

A Cosy Cittle's Nest



*Sapphina Dreamweaver
Circa Autumn 2026*

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Contains

> Mention of off-page BDSM

***To our plural families who have
romantic and/or sexual relations
with the littles you share a head
with.***

Love you all, always,

- Sapphina <3

A Note On Time

One year on Mars takes approximately 668 Mars days, each one being only slightly longer than an Earth day at 24.6 Earth hours. Most people on Mars count seasons rather than years, each one being 167 days long.

A quick and easy way to convert is to divide Mars seasons by two and subtract a tenth of the new number to get a pretty accurate number in Earth years.

Age

People tend to refer to their age in terms of which season of their life they are in. The season they are born in being their first season. Rather than saying they "are thirty" they say they are "in their 30th" season.

Cuttles and Cittles

'Cuttle' and 'Cittle' are terms derived from the contraction of 'cute little'. Which term is more commonly used varies from region to region. Cuttle refers exclusively to sexually active plural littles in bodies of adult age.

The terms 'child' and 'children' are used exclusively to refer to people yet to come of age. This is based on their body's birth age, so a headmate with an age older than their body is still a child if their body is not yet of age.

'Kid(s)' is used for both cittles and children.

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A Cosy Cittle's Nest

Moss was having a very good morning. She'd woken up to find the sun shining and a breeze that was only a little blustery. Also that mum had been halfway through eating a very tasty bowl of diced fruits and honeyed roast grains!

Moss finished chewing the mouthful of food she'd woken up with and spooned another in. The strawberries and pears were so juicy as she munched, the muesli crunchy as she gnawed happily at the barley. She remembered getting to help pick the fruit from the old ladies' garden yesterday. The couple had patted her on the head after and called her 'such a delightful girl' then sent her on her way with a big basket heaped with fresh fruits and veggies. She smiled at the memory while she savoured the rest of their breakfast.

The grownups in her head told her they'd do the dishes later, so Moss put the bowl by the sink for now. She stood and pondered what she wanted to do

next. It wasn't a day mum was doing stuff at the town kitchen, so Moss could have their body as long as she wanted today. It was really nice weather, so there'd be lots of birds out. Maybe she'd go draw them and any cute plants she found on her adventure?

The hem of their short nightie brushed over her bare legs from a gentle gust. It felt nice, so Moss rubbed her thigh with a hand too. She was wearing nothing else at the moment, and she wanted to make the most of the cosy sensations before she got dressed to go out. She felt the floral hem in her hand and tried to decide which dress to put on for her outing. Maybe the yellow one covered in white flowers? Although the lilac one had the prettiest hem and sleeve ruffles.

The water in the river would be pretty warm too. She could change into their swimsuit instead and go to the swimming hole, it wasn't far. Her friend Liss would be there, as it was every fifth day and then they could talk about cute girls and geology together. Well, Liss would talk about the geology and Moss

would listen because she hadn't wasn't the one whose life had revolved around rocks for over 40 seasons.

She looked down and giggled as she noticed a pebble poking at the front of her nightie, a hand's breadth above the lace. Her body was suggesting sex and Moss liked that idea a lot. Though right now she was unsure if she wanted do something with herself at home or go out to find someone to have sex with. That would mean getting dressed and putting on shoes though and waiting too.

She was tempted to still go to the river and there enjoy it. Her erection would be gone by then but sitting in Liss's lap would bring it back quickly. Liss liked it when she wore the black one-piece swimsuit, the fabric was stretchy enough that it didn't need to undress her to put its cock in her bum. Her cock twitched joyfully as she thought about how nice its big penis always felt in her. She loved the way Liss would bounce her in the water with a knee, bobbling up and down on its dick till it pulled her down and finished with its tip snuggled in her belly.

Hitching up the front of the nightie, her tip was dragged up down before slipping loose and springing into view. "Yay!" she exclaimed happily when she saw the wet strand from where her tip had touched her tummy. It was so funny she just had to grab herself and play for a while. It was already so excited and her skin made that silly slick noise as she rubbed it. She decided that she was too impatient to go to all the trouble of leaving the house. She wanted to enjoy it now.

