



# A Mommy's Cure for Bad Dreams

Mommy has sexy cure for bad dreams

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# A MOMMY'S CURE FOR BAD DREAMS

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Samantha relaxed in the tub, enjoying her warm bubble bath while getting delightfully smashed on a bit of wine. She had been drinking more often as of late. More than she should have maybe, but it had been a long and painful journey since her divorce from the kid's father.

After remarrying, her second, and much happier marriage, ended when her husband died in a tragic car accident, leaving her to raise her three children, Bobby, Riley, and Melissa from the first marriage by herself.

The bathroom was lit by a plethora of small tea light candles, giving it a soft romantic glow helping to make both her thoughts, and her mood, warm and fuzzy. Making sure her thoughts would continue to remain warm and fuzzy, there was a bucket of ice sitting next to the tub with the bottle of Pinot in it.

Sighing, she took another large swallow of her wine before setting it aside. Draping a wash cloth over her eyes, she sank down into the warm bubble bath.

She had maybe been catnapping for five or ten minutes when there came a soft knocking on her bathroom door.

"Mom . . . are . . . are you in there?"

Samantha's eyes flickered open as she sank further down under the protective screen of bubbles which covered nearly the entirety of her whole sunken tub.

"Yes, come in, hon," she called out to him.

The bathroom door swung open then partially as Bobby poked his head in the room.

"Oh sorry Mom, I didn't know you were taking a bath. I guess I can talk to you later."

"Hey you didn't wake your little sister up did you? She is sleeping in my bed, again."

"No. I was quiet and she is still sleeping soundly. I checked."

Bobby started to shut the door before Samantha, suspecting by the mere tone of her son's voice there was something wrong, called out to him. "Bobby come back. It's OK you can talk to me. I mean it must be important if you came up here to talk to me so late. What is it nearly eleven?"

"Yeah, almost but . . ."

"No buts, come back in here and tell your mom what is wrong," Samantha said to him firmly.

"You sure?" Bobby said as the bathroom door started to slowly open again.

"Yeah, beside I'm pretty sure I know what you wanna talk to me about."

"You do?"

"Yes, as my motherly instincts are telling me you and Billy, against my sage advice, rented that stupid Nightmare on Elm Street 2."

Bobby, standing there in a pair of old jeans and a shabby tee shirt, looked at her sheepishly before saying, "Yeah, we did."

"And let me guess, now you two are worried and scared about going to sleep?"

"Yeah," Bobby answered quietly. "I guess we are both scared we might have bad dreams."

"Then why did you watch the stupid thing," she snapped irritably at him.

"I don't know . . . coz we wanted to," Bobby quietly replied.

Samantha, chastising herself for snapping at him, softened her voice before saying, "I mean, you know those scary movies do tend to give you nightmares."

"Yeah, I know but we were just . . . like curious and everyone was talking about it so . . ."

"Well if you do have any bad dreams Bobby, just hmm, come back upstairs to my room as I won't be going to bed for a while yet since I just got into the tub. Just leave both my bedroom door, and the bathroom door open a bit."

"OK . . . sure." Bobby mumbled as he turned again to leave.

There was something in the way he mumbled his answer that struck Samantha the wrong way. It was as if he didn't really take her invitation to come back to her room seriously. Thinking she better double down on things, she spoke up.

"Look, honey, your mom is serious. You can come here and see me if you have a bad dream and need some comforting. I really mean that."

Turning back around to face her Bobby replied, "But what if it's late and you are like, already in bed?"

Deciding to try and make light of the situation, Samantha smiled at him before saying, "Then I guess you will just have to crawl up onto my bed and wake your mommy up."

He gave her a wan smile before saying a, a bit more firmly this time, "OK."

"Promise you will do that, hon. Come see me no matter how late it is?"

"Yes, I promise," he replied before beginning to, once again, retreat from the bathroom.

"Oh wait . . . one more thing, Bobby. I am assuming Billy is kind of worried like you . . . about, you know, having bad dreams and all."

"Yeah. Actually, I think he is even more worried."

"Well then why didn't he come up with you to see me?"

"Oh, you know, how he is. I told him he should come with me, but he said he didn't wanna bother you."

"Well make sure you tell him he is welcome to come see me too if he has a bad dream and needs some comforting."

"OK, I will."

Wanting to make sure her message would be delivered, Samantha said firmly, "You had better tell him, Bobby because I will ask him later if you did."

"OK, OK, I will tell him, Mom," Bobby said before finally departing.

After he left, Samantha smiled to herself, being close to one hundred percent sure one of them, if not both, would be back before the night was up, clamoring for her to comfort them after having a bad dream.

Billy was Bobby's best friend, turning just eighteen a week ago, a mere three days after Bobby's own birthday. They were the proverbial "two peas in a pod" with nearly identical personalities and looks. Although they were both the shy book worm types, Billy was maybe even a bit more reserved than his best friend as he came from an abusive home, mainly because Billy's stepfather was a jerk who liked to thump on both his wife and his oldest stepchild.

As a result of his shitty home life, Billy spent the majority of this time, over at best friend's house. Samantha actually possessed a real soft spot in her heart for the painfully shy Billy so she didn't mind him spending the majority of his time at her house.

Of course, a mother's instinct about such things in dealing with their children, and their needs, is rarely wrong and, sure enough, after maybe about fifteen minutes, she heard a soft tapping on the partially open bathroom door.

"Yes Bobby . . . come in."

The bathroom door swung slowly open as Samantha sank down further under the protective screen of bubbles.

"Its . . . it's not Bobby, Ms. Samantha it's me."

"Oh, Billy, I'm sorry. I just assumed it was Bobby."

"I can come back when . . . when you are out . . . or, you know, not at all. I don't wanna be bothering you but . . ." He paused, looking bashfully down at his feet as he fidgeted nervously.

"But you had a bad dream and wanna talk to me about it . . . right sweetie? I mean, I'm not surprised since your mom told me you get nightmares whenever you watch those stupid scary movies."

"She told you that?" he asked.

"Yes, I mean, we don't talk much, thanks to, you know, your step father but yeah she told me."

And then, not wanting him to feel ashamed about having a nightmare, if, in fact, he really had one, she quickly added, "But it's nothing to be ashamed of Billy. I mean, Bobby gets them too, you know, especially after watching a scary movie."

"I know but not tonight I guess. I tried to wake him to tell him about my dream and he won't even wake up. He is, like, totally sound asleep."

"Smiling, Samantha told him, "So I guess you are stuck telling me huh?"

"Hmm, I . . . ahhh, I don't really wanna talk about it, but I was wondering . . . I mean Bobby told me you said you would comfort either one of us if we, like, had a bad dream."

"I did and yes that applies to you as much as it does to Bobby, you know."

"Good, because I . . . I need comforting Ms. Samantha. My dream was real bad."

Billy looked down then. He was wearing a plain grey tee shirt and a pair of ratty gym shorts and had the most pitiful look on his adorably baby face. Just looking at him, standing there looking so

utterly lost and hopeless, caused Samantha's heart to swell with empathy.

Making a snap decision, Samantha decided she would do everything in her power to comfort her son's life long best friend.

"Well, you aren't going to get the comfort you need sweetie standing all the way over there now are you?"

"I guess not," he quietly answered before he slowly crossed the bathroom to her.

When he got so he was standing right next to the tub, Samantha smiled at him before saying, "Now when Bobby has a bad dream I will usually comfort him by giving him a warm glass of milk, to, you know, help him sleep when the time comes, but I think we are actually out of milk so . . . darn."

"Yeah, well, it's OK, Ms. Samantha. I mean, I don't want you going out of your way for me anyways."

There was something about the sweet and gentlemanly way he always called her "Ms. Samantha" that struck her then. Maybe it was the fact she was pretty tipsy but, Samantha, throwing caution to the wind, told him, "Well giving him milk actually only is a minor part of the way I comfort Bobby when he is suffering from a bad dream. The major part, and the most important part of the way I comfort him is by cuddling him."

Samantha watched, almost amused, with the way Billy was standing there, fidgeting all nervous like. Doubling down on what she said, she added, "You know, Bobby always took great comfort in me snuggling up with him when he had a nightmare."

"He is lucky. My mom just gets mad and yells at me because it makes my step dad mad when I have bad dreams and stuff."

"It's OK baby. I'm not like that. I'm not like your mom and we won't even talk about your dad so . . . so just forget them and if you want some nice, loving comfort from me just tell me."

I . . . I think I would like that . . . if you don't mind," Billy shyly replied.

"No, I don't mind at all, but the only thing is . . . just where am I going to cuddle you at, Billy? Normally, I cuddle Bobby downstairs in the den in front of a fire if its winter time and its cold in the house, like tonight, but you guys are sleeping down there and we don't wanna wake Bobby up."

"Right we are sleeping there."

"And I can't cuddle with you out in my bedroom because Riley is sleeping in her mommy's bed tonight. She is still there right? Sleeping."

"Yes. Bobby told me she was in your bed so I was real quiet when I came in your room."

"Normally we could go to the living room but, as I suppose you noticed it doesn't have any furniture in it now as I ordered all new furniture and it won't arrive until the day after tomorrow."

"Yeah, Bobby told me you guys were getting a new living room set but look, I mean, really it's OK. I don't wanna bother you."

"Billy, honey, you already said that about not wanting to bother me. Well, the truth is if you don't let me figure out a way me and you can cuddle so you can get the comfort you so desperately need I will be bothered . . . greatly."

Samantha paused before finally finding the courage to give voice to the wicked idea flitting around at the very edges of her mind.

"Anyways, I just thought of a way I could cuddle you that would work but . . . hmm, you would have to promise to keep it a secret, Billy."

"I can keep a secret Ms. Samantha. Promise."

"Well, I was just sort of thinking, by the way you are standing there so noticeably shivering that you must be real cold?"

"I am," he replied in his best sad puppy dog voice.

"I thought so and since we can't go down to the den, and can't go to my bedroom, or to the living room to cuddle, and of course, we can't go to Bobby's room either because what if he woke up and found us there he would be kind of upset I think."

"Yeah, he would," Billy agreed.

"So I think, maybe . . . well maybe you could join me in the tub and we can cuddle here . . . if you don't mind. I mean, it's nice and warm in here. I just added some fresh hot water before you came up and honestly, I really not ready to get out yet so . . ."

