

29 aug. 24

Joeri, 21, mom Stefanie, 45...

"What do you want for your last weekend home, son?" Stefanie asked, her eyes shimmering with hope as she stirred the pot of simmering stew.

Joeri looked up from his phone, a contemplative look etched on his face. He had been lost in thought for the past few days, ever since he had made his unusual request to her. The kitchen was filled with the comforting scents of home cooking, a stark contrast to the cold, metallic odor of the barracks. "Mom, I've been thinking..." he began, his voice trailing off as he weighed his words.

Stefanie turned off the stove and placed the spoon in the sink, giving him her full attention. Her heart raced a little, knowing that her son's request was something she hadn't expected. She braced herself, willing to listen without judgment.

"You know the guys from my unit are coming over for a farewell bash before I leave for the base," Joeri said, avoiding eye contact. "They've all been talking about this one place, a...whorehouse. It's kind of a tradition for some of them to go there before shipping out."

Stefanie's breath hitched, but she maintained her composure. She knew the military had its rituals, and she didn't want to be the one to stifle Joeri's last bit of freedom before he faced the rigors of service. She nodded for him to continue.

"I was wondering," Joeri said, his voice low, "if you would...go there."

Stefanie's eyes widened in shock. The room grew quiet except for the ticking of the clock on the wall. "To the whorehouse?" she repeated, her voice a whisper.

Joeri nodded, his gaze now fixed on the floor. "Just once, mom. Just so I can see you through the window. It's important to me."

Stefanie felt a whirlwind of emotions - confusion, anger, and a strange sense of pride. Her son was asking for something so personal, so intimate, and yet, she couldn't bring herself to dismiss it outright. She took a deep breath, trying to process the gravity of his words. "Why, Joeri?" she managed to ask, her voice shaking slightly.

Joeri looked up, his eyes pleading. "It's just...I don't know. It's like a rite of passage, I guess. To see that you're not just my mom, but a woman too. To know that you're okay with it, that you support me. It's a weird way to say goodbye, but it's what I need. To know that you are able to reassure my friends..."

Stefanie stared at him, her mind racing. She had never felt so torn. On one hand, she wanted to protect her son from the harsh realities of the world he was about to enter. On the other, she knew that this was his way of finding closure, of saying goodbye to his childhood. She sighed heavily, rubbing her temples with her fingers.

"Joeri," she began, her voice measured, "I need some time to think about this."

He nodded, understanding, and returned to his phone, the tension in the room thick. The silence was broken only by the occasional clink of a spoon against the side of the pot as she resumed her cooking.

Days passed, and Stefanie remained silent on the matter, her thoughts a tumultuous storm. She couldn't shake the image of herself standing in that window, exposed to the lustful gazes of Joeri's comrades. Yet, she also couldn't ignore the desperation in her son's voice. She knew this was his way of coping with the fear and uncertainty that lay ahead.

On the eve of the farewell party, she finally made her decision. She approached Joeri, who was packing his duffel bag with military precision. "I'll do it," she said, her voice firm. "But only if it means something to you."

Joeri looked up, his eyes lighting up with relief. "It does, mom. It really does." He pulled her into a tight embrace, feeling a weight lift off his shoulders.

"I have two conditions," she said: "this stays between us, you don't say anything to anyone, including your father. The second condition: if you agree to my consent then as far as I am concerned there is no turning back. If we say "yes" to each other then it is no longer a "yes but." If I agree to your request of "reassure" then I use the dictionary definition."

Joeri nodded, his face a mix of relief and solemnity. He knew his mother was a strong woman, but he hadn't realized how much this meant to him until he saw the determination in her eyes.

The day of the party arrived, Stefanie headed for the whorehouse.

Her stomach churned as she parked her car a few streets away from the house with the red lights. The neighborhood was shady, the air thick with the scent of cheap alcohol and desperation. She took a deep breath, steeling herself for what was to come. As she approached the building, she felt a strange mix of embarrassment and resolve. The neon lights flickered, casting an eerie glow on her face.

Inside, the atmosphere was quiet. The madam, a heavyset woman with a knowing smile, greeted her at the door. "You must be the one," she said, eyeing her up and down. "Your son's been talking about you."

