

A Most Forbidden Dream

Part 1

Jimmy came home dead tired after another long day of school followed by a six hour shift at the carwash. He had just turned 18 this past month and prayed the last 6 weeks of school would fly by. The school, and then off to work routine, was killing him. He had been doing this 4x a week since just before Christmas, and as it was now mid-April, he was damn sick and tired of it.

He was also sick and tired of his mother being a fat, lazy, useless slob. He was sick of her defining what "white trash" was all about. They lived in a crappy double wide trailer on the east side of Des Moines, Iowa.

"Does it get any worse than this?" Jimmy wearily thought as he entered the filthy trailer. He glanced at her as she sat in what passed as the living room. His mother didn't even bother to acknowledge that he was home.

"What a waste of life," he thought bitterly as he slammed his books onto the kitchen counter.

This was indeed a harsh judgment of his mother, but one that fit. Since his dad had died, she had went downhill fast. She spent most days sitting in a drunken stupor in front of the TV, like a mindless zombie stuffing her face with junk food and drinking whiskey, until she passed out.

Then the next day the whole thing would start all over again. She ignored his pleas to get her life together only telling him, "Yeah right someday but for now I need to have my mourning time." So far her mourning time had lasted for nearly three years and counting.

It was left up to Jimmy to be the primary care giver to his two younger brothers, Frank who was 7, and Thomas who was 5. So in all reality, his day was not over after he got home from school and work, but instead he would have to make his younger brothers something to eat, before washing them up and putting them to bed.

It had been another typical shitty day as Jimmy wearily made his way upstairs to his bedroom. It was almost 10:30pm, and his mom was passed out on the couch with a half empty whiskey bottle at her side. Now with his mom passed out and his younger brothers tucked away for the night, it was his turn to enjoy a little peace and quiet and maybe something a bit more, if only it arrived in the mail today.

He hurriedly put his shoes on to go check the mailbox. It should arrive today, or tomorrow at the latest, as it had been about a month since he had received his latest copy of Hot Asian Honeys. This soft core porno magazine, delivered monthly, was about the only vice/excitement Jimmy had in an otherwise dreary life. As he made his way to the mailbox, he fervently hoped that the special Hot Asian Honeys MILF issue would be there in its innocuous brown paper wrapping.

He had three excellent reasons for hoping the magazine was waiting in the mailbox for him. Number one, it was Friday night, which meant he could actually sleep in a bit tomorrow morning, so if he wanted to stay up later than usual and gazing lovingly at the latest batch of hot Oriental dolls from the Far East he could. And number two, the annual MILF issue, according to last month's sneak preview, promised to deliver a whole host of hot, mature Asian honeys.

Jimmy could hardly wait as, in his mind, there was nothing hotter than a sexy, mature Asian woman. And then there was his final reason for so desperately hoping the magazine was there. It was a long shot at best, actually more like impossible maybe, as such things could not exist, but still the old lady was convincing and seemed so sure of herself so maybe, just maybe...

Nearly three weeks ago, after his boss at the car wash decided to let him go home early since it was a slow night at work, Jimmy had wandered by a traveling fair/festival that was in town for the week. It was still early and his mother would probably be in her "mean drunk" stage right about now. He had a few bucks in his pocket so he thought he would kill an hour or two horsing around at the fair.

Once inside, Jimmy wandered around to the far back side of the fair and soon found himself standing in front of a garishly colored tent that advertised Fortunes Told, Dreams Realized.

Curious he went inside, where he was met by an old woman dressed in a costume from the sixteen hundreds maybe. The lady, who called herself Madame Kat, piqued his curiosity though, so even if it was

bullshit, he plucked down his 7 dollars and decided to let her read his palm.

After reading his palm, Madame Kat announced, "Young man, your future is full of dark, forbidden dreams that may go unfulfilled," she said with a serious frown.

Jimmy shifted uneasily in the cheap, black folding chair as they sat across from each other at a battered old table. The old woman then broke into a sardonic smile before adding, "But then again maybe not... if you show just a little courage a reward may be at hand to make your dreams come true."

He was wondering just what the hell that meant, when all of a sudden a young, tough looking teenage boy came bursting past the tent flaps, and into the small room. Madame Kat seemed unfazed, while Jimmy nearly jumped out of his skin, at the young hoodlum's sudden appearance.

"Gimmie your money you old bitch or I will cut you!!" the punk barked while flashing a switchblade knife.

"But of course," Madame Kat said quite calmly to the kid. As she said this, surprisingly, her focus did not appear to be on the looming threat of the young punk with the knife, but instead on Jimmy. He noticed how rather oddly she was staring at him with a somewhat bemused look on the face as the drama of the attempted robbery was unfolding.

She coolly reached down under the table, producing a small cigar box that Jimmy could see was stuffed with cash. There seemed to be a various assortment of bills sticking out of all sides of the cigar box. Enough so where the young wanna be thug attention was quickly drawn to the cigar box stuffed with cash. The fact was he was paying very little heed to Jimmy. Madame Kat handed the box over to the robber with a look of expectation on her old haggard face. But her look was not directed at the threat the tough looking kid supposedly presented in the form of his menacing grin and evil looking knife, but instead at Jimmy.

"She expects me to do something and if I don't I am going to look like a chicken shit coward," Jimmy thinks to himself. He was many things but a coward was not one of them. Without really giving it a second thought he sprang up from his chair, and in one fluid motion turned and throw a punch at the kid. His punch found its mark. Doubtless helped supremely by the element of surprise, Jimmy's punch landed squarely on the left cheek of the thugs face. He staggered and fell as Jimmy, his adrenaline pumping now, rained several more blows on top of his head.

Meanwhile, Madame Kat went outside and was hollering for a security guard. Less than a minute later, the "would be" robber was being led away by two big burly security guards.

Madame Kat thanked Jimmy with a warm smile and then offered, as a small token of her gratitude, to make the fore mentioned dark forbidden dreams of his come true.

She handed him a small vial telling him it contained a powerful potion to make dreams come true, if only for a night. Her instructions were brief and to the point.

"Focus your entire mind and soul upon that of which you desire my dear boy. Think long and hard, construct the outlines of a perfect fantasy in your mind, and then let it flow to your heart. Once your heart longs for the fantasy so badly it actually pains you, swallow the potion down in one quick drink. Lay back in bed and relax letting your mind wander back to your fantasy. Keep your forbidden dream that you so yearn to dream that night simple as the potion will fill in all the necessary details for you. Soon you will feel your eyes getting heavy and sleep will come bringing with it an escape into a realm few ever have the joy of visiting."

With a slight gleam in her eye, the old lady had told Jimmy all this in one long non-stop diatribe, which left him wondering if the crazy old bat really believes this herself.

She finally pauses and looks at him seriously saying. "Do your trust Madame Kat Jimmie Turner."

"Y-yes... but how did you know my name I never told you."

She waves her hand distractedly saying "Madame Katchamund needs no formal introductions. Things come to me as they may. Now this thing comes to you. Powerfully wicked it is and rarer even than

a four leaf clover my dear boy. Take it, trust it and your forbidden dreams shall be realized. This is your reward for being brave and helping me."

Jimmy did not come right out and say it but he was beginning to think this old lady was bat shit crazy. But yet, there was something about the ultra-sincere way she told him all this, that made him hopeful that there might be a kernel of truth in what she said. After all, she was spot on about two things. The first being Jimmy did indeed have dark forbidden dreams, and the second she did know his name without being told so just maybe...

As he drove home that night, the small vial of "dream potion" tucked away deep inside his jean's pocket, he wondered if he should test the potion right away. By the time he arrived home he had decided it would be best to wait a little bit anyway; like until the annual MILF issue of Hot Asian Honeys arrived.

The next few weeks went by slowly while he waited for his magazine to arrive. He had plenty of time to construct his perfect fantasy. It would, of course, involve a girl, no make that a woman, a mature woman. A woman that could be a nice substitute for his own worthless mother. Even before his father's untimely death, Jimmy's mother had been nothing to write home about but since the death of his father she had been utterly hopeless. As was Jimmy's luck with girls.

He was all the things girls said they wanted: sweet, sensitive, caring, and most of all romantic, but all that was trumped by the fact he lived

at home with his drunken mother and was a high school loser. Oh yeah and he worked part-time in a car wash, which just set all the girls' hearts to fluttering, as did his puny sized 5 inch dick. Above all else poor Jimmy lacked confidence in great abundance.

Jimmie, as much as he tried, simply could not put that night at the fair out of his mind. He was desperately curious to try Madame Kat's magical potion. All he needed was his magazine to arrive. A magazine that contained all of his forbidden desires and dreams. And then maybe he would have a kind, caring and most sexy mom for once in his life, for that more than anything, was what his fantasy, his forbidden dream, would be about, if the damn potion worked.

He opens the mail box and feels his heart start to beat rapidly as he spies the plain brown wrapping. Once back inside his bedroom, he quickly showers and brushes his teeth, before settling down in his bed with the magazine in one hand and the vial of dream potion in the other.

He says a short prayer, ironically to a God he sure hates him, that Madame Kat is telling the truth, and that he would have a wild night of forbidden dreams waiting for him. Dreams fueled by the pictures of these hot Asian MILF's he was about to gaze so lovingly at. He briefly wondered if he might lose his virginity, finally, in his forbidden dream. Being a virgin still was a closely guarded secret of his.

Maybe if he wasn't so busy with school, work and taking care of his fat ugly mom, and his two bratty younger brothers, he might have

had time to NOT be a virgin, despite his smallness down there. "I must remember to concentrate on being well endowed as part of my dream package," Jimmy keeps reminding himself as he was showering, and his puny dick was there in all its small glory.

His mind wanders for a moment before he begins to concentrate on the contents of the magazine. The fact his mom is so physically unappealing, and mean to boot, only makes him wish all the more fervently that one of these beautiful older women on the pages of this magazine would be his mom. His hot, sexy and sweet mommy that would seduce him, and give his most forbidden of dreams credence, if only for a night.

He thumbed to the table of contents wondering which one it would be. She should be perfect as possible to fuel the fires of his imagination. He must choose carefully. He decides he will just start at the beginning of the magazine and quickly thumb his way through all the pictures until one of them whispers, "I am the one."

There is some nice ladies for sure at the beginning of the magazine but starting on page 22, there was a pictorial of a mature Chinese woman named Lini Lu, which sends his heart trip hammering inside his chest. As Jimmy flipped through the eight pages of her photo spread, it became more and more evident that she was making a strong case to be the one he would dream of tonight.

On pages 25-26 there was two full page pictures of her that seal the deal. First on page 25, she was standing in a kitchen, a soft, pretty smile on her face, her dark almond shaped eyes have a look of mirth

in them, her head is tilted to one side, almost like when someone looks at a cute puppy dog and says "Ahhhhhhhh."

Jimmy imagined Lini was looking at him, her very own son, instead of a puppy dog, and saying "Ahhh," while thinking what a cute, sweet boy he really was.

His cock starts to stir just looking at her exquisitely pretty and mature face. She looks to be in her early to mid-thirties but with Asian women, who always aged so damn well, you could never really tell. If anything she was probably older.

While her age may have been a mystery, there was something else that surely was not. That was her tits. It was no mystery they were fucking huge. This was self-evident despite the fact Hot Asian Honeys did not feature full frontal nudity. Implied nudity was their game as it was a soft core tease magazine that showed a lot of skin, but left just enough covered to leave their audience wanting more.

Lini was wearing a skin tight pink nightshirt that was practically see through. It looked to be at least one size too small, as her immense tits were obviously straining against the sheer pink material of the nightshirt. The shirt went down to just past the middle of her thighs, which were creamy white and near perfect. Also perfect, was her incredibly long dark and shiny hair that, as she tilted her head to one side, fell all the way down past her ass to about the middle of her calf.

"Jesus, I wish my mom looked like that," Jimmy thought as his eyes flickered up and down the photo before finally settling on those big tits of hers. Her dark nipples were clearly visible under the sheer pink material of her nightshirt and just begging to be stared at.

In his mind he dreamed that she was in the kitchen making him breakfast when she turned around to ask him a question. Maybe did he want his eggs over easy or hard? He notes how she emphasizes the word hard. Finally, he tears his eyes off page 25 and looks at page 26.

The next page is at least equal to, if not better, than the prior one. She is leaning back against the fridge while thrusting those large tits of hers out; seemingly for his eyes to enjoy. And enjoy them they do as her pink nightshirt is completely unbuttoned in this picture. Her shirt is hanging open as to expose a rather sizable portion of those giant tits of hers. But at the same time, the pink nightshirt was closed just enough to, by the barest of margins, to cover those delicious nipples of hers.

She has a subtle smile on her face as she is intently stares straight ahead, maybe watching her young son eat the breakfast she has so lovingly prepared just for him. Maybe she undid her shirt because she was hot, or maybe she just likes to show off for her son. Either way, it heaven for his eyes.

The dream of Lini being his mother has reached his heart and made it ache, just as Madame Kat had foretold. Now was the time. He wanted this woman to be his sweet dear mother, maybe more than

anything he had ever wanted in this world. There was no need to search in further within the magazine. Lini was the one!!

"Imagine coming home from school every day to that beautiful creature!!" Jimmy thinks as his small cock literally throbs with untold hardness inside his boxers. He reaches over and scoops up the vial in one hand, and is about to down the potion in one large gulp, despite the fact he still harbors doubts that it will work.

No sooner had these doubts crept into his mind than his cell phone, laying on the nightstand next to the bed, begins to ring.

"Who the hell would be calling this late at night?" he thinks before quickly snatching up the phone. Glancing at the caller ID it says "MK."

Could it be her? But how? And what timing if it is. "H-hello" he answers his voice shaking with apprehension.

"Just a courtesy call Jimmy. I can't have you downing that vial with doubts on your mind."

"Jesus how did you know. I mean I was just... just about to... "

"Yes I know drink it down when I called. As I said Madame Kay knows what she knows and often just in time. Best not to question these things."

"The power of this woman must be immense," is the paramount thought that springs fourth in Jimmy's now feverish mind.

"My power is beyond your grasp young Jimmy. It is trust me on that. But let me make this quick as you are so very anxious to get to that Asian sweet treat you have on tonight's menu. So some advice to set your mind at ease. First, the dream you shall have won't be your typical disjointed, fuzzy weird feeling dream that most people usually have. It will be very vivid, very real. As real as reality I suppose." She pauses to let what she just said sink in to Jimmy knowing this is a lot to handle at once.

"Second, usually when you are dreaming people can be easily awoken and the dream disrupted or they sense somehow it's a dream and wake themselves up. Neither will be the case for you. I have checked your future and it's clear for the next nine hours which is how long you will sleep undisturbed." She pauses once again to let this new information settle into Jimmy's mind.

Both of these things had crossed Jimmy's mind, much as it seems Madame Kat knew it would. His mind now at ease he tells her to go on.

"Finally what is actually happening after you take the potion is not for you to understand or try to make sense of... It's our ancient secret but let's just say you are not so much as dreaming as visiting another realm, another plane of existence if you will. This realm will duplicate ours in a sense. You will be the same person there as you are here, but only in your new, ahh upgraded circumstances shall I say. Your memories of a lifetime lived there will be wholly intact. You will know by sheer instinct what to do, what to say, where everything is at, and so on... well you get my drift I would think as you are a most clever boy."

"I-I am." Jimmy is not used to hearing nice things being said about him.

"Yes I would think so. Clever enough to not toss my potion aside and write me off as a crack pot of an old lady," she lets out a soft cackle while saying this.

Jimmy hears all of this and, of course has more than a few questions, but he dares not ask any of them. He suspects that the old woman does not care to be questioned, so he simply says "Wow that is really awesome."

"OK I will grant one single question Jimmy."

He shakes his head again at her amazing powers of perception. He quickly decides to ask the one real burning question that had just crossed his mind, "When I am in this other realm, will I remember

my life here. I mean will I know that I really belong here and not there?"

"Not an easy question to answer but I will do my best. You shall remember your life here much as one remembers a good movie or in your case a bad movie they were forced to watch over and over again. More I cannot say."

"OK." What more could he say. It all sounded so fantastic.

"Now be brave and take your potion, and then pick up that magazine of yours and concentrate on your new mother as she will be waiting for you on the other side. Be sweet, charming, but most of all be shy and innocent with her. As to this part, I have left you a bit of help. Check your nightstand drawer upon waking up over there."

"OK sure Madame Kat," he says hoping he will remember all this when he wakes up over there.

"And one final bit of advice. Study her bio page carefully. It's real and very truthful. You will be the one she speaks of in her bio that she adores so very much. You will understand once you read it what I am referring to." And with that the line went dead.

He sat there staring at the phone dumbfounded as to all Madame Kat had told him. Not wanting to disobey "doctor's orders" he does exactly as she says and quickly downs the sweet tasting potion in one

swallow. He then picks up the magazine and thumbs back to Lini's bio page. His heart is flooded with anticipation to find out just who Lini adores. How could it be him? Is that even possible?

He sighs deeply, as he flips to her bio page. Regardless, he loved the bio section anyway, especially the interview section as the staff editors were seemingly experts at getting the girls to open up to them.

Lini's Bio:

Country of Origin: Taiwan Province / Place of Birth: Taipei

Date of Birth: November 11, 1975 (39 years old) Astrological Sign: Scorpio

Eye Color: Brown Hair Color: Black Height: 5 feet and 7 inches
Weight: 121 lbs. Measurements: 38DD-23-35 Fake Boobs: Yes
Favorite Color: Red or Pink

If you want to win Lini's heart you must be romantic. Red roses with red wine will put her in the mood for romance. Once you get her engine started you will be in for a wide ride because in Lini's own words "I absolutely adore sex and I am most certainly a wildcat in the bedroom." But the trick is getting her there! Without more than a few sweet, romantic gestures you don't stand a chance.

She is currently a single mother of one. In her words he is "the sweetest little boy in the world, his name is Jimmy and we have such a close loving relationship. I just adore him and he does me."

Oh by the way her sweet little boy is 18yrs old but that doesn't stop her from showering him with so much love and affection that according to her "he hates to be seen with me in public anymore." In her own words, "I shower the boy with so much TLC that he complains I am smothering him to death. But I feel in my heart, and a mother always knows these things, that deep down inside he loves be smothered by his mommy."

When we asked what her greatest asset was—physically- she promptly answered, with a bright smile, "Why my tits of course. But sadly I am yet to find a man who knows how to properly pamper them the way I like."

When we asked just what properly pampering them entailed she replied again with that warm killer smile of hers. "Men make the mistake of trying to go all in with my tits right away. Getting there is half the fun. Take it slow and easy. Worship them with your eyes first but only after I am most comfortable with you of course, and only then proceed carefully without trying to get your hands on them."

Since she seemed to like talking about her tits we pressed the matter further. "So you like a man not to be over aggressive in going after them magnificent tits of your Lini, is that what we are to understand?"

"Exactly, honestly I have never told anyone this before but my big secret is I simply love the shy, innocent type who I eventually have to take by the hand and actually guide them to my breasts so sweet innocent and shy they are. I loved being treated like a queen to be admired but not touched... that is until I can NOT stand it anymore and must have my breasts get the thorough loving and pampering I so desire."

That answer prompted us to ask, "What constitutes 'thorough loving and pampering' in your mind Lini."