"Really you won't mind me getting in the tub with you Ms. Samantha?"

"Not at all, Billy."

"Well . . . I'm . . . I don't know . . . I mean . . ."

"Look honey I can guess what you are worried about. You are worried about me seeing you naked because, obviously, you will have to take off your clothes."

"Yeah," he said while shuffling his feet nervously.

"Well don't worry, I will just turn my head while you get undressed and then after you hop in the tub all you have to do is keep your naked body under the bubbles right . . . like I am."

"Right," he said with growing enthusiasm.

"Great then, hurry up and get undressed while I turn away. Oh, but before you get undressed while don't you go over to the bathroom door there and lock it so we won't be disturbed or surprised while I'm cuddling with you in the tub."

After he quickly locked the door, Samantha, as promised, turned her head allowing her son's introverted friend to get undressed before he hopped into the tub with her.

Stretching out her arms, while making sure to keep her "good parts" hidden under the bubbles, she told him, "Now come over here so Ms. Samantha can start giving you the comfort she promised."

Scooting over to her, while making sure to stay under the shielding screen of the bubbles, he moved right up next to her, allowing her to slip a protective arm around him as he leaned back against the side of the round sunken tub.

Pulling him closer, a rather inebriated Samantha, feeling quite playful, leaned over whispering in his ear, "Tell me your secret, hon and I'll tell you mine."

"What secret, Ms. Samantha?" a puzzled Billy asked.

"Oh come on. You know you have a deep dark secret regarding your best friend's mom in that soft little heart of yours." Running her fingers through his hair, she said to him, "Let me see if I can pry it out of you."

"Sure," Billy replied quietly.

"First, tell me how long have you and Bobby been best friends?"

"A long, long time Ms. Samantha."

"And how long have you had a crush on your best friend's mom, sweetheart? If I had to guess I would say it's been an equally long time."

"I d-don't have a crush on you," he begin to stammer. "I m-mean I like you, a lot and all and . . . you're real nice and all and . . ."

The fact was Billy did possess a major crush on his best friend's mom. She was, to his thinking, the sexiest creature on earth with

her dishwater blonde hair falling just past her shoulders, framing a pleasantly rounded face with those dancing and highly spirited hazel eyes.

As for her physique, Billy thought Ms. Samantha's body put both the W's in WOW as it featured an abundance of attractive, plump curves, with the highlight being a pair of outsized, well rounded breasts, topped by a pair of magnificently large nipples.

She smiled at him sweetly before whispering, "And you think I'm kind of hot?"

"I . . . I mean . . ." He squirmed as she pressed a finger against his lips cutting off whatever lame thing he was about to say.

"Let me finish for you, Billy. Yes, Ms. Samantha I think you are hot but I'm just too shy to admit it. Does that sound about right?"

After a brief pause he quietly answered, "Yes."

"Now if you want to hear my secret, and I know you do, you have to be brave and admit that you do, in fact, have a crush on me."

After a long pause, as he continued to squirm, Billy finally spilled his guts when the words came pouring out of him in a torrent of pent up emotion.

"Oh God yes, Ms. Samantha, I do have a crush on you. I think about you all the time and . . . and I come over here, hoping to see you, just as much as to hang around with Bobby. The truth is Ms. Samantha . . ." He looked away diffidently before turning his eyes up toward her and whispering, "I think I love you, Ms. Samantha."

"Think sweetheart or know?" she cooed to him.

"Know," he answered quietly.

"Oh sweetie, I know that wasn't easy to admit so now I owe it to you to share my secret."

She enjoyed the way he looked at her-- like an eager little puppy-- as she paused momentarily, if only to draw out the moment.

"When I heard the soft knocking on my bathroom door I was really hoping it was you, and not Bobby, coming to seek comfort from me. Please don't tell him or he will be crushed."

"I won't," Billy replied. "Promise."

"Good. Now you still want to be comforted from your bad dream?"

"Yes, very badly."

"Well usually when Bobby has a bad dream I will cuddle him some, like I told you earlier, and sort of like we are doing now, but I will also give him some sweet kisses as we cuddle . . . like this."

Leaning forward, she kissed him tenderly several times on both his cheeks before moving her lips slowly to his forehead and applying a soft kiss there.

She pulled back slightly, pausing to see what affect her kisses might have had on him.

He looked at her, longingly, before whispering, "Can I ask you a favor Ms. Samantha?"

"Of course, sweetie, ask me anything."

"Well, it's silly I know, but the first time, years ago, when I heard Bobby call you 'Mommy' my heart wrenched with jealousy. Maybe because my own mom is a bit distant to me, not, you know, nice and loving like you. It's mainly because of my stepdad but . . . that's a long story so anyways, I mean I just wish she was allowed to be more like you, I guess, and I was just wondering . . . I mean when we are alone if . . . if . . ." He paused, wondering if he should go on.

Samantha, making it easy on him, said, "Let me guess, you are wondering if you could call me Mommy. Of course, you can Billy. I think I might like you calling me that, especially as the older he

gets the more distant Bobby is to me and never calls me mommy anymore anyways. I mean I really miss when he was younger and he let me baby him a bit. You know, he won't even barely let me kiss or cuddle him anymore."

"He won't? Well, you know . . . Mommy . . . I will let you baby me all you want . . . if you want."

"Really," she said as her thought how morally what she was doing was highly questionable, but then again, her sense of right or wrong had been thrown just about out the window after her very attentive and loving second husband was killed by that fucking drunk driver.

Where was the morality in that? On a larger scale of things, seducing her son's best friend barely made a mark. Or so she told herself.

With this in mind, Samantha reached over, grabbing the nearby washcloth. "Maybe you can prove that by saying it would be OK if Mommy and her sweet little Billy boy took turns washing each other up . . . Bobby won't let me do anything like that anymore because he says he is too old to be babied like that."

"I am not too old to be babied like that Mommy. I mean, yeah, we can take turns washing each other up if you want."

"I really do and besides I think you letting me wash you, and then you taking your turn to wash me will help take your mind off your stupid bad dream and maybe relax you . . . don't you agree?"

"I do too," Billy replied as she started to lather up a wash cloth.

Handing it to him, she said, "Why don't you go first starting with my neck and shoulders and then wash my back. Here move in behind me," she told him as she carefully scooted forward, making sure to stay under the shielding screen of bubbles.

Billy maneuvered himself in behind Samantha and slowly began running the soapy washcloth over her neck and shoulders, before letting it slip down first one of her arms, and then the other.

"You are doing a good job, hon. I'll lean forward a bit so you can do my back next."

"OK," Billy croaked as he brought the wash rag down to her back, washing it in small circles.

He washed all the way down her back, right to where her body disappeared under the bubbles floating on top of the warm water.

"Now bring your washcloth around and wash your mommy's thighs, sweetheart."

She lifted her legs, one after the other, slightly up, allowing him to reach around with his wash cloth and wash her thighs. He again moved the wash cloth in small circles, acutely aware of how close he was to the hidden treasure laying between her legs, just under the bubbles.

After he finished with her thighs, Samantha whispered, "Now do your mommy's tummy."

Reaching around her, he swiped the wash rag back and forth over her well-toned stomach as Samantha leaned back in the water, loving the way he was gently pampering her.

Not wanting to waste the momentum, Samantha only hesitated slightly before making her next bold suggestion. "Now all that is left for you to wash up baby is . . . is between your mommy's legs and then her boobies." Turning around she looked at him directly before whispering, "Which one do you wanna do first."

"Hmm, between your legs I think, Mommy."

"Saving the best for last I guess," she whispered seductively as she soaped up the washcloth for him before handing it back. "Now be gentle with mommy down there baby while taking your time and doing a real nice job OK."

"OK, Mommy," Billy whispered back as he slipped the soapy rag under the water. Samantha leaned back against him, spreading her legs so he could have full access to her treasure box.

She let out a series of soft moans as he carefully rubbed the wash cloth up and down, vertically, the entire length of her vagina before he began dabbing at it all around this way and that.

"Oh, that's it hon, you are doing a real nice job down there. Give it a few more nice swipes though baby, slowly and softly."

After a series of small careful swipes of the soapy rag he stumbled upon-- accidentally?—her clit. "Mmm, wash mommy up right there. Let me show you," she whispered as she brought her hand down guiding the soapy rag just where she wanted it.

"Yeah, right there baby, do it slowly," she whispered as he ran the soft wash rag deliberately over her swollen clit several maddening times.

She could have continued to guide him with his "washing" until she came—hard-- but with a supreme effort she dialed things back, not allowing him to go too far. Not yet anyways.

"Well, I think I'm nice and clean down there now, hon," she said as she began to close her legs.

Taking the hint his play time was over down there, Billy pulled the washcloth out from between her legs.

"Now . . ." she began to tell him as she squirted a fresh dollop of liquid soap onto the wash rag, "Your mommy is growing tired and needs to rest her eyes for a minute so I'm just going to recline back against you sweetheart while you take your sweet old time in washing up my boobies."

Raising up, she allowed her breasts to rise up above the bubbles as he looked on with rapt attention. As he brought the wash cloth around she leaned back against him, closing her eyes while hoping the real pampering was about to begin.

Billy took his sweet time running the wash cloth back and forth over, and then in between his mommy's boobies. Leaning over and around her, he stared at them with ravenous hunger as he proceeded to circle the wash cloth over first one nipple, and then the other, tweaking them tenderly until Samantha was moaning softly.

Samantha loved, more than anything, having her tits gently pampered-- just the way Billy was doing-- and knowing she was about to lose control she opened her eyes. Making her voice nice and firm she told him, "Hmm, I think some little rascal is doing more playing than washing!"

Billy, playing right into her hands, nervously giggled at her wholly accurate description of things as he pulled the washcloth off of her breasts.

"And now you are giggling young man," she snapped at him feigning anger. "If I would have known you weren't going to take washing your mommy's boobies up seriously I would have just done the job myself."

Snatching the washcloth out of his hand, she barked at him, "I think your playtime is over for now."

"Sorry Mommy I wasn't playing . . . really."

Softening her voice, Samantha said, "Fine, apology accepted, but now it's your mommy's turn to wash you up so let's trade spots and don't give me a . . . hard time like Bobby always did when I washed him up in the tub."

