emergency exit, but I still assume they didn't use it. Wherever I look, I don't see them. My heart is pounding in my throat. Maybe it's time to give in to my suspicions. Mom and that business guy are in his hotel room. Is she being used as a whore? Or has he found a rare mushroom that he wants to show her? After I have explored every nook and cranny of this small hall and really conclude that there is nothing to see here, I go back to my place. How glad I am that I have my book with me. It's about time Dad got involved. And where is he anyway? A strange thought occurs to me. It can't be that Dad has arranged this himself in such a way that he outsources Mom as a whore to his business friends? Both Mom and Dad are cut from completely different cloth. And we are Christians.... I also have no intention of informing Dad of what is going on at this stage. Soon I'll be messing up things that aren't there at all. And... there's

another reason why I'm keeping Dad out of it for a while. Somewhere, deep inside me, I feel horny when I think about how my mother is currently playing the whore, even when nothing is happening. To what extent do I want to escalate this situation by keeping my mouth shut for now? I feel jealousy, revenge and horniness all at the same time. And I know that the longer this situation continues, the more confused I will become.

When I'm back at my old place, confusion sets in. How long will I stay here? Maybe it's time to go home? I'm here on my bike, so I'm free to come and go. Probably no one will notice if I leave. Another half hour passes. Mom is still nowhere to be seen. Clearly there's something going on between Mom and that guy. Unless Dad is under hypnosis, no one can tell me that he isn't part of some conspiracy to outsource Mom as a whore. I get up and go outside, on the way home. Maybe it's time to confront them, or at least talk to Dad about it. But as I ride my bike, I realize that I don't want to lose my only ally in this mess. Dad may be distant and preoccupied, but he's still family. And if he's involved in something shady, I need to be there for him.

At home I was confused, my youngest sister asked me what was wrong. I said I wanted to keep it to myself. I couldn't think of anything better than to go to bed. I also had some obligations the next day so I didn't want to make it late anyway. But falling asleep didn't go well. I regularly suffer from insomnia - sleeplessness - and this night was also erratic. Initially I fell asleep quickly and I also slept deeply. But when I heard rumbling I quickly woke up again. I understood that Mom and Dad had come home. I heard no signs of an argument. Dad even laughed, so maybe nothing bad had happened after all. Mom's voice sounded too and my sisters' voices. It reassured me that the atmosphere at first hearing was good. I could tell that they had had something to drink. My youngest sister also chatted about how Mom had drunk too much. I tried to fall asleep again, which I succeeded. But as the night went on I kept waking up, sometimes because I had to pee. Then it happened that I met Mom in the hallway early in the morning. she had to pee too. she greeted me cheerfully. "Hey," she said softly to me before hugging me. My heart was in my throat again. This was the mother who was mine again. It was hard to get the thoughts out of my mind about the other thing, that a few hours earlier she might have played the whore with another man's body penetrating her. But now, in this moment, she was just my mom again, and that was enough for me.

The following days it seemed as if nothing had happened. Only my youngest sister seemed to notice my confusion. She looked at me every now and then to find out what happened at the party. From what I knew her, she seemed to guess my thoughts. I had a good relationship with her, better than with the eldest sister with whom I also got along quite well. I was curt with Mom, just enough to let her know that there was something I didn't like. My youngest sister kept guessing every now and then. She expected a revelation or something that definitely had something to do with Mom.

Normal life also continued. I did my school work and in between I did temporary work. In the back of my mind I kept in mind to return to the hotel for a cup of coffee. Then I would experience the atmosphere again and get in better touch with that evening. I thought Dad was becoming increasingly salty. I walked around with a big mystery while he just whined about his new car. Besides, I understood that there was another business party coming up soon. Maybe Mom would go there again. It was hard to say.

The next week my youngest sister came to me to ask what was bothering me so much. She was wearing one of those nice slightly worn jeans and not much more than a bra. I was used to seeing my sisters like this. Nevertheless, I admitted to myself that I jerked off to them every once in a while. They certainly realized this. There was a good bond of trust between me and my sisters. Sometimes we lay in each other's arms, and they challenged me a little. My youngest sister had once asked me what I found sexy in women. I mentioned that worn-out jeans turned me on. It wasn't long before she was wearing jeans in my presence. But we really stayed nice to each other. The fact that I had confided my fetish to her made our bond closer.

And mom finally came to ask me what was wrong with me? I responded curtly to her. She wanted to know why? I looked her straight in the eyes. She was a terribly beautiful mother, I was blessed to have her.

"Mom, who was that man in that hotel you were flirting with? You also disappeared into the hall with him. As far as I know, that hall only leads to the hotel rooms." I kept my gaze steady, not wanting to look away, not wanting to give her any excuse to evade the question.

Her face flushed a deep red, and her lips parted slightly, revealing the slight tremble. It was the first time I had ever seen my mother so vulnerable. She took a deep breath, and then, slowly, she began to speak.

What? I said. My heart was pounding in my ears. She looked at me, her eyes shifting away, and then back again. It was as if she was searching for something in my expression, something that would make this easier for her.

mom: Thomas, I need to tell you something. I've... I've been unfaithful to your father. I've been seeing another man. His name is David. He's been... he's been very good to me. But it's wrong, and I'm sorry. I didn't want to hurt you or your sisters, or your father. I don't know what came over me.

Thomas: You were drunk to begin with.

mom: Yes. That's true. I was drunk. But that's no excuse. I should have known better. I should have been stronger. I should have been the mother you deserve. I'm so sorry, Thomas. I don't know what to do.

Thomas: Did mister David pump you up?

mom: No, things happened between us, but he did not penetrate me or fill me up.

Thomas: hmmm, you jerked him off?

mom: Yes, I did. I'm sorry. I'm so ashamed.

Thomas: Did he pay you for that?

mom: (she knows that as a mother she wants to be honest to her son).

Thomas: he paid you mom to jerk him off? I will say nothing to dad

mom: Yes, Thomas. He paid me. I'm so sorry. I should have been stronger. I should have waited until I was sober. I should have known better. I don't know what to do. I'm just so ashamed. I don't want to lose you and your sisters. I don't want to lose your father. I don't want to lose my family.

Thomas: Fine mom, you are honest to me. Will you see him again?

mom: promise, no.

Thomas: Mom, if you do, you let me know because you are my mother.

mom: I promise, Thomas. I won't see him again. I will end it with him. I will make things right. I will be the mother you deserve. I will be there for you and your sisters. I will be there for your father. I will make this right. I love you, Thomas. I am so sorry for hurting you.

Thomas: how to end it with him? Will you write him a nice letter, of have a nice talk with this shithead? Give him another kiss and say goodbye?

mom: I will end it with him by no longer seeing him, by no longer speaking to him, by no longer giving him the pleasure of my company. I will make things right with your father, with our family. I will show him that I am strong enough to resist temptation, that I am worthy of our love. I will make this right, Thomas. I promise. I love you.

Thomas: Mom, for this moment this is our secret. I feel my youngest sister does know that something is wrong.

mom: What are you going to say to her?

Thomas: No idea, she's your daughter so she has the right to hear the truth. But I know now that you played a whore. I'll think of a good excuse. The question is whether she will fall for it. I once told her that I like women in worn-out jeans and now she wears jeans for me all the time. she makes a game of it but she is smart.

mom: I'm so sorry, Thomas. I never wanted this for you or your sisters. I should have been stronger. I should have been better. I will make this right. I love you, son.

Thomas: Yes, it's a serious situation you've put our family in. I hope you understand that well. I'll think about what I say to my sisters.

mom: Of course, Thomas. I'm here for you, no matter what. I love you, my son.

Thomas: You don't even ask me how I feel.

mom: I know how you must feel, Thomas. I'm sorry for putting you through this. I love you, son.

Thomas: Mom, there might be something else I need to say. Something that is difficult for me.

mom: You can tell me anything, Thomas. I'm here for you. I'm your mother.

Thomas: Mom, I'm shocked at how jealous I am. I think I'm in love with you.

mom: What are you saying???? Oh no....

Thomas: I am sorry mom.

mom: No, no, no. Thomas, that's not possible. I'm your mother. I'm your parent. You can't be in love with me. I'm here for you, as your mother, to help you, to guide you, to love you. That's all it is. It's a mother's love, nothing more.

Thomas: I know, but I thought it was safe to tell you this.

mom: Of course, Thomas. I understand. It's just...it's not what I expected to hear. It's not what I want to hear. I need to process this. I need some time. Just know that I will always be your mother, no matter what. I will always love you, and I will always be

here for you. Let's give each other some space, okay? You can come to me when you're ready to talk more about it. I promise to listen, and to support you, no matter what you need.

A few days later I go to the hotel to experience *deja vû* of that infamous evening. For myself, I want to have a complete picture of what happened, both between Mom and that guy and with my own feelings of that evening. When I enter the hotel seems very different, now without a party. There are not that many guests. Only the bar is quite full thanks to a TV screen showing Formula 1. The thoughts of Mom become stronger. With every step I take here, I miss her more. The pain I felt that evening seems to come back like a boomerang. My intuition had not deceived me and my suspicions were well-founded. Mom cheated on me that night. I still wonder if I could have stopped it? I should have intervened when they were hugging each other. Should I have followed them when they went through that door into the hall? Should I have said to Mom, "What are you doing?" Would nothing have happened then? There is a very beautiful woman sitting at the bar. I don't want to use the word "whore", especially now that Mom has also ended up in this water. But... the woman doesn't look like a flower seller. I take a seat on the empty bar stool next to her. She immediately looks at me. "Are you going to sit here long?" she says, a bit unfriendly. "I have no idea," I say, "I want to at least order a coffee." Now I understand why she asks me that question. I'm holding a potential customer's seat. "I'll be out soon," I say. The barmaid comes, I order a coffee. I don't recognize her from the party. "Thank you," I say. she rolls her eyes, looks at me, looks at me in the mirror. "Are you from here?" she asks. "Yes" I say. "And you're heartbroken," she says. My hands are shaking. "How do you know that?" "People skills," she says, "I see it this way when a man is heartbroken."

"We had a party here recently and my mother was flirting with a man."

"Ahah," she says. "Is your mother a whore?"

"I don't want to draw such a quick conclusion, but I don't know what really happened."

"Two weeks ago, a woman at a party jerked off a man in his hotel room for a huge amount of money. There's a good chance that was your mother."

I blink. "How did you get that information?"

"I have my sources," she says. "That man also pumped up your mother with a bicycle pump. That's why she got so much money."

"With a bicycle pump?"

"Yep," she says.

I had never heard of that, using a bicycle pump to pump up a whore. It sounds very painful. "So, what does that mean?"

"It means that she was a whore," she says. "Your mother was a whore. And now you know it."

"How do I know that you're not lying to me?"

She smiles. "Oh, I'm not lying to you. Your mother is a whore. And that's the truth."

I don't know what to say. I've never seen Mom like that. I don't even know what she looks like naked. And the thought that she could do such things with other men...it's too much for me.

"Maybe you are confused with another woman?"

"I do not think so." she says. "I think your mother is very good at calming men down with her voice."

"How do you know that? You don't even know her."

"I have people skills," she says, "and I quickly know what a woman is like."

"But she's my mother!"

"I'm sorry," she says. "But your mother was a whore. And that's the truth."

You're saying my mother is a WHORE? I can't believe it. I can't accept it. It's too much for me. I start to cry. I don't know what to do. I don't want to believe it. I want to think she's innocent. I want to think she didn't do it. I want to think she's the woman I remember. But the more I hear, the more I realize that maybe she really was a whore. Maybe she really did do those things. Maybe she really did enjoy them. And maybe that's why she's not here with me anymore. Maybe that's why she's gone. And maybe, just maybe, I'll never know the real truth. What about the bicycle pump?" I ask.

"Oh," she says, "that's just something they do for the money. It's like when you inflate a balloon. You know, to make it bigger. And when they do that, the man gets more excited. And the woman gets more money."

I can't take it anymore. "A balloon?" "Or a Bicycle tube? she was pumped up like that?" I ask.

"Yes, a bicycle tube," she says. "It's not a big deal. It's just something they do for the money. It's not like it hurts or anything."

I shake my head. "I can't believe it."

She shrugs. "Believe it or not, it's the truth."

I look at her, tears streaming down my face. "Why did she do it?" I choke out. "Why did she do those things?"