She got this most mischievous look on her face before answering, "I wish to have my lover start slow by showering the entirety of my breasts with a virtual rainfall of the softest sweetest little kisses, licks and nibbles, which will melt my heart and fire my soul until the point where I simply demand, beg if necessary, that he starts sucking on them like there is no tomorrow."

She pauses to take a delicate sip of her water, (as for me I needed some cold water splashed in my face as her answer was that hot!!) and then adds the kicker. "Once he has sucked on them for what seems like forever and with such reckless abandon that it leaves us both breathless I wish him to take absolute and total control of the situation. I want him to..." She pauses then. "Hmm I better not say what I wish for next."

"Oh come on Lini... do tell... don't leave your adoring public and me for that matter hanging... what then."

"Well it's never happened but I wish him to take me up on my suggestion to take total control of the situation as I produce a set of soft and comfortable but very reliable fur lined wrist and ankle restraints. I want to be totally submissive to him and his hard cock as he crawls on top of me and begins to slowly fuck my tits. And as he does this I am driven wild with desire until I start begging him to fuck them harder and faster."

"And does he comply."

"What do you think?" She says smiling an innocent smile that totally is at odds with what we are talking about.

"And then."

She takes a deep sigh and fiddles with her fingernails. I didn't think she was going to answer but she does. "And then he cums all over my tits before sliding down between my open thighs and eats me out until I climax."

"That concluded our interview thankfully as I needed a cold shower."

Mark Langford

Senior Staff Editor, Hot Asian Honeys

Jimmy puts down the magazine. His heart is racing, along with his mind. "Jesus Christ... she has an 18 year old son named Jimmy that she simply adores. Could this mean that for the day he will be... Jimmy."

He lays back in the bed committing to memory everything he read in her bio as his eyes get heavy. Soon he is fast asleep, and very far away from his former dreary and hopeless life.

Sometime later his eyes flutter open, after a loud boom of thunder reverberates through the house. He hears rain hitting a roof. But it's different, as it's not the metallic sound of rain pelting down on his own shitty trailer he normally hears, but instead a softer, more muffled sound.

He comes awake fully and also quickly realizes the bed he is sleeping in is much bigger, and more comfortable, than his own bed back home. He scans the dark room just as it's lit up by a flash of lightening and spies a lamp on the nightstand next to him. He quickly leans over and flips the light on.

He lets out a low whistle as this room has all the bells and whistles. Big flat screen TV, matching furniture, a nice desktop computer, an X-box and Wii gaming systems and even a nice lap top. "Wow" is all he could say as back home he had none of this stuff.

He remembers Madame Kat saying she had left him some help in the nightstand drawer. He reaches over and pulls the drawer out on the single nightstand next to his bed. In it he finds a plain white envelope with a note inside. Nervously, he begins to read the note.

Jimmy:

Welcome to your dream. I have additional advice for you. I will tell you what is about to happen up to a point so you can be prepared. Several nights ago you and your mother had an "incident". You have not really spoken since. The ugly tension has been building between you two. The details of this incident will come to you when she mentions it. Now this -this little incident that happened is the key to your night of fantasy. You must make a full confession as to what you felt about it as so shall she. And from there... your dream will be off and running so to speak but you must be the one to suggest talking about it and be more than willing to apologize for it.

Not long from now you shall hear a loud scream and crying coming from her bedroom. You must go to her and provide her comfort. From there she will lead you to the forbidden land.

When she disappears to the bathroom to get ready you come back to the room and retrieve the gifts I have left for you, to give to her. They will be waiting.

One more thing- this potion you just took will have the effect of giving you a most irresistible aura to your mother, which she will respond to in a most loving manner. But to help stimulate this affect upon her personality remember to be shy and sweet with her, while showering her with tons of compliments, love and affection. Between that and the sweet little gifts I have arranged for you to give her the rest of what happens between you two is simply the stuff of what wicked dreams are made of... but only if you follow what she wants in her bio page during that very candid interview she gave to Mr. Langston. Keep that in mind. Just so you don't forget I included a second copy of her bio in the bottom drawer. Study it long and careful while you wait for her.

Don't waste time wondering where or what has become of the real Jimmy. To Lini you shall appear to be her son in all things. As for the real Jimmy, let's just say he is asleep for the time being. You are borrowing his body may be the best way of putting it.

Mk

PS Plus as an added bonus, that which was once small is now big. Really big in fact.

Jimmy leans over and opens the bottom drawer of the nightstand. Sure enough he finds her bio page in the bottom drawer. He settles back into the bed to read it again while waiting for what Madame Kat told him would happen, but not before checking his shorts for "that which was once small." He smiles as indeed she is good to her

promise. His cock, despite being in its relaxed state, is much bigger than he ever remembers it being. His smile grows wider.

Just reading her bio page is getting him hot and bothered. He checks his erect cock and sure enough... bigger in both length and girth. Excited, he hurriedly reads through her bio twice more, before he hears a loud scream come from down the hallway.

He jumps out of bed and rushes out into a dark hallway. He glances to his right as he hears another softer scream, and then sobbing coming from a closed door at the end of the hallway.

He hurries to the door and knocks softly, unsure if he should just barge in. There is no response so he knocks a bit louder.

"Jimmy is that you." He hears a soft silky voice say. Just the sound of her voice has caused his heart to flutter.

"Y-yes... Mom... I... I heard a scream."

"Yeah bad dream... I'm OK now you can go back to sleep."

"Mom I want to see you. Please let me in." Just as Madame Kat has said he doesn't have to really think about what to say. He just knows he must see her, must push the issue.

"Jimmy I said I am OK," her voice has a rough edge to it, but yet there is still an underlying softness to it that says something more. He must be brave so he pushes on the door and it opens. He pokes his head into the room. She is laying on a large king size bed. The room is dark except for a small lamp on the nightstand next to the bed. She pulls herself up into a sitting position clutching the sheets to her chest.

"Jimmy... "

He rushes over to her before she can say anything more.

"Mom your dream... was it bad... I mean really bad."

"Yes that I what I said. Probably due to that little incident we had the other day... I have not slept well since."

As soon as she mentions the incident the memory comes flooding back to him. It was a few nights ago and he needed to ask her something. He knocked on her bedroom door and he thought he heard her say come in. He walks into her room just as she is walking out of the attached bathroom. She is half dressed, wearing a pair of jeans and a pretty pink lace bra adorned with small ribbons. He remembers standing there staring at her, his mouth agape, as he was awe struck seeing his mom without a shirt on. Her boobs were huge, majestic even, and maybe best of all, he also notes how her pink bra was having quite a hard time containing them.

He remembers he said nothing, being so caught off guard by the sight of his half-naked mom. Then she snapped at him harshly, "Didn't you hear me... I said I was getting dressed... and you walk in anyway."

"Mom I thought you said come in." He starts to beat a hasty retreat from her room embarrassed now that she is thinking the worst. He wonders if maybe she thinks he walked in on purpose to try and catch her getting undressed.

"Well you already are here so what do you want!!!" The tone of her voice is a bit harsh, but the look on her face is one of total bemusement. She has a wry smirk on her face that Jimmy remembers not knowing what to make of. Furthermore, she is making no attempt to hide her half nakedness to him.

He takes one last long look back at her, before fleeing the room, mumbling he would talk to her later. He fled down the hallway to his room and slammed the door shut. He remembers being very disappointed that he could not find the courage to stay and talk to her, which would have provided him with an opportunity to see more of her as she walked around in her pretty pink bra.

But he was just too shy, or maybe, too embarrassed thinking that she was mad at him for walking in on her, to hang around and try to ogle her some more.

Later on his suspicions of her being mad seem to be confirmed, as she was brusque and not particularly friendly with him for the remainder of the night, and even into the next day. In turn, this caused him to try and avoid her as much as possible.

The tension built between them as two days pass where they were barely civil to each other. Both thought the other was mad. All this came to Jimmy in a mere matter of seconds as if it had really happened to him.

"It did happen," he finds himself mumbling under his breath.

"Yes it did and it really upset me... your whole attitude that day and every day since. You hurt my feelings deeply Jimmy."

"I'm sorry... can we talk about it... can you give me a chance to, you know apologize maybe and make it up to you." He leans forward and gives her a sudden hug. He feels her stiffen at first before relaxing. He pulls back reluctantly. They look at each other for a long moment before she begins to speak.

"Really that is what you want, talking about your feelings is not exactly your strong suit son. I mean you are so damn shy sometimes, I'm surprised."

She takes a deep breath, and seems to gather her thoughts, while he looks at her closely now for the first time, after he plops down on the

edge of her bed. She is still clutching the sheet to her body. It looks like she has on a red night shirt, her long hair is piled on top of her head in a sloppy looking bun, her face is streaked with tears and with no makeup on she certainly does not look half as beautiful as she did in the magazine layout, but yet he can tell it's her.

"Honestly while that hug you just gave me maybe is a start for us I... well this dream I had was so bad it really shook me. It was about you... you were so mean in it and maybe because we have not been talking I'm thinking that was the real you in the dream."

"Mom I... we should really talk about the dream. You gotta give me a chance to defend myself."

"Well I am warning you I am feeling really vulnerable tonight and if you want to make me feel better... " She pauses rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand. He thinks maybe she is about to cry. She looks down, twisting her hands, before saying almost inaudibly, "It's going to take much more than a hug."

His cock stirs a bit inside his gym shorts as the implications of what maybe "much more than a hug" could entail. She is looking at him waiting for a response.

"Yes I want to talk Mom. And I truly want to do anything at all to make you forget about this bad dream and show you... " He pauses his mind whirling, searching for the right words to say.

"Show me what?"

"That I am your knight in shining armor and that our little incident in your bedroom is nothing to be concerned over as I have a confession to make about you know what happened the other day."

"Hmm well maybe I do too honey."

When she called him honey it nearly caused his heart to stop. He looks at her, and his heart is flooded with pure love. The love does not feel manufactured to suit the purposes of his dream, but instead feels real and genuine beyond anything he has ever experienced in his life. He feels a deep connection with her just as he would feel if this whole thing was real.

"So let's talk huh Mom... please... tonight... now." He is almost shocked to hear how desperate and pleading his own voice sounds.

She sighs heavily before telling him OK they will talk. She needs a few minutes to get ready though. To collect her thoughts and try and shake her bad dream. She tells him while she is getting ready in her bathroom for him to build a nice fire in the fireplace, and then they will talk while relaxing on the rug in front of the fire.

She hops up from the bed and crosses the room to the bathroom. After turning on a second bedside lamp, he turns to look at the bedroom. The bedroom is lavish, to say the least. The king size four

poster bed is flanked, on either side, by two elegant nightstands. The four mahogany posts of the bed extend high up, the wood matching the nightstands. On the wall, next to the bathroom door, is a large mahogany dresser that also matches the night stand.

He looks around and marvels at his "new mom's" bedroom. It's such a change from his mother's bedroom back in the so called real world, with her mismatched, cheap, garage sale, broken ass night stands, lop-sided dresser and ugly stained twin mattress and box spring thrown carelessly on the floor without a frame. Not to mention, unlike his old mother's room, there is not a ton of filthy clothes strewn on the floor. Instead, Lini's room is immaculately clean. A pleasant change indeed!!

He glances to his right and notices, over in the corner is a mini bar. Next to that, covering the entirety of one wall, is a large stone fireplace. In front of the fireplace is a large luxurious white rug.

In a matter of minutes he has a fire started. He then suddenly remembers Madame Kat said something about him having gifts for her in his bedroom; that they would be waiting for him.

He rushes out of the room and down the hallway to his bedroom. Sure enough laying on the bed is two white boxes, one square and one oblong, plus an even smaller square white box. They were not here before. There is a note pinned to one of the boxes.

You have two dozen of the world's finest roses Jimmy. Once you take them back to the bedroom close your eyes for a moment and let your imagination go as to how to use them. In the other box, is another sweet little gift for your mother. Don't open the second box, but instead be just as surprised as her when she opens it. These little gifts are guaranteed to melt her heart. When she asks about where you got the money simply tell her you used all of your savings to buy this stuff for her. Oh and you might consider adding a little wine to the mix—you know to relax the both of you for the events that will shortly be unfolding.

MK

Jimmy scoops up the two bigger boxes, along with the smaller one, and hurries back to her room. Once inside he opens the oblong box and sees the beautiful red roses. He closes his eyes as she suggested asking himself, "how can I impress her the most with this pretty roses."

It came to him quickly. He glanced at the bathroom door hoping he would have enough time to prepare everything. Then he smiled to himself and relaxed. He would have enough time. Of course he would, after all, it was his dream and everything would go perfectly.

He opens up the first dozen roses and begins to tear the pretty red buds off of them. He scatters them in a jagged red path from the bathroom doorway to the rug in front of the fireplace. In the end, he was required to use all the roses except three. He leaves a single one at both the beginning of his path, and one at the end.

Then another thought comes to him as he decides to follow Madame Kat's advice to the T. He heads over to the bar and searches for a bottle of red wine. He quickly finds it and pours two glasses of wine. He places one at the end of the path of red rose buds, while placing the other at the beginning of his impromptu path. Across the top of each glass he carefully balances the long stemmed rose.

He looks at handiwork and smiles. "Pretty clever Jimmy," he mumbles to himself.

On the rug, he places the final red rose next to the square white box as he wonders what is inside of it. He then rushes out of the room back to his own bedroom where he takes the time to freshen up a bit, just knowing she won't come out before he returns.

He quickly combs his hair, brushes his teeth, throws on a fresh pair of jeans and a pair of boxers, along with a plain white tee shirt. Amazing enough, he knows where everything is in his room as if he lived there all of his life. He hurries back to her room ready for his night of dreams to begin.

He was just getting settled down on the white rug when she appears. This is just further confirmation that the night shall go perfectly, as it was almost like she waited for him to get back inside the room before coming out.

When she walks out he marvels at the change in her. It appears she has went all out to make herself beautiful for him. She has a full complement of make up on, making her face radiant with the beauty he remembers from her photo shoot. She also has let that long, gorgeous jet black hair down. It falls well past her ass, just as he remembers from the photo shoot.

Now she is a mirror image of the women, (could it be really her?) in the photo shoot from Asians Honey's. The biggest difference is she is not dressed sexy in the least, but instead has on an over-sized red night shirt that does little to reveal the awesome earthly delights that lay underneath.

Lini spots the path of rose buds and lets out a soft sigh as she clutches her hand to her heart. She spots Jimmy over on the rug and gives him a warm smile.

"Oh God honey I guess you really are going all out to make things up to me huh."

"I am."

"This." She reaches down and plucks the rose off the full wine glass, "For me?"

Jimmy nods his head.

"It's beautiful. I guess you remembered I have a weakness, a real weakness for roses."

"Yeah." Jimmy says quietly. He stares at her marveling at her beauty.

"And for wine. Red wine and red roses... hmm I think you are trying to tell me something sweetheart."

"Yeah... like I am sorry... and that I love you, a whole lot."

"Yes I can see. Only someone so filled with love, could construct such a pretty little path of rose buds. Wherever did you get the idea?"

"Hmm it just came to me."

She stands there admiring her rose, twisting it around in her hand, before bringing the wine glass to her lips. She pauses, looking at him over the upturned glass, she whispers, "And this for me too."

"Of course," he replies.

"Red wine, is my favorite, but be warned son wine makes me very warm and friendly."

"Really, well then the wine is most definitely for you."

"And what about you. Are you having any so you shall be equally warm and friendly with your mother?"

He holds up his wine glass and smiles. They both gulp down the wine in three large swallows, before she continues down the trail of rose buds that cuts across the light brown bedroom carpet, like a dark path of red beauty.

As she reaches the end she spots the second glass of wine, with the second pretty red rose balanced across it. She bends over to pick it up saying, "Two glasses of wine and two roses. This night could be special. I guess you must really want the full treatment of my... " She pauses and smiles at him mischievously "niceness tonight honey."

Then she spies the small white box resting just a few feet away next to the rug.

"Oh and I see... what a present for me?" She says sweetly picking up the small white box. She holds the rose up twirling it in her fingers before setting it down and saying, "This is all too much."

"If anything it's... it's not enough Mom. You deserve all this and more... for being such a great mom to me."

"Boy oh boy you are full of charm tonight and... more than a few surprises. I can hardly wait to see what my present might be."

"Yes but first... you have to finish your wine. I want you... yeah totally relaxed before you open the gift."

"You too then. Pour yourself another."

He heads over to the bar and pulls the wine bottle out and fills his glass once more. They sit down on the carpet and enjoy a little small talk, while sipping on the wine. After finishing her glass she is anxious to open her present.

She begins to open the box as Jimmy curiously leans forward anxious to see what he got her.

"Oh honey it's beautiful." She pulls a nightshirt that looks eerily familiar out of the box. "And pink my favorite color but... well I mean don't you think it might be a little too sexy for me."

Jimmy is filled with surprise, shock even, as amazingly enough what she has pulled from the box appears to be the exact sheer pink nightshirt that she was wearing in the modeling pictures that so turned him on.

He has no idea of how he is going to respond... until he does. The words just come tumbling out of him.

"Mom I remember years ago... before Dad left us, how you complained that he never bought you anything sexy. That it made you feel... you know not so desirable as a woman. And I guess I just remembered that and when I seen that on display at the mall... "

He pauses, trying to gauge her reaction. She has a half bemused smile on her face listening to his story. "And I remembered pink was your favorite color I thought... I don't know what the hell."

"Jimmy don't lie to me... not tonight. I think this night is shaping up to be very, very special but only if you can be brave enough to be completely honest with your mom."

"Mom I'm... I don't know what you are talking about. I'm not lying."

"Hmm, maybe you weren't lying, at least not until the end." She pauses while taking a large sip of her wine. "I don't think you thought 'what the hell' when you bought this... I think you were thinking of how good it would make me feel, you buying me this. I just think you are being too modest. I think you bought it for me because you hate the way your father treated me and are trying to make it up to me."

"Yes... I did hate the way he treated you and... you deserve to have nice things. Soooooo... "

"Yes this certainly is nice. Must have cost a fortune. All this the roses, the nightshirt."

"Maybe, I will never say... they open the other one." For the first time he notices a second, smaller gift box tucked away inside the box that contained her pink nightshirt.

She opens it and they both let out a small gasp of surprise.

Inside is a very expensive looking diamond necklace.

"My God Jimmy... " She is too choked up to finish her sentence, but instead, reaches over and envelops him in a mighty bear hug that nearly takes his breath away while she starts to cry.

"Mom mom... you are killing me," he says squirming out of her hold.

"Do you like it?"

"The tears of joy are not a dead giveaway." She jumps up and heads to the bathroom. In front of the mirror she put it on and gasps once more.

"Jimmy come here and see how it looks on me."

He starts to walk over to the bathroom and then has a sudden thought pop into his head. He has been having lots of those "sudden thoughts" pop into his head tonight and wonders, curiously, if Madame Kat somehow is responsible. He can almost hear her soft cackling laughter as he reaches down and snatches up the pink nightshirt.

"It looks beautiful on you Mom," he says simply as she preens in front of the mirror this way and that, admiring her brand new shiny diamond necklace.

"Christ Jimmy all this... the roses, the nightshirt, and most especially this... Know I know it had to have cost you a small fortune sweetheart. Where did you get the money? Are you selling drugs or something!!?" She turns to him, her face full of motherly concern and caution.

"No way Mom... I... I emptied out my savings is all."

"Your savings. You mean your account at the bank you have been stashing money away since you were 13 to buy your first car. Your dream Mustang."

"Yeah."

"God honey you should not have done that. I mean that car is your dream."