Her penis jiggled about as she skipped down the hall to their room. She chanted, "fun time, fun time, fun time!" to herself, as she went, smiling widely. Her eyes followed her head from side to side with each bounce. She loved getting to play with her penis, it was so pretty. Every cock she'd ever seen had been really cute, but she still thought hers was the prettiest. It fit her hand perfectly because it was made for her to hold and have fun with.

The grownups were beautiful when their penis was hard too, and they got them much bigger than her

because they were bigger girls. Moss wished they had another body so Sara and Kali could put theirs inside her and she could feel them physically. Though sometimes she got sex in their head with those two and their cocks felt so good in her bottom. Occasional the pair of them would team up and take turns resting while the other played with her. That was the best and she got to have several hours of utter bliss while their body wriggled and oozed.

She liked getting sucked and nursing on her friends cocks too. She imagined it would be fun to have her own in her mouth, but despite all the tricky positions she'd tried, she'd never quite managed to reach. She had found one that let her get her cum all over her face like she enjoyed other girls doing, but it wasn't very comfortable so she rarely did it.

It didn't bother her too much though. Mum's friend Bess was always happy to suck Moss when she visited and would make Moss giggle and squirm as she blew raspberries between Moss's legs. As the cherry on top, Bess had lots of cum and Moss got to

enjoy getting her face and torso all sticky. Bess loved alliteration, and had taken to hugging her after and calling Moss her 'capable cutie curious cum-coated cittle companion'.

She traipsed into her room and went right to their wardrobe to find one of her dresses. Mum's nightie was cute too, but she really wanted a proper dress for enjoying herself. They just fit her right.

The lilac dress was the first one she found in their wardrobe as she was looking through mum's skirts and their dresses. The clothes were supposed to be sorted so they each had their own section but they never quite got around to it and so she found it between two of Sara's big denim rompers.

She dragged the nightie off, tossing it over the back of their chair and wiggled into her dress. It got stuck on her protruding penis and she left it. She'd just be getting it out again in a few minutes anyways. The fabric was so comfy and fit her hips just right. It was a little snug over her chest, though luckily their body's

boobs were a fair bit smaller than average. She didn't have to deal with the weirdness that some of her cittle friends did with their bodies having massive breasts. It made her feel more her age to have a flatter chest, though she would never complain about having big, sticky out nipples. They were so fun when people played with them, she couldn't make it feel as good by herself though.

Normally the dress would come a bit past her knees but right now something was holding it up at the front. The breeze was very refreshing as it swirled about under her dress and she opened her legs to feel better. There was nothing quite as nice for a little girl as cool air softly caressing her balls and inner thighs.

She spun gaily several times, her hem billowing out then falling back as she came to a stop looking at the rest of the room.

There was their green and lilac shark, Tipples, watching from their sage green duvet. It was called that because once Moss had asked mum if sharks had

nipples but had said tipples by mistake and they'd decided to call it that since. The bed itself was of standard size for a single person and Moss wished it was bigger. She wanted to be able to sprawl out and feel all small in it.

Something like her mum's sister had. That slept three with aunty and her wives. She'd been in that bed a few times and it was great. Moss had pestered mum about getting one like that, but mum had told her that their current room was too small for anything bigger. She'd at least gotten mum to promise that they'd find a place with a big bed when they moved up north season after next. They knew several people with littles in the city and were going to ask their advice. Moss was looking forward to having one big enough to have play dates on with her fellow cittles. Well, cuttles she guessed since that was how they said it up there.

The tall oak bookcase across from the bed was stuffed edge to edge with all sorts of books, with more slid on top when the shelf had run out of space.

They had stories and histories and books on plants and animals. She liked the nature books, they had really awesome pictures of all the critters and flowers she couldn't see for herself outside because they were from other regions.

At the head of their bed was a night stand painted a vibrant yellow like the sun and covered in daisy and foxglove and pansies and some other flowers she couldn't remember the name of right then. A small lamp perched on top, she'd read a lot of stories under its light while cocooned in blankets. The night stand itself was used for storing their toys.

Her stuff was on the top shelf, a mostly smooth toy stroker a bit like what singlet kids got sat on top of some plain clothes for cleaning up after. She also had a gently tapering dildo that reminded her of a tentacle. It was small so it wouldn't hurt her and she enjoyed how slimy it felt in her bottom when she covered it with lube from her pewter bee container. And best of all was the other stroker, though this one wasn't a toy.