The woman looks at me with pity in her eyes. "Maybe she needed the money," she says. "Maybe she needed the attention. Maybe she was just looking for something to fill a void inside her. I don't know, sweetie. I'm just telling you what I've seen and heard. Would you love to watch you mother calming down men and reasurring them with her voice? Would you love to see that? How your mum calms down strange men?"

I close my eyes, trying to block out the images that she's putting in my head. Trying to remember the mother I once knew. The one who sang to me and read me stories and made me feel safe. But the more I try, the more I see her in a different light. The more I see the truth. And the more I realize that maybe, just maybe, I'll never really know who she was.

"I don't know if I want to see that?" Another question: "Do you think it was her first and only time she played whore?"

"I don't know," the woman says. "I don't know anything about your mother's past. All I know is what I've seen and heard in the last few weeks. But I can tell you one thing: she was good at it. My intuition says that she will not do this again. Most likely it was a one time experience. It could have happened to any women. Does it hurt you? (She puts her hand on my thigh bone.)"

I shake my head, unable to speak. The weight of this knowledge is too much for me to bear. I want to go back to believing in the innocent, loving mother I once knew. But the truth won't let me go. It's like a stone in my gut, weighing me down and twisting my insides.

"I just want to go home," I whisper.

"I know," the woman says, putting her arm around me. "I know it's hard. But you have to remember that your mother is a WHORE. And that's the truth. (She slides her hand towards my crotch)"

"She is my mother." I say.

"I know," she says softly. "And I'm sorry. But your mother is a whore. And you need to accept that. It's the only way you can move forward."

She slides her hand closer to his crotch. "Yes your mother is a WHORE," she says, stroking elegantly his crotch.

Thomas feels a hard-on coming on.

She softly keeps stroking his crotch where she sometimes gently squeezes his penis through the pants. "And it's okay to feel attracted to your mother. It's natural. It's just a part of being human. You don't need to be ashamed of it."

"Your mother is a WHORE, Thomas. And she's a good one," the woman says, stroking his crotch. "And it's okay to want to be with her. It's okay to want to be close to her. Even if she's a WHORE."

"Do you think that your mother can reassure strange men very well?" she whispers, massaging his crotch with her hand.

Thomas nods, feeling more and more aroused. "Yes," he says. "She can be very reassuring."

"Your mother is very good at calming men down," she says. "She's very good at making them feel safe and protected. Just like I'm doing with you now."

Thomas closes his eyes, imagining his mother talking to him in that calm, soothing voice. His mother, the whore. He gives in to the pleasure, letting the woman stroke his hardening cock through his pants.

"Don't your father's business friends want to be reassured by your mother? How would your mother do that? Would your mother reassure your father's business friends?" she is still stroking his crotch.

"Yes," Thomas whispers. "She would."

"How would your mother reassure your father's business friends?" she whispers, her hand moving faster on his crotch.

"She would... she would WHISPER to your father's business friends.

Thomas breathing deeper. "This feels good," he says.

Imagine how your mother WHISPERS to your father's business friends... They will calm down from her. And they will laugh at you, your mother and those business friends." She is stroking and stroking his crotch. "All the business men laugh at you Thomas because you are jealous." She stokes his crotch a bit faster now. "The business men will take your safe mother away from you and they will laugh at you because she is serving them."

Thomas gets a hard-on like he never had before. "Fuck," he whispers. "Fuck, I'm gonna..."

"Cum," she says, and squeezes his cock through his pants. "Cum for your mother. Cum for the whore."

Thomas, I know why your mother and that jerk were hugging near the door. They wanted you to see them first before they disappeared to his hotel room. They wanted to break your soul. They wanted to make you sure that she was not your mom anymore but now she was his slut. And you know what, Thomas? You should be angry. You should hate them both. You should hate your mother. But you know what else? You should accept the truth. Your mother is a whore. And that's okay. It doesn't make her less of a mom. It doesn't make her less of a person. It just means that she's human. Just like the rest of us. And she has needs. And she has made choices. And she has consequences. And she's still your mom. And she still loves you. Even if she's a whore. Even if she's a whore. Even if she's a whore. She strokes his crotch very fast now.

Thomas they had waited all the time at the door hugging each other, until you noticed them doing that. Your safe mother wanted to let you know that she was his for a few hours. She strokes, she strokes. "Cum for your whore mommy, Thomas." She squeezes his cock and feels how he is about to cum. "Cum for your whore mommy."

Your whore mommy has hurt you so intensely by hugging with this dickhead openly. She wanted to humiliate you and make you jealous as hell. She reassured this business man the same way as she did to you when you were a child. She hissed at him, wiggled her ass, maybe farted and pressed him intimately. She caresses his crotch faster and faster. Does it hurt you Thomas that your mother has reassured a businessman? I think that she would have reassured you. But she did not because she was a whore mommy. Your mother the whore, Thomas, reassured the wrong guy because he offered more money than you did. Does it hurt you? she strokes and strokes. ""See," she says. "It's not so bad, being the son of a whore. Now you know the truth, and you can decide for yourself how you feel about it." That is what you are Thomas a son of a whore." "Does it hurt you Thomas that your whore mommy was pumped up with a bicycle pump?" she strokes and strokes. "Maybe you should buy a bicycle pump for yourself and pump your mommy up next time." She squeezes his cock and feels how he is about to cum. "

"You say I should do that?" he moans.

"Yes, you son of a whore, you buy a big bicycle pump, whore son and pump your whore mommy up." The lady next to him squeezes his cock and feels how he is about to cum. "

"Thomas you are a son of a whore." she whispers. "You will always be a son of a whore. And your whore mommy will always reassure business men and they will laugh at you because your whore mommy is their slut now." She squeezes his cock again, and Thomas feels like he's going to explode. "

"Cum for your whore mommy, Thomas."

Thomas cums, shooting his load into his pants.

Rarely did he come so violently. He grunts as he feels the cum spraying into his pants while the woman next to him continues to massage his crotch. Your whore mother can do this too, she lisps. There seems to be no end to his ejaculation. He stands next to his stool shaking on his legs and holds on to the bar table while the woman next to him continues to massage his crotch. An incredible ejaculation, he squeals with pleasure. "There," says the woman next to him as she continues to caress his crotch and the same testicle through his now wet pants. Your whore mother is so good at reassuring businessmen by whispering to them. She has people skills, and she is so good with her hands. You should accept the truth, Thomas, that your mother is a whore. And that's okay. It doesn't make her less of a mom. It doesn't make her less of a person. It just means that she's human. Just like the rest of us. And she has needs. And she has made choices. And she has consequences. And she's still your mom. And she still loves you. Even if she's a whore. Even if she's a whore. Even if she's a whore.

"Holy shit, this was good," he pants. "I've never had a massage like that before. Thanks, lady."

"You're welcome," she says with a wink. "And remember, your whore mommy will always be here for you. Even if she's busy reassuring businessmen. And your whore mother, she will continue to reassure them, to make them feel good about themselves, to make them laugh. And she'll keep her secrets. But you know the truth now, Thomas. You know that your mother is a whore. And you can decide for yourself how you feel about that. You can love her, or you can hate her. It's up to you."

Thomas takes a deep breath and looks around. He can't believe what just happened. He can't believe that his own mother was just discussed in such a way. But he also can't deny the incredible pleasure he just experienced. He walks over to the woman who told him about his whore mommy and gives her a hug.

"Holy shit, this was good. Do I have to pay you because I have not too much money." "Of course not, Thomas," she says, patting him on the back. "Your whore mother would want you to enjoy yourself. And you did. You really did. Just remember, if you ever need a good reassurance, or some quality time with a whore, don't hesitate to come back to me."

Thomas nods, still in shock. "I'll do that," he says. "Thanks, lady."

As he leaves the bar, he can't help but wonder what his mother is doing right now. Is she reassuring another businessman? Is she laughing with her friends? Or is she

thinking about him? But for now, he's just grateful for the amazing massage and the woman who told him the truth about his whore mother.

Now he's worried about that big wet spot in his pants. He must have a very good excuse if he wants to prove that he spilled coffee. And what will his sisters say when they see him like this? They had already caught him jerking off once. Giggling, they ducked back into the hallway, he was terribly ashamed. But he's still their brother, and they still love him. Even if their mom is a whore. Even if she's a WHORE.

The next day I go to Mom for an update. We are at home and we are alone. She is a bit nervously irritated. Clearly, it is best to forget everything. Who cares if she's inflated with a bicycle pump? She admits she's a whore. It's not up to me to bother her endlessly about that. And yet I want to mention it. She remains friendly. "Mom, don't feel attacked," I say, but there is a rumor going around that hotel about you."

"Which hotel?" she says, "or have you been back?"

"I can have a cup of coffee there, right?"

She looks at me questioningly. "Are you investigating me or something?"

"Mom, don't feel attacked so quickly, no, I just wanted to reset myself in that hotel. I didn't do much more than drink coffee there. But there was a woman at the bar and she told me what happened to me. happened to you."

"Ah, a woman at the bar? A whore?"

"Well maybe. At least a woman with access to information."

"What did madam whore say about me? Was she looking for a colleague who wants to calm down her customers?"

"Mom, listen, you've basically said enough about yourself. You don't need to go into it any further. But if you want to tell the whole story again, I'd appreciate it. You are my mother."

She looks at me challengingly but with a faint smile.

"Have you seen David too?"

"Didn't see that," I say.

"Well what did that whore say about me?"

"David pumped you up with a bicycle pump for a fee. That's what she said."

There's a pause.

"Oh," she says. "That's pretty much it."

she said she thinks it was a one-time slip-up on your part. It could have happened to any woman. She wasn't out to drag you through the mud. Just giving you a heads-up."

"Did it really happen with that bicycle pump?" I ask. "I mean, how did you..."

"Well, dear, you know how things get blown out of proportion sometimes. I'm sure she was just exaggerating. But if it makes you feel better, I'll tell you that yes, David was very creative with his tools."

"Mom, did David pump you up like I pump up my bicycle tire?"

"Yes, that is what David did. He pumped me up the same way as you do it to your bicycle tire. And he paid me a lot for it."

"Why would he do that?"

"Well, dear, people have different fantasies and desires. Some people like to feel a woman's body pressed against them, while others like to feel the woman's skin stretch and snap. It's just the way of the world."

"Okay, Mom. I guess I can accept that. But don't worry, I'm not going to tell anyone about this."

"Thank you, Thomas. I appreciate your understanding."

"May I ask you a return question, Thomas?"

"You ask..."

"Did the whore at the bar calm you down?"

"Yes she did. And she even said that you are good in reassuring business men with your voice."

"Ah, well, that's nice to hear. I'm glad I could help."

There's a moment of silence as we both look at each other. It feels like we're both thinking the same thing: that we are both in this together.

"She said that? But she doesn't know me."

"But she said she has Human knowledge."

"Well, in that case, I guess I'll have to trust her judgment. Thanks for telling me, Thomas."

"You're welcome, Mom."

Do you think I should test it out, Thomas, to see if I can reassure businessmen with my voice?"

"That would be something, mom."

"Hmm, maybe I should. But I think I'll need to practice a bit first. I'm not sure I can compete with the pros like that whore at the bar."

"It sounded as she was impressed by you."

"Well, thank you, dear. I appreciate that. Maybe I'll give it a try sometime. Who knows, maybe I'll find a new niche for myself."

Mom, I believe as the whore at the bar said that you do have the skills to reassure other men. However, maybe it is time to change topic. I'm sure you are tired of talking about this kind of things.

"Not necessarily Thomas, that whore at the bar really got me thinking. But at the same time I promised you that I won't cheat again. I think it would be a good idea to stick to that. I'm still curious about how that whore at the bar calmed you down? Did she give you tranquilizers?"

"She has masturbated me while she spoke softly about you reassuring business men. It turned me on how she spoke and whispered to me."

"What??? Did she say?" (Mom laughs) "Oh, well, that's an interesting approach. I guess she must have been really good at it if it worked on you."

"Yes, she was. She kept saying you would reassure business men. It was almost hilarious. But it did work. I cummed."

"Did she stroke your crotch with her tender hands and whisper in your ears about me pleasuring other men? And that was what turned you on?"

"Yes, that was how it went." (Mom laughs again) "I can see how that could be effective. Maybe I should try that next time."

"I think it would be a good idea to test it out. You never know, you might find yourself a new line of work."

"You think so, Thomas? You really think I could do that?"

"I believe you can, mom. You have a very calming voice and a way with words. I think you could definitely find a niche in that sort of thing."

"Well, if you think so, then maybe I will give it a try. Thank you, dear. You always know how to make me feel better."