"No, no I will be good, Mommy. Promise," Billy immediately replied while noting, with some trepidation how she emphasized the word "hard". Quite naturally, Billy was not only hard, but as big as a house down there.

Now that Billy had seen her breasts, and even felt them up a bit as he "washed" them, Samantha felt it no longer necessary to stay modest and keep her naked body hidden under the bubbles.

After maneuvering herself so she was positioned behind him, she soaped up the wash rag and began the job of washing his back, neck and shoulders. Once she finished, Samantha moved on to running the rag up first one of his arms, and then the other, as her anticipation grew with the climax of their bath time adventure rapidly approaching.

Making her voice totally business like, she snapped at him, "Now lift first one leg, and then the other, out from under the water so I can wash them up young man."

Billy immediately complied, lifting his right leg, and then his left out of the water, allowing her to reach around him and wash them up as far down as his knees.

Finally, she brought the wash cloth up quickly, running it up and down in small circles over his chest and tummy before announcing, "There all done, sweetie."

Samantha held her breath hoping he would say something about the obviously spot she had skipped, but when he continued to remain silent she decided the shy little Billy might need some prompting. "Unless, of course, you think your mommy missed a spot, hon," she said to him sweetly.

After a moment's hesitation Billy spoke up quietly. "Maybe, yeah, Mommy you missed one spot."

"Oh really Billy . . . where?"

He paused a long time before replying, making her think maybe he wasn't even going to hazard an answer.

"Just, down there, you know, between my . . . legs."

"Oh you are right baby, Mommy did forget. Well, maybe it's because Bobby was always such a shy little man about having his mommy wash him up . . . down there . . . that he would never let me do it."

"I mean, I am shy too, but still . . . I wouldn't mind, Mommy."

Hmm, I bet you wouldn't! Samantha thought deliciously to herself as she applied a generous amount of the liquid soap to the wash cloth.

Making her voice totally business like—again-- Samantha told him a total fabrication, "Well, OK then sweetie, but don't be like your little friend Bobby used to be the couple times he allowed me to wash down there and start squirming all over the place as it just makes Mommy's job harder of doing a good job of washing up down there. Promise?"

"Promise, Mommy, no squirming."

Samantha resisted the urge to smile as she had every intention of making him squirm down there. "Now it will be easier on me if I am sitting next to you instead of behind you so . . ."

She patted him on the back, prodding him forward just a bit as she maneuvered herself out from behind him before settling down next to him.

Giving him a serious look, Samantha admonished him once more. "Now remember Billy you promised mommy you would be good and that means no squirming as she takes her time doing a real nice job of washing you up down there."

"P-promise," an obviously overwrought Billy whispered.

"And since I know how shy you are, you can just keep yourself hidden under the soapy bubbles while I wash you up."

The sad fact was poor Billy was so nervous about being washed up down there his cock was fairly limp by the time she started to slip her hand under the bubbles.

Samantha, her hand quivering with excitement at what she was about to do, carefully slipped the washcloth under the soapy bubbles.

After a quick search she found her son's flaccid penis and began going to work. She started by slowly rubbing the wash cloth all over his softness in small circles.

It didn't take long as Samantha gently manipulated his penis with the wash cloth for it to begin to grow from soft to firm. Moving nice and deliberate, she circled the rag around in semi circles under the bubbles, working it all over and around as her newly acquired son's cock grew from firm to rock hard in a mere matter of seconds.

And Jesus, Mary and Joseph was he BIG!! Samantha ruminated to herself.

Samantha took a moment to wrap the wash cloth fully around the base of his meaty pole before bringing it up so very slowly.

Inch by incredible inch her hand rose. God he must be at least . . . eight, maybe even nine inches, she mused as he heart raced thinking about how such a huge cock might feel inside of her, filling her to the brim.

After letting out an involuntarily hiss at this naughty thought, Samantha turned her attention to look at him and not surprisingly, he was staring at her tits with a serious expression on his cute face.

Beside herself with restless euphoria, Samantha decided she must, absolutely must, give her son a most happy ending, but somehow

she would have to, for her own peace of mind anyways, coach it in the most innocent of terms and only if it came up without her forcing the issue.

Pulling the wash rag back up from under the bubbles, she told him, "There . . . mommy is done washing you up, baby."

"Oh, you are?" he said noticeably disappointed.

"Yes so I guess it's time to get out of the tub huh?"

Billy, playing his usual trump card, looked down sadly before mumbling, "Yeah, I guess so, Mommy."

Tilting her head seductively at him she whispered, "So I guess, based on that sad little look on your adorably cute face, some little boy is not ready to get out of the tub yet?"

"I'm not," he quietly answered.

"Hmm, I think maybe you have earned a bit of playtime in the tub since you did so well in letting mommy wash you up."

"Yes, please, pretty please, Mommy."

"OK, but what would you like to play with. I'm afraid I really don't have any bath toys anymore as once Bobby got older I got rid of them all."

"I could play with something else maybe?" he tentatively asked.

"Hmm, like what baby . . . don't be shy . . . tell your mommy what you really wanna play with."

After a long moment of silence leaving her to wonder if he would be brave enough to make the suggestion he quietly said, "Maybe you could let me . . . play wif your bobbies, Mommy?"

Samantha smiled inwardly as that was exactly what she was hoping her would suggest. "Hmm, I suppose I could just lay back, relax, close my eyes and let my adorable little Bobby play with his mommy's boobies . . . to his heart's content."

"And you won't interfere at all as I play with them?"

"No, I will just leave you to it, hon. Promise."

Samantha eased herself back in the tub while making sure to thrust her breasts skyward up and out of the water—without really understanding the implications of what she had just promised him.

As she closed her eyes, she felt his first tentative squeezes of his shy, little hands on both her breasts.

The next five minutes or so passed in a hazy blur for Samantha as Billy took turns fondling, massaging and kneading her breasts with both hands.

Adding to the overall atmosphere of naughty sweetness, Samantha couldn't help but to smile when Billy suddenly exclaimed with childlike enthusiasm, "Boy mommy your boobies sure are fun to play with!"

"Hmm, I bet they are," Samantha murmured as she could only imagine how big and hard his cock must be now under the soapy bubbles. "Now don't forget to take a second or two to amuse yourself with her nipples baby and remember they are highly sensitive and she likes, really loves actually, having them gently teased a bit."

Samantha raised her head up slightly, taking a peek at him. Billy had turned, and with a wholly serious expression on his cute face, was on his knees eagerly using both of his hands to squeeze her tits before he began to exploit her weakness of having her nipples played with tenderly.

Using both of his thumbs simultaneously, he batted her nipples tenderly back and forth until they were achingly erect.

"Oh God, baby that feels so good," she whispered as his playful fluttering of his fingertips over her nipples continued unabated.

Now Samantha, her eyes were tightly shut again, was the one squirming as he ran his fingers lightly over her fully erect nipples before pulling his hands back.

Whispering, he told her, "Now keep your eyes shut mommy as I have a surprise for you. OK?"

"OK honey . . . Mommy likes surprises . . . especially nice ones," she answered while being very curious as to just what he might be planning.

"I think it will be nice," he said as he turned and grabbed the small blue rinsing pitcher from the tiled edge of the tub.

Her curiosity only grew as she heard the faucet turn on at the opposite end of the tub. She was about to ask what he was up to when he beat her to the punch.

"I'm just filling up the pitcher with warm water so I can rinse the soap off of your boobies, Mommy."

Billy glanced over at her making sure she was keeping her eyes shut as he continued to fill the pitcher with . . . wholly cold water.

"Are you ready for your surprise, Mommy?" he asked her keenly as he brought the pitcher up, letting it hover over one of her breasts.

"Yes, baby, Mommy is ready."

But she wasn't as she let out a small shriek when Billy, taking careful aim, tipped the pitcher forward, directing a stream of cold water to come splashing down on her already erect nipple.

"Billy!" she practically yelled as she started to rise up, intending to snatch the bucket out of his hand. "I think play time is over."

"Mommy you promised you wouldn't interfere. Remember? You promised!"

He had such a hurt expression on his face that Samantha immediately felt remorse for yelling at him—and for trying to put an abrupt end to his play time and, after all, she did promise him she would not interfere.

Sighing to herself, she sank back down in the water. "Your right and since good mommy's always keep their promises I guess I will allow you a bit more playtime . . . without interference."

Resigning herself to the cold teasing he obviously intended on giving her, Samantha steeled her nerves against whatever might happen next.

Billy, taking full advantage of the situation, took his time dumping the remaining cold water in the pitcher all over one of her boobs before refilling the pitcher a second time and giving her other boob the same cold treatment.

"Keep your eyes shut mommy as I have another surprise for you."

Smiling mischievously, Billy reached over and grabbed a pair of ice cubes out of the bucket on the tiled edge of the tub containing the bottle of wine. "Now, like you told me earlier, be a good Mommy and no squirming when I give you your surprise. OK?"

"OK I promise . . . no squirming," Samantha whispered while wondering what mischief this new son of hers was up to.

She soon found out when he brought the first ice cube, followed quickly by the second, down and began rubbing it lightly all over her erect nipples.

"Oh God," Samantha whispered as she fought not to break her promise of no squirming. The not being able to squirm only made the icy torture all the more sweet and unbearable as Billy contained to rub the ice cubes all over her nipples—until they had melted completely away and poor Samantha was quietly whimpering from the effects.

"One last surprise, Mommy now keep your eyes shut and stay still," he admonished her.

"OK," Samantha whispered as she took a deep breath, preparing herself for whatever last, and undoubtedly cold, surprise he may have had in store for her.

Reaching over, Billy pulled the bottle of wine out of the ice bucket, setting it aside.

The bucket was already filled almost half way with icy cold water from the melted ice cubes as Billy topped it off with some fresh cold water from the tap.

Bringing the bucket back over to her, he whispered, "Now remember the no squirming rule is still in effect, Mommy."

"OK," she answered bare seconds before he began spilling the bucket of icy cold water all over her chest. Moving the bucket slowly back and forth, he made sure to soak both of her boobies, loving the way she was squirming mightily, yeah, despite his rule she simply could not help herself. He especially liked the way her big tits bounced back and forth as she writhed and twisted her body this way and that way in a vain effort to avoid the icy waterfall spilling down on her mountains.