Before he can stop himself, the words come flowing out once more without him having to think about them. "Mom you are my dream. Your happiness and seeing you smile is my dream. Nothing else matters."

"Oh baby... " She hugs him again and then begin showering him with light kisses on his neck whispering "God I love you so much. Your words touch my heart so... " She pulls back and strokes his face softly. "Deeply."

"I'm glad... Hey you want to try this on... see how it fits anyway. I wasn't sure of your size."

"Yeah good idea. I will try it on and it will give me a chance to compose myself. You know clean up some of this tears of joy that are ruining my makeup."

"Nothing can ruin that beautiful face of yours Mom."

"Is that the wine talking baby... if so you better go pour yourself another glass because you are melting my heart with your charm tonight."

She shuts the door quietly as he heads back over to the white rug. He too is marveling at his charm tonight, at his very smoothness, wondering where it all came from.

He settles himself down on the carpet and sips his wine. A smile spreads across his face thinking how perfectly things are going thus far. A gnawing fear is growing deep inside his stomach, though, as he simply does not know how to deal with "perfect."

A minute later she is calling him from the bathroom. The door is cracked just enough so he can partially see her face and nothing more.

"Honey the nightshirt is lovely."

"Can't I see how it looks on you Mom?" He asks trying to make his voice sound innocent with simple curiosity, instead of... rough with forbidden desire.

"Come here I don't want to have to shout across the room."

He crosses the room and leans against the door jamb. She has kept the door almost completely shut, so he cannot see how the nightshirt looks on her.

"It's really tight on me and well... kind of revealing... and I would be afraid, honestly, to let you see me in it, especially since you got so grossed out the other day seeing me in my underwear."

"Mom I was not grossed out."

"You weren't. Sure could have fooled me the way you fled the room."

"I left... I didn't flee first of all and not because... I was grossed out or anything stupid like that. I left simply coz I thought you were mad and I had maybe embarrassed you by walking in on you... you know while you were half dressed is all."

"Well this is not the way I envisioned us having this conversation but I guess it's time for full confessions on both sides. That was a nice start for you so now it's maybe my turn."

She stares at him deeply as he realizes this is, quite possibly, the moment of truth.

"But remember since I am going to be really honest with you I expect the same in return when it's your turn to be honest again."

"Well why don't you open the door and come out and we can talk on the rug."

"No way son... I mean I can't let you see how I look in this until I know it won't cause you to like freak out... so we talk here... like this."

"Fine."

"So my confession is this. Jimmy you did embarrass me when you walked in while I was getting dressed. You have to understand your father he was rough on my self-esteem. He made me think my body was not so attractive especially my..." She pauses as her voice hitches a bit.

In that brief pause, Jimmy, by sheer instinct, again understands what is said here in the next few moments between them, will maybe decide the fate of his dream. He must be very careful and choose his words wisely. He prays the charm he has been blessed with tonight does not fail him now.

"Big old fake tits..." She is blinking back tears her voice coming out in a despairing whisper. "At least that is what he called them."

"Mom he was stupid and blind if he ever thought that."

"Really son you mean that. I hope so because when you seen me with my shirt off I got terrified and scared and thought you would have the same well... you know thoughts as your father about my... breasts and that is why I snapped at you and appeared mad."

"You weren't mad."

"No honey just scared of what you were thinking and when you left so quickly I just assumed the worst. That you were totally grossed out seeing me like that."

The moment of truth is here. His heart is racing. He remembers Madame Kat telling him he must make a full confession. He plunges ahead with his confession before the moment is lost.

"No Mom I only left because I felt guilty for... for staring at your breasts and thinking they were so," he pauses needing to choose his words carefully, "utterly beautiful."

"I think that might be the sweetest thing you have ever said to me baby. So I guess... " She opens the door the rest of the way allowing him to see how she looks in her new sheer pink nightshirt. "It will be ok... to let you see me."

Just as he suspected it looks to be an exact duplicate of the nightshirt in the sexy photos from the Hot Asian Honeys photo spread. And if he thought she looked hot in the magazine, now standing not a foot away from her, here in real life, she looks absolutely smoking hot.

His eyes get real big as he stares at his mother. She comes out of the bathroom now with a shy smile and says quietly, "Your kind words have given me the confidence to let you see how I look in your nice gift honey. I pray you are not disappointed."

"Oh... ahh not a-at all Mom."

"If you don't mind I would maybe like to leave your gift on... both gifts that is the beautiful necklace and my pretty pink nightshirt."

"Of course Mom that is why I got them for you to wear and enjoy." He wonders though, if she is enjoying wearing the nightshirt as much as he is enjoying seeing her in it.

She leads him over to the large rug where they sit down next to each other and begin to sip on two new fresh glasses of wine she has poured them. Jimmy's heart is racing as his eyes keep falling to those majestic tits of hers, so proudly on display under the sheer material of her tight pink nightshirt.

She finishes off her third glass of wine in one large swallow, while they engage in a bit of small talk. Soon their talk becomes deadly serious.

"Mom you are supposed to tell me about your dream. Remember."

"Oh yes the real bad one that you were so mean in. You sure you want to hear about it."

"Yes as I am really curious to see just how mean I was in your dream."

"Ok well if you insist, in my dream just like you did for real a few days ago you walked into my bedroom while I was getting undressed and this time instead of leaving the room right away you stood there laughing at me and then your Dad, well he liked appeared out of nowhere and joined in and you were both cracking crude jokes about my "big tits" and saying how ugly they were."

"Mom I... "

"Shh let me finish. I started to cry and yell stop it to the both of you... but you kept right on laughing and making jokes." She dabs at her eyes now as Jimmy wonders if she is going to cry. "I guess what made it so dramatic and emotionally damaging to me was that it was sorta like the incident between us the other day."

"Mom I did not laugh at you... or crack jokes the other day."

"No but you ran away which made me think the worse."

"I'm not running away now. And that little pink nightshirt of yours is a lot more... ahh revealing than your bra was the other day. So what does that tell you?"

"You tell me honey. Seriously, what does it mean? I think I have an idea... considering."

"Considering what?"

"Considering you can't seem to take your eyes off my tits," she says this with a bit of a smirk before laughing and adding as he starts to blush bright red, "Oh honey don't be embarrassed I'm just joking. Playing around you know."

Jimmy feels this once again is finally the moment of truth. If he chooses his words carefully he has the feeling it will lead to something.

"But what if it's true Mom?"

"What that you can't take your eyes off my tits. I would be shocked, I guess."

"Jus coz Dad didn't like them you maybe think I am the same. I mean, well I think Dad was stark raving blind and stupid for making fun of your... breasts Mom. I mean so what if they are big." His eyes flicker down to the front of her nightshirt for about the tenth time since they have been sitting on the rug talking, before he adds, "Really big actually."

"Yeah really big and ugly. I think that is what you both called them in my dream and your father called them in real life."

"Well its real life now and... and if you want to know the truth of what I feel... " He pauses, butterflies in his stomach, wondering if she will encourage him to go on.

"I really do honey. Tell Mommy what you think baby." Her voice is dripping with tenderness.

"I think they are very, very beautiful Mom."

She smiles at him, as she raises up on her knees to face him while whispering, "I guess that is why your eyes... keep flickering down to them just about the whole time we have been talking huh. So really it's true?" There is a mischievous smile on her face when she says this that unnerves him just a bit.

"Mom... yes, I'm having a hard time looking at anything but your tits. Sorry." He starts to get up, preparing to flee the room in embarrassment as his natural born shyness reigns supreme even in his perfect dream.

"Hmm I thought so... " She moves over closer to him using one hand to gently push him back onto the large round pillow. She throws one leg over him. She is now straddling him with a warm, pretty smile on her face.

"You don't know how that warms my heart to hear that baby. I have been so insecure about them."

"I don't know why they look terrific Mom," he says nervously while she is trusting her chest out towards him. His hands are nervously pawing at the thick white rug. More than anything, he wants to reach out and grab those big tits of hers that she is teasing him with, but then he remembers with the utmost clarity what was written in her bio.

Honestly I have never told anyone this before but my big secret is I simply love the shy, innocent type who I eventually have to take by the hand and actually guide them to my breasts so sweet innocent and shy they are plus they are so unwilling to stop being a gentleman. I loved being treated like a queen to be admired but not touched... that is until I can NOT stand it anymore and must have my breasts get the thorough loving and pampering I so desire."

"You really think they are pretty huh baby. You're... not just saying that to make me feel better."

"N-no." His eyes are now practically glued to her boobs as they strain against the tight confines of her nightshirt. He simply loves the way the dark outline of her big round nipples is so clearly visible under the sheer pinkness of her nightshirt.

She tilts her head to one side and says very softly, almost so quietly that he cannot hear her, "I wonder if you might be thinking... hmm do they feel as nice as they look... is that what Mommy's shy little boy is thinking?"

Jimmy says nothing, but more importantly does nothing, instead he only continues to stare at her majestic tits with rapt wonder. He is honestly almost too nervous, or maybe too shy, to move a muscle. Probably both, truth be told.

She reaches out and takes his both hands in hers. His heart races again as he remembers what the bio said- honestly I have never told anyone this before but my big secret is I simply love the shy, innocent type who I eventually have to take by the hand and actually guide them to my breasts so sweet innocent and shy they are.

This is it!! He just knows she is going to slowly guide his hands to those big, beautiful tits of hers and invite him to play with them. His hard cock is on full alert for just such an eventuality.

But much to his disappointment, instead of guiding his hands to her tits, she laughs and says, "Oh honey I was just joking. I know you would never think such a naughty thing." She pulls him to his feet. "Would you care to slow dance with your Mom?"

The answer of course is a disappointed yes, as he much would have rather gotten his hands on those beautiful breasts of hers. He sighs thinking "Oh well there are much worse things in this world than dancing with my mother. Especially a mother who is hot as mine is."

A minute later they are holding each other tight, swaying softly to a romantic love ballad she has put on the CD player. She takes the time

to put on a pair of 5 inch black spike heels which makes her quite a bit taller than him. But more importantly, it puts her chest practically at eye level with his face.

Whispered terms of endearment are exchanged softly between mother and son. He tells her how beautiful she is. She in turn reminds him what a handsome young man he has grown up to be. Handsome and well put together she says with a smile as she slowly pulls his tee shirt up and off of him.

"There that is better, I don't want you to get overheated when we are cuddling in front of the fire later sweetheart." she whispers scrapping her long nails across his bare chest. As he holds her in his arms his eyes are once again drawn to her chest much like a moth is drawn to a light. He simply cannot keep his eyes off of them especially now that they are practically in his face. He senses she knows this as she seems to arch her back as they dance thrusting those big, beautiful boobs of hers out at him.

So inviting is her implied invitation that he finds his hands, seemingly of their own power, beginning to move slowly upward across the soft pink material of her sheer nightgown.

They are heading to the forbidden territory of his mother's breasts, but just before they reach there... his hands stop just below the mighty twin peaks of her breasts. His innate shyness, once again takes over. He hears his mother sigh audibly before she breaks away from him. The song has come to an end.

She breaks away from him and walks slowly over to the small boom box CD player that sits atop the stone fireplace. The room goes silent as she turns the CD player off. The pure sexual tension now between the two of them is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

She turns to him a warm, gentle smile on her face. She then tilts her head to one side causing a memory to burn bright inside his brain. This was just about, minus the setting of course as they are in her bedroom instead of the kitchen, the exact pose he seen her in on page 25 of her photo spread. The exact picture that made him think she is the one he wants to dream of.

He remembers how, with her head tilted like that, it reminded him of someone looking at a real cute puppy dog and saying "Ahh." Almost on cue with this very thought, he hears his mom say, "You know Jimmy you are so irresistibly cute that you remind me of a sweet little innocent puppy dog. It just makes me want to say Ahhh."

He nervously shuffles his feet not knowing what to say. His charm has deserted him, instead being replaced by an intense shyness that leaves him powerless to speak, let alone move.

"And your mother knows just exactly what her cute little puppy dog has been staring at all night with those sweet, little innocent eyes of his."

"S-she does," he finally manages to stammer out a couple words at least.

She leans back against the stone fireplace her arms relaxed at her sides. He loves, really loves, the way her big tits are straining mightily to be released from that pink nightshirt. She tilts her head to one side and whispers, "Yes she does and just maybe it's time Mommy stopped teasing her little boy and let him get a small glimpse of heaven." She slowly begins to unbutton her pink nightshirt.

This is better than he could have imagined. His heart races as she is undoing the buttons extra, extra slow, probably on purpose with the explicit idea of building the already heightened sexual tension between the two of them.

It worked like a charm as Jimmy's big cock is throbbing with an intense hardness he never knew possible.

Finally, the last button comes undone, and her shirt falls open just enough to see a good portion of his mother's immense tits, but not enough to get the full picture. This new pose, incredibly, was just the same as on page 26 of the pictorial he had worshipped with his eyes earlier.

Jimmy, bit by bit, moves closer to Lini. She holds her hands out to him with a quiet, patient expression on her face. Their hands clasp together. She leans her head back and thrusts out her chest to him as

she murmurs, "Honey maybe you would like to help Mommy take her shirt off. Hmm I think maybe yes," she says breaking into a warm, inviting smile.

She places his hands softly on the flat plain of her well-toned stomach and ever so slowly leads them upwards. His cock grows even harder as his hands are guided upwards towards his mother's massive tits. She then stops and adjusts the course of his hands, pushing them to the edges of her nightshirt where she whispers, "Go on, help your mother out of her shirt baby." And then, his heart beating in his chest wildly, with her help, he slips the sexy pink nightshirt carefully off of her.

Finally, after such a long slow buildup her beautiful 38DD's in all their naked glory are revealed to his long expectant eyes. He stares at his mother's bare tits with wide-eyed innocence, which is exactly the reaction Lini is hoping for.

Jimmy takes a step back, awe struck by the sheer size and beauty of his mother's tits. He has a brief, thankfully very brief, flashback to his "other life" with his ugly, hog sized mother, and realizes he never wants to leave this dream.

Lina tits are spectacular as they jut out towards him like a pair of majestic mountains. She is leaning back, thrusting her chest forward for all it's worth, knowing her son is enjoying what he is gazing at so hungrily.

Wanton lust is filling her heart. Lini is more than ready to have Jimmy begin the process of thoroughly worshipping her tits with his young, eager, virgin mouth. But first she must be sure of one thing. She licks her lips nervously before asking the all-important question that will determine the fate of this night's adventure.

"Honey I have to ask you this... and you must tell me the truth, the absolute truth, regardless of... you thinking it might hurt my feelings."

"Ok." Jimmy says pausing in his wicked admiration of her bare tits to focus his attention on her face. She looks to be dead serious about this question she is getting ready to pose to him.

"Are you OK with my... breasts not being... you know real?" There the cat is out of the bag. She is prepared to study his reaction for any telltale signs he might be lying to spare her feelings.

Jimmy looks at his mother squarely in the face, takes a deep breath, and prepares to tell her the God's honest truth.

"Mom your tits are 100 percent real to me. As in real beautiful," his mind is racing as it seems he wants to pay his mother a dozen complements all at one. He takes a deep breath, trying to compose himself, before continuing, "They are stunning. Magnificent even and so big and so beautiful that... that I can barely find the words to describe how really, really nice they truly are." His charm has seemingly returned full force as Lini is starting to beam from ear to

ear at her young son's enthusiastic, and in her mind, very truthful comments.

He moves closer to her, leans in to whisper his final compliment in her ear, "Mom I think you have the most beautiful tits in the whole world. They are simply gorgeous... just like you." He then kisses her fully on the lips. The kiss lingers long and sweet as it breaks into several more long and heartfelt kisses.

Finally, he pulls back. They stare at each other deeply. Lini's eyes are blinking back tears.

"That is really how you feel honey. You mean all that?"

"I do."

She takes his hands in hers, looks down and then back up at him before saying softly, "Then why haven't you tried to touch them yet baby." Her heart is now filled with both desire and self-confidence, after her son's many kindly comments regarding her breasts.

Jimmy again tells the truth. "I... I am just not that aggressive Mom. Shy I guess maybe." He looks at her, the palms of his hand wet, before it's his turn to whisper, "Would you mind very much if... I touched them."

"You can touch them all you want," she replies back, her voice nearly breaking with uncontrollable pent up lust. "Here let me help you." She gathers his hands in hers, pausing first she allows the sexual tension between them to build to a virtual crescendo of out of control lust, before slowly guiding them to over breasts.

Jimmy begins fondling his mom's large, succulent breasts slowly at first, rubbing his hands all over them in a slow, circular motion. Slowly, as he gains confidence, he flicks his thumbs over her erect nipples making her hiss with passion.

"Oh... that's it play with your Mother's tits all you want sweetheart. You really like them huh."

"Oh God yes Mom." Jimmy replies as begins to squeeze them with a newly found confidence as its really quite obvious Lini is enjoying her son fondling her big tits.

He feels like a kid in a candy store, a very hungry kid at that with an uncontrollable sweet tooth, as he is having so much fun fondling his mother's tits. He concentrates on making her nipples snap to attention, liking the power he has over them as he continues to attack them using his fingers in a soft flicking motion. Her gentle sighs of pleasure are getting deeper and more... desperate. She wants more!!

"Enough of teasing your Mommy. Follow me," she commands him, her voice full of rough passion.

He follows her swaying ass. She is completely naked except for her 5 inch heels. They reach her large king sized bed and holding hands they playfully tumble down on to it. His mouth automatically goes right to her tits as she stretches out on her back allowing him total access to her gloriously enormous boobs.

He is just about ready to begin kissing and sucking on them- vigorously and without restraint- when he suddenly remembers her bio. He should follow it despite the untamed, wanton passion filling his heart. No, he must follow it as he remembers what he read so carefully at Madame Kat's behest.

"I wish to have my lover start slow by showering the entirety of my breasts with a virtual rainfall of the softest sweetest little kisses, licks and nibbles, which will melt my heart and fire my soul until the point where I simply demand, beg if necessary, that he starts sucking on them like there is no tomorrow."

So he pulls his mouth back, for just a moment, collecting himself for the task at hand. He then with the words from her bio ringing in his mind begins to very gently, very slowly, and very carefully, rain down a virtual shower of the softest, most delicate butterfly kisses all over his mom's tits.

Lini is in heaven as, surprisingly, her young, inexperienced son seems to know her little secret of just how to turn her on so very much. She begins to squirm all over the large bed as Jimmy's teasing kisses are turning her on to such a degree that it won't be long now before... she loses control.

Jimmy's tongue slowly snakes a long luscious line back and forth across the vast expanse of his mother's full-sized breasts, going from one to the other, before finally ending at one of her nipples. He lathers it deliberately with his tongue making Lini squirm and begin to clutch desperately at the back of his head, trying to force his face deeper against her tits. He pulls back and turns his attention to the other nipple, which he spends a long moment or two nibbling on so very gently causing his mother to moan with unearthly delight.

The begging is about to ensue. "Go on Jimmy, stop teasing me and suck on them baby... please honey... pleeeasse."

Jimmy lifts his head and smiles inwardly as he well remembers what comes next.

She pauses to take a delicate sip of her water, (as for me I needed some cold water splashed in my face as her answer was that hot!!) and then adds the kicker. "Once he has sucked on them for what seems like forever and with such reckless abandon that it leaves us both breathless I wish him to take absolute and total control of the situation. I want him to..." She pauses then. "Hmm I better not say what I wish for next."