"Yes, mom I think you can calm down other men very well."

"Why, thank you, Thomas. That means a lot to me. Maybe there's hope for me yet."

We both laugh, feeling a bit lighter than before. The conversation about the whore at the bar and my reassuring abilities seems to have taken the sting out of Mom's guilt and David's infidelity. For now, at least, we can find some humor in the situation and even see potential for new opportunities.

Mom, it was a fluke that I just ran into that whore at the bar. She has unintentionally helped us a lot with her crooning about calming down men. I think she is also curious about what happens next with you and between us. She was a playful type. Maybe you should contact her again and ask her for some advice.

"That's a good idea, Thomas. I'll consider it. Maybe I can use her as a mentor of sorts. Thanks for the suggestion."

"You're welcome, mom."

There's a pause as we both reflect on the unusual turn of events. David's affair still weighs heavily on both of our minds, but for now, we can find a small measure of comfort in the thought that maybe there's something positive that can come out of this situation.

So mom, you want to change subject?

"Yes, Thomas. Let's talk about something else for a while. How was your day at school today?"

And so, we begin a new conversation, our voices growing more casual and lighthearted as we slowly find our way back to normalcy.

Okay mom, a new drama is coming. I do temporary work (you had to do that, remember?). My boss or maybe an employee downloaded Facebook photos of you and hung them in the factory where I work, next to the Pin Up photos of other women. That is his revenge because I had expressed some criticism of my work on Facebook. Apparently he's spying on me. You are hanging in our factory in your worn jeans and bra. Be glad it is not nude pics. Then there is also a pile of your photo's in the laundry room of our factory where the truckdrivers wash. As far as I know the truck drivers have already halved the pile. Mom, you want me to take your photo's away? Or should I confront the boss? Or maybe I should just ignore it and let them have their fun?

Mom: Well, Thomas, that certainly sounds like a complicated situation. It's interesting that the whore at the bar had a way of calming you down, and now you're facing a different kind of drama at work. I can understand your confusion about how to handle this.

I: The whore at the bar would shove my boss's cigar up his ass.

Mom: Well, Thomas, it seems like the whore at the bar has some advice for you even though she's not here. I'm not surprised that the boss or an employee is spying on you and using your personal life to get back at you. That's just the kind of petty behavior you can expect in some workplaces.

I: I told my boss that the wall and your photos now finally look demonstrable and that he has no taste with those Pin up photos and that I am proud that I have a beautiful mother. To my colleagues we make rude comments about you, how much they will pay for an evening with you in a hotel room. But hey, they're working people, right? I also told my boss that the truck drivers with your photos will now finally sleep peacefully and not continue driving non-stop. My boss still has to laugh.

Mom: That's quite a response from your boss. It's good that you stood up for yourself and didn't let the situation intimidate you. It seems like the whore at the bar has had a positive influence on you, teaching you how to handle difficult situations with confidence.

I: I did not count it mom, but I know you mentioned tha whore at the bar at least 5 times now? You seem to have fun with her.

Mom: Oh, don't mind me, Thomas. I'm just enjoying our conversation and finding some humor in the situation. Your boss sounds like a pretty decent guy to be able to laugh about it like that. I'm glad you stood up for yourself and didn't let them push you around. And you know, maybe you could thank the whore at the bar for some of that confidence. She may not be the best influence in other areas, but when it comes to handling difficult situations at work, she seems to have given you some valuable insights.

I: leave the photos in the factory and the laundry room for now, I'm really going to see what that whore at the bar thinks. If I see her again. I now know what she looks like. Maybe next time she'll be at the piano?

Mom: Well, Thomas, it seems like you have some things figured out. It's good that you're going to leave the photos for now and see what the whore at the bar thinks about the situation. Maybe she'll have some more advice for you. You never know where she might pop up next.

so what shall we do now mom? Make some dinner?

Mom: Well, Thomas, since we're on the subject of dinner, why don't we make something special tonight? You know, to celebrate your newfound confidence and your ability to handle difficult situations at work. How about we make that pasta dish you've been craving, with fresh basil and cherry tomatoes? It's been a long day, and I think we both deserve a nice, home-cooked meal.

Two days later

(Mom is coming to me.) I want to take a walk through the woods with you and discuss some things with you. Does it suit you?

I: Okay....

Mom: right in ten minutes we are ready and we go by car to the forest and then walk and talk. Is that okay?

Yes, okay....

(Ten minutes later we are driving to the forest where we park our car. Mom takes a mysterious bag with her.)

Mom, what about that bag?

Mom: I will show you.... (Still sitting in the car). Listen Thomas. I hurt you beyond belief by playing a whore with David. I swear it was a one time thing but that doesn't make your pain any less. I've been thinking about how I can win back your trust.... What if we start something new. What if we walk together in the woods for an hour or two every week to be together. Then I give you the feeling that I belong to you again and not to David or other businessmen who want to be calmed or reassured.

I: that sounds good...

Mom: does it... I want to be your rock, your safe haven. And I want you to know....

I: thanks mom, I really needed this...

Mom: And I want you to know that I am not just saying this because I want to make things right between us. I truly believe that we can have a special bond, just the two of us. I've always been there for you, through thick and thin, and I want to continue to

be that pillar of strength for you. No matter how many Davids had used me as a whore. Because that is what I am, Thomas, a whore, but also your safe mom.

I: thanks mom, so we go for a walk? Talking about the birds?

Mom: well there is this very mysterious bag. It is a very big secret what is inside. I was thinking about how I could make our bond a little more special than just a walk... In that hotel I earned 2000 euros - please don't tell anyone about this... It makes a huge impression on me that you didn't betray me while you have declared that you are in love with me. All in all, it must all be very difficult for you. With that money I can buy you a nice gift. But I was also thinking about something else... (Opens the bag and takes out a pair of very worn jeans). Look Thomas, I wanted to use these jeans for the garden. but I thought it would be a good idea to wear these distressed jeans especially for you when we are together. For your father I wear a wedding ring, for you I wear these worn-out jeans. shall I put it on?

I: yes mom, you do that.

Mom: Well, Thomas, it seems like we're really going to make this work. I'm glad you're open to the idea of us having our special time together. And I'm honored that you're willing to accept this gift. It may not be anything fancy, but it comes from the heart. As for the jeans, well, they're a symbol of my commitment to you. I want you to know that no matter how many men may come and go in my life, you will always be my first love. You will always be my priority. Also we can talk about other men who desire my attention. This jeans is for you, you keep it in your room in a special place. Come to me if you want to wash it. But I will be the only one who is wearing it in your presence. Okey, Thomas?

I: put the jeans on, mom, I will see you in them.

Mom: gets out of the car and changes pants while only the birds and squirrels watch. Now she puts on the worn jeans. She shows her ass to Thomas. Tell me something, Thomas...

I: it is very worn on your buttocks.

Mom: of course Thomas... So shall we walk?

Yes, I come with you....(Mom and son walk slowly through the woods, the sunlight filtering through the trees and dancing on the forest floor. Birds chirp merrily overhead, their songs filling the air with a symphony of life. The worn jeans of the mom chafe against her skin, a constant reminder of her promise to her son.)

I: mom is that a fox? Or a very big rabbit?

mom: It's a fox, Thomas. They're very clever creatures. They're known for their cunning and adaptability. Just like you, my dear son. You've had to be cunning and adaptable as well, dealing with all the changes in your life. I'm proud of the man you're becoming.

Wow, a fox....

Mom: The fox seems to be aware of our presence, but it's not afraid. It continues to watch us curiously, as if it's trying to understand the relationship between a mother and her son. You know, Thomas, sometimes life can be like that fox. We might feel exposed and vulnerable, but if we remain confident and true to ourselves, we can navigate through it. And just like that fox, we can find beauty and solace in the most unexpected places.

Let's stop mom, till the fox moves...

Mom: Indeed, Thomas. Life can be unpredictable, just like that fox. But with patience and wisdom, we can learn to navigate through it. Speaking of which, what do you think about the fox? Does it remind you of anyone in particular?

I: David?

Mom: (smiling) Yes, I suppose in some ways David reminds me of the fox. He's cunning and adaptable, much like the fox. But I also think there's something more to it. There's an elegance to the fox, a grace that perhaps David lacks. But then again, perhaps I'm being too harsh. After all, David has his own strengths and qualities that make him unique. It's just that... well, it's complicated, isn't it? Just like life can be.

I: Mom, I did not want to talk about David, but eh... what will you do if he is at the party again, this saturday?

Mom: I know how to reassure other men Thomas, as i know how to ignore and reject them. If David is there, I will show him my love for you by dancing or talking with you. Good?

I: yes but take care with alcoholics because it would cause broken promises.

Mom: (laughs softly) Yes, you're right. One must always be cautious around alcoholics. But don't worry, Thomas. I've dealt with my fair share of men like that in my line of work. I'll be careful and keep my wits about me. And if anything does

happen, well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. For now, let's focus on enjoying this moment together.

I: Just to spoil the mood, I dreamed about you and David. Nothing else, but I want to tell you and when I wake up it's such a strange feeling.

Mom: Your dreams are just that, Thomas, dreams. They don't have to hold any weight or significance in your waking life. I understand it can be unsettling to have such vivid dreams about someone like David, but you must remember that he has no place in our reality. Our reality is here, in this moment, with each other. I will always be your mother, your confidante, your partner in crime. No matter what happens at the party or in your dreams, you have me, and I will always be here for you.

I: Mom, are you jealous at the whore at the bar, that jerked me off and said you could reassure other men?

Mom: I'm not jealous of the whore at the bar, Thomas. That woman is paid to do what she does. Her words are meaningless. No, my love, I am here for you. I chose you. I will always choose you. You are my son, my family, my everything. No matter what anyone else says or does, they will never change that. And as for the party, we will face it together, as a team. You will be the center of attention, and I will be by your side, shining a light on you, just like that fox. Together, we can navigate through anything life throws at us. We are a strong, resilient pair, my son and I. Nothing can break us apart.

I: You are better than Churchill mom, however I do not agree that the whore was a meaningless speaker. she sounded very wise.

Mom: I'm glad you found wisdom in her words, Thomas. But remember, the whore at the bar is not a role model. Her life is one of compromise and survival, not one of dignity and pride. You are better than that, my son. You have a bright future ahead of you, filled with love and possibility. And as for me, I will always be here to guide you, to support you, and to remind you of your worth.

I: Ah mom, have you ever heard the Churchill speech? For me the whore at the bar is a significant role model. But she is not you. If I must chose, you are the first woman in my life, the second and the third. Then my sisters and then that whore.

Mom: (smiling gently) Well, Thomas, it's good to know that you find wisdom in unexpected places. And while I may not share your admiration for the whore at the bar, I'm glad you see the value in her words. As for your ranking of me in your life... well, that's quite a high honor. But please remember, my dear son, that you are not bound by such labels or categories. You can love and cherish many people throughout

your life, and each one of them will be special in their own way. Including, of course, the whore at the bar. She may have a hard life, but she has insights that we can all learn from. And just like the fox that shines a light on us, we can choose to see the beauty and the value in everyone we meet, even those who society deems as less than worthy.

I: Mom that fox doesn't move. Is he dead? Or is he listening to us?

Mom: (glancing over at the motionless fox) I don't know if it's dead or not, Thomas. But it certainly seems to be listening intently to us. Perhaps it's just enjoying the company, the warmth of our voices. Or maybe it's trying to understand us, to find some sort of connection in this strange and fleeting moment. Just like the whore at the bar, this fox is an outcast, someone who doesn't quite fit in with the rest of the world. And yet, here it is, standing still and silent, observing us, as if to say, "Yes, I may be different, but I am here. I exist. And my existence has meaning, just like yours."

I: Maybe you are good in calming down foxes too.

Mom: I'm glad you see the beauty in the fox, Thomas. Perhaps it's because I've always had a special connection with animals, a way of understanding them that most people don't seem to have. It's as if they can sense something pure and honest in me, something that they respond to. It's a gift, I suppose. And yes, I believe I can calm down a fox, just like I can calm you down when you're feeling overwhelmed. It's all about presence, about being fully present in the moment, and seeing the other person, the animal, for who they truly are.

I: yes mom, I would like it if you would calm me down one time with your whispers. So as long as the fox is there we are standing still?