It was her mum, or at least as close as Moss could get to physically being in mum. It had mum's soft lips pursed into a comforting kiss on one end and and mum's holes on the other. Moss's headmates had all collaborated to bring it into her life and she loved them dearly for being so thoughtful.

Mum's body had a pussy in their headspace, unlike the dicks the rest of them had. It didn't bother mum when she was in the body though, she didn't obsess over how exactly she made someone writhe under her.

So the bum and mouth were based on their actual body, tweaked just a little to feel more right to how mum saw herself in their head. The vulva and the tunnel beyond mum had sculpted to be just like hers, with all the uneven crinkly bits Moss loved. Her pretty clit shone from a dark bed of soft, thick hairs. It was the exact same hair as they had down there - though now, like most of the time, Moss was smooth which she liked a lot.

In short, it was mum, so every last thing about it was perfect.

Moss had felt all sad and dejected when they'd been making it because she could tell when they were hiding something big from her. They'd wrapped it up in some daisy print fabric and bound it with pink ribbon for her one night, leaving it with a card for her to discover in the morning. She'd immediately forgiven them for their sneakiness and cried tears of joy as she got to hold part of mum's form physically. Mum had reclined and spread her legs in headspace, saying Moss could do whatever took her fancy for the rest of the day. She had explored mum's vulva with her fingers, then tongue. Mum had felt amazing when Moss got to be in her, way better than she had ever imagined while making do with her toy stroker. She'd passed out a couple of hours later, falling into mum's arms in an ecstatic exhaustion.

The shelf below held all the big girl toys the others had. They'd talked Moss through trying the big tentacle with all the textures and suckers Kali liked

sitting on, but it had been too overwhelming for her. The one made like a human dick was alright but mainly just made her want to play with an actual person. It wasn't very companionable. Other than that was Mum and Kali's bright purple collar for when they had a lover visit. Mum got very silly when she wore it and Kali liked to pretend to have some dignity.

Sara had filled their big cut crystal decanter of lube at the chemist in town yesterday and the small, corked glass flask they used to apply it was freshly topped off too. Neatly stacked beside them were their season cloths with their embroidery on display. Mum had gotten them a long time ago, maybe even before Moss was around, they weren't quite sure. Moss didn't use them though, they were for grown ups.

Oh, and there was also the drawer. Moss never looked in there. She knew it was where Sara kept the things she liked to hit people with for fun. Even though she knew they must like it too otherwise Sara

wouldn't do it, all the things meant to hurt people still scared her.

She did feel a bit bad for Sara though; Moss knew she liked getting hit too, but couldn't do it as intensely as she wanted to. Once Sara had gone all out and Moss had spent several hours crying after waking up in body that hurt really bad and was covered in bruises and bites.

The other two had been very angry at Sara when Moss had asked them for help and told Moss to call one of Kali's friends, Gail to come over. Gail had been the best, it had hugged her, carefully avoiding all the sore spots, and taken her out to get some treats. On the walk, it took them through the park and they got to see the also the cool bugs which Gail knew all about and also it told her lots of silly jokes.

After the honey soaked cake and some hot chocolate she had been a lot better. She'd been curious about the drink Gail had gotten itself and it let her try a sip, but it was very bitter. The medication Gail

had got from Mum's cabinet had also started helping with the swelling and aches. It had also gotten them a lunch to go with the treats, saying their body needed enough food to heal.

They'd gone and curled up under all the blankets and duvets on Gail's couch after the food. It had introduced her to a series of movies with cutest puppets used to portray big critters who flew through space and helped all kinds of different species of people with their problems. She'd giggled and clapped her hands with delight when a close up had revealed they were made of felt, carefully hand-stitched, with thin cords making the wings flap.

After the first movie had finished, she had asked Gail if they could kiss for a bit, she was feeling so much joy bubbling in her. It had explained it didn't like to kiss or have sex, so they'd watched a second one and then drew some pictures together. Moss looked at her wall where she had the picture she'd drawn of that fuzzy dragonfly, all pinks and greens. It had been pink and red in the movie, but Moss had

decided that that it really ought to have been green and she still felt she was right.