Could it be true? Could she really ask him to put restraints on her? Well there is one way to find out. He must follow the bio and do his level best to comply with her wishes and suck on those lovely tits of hers... like there is no tomorrow. And sadly for him there will be no

tomorrow as this is only a dream. He avoids such a bitter and distasteful thought as he lowers his mouth to her beautiful breasts, determined not to waste his chance, he falls upon his mother's breasts like a ravenous wolf.

He is sucking on her tender nipples, making her moan with a swelling desire to have more. His eager, young mouth flies back and forth between the mighty twin peaks of his mother's tits sucking, licking, nibbling on each to the point where he is so turned on he is dry humping her through his shorts.

Lini senses the time is right as she feels her son pushing his hard dick up and down against her as he lays on top of her sucking so greedily on her tits. She snakes a hand through his hair at the back of his head and pulls his face away from her tits.

Their eyes meet as he looks up at her disappointed, much like a dog who has had his food bowl yanked away from him in mid meal. "Sweetheart I have a... a special treat for you... if your interest... and Hmm I think you are the way you are humping me down there."

"W-what Mom..." Jimmy holds his breath hoping against hope that he bio rings true.

"Reach over inside my top drawer there," she gestures to the nightstand on the right side of the bed. "Inside you will find something in a black bag. Bring it out."

He does as he is told, reaching over and pulling the small black bag out of the nightstand drawer. At her behest he dumps the contents onto the bed. Its two sets of fur lined cuffs. One set for my wrists and one set for my ankles she says with an impish gleam in her eye.

Jimmy can barely contain himself as he puts the restraints on his naked mother. Per her instructions he stretches her four limbs out until she is handcuffed, spread-eagled, to the four corners of the large four poster bed.

He looks at her as he hops off the bed to remove his shorts. She has a wicked little smile on her face as she stares intently at him as he slowly lowers his boxers.

His large almost 7 inch cock springs forth from the tight confines of his boxers, like a tiger ready to pounce. All Jimmy can think about is the end part of her bio.

"Oh come on Lini... do tell... don't leave your adoring public and me for that matter hanging... what then."

"Well it's never happened but I wish him to take me up on my suggestion to take absolute and total control of the situation as I produce a set of soft and comfortable but very reliable fur lined wrist and ankle restraints. I want to be totally submissive to him and his hard cock as he crawls on top of me and begins to slowly fuck my tits. And as he does this I am driven wild with desire until I start begging him to fuck them harder and faster."

Jimmy has been secretly thinking about titty fucking his mother since this whole forbidden dream has started. Titty fucking is a bit of a fetish for the young man. Make that more than a bit, as its number one on his do to list.

Lini voice floats to him softly, rousing him out of his fanciful desires to fuck his mother's tits. What she tells him makes his heart trip hammer inside his chest.

"Sweetie would you like to put that big, hard cock of yours between your mom's tits huh baby... you think maybe you would like that."

Jimmy has lost the power of speech so overcome with absolute forbidden desire he is? He nods his head dumbly as he crawls up onto the bed and then on top of her.

"Come on snuggle that cock of yours in between your Mommy's big tits baby and do... what you have been dreaming of doing all night... that is fuck the hell out of them. First though you had better rub some baby oil all over them to make them nice and slick."

Again he nods yes dumbly still unable to find his tongue. He takes his time rubbing the oil on his mother's breasts, wanting to draw out the sexual tension building between them as long as possible. Every time he flicks his thumb across her sensitive nipples she shudders with pure forbidden delight.

"Stop teasing your mother and finish the job," she hisses at him her tender, sweet voice now so rough with forbidden desire he barely recognizes it anymore.

The job of applying the oil finally completed at her urging, he raises up for a moment over her to enjoy the view. He looks down and sees her looking up at him, so tightly bound spread-eagled to the bed. His eyes travel up and down her well toned body and finally come to rest on those big beautiful tits of hers. They are glistening now with the oil.

"You wanna fuck em so badly I bet huh sweetheart. Go on... crawl on top of me and do it... now," she demands hungrily to her son.

He complies with her wishes. He straddles his mother, (by now Jimmy is fully engrossed in his dream as Lini is not some fantasy character playing the role of his mother but in his heart of hearts he believes she really is his mom), his cock aching with pent up desire.

He begins to slowly, carefully push his hard cock between those majestic tits of hers. He uses his hands to squeeze them together so they fully envelop his achingly hard cock. He had never felt such immense and overwhelming pleasure ever in his young life.

Each soft thrust brings him closer to a most explosive climax to Act I of their forbidden play, while only serving to whet Lini's appetite for

more. More than anything she wants to see her young son lose control and begin to fuck her tits like a madman.

Each time Jimmy spears his hardness up into the deep valley between his mother's glorious tits it pushes him one small step towards the first real orgasm of his young life. She wants to make it a memorable one as, because a mother just knows these things, she senses with never being told, that Jimmy has only come via his own hand. She is proud that her mighty tits will be the instrument of her young son's very first orgasm.

"Come on baby fuck em harder for Mommy please... "

She struggles against the cuffs that bind her. She so badly wants to grab his hips and help him thrust forward harder and harder.

Jimmy holds on to this slow and gentle fucking of his mother's tits as long as humanly possible. Maybe it lasts a half dozen or so strokes up and down, before the passion to do as she is now begging for to do overwhelms him.

"Fuck them baby... that's it harder son harder... cum all over your mom's tits honey... please for me... please baby... "

The bed begins to rock and roll as he is fucking them so hard now. He can't believe he is lasting this long. Of course, he has no way of knowing it but the dream potion Madame Kat gave him contained a

sort of cum repressive that allows young men to last much, much longer than they normally would. Also it will help them get harder much quicker after finally coming. Madame Kat found no reason to spoil that little surprise for Jimmy, much to his delight now.

Jimmy is literally now slamming his aching cock as hard as he can up and in between his mother's tits. He is squeezing them together forming a tight tunnel of lovely tit flesh that feels absolutely exquisite.

Lini thrusts her chest up towards her son's huge cock (from her angle lying flat on the bed, looking down at it, it indeed looks to be huge) trying her best to induce him to cum as she once more pleads for him to do so...

"Come on sweetie fuck them harder and cum for your Mommy... please honey... pleeeasse... fuck them... that's it... ah-huh... yeah fuck them sweetheart... good boy... goooo..."

She never got to finish her second good boy as Jimmy finally explodes a virtual geyser of cum all over his mother's breasts. He falls forward on top of her, his legs and arms shaking, his heart beating like wild. He buries his face into her neck still feeling the powerful aftereffects of his mighty orgasm.

After grabbing a wad of Kleenex from her nightstand to wipe up the pool of cum he left between her tits, his heartbeat slowly returns to

normal. He then cuddles against his mother, his voracious appetite for her tits sated... for the moment.

She would hug him back, would if she could that is, but she is still strapped spread-eagled to the bed, so Jimmy must be content to snuggle his face against her neck, but not before he moves his lips close to her ear and whispers a simple "I love you Mom," into her ear.

"I love you too sweetie. Are we done... are you going to untie me." He rests against her for a short minute, his face snuggled deep into the neck. He notices how lovely her long, black hair smells. How nice and shiny it looks. His heart is beginning to feel... desire once more.

He pulls back from her, as he raises himself up on one arm. Their eyes meet. Peering down at her, so very helpless and naked, desire is starting to flow in his heart once more.

Lying spread-eagled and naked stretched out on the bed she is so utterly vulnerable... and beautiful. He is hardly done, not by a long shot, especially as his mind recalls the final bit of advice from her bio. "And then he cums all over my tits before sliding down between my open thighs and eats me out until I climax."

"No we ain't done and you are not getting free... not yet anyway." Lini gasps in mock horror and begins to playfully beg to be untied. He ignores her playful demands, before cutting them off completely by lowering his mouth to hers. They begin a long, slow and exceedingly passionate kiss. Their tongues slip out and intertwine

like a pair of horny snakes. Jimmy never knew the "French style" of kissing could be so utterly delightful.

They exchange several even deeper, heartfelt kisses before his mouth slips down to her neck. He nibbles on it for a moment making her squirm, before his mouth slips down to the mountainous curves of her humongous breasts. He raises up for a moment to admire them once again as his eyes cannot seem to get enough of their beauty.

Neither can his mouth get enough either, as he lowers his face to her tits; he begins to shower them all over with dozens of small butterfly kisses, before moving onto her nipples and giving each of them the royal treatment with his tongue. Feeling her squirm under this relentless assault makes his cock come alive once more. Maybe as much from the absolute power he has now over her as anything. Power, Jimmy is quickly learning, is a most formidable aphrodisiac in and of itself.

Finally, he lets his mouth slide down off the tremendous slope of her mountainous breasts and onto the flat plain of her stomach. He circles the entirety of her tummy with dozens of slow and languid little kisses and licks of his tongue. He is carefully and ever slowly working his way south towards the fertile and forbidden valley that lies between his mom's thighs.

He reaches her thighs, kissing his way up one inner thigh and then the other stopping just short of the treasure that lies between. "Oh baby," she cries out softly, speaking for the first time, "stop... stop

teasing me and eat your mother's pussy... come on now be a good boy."

He moves his mouth directly over her sweet smelling pussy, as he uses his hands to gently part her legs even more. "That's it baby... come one." Her voice is husky with desire as she squirms trying to push upwards and bring that sweet little mouth of his in contact with her aching pussy.

He pulls back away from her upward thrusts, loving the fact he is in total control. Instead of complying with her desperate demands to eat her out, he instead playfully begins to blow a soft stream of air onto her pussy.

This makes her mad with wicked desire. She squirms even more against the ties that bind her. His tongue snakes out and flickers ever so lightly against her tender pussy lips. He does this over and over again, causing his mother to first wriggle and then violently twist and turn against her bonds. His teasing is turning her into a wanton little whore who is literally begging now to be eaten out.

"Oh God Jimmy stop teasing Mommy and eat her fucking pussy out... Jesus do it now... please baby... stop teasing me... I want that mouth of yours so bad down there... come on don't... I can... can't take it anymore... pleaaaaaaase."

Finally, determining she has been properly warmed up by his artful teasing he takes the plunge and buries his face deep inside his mother's pussy.

He has never eaten a woman's pussy before, but yet somehow, (more of Madame Kat's wicked genius he supposes) he knows exactly what to do. He finds her swollen clit and attacks it with his tongue causing her to buck and twist even more. He intermingles small flicks of his tongue, with soft nibbles and sweet little kisses all over her dripping wetness.

Over, under, sideways, down his tongue travels a wicked course over his mom's vagina, leaving no part of it untouched, which only serves to make her struggle ever the greater against her soft restraints.

Lini's moans are getting louder and louder with each passing flicker of his tongue against her clit. He pulls back, resting his tongue momentarily, sensing, correctly, that his mom was on the very edge of coming.

He lets the tension die down inside of her for just a moment. He had planned on bringing her just to the edge of climaxing, at least once anyways, and then pulling back, knowing that when he finally does go all the way her climax will be ever the more powerful for the waiting.

He works her tongue all over his mom's swollen clit, lapping at it like a cat laps at a bowl of milk. He then slowly brings one of his hands down, he had previously been using them both to knead her lovely tits like two large loaves of bread as he worked her cunt over, and ever so slowly shoves his index finger inside her dripping wet pussy. He feels her tense up as his finger slides into place and then moan even louder as he begins to finger fuck her while continuing to lap at her clit so sweetly with his expert tongue.

It does not take long now. Lina finally reaches the Promised Land. She is cumming. Hard. Violently even, as she bucks and strains against her hand cuffs. She lashes her head side to side, her long hair whipping about, moaning over and over again, "Oh God baby mother is coming... Yes... OH GOD YESSSSSS!!!"

Lini's orgasm was maybe the most intense she ever had experienced in her life. It was so intense that it left her panting and out of breath. Jimmy moves up to her laying his head on her chest, listening to her heartbeat, before moving his lips to hers. They begin exchanging several sweet kisses proclaiming their love for one another.

He has let out of the handcuffs so they can hold each other tight as they exchange several soft kisses. The sweet moment of tenderness between them lasts a long time. They fall asleep in each other's arms.

Sometime later Jimmy is awoken by his cell phone. He comes slowly awake, maybe not wanting to wake up for fear of being thrust back so quickly into his old shitty life. By the insistent ringing of his phone simply can not be ignored.

He comes awake and lets out a deep sigh of relief. He is still in Lini's large comfortable bed. She is sound asleep next to him, totally oblivious to the ringing of his phone.

He stumbles around in the dark room searching for the source of the ringing before finally fishing the cell phone out of his jeans, which were still laying on the bedroom floor.

"Hello."

"Ready for another adventure Jimmy." Madame Kat voice asks him sweetly.

And ofcourse he was.

Part 2

Date Night

Jimmy beats a hasty retreat from his mom's bedroom, not wanting to wake her. He moves down the hallway to his own room to take Madame Kat's call.

The old lady wastes no time getting to the point as she asks Jimmy "was that not most enjoyable."

"Yes," he says tentatively, the ever-pessimistic side of him waiting for the anvil to drop on his head.

"Would you care to partake in a second adventure?"

"Sure," he says, but without much conviction he is sure there must be some catch.

"All you must do is agree to perform a small favor for me when I bring you back to this realm. Can you promise me that?"

"What kind of favor?" Jimmy asks almost afraid to hear the answer as he is rapidly coming to understand just what a powerful being this

old woman has turned out to be. Truthfully he's more than a little worried about establishing an on-going relationship with her. But on the other hand, what he just experienced with his "mom" Lini was so spectacular that how can he say no.

"Ahhhh nothing to special I would think. We can discuss the details when you come visit me later. Ok so do we have a deal, a bargain if you will, another adventure for the young man in return for a small favor whence you return?"

"Yes it's a deal." he says wondering if he just made a huge mistake.

"So on your new adventure is there a certain type of woman, a certain situation I should place you in this time."

"I want Lini again."

"Really you want to experience her once more. She must have been something as do you not believe variety is the spice of life. Would it not be better my boy to experience someone new?"

"I want Lini," Jimmy says firmly, almost petulantly, like a small child demanding candy.

"Fine Lini it shall be."

"Will she remember what happened before between us?"

"No as neither shall you. I think there can be nothing more exciting for a young man than his first sexual experience so I will allow you once again to experience that all blissful moment when you finally discover the joys of sex. Is that to your liking?"

"Yes, so what kind of adventure this time."

"You name it Jimmy. I can place you anywhere anytime, shape things the way I want at your predilection."

"Shit I don't know. I need time to think," he says his mind whirling with untold possibilities after what she just told him.

"Afraid time is not a luxury we have boy. I need my favor done sooner, rather than later so I must send you on your adventure quickly so you can come back to this realm and perform your favor."

"Yeah but I don't...I mean I'm not sure what I want."

"Ok well just give me a bare outline, something to go on and leave the rest to me."

"I don't know I just want to be with Lini again. I really liked her."

"Liked or loved."

"Loved," Jimmy says quietly without even having to even consider the question.

"Ok good. And you want her to be your mother once again."

"Yes."

"And what is the end game here."

"End game?"

"Yes what is it you want to ultimately happen between you two."

"I...I want to make love to her Madame Kat."

"Hmm make love to your mommy that is sweet. Yes that is sweet and very easy to arrange."

"It is?"

"Certainly, but as I said time is of the essence so we must cut this short. You must trust me as I shall put you in a situation with little Ms. Lini as your mother whereas the two of you will come together in a most passionate night of love making."

"I would like that."

"Oh and you shall my boy, trust me."

Madame Kat quickly outlined the barest of instructions for Jimmy to follow. He would go downstairs and turn on the TV and get comfortable. Soon he would get really sleepy and doze off. Upon being awoken, his fresh new dream/adventure would begin.

"Just go with the flow of events," Madame Kat assured him and everything will be all right. "But whatever you do, don't let your mother leave the house to go out tonight on her date. Do anything, say anything to prevent that, as if she goes out your adventure will be ruined."

The Madame made that final point quite clear. When he pushed for details why she demurred saying, "Just trust my advice, and don't let her leave, the rest will take care of itself."

"Fine I won't let her leave," he says but wondering just how he will go about doing that.

"That would be most wise, as it will be also most wise to follow your jealous heart in this matter," and with that parting comment the line goes dead.

On the way downstairs Jimmy can't be help to wonder about the old lady and her magic. What was she a witch or some sort? Did such things as witches with powerful magic still exist in the modern world?

Reaching the living room he finally decides it's a moot point as in who cares as long as he could exist in this world, at least for one more adventure anyway, he reassures himself as he reaches the spacious, well-appointed living room.

The large flat screen TV is already on; tuned to some college basketball game. The house is dark except for the soft glow of the set. He stretches out on a spacious, comfortable couch that sits across from the TV. Soon, just as she said he would, Jimmy is dozing.

A while later, how long exactly, he has no idea, but the game is still playing, he is awoken by someone shaking him softly.

"Jimmy honey...sweetie I'm heading out now."

Jimmy is slow to awaken. He turns in time to see his mother hurrying out of the living room, heading towards the stairs saying over her shoulder, "Shit I almost forgot my purse. I'm so nervous."

"Nervous about what Mom?" Jimmy calls after her.

She turns her head briefly, saying, "About my date tonight with Jack. It will be my first time out, you know since your shit ass father left me...us I mean," before she hurries back up the stairs.

"What you're going on a date?" he says chasing her up the stairs, suddenly fully awake and feeling more than a little jealous.

"Yes sweetie, I told you about my upcoming date last week," she says entering the bedroom.

"I thought you were kidding to make me jealous."

"Well did it work?" she says heading into the bedroom's attached bathroom.

Jimmy ignores her barb, mainly because he knows it's true, and plops down on the bed suddenly having an overwhelming urge to do anything, say anything, to keep her from going out.

"Mom I need to talk to you. It's important," he finally yells at the closed bathroom door.

"Hold on honey. I am changing my outfit. I will be right out."

Lini finally comes out of the bathroom looking very conservative in her appearance, much to his surprise, as he expected his mother to be looking hot and sexy considering she was heading out on a date.

She walks over to where he is sitting on the edge of her bed and says, "Well what do you think, it's a first date so I decided to go a bit conservative."

"More than a bit I would say Mom," Jimmy says. Her outfit could best be described as "business casual." She has on a dark navy blue skirt that comes down well past her knees, and a matching beige loose fitting blouse. It sorta looks like she is heading to a business meeting rather than a date.

"Hmm not impressed huh, I can see by the tone of your voice. I still look OK thought right son."

"Yeah just OK, I suppose."

"What, really just OK...I suppose. Is that all you have for me son. I thought you always told me how pretty I was. Not anymore huh. Maybe your too old now that your 18 to find your mother pretty."

"No Mom it's not that." Jimmy replies. He takes the time to critically appraise her appearance as she was talking, and really is not very impressed. Besides the totally non-attractive outfit, she appears to be wearing little or no makeup whatsoever, has her long, pretty hair pinned up an old lady bun like fashion, and maybe worst of all she is wearing a pair of thick black glasses that make her look like an old school teacher or something. But should he tell her all this?

"Well what is it then. The truth son. I need to hear the real truth before I head out on this date looking hideous."

"Mother you don't look hideous. That would be impossible even on your worst day but what is up with those glasses."