Mom: Of course, Thomas. I'd be happy to whisper to you when the time is right. For now, let's just enjoy the moment with the fox, shall we? It's as if the world has stopped for just a little while, and we're all standing here together, in this quiet, peaceful place. The whore at the bar may not have meant to be a role model for you, but she does have wisdom, and I believe that you can find value in her words. And as for me, I will always be here to guide you, to support you, and to remind you of your worth.

I: Mom, I notice you do have an obsession with the whore at the bar. Don't say no.

Mom: (laughs softly) Well, I suppose I do have a certain fascination with the whore at the bar. It's not that I condone her lifestyle or the choices she's made, but there's something about her resilience, her ability to survive in a world that would rather see

her fail, that I find incredibly inspiring. She's not a saint, but she's no pushover either. She's seen the worst of humanity, and yet she still finds the strength to stand tall, to speak her mind. And perhaps that's what draws me to her. She's a survivor, a fighter, and a reminder that no matter how bleak things might seem, there is always the possibility of finding your own voice, of carving out a place for yourself in this world.

I: Mom she simply impressed you with her Human Knowledge and the things she said about you... She was not much older than I am...

Mom: (nodding) Yes, she certainly impressed me with her wisdom and the way she articulated her thoughts. And you're right, she wasn't much older than you. That makes her words all the more powerful, because they come from someone who's been through similar experiences, someone who's had to navigate the world on her own terms. It's easy to dismiss her as a "whore" or a "loser," but to do so would be to miss the lessons she has to teach us. The whore at the bar reminds me of a quote I read once, from a famous author named Virginia Woolf: "A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction." In a way, the whore at the bar has created her own room, her own space in the world, despite the obstacles and the judgment of others. And in doing so, she's become stronger, wiser, and more resilient than most of us will ever be.

I: maybe she is there too on saturday...

Mom: (nodding thoughtfully) It's certainly a possibility. If you do see her again, I'd love to hear what she has to say. In the meantime, why don't we focus on the present moment? The fox is still here, and I'm sure it would appreciate some of your whispers just as much as I would.

I: so mom our first project to be together in the wood has been stopped by a stupid fox. We could walk for a while. We have the same rights to walk here as that fox.

Mom: Well, Thomas, I suppose we could take a short walk. But let's remember to respect the fox's space and not disturb it any further. Perhaps we can find a new area of the forest to explore together, somewhere where we can feel just as free as that fox. And who knows? Perhaps we'll come across another animal that we can share a moment with, or even the whore at the bar herself.

I: if the whore at the bar meets us here, she will love your worn jeans. Let me watch your ass mom.

Mom: (laughs softly) Oh, you flatterer. I'm sure the whore at the bar would appreciate my jeans for entirely different reasons. But perhaps she'd find some common ground

with you. After all, we're both just trying to make our way in this world, in our own unique ways.

(I watching mom's worn jeans ass)

Mom: (smiling at me as she notices my gaze)

I: you are beautiful mom, you belong to that category of women that has always been unattainable for me.

Mom: (blushing slightly) Well, Thomas, you're a very kind boy. I'm sure the whore at the bar would appreciate your compliment just as much as I do. But let's not get too lost in admiration. There's a whole forest out there waiting to be explored, and who knows what adventures await us around the next bend? Perhaps we'll find a beautiful clearing where we can sit and talk about our favorite memories, or maybe we'll stumble upon a hidden stream where we can cool off on a hot summer day. The possibilities are endless, just like the women who inhabit this world.

I: mom, there is a bench and a waterpool.

Mom: (smiling) Well, Thomas, why don't we head over to the bench and the waterpool you've found? It sounds lovely. Perhaps while we're there, we can think of a way to make our own space in this world, just like the whore at the bar did. Maybe we can even find our own voices, our own paths. Who knows? The forest is full of possibilities.

I: Mom, you are way more obsessed with the whore at the bar that I am with David.

Mom: (laughs softly) You're right, Thomas. I suppose I've been thinking about the whore at the bar a lot lately. There's something about her resilience and strength that I find truly inspiring. Perhaps it's because I see a bit of myself in her, or perhaps it's because she reminds me of the paths not taken in my own life.

I: have you ever thought of prostitution, mom?

Mom: (considering the question) You know, Thomas, it's not something I've ever really thought about doing. But I suppose in some ways, being a mother is a form of prostitution in its own right. We sell ourselves, our bodies, our time, our love... We give ourselves completely to our children, hoping that they will be enough to make up for all the things we've sacrificed along the way. And just like the whore at the bar, we learn to navigate the dangerous waters of this world, using whatever tools we have at our disposal to survive and thrive.

I: please mom, stop speaking as Shakespeare. Have you ever fantasized about prostitution, doing it as a last option? Out of curiosity?

Mom: (chuckling softly) I used to joke about it. Yes, of course I have fantasized about it. And once I almost crossed a line, but I didn't have enough courage.

I: okay.

Mom: so I never did.

I: so you never did, except now with David with his bicycle pump.

Mom: (laughs softly) Ah, yes. David and his bicycle pump. I suppose I should be flattered that he finds me attractive enough to want to... well, you know. But it's not the same as the real thing, is it? It's not like being with someone who truly desires me, someone who sees beyond the surface and into my soul. And as much as I joke about it, I don't think I could ever truly give myself to someone like that... not anymore. The whore at the bar, she has her freedom, her own space, her own voice. She doesn't have to answer to anyone. I envy her, in a way.

I: maybe one day you will meet the whore at the bar, mom. something tells me that I will meet her again. She said I always could come to her for advice, even with the fact that I am in love with you. But she did not say how and when.

Mom: (smiling warmly) Oh, Thomas, you never cease to surprise me with your imagination. I hope that when you do meet the whore at the bar, you'll remember to treat her with the respect and kindness that she deserves. She's seen a lot in her life, and she has wisdom to share if you're willing to listen. As for me, well... I'm content with the path I've chosen, even if it's not always easy. I have you, after all, and that's a gift beyond measure.

I: mom I am not sure if the whore at the bar knows David. It sounded like that...

Mom: (listening intently) Hmm, that's interesting. Maybe I'll have to ask her about that next time I see her. In the meantime, though, why don't we head over to the bench and the waterpool you've found? It sounds lovely. Perhaps while we're there, we can think of a way to make our own space in this world, just like the whore at the bar did. Maybe we can even find our own voices, our own paths. Who knows? The forest is full of possibilities.

(I watching mom's worn jeans ass) Mom I cannot take my eyes of your worn jeans ass. Maybe I make a photograph of it and then a tattoo of this photo on my shoulder? A tattoo of your worn jeans ass on my shoulder? With "Mother" tattooed above it.... I

will ask the whore at the bar what she thinks of that. I think she will be laughing for a month long.

Mom: (laughs softly) Oh, Thomas. You are quite the romantic, aren't you? A tattoo of my ass on your shoulder, with 'Mother' above it... Well, I'm flattered, I really am. But you should know that I'd rather have you get a tattoo of a beautiful flower, or maybe a bird in flight. Something that represents your own spirit and your own dreams.

I: no your worn jeans ass is almost artistic.

Mom: (smiling fondly) Well, if that's what you truly want, then I suppose I can't stop you. But promise me one thing: you'll think long and hard about it before you make such a permanent decision. And if you do decide to get a tattoo, make sure it's something that you'll always be proud of, something that will represent you, not just me. Okay?

I: I think it is a hot idea. But what will dad say?

Mom: (laughs softly) Ah, yes. Your father. I can't help but wonder what he'd say about all of this. He's always been rather traditional, you know. But you're his son, Thomas. And maybe... just maybe... he'll come around. In the end, it's your choice, your life. I'll support you, no matter what you decide.

I: what will my sisters say?

Mom: (nods thoughtfully) That's something to consider as well, isn't it? Your sisters might have their opinions as well. But ultimately, they should support you, just as I will. They've always looked up to you, you know. You're their big brother, and they admire your courage and your independence. So I'm sure they'll understand and be proud of you, no matter what you decide.

I: I think they will laugh to death.

Mom: (smiling fondly) Well, Thomas, if that's what you truly want, then I'll support you in any way I can. And who knows? Maybe your sisters will surprise you and find the humor in it as well. They've always been a bit more open-minded than you might think. In the end, as long as you're happy and you're true to yourself, that's all that truly matters.

I: it is a pity I do not have my camera with me. I would take some photo's of your worn jeans ass.

Mom: yes it is... (laughing) Are you serious about tattooing my ass on your shoulder?

I: for the moment I am.

Mom: (laughs) Well, Thomas, if you really want to do that, I guess you should ask the whore at the bar what she thinks. Maybe she can give you some advice on getting a tattoo. Or maybe she'd even be willing to draw it for you! (chuckles) Who knows? But remember, once you get a tattoo, it's there for life. So make sure you're absolutely certain about it.

i: will I ever find a wife with that tattoo?

Mom: Well, Thomas, you never know what could happen. You might just find someone who appreciates that sort of thing. Or, you know, you could always get it removed if it's that important to you. But I think it's a bit of a risk, don't you? People tend to have strong opinions about tattoos. Some might find it endearing, while others might see it as disrespectful or childish. Only you can decide if that's a risk you're willing to take.

I: if people ask me, what the tattoo is about, I say them it is my mother's worn jeans ass.

Mom: (chuckles) Well, Thomas, I suppose that's one way of looking at it. But keep in mind that people might not always understand your sense of humor. The whore at the bar might not take it too kindly if she thinks you're making fun of her or disrespecting me. Just be careful with how you present your idea to her.

I: if I ever meet her again. It was just coincidence she was there when I had a broken heart of you and David.

Mom: The whore at the bar? You mean that... interesting woman who you met that night? Well, Thomas, she might have some interesting insights for you. I'm sure she's seen her fair share of tattoos and body art. Why don't you ask her what she thinks? Maybe she can offer some advice or even suggest an artist who could help you out. Just be careful with how you approach her, and make sure you're clear about what you want.

I: but at the end, you will have to give your permission.... It is your ass on my shoulder.

Mom: Well, Thomas, if that's what you truly want, then I'll support you in any way I can. And who knows? Maybe the whore at the bar will surprise you as well.

I: Mom, can I lean against you safely and be safe with you, here on the couch?

Mom: (smiling warmly) Of course you can, Thomas. I'm always here for you. And no, you don't have to ask permission for a tattoo. It's your body, and you can do whatever you want with it. If you really want to get a tattoo of my ass on your shoulder, then that's your choice. Just make sure you're absolutely certain about it, because it's not something you can undo easily.

I: I lean close to Mom. I feel safe. "I feel safe mom".

Mom: (smiling warmly) It's so good to hear that, Thomas. You should always feel safe and secure with your family. And you know, even if things don't work out with the whore at the bar, or if you decide not to get the tattoo after all, it's okay. You've got me and your sisters, and we'll always be here for you, no matter what.

I: Yeah, but fantasizing about you is different from fantasizing about my sisters.

Mom: (smiling warmly) Well, Thomas, I suppose that's one way of honoring me. But I must warn you, a tattoo like that could be quite controversial. People might not understand the sentiment behind it, and you might face some criticism. However, if it truly makes you feel closer to me, then I'm sure I could learn to live with it.

That next week life took its normal course. I store Mom's worn jeans in a hat box in my room. Mom only wears the used jeans when we are together. I'm looking forward to the next appointment but I'll leave it to her. The daily worries come back to our family. Yet something has changed. Mom tickles me off and toes on the carpet and she winks at me. Sometimes she is also old-fashioned strong, but then there is a wink.

Somewhere one afternoon I see... the whore from the bar again. She is now wearing sunglasses and standing in line at a store. Of course, whores shop too. she sees me too but she doesn't respond. So I wait outside until she comes out too. I think she already figured that out. When she comes out I try to contact her.

"Hello," I say, "do you remember me?"

She even looks at me with a more serious look than when she was sitting at the bar.

"Yes," she says, "your mother is a WHORE and you are Thomas..."

"Yes," I say, "I told my mother about you, she is quite mad about you."

"Oh yeah?" she says, "It doesn't seem to affect her."

"Do you know a good tattoo parlor?" I ask, "I want to tattoo her ass on my shoulder."

"Oh, that's kinky," she says, "why don't you go to Tattoo Ruud? It's really good. Has your mother reassured you a bit, Thomas, that she is your mother? She has to do that after what happened. She must make you feel safe and reassure you."

"You know David?, that guy who pumped up my mom with the bicycle pump?"

She shakes her head. "No," she says, "I know a David in the Bible, but he didn't have a bicycle pump. Do you know what the David in the Bible did? He only looked after a giant named Goliath. Then that giant was dead. David buried Goliath's skull at a place called the skull site. That's where Jesus was later crucified. Did you know that Thomas?"