Finally, the bucket ran dry as a very self-satisfied Billy sat it aside.

Samantha started to sink back down under the water in an effort to warm herself up but Billy quickly reached out, grabbing her under the arm pits, preventing her from sinking down as he barked, "No warming yourself up that way, Mommy."

"Why not?" Samantha snapped irritably back.

"Coz I'm not done playing yet and I have a better way of warming your boobies up. I mean, I bet they are really, really cold huh?"

"They are like blocks of freezing cold ice, little boy thanks to your naughty game playing."

"Do you want me to warm them up for you, Mommy?" he asked innocently as he twisted around and turned on the faucet once more.

"Y-yes p-please."

Before turning away from her Billy said, "Now promise to not sink back down in the warm water mommy or you will ruin my next surprise. And close your eyes again."

"Yes, yes, Mommy promises sweetheart," she snapped crossly at him . . . just as she heard the water being turned on yet again.

Billy held his hands under the warm running water for a good two minutes or so allowing them to become nice and toasty warm.

Finally, Billy pulled his hands out from under the hot water of the faucet. Turning his attention back to her, he whispered, "Let me make it up to you, Mommy for the way I turned your poor boobies into blocks of ice. OK?"

Making her voice nice and firm she told him, "OK, sweetie and you really do need to make it up to your mommy because she really is very upset with you . . . and this had better not be another one of your cold tricks or we are getting out of the tub immediately and I will never let you play with your mommy ever again. I mean that."

"OK," he whispered back before bringing his hands up to her chest.

Samantha let out a pronounced sigh of relief as she felt his toasty warm hands all over her ice cold tits.

"Oh baby thank you . . . your warm hands feel so nice all over my boobies."

Billy continued to massage her tits happily making Samantha squirm in pure delight.

Having a sudden inspiration, she opened her eyes and raised up. "If you really want to warm your mommy up sweetie, maybe you could give her some nice kisses huh as you are fondling her breasts with those nice warm hands of yours."

"I would like that," Billy replied as their mouths came slowly together. Samantha immediately took the lead as she pressed her tongue deep in his mouth, swirling it around to maximum effect as he continued to, with a bit more urgency now, fondle her tits.

She allowed their kissing fest to continue for a long minute or two before pulling back and whispering, "If you really wanna warm your mommy's boobies up nicely baby . . . Hmm maybe you could try sucking on them a little bit."

Reaching out, she used one hand to stroke the side of his face before whispering, "Would you like that honey . . . would you like to suck on your Mommy's big boobies and warm them up that way?"

Billy pulled back from her. "You . . . you would be OK with that Mommy? Your little boy sucking on your boobies?"

"Of course, sweetie." Reaching out, she stroked the side of his face kindly before saying, "And I bet you have been dreaming of sucking on them ever since you crawled into the tub with me huh, sweetheart?"

"I have," he said shyly.

Thrusting her chest out to him, she said in a voice full of desperate longing, "Go on then sweetie and suck on your mommy's boobies . . . make them all nice and warm again."

Billy quietly sat there staring at her tits for a long moment, saying nothing, doing nothing, before suddenly, without warning, Billy threw himself forward, burying his face between her tits before beginning to suck on them almost savagely.

"Oh that's it baby . . . don't hold back," Samantha managed to whisper as she was pushed back against the side of the tub. Closing her eyes, she offered her tits up to his hungry mouth.

Billy's ravenous, and most eager mouth, virtually flew back and forth between each of her tits, smothering them each with an excess of frantic kisses before his kisses turned into a long, slow suckling session that soon had Samantha moaning with unabashed delight.

Samantha was on the verge of losing control and begging Billy to fuck her right then and there-- inside the tub-- when a small voice suggested that might be going too far. Somehow, she managed to listen to that voice.

"Honey, Billy, I think you have warmed up your mommy's tits good enough. Maybe we should get out of the tub now."

Billy pulled his mouth reluctantly off his mom's tits before looking up at her with a hurt expression on his face and whispering, "OK . . . if we have to but . . . but it hurts Mommy."

"What hurts, sweetie," Samantha asked.

He looked down, between his legs before pointing. "Hmm, down there. It . . . well, it hurts some."

"Well maybe you should stand up and let Mommy see what is going on down there, sweetie."

"OK," he replied before slowly standing up.

"Oh my God," Samantha whispered under her breath as Billy stood up. His super big cock jutted out from his smallish body and looked hard enough to cut diamonds.

Samantha took a deep breath, knowing she could not leave him in such a sad state.

"I think I know what the problem is sweetie."

"What?" he whispered as she stood there nervously shifting from one foot to the other.

"Too much play time with your mommy's nice boobies have you all hard and excited down there . . . to the point where it hurts huh?"

"Yes," Billy replied. "Can you make the pain go away, Mommy?"

"I can try, hon," Samantha said as she reached for the liquid soap in preparation of using her hand to take her son's pain away.

After squirting a generous amount of the liquid soap on her both hands Samantha turned her attention to that massive cock of his. Christ it must have been seven or maybe even eight inches!

"OK, close your eyes and relax Billy while mommy takes care of her baby." Dropping down to her knees, she positioned herself directly in front of that jutting monster.

Billy obeyed her, closing his eyes as he felt his mom's hand wrap lusciously around his cock before it began to move slowly up and down.

"Is that helping baby? Is the pain going away," Samantha whispered after a good half dozen strokes up and down.

"Oh God yes, Mommy . . . it feels so good."

"You don't want me to stop then?" she said as she brought her other hand up to cup his testicles.

"No please . . . don't stop."

She started to move her hand up and down a bit faster now as she watched Billy began to squirm mightily, especially after she started to jiggle his ball sack carefully in her hand.

Samantha moved a bit closer to his cock as she began to seriously stroke him now, wanting to take the pain away, wanting to make him come so very hard.

Looking up at him, she said, "Open your eyes honey and look down at what your pretty mommy is doing for her baby."

Billy looked down and after seeing the sight of his mother perched on her knees in front of him, her pretty face mere inches from his engorged manhood, her hand flying up and down his hard shaft, he let out a shaky breath.

"Are you going to come for Mommy, sweetheart . . . come on I know you want to . . . Please come for me, pretty please."

Convinced her soft pleading would push him over the edge, Samantha closed her eyes while moving her face within a few

inches of the tip of his cock-- in impatient expectation of what she was sure was about to happen.

It only took a few more practiced strokes of her experienced hand before he whispered harshly, "Oh God Mommy I am going to--"

He let his cock finish his statement. "Oh God," Samantha whispered as she felt one, two, and then three loads of hot sticky cum hit her upturned face.

Five minutes later, they were out of the tub finally. Billy quickly got dressed, putting his jeans and tee shirt back on while Samantha had a towel wrapped around her naked body.

Looking at Billy seriously, Samantha told him, in her sternest voice, "You understand young man that nothing like this can never happen again and you can't ever tell a soul what I did for you. Promise."

"OK, Mommy, I promise, nothing like . . . that, will happen ever again and I won't tell."

"Swear to it on your mommy's life," Samantha said as she wanted to make sure he knew she was totally serious.

"I swear on your life, Mommy . . . I won't tell and nothing like this will ever happen again."

"Good then because . . . because what I did for you was wrong. You understand that. Very wrong."

"I know but--"

Billy was planning on complaining some, but whatever he might have told his new Mom was interrupted by a soft knocking on the door.

"Mom . . . are you in there?" Bobby whispered quietly, conscious of his little sister sleeping over on the bed.

"Yes honey. Just a minute," she said as she quickly crossed the bathroom to the door.

After unlocking it, she opened the door a few inches as she used a hand to wave Bobby over to the side of the bathroom and out of sight.

"Mom I just woke up from this awful dream and I plus I don't know where Billy is. He was sleeping next to me but now I can't find him."

"Hmm, well, did you check the downstairs bathroom or your room?"

"Yes both. I checked everywhere basically."

"Oh you know what. I thought I heard just a little bit ago the front door open and then close. I bet he went home."

"Really," he said doubtfully. "But it's the middle of the night."

"Honey he just lives across the street so, yeah, he probably just went home and didn't want to wake you is all."

Desperately wanting to change the subject, Samantha asked him, "Now you said you had an awful dream. Maybe you want to talk about it huh and if you want I can give you some of my special comforting."

"I . . . I would like that. Should I go back downstairs to the den?"

"Didn't you have the bad dream downstairs in the den so that would be like returning to the scene of the crime so why don't you, instead, wait for me inside your bedroom and I will be right there."

"Yes, but hurry, please. Don't take all day please coz I'm really upset by my dream and need you."

"Fine, fine, just let me finish drying off, honey. Now scoot and be quiet so you don't wake your sister."

"Yes I will, but just hurry please, Mom."

As soon as Bobby left, Billy gave it a few seconds before he slipped out of the bathroom. He tip toed across the bedroom before peeking out and down the hallway and after spying the light on under the door in Bobby's room, he hustled soundlessly out of the bedroom and downstairs before slipping quietly out the front door.

Sighing, while feeling a whole lot of guilt over what just happened, and spurred on by Bobby's desperate pleas to hurry, Samantha didn't even bother getting dressed as she hustled out of the bedroom and down to her son's room with only her large blue towel wrapped around her naked body.

Upon entering his bedroom she saw him sitting on the edge of his bed, his head down, staring dejectedly at the floor. Moving across the room to him, she settled down on the edge of the bed right next to him while taking note how he didn't even bother to look up at her.

Using her softest voice she whispered, "See honey, your mom hurried as fast as she could to get here and didn't even bother to get dressed."

That got his attention, at least enough to make him look up at her. When he saw her with the large blue towel wrapped around her

otherwise naked body, he let out a large shuddering breath before whispering under his breath, "Wow, just like in my dream."

"What did you say, baby?" Samantha asked as she heard him whisper something but couldn't quite make out what it was.

He sighed before answering, "Nothing just . . . just talking to myself."

"Alright then, well you wanna tell me about your dream, Bobby?"

He looked at her for a long moment before nodding his head yes. "OK so in my dream we were playing hide and seek, the three of us, me, you, and Billy and I was supposed to be hiding and you two were supposed to find me."

"Hmm, playing hide and seek with you two doesn't sound so bad, honey?"

"Yeah, not for you two," he mumbled gloomily. "Wait to you hear what happened."