"Oh this is an old pair I had laying around. Like a clumsy fool I broke the other pair yesterday and in a case of perfect timing I cannot for the life of me find my contacts. My new glasses or my replacement contacts won't be ready until Tuesday so I had to dig these out of storage. Yeah I know they are not quite flattering, but anyways enough of that. What you said earlier about me not ever being able to look hideous..." She smiles warmly at him as she reaches out and brushes the side of his face with her hand lightly, "That was kinda nice of you to say."

"It's only the truth." He answers simply not sure if she is being sarcastic or serious with her comment.

"So how do I really look? Can you sum it up in a few words hon?"

He thinks a moment before saying, praying it does not hurt her feelings, "Hmm professional what with the conservative way you are dressed, those glasses and your hair pinned up."

"Perfect as that is the exact look I am going for. I want to impress this man first with my intellect. As for the beauty part that can wait I think."

"Well that is smart I guess, yeah make sure he likes you for you and not for just being beautiful, but before you go." Jimmy says nervously as he has no earthly idea of the best way, or maybe anyway for that matter, to keep his mother from going out. Can we still talk for a minute?"

"Sure but make it quick sweetie as I don't want to be late."

He has no idea what he was going to say until the words come pouring out. "Mom look I really can't explain but I think this whole date thing is a real bad idea. Can't you stay home and hang out with me tonight."

"Jimmy I have had this planned for weeks. I have had a rough time you know with my self-esteem after your dad left me, and well I deserve a night out. I deserve to be wined and dined. Besides you know I have lacked confidence in myself after all the mean things your Dad said to me before he ran away with that younger woman, now finally I am getting a chance and you want me to turn it down."

"Yeah but..." how can he argue as everything she just said is true?

"Yeah but what!!" She snaps at him, maybe a little more harshly than she meant. "Tell me why exactly should I hang out with you. Are you going to wine and dine me, show me a good time. I want some love and affection, tonight maybe even some romance."

"What, you can't get all that with me?" he says playfully.

"Seriously right. You are going to wine and dine me and show me romance, me your mother. The thought probably wants to make you puke."

"Not hardly mom. If I had the money I would love to take you out, wine and dine you, show you a good time."

"Even a romantic time?" she says with a sly smile.

"Y-yes if that is what you wanted. But of course I don't have much money to spend on you for any fancy restaurant like, I'm sure your hot shot date Jack is taking you to."

"It's not about the money, it's about the company, the mood honey. If you really wanted to wine and dine me, and if you used your

imagination you could do it right here at home with a couple of TV dinners if the mood was right and the company."

"But I'm not the right company for you, probably anyways," he says looking at her thoughtfully.

"Nor am I for you son," she shoots right back.

"They both give each other a long stare, before Jimmy breaks the ice saying quietly, "I think you would be the perfect company Mom. If..." He takes a deep breath and then the plunge, hoping she doesn't laugh too much at his suggestion, "You were to break your date with Jack I would do my best, my absolute best to make up for the wining and dining you think you would be losing with Jack."

"And what of the romance and affection. Are you going to make up for that too?"

He breaks into a sheepishly smile, "Hmm I might, I mean I could, if you would let me."

"Like you would want to."

"Honestly I would love to."

She smiles at him darkly, seeming to turn something over in her mind, before she heads over to her purse, retrieves her phone, looks at him saying, "You sure about this."

"Absolutely."

"Fine son, I'm going to call your bluff. Last chance to back out."

"Not backing out Mom."

She dials a number on her phone; he listens as she leaves a brief message, he assumes for Jack, saying she has come down with a terrible headache and won't be able to keep their date for this evening. She apologizes and hangs up and then stares at him saying, "Your move."

"Really a headache Mom. What kind of excuse it that. He will know its bullshit."

"So what do you care as long as it frees me up to hang out with you, just like you wanted. So as I said your move now hotshot, and it had better be a good one."

Jimmy panics a bit as now that he has got her to cancel her date how is he going to play this.

"Ahh mom I really don't have much money. Well actually I'm kinda broke."

"So I guess we are staying home for our date huh. Well I'm hungry so you are least going to feed me right."

"Yes of course, I could order a pizza or Chinese."

"Yeah with what, remember you are broke."

"I'm not that broke."

"Fine order us Chinese, you know what I like, oh and I hope you are in a mood to share a bit of wine with your mother tonight as I was quite sure Jack would have been getting us a most expensive bottle of wine to enjoy with our dinner."

"Mom I can't afford to buy an expensive bottle of wine, and besides even if I could I'm not old enough to buy it on my own anyway."

"I know that, and that is why you are going to break out the very expensive and I hope very good bottle of wine I got as a gift on my last birthday from Marcy. I have been saving it for a special occasion. Lower cabinet in the dining room, right side, the good glasses are right next to it."

"Looks like we are having wine with our dinner then."

"Yes, both of us, I know you probably aren't much of a wine drinker but just try it with me OK."

"Sure Mom, anything for you. This is your night."

"Good remember that, plus remember the mood, the atmosphere is very important to me, considering what I am losing by not going to that fancy restaurant with Jack."

"Yeah I know, in other words you don't want to eat your dinner on the kitchen counter top..."

"Or in front of the TV while you pay more attention to some stupid game more than me."

"Ok fine. No kitchen no TV. I have an idea maybe."

"I hope so. Now I am going to once again change by outfit as I can see you were less than impressed by my, what did you call it, professional appearance. And I suggest son you put on some decent clothes yourself. Maybe the new pair of jeans I bought you and a nice dress shirt, cologne would be nice, a shower even. I will be a lot longer than you so just knock on my door when you are ready."

"Great," he says hurrying back to his room, his brain on fire with ideas to make this stay at home date night with his mother as best as possible for her. The ideas, unknown to him since he had no memory of their earlier conversation, are being planted by the devious Madame Kat.

Regardless of how they got there, Jimmy feels he owes it to his mother to make up for the romance she was losing tonight to spend with him, therefore he will simply open his heart to her, as he has never before, and see to it that her night is filled with romance and affection after all. He can only hope she will be receptive to the romantic gestures he has in mind for her tonight.

It's just past 7 on this cold, windy winter's evening, when he arrives home with the food and some roses he picked up at the flower shop. He spends about 10 minutes rushing around, setting the dining room table, with a complete set of their good silverware, a full glass of wine at each setting, and finally ten of the roses placed in her good vase, along with several candles, both placed in the middle of the small dining room table.

He even brings his small CD player from his room upstairs and sets it inconspicuously over in one of the dining room's dark corners. He puts in one of his mother's favorite CD's full of soft romantic ballads, and turns the music on low.

Everything set, he rushes upstairs, flowers in hand, to brush his teeth one last time, apply a bit more cologne, check his hair, and then hopefully she will be ready to start their nice little date.

He is nervous for some unknown reason, almost as if this was a real date, which of course it was not. They were both only calling it a date in jest, as was it all in jest her wanting him to "romance" her. He is sure she just wants him to be nice, maybe wine and dine her a bit and everything will be cool.

He patiently waits after knocking on her bedroom door. His nerves still on edge, he twists the final two pink roses of the dozen her bought in his hands, while shuffling his feet. The door opens partway, and he sees half of her earlier "professional attire" is gone as her dark navy blue skirt has been replaced by a pair of stylish jeans.

"For me?" she says with a bemused look on her now pretty face which has a full complement of makeup on. He smiles back at her liking the way she decided put on makeup for their "date", but disappointed she still is wearing those hideous glasses and has her hair up in that insipid bun style.

Setting his disappointment aside he quickly replies, "Yes a pretty rose for a pretty lady." He is fretful that she may think him too corny with his stupid words and silly little flower. Confident he is not, even as she beams at him.

"I never knew you were such a sweet little charmer," she says taking the roses from his hand, and disappearing into her bedroom as she tells him she will be right down after she slips on her shoes and

changes her blouse. "Oh and you shall be happy to note that I found my contacts so the glasses I was wearing earlier are no longer necessary."

"Thank God as they make you look like an old school teacher."

"Shut up smartass they weren't that bad," she says disappearing into her bedroom leaving him standing there staring at her nice, well-trimmed ass as he can't help but to notice just how very tight her stylish jeans fit her.

"Now if she will only let her hair down," he thinks as he heads downstairs. He waits at the table for her nervously, after lighting the last of the half dozen candles he has placed on the table, realizing he could be making a total fool of himself he if goes too far with his romantic little gestures for her.

A little voice in the back of his head comes to his defense saying, "Or you could knock it right out of the park too. Considering she is in a mood to drink wine and you know how sweet, soft, and silly she gets when drinking. She may very well simply melt into your arms due to your "over the top" romantic little gestures."

Jimmy decides to, maybe for once in his life, try and be optimistic and not fear the worse. His silent musings are soon interrupted by the vision of beauty he sees walking into the dimly lit dining room.

The shoes she causally mentioned she needed to slip on are anything but casual, as he hears them click across the tiled dining room floor. She is wearing a pair of 5 inch black spike heels that cause her to bounce up and down as she strides over to the table.

Bounce is indeed the key word as he notices, straight away, how her huge tits, trapped in the tight white sleeveless V-neck sweater she has replaced her blouse with, bounce up and down as she struts confidentially across the dining room floor towards him.

He tries not to stare, but the lure of her beauty is too much as he hears the seductive click of her heels approaching. She pauses right in front of him, as he sits anxiously at the dining room table. Looking at him with a bright smile, she causally swipes a hand through her long hair, which is now flowing well past her ass in a wave of gorgeous beauty.

Jimmie is, of course, delighted that she let down her hair as he hears her say, her voice taking on that teasing quality he has come to know and love so well, "Well son I hope you don't think my new sweater is also 'too professional'."

He glances briefly at the sweater and is lost. Besides besides being super tight, he notices her sweater boasts a beautiful open knit crocheted look that is practically see through!! A fact he can't help but to notice as he stares at her chest helplessly and notices the dark outline of her nipples.

"No Mom, your sweater is nice," he manages to mumble.

The singular thought, "Jesus she is not even wearing a bra!!" in 8 inch headlines, blares in his head making him nervously look away, but not before he mumbles how fantastic she looks.

He chances another look as she begins to move away from him to the other side of the table. He eyes become shamelessly stuck on her chest, but who could blame him, what with the way those huge tits of hers bounce up and down as she struts around the dining room table examining it with a critical eye.

He prays she doesn't notice the way he is staring so helplessly at her chest. He also prays she can't read his mind or she would find him wondering just what it would be like to slowly, carefully begin to undo those small pearl white buttons on the front of her pretty sweater, thus revealing the mighty treasures hidden beneath.

But if she does notice, she gives no indication as of such, instead only flashing her warmest smile as she stares at the flickering candles.

"I don't know what is melting my heart more, the soft romantic music you are playing for me or the way you went all out to create the perfect atmosphere for me," she says softly while waving her hand in the air over the table before adding, "You know what a sucker I am for romantic settings like this."

He only smiles at her, while quietly pointing one finger to the other side of the table. She follows his finger and finally spots the large

white stuffed bear he has placed on the chair opposite of him. It is holding a large pink stuffed heart in between its paws. On the heart written in neat cursive is I Bear my heart 2 U.

"Baby that is so sweet. I'm a bit shocked you remembered my affinity for stuffed bears and sweet messages."

"And pink roses," he says directing her attention over to the middle of the table where the rest of the pink roses are sitting in their vase.

"Roses with our dinner, boy you thought of everything," she says bringing one hand to her ample chest.

"Tried," he says shrugging his shoulders.

"Baby you should not have. They are beautiful," she sighs picking out the small white card attached to the side of the vase.

She looks at him blinking back tears.

"Read it," he says anxiously.

She begins to read it out loud causing the shy Jimmy to blush.

"Although I want you by my side morning, noon, and night, ahh but tonight... yes sweet tonight, this enchanted night do I most especially want you!!"

"I...I made it up myself, pretty corny huh Mom."

"No baby, not corny sweet." She crosses over to him, reaches out and strokes the side of his face lightly as a single tear drop rolls down her face, "Honey your words, Oh God they touch me deeply you know."

"Well as I said, I want to show you that you aren't losing anything in the romantic department by staying home with your boring old son tonight anyway," he says lightly laughing out of sheer nervousness.

"So far you are off to a flying start I would say," she says moving the bear over to the spare chair that is wedged in the corner next to the table.

"I will go get the food as I got it warming in the oven. Enjoy the wine," he says gesturing towards her glass.

"Oh thanks baby," she says picking it up and taking a rather large swallow from it trying to calm her racing heart.

In the kitchen Jimmy hurriedly prepares two plates for them, hoping he truly is off to the flying start she said he is. This is their first real night alone for them since his father left them five months ago.

For the first 4 months, in order to help catch up on the mass of bills Jimmy's dad has stuck her with, she had been working long brutal hours at the hospital where she was a massage therapist.

In addition, his overbearing grandmother, on her side, had moved in with them shortly after his dad left, to help during the transition period, so between that and Lini working so many long hours they had virtually no time alone together.

Finally, his grandmother went back to China, and his mom got a night off to go on her fucking date, which caused his young heart to seethe with jealousy for the last three days, which of course had led to all this.

Their first night alone in forever, her breaking her date with Jack, yes it all made the need for this night to be extra special for them, but especially for her, all the more important.

Little did he know, as he brings the two plates of food from the kitchen into the dining room, thanks in part to the special magic of one Madame Kat, how special this night was shaping up to be for the both of them.

They enjoy a quiet dinner, making small talk as they eat the surprisingly delicious food from the new Chinese restaurant just around the corner from their house, while sipping on generous amounts of the equally delicious red wine.

The dinner is uneventful except for one minor issue Jimmy is having. As they sat across from each other, talking, laughing, joking, enjoying their food, sipping on the nice red wine, Jimmy was finding it harder and harder to keep his mind focused on the conversation.

Instead, his attention was being constantly drawn to her beautiful full red lips, seeming to shine in the soft glow of the candle light, her large hoop diamond earrings that glittered in the candle light, and then, of course, her absolutely gorgeous jet black hair that fell all the way down past her sweet ass in a glorious avalanche of beauty.

But even more distracting was the way he found his eyes being constantly pulled downwards by the mighty beauty of those awesome bra-less tits.

He just could not help but to feel his eyes flicking downward to stare helplessly at those two large boulders hiding under the tight confines of her pretty white sweater; but he most especially found the sight of her nipples, poking so alluring out from under the crotch material of her sweater to be impossible not to stare at.

To sum it up in as few words as possible, Jimmy had never seen his mother looking so fucking hot as she was looking tonight, and it was all for...him!!

The different kind of buzz he is getting from sipping on the red wine does not make it any easier to control his eyes or his thoughts. The kick from drinking wine he is fast learning is a much more mellow and relaxed kick, than from the jolt her gets from the whiskey and beer he normally drinks with his buddies. Instead of feeling aggressive and quick to anger, like he would be if drinking beer or especially whiskey, he instead feels mellow.

But its more than just a mellow feeling he has on this enchanted night as their date wears on he is beginning to develop extremely warm feelings towards his gorgeous mother. If he dared to admit it, he might actually say he was feeling more than a little romantic towards her.

Plans, sweet romantic plans, are starting to form in the young man's mind as he enjoys the company of the one woman he loves more than any other in the whole wide world. And the one woman he should never ever start to feel romantic about, but he is...his mother.

Lini complements him again and again on the soft, tender atmosphere he has created with the quiet music, soft lighting, and most especially, his wonderful gifts of the roses and the stuffed bear that he gave her. With this in mind, Lini decides this would be a good night to get a very pleasant buzz on.

In other words, she wants to get drunk. Stupid drunk that is. After all she deserves it as hard as she has worked over the past few months, plus it can be kinda of a celebration for them, of her finally getting rid of her miserable ex-husband.

Just as he was admiring her beauty, she too was casually admiring how handsome he looked tonight in the new Levi's, and his light blue button up dress shirt. Plus he is wearing her favorite cologne, which was a birthday present just last week when he turned 18.

So it's no surprise maybe that since he is being so devilishly charming tonight, while looking so cute and handsome, that her heart is melting by the second. The wine she was lapping up at an increasingly vigorous pace would only serve to enhance these warm feelings she was already having for her son.

Wine for Lini, was simply the ultimate aphrodisiac, especially when enjoyed with the right company, which tonight Jimmy surely was the right company, and under the right circumstances, which surely were more than perfect, thanks to the candle lit dinner they were enjoying, along with the quiet music.

Before the night was through, if she kept drinking at this pace, and he kept up his sweet romantic attack upon her heart, then surely her heart would melt and she would...want more than maybe her son would be willing to provide. Wine in vast quantities, tended to, among all other things, make Lini as horny as a randy wildcat.

She knows she should try to control herself, but after everything she had endured over the past 18 years in her horrible marriage she is ready to cut loose, and if in doing so she drags her son along to someplace that might be most forbidden, then she will simply cross that bridge when it comes.

That bridge draws closer as after dinner he shyly asks her if she would care to slow dance. She graciously accepts his extended hand as he leads her to the living room. At his insistence they bring the candelabras into the living room, turning off all the lights, so they can dance in the soft candle light, a sweet romantic gesture that she compliments him on graciously.

As they slowly come together she smiles at him sweetly saying, "Dinner by candlelight, dancing by candlelight, my, my you really are making your mother not miss her date one bit tonight Jimmy. Thanks."

She then gives him a quick kiss, full on the lips, that causes a million little firecrackers to explode in his heart.

Jimmy has never slow danced before so he lets her lead, which she is more than happy to do. In her five inch heels, Lini who was already a bit taller than him at 5'7" compared to his 5' 4", now towers over him. When she slides her arms up his neck towards the end of the song, snuggling in close to him, he could not help but to notice how

her tremendous tits were nearly at eye level with his face. He never wanted the song to end, but it did.

When another slow ballad started up she asked quietly if they could please dance a second song. His answer was an easy yes.

Shortly into the song, as his eyes bounced from her pretty face to her big, beautiful tits, she leaned into him, whispering in his ear, "I'm so very curious Jimmy just why you were so intent on keeping me home tonight huh?"

"I don't know. I just didn't want you going out with this...this Jack character," he tells her honestly.

She stops dancing, breaking into a broad smile, "You were jealous. I don't fucking believe it. Jealous. My son is jealous of his mother going out on a date."

"Jealous, no way! He fires back. "Maybe I just wanted to spend some time with you is all, OK."

"Really, not jealous. The more you deny it the clearer it becomes. Not even a little jealous huh honey." She smiles at him again while holding her thumb and index finger about an inch apart, "Not even a small amount of jealousy can be found in that cold uncaring heart of yours for your attractive mother." She winks at him as a teasing

little smile comes over her face, leaving him to wonder is she really serious or not.

"Can't we just dance Mom, and not talk," he mutters to her.

"Sure baby, we can do that. Here come closer and let me hold you tight, so tight I will squeeze that bad old jealousy out of you."

And hold him tight she does as they sway to the soft music in blessed silence. The truth is she had hit nailed it totally when she accused him of being jealous, but just because it's true doesn't mean he has to admit to it anyway.

As their second sweet, slow dance progresses, the magic between them only becomes stronger, as his ability to keep his eyes off her tits becomes weaker. This simple inability to keep his eyes off her tits, combined with her, purposefully maybe, pushing them up against his chest so invitingly as they gently swayed to the music has given him a major erection that he was at odds with the ability to control.

And then just to make matters worse as the song continued she began to slowly push herself up against him down there as she hooked her fingers into his belt loops, and pulled him so very close up against her as they danced. He was sure she would notice, and most likely be horrified by the hard monster inside his pants. After all what mother would not, but if she did she said nothing.