"I have heard of Goliath," I say, "I did not know that Jesus was crucified in the same place."

"You should read the Bible, Thomas, it's good for you."

"If I have any questions, how can I reach you? My boss downloaded Facebook photos of my mother and excluded them from work. What would you do?"

"Why does your boss do that, Thomas, he jerks off to your mother?"

"I had posted comments about our work on my Facebook. He saw that. Now he is getting back at me in this way."

"Then you have to call in the Thomas Trade Union. What's your boss's name? Then I'm going to download his photos and hang them in the piss cages. You have to protect your mother, Thomas, she's yours. You have to say you're in love with her. Because I want that."

"The boss's name is Nico Klompjan, Assemblages on Facebook. Can I reach you somewhere if I need you? There is another business party next Saturday. Best chance is that David will be there again."

"I'm sure you'll see me again, Thomas. Your mother shouldn't drink so much, then she'll be fine. Well, goodbye, dear Thomas, I have to move on. I have more to do."

"Goodbye," I say, "thank you for your advice. I'll think about what you said."

And she walks away. I stand there for a moment, wondering what it would be like to have a mother like that. Maybe one day, I'll find out.

Home later, Thursday evening.

"Mom," I say, "you'll never guess who I met in town."

She looks at me suspiciously, "David?"

"The whore from the bar, and I chatted with her for a while."

"Oh..." she says. "That's nice, Thomas. You're growing up. You know that those women can be dangerous."

"She was nice. She gave me some advice about you."

"Oh?" she says, her curiosity piqued. "What sort of advice?"

"She said you shouldn't drink so much. And that I should protect you."

"Oh," she says, sounding surprised. "She's a good girl."

"She's not bad. She's actually pretty smart. She said I should go to the Tattoo Ruud. Do you want to come with me?"

"No," she says quickly. "That's okay. You go by yourself."

"I told her about my boss and about your photo's hanging in our factory too."

"Oh, that bastard." She takes another sip of her drink. "What did she say?"

"She's going to download the photos from my boss's Facebook and hang them in urinals."

"Really?" she says, grinning. "Well, you tell her she's welcome to it."

We laugh together for a moment, sharing a rare moment of connection. It feels good to have someone on my side, even if it's just this stranger from the bar.

"She also said that you will have to make me feel safe and reassured that you are my mother and that I am your number one. she said you can reassure men very easily, so you will do it to me too."

"What does she mean with reassuring men, Thomas?" she asks, her voice softening.

"She said you will do this by winking and whispering to men."

"Oh really Thomas, did she say that? Should I test it on you?" she teases, winking at me.

"Okay," I say, playing along. "I'll be your guinea pig."

"She said if David is there on Saturday in the hotel, as long as you stay away from alcoholics, there is no problem. I asked her if she knew David but she said she did not. But did you know what she said?"

"What?"

"She talked about a David in the Bible who had killed Goliath with throwing a rock to his head. Then David buried Goliath's head on a certain place. Later Jesus was crucified there too. Did you know that, mom?"

"Really Thomas, she said that? What a story."

"Yes, I think that your David looks more like Goliath. He has simply the wrong name. You should bury his head in our garden."

Mom: "Oh please Thomas, no way, to bury David's head in our garden."

"The whore also said that I would share my feelings with you, that I am in love with you and you should listen to that and you should reassure me."

Mom: "Oh Thomas, what feelings do you want to share with me?"

I: "I think you know that, mom."

Mom: "I don't know, dear Thomas. Maybe we should talk about it some other time. You know, I'm still your mother and I will always be here for you."

"Okay mom," I say, feeling a little unsettled. "Okay."

We sit there in silence for a while, the weight of our conversation hanging heavily between us. I wonder if she understands what I'm trying to say, if she feels the same way I do. Or if it's just me being a foolish boy, caught up in feelings that don't mean anything.

But then she reaches over and takes my hand in hers, giving it a squeeze.

I: "Will you go to the business party again on Saturday?"

Mom: "Yes, I will, Thomas. I need to be there for your father. You know that."

I nod, feeling a little relieved. At least I'll have one parent there. Even if it's not the one I want. I: This time I'm going to intervene when you're cuddling with David again.

Mom: "What do you mean, Thomas? I don't cuddle with David."

I: "You did last time. I'll make sure it doesn't happen again."

Mom: "Oh, Thomas. You're just jealous of him, aren't you?"

I: "Yes mom, let's stop this discussion for now and focus on our daily life again. When will we walk together again? You in your worn jeans?"

Mom: "We'll walk together soon, okay? Whenever you want."

"Okay mom," I say, feeling a little more at ease. "Let's talk about something else."

The party goes well that Saturday. Mom doesn't drink alcohol and David is having trouble. She is with me all the time, hugs me on the dance floor and makes David feel who is her number one. She winks at me and speaks softly. Ma: "If you see your great friend, the whore again, just tell her that I followed her advice. Do you feel reassured by me yet?"

I: "Yes, I feel reassured, mom."

Mom: "I'm so happy to hear that, Thomas. I love you so much and I will always be here for you. Can you see David watching us from a distance? He is having a hard time, doesn't he? He would expect me to come to him. But I am with the only man who is important to me."

I: "You're a good mother, ma. I'm proud of you."

Mom: "and I am a whore Thomas. Would you ever like me to be a whore?"

I: "Yes, mom, it would turn me on."

Mom: "Well then, we should dance a little more and maybe find a private room. You can tell me what you really feel, and I will show you how much I appreciate it."

I: "Mom, I'm not saying you should do it either. I'm just saying that it's a hot thought when you're a whore."

Mom: "Okay, Thomas. Let's enjoy the rest of the party. You look very handsome tonight. David is going to be very jealous."

I: thank you mom, as long as you stay away from alcoholics, I trust you."

Mom: "Don't worry, Thomas. I'm always in control. And when I say I'm with you, I mean it."

(Mom stays by my side all evening. She chats with some other men in between, but she gives me uninterrupted attention, always holding my hand and giving me winks. Even when we sit down, tired from dancing, she moves close to me, but so that David can see us.)

Mom: "Thomas, I can't help but wonder what it would be like to be that woman, the whore you're always looking at. Do you think she's as happy as she seems? Does she have a life beyond this place? I wonder if she has a family, someone who loves her for who she is."

I: "Mom, I'm well aware that you have an obsession with her. Maybe we should talk about her a little less because she has more influence on you than on me. Soon you will also be sitting here at the bar with a bottle of wine, ready to calm down businessmen."

Mom: "You're right, Thomas. I should focus on my own life. But it's hard not to be fascinated by her. She has this air of confidence and independence that I sometimes envy."

I "You are touched by what she said about you, that you are good at calming men down. That stuck with you. And you also know that that possibility is within your reach. It is no longer just a fantasy to do those things. That whore broke the ice for you. If she had been a hairdresser, you might have had a punk haircut now. A while ago I was in love with a girl who was a good swimmer. After that I started swimming a lot myself, that's how things work. People influence us."

Mom: "You're right, Thomas. We are all influenced by each other in one way or another. And maybe that's not such a bad thing. Maybe it's what keeps us going, keeps us interested in life. So maybe I should thank her, this whore at the bar, for giving me something to think about, for giving me a new perspective."

I: "And maybe she would be happy to know that she has had that effect on you. It could be something positive. You never know, maybe one day you'll meet her and you can thank her yourself."

mom: "You're right, Thomas. It's time for us to dance again. Let's go find that whore and tell her how much she means to us."

I: I think it's great that I don't talk about David and you all the time, Mom. It still hurts me a lot. I secretly enjoy the fact that you talk about that whore at the bar all the time."

Mom: "I'm sorry, Thomas. I know it's not easy for you. But maybe it's just a way of dealing with things, of finding some sort of release. Maybe it's a way of moving forward, of finding happiness in other places."

(I crawl closer to Mom while everyone can see us, including Dad)

Mom: "You know, Thomas, I'm always here for you. No matter what. You can always talk to me, and I'll listen. I'll be your rock, your support. We'll get through this together."

I: "Thanks mom, I think it is time to make some photo's of your worn jean ass for my tattoo. Then we had that again. The whore at the bar liked that idea very much. If your worn jeans ass is on my shoulder I will show her when I see her again."

Mom: "We can do that tomorrow if the weather is okay."

I: yes... Maybe to dad and my sisters I will not say it is your ass. It is a secret between you and me."

Mom: "And it's our secret, Thomas. Just between us. No one else needs to know."

I: but in the swimming pool I need a good excuse if people see your ass on my shoulder.

Mom: "Yes you do..."

I: "If I tattoo "Mother" above it, I will need an even better excuse is people laugh at me."

Mom: "I guess you're right. Well, let's not worry about that for now. Just enjoy the time we have together. And remember, no matter what happens, you'll always be my son, and I'll always be your mom."

I: "I love you, mom."

Mom: "I love you too, Thomas."

Next day... (I'm waiting for my mom to come up with the idea of going for a walk in her worn jeans and me photographing her ass. Until then, I'll keep my mouth shut.)

Mom: "I've been thinking about that whore at the bar too, Thomas. She had such an interesting life, didn't she? I mean, here she is, this strong, confident woman who's seen and done it all. And she's not afraid to show it. It's kind of inspiring in a way."

I: "She is a whore."

Mom: "I mean, not everyone has to be like her, Thomas. But it's important to embrace who we are, to find our own path in life. And sometimes, that path leads us to places we never expected to go. You know, I was talking to your sister about it last night, and she mentioned something interesting. She said that sometimes, we need to be a little bit like that whore at the bar, you know? Confident, strong, unapologetic for who we are. Because only then can we really find happiness, can we really live our lives to the fullest." She paused, looking out towards the horizon, lost in thought for a moment. "And maybe, just maybe, one day we'll get the chance to thank her for teaching us all those things. In the meantime, we can try to be a little bit more like her ourselves, you know? Be a little bit braver, a little bit bolder. Embrace who we are and what we've been through. Maybe then we'll find some peace, some sense of closure."

I: "wait, you talked with my sister about the whore at the bar?"

Mom: "Well, not really. I mean, it wasn't a long conversation or anything. But I did want to hear your sister's perspective on it all. You know, as your sister, she might have a different view than I do. And she's been through a lot too, with her own problems and everything."

I "with my youngest or older sister?"

Mom: "Well, I talked to both of them actually. Your younger sister is still pretty young, but she's got a lot of spirit. She's always been curious about the world and the people in it. And your older sister... well, she's been through a lot, just like you. But she's come out stronger for it. She's found her own path, her own place in life. And she's learned to accept who she is, flaws and all."

I: "good mom, tell my sisters about whores. They will enjoy that kind of conversations."

Mom: "Thomas, I'm not trying to encourage them to become whores or anything like that. I'm just trying to make a point. Your sisters are strong, independent women who've been through a lot in their lives. And sometimes, it's important for them to

hear stories like that, to see other women who've managed to come out on top, even when things were at their worst. It gives them hope, it reminds them that they're not alone."

I: "independent, before or after a bottle of wine?"

Mom: "Oh, you're being silly now. But seriously, Thomas, I want you and your sisters to know that it's okay to be different, to embrace who we are and what we've been through. And sometimes, that means facing our fears, confronting the things that hold us back. Because only then can we truly find ourselves, can we find happiness and peace."

I: "I like strong and independent women too but I also love motherly women."

Mom: "Well, I'm sure your sisters would appreciate that, Thomas. And they're definitely both strong and independent. But they're also nurturing and caring, just like their mother. They've been through a lot, just like you, and they've come out the other side stronger for it. They've learned to love and be loved, to forgive and be forgiven. And they've found a way to make their own paths in life, even when the world tries to push them into places they don't belong."

(Thomas still waits for his mother to take him out for a promised walk in her worn jeans)

I am not sure mom, if you are so independent, you talk all the time about that whore. she is not the whore at the bar, by the way, the last time I saw her she was the whore in the Copy Shop. Whores also sometimes go to a Copy Shop.

Mom: "Oh, I see what you mean. You're right, I shouldn't be fixating on that one aspect of her life. She's a strong, resilient woman who's found her own way, just like your sisters."

I: so what are we gonna do now?

Mom: "Well, Thomas, why don't we go on that walk now? It's a beautiful day outside, and I think we both could use some fresh air. We can talk about anything you'd like. Your sisters, your feelings, whatever's on your mind. And maybe along the way, we can find a way to put all of this into perspective. Because at the end of the day, we're all just trying to find our place in the world, you know? And sometimes, all we need is someone to talk to, someone who understands and loves us for who we are."