"Well, tell me then," Samantha said curiously.

"Anyways I was hiding downstairs in a closet and suddenly, I mean you know how dreams are, I as just sitting there in my underwear. I don't know why as because when we started playing the game I

was, like, fully dressed and stuff. And then the closet started to get really, really cold inside and I was getting frustrated because it didn't seem like you guys were trying to find me very hard. I was about to come out of the closet when I heard the two of you just outside of it and then I heard a clicking noise, then you both giggled and I could hear you running off up the stairs and I found myself locked in the closet."

"Honey the closet doesn't have locks," she gently reminded him.

Frustrated, he shot back angrily, "Mom it's a dream. It doesn't have to follow logic so impossible things can happen."

"OK, OK, you are right," she said. "Go on. Sorry."

"Anyways, it took forever but finally I was able to force the door open. I was freezing cold by then and as soon as I was free I headed upstairs to go to my room to put some clothes on, but as soon as I got in the hallway and started heading down to my room I could hear you two inside my room. The bedroom door was open just a little and I could hear stupid Billy and you giggling and laughing inside my room. I quietly approached so you guys wouldn't know I was there and stopped to listen without looking inside though."

Samantha shook her head before opening her mouth to say something. "Honey it was just a dream and I--"

"Mom, let me finish," he irritably snapped at her.

"Fine. Go ahead I won't interrupt again, hon."

"Anyways you were both snickering over how cold it must have been in the closet I was locked in and then I heard you say, 'Yes, but it's nice and warm up here in Bobby's room and since he won't be coming back . . . ever . . . this is now your room, baby.' After I heard that I got angry and planned on busting into the room and saying something like, 'Hey I'm right here. I did come back' but as soon as I took, maybe a step and half, I became like stuck."

"Stuck?"

"Yeah, stuck, like I was frozen to the spot and couldn't move."

"So you couldn't do anything? Couldn't move or speak?"

He looked at her balefully before saying, "Nothing and you guys didn't know I was there as the door was only cracked open a little bit, but it was just enough for me to see inside."

He paused before dropping his head and staring gloomily at the floor.

Samantha could tell by his actions this dream of his was troubling him deeply. Reaching out, she touched his arm lightly before whispering, "Go on Bobby and tell me what you saw."

"It's weird because you two were sitting on the bed talking, just like me and you are now, and just like now you were . . . were naked except for a blue towel wrapped around your body."

"Really, that is weird huh. Was the towel like the same one I am wearing now?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well this is my favorite towel and . . . and I'm sure you have saw me in it at least a couple times after I have got out of the shower or whatever so . . ."

"Yeah, whatever," he snapped at her again, obviously peeved about something.

"Alright, well, go on finish. What happened next in your dream?"

He sighed heavily before continuing. "You said to him, 'So Billy how do you like your new room, but more importantly, how do you like your new Mommy.' You reached out then, using one hand to touch his face, like you used to do with me when you were being sweet but not so much anymore--"

Interrupting him, she said, "Bobby what are you talking about. I am still sweet with you. You are the one who is not so sweet with your mom ever since, it seems, you turned eighteen last summer."

"Mom do you wanna argue or do you wanna hear the rest of the stupid fucking dream," he angrily barked at her.

"Sorry. Tell me the rest of your dream. We can talk about the other stuff later."

"Fine. Anyways, like I said, you stroked the side of his face and then he told you how he really liked his new room a lot, but even more he really, really liked his new mommy. Then you guys started to kiss and after a minute you stood up and undid the towel, letting it fall down."

Bobby fell silent as the guilt washed over Samantha hard. It was as if he almost knew what was happening inside the bathroom between me and Billy!

Finally, as he continued to stay silent, Samantha asked, "Is that all?"

"No, there is more," he sighed. "You asked him if he thought your breasts were nice and after he said yes you asked him, in your sweetest voice, if he wanted to play with them. I tried to look

away but somehow I couldn't and was forced to watch as you pulled him close to you and after touching them a bit he buried his face in between your breasts."

Bobby looked down as he dropped his voice to a quiet whisper. "I . . . I could close my eyes but still I could hear the soft noise of him . . . you know . . . sucking on your breasts. It seemed so loud in the quiet of the house. It made me almost sick hearing that. Finally, then, my paralysis broke and I was able to leave. I basically fled back downstairs to the den and buried myself under the blanket on the loveseat but . . . but still could hear."

"Hear what. The noise . . . the noise of him sucking on my breasts? You could hear that all the way downstairs." Samantha quietly asked in a voice she barely could keep from trembling as the guilt was now hitting her in waves.

"No, not that but worse. You know my bedroom is right over the den so . . . so I heard my bed beginning to squeak, over and over again, faster and faster and then I heard you began to moan . . . loudly. I think I started to cry then before covering my ears and then . . . I don't know . . . I woke up I guess and Billy was gone and well, you know the rest."

"And when you couldn't find him, I bet you went to your room first huh thinking the worst?"

He looked at her before slowly nodding his head yes. She was about to speak again, about to tell him how dreams really meant nothing, although she really didn't believe that, she figured she had to tell him that anyways, but he beat her to the punch when he started speaking rapidly-- and angrily—showing an obvious amount of pent up emotion.

"I know you like him, Mom. A lot I mean. You are always flirting with him whenever he comes over."

"Honey, I am just being nice."

"Bullshit," Bobby practically yelled before remembering Melissa's room was just next to his. Lowering his voice, he retorted, "I know the difference between being nice and flirting, Mom and in my opinion you are flirting. Plus, I saw the fucking adoption paperwork that came in the mail from some lawyer. You left it on the counter, you know."

"Honey, that is something I was going to discuss with you but--"

"But nothing," he rudely interrupted her. Dropping his voice to a low hiss, he said, "I mean, like tonight, you made me tell him to come upstairs so he could be comforted by you in case he had a bad dream. I mean, Mom, I always thought you comforting me after a bad dream was just something you would do for me . . . and me alone."

"Oh honey, I'm sorry I . . . just feel sorry for him I guess sometimes because you know he has a real shitty home life and I just figured he might need a mother to comfort him since his own mom is so . . . you know . . . distant to him."

"His mother is only distant to him because she is afraid of his stupid step- father . . . but that's another story. Anyways, I understand that and I feel sorry for him too, but . . . but maybe I don't want to share my . . . my mommy and the special way she comforts me after a bad dream. You ever think of that?"

"No, I suppose not," Samantha sighed.

"Anyways, the dream got me thinking about things and I think you like him better than me. I mean, I overheard you talking to grandmother the other day about Billy and about how you wish you could find a way to steal him away from his mom and dad and have him come live with us."

"Honey I was just thinking out loud to your grandmother. It was just something--"

Bobby jumped up from the bed then and began pacing the floor. "Why don't you just go back to your bedroom and leave me alone? I don't really want to talk anymore. Go crawl into your bed and snuggle with Riley. I mean why not, between her and Billy you barely pay any attention to me at all anymore."

He turned his back on her then before crossing the room to the window. Pulling back the curtain, he stood there glaring at Billy's house across the street.

Samantha let out a long shaky breathe. This was worse than she could have imagined.

After a long moment she stood up and crossed the bedroom to him. Coming up behind him, she put a hand on his shoulder.

He shook it off, snapping. "I thought I told you to leave me alone, Mom."

Leaning in close, she brought her mouth up to his ear. Whispering, she said, "Honey, your mommy is not going anywhere until her baby Bobby is feeling better and that means if I got to spend the night, here in his room, in his bed even . . . under the covers snuggling and cuddling him so fiercely until he can't take it anymore . . . then so be it."

Bobby turned, looking at his mother. "You really mean that?"

"Yes, honey I do."

Bobby almost smiled before he mumbled. "It don't matter, I mean no way you spend the night . . . with me."

"I said it and I meant it hon," she retorted quickly.

"Yeah, but you meaning it will change when Riley wakes up in the middle of the night and needs her Mommy and then you will go running to her and forget about me."

"Normally I would say you are right as she is the baby but tonight it's important she doesn't interrupt us because my other baby needs his mommy too. So . . . Hmm, I will be right back. Wait here for me. Don't move. I will be quick."

"What are you going to do?" he asked as she quickly hurried out of the room, ignoring his question.

True to her word, she wasn't gone long.

"Where did you go?" he asked as she came hurrying back into his room. Surprisingly, she was still wearing just her blue towel.

Smiling, Samantha told her son, "I took Riley to Melissa's room and told her she had to watch over her little sister and not to disturb me for any reason because you are really, really sick and I need to take care of you."

"And she agreed?"

"She did, I mean she wasn't happy about being woken up but you know your sisters . . . they love hanging out together so it will be fine."

Reaching down, Samantha took her son's hand, squeezing it tight before whispering, "So you see baby, you will have me all to yourself for the whole entire night and I promise I will do everything and anything to mend that jealous little heart of yours."

"Promise?" he whispered.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," Samantha quickly replied. "Now come on."

Leading him by the hand, they started to cross his bedroom toward the door.

"Where are we going?"

"To your mom's bedroom if you don't mind as I think we will be more comfortable there."

"I don't mind," Bobby mumbled as he allowed her to lead him out of his room and down to her own room. After entering her room, his heart jumped when she turned and locked the door.

After she led him over to her bed, sitting him down on the edge of it, she hurried off to her bathroom.

Bobby sighed as he fully expected her to return wearing one of her boring, oversized sleep shirts she was prone to wearing to bed. Instead, as she came bouncing back into the bedroom, still wearing only the towel and carrying a bottle of wine, along with a wine glass, he was pleasantly surprised.

After filling the glass up, she handed it to him. "Take several large swallows honey as I will help relax you which you certainly need after that awful dream huh? And while you are doing that I am going to help your efforts to relax by creating a more tranquil atmosphere inside my bedroom."

He took a large sip of the wine, it was actually pretty good, before he asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Just light a few candles to help set our mood, honey."

He watched, his eyes inadvertently falling to her bare legs as she hustled about the bedroom, first setting up and then lighting a trio of pillar candles on each of the two nightstands flanking both sides of her bed.

Her chore of creating a more conducive atmosphere completed, Samantha came back to the bed, settling down next to him.

Holding her hand out, she gestured for him to give her the still half full glass of wine. He watched, his excitement growing as she greedily gulped down the balance in several long swallows. His excitement was based on experience as his mother tended to get "overly friendly" when she got a bit of wine in her.