The slow song finally mercifully ends, and he promptly excuses himself to use the restroom. Safely inside, he splashes cold water on his face begging his poor aching cock to relax. Finally, after gaining some semblance of control he emerges from the bathroom to find her sitting on the living room couch with a soft smirk on her face as she sips on yet another glass of wine.

"So honey is everything under control," she says boldly staring at his crotch as he approaches her. She had indeed noticed his hardness down there and it had not in the least bit grossed her out, but instead set her poor heart on fire with forbidden desire. Desire she had no intention of acting on though at least not now.

"So honey what comes after dinner and dancing," she purrs to him as he looks at her and sees her gaze seems to have settled upon the front of his jeans. He suddenly suspects she knew exactly why he fled to the bathroom and starts to blush.

When she gives no indication that she had noticed anything amiss, at least verbally, he begins to relax just a bit, until that is he realizes he has absolutely no idea what comes after dinner and dancing. He had not planned things out that far.

When he says nothing, instead nervously crossing the room to pour himself a glass of wine, hoping it will fire his imagination, she looks at him sternly and says, "Surely you must have some grand finale planned for tonight baby as it would be a real..." She pauses at him, giving him a warm smile, before continuing, "Real shame if you did

not after this long, slow and most intense buildup of our little, stay at home date."

Stalling for time as he hastily drinks his wine, looking for inspiration in sheer drunkenness, he says, "Yeah well maybe I have something planned Mom, but I thinking if I should really go through with it."

"Hmm can you give me a hint maybe," she says again with that sly smirk like she knows something, but is willing, for the time being anyways, to keep it to herself.

Then it dawns on him; the very expensive trump card he has hidden away back deep inside his closet. This trump card, cost him just over 3,300 dollars, including tax. Just last week, he had made the last of the ten three hundred and thirty dollar payments on it. He had brought it home and hid it away deep in his messy closet with plans on giving it to her on her upcoming b-day next month.

His mind whirls. Sure it would be a most wonderful birthday present for her, but what it not be so much more special if he gave it to her...just because. On her birthday she would be naturally expecting some sort of gift from him, but not tonight.

Tonight it would totally catch her off guard, and he could always go out and buy a little something or the other for her birthday later on. He still had about six weeks anyways at it was towards the latter half of next month. But sadly though, his worrisome nature causes him

to think somehow it will blow up in his face if he does something so very impulsive. As usual, he is undecided on what to do.

"Come on Jimmy I know you, I can see the wheels turning in your head, you have something planned. Probably worried it will blow up in your face huh. Well, stop worrying sweetie, this night has been perfect so far and I see no reason why it shall not continue that way."

"Ok Mom," he replies as her words have filled his heart with the quiet confidence needed to push ahead with playing his trump card.

"Just give me a few minutes to...ahh prepare things. I will call you when things are ready."

"Fine I will be relaxing in the kitchen, sipping on my wine, you just holler when things are ready."

So before he can change his mind, he rushes upstairs, deciding with an unusually stout heart to blow her away by playing his trump card along with a couple of "lesser cards" to boot.

The lesser cards are nothing to sneeze at either he thinks as he rushes into his bedroom. His asshole dad, when he was moving out, ignoring his mother's loud objections, had taken the large square white plush rug that used to lay in front of the fireplace in the living room. His mother loved that rug and that is why he took it. It was just the kind of dick guy that he was.

And then to add injury to insult, he ripped out the gas burning fireplace, knowing she used to love to sit and cuddle with him in front of it on cold winter evenings, leaving a gaping hole in the wall there.

Well, Jimmy was no handy man so he could not repair the damage to the fireplace for her, but had an idea that maybe might not be too bad as a sorta of substitute for the missing fireplace on this cold winter's evening.

The last time he visited him, while rooting around out in the garage looking for some beer to steal for him and his buddies later that night, he came across the rug buried in a pile of junk. He quickly retrieved it, hiding it in the trunk of his car, along with the large box of candles he also found that his father, once again just to spite her, had taken from the house when he left. The candles were very special, he knew to his mother as they had been a gift from her grandmother right before she passed away.

Lini simply loved candles and Jimmy, quite proud of himself, safely tucked them away also in his car, with the idea of giving them back to her, along with the rug, on her birthday. Now his feverish mind is working overtime as he plans on wowing her with the necklace, the candles, and the white rug all at once.

Oh and as a bit of icing on the cake, hopefully if the spirit moves him, he plans on quickly writing a love letter of sorts to his mother in his

bedroom while she waits for him downstairs. He is a fairly well accomplished writer and can only hope the way she looks so amazingly beautiful tonight will fill his heart with many soft and romantic things to say to her. God knows she needs to hear all this after the rotten way she was treated for all those long years by his asshole father.

Inside his bedroom, after he quickly gathers the rug, the box of candles, and the black velvet jewelry case containing the diamond necklace, all together he plops down at his small desk in the corner of his room, and making a momentous decision, he decides to spill the contents of his heart to her in one long breath-taking letter.

He closes his eyes and thinks of her; thinks of all the wonderful memories they had shared, despite always having to keep a wary eye out for his father. He thinks of how much he loves her, how much pain she has endured by not leaving his father so he would not have to grow up in a broken home, and finally how very beautiful she looks tonight. The words begin to flow like magic from his heart through the pen and onto the paper.

"Not bad, but did I go too far?" he whispers to himself ten minutes later as he carefully folds the letter of his soft musing about his mother, along with some dark forbidden memories and carefully tapes it onto the jewelry case, but not before he gives it a moment or two of consideration that maybe he should just rip the letter up and bury his thoughts and memories forever. It would certainly be safer that way, but the wine has left him feeling both bold and reckless so he bravely tapes the letter to the box.

As he dashes downstairs, planning on asking her to hide up in her bedroom while he prepares the living room, he again says a short prayer wishing fervently he doesn't make a fool out of himself with what he has planned.

He finds her sitting at the kitchen table waiting patiently for him to be done, sipping on her wine. Maybe she is doing more than sipping he sees as the bottle which has been a bit over half full when he started his preparations is now nearly empty.

"Oh hi honey, I was beginning to wonder if you forgot about me," she says as he enters the room.

"Never Mom. Can you do me a favor? Go up to your room for a few minutes I will come get you when things are ready."

She happily agrees as she makes her way up the stairs on unsteady feet, drunkenly excited from both the wine, and that her son is going to such elaborate lengths, just for her.

Back downstairs he lays out the white rug flat in its old accustomed spot in front of what used to be the fireplace, and then quickly moves her favorite large round pillow chair over to the center of the rug, knowing she used to love to relax against it as she curled up in front of the fire.

Tonight, he can only hope she will be satisfied with the substitute he has planned for the fire. He takes the nearly two dozen of the large pillar candles out of the box and stacks them one by one, next to each other inside the gaping hole of the fireplace. He then lights them all, feverishly wishing she will appreciate the substitute fireplace he has created for her.

She only burned them on the most special of occasions, maybe once or twice in the last five years or so since her grandmother had given them to her, so he could only hope that after she sees that he has lighted them she will consider this evening worthy of burning her candles.

"Stupid...she will love you just for returning them to her." Jimmy quietly chastises himself as he prepares things.

He then takes the literally dozens of smaller tea light candles that was also inside the box and arranges them in a circle around the rug. After quickly lighting all the candles and killing the rest of the lights inside the house, he dashes upstairs, his mind in overdrive, to get her.

Jimmy knocks quietly on her door. She emerges from her room and before she can start asking questions, he quickly grabs her hand, politely asking her to be quiet as he leads her down the dark hallway. The house is pitch black upstairs so they move slowly, carefully down the hall to the stairs, hand in hand.

They thread their way through the dark kitchen, and over to the stairs that lead downstairs to the family room. At the top of the stairs she spots the soft glow of candles and her heart starts to race.

As they make their way down the stairs to the family room, she first spots the white rug, her favorite white rug, laid out in front of the fireplace, and then the dozens of blazing pillar candles, which she immediately recognizes as the ones Jimmy's dad stole from her. Her poor heart nearly stops, such is her surprise.

Thanks to it be so deathly quiet in the house, he hears her say serenely under her breath, "Oh God Jimmy you certainly have out done yourself this time."

Looking at him solemnly with a heart that won't stop racing, she says quietly "How did you find my rug and my candles honey?"

"I just did some snooping over at dad's house, and then I took back what rightly belongs to you."

"To us honey and he will kill you when he finds out..." She pauses and looks at him seriously hoping he understands just how bad his father's anger can be before adding, "You understand this baby?"

"So what..." he starts to say his voice angry with defiance, before quickly deciding he would not like his hatred for his father ruin this night. "As long as I could make you happy for just this one night.

Like I promised so you don't feel cheated for not going out tonight I could care less what he does to me."

"Jesus Jimmy you are blowing me away with all this. Can we go sit on the rug now?"

"First I have something to give you. Here over on the couch."

He takes her hand and leads her over to the couch. They sit down side by side as she looks at him expectantly.

"Now close your eyes Mommy. I want to make you happy," he says quietly as he looks at her noticing for the first time, with maybe equal parts disappointment and relief that she has put a bra on under that pretty crocheted sweater of hers.

Lini heart races as it been so very long since she heard that old catch phrase of his, "close your eyes I want to make you happy mommy."

He used to say that all the time when he was little, and then would give her a little gift of sorts. Sometimes a flower he picked in the back yard, sometimes a piece of her favorite candy, sometimes a sweet romantic poem he wrote for her, or sometimes just a hug and a kiss. It was all so very special and sweet, but of course, as the years passed he sadly outgrew it.

But now here he was, once more saying it, making her heart race. She feels a small box being gently placed in her hands once her eyes are tightly shut.

"Now open them mommy and see what your little boy got you," Jimmy says mimicking the words he used to say to her those many long years ago.

She opens her eyes and sees the black velvet jewelry case with the attached white note to it.

"Should I read your note first?"

"The gift first, then the note."

She slowly opens the box, and just as she suspected, she sees its most spectacular. Pulling her gift carefully from the black velvet that it rests on, she peers at it closer and sees it's something that, from time to time, she has sure she has mentioned to Jimmy that she has always dreamed of owning- a super nice, (nice being expensive) diamond necklace.

The necklace is a thing of sheer beauty as Lini smiles brightly at Jimmy, her heart beating rapidly. The 18k gold necklace has three diamond studded heart shaped pendants intertwined with one another. She moves it closer to the light of the candles and watches

the diamonds glitter softly, just as her heart is glittering softly with love for him.

She carefully hooks it around the back of her neck, hardly being able to contain her excitement as she can only imagine how very expensive this necklace must have been and how he must have been saving his money forever to get this for her...just for her!!

She then turns her attention to the letter and begins to silently read it as he watches with bated breath.

Mommy:

I hope you like your gift. The brilliance of each diamond can only be matched by the brilliance of my love for you. A love so powerful that I would do anything to see you smile, to see you laugh, to just be happy that is. I watched with an agonized and most jealous heart the horrible way dad treated you all those years. I prayed for his death time and time again, so you could be released from that lonely prison he created for you.

As a young boy, I used to dream of me being the brave knight, you the beautiful queen, and him the wicked ugly dragon. And of course in my dream the brave knight slays the dragon and wins the hand of the queen. Alas the dreams of a young child are silly no.

As I got older my dreams of you got...darker, filled with teen angst over the most beautiful and alluring woman in the world, my mother. Of my dreams as a teenager I dare not speak of the details for they were both dark and wicked mom and filled me with a tremendous amount of guilt. I only mention this now as a reminder, in case you begin to doubt your absolute beauty, that at least one person, me, thinks you are the most beautiful woman in the world.

I used to tell you how utterly beautiful you were all the time when I was young, sweet and innocent, and of course once I got older I thought doing so would make you feel uncomfortable so I stopped telling you, while all the time knowing it was still true in my heart. Tonight, I decided to release my pent up feelings for you that I have suppressed for years, hoping against hope that they do not make you feel too terribly uncomfortable.

I know your self-esteem took a major hit when dad left you for a younger woman, you thought prettier, nay sexier even than yourself, but his loss is my gain. Your mature beauty blows away his new wife's ugly young beauty any day of the week. You need to hear these things as I suspect you question your attractiveness as you get older, but there is no question mother, like a fine wine you're only becoming more beautiful with every passing year.

I know one night can't ever hope to make up for the lifetime of neglect you suffered at the hands of dad, but I can try can I not? I can try to give you one night so special that it burns its way through a lifetime of bitter and ugly memories suffered at the hands of that man. I hope you have enjoyed our night together, that I have not

made so much of a fool of myself. All this that I have done tonight is nothing more than a long overdue glorious tribute to your spectacular beauty and my undying love for such beauty.

All in all, if nothing else this night should serve as a reminder of the complete and hopeless love I have for you. Forever and forever and forever again and again I love my mommy. Nothing could be truer.

Finally, I want to share the memories I have of you, some created tonight, some created many long years ago. Yes they are memories worth remembering forever as you are the best and most beautiful mother in the whole wide world.

I shall never forget tonight, as we danced, the soft way you welcomed me back into your warm, loving embrace. Nor could I ever hope to forget the clean smell of your long beautiful hair so luxurious in pure beauty that it nearly takes my breath away. The dazzling way you made yourself look so beautiful tonight..just for me...makes my heart sing and shall never be forgotten.

But it is the distant memories that burn the brightest for me. When I was so young and so sweet and so very innocent, and we would spend cold winter nights alone in front of the fire. Our extra-long cuddling and kissing sessions, while dad was away always neglectful of your needs, while snuggling under a blanket on a dark and stormy night is a memory that is so distant yet so painfully bright that I could never hope to forget it.

But it was the way you would clutch me so tight to your warm bosom making me feel like there, snuggled against your chest, I was in the safest place in the world, is what I remember so very fondly and dare I say- miss so very desperately. Honestly, absolutely more than anything in this world, nothing made me feel more loved, more secure, than during a long, slow cuddling session with you in front of the fire on a cold winter evenings.

Dare I confess of having particularly dark memories, of when I was young that seems more like fantasy now thinking back on it, of us cuddled in front of the fire alone and many times, with the help of your gentle hands, I remember feeling my head sliding ever so slowly downward until my tiny face rested gently upon your chest. More than once I remember you removing your top saying gently, "Do you mind if mommy takes off her shirt as it's kinda hot in front of the fire and under the blanket."

Without waiting for an answer, as you surely knew I did not mind, I watched with awe as you revealed to my hungry eyes that gorgeous chest of yours. As I fondly recall, you seemed to always wearing a particularly colorful sexy lace bra those evening that set my young mind on fire.

Then you begin to slowly, softly play with my hair as you positioned yourself so my little face would be resting firmly between those big, beautiful breasts of yours as I stared at them in wonder, marveling at their pure beauty.

Did all this truly happen or is it some sorta of weird distorted fantasy of mine. A fantasy that to this day still burns bright in my heart. Could I remember such things so long ago as reality or was it just imagined fantasy on my part?

Could I truly remember your whispered words of encouragement as you would slowly undo your bra inviting me to suckle upon your lovely breasts? Even as I was much, much past the age to be breast fed. Again I ask—did all that happen or is it as such just some wishful thinking on my part of a memory that never happened.

Can you be brave and tell me or does bringing this up now, when I am older only cause us both embarrassment. I promised to bare my heart and soul to you, no more secrets so there you have it...me completely exposed to you mommy.

In my defense, if I have made you feel uncomfortable, all I can say is- I love you and I'm sorry. Sorry that I have fallen so madly in love with the most stunning, most alluring, and most gorgeous creature on this fair earth of ours...my mother.

Love,

Jimmy

The words in his letter rip into her heart with it raw powerful emotion causing large tears to begin to well in her eyes. Tears that

she fights desperately, if only not to ruin the makeup she had just finished touching up while alone upstairs.

She looks at him and sees him nervously twisting his hands together, probably wondering if he went too far.

"Your words touch me deeply honey as does your gift of the very pretty diamond necklace and I think we should continue our talk over in front of the old fireplace, relaxing on my rug, in front of the candles, both which you so bravely rescued from the evil dragon."

She leans over and kisses the side of his face, a simple kiss, yet one that sends shivers up and down his spine. "You know this may sound silly but of all the things you said in your letter what touched me most was one simple word baby..." She pauses and looks at him seriously so he understands she is not at all joking, teasing or kidding like she is so apt to do with him.

"What word is that Mom?" He asks surely knowing the answer must be the word "love".

"The one simple word you opened your letter with Jimmy...Mommy."

"Really why?" he asks surprised that such a simple word could hold such power. She stands up holding out her hand to him. He takes it

and allows himself to be led over to the rug in front of the fireplace. On the way over she fills both of their wine glasses up once more.

He somehow feels as they settle down side by side on the rug, giving her the necklace, along with the letter was his final act of "control" tonight as from now on it would be her leading the way.

"You used to call me that all the time when you were just a baby, and then a little boy, and then even sometimes into your young teens and it..." She pauses, takes his hands into hers, before going on. "It just that I always felt that our love was strongest when you thought of me as "mommy" which would make me think of you once again as my sweet, adorable baby boy who loved his mommy so very much and so very desperately. I know it sounds silly and stupid huh?"

"No not at all. I...I mean calling you Mommy brings back wonderful loving memories for me to."

"All you have done tonight, especially the bringing back the 'close your eyes, I want to make you happy,' game has brought back such a powerful flood of wonderful memories..." She reaches out and strokes the side of his face gently, "Memories that you obviously have not forgotten either. Memories that can only be reinforced if you maybe could be so brave and call me nothing but Mommy for the balance of this most wonderful dream evening of ours."

She looks at him, blinking back tears again, so he knows she is deadly serious. "I can do that call you Mommy if you wish."

"I do. You know I think it's only fair since you opened up to me so completely in your letter, and tonight for that matter that I do the same for you. I have a confession to make sweetheart. You must promise to listen with an open heart and be real truthful in your responses. OK."

"Yes of course," he says anxiously wondering what confession she was planning on making. He watches as she greedily gulps down her wine wondering if she is planning on purposely getting drunk in order to easier make her little confession.

"You know your part of the letter where you tell of being the brave knight and wanting to rescue me from your daddy when you were young..."

"Stupid silly fantasy huh?" He says a bit embarrassed.

"I think not as it turned out to be truer than you could have imagined."

She leans forward, while reaching out to clutch his hands, and brings her mouth to his ear. What she tells him next seems unbelievable.

"Last year before we split up your daddy insisted I get a boob reduction. He even made the fucking appointment for me with the doctor and drove me there. I had no choice. But once inside alone

with the doctor..." she pulls back and looks at him raising her voice now.

"I told him I didn't want a boob reduction, but instead I wanted to make them bigger. I was a 38DD at that time, and in case you didn't know..." a mischievous smile comes across her face as she continues, "38 DD's are already pretty big, right honey?"

She says this with the sole purpose of wanting to draw him in completely to her confession as a prelude as to what she hopes will happen next. She pauses, waiting for him to answer.

"Yeah real big I think."

"So I told myself just to piss off your father I would make them bigger. I told the doctor to increase my cup size from double D to double E."

"Jesus mom they must be huge now." Jimmy says not really meaning to say it aloud, but it just kinda slipped out.

"Yes they are. Your daddy was mad enough to file for divorce. It was the first time I ever defied him. I guess it was the final straw."

"Is that why you did it, I mean just to make him mad?"