Stefanie felt a blush creep up her neck, but she held her head high. "I'm here to do what I have to," she replied, her voice firm despite the tremble in her chest.

The madam led her to a small, dimly lit room with a single chair by the window. "You'll wait here," she said, her tone surprisingly gentle. "When the time comes, just be yourself."

Stefanie nodded, her heart hammering in her chest as she sat down. She watched the street outside, the shadows of passing people playing on the grimy glass. Her thoughts were a jumble of fear, anger, and a strange sort of anticipation. What was she doing here? Was she really going to go through with this?

As the night grew darker, the anticipation grew stronger. She heard the distant rumble of motorcycles, the laughter of young men, and the occasional shout. Her palms grew sweaty, and she wiped them on her jeans. The door to the room creaked open, and she tensed, expecting Joeri and his comrades to burst in. But it was just the madam, her expression unreadable.

"They're here," she said simply, gesturing to the window. "Whenever you're ready to be pumped up."

Stefanie's stomach lurched as she peered out into the night. She could see the silhouettes of young men, her son's comrades, milling about outside the whorehouse. Her heart raced as she thought of the lewd comments they might make, the way they might look at her. But she had made her decision, and there was no turning back.

The first few knocks on the door were tentative, but they grew louder and more insistent. Joeri's voice called out, "Mom, are you ready?"

Stefanie took a deep breath and nodded, even though he couldn't see her. The door swung open, and a group of soldiers, rowdy and boisterous, spilled into the room. Her son's eyes searched the shadows before landing on her. He grinned, a mix of excitement and nerves playing across his face. "Hey, guys," he said, his voice carrying the confidence of a young man who believed he had just pulled off the ultimate prank. "This is my mom, Stefanie."

The room fell silent for a beat, the tension palpable. Then, one by one, the soldiers stepped forward, offering handshakes and awkward greetings. They were all so young, so full of life, and she felt a pang of sadness knowing the horrors they might

face in the service of their country. She took a moment to look into each of their eyes, trying to memorize their faces, to hold onto the humanity she knew they were about to lose.

As the night progressed, the drinks flowed freely, and the laughter grew louder. The soldiers were all eager to spend their last night with Joeri before he shipped out, and they had come prepared to make it a night to remember. They talked about their training, their fears, and their dreams, and she found herself drawn into their camaraderie, her earlier anxiety fading away. They were just boys, trying to be men in a world that demanded so much of them.

One by one, they approached her, a mix of shyness and bravado in their eyes. They bought her drinks and tried to make her feel comfortable, telling her stories of their own mothers and sisters. It was a strange dance, this exchange of affection and respect, tinged with the unspoken reality of where they were and what they were about to do. But she played along, sipping her drink and listening intently, trying to give them the reassurance they sought.

The first one to approach her was a young man named Tom. He was shy, with a stutter that grew more pronounced the closer he got to her. "Your son, he's a good man," he said, his eyes darting around the room. "We're all going to miss him."

Stefanie offered a small smile and took his hand. "Thank you, Tom," she said, her voice steady. "I know he'll be missed."

The next hour was a blur of introductions and forced smiles. Each soldier had his own way of "pumping her up." Some talked about their own mothers, sharing stories of home-cooked meals and warm embraces. Others spoke of their fears and hopes for the future, seeking reassurance from the woman who had raised one of their own. She felt like a symbol, a beacon of comfort in a world that was about to become unbearably harsh.

One by one, they approached her, each trying to bridge the gap between the woman they knew as Joeri's mother and the woman in the window of the whorehouse. They were awkward and earnest, their eyes searching hers for understanding. And she, in turn, searched theirs, looking for the boys they had once been, the men they were trying so hard to become.

Tom was the first to kiss her cheek, his lips lingering a moment too long. The others followed suit, some more tentative, others more bold. They whispered thanks and well-wishes into her ear, their breath warm and alcohol-laden. She felt a strange sense of power in her vulnerability, a strange kinship with these young men who were about to face the unknown. They pumped her up... but not in the way she had feared.

