

Mother, May I?

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A College Student Realizes How Homesick He Really Is

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When Nick opened the door, he was greeted by the most lovely blonde he'd ever seen. She was in her early thirties, had a pleasant smile, and a large, protruding belly underneath her green satin shirt. Nick dropped his gaze to her stomach and silently sucked in his breath. "Hi ya," she said in a pleasantly soft British accent. She was English! His heart skipped a bit. "Hi." Quickly remembering his manners, he offered his hand to her. "I'm Georgina." "I'm Nick." Georgina happily shook his hand. "Nice to meet you, Nick." "Nice to meet you," said Nick, still stunned someone actually responded to his ad. "Can I come in?" "Oh, yeah. Sorry." Nick allowed her in and gestured towards his twin bed. Georgina looked around his eclectic room and sat down. "You a music fan?" "Yeah. I love the Doors, Steve Miller. All the Oldies. The Beatles." "Ohhhh," Georgina crooned, laughing. "Well before your time. You've got good taste." "Thanks," Nick muttered awkwardly. He stood away from her, his hands deciding whether they should go in his pockets or stay by his side. Georgina readily picked up on this and laughed. She patted the spot next to her and leaned back casually, her belly in full view. Nick swallowed. "Your first time doing this?" she asked. Nick nodded silently, then began muttering anxiously. "I really--I don't want to hurt the baby. You said you were seven months, and I--" Georgina smirked to herself and straightened up. She wiped a lock of hair from her face, looked at Nick and said very frankly, "Nick. I've done this before. My husband's out of town, and he knows what kind of work I do. I've done all me check-ups with the doctor. It's okay." "I don't want to be the one who--" "It's all right, Love." Nick swallowed and looked around the room. "It's not like I'm a perv. I've just got this thing for pregnant women. You know. I think that women are really beautiful. And intimate. And--" Georgina cocked her head to the side. "You're a virgin, aren't you? Nick looked at her, chest heaving. "Yes." He said, point blank. Georgina smiled. "Love, you don't have to do anything you don't want to do. I won't charge you extra." She pats the spot next to her again. "Now, sit down. I think you're more curious than anything." Nick awkwardly shuffled his way to Georgina. He sat next to her, looked nervously at her belly, then quickly averted his gaze. His heart pounded tremendously. Georgina leaned back on her arms, watching his chest heave nervously. "You miss home, don't you?" Nick looked at her and nodded. "Especially your mum?" she asked. Nick nodded and swallowed tensely, chest still heaving. "Going away to University can be extremely difficult. I'm sure your mum misses you, too." She affectionately brushed the hair from his forehead. Despite his nervousness, Nick began

to feel unusually relaxed. Yet, he did nothing, merely sat nervously. Georgina unbuttoned her silk blouse and opened it, exposing her heavy breasts with large areolas and pert nipples. She softly rubbed her massive stomach. This sent a tingle straight to Nick's groin. Georgina gently pulled Nick towards her, pressing his head to her chest. Nick let out a small moan of pleasurable relief. She cuddled his head and cooed softly. "It's all right, Nick. I'm right here. Shh." Nick closed his eyes, breathing loudly, barely able to contain himself. He turned his head until his lips pressed against her sternum. He kissed her there. "Shhh," Georgina cooed. Nick moved his lips to kiss the rounded curvature of her breast, then her areola. Before long, his mouth took in her nipple. She was quite surprised by his ability to suck. She adjusted her position, and with her free hand, lifted her breast to give him better access. Nick suckled hungrily. All at once, Georgina felt as if she was nursing a child. Yet, it felt different from nursing. It felt good. Nick licked, toyed and played with her nipple then ravenously applied the same attention to the other breast. "Easy, Nick," Georgina murmured. "Easy!" She lifted his head to look at her, a slight bit scolding, but then her eyes softened. "Gently, Love." Nick silently kissed his way down her belly to her protruding navel. He placed an ear to it, listening to the stirring inside. They were silent for a moment. Georgina breathed softly, her round orb moving up and down as Nick listened to the baby's heartbeat. "It's so fast," he whispered. "Yeah," Georgina responded, softly stroking his hair. Nick closed his eyes and sighed pleurably through his nose, enjoying the affection his scalp was receiving. The combined sensation of comfort and excitement, coupled with the rapid mantra of the pulse beneath the mound of flesh, sent shivers to his groin. He listened silently. His hand freely roamed to her breast and played with her nipple. Georgina continued to mother his thick mane. "How do you feel?" she asked. He turned to look at her, blinking slowly. "I wish I was inside you," he said before returning his ear to her belly. Georgina laid down on her side, her breasts squeezed together, belly exposed. She patted the spot on the bed before her. "Come here." Nick looked at her reluctantly. "It's okay. We'll just lie down together." He laid down next to her, facing her. "Take off your trousers." His eyes widened. "We're not going to do that. Just trust me. Okay?" Nick nodded. She stared into his eyes as he slid down his trousers, belt jingling. She placed Nick's hand on her belly, slid it up to her breast, then sucked gently on his middle finger. She then returned his hand to her belly. Nick looked at her expectantly while she softly stroked his cheek. Then she reached down to his hardened member. "Just look at me, Sweetie," Georgina whispered sweetly. The rapid sound of chaffing against bed-sheets could be heard. Before long, Nick was awash with a euphoric sensation. Georgina watched his eyebrows furrow, his whole expression changing. She simply smiled. His lips parted in a silent cry, and then he threw his head back as a long breathy cry escaped his mouth. She gently shh'd him as she patiently waited for him to regain his composure. "You did just fine," she said sweetly, stroking his cheek. Nick sat up and pulled up his trousers. Georgina sat up with some effort and buttoned up her shirt. She smiled wanly and held out her arm. Nick helped her as she lifted her stomach heavily to her feet. Georgina disappeared into the bathroom to wash her hands. When she returned, she smoothed out her hair, found her keys and purse and headed for the door. Nick followed her. She turned to him and smiled wryly. "Feel any better, Love?" He nodded, sniffing as if recovering from a cold. They looked at each other for a

moment. Georgina leaned forward with her lips puckered. Nick awkwardly bent down and gave a kiss. "Bye, Love." "Bye." She exited the door, then quickly turned back to him. "Don't forget to call your mum." "I will," said Nick, absently waving and closed the door. After sniffing and brushing his nose again, Nick wandered to his bed and plopped onto his back, hands behind his head. He stared at the ceiling, silently breathing, pensive. Before long, he fell asleep.