She had been very worn out after her big day, so she fell asleep not long after finishing the picture. Sara had walked them home and wrote a note apologising for her inconsiderate behaviour. She'd said it had been completely out of line for her to do that to a common body and had promised that she'd not do anything more than light spanking in the future. Moss didn't know what a 'spanking' was, but she'd never felt it after so she didn't mind.

Sara had mentioned something about letting the presence of an older, taller woman get in the way of her better judgement. Moss didn't really get it, all older women were taller than her because they were grown ups and it never effected her ability to think. But Sara had said sorry and hadn't hurt their body since -well except for hitting their hand with a hammer once, though that had been an accident.

Moss plopped herself onto the edge of the bed and thought about what she wanted to do. She was really feeling like laying in the sun on her bed and playing with her penis, but wasn't sure if she wanted to do it by herself or wake mum for sex.

Her grownups had a whole shelf on their bookcase full of sex stories, though she found most of the ones they enjoyed were kind of boring and had too many pointlessly big words anyways. There were a few books with really cute caring tentacle creatures she liked, though one of mum's books with tentacles had a really mean tentacle nightmare that didn't listen. In the bit she'd read, there had been several words she didn't want to look up what they meant.

There were also a few fully illustrated books with lots drawing of cute cocks on pretty people. One had plenty of beautiful scenes of nymphs and bathing women and soft sex which her friend Yen had livened up from the plain line art with her water colours as a going away gift for Moss when Yen had moved a day to the East and couldn't play with Moss anymore. She

stared at the spine for half a minute, kicking her heels on the bed as she considered it. Mum had been using a new body wash the last few fingers and it had made their hands and penis skin so so soft. Moss had gotten fond of using her hand recently as a result, over her typical preference for her toy. As much as she loved doing that with the pretty book though, she'd done it a lot recently and was getting a bit bored of it.

"Can we have sex please, mum?" Moss asked hopefully, listening in her head for any reply.

She waited for half a minute, then got her answer: 'sure, dear. Just let me collect myself.'

Throwing her mental arms around mum's waist, Moss hugged tightly. "Thanks!" She half felt mum rubbing her shoulders and upper back with big, strong hands.

Moss grumbled a little as one of the hands stopped rubbing her. A few moments later, she gasped, then giggled as she felt a something slip between their legs.

That's where it had gone! Mum was fingering her pussy and letting Moss enjoy it too.

Mum knelt, her hand going lower to stroke and squish Moss's bum. Moss moaned and lean against mum as she felt a figment of a finger slip between her cheeks. It traced around her opening and set her wriggling in mum's embrace as she waited for it to go in. "Rotten tease," she declared after a few seconds more when she realised mum wasn't putting it in.

'Okay, dear. For a bit.' Moss beamed as lips kissed her forehead and a finger pushed inside her. She cuddled into mum's torso, resting her head on a pillow of a breast. Mum had bigger boobs in their head. The pushing, curling, stroking finger pressed all the way in, loving her for a pair of minutes.

Moss made a pleading sound as mum withdrew it. Mum told her that she also wanted to pleasure herself again and Moss could enjoy that too. It was nice feeling mum finger her vulva, but it wasn't as good as getting her own hole played with. Moss contented

herself with squishing her penis head while mum rubbed herself.

Several minutes later, mum said that she'd given herself enough attention, and now it was time to get Moss ready for sex. Moss squeaked with anticipation, she loved mum doting on her to get her all big and firm for cuddling together.

Moss felt mum move the hand from mum's slit to massage her cock. She blushed and squirmed happily as mum called her all her favourite things: 'my cittle, my gorgeous kid, my little ray of sunshine.'

She melted under the affection, flopping back onto the bed arms out. Mum tickled her belly and she shrieked with laughter, rolling onto her side and pulling up her knees. "No fair!" she complained, swatting at mums arms with her hands.

Okay, mum told her, pointedly holding her hands behind her back and looking all disinterested.

"Awwwe, I didn't mean for you to stop," Moss complained.

She grinned as mum rubbed her tummy, calling it her 'big kid belly'. She rolled onto her front as the hands drifted to her hips. Moss hugged the pillow to her face, rubbing her cheek against as she like to do when she was all worked up like this. It wasn't smooth and slippery like she'd expected though, instead catching on the short bristles covering her cheeks.

