

Racing to the Finish

September 2022

Squealing tires. Revving engines. The whoosh and roar of car after car hurtling past on their way around the course. It was a racing fan's wet dream...

And also completely imaginary. Or at least, safely contained within the little handheld game console within Todd's upheld hands. With his eyes so fixed on the glowing screen and his fingers working so rapidly back and forth on the joysticks, one might be forgiven for thinking he was insensible of anything but the race before him.

But along with the sounds of his enthralling game were others. The subtle creak of the queen bed shifting beneath him. A woman's low, musical laughter. And the quiet crinkle of something else: of something thick and white between his splayed legs, being tugged open by a set of nimble, womanly fingers...

"Shh, sweetie," she cooed now, and even in the bluish glow of the screen a tinge of red could be seen blossoming in his cheeks. "Don't move, baby. Just focus on your game, okay? Be a good boy and show Mommy just how badly you want to win..." He nodded silently, suckling harder on the large pacifier between his lips in concentration. *Yes. Focus. Win.* He had to get first place, just like his mommy-girlfriend had ordered.

Her smile, warm and maternal in the soft light from the bedside lamp, grew as her boyfriend's diaper fell open before her. There he lay: legs splayed, pacifier lodged in his mouth, with his dinosaur-covered pajama shirt and open diaper making him look like nothing less than an overgrown three-year-old being prepared for a night of sweet dreams and soggy pants. He was her precious little boy – her baby – her sweet little man.

And yet... there was also something far more adult going on before her.

Her fingers dropped down to caress the gleaming plastic of the pink cock cage secured tightly around his semi-flaccid penis. Beneath it hung his blue-tinged balls, shaven and taut in their confines, dangling as full and weighty as a half-filled water balloon. And right atop the cage itself, heavy and uncompromising, was the lock: brass and steel, specially engineered to click shut and never to yield until that key – the key glinting even now between her generous cleavage – was inserted to set his manhood free.

But otherwise? Well, he was hers: her caged, submissive boy, his masculinity and adulthood and all the sordid pleasures they conveyed locked away, neat and snug, under her control.

A tinny, electronic fanfare rang through the room, and from behind his pacifier bubbled a cry of elation. "Ih wown!" he crowed, and as his eyes met hers over the controller she smiled to see his juvenile elation. "Fhird playfh!" "Aww, third place? That's so *good*, baby!" Stephanie cheered softly, and she patted his smooth-shaven thigh in condescending enthusiasm. "Now, all you need to do is try *really* hard for second and first place, okay? Remember what Mommy said?"

As he turned his suddenly self-conscious gaze back to the game, she could see him nodding shamefully. "Uh-huh," he managed, and shifted with a crinkle on his open diaper. "Ih gohnuh dhwy weel hawdh..." "You *do* have to try hard, baby," she agreed with a little giggle. "At least, if you want to get big boy cummies before your bedtime. And I bet you do, huh? It must have been *so* hard being locked away for three whole weeks while I was away, wasn't it?"

Another nod – and then with another fanfare, he was starting another game. Behind his pacifier could be seen a look of greedy desperation. He wanted this win – badly. He needed it. His aching balls yearned for it. For it was the only way he could get the primal, sexual relief he craved...

"But since you just got third place, baby," she smiled, "I think you already deserve a bit of a prize." His eyes grew wide, his lips paused in their working, his hands freezing momentarily – for now against his tender bumhole he could feel the slippery pressure of her fingers. "Shh, relax for me, baby," she murmured, and as he plunged on with his game, her fingers continued with their ministrations: her index finger first, gloved and lubed, slipping teasingly at first and then deeper into his vulnerable ass. Then a second, slender finger joined it, and he let out a muted little moan as her joints slipped past the tight ring of his anus.

"Good boy," she breathed, and even as the sound of screeching tires and breaking glass confirmed that her boy toy was having difficulty focusing on the race, she merely smiled. "Go on, keep trying, babe. Never mind what Mommy's doing down here! I believe in you..."

Maybe it was her words. Maybe it was just coincidence. And maybe it was the lovely sensation of her probing fingers stretching him out and tickling his needy prostate. Whatever the cause, it wasn't long before a triumphant flourish sounded and Todd was anxiously showing her the win on his screen.

"*Second* place? Wow, my little boy is doing *amazing*!" Stephanie exclaimed, and with a smile reached

up and caught the key dangling against her warm breast. "Now I'm guessing you know what that means, don't you? I think it's time you say bye-bye to your pretty little cage for awhile!"

Oh, god, yes! In his eyes the hunger and gratitude burned, his breath hitching as those fingers worked and the lock clicked and then, for the first time in three weeks, the imprisoning cage was slipping free from his manhood. There in the air it hung, his half-erect cock, twitching and pulsing with nerves and arousal as he realized just how close he was approaching to actually gaining relief...

"Now, focus, baby. Don't pay any attention to Mommy. Mommy wants her big boy to focus on getting a big boy win..." And now he was indeed playing in earnest: pacifier working, brow furrowing, fingers trembling and taut on the controller. And all the while, his girlfriend was working him just as deftly: one pair of fingers slipping teasingly in and out of his clenching bum, while the other hand slid and tightened and contracted seductively around his now-stiffening cock. He was free now: no longer an overgrown baby now, but a desperately horny young man longing to bury his prick deep in the wet folds of his beautiful partner...

Minute after minute ticked by. Racing engines were paralleled by thumping hearts; fingers stabbing at buttons were matched by lubed fingers slipping deep within. And every now and again, the teasing mommy would cast a bright glance up at the clock on the wall, noting with quiet satisfaction how the hands were ticking steadily toward the hour of nine o'clock...

As the roar of an out-of-control racer disappeared into yet another explosion and the tinkle of broken glass, Mommy sighed and shook her head... while from down the hall the sound of the mantel clock chimed out the hour. Nine o'clock. "Sorry, baby," she shrugged, and now her hand was reaching over and grasping the game console between his hands. "It's your bedtime. I guess maybe you didn't quite manage to get first place tonight, huh?"

"Nhoo- nhoo, whaith-" Todd protested, his inarticulate words bringing a smile of amusement to her lips. "Jhuffh a widdhle mwwhoah-" "No, baby," she commanded – and now the game controller was being wrenched out of his clutching fingers and removed to the safety of the dresser. "You can try again next week, okay? I guess you're just not quite as big a boy as I thought..."

The desperate cry that sprang from behind his pacifier brought a chuckle to her lips. "Aww, sweetie, it's okay!" she consoled, even as she reached for the cage and began fitting it once more down over his still semi-erect cock. "The main thing is that you had fun, right?" Her smile deepened as he writhed and shook his head in vehement disagreement. "Aww, no? Well, that's okay, baby... At least Mommy had fun playing with you."

And then, as the lock clicked shut and his once-more caged penis disappeared into the depths of his diaper, she giggled despite his whining protests. "Then again, I suppose it wouldn't hurt to try milking you, either. After all, if you're going to be such a sore loser... maybe next time *I* should be the only one playing!"

To which new and terrifying idea the poor Todd could only stare and mewl his inarticulate, horrified protest.