When she was pumped up by all the soldiers, she called Joeri to the mat. "I'm missing one more customer," she whispered. "Do you have enough money on you to pump your mother?"

Joeri's face fell. He had not expected this twist in his plan. He fumbled through his pockets, pulling out a handful of bills. He approached her, his heart in his throat. The room had gone quiet, all eyes on them. He placed the money in her hand, and she took it without looking at him, her eyes fixed on the floor.

Stefanie felt a strange mix of emotions. She had done this for Joeri, to show him she was still the woman who could handle anything life threw at her. But now, as her son stood before her, she realized the true weight of her actions. She looked up at him, her eyes searching for the boy she had raised, the man he was becoming.

Joeri took a deep breath, his hand trembling as he reached for her. "Mom," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion. "Thank you."

Stefanie looked up, meeting his gaze. She could see the conflict in his eyes, the mix of gratitude and embarrassment. She took his hand and led him to the chair, her own heart racing. She knew what he needed, and she was determined to give it to him, no matter how unorthodox the method.

With a deep breath, she straddled him, her legs on either side of his thighs. The room was silent, all eyes on them. Joeri's cheeks burned as he felt his mother's weight on him, her warmth and softness a stark contrast to the cold, hard world outside. He wrapped his arms around her waist, holding her tight. For a moment, they sat like that, mother and son, lost in the gravity of their shared secret.

Then, slowly, she began to move, rocking back and forth gently. It was a strange, intimate dance, one that neither of them had ever imagined sharing. Joeri felt a lump form in his throat as he realized the depth of her sacrifice. This was her way of saying goodbye, of showing him that she understood the burdens he was about to bear. His eyes never left hers, searching for the reassurance he so desperately needed.

The room watched, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife. The other soldiers didn't know what to make of it, their earlier bravado forgotten in the face of this raw, unspoken moment. They had come expecting a show, but instead, they were witnessing something far more profound. A bond being forged in the fire of impending separation and shared experience.

Joeri's arms tightened around his mother, his hands gripping her hips as she moved above him. It wasn't sexual, not in the way they had all assumed it would be. It was a

silent communication, a shared understanding that went beyond words. With every gentle rock, she was telling him that she loved him, that she was proud of him, that she would always be there for him.

The room was still, the only sound the rhythmic creak of the chair beneath them. The soldiers watched, their leers replaced with something closer to awe. They saw not a mother and son, but two souls bound by a love so fierce it transcended the confines of their world. Each movement was a promise, a declaration of support that was as raw and real as the steel of their combat boots.

As Joeri felt the warmth of his mother's embrace, he realized the depth of his own courage. He had asked for something so taboo, something that no one else would dare. Yet here she was, giving him the ultimate show of solidarity. He pumped her with all the strength he had, his heart swelling with pride. This was not the act of a boy seeking to be a man; it was the act of a man recognizing the woman who had made him.

Their eyes remained locked, a silent conversation passing between them. He could see the love in her gaze, the strength that had carried her through the years of raising him alone. And in that moment, he knew that no matter where the military took him, he would always be her son, and she would always be his mother. The pumping grew slower, more deliberate, as if each movement was a beat in a lullaby, lulling them into a place of peace before the storm of his deployment.

Joeri's thoughts raced as he held onto her, the reality of his impending departure weighing heavily on his heart. He thought of the long nights he'd spend in the barracks, the dangers he'd face, and the moments he'd miss at home. But with every pump, every squeeze of her hand, he felt a warmth spread through him, a warmth that said she believed in him, that she knew he could handle whatever lay ahead.

"Whore," he whispered, "whore..."

The words echoed in the quiet room, each syllable a twisted declaration of love and respect. Joeri's heart pounded as he watched his mother's body move in time with the pumps of his comrades. They had no idea of the depth of the bond they were witnessing, the silent promise that was being made. The room was alive with the electricity of the moment, each man's desire for the woman in the window a testament to the love she bore for her son.

"Whore," he whispered, "whore...whore... whore... whore...whore...whore... whore... whore...whore...whore... whore... whore...whore...whore... whore... whore..." he panted.

From the tube speaker suddenly sounded softly the music of Sheila & B. Devotion,
“She's a Spacer...”