Smiling, she refilled the glass. "I guess we better sip on this one, honey."

After she sat the bottle of wine back over on the nightstand, he finally asked the question which had been bothering him for some time. "Mom are you going to like, put some pajamas on or something?"

"Well, you know Bobby I was thinking that in order to help you get over that bad dream of yours we should sort of reset the narrative . . . so to speak."

"What do you mean?" he asked curiously.

"I mean we should do a sort of reenactment of your awful dream and in order to make it realistic as possible I should stay dressed, or undressed I guess might be more like it, in my blue towel while you . . . here stand up."

Obedying her, he stood up.

Reaching out, she quickly hooked a pair of fingers under the waistband of his old dark blue gym shorts he always slept in.

As she started to yank the shorts down, she cried out, "Hey what are you doing, Mom."

"Like I said, if we recreate your dream you and me both should be dressed as we were and you said you were in your underwear only so . . ."

"But Mom--" He started to protest before she interrupted him with a firm finger to his lips.

"Shhh," she said as she pulled his shorts down all the way before removing them. "It's important I think for us to do this reenactment of your awful dream and give it a better ending that doesn't leave you hurt and crying as I believe it will be the only way to truly cure that visibly overly jealous heart of yours."

Bobby was too much taken off guard by this wild turn of events to even comment as he allowed her to push him gently back down on the bed after she stripped off his tee shirt.

After tossing the tee shirt down on the floor next to his shorts, she whispered, "So are you really, for sure, ready to do our reenactment so your mommy can seriously start mending that jealous heart of yours as she makes you forget all about that silly dream of yours by replacing it with some much better memories?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You know what I think?"

"Tell me."

Moving her mouth back to his ear, she whispered the truth to him quietly, "I think everything you saw in your dream, me and Billy kissing, your mom showing off her tits to him, and then letting him touch them and suckle on them and then, most importantly, the noises you heard after fleeing downstairs, the bed squeaking, over and over again, faster and faster, and then me moaning . . . loudly . . . is all just a realization of your own fantasies about your mother, sweetie."

Bobby took a deep breath, too stunned to answer . . . because it was the truth.

Her hand slipped up, caressing his cheek, causing sparkles of emotion to crawl up and down his spine. "You don't have to be embarrassed sweetheart, a lot of teenage boys have sex fantasies about their moms, I mean, especially when their moms are pretty and . . ."

Using one hand, she reached out tilting his face toward her so they were looking at each other directly.

"You do think I'm pretty right, honey?"

"Very," he said in a voice that was on the verge of croaking.

"Pretty enough to kiss?"

"Y-yes," he said nervously as he realized where she was taking this, that is, in the same place as his dream which could only mean . . .

Their mouths came together, gradually, exchanging several light, airy kisses-- as if they were testing the waters before diving in. Their light kisses were never bound to last though as Samantha pressed her lips more firmly against his before slipping her tongue out.

Bobby, inexperienced as he was, never felt a tongue in his mouth before, and when his mom slipped her practiced tongue inside, swirling it around to maximum effect several times, he was lost.

Their impassioned kissing fest continued unabated for a good minute or two before Samantha finally broke it off. After pulling back, she smiled at him. "Now let me see," she whispered, "What happened next in your dream after the kissing part. Can you remind me, honey?"

Bobby swallowed nervously. Was she really going to go that far in their reenactment? God, he hoped so! In a voice barely rising to a

whisper, he told her, "Y-you stood up so you were standing right in front of him."

"You mean like this?"

Samantha stood up positioning herself around so she was standing directly in front of him. "And then?" she whispered.

"And then you very slowly undid the towel . . . and let it fall down, showing him . . . your breasts before whispering, 'You think your mommy's breasts are nice baby?'"

"Hmm, I wonder. . ." She said as she brought her hand up to the top edge of the towel just above her breasts. Smiling, she asked him, "Would you like your mom to show you her tits . . . just like she did for your best friend in your dream?"

Bobby stared at her, saying nothing, doing nothing, simply unable to comprehend what was happening.

"Hmm, is my little Bobby too shy to answer?" she asked playfully before bringing one finger up to her mouth—while allowing the towel to slip down just enough to show off a nice slice of her abundant cleavage.

She made her smile disappear, replacing it with a seriously pensive look of quiet contemplation as she chewed thoughtfully on the nail of her right hand's index finger.

This pondering look, along with the abundant amount of cleavage she was showing off, made his whole body shiver with pent up excitement.

She took a small step or two closer to him before turning around about three quarters of the way so her back was to him. As she slowly opened the towel some more, she mused aloud, "I wonder, should I . . . or shouldn't I?"

She opened the towel up even further before twisting her head around and smiling at him. It was a smile of quiet seduction that spoke directly to both his heart and his growing manhood.

Finally, after a long drawn out pause, she turned back to him, but not before closing the towel once more over her chest by wrapping her hands around herself in a bear hug.

"Hmm, maybe your mom shouldn't show her little boy her big boobies . . . even if he has been dreaming about them for so long . . . unless you tell me the truth."

Sighing, she continued to hug herself with both arms, pressing the towel tightly shut over her chest . . . much to his chagrin.

"The truth about what?" he nervously asked.

"That your dream was really just a manifestation of your very own secret forbidden desire to see your mom's boobs for the first time."

Bobby, unsure of what to say—was she simply teasing him, after all she was obviously drunk and did get sometimes very playful when she was drunk—stayed quiet.

"Answer me, honey. Is your mom wrong?" she asked in a voice dripping with sweetness.

After a long pause he whispered, "No."

"Well then . . ." she whispered back, "I hope you won't be too disappointed when I show them to you."

Slowly, inch by inch, she gathered the towel together towards the middle of her chest, allowing both the outer sides of her large boobs to become visible to his wide, staring eyes. She held the towel there in the center of her chest with both hands for a quiet moment before, bit by bit, letting it slip down and off her chest, fully exposing both of her breasts to him.

Bobby exhaled loudly. Jesus his mom had a great set of tits! He stared at them, totally spellbound for a long drawn out moment

before his mom quietly whispered, "Do you like them baby? Do you like your mom's tits?"

After letting out a long shaky breath he finally answered. "Oh Jesus Mom I . . . I love them. I mean they are fucking gorgeous. Sorry, didn't mean to cuss, I mean they are real nice."

Samantha smiled at him while subtly thrusting her chest out. Taking another step closer toward him, she whispered sweetly. "So I am wondering sweetie, do you wanna touch your mommy's big boobies some maybe . . . like I let Billy in that stupid dream of yours."

"Really . . . you . . . you would let me do that, Mommy?" Bobby whispered hoarsely.

"Of course, sweetheart. Here let me show you coz I know how shy you are."

Reaching out, she grabbed both of his hands in hers before guiding them slowly over to her tits. Stopping just mere inches short of them, Samantha was suddenly, and totally possessed, by the idea of how much fun it might be to do a bit of teasing first before giving in to his boyish desires.

Holding his hands tightly, she guided them back down and away from her chest as she whispered. "But before I let you touch them

baby your mom wants to do a bit of playful teasing first. Would that be OK?"

"Ahh, sure, I guess," he answered with obvious disappointment.

"Good. Well, then first I need to grab something real quick."

She quickly left, disappearing into the bathroom before returning mere seconds later carrying a bottle of coconut oil.

"Now all you have to do is sit there, keeping your hands neatly folded in your lap while watching me. Can you do that?"

"Yes," he answered softly as he followed her instructions and folded his hands in his lap.

Bobby watched his mother pour a generous amount of the coconut oil onto the palms of both hands before sealing the bottle back up and placing it on the nearby nightstand within easy reach.

He watched as she rubbed her hands together, spreading the oil over them evenly. He watched as she gave him a sly smile. He watched as she slowly brought her hands up to her breasts and started to rub the oil all over them and continued to watch, happily, as she slowly massaged the oil into her breasts while fixing him with a shrewd smile.

"You like this baby. You like watching your mom rub the nice coconut oil all over her big boobies?"

"Yes," he immediately answered.

"I bet you wish you could be the one doing it huh?"

"I . . . I do," he replied timidly.

Dropping her hands off her tits, she took several small steps closer to him until she was standing just inches from him.

"Now I want you to just sit there, staring at your mom's tits while dreaming how nice it might be to play with them . . . especially as they are all nice and oiled up now."

Using one hand, she tilted his face up to her. "Can you do that for me?" she whispered.

"Yes," he said.

"And as you stare at them, dreaming of touching them I want you to count silently to yourself to . . . hmm, to twenty I think. And if you want your reward you will count very, very slowly, sweetheart because if your mom thinks you counted too fast you won't be

given your reward of being allowed to play with her boobies. Understand?"

"Y-yes."

"OK, start counting, silently to yourself now."

Bobby took a deep breath as he stared at his mom's tits. In the soft candle light, oiled up as they were, they glistened with unearthly beauty. He waited for a long moment before finally started to count.

It was pure torture, this counting, while staring at her beautiful tits and it only got worse when she began to gently use her fingers to tease her nipples.

Then, in an effort to ramp up the teasing to the maximum effect, she began to whisper to him. "I just bet you have been dreaming of playing with your mom's big tits for a long, long time huh, baby?"

Reaching out, she twirled her fingers softly in his hair. "Hmm, you don't have to answer because I know it's true."

"Well I have a confession to make honey. Sometimes when I am alone in bed at night I too have dreams. Dreams of my sweet little Bobby playing with his mommy's big boobies so very nicely. Hmm,

those dreams make me so hot. Sometimes I use my own hands to play with my boobies while closing my eyes and fantasizing they are yours . . . like this."

She tilted her head back, closing her eyes as she brought her hands up to her chest. Using both hands, she cupped her tits softly before beginning to carefully jiggle and bounce them up and down in her hands.

Heeding her advice to count slowly, he was only at a count of six by then, he stared in abject misery at what his mom was doing. His cock, by now, was hard enough to cut diamonds.

It only became harder as she begin using her thumbs to tweak her nipples until they were fully erect. Whispering, just loud enough for him to hear, she cooed, "Oh that's it Bobby, sweetheart, mommy loves it when you play with her nipples . . . making them all nice and erect."