"No I had another reason honey. A more compelling reason if I'm going to be real honest..." She pauses, a dramatic pause if you will, allowing the tension to build before answering with a simple word, "You."

"Me?"

"Yes I...well by that time you were 17 and noticing girls and such, and I was starting to get maybe a little jealous. And I noticed, one day when I was cleaning in your room I found your little porn stash, you know by accident. I was curious to see what kinda girls interested you and I noticed you seemed to have a thing for mature Asian women with..." She pauses before laying down her trump card, "really big tits. I remembered smiling to myself thinking I fit the bill perfectly."

Jimmy blushes bright red now. He fidgets nervously, wringing his hands a bit as she has hit the nail right on the head.

"Your blushing tells me I am exactly right sweetie."

"Yeah but still I'm not sure I understand?"

"Not surprisingly as I barely understood myself that day when I defied your father and told the doctor to make them bigger. All I can figure is maybe I felt the need to compete with the girls in your little

porn stash so I made them bigger. So you see being that led to your father leaving me you did rescue me in a sense."

"I did huh."

"Yes you did baby. Your little big tit fetish was the key to my freedom so as a reward I think maybe..." She stops, looks at him with a bold and reckless smile on her face and says, "You should be the first person I show my new and improved bigger tits off to, but don't worry Mommy is wearing a bra under her sweater now."

And with that she casually begins to pull the sweater up and over her head. After pulling the sweater free, she shakes her long hair back into place letting the sweater slip to the rug as if it was no big deal.

Jimmy stares in awe at the majestic beauty of her chest. This has turned out to be like some kind of mad exhilarating dream of sorts.

"So are they really big just as you imagined?"

"Yes Mommy," he says in the barest of whispers.

"Jesus her bra looks simply gorgeous on her," Jimmy thinks as his eyes become stuck on his mom's big tits. The aqua blue lace bra she is wearing looks to be having a mighty difficult time containing those

huge tits of hers, Jimmy notes as he looks at them with growing desire.

Only his mother knew blue, aqua blue to be specific, was his favorite color. Did she really go put this on while waiting for him upstairs in her bedroom with that fact in mind? The thought causes his heart to skip a beat as the implications are unimaginable.

This pretty bra of his mother's, covering what he can only imagine to be the most beautiful tits in the world, may be the absolute prettiest thing he has ever beheld in his young life.

Staring at her in that fabulous bra causes his cock to reach epic proportions of hardness. He shifts uncomfortably, trying to release the tension down there. The truth is Jimmy has a bit of a bra fetish as he just loves the way a pretty older woman with big tits looks in a sexy bra.

"So do you like how your Mommy's bra looks on her honey," she purrs fishing for the complement she so desperately wants to hear. She too is also acutely aware of her son's little bra fetish as she used to constantly find her old Victoria Secret catalogs, full of pictures of pretty models in bras of course, she thought she had thrown out, hidden away in his room when he was a young teen.

"It looks so beautiful on you, that it takes my breath away. I can't believe you are letting me see you, with your shirt off."

"Hasn't that been a dream of yours for some time now son; to see your mommy without her shirt on? Be brave and tell me the truth sweetheart."

"Very much so," he says shyly.

"I figured as much sweetie. You know mommy's sometimes have a sixth sense about such things. Of course, all during our little date tonight I didn't need much of a sixth sense to tell me you were having an extremely hard time taking your eyes off my tits."

He starts to blush fiercely, but she only laughs at him before saying teasingly, "Didn't think I noticed huh Jimmy."

"I'm sorry Mommy I didn't mean to be staring. Are you upset?"

"Oh baby..." she says reaching out stroking the side of his face saying sweetly, "Your mommy would have been upset only if she didn't catch you staring at her tits."

"Really?" He asks finding it hard to believe her answer.

"Really baby. So does seeing me like this, does it reinforce that memory from so many long years ago that we shall be discussing in a minute. Right after you take your shirt off for me that is."

"Y-you want me to take my shirt off too Mommy."

After draining the last of her wine, instead of waiting for him to answer she reaches out and begins to unbutton his shirt. Lini is pretty much totally whacked out of her mind now on the wine; whacked and yet still perfectly in control as she reaches out and begins to unbutton her son's dress shirt.

As she slowly unbuttons it she can't help to think how crazy this night has turned out to be. "This whole thing is totally nuts," Lini thinks to herself as she continues to carefully unbutton his shirt. "And real, real dangerous Lini," a small little voice in her head whispers. But the wine makes that voice of reason very easy to ignore as Jimmy's over the top romantic gestures tonight have swept her love starved heart away. Tonight anything seems possible.

She has no intention of stopping, unless he does something to stop her, which considering how she is now slipping, with no hint of resistance on his part, his shirt slowly off his well-toned, and very muscular chest, seems highly unlikely.

She pulls back, folding his shirt neatly before placing it carefully off to the side, and looks at him as he sits there embarrassed at being shirtless in front of her. Jimmy, for his part, doesn't know what to say or do, or how even to react to what is happening. It all seems so surreal.

Lini gets up slowly from the rug, a new plan forming slowly in her mind, and moves gracefully across the room to the small stereo in the corner. Jimmy's eyes track her the whole way, loving the way her huge tits, entrapped in her tight bra, bounce up and down as she struts across the floor.

Soft music fills the living room. She crosses the room towards him, stops in front of the couch, leaning on it for support, while saying, "Before we spend some time cuddling and discussing distant memories, I think it would be sweet if the brave knight asked his queen for a dance."

Jimmy gets slowly to his feet; walks over to her, his heart racing. "Would the queen bless her favorite knight with a dance? It would be my honor if she would." He says bowing slightly, trying his best to sound elegant as he holds his hand out to her.

She smiles at him, her heart filling with love and deep forbidden lust for her son as he is so perfectly playing his role, just for her. It can't be easy for an 18 year old man to so indulge his mother with silly role playing games, especially one where at times he must call her "Mommy". The fact, he is so eagerly doing so only makes her love him all the more.

They come together, wrapping their arms around each other and begin to softly sway to the music, just as they did earlier in the night.

But this time, things are so much more dramatic between them. Slow dancing earlier, while fully clothed, bares little comparison to their slow dancing now both shirtless.

Lini is softly exploring the idea, being alone in this dark romantic candle lit living room, swaying softly to the music, both shirtless, that anything could happen between them.

She moves in close to him, pushing her large breasts up softly against his bare chest. The feeling of her soft bra against his bare chest is incredible, causing his already hard cock to jerk to new untold heights of hardness. He wonders if she realizes what she is doing to him, down there, as she begins to slowly rub her chest against his in soft semi-circles. No matter, it feels like heaven the soft material of her pretty lace bra against his bare skin.

She brings her mouth to his ear whispering, "So is what I said earlier, about the brave knight staring at the queen's tits during our date tonight, is it really true or did you just agree to it to make your queen feel better."

She pulls back from him, stroking the side of his face lightly, smiling at him quizzically, before adding, "Come on don't be shy tell your queen my bravest of knights."

"Y-yes your royal majesty. I was staring at them. That is the God honest truth. Are you mad?"

Lini deciding she likes the way this "royal fantasy" is going so she decides to stick with it for a minute.

"No the queen is not angry, but you do understand brave knight that to stare at the queen's chest could be considered a royal offense...punishable by death."

"Death to witness such beauty as contained by the queen's ample bosom would be well worth it I pray tell."

"Hmm my knight has a silver tongue I see." Lini says with a wicked smile as she pulls him closer, mashing her boobs against his chest as they continue to sway to the soft music.

Snuggled up close to him, holding him even tighter, as one slow romantic song blends into another, there is a moment of silence as they continue to sway to the sweet sounds of a romantic ballad both lost in this forbidden fantasy of theirs.

"You know as much as I love dancing with my brave knight I'm afraid we are going to have to take a short break and let me rest a minute. I am starting to feel dizzy, too much of the royal wine I think. Maybe we should go get comfortable in front of the fire and start our little stroll down memory lane."

He makes no objections as she leads him over to the large fur rug; pulls him down gently with her. He waits with bated breath for what will come next.

Then she hits him with the ultimate question. "You know sweetheart I was wondering if maybe you could tell me something."

"Sure what is your desire my queen or is it mommy now."

"Hmm back to Mommy I think. I love both of little role playing games so much I can't decide which one to stick with."

"Maybe this will let you decide. You by some odd quirk of fate could somehow cease being queen, but no matter what fate bestows us you shall always and forever be my most beautiful mommy. That is forever."

"Oh sweetheart your words again touch me so deeply." Coming quickly to a decision she announces, "So Mommy it shall be then. You have convinced me. Now can you do something else for me honey?"

"Of course, anything."

"Can you be real honest and tell me why..." she looks at him seriously as their eyes lock, "You were so intently staring at your mommy's chest all night during our date and even now."

He wonders if he should be honest, if he can, in fact be so honest about such secret feelings as he holds for his mother's majestically big beautiful tits, but once he opens his mouth to respond, and begins to talk, the honesty she so wants, comes easier than expected.

He drops his voice, trying to sound both sweet and innocent, "Mommy, that should be obvious. I mean you...you only have just about the biggest, most beautiful boobs I have ever seen."

"Honey that is so sweet. Your daddy hated them you know."

"Well dad was a fucking idiot coz they are beautiful Mommy."

"Really baby, you absolutely mean that," she says slowly taking his hands into hers.

"I do."

"Tell me, do you remember how on cold winter's nights even as you got older and older I often shared the most sacred thing a mother can share with her baby boy. Do you know what that is hon? I think your

letter makes it obvious that you remember," she says as she leans against the large pillow chair smiling at him softly.

Confessing to memories in a letter is one thing, but face to face in person, he finds it much harder to confess so he says nothing.

She thrusts her chest out towards him inviting him to say that single word she so desperately wants to hear for it will unlock the gate to both of their hidden secret desires.

"Go on baby say it, be brave for mommy," she whispers pulling him closer.

Finally he swallows hard, wanting to show her he is indeed brave quietly answers with those single two words that set both their hearts on fire, "Her boobs."

"Yes baby. That is correct. Mommy shared her boobs with her baby boy, even though you were much past the age I should have even considered such a thing."

"How old was I?"

"Hmm how old? Let's just say you were past the age where I should have been more forceful in denying you Mommy's treasures..."

She then takes a deep sigh saying, "Oh shit who I'm I kidding, I did my best to encourage you to come play in Mommy's treasure chest...if you know what I mean."

"I think I might. I thought my memories of those nights long ago might have been just pure made up fantasy on my part," he tells her in a voice that barely works as he is in such shock from hearing this full confession of hers.

"Let's take a stroll down memory lane," she says picking up the bottle of wine and refilling both of their glasses while saying softly, "This will only help."

She drains half her glass in one fell swoop. Wanting to match her he also kills nearly half of his glass as he shifts his body from one position to the next trying to control the mighty erection he has gotten from helplessly staring at his mom as she sits there talking to him so causally in just her jeans and bra.

The whole thing is like some sort of mad fantasy as she starts to talk again. "When you were a new born 8 minutes old, when you were 8 hours old I eagerly shared by boobs with my baby as any good mommy would do. When you were 8 days old, 8 months old, I of course still did the same...but then when you got older my sharing should have stopped but it didn't."

"Why?" he finally asks the million dollar question. She takes a small sip of her wine, looking at him seriously wondering if he has any idea where she is leading him.

"When you passed the age where you no longer needed to be breast fed I became sad and lonely for it was only when you were so eagerly sucking on your mommy's tits that I felt truly loved and needed. My relationship with your father was growing by that time worse and worse every day. I was alone and afraid...you were my only hope, my only love, my salvation."

She takes a deep breath. "So not wanting to give up that feeling of love I felt so strongly when you were nursing I continued to allow you full access to my breasts even as you grew older."

"I remember. I think..."

"Shh say nothing baby. Let me get my full confession out before you respond. I eagerly practiced with you what is known as "comfort feedings". That is I allowed you to suckle on my tits not for feeding but for comfort."

Jimmy looks at her in stark disbelief barely being able to believe what he was hearing, but it all must be truth, especially since it does confirm them long ago fuzzy memories of his mother and her big tits.

"Like when you had a hard time falling asleep at night, or maybe when you were crying and hurt. I knew it was maybe wrong to allow you to continue doing this even as you got to an age where maybe it was a little ahh...inappropriate, but the truth was we both enjoyed it so very much that even as you got older I didn't want to stop."

She takes another long sip of her wine, nearly finishing it off before she hits him with the coup de grace. "The truth is honey, I let my baby boy play with his mommy's big boobies whenever his little heart desired and..."

Now she finishes her wine in one last gulp as Jimmy senses something deep and forbidden is passing between them. "That was quite often. Yes you simply loved playing with your mommy's boobies little boy. Sometimes I wish..."

She stops afraid to say what is really on her mind hoping he will push her.

"What. Tell me what is it you wish for?"

"Well two things. One became true and one could never come true. The first is for you father to leave us so we could be alone and enjoy, that is explore our love for each other to the..." She pauses again letting the tension build that already at nearer breaking, "fullest extent. And the second well let's just say I knew the physical closeness we once enjoyed would slowly disappear as you got older so I wished for something simple like..." She drops her voice to a

mere whisper, "The touch of your skin to mine, the feel of your eyes upon my body, oh joyful yearnings do such things create...for it is your love, the love of my precious little baby boy that sustains me, now and forever, never grow up and stop loving mommy with such fierce determination and such utter loyalty that is makes my heart sing with joy."

"That was nice Mommy."

"Ahh I heard that somewhere and memorized it. I'm not a romantic poet like you. But it sums up well what is in my heart."

"Really Mommy so you never ever want me to grow up."

"Hmm..." she looks at him with a sly smile that speaks volumes. "Maybe someday, just not tonight. Tonight I want to experience that fierce and loyal love you once showed me all the time when we were alone. Like now."

She pauses, their eyes meet and something, they both sense it, passes between them. Their truest feelings, finally spoken, has caused a boundary to be crossed.

"Can you do that for mommy, please baby boy, forget everything but your love for me, your burning desire to be my cutest sweetest little boy and allow yourself to be pampered with so much love and affection that it will take your breath away. For me -can you do that?"

"Y-yes, I can. I will, for you, anything for you." He tells her quietly after only a moment's hesitation.

Breathlessly they look at each other, before each finishes the wine in their respective glasses, wanting to experience the sheer bliss of total drunkenness. But not as an escape, but as a pathway to something deeper and much more meaningful than mere words.

"My motherly instincts are whispering to me honey."

"What are they saying?"

"That my baby boy needs to be cuddled by his mother."

She leans back against the pillow chair, pulling him against her. They settle down against each other with Jimmy resting his head softly on her shoulder as she begins to run her fingers through his long hair, twisting and tugging on it like he used to love so much.

He still does, as he murmurs to her, "Mmm that feels so good."

"Does it baby, you know your mommy will do anything, anything at all, to make her little boy feel so good."

The veiled sexual reference is not lost to him as his poor heart skips a beat at the mere suggestion that she is willing to do "anything" to make him feel good.

She wraps her arms around him tightly from behind as she whispers again and again in his ear sweet little terms of endearments. Soon the soft way she is cuddling him turns into a very nice neck and shoulder massage.

It suddenly occurs to her, maybe now that she has tapped into rekindling the deep love that a mother and baby feel for one other, by suggesting they cuddle, she needs to tap into something else, even deeper and darker. She needs to exploit the raw sexual desire she is sure her son possess for her, and then combine the two somehow.

She feels him beginning to melt into her arms as he lets out a deep sigh and closes his eyes. She is worried that he might actually pass out from all the wine he has drank this fateful night, and that would be a disaster because she wants much, much more than for him to pass out in her arms while she cuddles him. This worry causes her to push the envelope as she is determined to keep him awake and interested.

She moves her mouth to his ear, as her hands continue to work their magic all along his neck and shoulders, whispering softly, "Honey do you remember how we used to do more than just cuddle under the blankets on those cold winter nights."

"Kinda of I think. Maybe did we kiss a little bit," he says hesitantly.

"More than a little. I think you should let Mommy reinforce those memories that burn so bright for her, but are a dim ancient memory that you can barely recall because you were so young."

"I would like that." He says hoping against hope for what he has so yearned for all during those years of teenage angst where he had such deep and dark fantasies about her.

Lini begins to shower his neck and shoulders with soft kisses, hoping he continues to relax in her arms. He does- encouraging her to move things along so she turns her attentions to his ears and cheeks, raining soft kiss upon soft kiss down on them in a light and delicate manner that causes Jimmy's erection to make another appearance inside his jeans.

But it's not only the kisses that is making him hard, it's also the way she seems to be purposely rubbing her boobs back and forth across his bare back as she kisses him so lightly, so delicately.

The softness of that aqua blue lace bra is driving Jimmy mad with desire as her kisses, after she gently turns his face towards hers, have found his forehead, then the tip of his nose, each cheek, and then finally his lips.

Her kisses are both soft and sweet, delicate and light, once again causing the fireworks in his heart to explode. Lini is taking things slow, not wanting to push too far, too fast, so she pulls back after several light kisses on his lips.

They stare deeply in each others eyes as he turns on his side to face her. She reaches over and grabs the bottle of wine and refills both of their glasses sensing the endgame is upon them.

"This is nice huh baby, cuddling with your mommy while exchanging sweet little kisses. I never knew how much I missed this. We used to cuddle all the time you know, but always there was the threat of your daddy finding out. It cast a pall over the whole thing," she says shaking her head sadly.

"But now he is gone and never coming back right?"

"Yes never. I only have room in my heart for you sweetie for my precious little Jimmy." She reaches out and strokes the side of his face gently. "What you told me earlier about my looks. It left me breathless, especially about me being the most stunning, most alluring, and most gorgeous creature on this fair earth of ours. Jesus Jimmy where...where do you come up with this stuff."

"I have more," he says smiling at her. "I left out. Afraid it might be going too far."

"Really I would like to hear."

Jimmy takes a large drink of the wicked wine, screwing up his courage, "Mommy you are beautiful in a way that makes the word beautiful blush, you put the 'x' in exquisite. Your beauty makes the sky sad, and even the stars cry with jealousy. I have always felt that way."

"Oh honey..." She reaches out and grasps his hands tightly in hers. "Do you really know how desperate I was to hear such words? I always suspected you held a deep secret attraction for me but I never knew how deep and how very powerful that attraction was until tonight."

"Is that all right, being so attracted to you Mommy?" he asks her quietly.

"Oh it's perfectly alright love, and without your father around to play hall monitor, you can take your time and explore that deep attraction you have for your mommy to your heart's content sweetheart."

"How should I do that?" he asks shyly.

She doesn't answer right off, instead letting the tension build as she takes another longer sip of wine, nodding her head towards his glass indicating he should do the same.

Jimmy taking her cue drains nearly half of his glass in one long swallow, loving the way it makes him feel so relaxed and confident.

"Well you can start by showing your mommy the true meaning of your sweet words of attraction that set her heart on fire are more than mere words."

He says nothing as his heart nearly leaps in his throat. Her subtle suggestion can only mean one thing. The time for him merely telling her how gorgeous she is is over—now it's time to show her, to let his actions speak for themselves.

He pulls her closer as he moves his lips to hers. Their mouths come slowly together. They exchange several long sweet kisses before, wickedly, he feels her tongue, like a thief in the night, slipping into his mouth. She swirls it around exploring, praying he does not pull back in horror.