I: you mean our worn jeans walk?

Mom: "Yes, exactly. Let's go grab your jacket and get started."

I: mom, I will get your worn jeans from my room. And if you wear a short jacket, I can watch your ass."

Mom: "Thomas!" she giggles, "You're such a brat sometimes, but I love you anyway. Just remember, it's important to respect your mother's privacy."

I: yes but your Facebook photo's are still in our factory and I take my camera with you to take some pictures of you ass for the tattoo."

Mom: "Oh, you're just trying to get a rise out of me. Well, I guess I'll have to keep an eye on you, won't I?" she says with a playful smile.

I: Mom, I'll grab the jeans and the camera."

Mom: "Take your time, sweetie. I'll just wait for you here."

(I come back with the worn jeans and a camera)

I: "so I am prepared."

Mom: "Always the prepared one, aren't you?" She teases, as we climb into the car.

(A moment later we drive to the forest again)

I: Mom, I hope this time the fox will walk on and not stay for one hour in the middle of our path."

Mom: "Don't worry about it, sweetie. We'll deal with whatever comes our way. Besides, it's not like we're in any rush, right?"

(We arrive at the forest and start walking)

I: "I hope you know that I love you, mom. And I am sorry if I am not always the son you want."

Mom: "Oh, Thomas. I love you more than anything in this world. You're my son, my heart. And as for being the son I want... well, I think you're just perfect the way you are. You're smart, funny, and even if you can be a bit of a brat sometimes, I wouldn't change a thing about you."

(We walk further and further into the forest)

I: "Okay mom, there is that bench again. You say it, will I take some pictures of your worn jeans ass? Yes or no."

Mom: "Well, if you insist..." she chuckles. "Alright, yes. Take some pictures of my worn jeans ass."

(I take out the camera and start to take some pictures)

Mom: "Oh, you got me from the side this time. I like that angle." She laughs, a warm and genuine sound that fills the air around us. "You know, Thomas, it's funny. I used to think that I needed to change who I was to be a better mother. But the more I've grown, the more I realize that being myself is the best thing I can do for you and your sisters. It's not about being perfect or living up to some impossible standard. It's about being honest and true to yourself, and letting your loved ones see that."

(We finish walking and sit down on the bench)

I: "I think I get it. So I should just be myself, no matter what? Even if it's not what you want?"

Mom: "Exactly. Because in the end, it's not about what I want or anyone else wants. It's about what's best for you. And trust me, my sweet boy, you're going to find your place in this world. You're strong and resilient, just like your sisters. And no matter where life takes you, I'll always be here, cheering you on every step of the way."

(We sit in silence for a moment, the sounds of nature surrounding us)

I: "Thanks, mom. I love you."

Mom: "I love you too, Thomas. Always and forever."

(We hug, and for a moment, it feels like everything is going to be okay.)

(On the camera screen I check the photo's, they all seem to be of a good quality).

I: thank you mom that you did this for me, let me take photo's of your ass. It may sound dirty what I did but it means a lot to me that you let me do it."

Mom: "Of course, sweetie. You know I'd do anything for you. And hey, sometimes a little dirty talk is just what the doctor ordered, right?" she winks. "Now, will you have a tattoo on your shoulder from one of these photo's?"

I: "Yes, I will, maybe you can even chose one for me, mom, that I will tattoo on my shoulder." Hey let me make some photo's of your fly too."

Mom: "Well, if you insist... but only if you promise to let me choose the one for the tattoo." She laughs, leaning forward a bit to expose her lower back and fly.

(I take out my camera and start to take some pictures of her fly)

I: Okay, I have the picture of your fly. Now you can choose the best one and then we can go to the tattoo shop."

Mom: "Alright, then let's see what you've got!"

I: I will show them on my laptop screen later. This screen is too small.

Mom: "Alright, let's head back then. I'm sure you're itching to show off your pictures."

(We walk back to the car, hand in hand, the weight of the world a little lighter on our shoulders.)

I: Mom, I really mean it, this means a lot to me.

Mom: "I know it does, sweetie. And I'm glad I could be here for you. Now, let's go home and see those pictures, shall we?"

(We get into the car and start the drive back home, the sun beginning to set behind the trees. As we drive, I can't help but feel a sense of contentment and closeness with my mom that I haven't felt in a long time.)

(Later at home I show her the photo's that I have made of her ass and her fly. They look very sexy.)

Mom: "Oh my goodness, Thomas! These are absolutely incredible!" she exclaims, leaning in closer to the screen. "I honestly can't decide which one I like best. They all capture your vision so perfectly."

I: Yes, they are all good but this one really shows your ass from behind as you look. Getting this picture of your ass tattooed on my arm would be really hot. This pic is really you.

Mom: "Oh, that one's definitely a strong contender, sweetie. It really does show off your vision of me. Okay, let's make a list of the top three and we can take them to the tattoo artist together, how does that sound?"

I: yes mom, but are you sure I can carry your ass on my shoulder? It is your ass.

Mom: "Oh, stop it! You know you can carry me anywhere you want, baby. I'm your mom, and I'm always here for you." She grins, winking at me playfully. "Now, let's go pick out the perfect photo for your tattoo. And I promise you another thing: I will pay for the tattoo."

I: Oh mom, that's nice.

Mom: "It's the least I could do, considering everything you've been through."

I: I think I have to make an appointment with the tattoo guy. They are all busy.

Mom: "Alright, sweetie. You take care of that, and I'll be here to support you every step of the way."

I: I will make a phone call to them.

Mom: "Perfect. Now, why don't you use my laptop for that? It's a bit bigger."

(I take her laptop and start to call the tattoo shop. They are all busy, so I make an appointment for a week later. Then we decide to go to the shop and choose the photo together.)

I: mom, next week tattoo, right?

Mom: "That's right, sweetie! Next Wednesday. You've got this, baby. I can't wait to see the finished product."

(We spend the rest of the evening cuddled up on the couch, watching TV and forgetting about the world outside. For once, everything feels alright.)

I: Mom, there's still that other problem, just a reminder, the Facebook photos of you that my boss put in the laundry room of our factory for the truck drivers. And 3 photos of you next to the Pin Ups. I'm going to take them away tomorrow, but I'm afraid my boss will play cat and mouse with them and put new photos of you there.

Mom: (silent for a moment...) You say the truckdrivers take my photo's in the laundry room with them?

I: Yes, the pile of photos is smaller every day and sometimes my boss puts new photos of you there.

mom: (Silent for a moment). You know Thomas what I can do...

I: what?

Mom: I can post some new pictures of myself on my Facebook. Then let's see if your boss is still spying on my Facebook.

I: what photo's?

Mom: Hmmm... let me think about that. I can make some new sexy pictures and put them on my Facebook. and see if anyone else wants a piece of this." She winks at me, Let's see... what will really drive the boys wild?"

I: wow....

Mom: Oh, and one more thing, sweetie. About the tattoo..."I think it's important that I'm with you every step of the way, don't you?" She looks at me meaningfully. "I want to be there when you get it, and I want everyone to see that I'm proud of you, that I support you no matter what."

I: I'm glad you'll be there with me, mom. I love you.

I: yes mom, your worn jeans ass on my shoulder... then in the summer I can walk around the city in short sleeves.

Mom: "Oh, you! You're such a good boy. Now, why don't you go ahead and pick out those top three photos for the tattoo, and we can go through them together? We'll find the perfect one."

I: what about the other sexy photo's you want to put on your Facebook? Should I make them tomorrow?

Mom: "Yes, that would be great, Thomas. I'll send you a message tonight with some ideas for poses and outfits. We'll give your boss something to really think about!" She laughs, nudging me playfully.

(The rest of the evening passes quickly, with us both lost in thought, imagining the possibilities. As we drift off to sleep, I can't help but feel a sense of anticipation and excitement building within me. Tomorrow, I'll take care of the laundry room photos, and the next wednesday, I'll finally have my mother's love - and a new tattoo - permanently etched into my skin.)

I: Mom, I want to lean against you and feel safe with you. Let's see that the whore at the bar was right, try to reassure me.

Mom: "Of course, sweetie. Of course you can lean on me. You're my boy, and I'll always be here for you. You're not alone, no matter what." She wraps her arms around me, pulling me close, and I can feel the warmth of her body against mine. It's comforting, reassuring. "I promise you, everything is going to be okay. We'll get through this together."

(We lie there in silence for a while, my head resting on her shoulder, her hand gently stroking my hair. It feels so good to just be held, to feel protected and loved. I close my eyes, trying to memorize this feeling, knowing that it's something I've missed for far too long. Tomorrow, I'll face the world again, but tonight, I'm safe. Tonight, I'm home.)

(The next morning when I got home from my temporary work at the factory, I already removed Mom's photos from the factory washroom and from the wall. I took them with me and I also took pictures as proof.)

I: Mom, I have the Facebook photos of you that were in the factory here. Plus I took pictures of it for proof.

Mom: (Looking at the photos) Well, Thomas, it seems like you were quite thorough. I see my sexy self in all of these. You know, I think I'd like to share them with your boss. Maybe it'll make him see things differently. Or maybe it'll just give him something nice to look at while he's working. Either way, it'll be fun to tease him a bit.

II: you do mom...

Mom: "Oh, you know me, always up for a little fun. Now, about that tattoo. Have you decided on the design yet?" She asks, changing the subject.

I: yes there is the one that shows your ass as you are.

Mom: "Oh, I like that one! It's so... intimate. And sexy. It really shows how much I trust you, don't you think?" She blushes, biting her bottom lip. "I can't wait to see it on you. It's going to be perfect."

I: I can't wait until wednesday, mom. There is that stupid weekend between.

Mom: "Oh, Thomas, you'll make it through. Just think of how wonderful it will be when you finally have your tattoo. "In the meantime, why don't we plan something fun for this weekend? We could go to the park."

I: yes, let's do that...

(That weekend, Mom and I decide to go out for a walk in the park).

I: Mom: you mean walking in the park is our weekly worn jeans walk with our special worn jeans?

Mom: Yes Thomas, you should get our worn jeans for me. I will put it on for you.

I: I am going to get the worn jeans.

(Two minutes later I come back, give mom the worn jeans, OUR worn jeans).

I: it is our precious bond, mom. I can watch your ass.

Mom: You are my son. You can watch whatever you want. And I can't wait to show you my ass.

(We walk in the park, the sun shining down on us, the trees swaying in the breeze. It feels like a normal day, like any other father and son would spend their time together. But for me, it's so much more. It's a precious gift, this time with my mom. I can't help but feel grateful, even as I long for the day when our relationship will be out in the open, when we can hold hands and not have to hide our true feelings.)

I: I enjoy it having you at my side.

Mom: (smiling up at me) I enjoy it too, Thomas. You have no idea how much. I'm sorry about the way things have been between us. I wish I could have been more understanding. I wish I could have been more like a mom to you. But I promise you, from now on, I'll try harder. I'll be there for you, no matter what.

I: I took a bottle of wine with me. If you are interested... There is no David here...

Mom: (laughs) Well, I suppose a little wine won't hurt. It's been a while since I've had a good glass of wine. Thanks, Thomas. I appreciate the thought.

I: when will you make new photo's for your Facebook?

Mom: (looks away for a moment, lost in thought) Not for a while, I think. I need some time to... figure things out. But I promise, when I do, I'll make sure to share them with you. And with your boss too, if you'd like. (giggles) Maybe we can have a little photo shoot just for him. That'd be fun, don't you think?

I: I don't want to show our worn jeans to the world, at least not on photo's, it is OURbond. You want more wine, mom?

Mom: (blushes) Yes, please. That'd be lovely. (takes the wine glass I offer her) You know, Thomas, I think we'll always have this. No matter what happens, no matter how things change, we'll always have our little secret. And our love for each other. And that's something truly special.

I: those ducks think we will feed them....

Mom: (nods) Yes, the ducks. Let's go feed them. (smiles up at me) We can share a little piece of bread, just like we used to when you were a little boy. It'll be just like old times.

I: you have a piece of bread with you?

Mom: (laughs) Of course I do, silly. I always carry a little something in my bag. Now come on, let's go find those ducks.

I: more wine, mom?

Mom: (chuckles) Maybe just a little more. But don't forget about the ducks, okay? They're waiting for us.