She grumbled at the coarseness of her face, clawing at the stubble with her fingernails. She was young, she shouldn't have to shave for a smooth face. She wished the grownups had done it. Mum told Moss that she'd been planning to shave after breakfast but then Moss had come out before she got a chance. Moss took mum's advice and stopped fussing at it, focusing on the hands stroking her lower back instead.

Mum grabbed a cheek in each hand, wiggling Moss's butt. 'Come on, lets have that sex now.' Moss started to look where a towel might be, but mum told

her not to bother because they were going to change the sheets today anyway.

Moss scrambled to the edge of her bed, reaching out to snag mum from the shelf and cuddling mum's bits to her chest. "Can we kiss a bit first though, mum?" she asked, looking down at the lips beckoning from between their boobs. Mum sent her an image of laying back on the bed and pulling Moss down on top of her. Moss closed her eyes, enjoying the images as she kissed mum. Mum's warmth mixed with the stroker's lips, still warming. Her lip slipped between the tangible lips as mum sucked it into nibble gently. It was a much more grownup kiss than mum usually gave her when they did it before sex, maybe mum was really excited too. Her lip was released and mum went back to kissing her like a kid.

"Yeah," Moss agreed happily when mum suggested that she'd happily kiss for the next couple hours. She often did just that when drifting off to sleep for the night.

"Which hole do you want me in this time?" She was really hoping mum would let her put it in her butt, that was her favourite.

'Such good manners my girl has.' Mum considered for a little while, before saying she'd have her usual of vaginal please.

"Okay!" Moss wasn't disappointed, every bit of mum was great. She put mum's stroker down delicately, and grabbed her dress hem to lift it. Mum cleared her throat and asked if she forgetting anything. "Ummm. Thank you for the sex?"

Mum pinched Moss's nose. She remaindered Moss that while she was thoroughly damp for Moss, the stroker still needed to be lubed.

"Oh, yeah," Moss giggled, feeling a bit silly as she got her bee. She twisted the bee's butt open and generously filled the stroker's mum bits with lube.

Aligning the stroker with how mum was lying on her back, Moss lifted her dress and tried to clamber

astride mum's hips. She wiggled and fussed, but couldn't get comfortable atop the hips that weren't there. 'Dear. You're too small for that.'

"I can do it with Rose," Moss insisted.

'Because it's a small cittle like you.' Strong hands lifted Moss's mental body, while mum open her legs beneath and set Moss down. It was a touch disconcerting having her mental and physical bodies move yet not move like that, but it was only for a second.

Moss sank easily between mum's legs, laughing as mum's thick bush tickled her penis while searching for mum's entrance. Finding it, the still slightly cold stroker opened around her as mum's warmth welcomed her in. Moss didn't say anything about the physical feeling, she never did. Mum must have know though, as she bent her head to whisper in a teasing voice Moss almost heard: "I'm a bit chilly, sweetie. Want to help mum warm up inside?"

Moss stuck her tongue out at mum, feeling her face flush. She didn't tend to do that much. Still, she wriggled her hips a little further up when mum kissed her on the top of the head. She couldn't actually resist her mum's affectionate teasing. Mum moaned softly as Moss added a small rock to her hips, and made a little gasp of her own as her balls brushed up against mum's labia.

"Your pussy is so good, mum," Moss murmured, enjoying the squishing noises they made together. She was all the way in, which was pretty easy for a girl as young as her. She was more grinding inside mum than thrusting. Mum's pubic hair caressed her smooth mons lovingly.

'Of course it is, dear. It made you after all,' mum declared as she hugged Moss to her big belly. 'I love cattles, so easy to accommodate.' Moss squirmed as mum added: 'and most of all, you, my little kid.'

She was a bundle of cosy for the next ten minutes maybe, Moss wasn't good at keeping track of time,

especially when enjoying herself like that. Then mum told her to stop and listen for a moment, so Moss sprawled with her face on mum's tummy. Mum was so warm and comfy around her and she blushed as mum ran fingers through her hair. The forehead kisses she got made Moss twitch inside mum, which mum said felt adorable, as was Moss's response of wiggling her bottom at the affection.