Bobby sighed while slowly ticking off the next four numbers before pausing at ten.

"Now close your eyes honey as your mommy has a big surprise for you . . . but keep counting as I can only imagine you must be extremely anxious to get to twenty huh?"

"Yes," he replied quietly.

"So what is your count at now baby. Tell your mom and she will let you know if she thinks you are counting too fast for her liking."

"I'm . . . I'm only at ten, Mom."

"Ten already," she said with exaggerated surprise. "Boy you count fast, huh?"

"But I thought I was counting . . . slowly," he whined.

"Well apparently not slow enough maybe, huh? Now remember if you want to be allowed to play with your mommy's boobies you better slow your count down sweetie . . . and I'm not going to warn you again and, just so you know, if you fail to count slowly enough for my liking, the fun and games for the night shall be over. Understand?"

"Yes," he sighed.

"Now close your eyes like I told you before and don't open them until I tell you to."

He closed his eyes while not daring to even start counting again, and after a brief pause, he felt the oiled flesh of her tits being rubbed in his face.

Bobby groaned from pure agony . . . and delight as his mom carefully bounced her tits up and down and all around in his face.

Finally, after what seemed to be forever, he ticked off two more numbers on his count, hoping he still wasn't going too fast.

"I have an idea, hon. Go ahead and crawl up on the bed and then turn around and stretch out on your tummy."

He started to follow her orders before she added, "Oh but before you do that go ahead and take off your underwear and are you still counting?"

"Yes . . . I'm at twelve now," he told her as he hurriedly did as she requested, shedding his briefs before lying down on his stomach in the middle of her bed.

"Good, good, you have slowed down . . . some."

Moving up on the bed herself, she positioned herself on her hands and knees over him. Leaning down she let her heavy breasts fall against the middle of his back as she said, "Relax now baby, while your mommy gives her sweet little baby boy a nice relaxing tit massage."

It was pure fucking heavenly torture feeling his mom's heavy breasts being carefully manipulated up and down his bare back in small circles.

Bobby counted off silently a pair of numbers as she teased him with her breasts, bringing his count to fourteen before she whispered in his ear, "Turn over honey."

Bobby shut his eyes, turning over onto his back.

Once he got in position on his back, Samantha looked at him, and not liking the way his eyes were tightly shut, she whispered, "Open your eyes, honey and look at me."

His eyes flickered open. She was sitting there, alongside him, on her knees. His eyes, of course, fell directly on her tits.

"Now keeping counting . . . slowly . . . and if you do it right, your count of twenty will finish up at about the same time as this nice little tit massage your mom is giving you."

She straddled him then, letting her tits fall in his face as she began to rotate her chest around in small circles, smothering poor Bobby's face in a virtual avalanche of warm tit flesh.

He waited until this newest exquisite torment was finished, and she moved her massage on down to his chest before he counted fifteen.

As her boobs bounced merrily on down his chest, and onto his tummy his cock began to twitch in budding anticipation of those soft pillowy tits reaching down to them.

Samantha smiled wickedly. Knowing what her teasing must be doing to him, she slid her chest around in a wide circular motion over his tummy.

Having a sudden inspiration she paused to look up at him. "Where does your count stand, Bobby?"

F-fifteen," he answered while praying she would not deem it "too fast".

"Not bad, a bit fast but, you know, I was thinking maybe you should let your mom take over counting for you so that way you won't be in danger of going too fast and losing your reward huh?"

He could not argue with the logic, plus, obviously, she wanted to take over the counting, or she would not have suggested it.

"Sure," he sighed in relief of losing the burden of counting while knowing she would probably count slow, very slow, in order to draw out her teasing.

"Good," she whispered before dropping back down. Moving deliberately, she skated her breasts down and off of his tummy and onto his thighs, making sure to skip over his agonizing hard manhood.

Smiling up at him, as she bounced her breasts over one thigh and then the other, as she whispered, "Sixteen."

After letting her tits glide all the way down to his lower thighs, just above his knees, she slowly began to move them back up.

As she reached his crotch she lifted up some, breaking contact, before whispering, "Seventeen."

Closing her eyes, she dropped his chest slowly as Bobby squirmed at the looming prospect of having his mom's big tits massaging his cock.

"Oh God, that feels so good," he whispered as his mom's warm tits enveloped his hardness.

In a leisurely manner, Samantha grinded her tits up and down, and all around his crotch, loving the way it was making him quietly moan. Whispering, she announced, "Eighteen."

Although she had not told him as much, Bobby somehow knew if he allowed himself to come all over her tits, like he desperately wanted to, it would ruin things for her . . . and for him.

It took a supreme effort but somehow he managed to forestall coming as her tit massage reached its climax when she pressed her tits even firmer against his cock, just as she whispered, "Nineteen."

After what seemed forever as he closed his eyes and bit his lip, hard, while she massaged his cock with her tits, she finally looked up at him, and with a sly smile, announced, "Twenty."

Bobby let out a sigh of relief as she rose up, thankfully allowing her tits to break contact with his hard cock as he had been seriously on the verge of a mighty orgasm.

Samantha climbed off the bed as she told him, "If you are ready to collect your reward sweetie, come sit on the edge of the bed."

Bobby eagerly scooted over to the edge of the bed as she positioned herself so she was standing directly in front of him.

Smiling, she took his hands in hers before guiding them up to the gates of heaven. Wanting to draw out the tension to its breaking point, she continued to pause for a few seconds longer before finally pushing his hands up and onto her breasts.

"Go on sweetie, bounce them up and down in your hands so you can see how big and soft your mommy's boobies really are . . . just like you have been dreaming about for so long."

Bobby, a pure and wholesome virgin, finally was able to realize his life-long dream of putting his hands on a pair of big beautiful tits—he just never imagined it would be his mom's tits he would be feeling up for the first time.

Diffidently, he gave them some cautious, uncertain squeezes but as his mom only sighed at the soft attentions he was paying to them his confidence grew. More aggressively, he began to bounce them up and down in his hands, liking the way they jiggled around in his hands.

Wanting to pour some fuel on the fire, Samantha leaned down, bringing her mouth to his. Their kisses, this time, were immediately serious with their tongues darting in and out of each other mouths while Bobby attacked her tits with his playful hands with renewed vigor.

Breaking off the kiss, Samantha brought her hands up to his face as she took a step back from him. "Tell me sweetie, did it make

that sweet little heart of yours jealous when you had to witness your mom pulling your best friend into her arms and then . . . letting him suck on her boobies?"

Bobby looked up at her before whispering, "Yes, very much so."

"Does that mean you wanna suck on your mom's boobies just like you witnessed your best friend do in your dream? Tell me the truth honey."

"Y-yes . . . I want to, Mom."

Moving right up close to him now, she whispered, "How badly do you want to suck on them baby."

"Badly, very, very badly," he whispered back.

"Show me then," she whispered as he took a small step forward, pushing her tits in his face.

Bobby took a deep breath before he began to shower her tits with a plethora of soft gentle kisses. Wanting to savor the moment, he forced himself to move slowly, as he kissed his way all around the vast expanse of his mom's gorgeously big tits, but unfortunately he was too ramped up from her teasing for such slowness to continue for very long.

Before long, with no conscious thought on his part, his soft rain of tender kisses turned into a passionate storm of wet sloppy kisses as the quiet bedroom was filled with the sound of Bobby's suckling wildly on his mom's tits.

Finally, as his sloppy kisses reached one of her nipples, he let his tongue slither out. Rotating his mouth around, he lathered her fully erect nipple with a series of increasingly desperate licks before he opened his mouth and began to suckle on it delightfully.

Samantha sighed loudly at the fanatical attentions he was paying to her tits as his mouth practically flew from one ripe nipple to the other.

Looking down, she could only smile at the fervent way her once shy young son was so eagerly sucking on her tits. This simple fact served only to turn her on all the more.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, she stepped back, breaking contact.

Looking at him seriously, she whispered, "So tell me Bobby what was the absolute worse part of your bad dream involving me and Billy."

Bobby stayed silent for a long moment before whispering, "After I went downstairs to the den and then heard my bed beginning to squeak, you know, real loud, over and over again, and then faster

and faster. And then when I heard you start to moan . . . loudly. Yeah, that was the worst."

"Let me guess, you imagined your mom was being fucked . . . hard . . . by your best friend . . . Didn't you?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Oh poor baby," she said as she brought one hand up to stroke his cheek softly. "I bet you would like to fuck your mom too huh?"

After a long pause, Bobby surprised her by whispering, "No."

"You . . . you don't," Samantha gasped, shocked by his answer. Slipping her hand down, she found his cock. It was both big and hard. "Hmm, this says otherwise."

"The truth is I don't want to fuck my mom."

"You . . . you don't?" she said while not being sure if she was more shocked or hurt by his answer.

But any hurt or shock she felt was soon washed away when he whispered, "No . . . I want to make love to my mommy . . . that is what I want to do."

Samantha paused for a long moment as she considered just how to answer this wholly perfect response. Deciding such sweetness should be rewarded with action instead of words, she circled around him before crawling into the bed.

After settling herself down under the sheet, she smiled at him as she pulled the sheet back. Patting the bed next to her, she waited for him impatiently to join her.

Bobby crawled into the bed before snuggling under the covers with his mom.

They laid, side by side, before she brought her hands up to his face, framing it. Dropping her voice to a quiet whisper she told him, "Honey what you said, just now, about wanting to make love to your mommy that is maybe the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me . . . ever."

"And you are the sweetest mom ever," he said as he snuggled his face against her chest. Wanting to say more, he looked up at her before adding, "With the biggest and most beautiful boobies ever."

She twirled her fingers in his hair, her heart swelling with pride, before she answered. "Hmm, well, I don't think they are the biggest ever baby, but the fact you think they are so beautiful does make my heart swell with pride."

"They will be the biggest ever for me mommy because after tonight, I shall never look upon another woman's breasts . . . ever again."

"You really mean that baby . . . ever again. That is a long time."

In a fierce whisper as he closed his eyes and laid his head upon her breast he told her, "I mean it, Mommy. Never will I gaze upon another's woman's breasts . . . ever again."

His words set her world on fire. Using one hand, she turned his face up to hers. Looking at him seriously, she whispered, "Mommy wants her baby to spend the next few minutes, as long as he wants that is, suckling sweetly on her boobies, showing her the truth behind his sweet words . . . and then when you can't take it anymore, I want you inside of me, making love to me as if your very life depended on it."