Instead, he responds as she hopes shyly letting his tongue out of its moorings and into the sea of her luscious mouth. They spend several long breathless moments with each of their tongues surveying the entirety of each others mouths, the pretense of any sweet innocence lost.

She guides his hands to her bare belly, where he begins to slowly rub her stomach, loving the silky smoothness of her skin. He finds her tummy to be almost completely devoid of fat. It's firm, taut, and utterly sexy.

But not nearly as sexy as the thought of what looms over the flat plain of his mother's sexy stomach. For just north of her tummy rises the majestic mountains that are her huge tits. Huge tits he would love to explore with his hands, but simply lacks the courage to do so on his own.

Several more long and meaningful kisses are exchanged before she breaks them off whispering, "Now little boy let's get down to some real special cuddling that only mommies and their precious little babies can experience."

She reaches out, grabbing her wine glass and drains the balance of it; working her courage up to a maximum peak for what must come next.

She turns back on to her side, gives him a soft smile before pulling him down into her arms, using gentle pressure to snuggle his face down and into the forbidden valley between her large breasts.

She arches her back, forcing her tits firmly against his face, while she strokes his hair with soft cloying fingers, all the while snuggling him deeper and tighter into her magnificent bosom.

"You are now in the safest place in the world Jimmy, snuggled softly in between your Mommy's breasts," she whispers in his ear. "Do you feel my love, my affection for you, my uncontrollable need to pamper my sweetest baby boy?"

"Oh God yes Mommy," he says while burying his face deeper in the glorious warmth of his mother's tits. As he snuggles his face deeper in between the soft, resplendent cups of his Mommy's beautiful bra, he becomes lost, loving the way the silky lace material feels against his bare cheeks. He has one abiding thought: this is what heaven must feel like.

He rests his face between her breasts for a few short moments, wondering what must happen next, before she slowly rises up, pushing him gently off of her.

"Cuddling is nice, but I sense my baby boy wants more." she says a sly smile crossing her face. "My motherly instincts are whispering to me again honey."

"What are they saying this time?" he says sensing they are on the cusp of some forbidden fantasy.

"That my baby wants to..." She smiles at him ruefully, playing the scene out, letting the tension build to an almost unbearable level, before finishing her thought, "Play with his Mommy's big boobs."

Upon hearing this, a surge of excitement, the likes of which he has never known in his young life, fills his heart, and captures his soul.

"Y-yes Mommy I w-would," he finally manages to stammer out.

"I thought as much, the way you have been eyeing them all night it's really no surprise, but being you're so sweet, innocent and above all else shy, I guess it's up to your mommy to lead you to the promised land huh?"

She pushes him back against the large round pillow, and then turning around settles herself down in front of him, laying with her back flush against his bare chest. She reaches behind her, tugging, pulling, and stroking his hair playfully, before her hands slip down finding his.

She guides his nervous hands around to the front of her body and places them on her tummy. She removes her hands wondering what he might do on his own.

He begins to glide his hands all over her bare tummy, slowly ever so slowly with each passing circle they glide higher, until finally they are just inches below the majestic twin peaks of her breasts.

Sensing he will need encouragement to take that final step she turns slightly towards him whispering, "Go on baby, don't be shy, you can touch them if you want."

This encourages him to go right up to the very base of her breasts; right up to the very edge of her pretty lace bra, where his hands pause. She smiles to herself, enjoying her son's innate shyness, but even as she enjoys it, it's driving her absolutely wild with mad desire.

"Here let Mommy help you." She takes his hands into hers, and slowly pushes them up and onto the very fullness of her large breasts. His heart races with excitement, as he begins to carefully, slowly move his hands all around and over her tits, in soft semi-circles, simply loving the way her tits feel through the silkily smoothness of her bra.

She lets out a soft sigh as she sinks against him whispering, "You have been dreaming of this for so long huh baby?"

"Yes. Is...is that OK. I mean are you mad for me having such naughty thoughts."

"God no honey. I have been dreaming of this myself. Of you playing with your Mommy's tits...Yes for so long baby."

"You have?" he says now encouraged enough to begin to feel her tits with increasing passion. He starts to fondle them, a hand on each, more firmly.

He continues to run his hands all over them, squeezing, fondling, and playfully stroking them to his utter delight. Lini leans back thrusting her chest out allowing him maximum access as a new yearning desire is beginning to take shape in her wicked heart.

Finally, the desire becomes too much and it's time to lead him to where she knows he so desperately wants to go. She turns around and brings her lips to his. They began a long slow series of desperate kisses, tongues wickedly pushing against each other, that only ends when she once again guides his face down into the deep valley between her gloriously large tits.

Jimmy, swept away, by the forbidden passion that has exploded in his heart, kisses his way down into that luscious valley. He showers every bare inch of her exposed skin with kisses as he works his way down. He brings his hands up and begins pawing at him Mommy's tits with reckless abandon, before pulling away to catch his breath.

They eyes lock for a moment, before he whispers, "God Mommy your boobs are so big and beautiful."

"Yes and you are so very hungry for them aren't you baby."

Before he can answer she reaches out and draws him into the warm embrace of her bosom once more as he begins to slowly kiss the bare skin revealed between those majestic aqua blue cups of hers.

He watches with rapturous attention as her bra slowly slips away revealing inch by inch of his mommy's big, beautiful tits. She uses her hand on the back of his head, exerting gentle pressure to guide his hungry mouth upwards as more and more of her breasts are slowly revealed as the pretty bra slips off ever so slowly. He begins a mad series of slow, gentle kisses that cover the entire landscape of

her mountainous breasts before finally reaching the summit—her grand, exquisite, and very erect nipples.

He takes each taunt nipple delicately into his mouth, closing his eyes as she begins to cradle him in her arms, as if he was a small babe, stroking his hair, whispering for him to "go ahead sweet baby, suck on your mommy's nipples."

He obligates her, and himself, and does as she wants, sucking on each one in turn so sweetly, so delicately, so deliciously that soon Lini is squirming as she cradles his head in her arms, arching her back trying to force more of her taunt nipple into his mouth.

Time loses all meaning as she cradles her "18 year old baby" in her arms much as she did so very long ago. He is innocent sucking is starting to turn into something more wicked as he is exerting his manhood upon her.

Lini soon finds herself flat on her back on the soft fur rug, her huge tits jutting upwards at him, as he is taking a moment to catch his breath. An absolute firm resolve to forever sate his ravenous appetite for his mommy's big tits overtakes Jimmy as falls upon them like a hungry wolf.

He begins to kiss them all over, no longer sweet and delicate, but with kisses full of eager young passionate that only teenage boys know. She is suddenly frightened by all his passion, as she had not prepared for anything more than a few light kisses maybe exchanged

between them, which would lead to him sweetly and innocently playing with her tits, which in turn would led to a long slow and very sweet suckling session as she fantasied about him, once again, being her baby boy, so full of love and tenderness for his mommy.

But now here she is, flat on her back, his mouth flying from one breast to the other, showering them with wet, rapacious kisses that are growing in both heated passion and pure animal aggression.

She suddenly wants to be in control again so she tells him to stop; tries to wriggle out from under him, while pushing him off of her. He responds by dropping the full weight of his body upon her as he, seemingly possessed with super human strength now fueled by his mad lust, uses his hands to trap her wrists against the carpet.

He applies just enough force, not to hurt her, but to make her struggles useless as he literally slaughters her tits with his mouth sucking on them so madly that it takes Lini's breath away. All sense of innocence is lost as Jimmy's releases a frenzied storm of uncontrollable fury upon his mother.

He begins to push on her down there, humping his lower body against hers as he sucks on her tits with such a wrath that she is nearly in tears. She feels how large, how very, very large he is through his tight jeans. How large and how indecently hard as he pushes his body against her over and over.

His hips grind away as Jimmy, his cock throbbing with a hardness so intense that it is actually beginning to hurt, simply can't help himself.

He raises up from her, panting like some kind of crazed dog, taking the scene in with wild eyes. She is laying there on the beautiful white carpet, surrounded by the soft glow of candle light. Her bare naked big tits glisten with his saliva as her chest heaves up and down; his eyes slide down her naked chest, across her bare belly and to her jeans.

He suddenly wants that buried treasure between her legs so badly that he loses all sense of decency and decorum. He can't control himself any longer, nor does he want to as he reaches down and claws at her jeans, trying to literally rip them off her body.

But he doesn't bargain how very tight they, nor does her struggles to stop him help matters. Deciding that having them half way down will be good enough he jerks on them- hard- finally getting them down and off her hips.

"Stop baby stop...this is not what I want!!" She cries, begging, pleading as she bats at his hands that are wrenching her jeans down and off her hips.

"No, but it's what I want you teasing little Asian bitch." Jimmy barks at her- his actions, his mind, and most especially his passions racing out of control. "Now turn over on your fours you fucking cunt!!"

Emboldened with a strength that he never knew he had, her struggles only inflaming his passion to take her, he snakes one hand through her long hair using it against her. He pulls on it her hair hard, making her yelp with surprise and pain, as he flips her easily onto her fours.

He raises up on his knees moving himself behind her as he yanks his own jeans and boxers down just as she turns around to stare at him, as she rests on her knees and elbows, with eyes that grow big with fear...and pure excitement.

She sees her son yank down his jeans and boxers and watches, her heart literally exploding in her chest, as his huge fully erect, throbbing 8 inch cock is released from the tight confines of his too small boxers.

"Oh God baby no...Please. Stop." She cries out knowing it's too late but still her motherly instincts to control him cannot be denied their trying.

"You have been teasing me all night...Mommy...and now you will get what you deserve." He says the word "Mommy" with such spite and malice that it makes her scared for what must happen next.

He rips aside the pretty matching lace aqua bra thong she is wearing as he viciously thrusts his cock forward towards her pussy. But he is

young, inexperienced, and very much a virgin, so his aim is not so good. His cock does not slide inside her wet pussy but just below it.

Yes despite all that has transpired, despite her pleas to stop, somewhere deep, deep down inside Lini is incredibly turned on by this wicked turn of events. By her young son taking her by force. A part of her, a deep dark part that is slowly making itself known, is begging to be fucked...good and hard.

But this is completely offset by the rational side of her that is not drowned in alcohol. This is going further and faster than she had expected, and worse still she is no longer in control. After years and years of young sexual teenage angst for his pretty mother, Lini is being swept away by Jimmy's passionate fury that is being released upon her. She suddenly knows he has no plans on stopping. She had not planned on this, but instead had only planned on maybe a few light kisses, some soft suckling on her tits, and then falling asleep with him cuddled in her arms.

Her sweet romantic notions, albeit naughty ones yes, have now taken a dark twist and she is desperate to regain control. Jimmy jabs his hard dick repeatedly into her backside, trying desperately and with a sense of growing embarrassment to find her pussy. In frustration he releases her hair allowing Lini to turn her head around and say to him as the tears spill out of her eyes, "Please baby you...you don't want to lose your virginity this way."

Jimmy sees the tears spilling out of his beautiful mother's face as she looks up at him, and his heart immediately softens, unlike his cock

which is still rock hard. Lini realizes that her son needs a release and quickly takes matters into her own hands as she reaches back and grabs her son's nearly 8 inch cock and starts to stroke it up and down softly as she speaks to him soothingly.

"Come on baby let Mommy help you release." She raises up onto her knees spitting on her right hand to "lube it up", knowing what must be done.

Jimmy is too embarrassed by his inability to stick his cock in his mommy's pussy to resist. He curses his lack of experience and now is starting to feel guilty for the rough way he treated her. He starts to apologize when she whispers for him to be quiet and let her take control.

Any latent feelings of guilt are quickly replaced by pure lust as she uses her wet saliva soaked hand to rub his cock to new heights of hardness. "Don't worry sweetie, Mommy won't leave you with this," she coos to him.

She thrusts her tremendous tits out at the same time Jimmy, riding an immense wave of forbidden lush, pushes his hips forward. His big cock is nearly swallowed alive by her tits as it slips in between them.

He starts to pump up and down as her hand slips off his cock. Lini uses both of her hands to push her tits together forming a tight tunnel of lovely tit flesh that engulfs her son's cock in such a sensational

feeling of pure pleasure that it only takes three or four thrusts before his cock explodes in a geyser of cum.

They collapse against each other tumbling down onto the soft white rug as Jimmy, the guilt from both attacking her physically and verbally returning to him full force, starts to apologize profusely to her.

Lini shushes him up, kissing his tears away as she pulls him against her telling him to relax and close his eyes. She just holds him for a long moment or two, holding him tight, allowing his fears about the rough way he treated her to subside.

"I think maybe we should sleep down here, inside this enchanted circle of lights."

"You mean together?"

"Yes silly together. Now why don't you go over and grab some blankets from the hall closet while I go upstairs and clean up this gooey mess you left all over my tits."

Jimmy is more than a little happy that she doesn't seem mad over what just happened. He rushes off to retrieve the blankets, after slipping back on his boxers and shorts, from the hall closet wondering if there night of forbidden passion is over, or just getting started.

A few minutes later, Lini comes back down, fully dressed once more, much to his disappointment and they lay under the blankets next to the candles on the fireplace mantle.

Jimmy tries to stay awake, but between being softly cuddled in her arms and all the wine he has consumed tonight it's a losing battle. He is soon fast asleep in her arms.

Sometime later, Lini wakes him up and leads her still half asleep son up to her bedroom. She tucks him in to the bed, safe and sound, and then retreats to her bathroom to prepare for Act II of the night's festivities.

She smiles softly to herself as she imagines Jimmy thinks their night is over, but little does he know it's just beginning as what has just happened has released a passionate lustful beast within Lini's heart that must be sated.

The half-asleep Jimmy fights to stay awake waiting for her to return to bed. He has romantic notions of falling asleep in her arms after profusely declaring his undying love to her over and over. He is surprised, and very much relieved, that she does not seem overly upset by his wild attack upon her. He was even more surprised when, as they climbed the stairs, in a soft whispered plea that almost sounded desperate in its urging, when she invited him to sleep with her that night. He is hopeful, wondering if sleep was all that was on the menu.

He does his best to stay awake, but it's to no avail and in the process of waiting for her in slips off into a deep sleep. Sometime later he fills himself being awoken by a series of soft kisses and even softer words by his mother.

His eyes flicker open and for a moment or two he believes he is dreaming. The bedroom, which previously had been dark, is now bathed in soft candles light. His mother's voice, sweet and soft, is coming from next to him in the bed.

"Wake up hon. It's time for you to maybe go back to your own bed."

He rubs his eyes saying, "Can't I sleep here, with you."

She strokes the side of his face, after softly turning his face to look at her. She is sitting on the edge of the bed wearing a pretty white satin robe, "Is that all you want to do is sleep Jimmy. Maybe you might attack me again," she says with a sly smile.

The guilt once more comes rushing back to him over the way he treated her so roughly downstairs earlier that evening. "I promise to be good," he says lamely as it's all he can really think to say in his defense.

"Really you won't lay a hand on me baby," she says standing up as she slowly starts to undo her robe.

The robe flutters softly to the floor. What she is wearing causes his cock to instantly come alive. His mother is wearing a halter stretch white lace teddy with plunging neckline that allows her massive tits to spill out on all sides of it.

"You like your mother's pajamas sweetheart. Here look at the back..." she says turning around. The back has a large part of the white lace material that should be covering her ass cut out in a beautiful heart shaped design.

"Hmm you like yes..."

"Yes. Jesus you look beautiful. Like an angel sent from heaven."

"Yes and if I allow you to sleep with me tonight you shall treat me like an angel promise. No more aggressive attacks. You have that out of your system right hon?"

"Yes. I shall be good to you. Promise."

"Good then go into my bathroom. Brush your teeth, rinse your mouth out and then come back to bed."

Jimmy does as she requests hurrying, hopeful that she is just not using those sexy "pajama" to tease him.

He enters the bedroom and sees her sitting on the edge of the bed looking utterly beautiful. He cock stiffen in his boxers as she stands up holding her hands out to him.

They come together, holding hands as she whispers to him, "That was quite a display of aggression you put on downstairs Jimmy."

"I'm sorry Mom. I didn't ..."

"Shh just promise you will be gentler, slower with me when the time comes. Can you do that?" She kisses him gently. "Please... baby... for... mommy." She accents each word with a soft kiss.

"Yes." He says breathlessly kissing her back as they fall back onto the bed together, arms wrapped around each other. They get under the sheets and start snuggling softly in each others arms while exchanging sweet kisses, each lasting longer than the prior.

This time he goes slow. He lets her lead, feeling her push his face down onto her chest. He spends a good five minutes kissing the entirety of her bare chest revealed by the skimpy white lace teddy.

He then finds himself on his back, as she hovers over him, leaning forward letting those huge tits fall in his face. He begins to lick up and down, all around the deep exposed valley of her cleavage, before

thankfully she yanks the teddy open allowing her bare tits to flop into his face.

He suckles on them, being mindful to go slow this time, as her moans grow louder. Now it's her hands clawing desperately at his boxers, ripping them off as she takes control. She pulls the sheet back revealing the fullness of his gloriously manhood.

She lets out a sigh, before falling upon it with her lips and mouth. She slowly takes all eight inches into her mouth, sucking on it with delicious fervor. She stops after a short time though as its only a prelude to what she really wants.

She falls onto her back, pulling him on top of her, whispering, "Come on baby Mommy wants you inside of her...now."

She reaches down and carefully guides his throbbing cock into her wet hole as Jimmy finally loses his cherry.

"Go slow baby. Make sweet love to your Mother," she whispers as their lips find each other and they begin a long, slow passionate kiss, while he pumps up and into her, trying to match her, as she bounces slowly up and down on the bed with him.

"Oh God hon you feel so big, so hard inside me. That's it ...make love to your mommy. Oh Jesus yes like that."

Jimmy goes slow at first, but soon nature takes over and he finds himself gripping the headboard above her, hips thrusting downwards with increasingly growing force. She doesn't seem to mind as her moans only increase in intensity.

He raises up onto his arms and pauses for a moment. He was maybe about to cum so he waits for the moment to pass. He stares down at her. Her magnificent tits jutting upwards, her pretty face turned sideways against the pillow, her eyes shut tight.

It's a lonely scene he beholds, only made lovelier as he begins to thrust into her slow and hard. The force of his thrust causes those huge tits of her to jump and jiggle, which turns him on more than anything ever has in his young life.

Soon he has no other purpose in life, but to thrust his cock deep inside of her hard enough to make her tits bounce. To this end, his slow hard thrusts begin to pick up in intensity and speed as does her moans of pure pleasure, as does the way her tits jiggle when he slams into her over and over.

Harder and harder he begins to "make love" to her. His youthful energy takes over and he is soon fucking her as if there is no tomorrow. Her huge tits are bouncing up and down as she begins to cry aloud, "Oh baby Mommy...Mommy is cummming!!" she cries her head thrashing from side to side, her long hair whipping about.

One, two, three more mighty thrusts and such an intense orgasm washes over him where he loses all muscular control; his arms that had been supporting him give way and he goes crashing down upon her, his body shaking from the intense orgasm that he just experienced.

After soft exclamations of undying love for one another they are both soon fast asleep- his face once again, guided by her cloying hands, resting in the safest place in the world.

He is not sure, but he thinks when he falls asleep, just like so many long years ago, he did so with her tit in his eager mouth. It's all a blur to him, thinking back upon it later on.

But not to Lini, as she smiles contently before falling asleep, just as she had planned all along, knowing that is exactly the way their night ended.

THE END