"Really?" Moss asked excitedly when mum said she could put it in her butt now if she wanted. Moss didn't get permission for that often and she'd never turned it down yet.

Yes, she was sure. She knew how much of a treat it was for Moss and mum wanted it too.

"Yay!" Moss kicked her legs happily then pulled out so mum could get ready for her. In their mind's eye, mum sat up and kissed her on the lips. Moss giggled as mum darted the tip of her tongue in. 'Which way up do you want me, sweetie?' she asked, sitting cross-legged with her bush all mussed up and

damp. Moss loved seeing how flushed with pleasure she'd gotten mum's sweating skin.

"On your back, please. That way I get to see your face," Moss blushed as she closed her eyes to look at mum better.

Mum called Moss a sweet heart and said her back was good for her, meant she didn't have to roll over. Moss pushed some of the duvet under the stroker when mum said she wanted her hips a bit higher to make it a good angle for them both.

Moss's dick was all sticky from mum's pussy and her own wetness. As much as mum's self-lubing butt was just as damp as Moss's dripping bum, the stroker could only do so much.

She dribbled her bee's goo over the stroker's buttohole and then tried putting it in. At first just with just her hips but she had no luck. After it slipped off a few times with a silly splat of her taint smacking mum's, she listened to mum's advice and helped it in with her hand.

It was tight, but easy enough with some patience to get herself in mum's butt once her tip was in. She hummed with how nice a grip mum's butt had on her cock. Mum's pussy was lovely, though it was a bit loose. Mum was a bigger girl than Moss and when she'd made the stroker, she'd gotten it a fair bit larger than their body so it would feel the right size when Moss humped it. Moss loved how much she really felt her age when she was inside mum like that. Mum's bum made her dick feel amazing though, so both were good.

It didn't take long until she hit an obstruction in mum's butt. Mum grabbed her bum cheeks, helping her go deeper then gasped, breathing ragged as Moss's penis popped past.

She ground her head against mum's prostate, thoroughly enjoying both the sensation against her head and mum's delight coming through in their body's biological prostate. It felt almost like humping her own bum a bit.

They took it slow for a few minutes, recovering from the sharp sensation of getting into position. All the while mum told her how perfect Moss felt into the nook that was made just for her. Others might visit and make mum moan and gasp and even cum from this, but Moss was the only one who fit her so flawlessly.

Moss lost track of time, hips rocking unhurriedly as she lay there with mum, every part of her where it belonged. Head on tummy; arms around mum's midriff; mum's arms draped protectively over her shoulders; mum's lovely core nuzzling her cosy cock.

Bliss.

At some point, there came a delicate rap of knuckles on the door frame and a call of: "May, could I- oh, hi, Moss."

Moss lifted her head, opening an eye to see Ena, the woman they shared the house with poking her head in. "Huh?" Moss asked, hoping it wasn't something urgent.

Ena smiled, brushing away a strand of long hair that had fallen across her face. Moss imagined that her shoulder length brown curls must be pretty messy too. "It'll keep. You're mounting May, ain't you?"

"Yeah," Moss murmured, humping mum again now she knew she didn't need to stop.

"You two enjoy yourselves, come find find me once you're done. It's just house stuff to discuss." Ena wondered off and left Moss to cuddle back into May's arms.

Moss did as mum told her and put everything else out of her mind as she snuggled into mum again. She was feeling really good again and wanted mum to feel amazing too. She slid a hand over her thigh, fiddling it about till she found mum's clit with her thumb. A stout groan came as she pressed into the hard nub, her rocking making it press circles on mum's big jewel. Moss didn't know a lot about vulva but she understood the basics of how to be a good lover for mum. If mum had been on her front, Moss would

have put a finger in too, but the everything was in the wrong place for that right now.

Not that it mattered too much, mum's ragged breathing sounded like she was enjoying it as much as Moss was. That was good, Moss didn't want to do it if mum didn't love it too.

She soon felt that not quite peeing sensation build in her groin and realised she was nearly done playing with mum. That was okay, she could always lick mum after if mum wanted, though mum tended to tell her to rest and masturbated. Mum liked it more vigorous than Moss could manage, but cumming herself never really mum's goal with Moss.