(Mom is starting to get drunk now)(The ducks come closer to us, mom is throwing slices of bread to them)

Mom: They're so cute, aren't they? I remember when you used to tell me stories about them when you were little. You used to tell me how they'd quack all night long and how they'd wake you up in the morning. It's funny how some things never change. (giggles)

I: you know, I think the ducks like you more than me. They always come to you.

Mom: (laughs) Oh, Thomas. You're just jealous because you're not as pretty as I am. (winks)

I: You could be right, mom.

Mom: (sighs contentedly) It's so nice to have this time with you, Thomas. To just be able to relax and enjoy each other's company. I hope we: ... I don't know what I'd do without you. You're my rock, my support. You're everything to me.

I: Mom, can I sit close to you? Then I feel safe.

Mom: (smiles, wrapping an arm around me) Of course you can, sweetheart. You're always safe with me. (leans in, kissing my cheek) Now, why don't we find a nice spot to sit and watch the sunset? I've always loved this park at night. It's so peaceful and romantic.

(We find a spot to sit down, the sun starting to set in the horizon, casting a warm glow over everything. Mom takes my hand in hers, giving it a squeeze.)

Mom: (looking into my eyes) Thomas, I want you to know that no matter what happens, no matter how things change, you will always be my son. And I will always love you. And I will always be here for you, okay?

I: I'm in love with you mom, but I didn't want to say that. I feel very safe now. Those ducks are already on their way to a new dealer of pieces of bread. There are also drug dealers here.

Mom: (smiles, kissing my forehead) I love you too, Thomas. And I'm so glad that you feel safe with me. We're in this together, no matter what. And we'll always have our special place here, in this park, under these stars. (presses her body against mine, pulling me closer).

I: The worn jeans look very sexy on you mom. Can I take a look at your ass?

Mom: (drunk) Sure, Thomas. Whatever you want. (lifts her butt off the ground Of, exposing her ass to me) (giggles) (wiggles her hips a bit, lifting up her shirt to reveal her ass) Take a good look. Isn't it just perfect?

I: yes mom, you have such a nice ass.

Mom (drunk) : You know what they say, Thomas? (giggles) They say the best view comes from behind. (giggles)

I: I was always shy with the pretty girls. It's so confusing that I have such a beautiful girl for a mother and now you're sitting next to me.

Mom: (laughs) Oh, Thomas. You're so sweet. (kisses my cheek) You know, you can tell me anything, sweetheart. About your feelings, about the other girls... I'll always be here to listen and to help you.

I: mom, I like you very much. I've always liked you. I don't know what I'd do without you. I feel safe with you. I feel loved by you. I feel like I can be myself with you. I... I think I'm in love with you, mom.

Mom: (her voice lowers, becoming serious) Oh, Thomas. I... I don't know what to say. I... I'm flattered, of course. You're my son, after all. And you're such a wonderful boy.

I: the ducks have already forgotten you. They are only nice if you feed them.

Mom: (drunk) Oh, Thomas. You're just so special to me. You always have been. (puts her arm around my shoulder, pulling me closer) I'm sorry if I've been... too affectionate. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I just... I just love being close to you.

I: I'm not uncomfortable, mom. I like it. I... I think I want more. I want to be with you, mom. Forever. I want us to be together, just like this.

Mom: (her voice catches in her throat) Oh, Thomas... (pulls me even closer, her breath hot against my ear) I... I don't know what to say. (leans in, pressing her body against mine, her breasts flattening against my chest) I... I'm just so happy that you feel this way. That you want to be with me.

Mom: Thomas...

I: yes....

Mom: I have to fart! Very loudly.

I: do it in my face.

Mom: (giggles) Okay, just wait... (clasps her hands behind her back, tenses her stomach muscles) AAAHHH! (releases a long, loud fart into my face)

I: sniffing it.

Mom: (laughs, relief evident in her voice) Oh, Thomas! That felt so good! (giggles) I'm sorry if it stinks... But it's just... It's part of me, you know? It's part of who I am.

I: I like it, mom. I like the way it smells. It makes me feel close to you. (lean in, inhaling deeply) Mmm, it's just like your favorite perfume.

Mom: (her hand reaches up, cupping my cheek) Oh, Thomas... (her voice trails off, her eyes glassy with emotion) You're so special to me. You always have been. (leans in, pressing her lips against mine) I love you, sweetheart.

I: we can kiss for a minute, no longer, I will keep an eye on my watch.

Mom: (her lips meet mine, soft and warm) I love you too, Thomas. Forever. (presses herself closer, her tongue darting out to explore my mouth) And if you keep kissing me like that, I might forget all about those ducks...

(we are kissing)

Mom: (whispers against my lips) And maybe... maybe I'll never want to feed them again.

Mom, I'm getting a hard-on, I whisper. Mom responds immediately, she slides her hand over my thigh towards my crotch. Just like that whore at the bar a while ago. "Do you like this?" she whispers.

I: yes I do, I whisper.

(she caresses my crotch for a moment but then moves her hand up towards my left nipple. She starts tickling her. With her other hand she grabs my head and presses it tightly against her. Now we French kiss. She pants... while tickling my sensitive nipple.)

Mom: Oh... God, Thomas... (whispers against my lips) That feels so good... I... I want more... (her hips start to grind against mine)

I: I want to touch your breasts, mom.

Mom: (giggles) Oh, you're such a naughty boy...

I: I want to taste you.

(While I massage her left tit, she tickles my nipple to give me an incredible hard-on. Mom starts growling.)

Mom: (gasping) Oh... God... Thomas... (whispers against my lips) Then she lets me go. she leans against me and pants. This far and no further, Thomas..., she says. But it was cosmic....

I: I agree mom....

Mom: (her breath coming in ragged gasps) It... it was wonderful... I... I haven't felt like this in so long...

I: I wish it could be like this forever.

Mom: (smiles up at me) Oh, Thomas... (her hand cups my cheek) I Dear Thomas, there is nothing against a little kissing, tickling each other's nipples, looking at my butt, smelling each other's farts, cuddling, leaning against each other. Just once a month... What's wrong with feeding ducks?

I: what will dad think?

Mom: As long as we do not fuck...

I: Mom, I'd like you to jerk me off just once.

Mom: You know, Thomas... If we keep going down this path... We might end up doing things we shouldn't. And we don't want to ruin our little secret, do we? So let's just enjoy what we have now... And leave it at that. Okay?

I: I think it would still be possible to subtract once. but you are right that we have a worn jeans secret that we will cherish. And I don't want to hurt Dad. Nevertheless, I am very proud that we can say these things to each other.

Mom: I'm proud of you too, Thomas. You're such a good boy... And I'll always love you. Forever. (she leans in and kisses me softly on the lips).

I: I feel so extremely safe, mom.

Mom: That's how it should be... With family. (smiles up at me) Now, why don't we go find those ducks and feed them? We can make a nice memory for ourselves.

I: Okay, mom. I'll race you there! What will we do with the last wine? Feed it to the ducks?

Mom: (laughs) No, silly! I will drink it...

(I give her the bottle).

I: mom the ducks have walked to the dark side of the park. There are the drug dealers. I think it is a bad idea to go there.

Mom: (frowns) Oh, dear... Well, we could always come back another time. Maybe when it's not so late...

I: mom we can go back home, because It is getting late.

Mom: (drunk) Yes... Yes, you're right. Let's go home, Thomas. (she takes my hand and squeezes it gently) But don't forget... We still have our secret... And our love for each other. And that's something truly special.

I: Mom, I hardly dare to say it, but the straight road to our house is quite short, but it passes the Red Light area. Otherwise we have to take a detour.

Mom: (laughs) Well, then let's take the shortcut, Thomas! Just don't go too fast, okay? We don't want to attract any unwanted attention. (she squeezes my hand again)

I: are you sure, mom?

Mom: (giggles) Of course I'm sure. Just trust me, okay? (her breath smells of wine) You can trust your mother. (her grip on my hand tightens)

(There we walk... in 5 minutes the Red Light area is coming in sight)

Mom: (drunk) Look, Thomas... There it is... All lit up... (her voice sounds a bit awed) I've never been here before... It's... It's kind of exciting... (she squeezes my hand again)

I: I'm glad you feel safe with me, mom. But you know, I have to admit, I'm a little nervous.

(We are entering the Red Light area now, with all the men coming her, looking for a whore and with all the beautiful window whores watching us)

I: At the end of this street, then to the right, 7 minutes we are home.

Mom: (drunk) Okay... Okay, Thomas... (she holds onto my arm now, her grip unsteady) But promise me... You won't leave me alone, okay? I don't want to get into any trouble...

I: just keep walking.

Mom: Okay... Okay... (she stumbles a little, but I steady her) Just... Just don't let go of my hand, okay?

I: there is a guy in a car watching you. He could be a pimp.

Mom: (laughs) Oh, don't be silly, Thomas... He's just admiring... (she glances over at the car) Well, maybe you're right... (her voice trails off)

(The guy in the car beeps his horn)

I: keep walking mom, maybe next time we will take the other way.

Mom: (giggles) Okay... Okay... (her grip on my arm tightens) But I want to see where we're going... It's so bright and colorful... (she sways a little, her breath warm on my neck)

I: you're drunk, mom. We should go home.

Mom: (laughs) Oh, Thomas... I'm not drunk... (her voice slurs) I'm just... happy... (her grip on my arm tightens)

I: keep on walking, mom. Don't look at the cars.

(We are at the end of the Red Light area now)

I That street to the right and then 7 minutes we are home and then coffee.

Mom: Okay... Okay... (she sways a little, her gaze unfocused) But... But I want to see... Want to see more... (her grip on my arm loosens)

I: You should rest, mom. Let's go home.

Mom: (whispers) Don't... Don't take me away... I want to stay... (her voice trails off)

I: stay at the Red Light?

Mom: (nods) Yes... I... I want to stay... (her eyes close, her head lolls to the side)

I: You're not safe here, mom. We have to go.

Mom: (mumbles) No... No... I want to stay... (her grip on my arm slackens)

(She's as good as passed out now... I can't just leave her here... But I can't take her back to the house either... What am I supposed to do?)

We walk back to the Red Light area where we just came from. There are many men and window whores. I see the guy in the car watching us. I hope he is not a pimp. The guy in the car beeps his horn again.

I: what do here?

Mom: (mumbles) Want... Want to stay... (her head lolls to the side)

I: I can't let you do that, mom. I have to take you home.

Mom: (whimpers) No... Don't... Please... (her grip on my arm tightens for a moment, then slackens again)

I: mom, you want to replace that lady in front of the window? There are no ducks here. What is you plan?

Mom: (sighs) I... I don't know... (her voice trails off)

(She's really out of it now... I can't just leave her here... But I can't take her back to the house either...)

I: mom is it a problem for you to go back home? have a coffee?

Mom: (whispers) No... No... I don't want to go home... I want... I want this... (her head lolls to the side again)

I: this is not safe for you. You can't be here. You know that.

Mom: (mumbles) I know... But I... I can't help it... (her grip on my arm slackens further)

(I can't believe she's saying this... My heart breaks a little more with every word...)

I: so what is your plan now? Just hanging around?

Mom: (sighs) I... I don't know... I just... (her eyes close)

(Here we are standing, doing nothing)

Mom: (sighs) I just want... I just want to be happy... (her voice trails off)

I: you can be happy at home with me, mom.

Mom: (shakes her head) No... No... I can't... (her voice is barely audible now)

I: Then what do you want me to do? Leave you here? Take you back?

Mom: (opens her eyes, looking up at me) I... I don't know... I just... (her voice trails off again)

(She looks so lost, so confused... It's breaking my heart)

I: You want to play whore, mom? Is that what you want? You want to be like her? (point to whore at the window).

Mom: (Bicycle pump, she whispers).

I: You want to be pumped up again? For money?

Mom: (nods slowly) Yes... (her voice is barely a whisper)

I: how?

Mom: (looks around) I... I don't know... Just... Maybe someone will... (her voice trails off)

(Her eyes are full of fear and desperation now, searching the faces of the men around us)

I: Mom, go back home or bicycle pump, say it now...

Mom: (takes a deep breath) I want the bicycle pump...

I: who will have a bicycle pump her? They all have cars.

Mom: (looks around again) I... I don't know... Just... Someone... (her voice is so faint now it's barely audible)

I: Mom, go back home or sit behind that red window? What?

Mom: (nods slowly) Yes... I'll go... I'll go home...

We walk back home....

Mom: (sighs heavily) I'm sorry, Thomas... I don't know what came over me... I shouldn't have said those things...