Bobby lowered his mouth to her tits, determined to go slow and gentle this time.

Samantha squirmed as she was treated to a tender shower of kisses all over her tits before his mouth finally found one of her nipples. Tenderly, he began to suckle on her nipple making her sigh with untold delight.

Taking his hand, she guided it down and in between her legs as she whispered, "See how wet you are making mommy, sweetheart."

Bobby's cock twitched as his finger slid neatly up and inside of his mother's moist cunt making her sigh softly.

Samantha was near to losing control as he softly worked his finger in and out of her pussy while affectionately suckling on her tits. Finally, simply unable to take it anymore, she hissed at him, "Mommy needs you inside of her baby . . . now!"

Aggressively, she twisted him around so he was on his back before she mounted him.

Reaching back and down, as they stared deep into each other eyes, she found his hard manhood and slowly guided it up and inside of her.

"Oh God, baby you feel so good inside of your mommy," she moaned as he began to pump his hips up, forcing his cock deeper inside of her.

Knowing her inexperienced son would not last long, and with an eye to the future, Samantha decided to try and make him come as quickly as possible, and with this in mind, she immediately began to bounce up and down on him.

His eyes inadvertently fell on her tits as she bounded merrily up and down on him. Watching those immense tits of hers bounce up and down was simply an awe inspiring sight and sent him rocking over the edge in a mere manner of a minute or so. Letting out a little grunt, he came deep inside his mommy before falling limp.

Samantha collapsed down on him, holding him tight as his first orgasm with a woman washed over him.

Finally, as she held him tight, he was able to speak. "Mommy," he whined, "That was too quick. I . . . I mean I wanted to make love to you."

"Shhh, you will baby, trust me on this . . . before the night is over you will, but for now I just want you to maybe rest, doze off even, and recover your strength."

Bobby sighed. He was, all of a sudden, very tired and with the promise of future love making assured, he slipped off to sleep.

Bobby's eyes slowly fluttered open. He had been dreaming. A most wonderful luscious dream of his mommy being under the sheet and—

Jesus it was no dream! He was fully awake now as he blinked at the trio of flickering candles on her nearby nightstand she must

have taken the time to relight. His heart raced as he could plainly hear the soft slurping noise as she greedily sucked on his growing manhood.

A mere minute or so ago, when she had first took him in her mouth, his cock had been as limp as a wet noodle, but now, it was, once again, reaching its full potential.

Wanting to see the show, he pulled the sheet back, uncovering her nefarious deed as she was crouched down, resting on her knees, slurping on his growing cock.

It was a real turn on how-- instead of acknowledging him in any kind of way—she just continued to merrily suck on his cock.

She moved around, still not acknowledging him, straddling him so she was positioned facing him, just below his knees. And then like earlier, when she had been teasing him, she leaned down, allowing her tits to fall against his fully erect cock.

He watched, spellbound, as she closed her eyes before using one hand to guide his erection up and in between her tits.

Once she had it positioned just right, she used both of her hands to squeeze her tits together trapping his cock in between them.

Slowly, carefully she began to move up and down, up and down, in a most leisurely manner. "Oh God, Mommy that feels so good . . . don't . . . please don't stop."

Still not acknowledging him, Samantha started to move up and down faster and faster, making him squirm.

The feeling of his erection between her tits was, in a word or two, mind-blowingly fantastic.

Picking up speed, matching his growing desire, she pistoned her body up and down causing him to moan louder.

Finally, unable to take it any longer, Bobby began to thrust his hips up, forcing his saliva laden cock to slide up and down faster and harder in between her tits.

It took only about a half dozen of these thrusts before he let out a loud grunt, coming all over his mommy's chest.

Finally, she acknowledged his presence as she looked up at him before whispering, "Hmm, I hope you don't mind that I woke you up . . . that way sweetie."

"No but . . ." He paused, not wanting to complain but still . . .

"Bobby, I know, I'm in trouble because you wanted to make love to me, but naughty mommy forced you to fuck her big tits instead huh?"

She snuggled up next to him before bringing her mouth up to her ear. Whispering, she said, "Don't worry that was the second time I made you come. The third time will be the charm . . . for the both of us."

Pulling back, she looked at him seriously. "Mommy is very tired now after all that hard work she just put in pleasing her baby so she is going to take a little nap and since she usually sleeps on her back hmm, if you want, later on tonight, it will be your turn to wake her up . . . by crawling up on top of me and pushing that big cock of yours, once it gets hard again, up and inside of her."

"But if you are sleeping . . ."

"Then it will be a nice way of being woken up. I mean you enjoyed the way I just woke you up huh?"

"Oh Christ yes . . . but . . . I mean what about . . . like foreplay and stuff I mean a woman needs that to be ready . . . right."

"I have been ready and waiting for my baby all summer to make love to me. Trust me, your mommy is ready hon but if you are worried about her being dry down there you can always give her a few nice kisses . . . down there . . . to get her nice and warmed

up and, don't worry, either way, if I wake up or don't wake up it will either be a very pleasant dream for me, or a very nice reality . . . you making love to me."

Bobby sighed as she leaned in closer before whispering, "Now your mommy is really, really tired and needs to fall sleep so give her a good night kiss."

They shared a nice long loving kiss then before she finally broke away whispering, "I hope your mommy's dreams are as nice and as loving as that kiss we just shared, Bobby."

"I hope so too," he whispered back as he snuggled down next to her . . . willing his cock to get hard again. It didn't work instead of getting hard he only felt sleepy. Eventually, he gave up and after snuggling up next to her, he fell fast asleep.

Hours later, just before daybreak, Bobby woke up happy-- thanks to a serious case of morning wood. He carefully rose up, peering over at his mom: she was still sleeping soundly under the sheets.

Trying not to wake her, just yet, he cautiously pulled the sheet down just enough to reveal her luscious boobs. She was on her back, allowing her big, beautiful tits to jut upwards.

Bobby, moving slowly, positioned himself so he was stretched out on his side next to her. He took a long moment to stare lovingly at

her boobs, allowing his desire to increase. In the soft diffused light of the morning they looked absolutely breathtaking,

God he loved her tits, he quietly mused to himself before reaching out with one hand. Circumspectly, he used his index finger to trace a series of crisscrossing lines all over her boobs.

After crossing the vast expanse of her tits several times, he switched to softly batting her nipples back and forth. It didn't take long for him to feel them rising to the occasion.

Leaning forward, he snuggled his face down against her neck before he warily began to spray it with dozens of light kisses. Gradually, with infinite slowness, his kisses slipped down and off of her neck before beginning a renewed assault on the precipitous rise of those majestic tits of hers.

As he continued this gentle assault on her neck, he slowly slipped his mouth down. He started by launching a gentle attack on each of her mountainous breasts with his playfully darting tongue. Her only response was a gentle sigh as his mouth found one of her distended nipples. Latching on to it with his lips, he carefully stroked her erect nipple with his scurrying tongue before eagerly beginning to suckle on it. He gave equal attentions to both of her nipples this way before his mouth slipped down and began kissing its way across her tummy.

Samantha sighed as she opened her legs for him. Nursing a serious hangover, she knew what was happening, yet it all still seemed like some mad dream as she simply couldn't, or wouldn't, rouse herself to join in. Instead, she decided to let him have his way and do with her as he may.

He paused a moment, to let her settle down again before slowly snuggling his face down, and in between her legs, where he eagerly began assaulting her pussy with a tender mugging from his twisting and darting tongue.

Reaching up, he used both hands to fondle her tits, as his tongue found her clit, making her moan quietly. Over, under, sideways, down his tongue traced a zig zap pattern all across the vertical folds of her sweet, tasting gash before finally settling onto the nub of her clit.

Pursing his lips, he suckled on it gently just as he carefully inserted a finger up and inside of her. Working it in and out, as his tongue circled her clit, caused Samantha to let out an increasingly louder series of moans.

Feeling she was properly warmed up by now, Bobby raised up before using both hands to gently prod her so she was repositioned on her side with her back to him.

He wrapped his arms around her in a spooning position before raining down a fresh new series of tender kisses all along the nape of her neck.

Reaching down between her legs, his hand found her clit and began tweaking it nice and gentle like as held her tight.

After a good minute or two, finally unable to take it anymore, he slowly entered her. Moving with an abundance of caution he started to softly make love to her as he leisurely pushed his hips forward, driving his hardness into her deeper. After a long minute or two of this, he gradually began to increase his speed before he brought his mouth to her ear.

Samantha was pleasantly floating in the shadow land between dreaming and cognizance as her adorable Bobby began pumping into her harder while whispering the sweetest words of adoration, touching her soul deeply.

"You are the woman who made all my dreams come true, Mommy, I love you with every single solitary beat of my heart . . . that heart you now own unconditionally and forever. I shall never be with another."

She let out another soft moan as his tender loving making increased in passion as he drove his cock in and out of her with a more serious purpose before finally whispering one last bit of praise.

"And no matter how much I say I love you, I always love you an infinite more times than that."

Bobby was near to coming again, but wanting things to last, he dialed back his lovemaking as he came to a complete stop. Burying his face against her neck, he unleashed a furious assault of sloppy kisses. Then, by sheer accident, he just happened to stumble upon her weak spot, causing Samantha to shiver as she was dragged, happily, into full consciousness.

Responding aggressively to his kisses, she reached back with one arm, snaking it around his midsection as she whispered, "Start making love to your mommy again sweetheart and don't stop this time."

She used her free arm to propel him forward as Bobby happily slammed his cock into her . . . hard. Samantha whole body jiggled as Bobby went from zero to a hundred in a mere matter of seconds. He rocked into her furiously, causing her moans of wild forbidden pleasure to fill the bedroom as the first pleasurable waves of a mighty orgasm started to make their presence known to her.

"Oh that's it baby, don't stop . . . God, don't stop," she whispered as he continued to pump into her with a loving forcefulness that nearly took her breath away.

It was a story book ending to a story book sort of night as mere seconds after the most powerful orgasm of her life washed completely over her, he came hard with a shuddering little yelp before falling limp against her.

Wrapped in their spooning position, his slowly shrinking cock still buried inside of her, they both slipped off into a quiet slumber.