"Inside?" Moss asked, her voice almost a squeak from how she felt within mum's tight hole.

'Give me all your love, darling.' Mum's words were all she needed and a few seconds later she made a sharp "eep" as she twitched and gushed in mum. Her own bum clenched and twitched, wanting something in her but not finding anything. Her body was silly like

that, but it felt good anyway. Her back arched as she finished orgasming, she was still a little kid but she was determined to fill mum with as much goopy joy as she could. Her arms gave out and she flopped back down onto mum, covered in sweat and happy as could be.

Moss felt all cosy and relaxed nested in her mum's arms. Soaking in the warm rays of sun falling across her bottom and the back of her legs. All her energy was gone, well used. 'I love you mum, you're the best,' her face was smooshed against the bed so she couldn't say it out loud.

'I can feel it, dear.' There was tear on mum's cheek. 'And I don't just mean your cum dribbling out of my ass.'

"Awww," Moss uttered, feeling like the best girl on Mars as her mum mussed her hair. She lifted her face to get some more air, her brain feeling all fuzzy as she covered her mouth and yawned...

... May finished yawning, stretching her shoulder and wiping her face groggily. She was rather tired, despite having gotten a good night's sleep. Well, not quite tired, more exerted.

It was then she half-felt the phantom feeling in her rear and realised Moss's stroker of her own equipment was under her hips. May rolled to the side, grabbing one of Moss's plain cloths and sliding it under the stroker. She slipped out the body's penis, it was always a bit strange dealing with a body part she didn't have. She shuddered slightly at the overstim from the dual sensations of the cock and it sliding from her anus. She cleaned them both up and wrapped her external body up to deal with later. Putting it aside on the nightstand, she curled up with her joyous, sleepy little Moss. "You enjoy yourself, sweetie?" she asked, smooching Moss softly at the base of her neck. A very cheerful sigh accompanied Moss's dozy nod. May bundled up the duvet, pulling it into her embrace and wrapping a leg over to spoon her kid properly.

She'd had sex while many external cattles through the seasons and while those had been lovely experiences in their own right, none compared to her Moss. Tangible flesh beneath her fingers was a boon no doubt, though with Moss she could feel her girl's exuberant joy and love suffuse their shared consciousness like a hot bath through one's muscles.

Fitting Moss's small frame to her hips, she asked: "you're feeling like a nap after sex, aren't you?" Cattles tended to burn through their energy all in one go having sex and their Moss was no exception.

'Nooo', came an adorable denial that would have been more convincing had it not been delivered via a long yawn. Moss's utter contentment filled their heart and May wouldn't trade anything in the world for it. She loved Moss and felt blessed to know they would get to spend their lives together. The future might bring children for them one day, they did not feel strongly either way. Whatever they choose, Moss would always be her cherished daughter and she

Moss's proud mum. And to literally feel Moss's love was a treasure beyond compare.

Despite Moss's continued insistences that she wasn't all that tired, she drifted off in May's arms. May lay there with her slumbering girl for another few minutes, Moss using her bicep like a pillow. Eventually, the pressure dissipated and she caught a flash of Moss fully curled up in her big nest of blankets by the door of their headspace. Reflections of birdsong and echoes of warm sunlight came with it.

That cherished sharing of Moss's afterglow now over, May cleaned herself more thoroughly. She'd have a shower in a bit -as she'd originally planned to after breakfast. Feeling her face, she had to agree with Moss that their was rather abrasive. A shave was in order too. She changed back into her nightie for now, smoothing out the back of Moss's dress as she hung it up again. That done, all that was left was to clean the results of her kid's affections.

While she was washing Moss's facsimile of herself out and putting it back on the girl's shelf, she couldn't help but think that she was meant to be doing something. May dredged hazily through Moss's memories, trying to figure out what it might be. Oh, that was right; Ena had asked after her while they'd been in the middle of having sex. Moss was a darling, but she had considered house affairs a rather secondary concern compared to her mum and the prized invitation of May's ass to boot. That would explain matters.

Ambling into the kitchen for a moment, she saw nothing written on the erasable board, so it couldn't be anything too urgent. Satisfied that it would keep, she got her towel from the closet and sent off for the bathroom to get tidied up.

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