I: Mom, there is still the problem that you are drunk. We should walk a bit around til you are a bit fresh.

Mom: (nods) You're right... Let's walk... (tries to straighten up)

(We walk around for a while, the fresh air helping her sober up a bit. She keeps apologizing over and over, saying she doesn't know what she was thinking...)

Mom: (looks at me) I just want you to know... I love you, Thomas... More than anything in the world... And I would never want anything bad to happen to you...

I: I know that, mom. And I love you too. We'll get through this together, okay?

Mom: there is this second problem. Your worn jeans. You should change clothes and give me your jeans. You look like a whore now.

Mom: (looks at me)

I: your other trouser is in your back. Just change your trouser outside, I will hide you.

Mom: (nods) Okay... (nods toward the back of the house) The door's around there... (takes a deep breath) I'll be right back. (turns and disappears around the corner). Then she comes back in her better trouser. She gives me her worn jeans.

I: You look better now. How is your drunkenness?

Mom: (fingers her temple) A bit... still... tired... But I'm feeling better... Thanks for changing clothes...

I: we can go inside but my sisters are not crazy. They will understand that things happened.

Mom: (nods) Okay... Let's go... (takes my hand)

(We go inside and sit down in the living room. The others look up at us, confused by our sudden reappearance, but they don't say anything.)

Monday

We have decided not to make sexy photo's of mom for putting them on her Facebook.

Wednesday

I: Mom, there is now some peace in the tent, your Facebook photos are gone from our factory and the Red Light adventure has ended with a fizzle. Today I'm getting your butt tattooed on my arm. Would you like to come?

Mom: (laughs) Oh, Thomas... You're such a character. Of course I'd love to come with you! I've always wanted to see what it's like to get a tattoo done. (she winks) And I think your idea of getting my butt on your arm is pretty cute. (her voice trails off)

(That afternoon I take the most beautiful photo of her ass with me to Tattoo Shop Ruud. Mom can't stop laughing.)

I: I see step by step mom's ass appear on my arm. Whatever I think of it, the tattoo is of a good quality.

Mom: (laughs) You really are something else, Thomas. I can't help but feel a little nervous, too... It's one thing to see my own butt, but it's another thing to have it permanently inked onto your skin. (She takes a deep breath and smiles at me) But I trust you. I trust your judgment, and I trust your love for me. (She reaches over and squeezes my hand)

I: Mom, shall I have your name "Hanneke" tattooed above it?

Mom: (laughs) Oh, Thomas... You're just full of surprises today! (She pauses for a moment, considering it) Well, why not? It'll be a nice little touch. (She leans in closer) And maybe, just maybe, it'll be a little reminder to me... and to everyone

else... that no matter what happens, my love for you will always be there, just like your tattoo. (She wipes away a tear, smiling)

Tattoo guy: Yup it looks good.

After 2 hours, the tattoo is finished including Hannke's name above it. It is a wonderful tattoo with sharp lines, shadow and a bit 3D. It is really Hanneke's ass on my upper arm.

Tattoo guy: it is one of the best tattoo's I have ever set.

Mom: watching her ass on my arm... It's surreal. I can't help but feel a mix of emotions. The tattoo is beautiful, the color, the shape, everything about it is perfect. It's like a work of art that I'll carry with me for the rest of my life. And yet, there's also a sense of finality to it, like this moment, this memory, is being sealed and preserved forever.

I: wow.... this is really what I wanted.

Mom: (looks at me, tears welling up in her eyes) Thomas... I don't know how to thank you. You've given me a gift that I'll cherish forever. This tattoo... it's not just about my butt, it's about our relationship. It's about the love we have for each other, the bond that we share. And now... it's a part of you, just as much as you're a part of me. (She reaches out and hugs me tightly)

I look proud in the mirror. I can see mom's ass on my arm so clearly, it is even better than the photo.

Tattoo guy: laughing....

Mom: (still holding me close) You're right, Thomas. This isn't just a tattoo, it's a symbol... a testament to our love for each other. And as long as we have that, nothing can ever tear us apart. (She steps back, looking at the tattoo again, looking at her ass on his arm again)

Tattoo guy: it is cool, I have to admit that.

Mom: I can feel the weight of his words, and I know that this tattoo isn't just a piece of ink on his skin. It's a physical representation of the love we share, of the bond that connects us. And as I look at it, I can't help but feel a mixture of pride and awe. Pride in the fact that my son chose to express his love for me in such a unique and daring way, and awe at the beauty of the tattoo itself. It's almost as if my ass has come to life, and it's become a part of him.

Tattoo guy: laughing...

I: It is hot mom, to show it to the world.

Mom: (blushing) Thomas, you always know how to make me feel special. (She looks at her reflection in the mirror, admiring the tattoo) You know, I think this tattoo is going to attract a lot of attention. It's bold, it's unique, and it's certainly memorable. (She grins) Maybe we should start going to more public places together, just to see how people react. It'll be like a little experiment, you know?

Tattoo guy: laughing... "You know what.... You will have it for free."

I: wow, thank you....

Mom: That's so generous of you! Thank you, dear. (She reaches out to shake the tattoo artist's hand) You've really made today special for us.

Tattoo guy to mom: your butt is forever on your son's arm now. (Laughs)

Mom: (blushing) Well, I suppose it is now. But you know what, Thomas? I don't mind it at all. In fact, I think it's kind of hot. (She squeezes my arm) It's like we're connected now, in a way that nobody can ever take away. It's a secret just between the two of us, and it's something that only we can share.

I: it does turn me on, mom.

Tattoo guy: (Laughs)

Mom: (smiling sweetly at me) I know it does, Thomas. And that's what makes it so special. Now, why don't we go home and celebrate? We could order a pizza, watch a movie, and spend the rest of the night just enjoying each other's company.

Tattoo guy (Laughing)

I: let's walk in the park mom, feed the ducks.

Mom: (nodding) That sounds lovely, Thomas. A nice stroll in the park with my handsome son and his new tattoo. (She glances down at her ass on my arm) And who knows? Maybe we'll run into some interesting people along the way.

I: what interesting people, mom?

Mom: You know, interesting men. Men who appreciate a woman's beauty, both inside and out. Maybe they'll admire the tattoo, maybe they'll admire me. Or maybe they'll admire us both.

Tattoo guy: (Laughing)

Mom: Or maybe we'll just enjoy each other's company and make some new friends. Either way, it's going to be a wonderful evening. (She takes my hand, her fingers laced through mine) Shall we go, dear?

30 minutes later we are in the park again.

Mom: (smiling at me) It's so lovely here, isn't it? The fresh air, the sound of the birds, the... ducks. (She laughs) I can't help but feel that the tattoo looks even better outside, surrounded by nature.

I: I slide up my sleeve and the whopper of a tattoo appears: Mom's ass looks lifelike. The scuffs of her worn jeans on her buttocks, the pant seam, the amounts of the worn jeans. There is even some color contrast in the tattoo.

Mom: (blushing) Thomas, you really know how to make a girl feel special. It's... breathtaking. (She reaches out to touch it, tracing her fingers over the image) I can't believe how real it looks.

I: It is your ass mom.

Mom: (laughs) Well, I suppose it is. But it's so much more than that. It's a symbol of our love, our connection. It's a piece of me that you get to carry with you wherever you go.

I: It turns me on mom.

Mom: (looking into my eyes) I know it does, Thomas.

I: It will give me some more rest mom, now I do have your ass on my arm. I do not need to look for other women with a nice ass nor do i need to find photo's to jerk off to.

Mom: (smiling) Well, I'm glad I can help you with that. But you know, Thomas, I want you to be happy. If you ever want to explore other options... I mean, I'm not saying I want you to forget about me or anything, but I want you to know that I'll always be here for you.

I: Maybe a tattoo of your fly on my other arm...

Mom: (laughs) You're terrible! But I love it. (She reaches over and playfully smacks my arm) You know, there is still a ritual to be completed. I'm still 10% of David pumping me up with a bicycle pump. You have to win back that 10%.

I: what do you mean?

Mom: You must make me your territory again, make sure that I am no longer David's, nor his whore. A ritual is needed for that.

I: what ritual.

Mom: How do dogs do when they mark a territory?

I: Dogs piss to a tree.

Mom: right, I am your tree.

I: and I am the dog???

Mom: how did you know?

I: You want me to do what, mom?

Mom: I want you to piss me all over, like a baptism.

I: ohhh....

Mom: I will wear a bikini or something like that.

I: I do it in the forest?

Mom: yeah right... we do it this week.

I: it turns me on... mom.

Mom: that is good. And I will piss on your tattoo.

I: okay but it needs at least a month to heal.

Mom: then I will do it in a month from now. I will piss over you tattoo as a ritual.

I: so you want me to piss you all over....

Mom: yes, my son. And you know, if you're feeling especially bold, maybe you can even... "decorate" the tattoo a little while you're at it.

I: decorate how?

Mom: You can try to... aim for the image of the ass. See if you can add a little something special to the tattoo. Make it even more real, more intimate.

I: the tattoo guy said it is finished now.

Mom: Oh, he doesn't need to know about this little ritual between us. (She winks) Besides, it'll be our secret, just like the tattoo itself.

I: what did you want to add to my tattoo?

Mom: I don't know, maybe a little bit of my juices. Just to make it... more mine. Something only I could give you.

I: If the tattoo is healed I love to have your sweat on it...

Mom: Awww, that's sweet. But for now, just concentrate on the piss. We can explore other ways to make it even more special later.

I: yes mom, we go to the forest tomorrow, you put on a bikini and you take a towel with you and you will sit down on a small stool and I will piss you all over.

Mom: That's right, Thomas. And when you're done, we'll both have something to remember this special moment by. Something that will remind us of our connection, our love for each other.

Next day we are in the forest. Mom is wearing bikini.

I: so we are here... a lot has happened between us. Do you remember that night in the Red Light area? You were drunk and whorish. But now we will complete a ritual.

Mom: yes, I remember it... and now we will make it right... I will be your tree and you will mark me as your territory.

I: sit down mom, I drunk so much water and beer. I can piss a river full.

Mom: oh, be careful not to wet me before you piss me all over.

I: of course mom. I am standing behind you, my cock is hard.

Mom: I count, 1,2,3, Thomas, be a dog for a moment, think of the pain that David caused you by using me as his whore. I am still for 10% in his territory. Now piss me.

I: Okay, here I go. My cock starts to pump, warm liquid comes out, I shoot it all over her. It covers her back, her shoulders, her arms... it is hot. I continue, it is as if I can't stop. My cock is like a machine gun, it shoots piss over her, her legs, her feet, her butt... my God, it feels good. I am done. My cock is still hard, but my bladder is empty.

Mom: is that all, Thomas? I expected way more.... You should humiliate your mom. Remember what David did to me."

(I drunk enough to wait for another piss).

I: I feel another shot coming mom. My bladder is like a balloon.

Mom: good dear son, Piss more on me, I am not afraid of your urine. You are my flesh.

I: I shoot again, this time it hits her face, her mouth, her nose, her eyes... she screams a bit, it is as if she likes it... I shoot more and more, it covers her hair, her ears, her neck... I am done again.

Mom: more, Thomas, you are not done yet. You still have more in you... Piss more, piss harder, show your anger. You are the alpha male now. Piss your anger, your hate, your pain on me. You hate me for David.

(I feel how my bladder fills quickly again, this time it feels like a weather balloon).

Mom: Piss the pain out of yourself, Thomas, piss me all over, you just have to piss. I hurt you so much with David. Fight for your territory, act like a dog. Piss me, Thomas.

I: I shoot one last time, my cock is a machine gun again. It covers her completely, I shoot it on her hair, her breasts, her belly... I shoot her feet again, just to be sure. I am done. My cock shrinks, but my heart is full.

Mom: that was perfect, Thomas. I feel so clean now, I feel your hate, your anger, your pain... but now I feel... clean. I love you, my son. Thank you.

I: here is your towel mom.

Mom: no, I want to feel your pain, the pain that David caused you. I let your piss dry on me. It was a baptism. Put that towel away.

I: Okay... are you now for 100% in my territory again?

Mom: for 99%. I will piss over your tattoo in a month. Then the ritual is finished.

I: you can already fart on my tattoo. Like an advance on piss..

Mom: I will do that Thomas. I will tell you if I need to fart loudly.

I: thanks mom, go home now?

Mom: yes, we go home now.

I: I am in love with you mom.

Mom: I know, Thomas. I love you too. We will have to find a way to live with that.