



A Mother's Cure for Heartache

Mom turns to seductive cure for son's breakup

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The stage was set. The long, hot Vermont summer, during which Eva shamelessly flirted with her eighteen year old son, was now over. It was autumn, the air was cool and crisp, the leaves changing to a brilliant reddish orange, and Halloween was just around the corner.

An atmosphere of raw sexual tension was in place by the time Eva and Tommy attended the Miller's annual Halloween party, and on this night of tricks and treats, it finally exploded with the most spectacular results in a virtual storm of forbidden passion.

Nearly five months had passed since that snotty little bitch Lisa dumped her son, Thomas, or as Eva still affectionately called him, Tommy, and still he was showing little inclination of coming out his dark funk.

Eva worried endlessly about her son's mood; worried it was a bit more than just a simple case of depression from being dumped by a girl. Knowing the dark history of suicide on her husband's side of the family gave her ample reason to be worried.

She suspected simply talking to him would not be sufficient. Bold action would be necessary as Eva became convinced her son's life was in danger. She briefly considered sending him to counseling but her husband, her dead ex-husband that is, went to counseling and it did not help.

A first-degree relative -- a parent, sibling or child -- of a person who has committed suicide is four to six times more likely to attempt or complete a suicide. This alarming statement came from a University of

Pittsburgh Medical Center study Eva stumbled upon while doing some research on the subjects of depression and suicide.

The family history on her husband's side was indeed alarming. Going back three generations, first there was Alfred, Tommy's, great-grandfather who hanged himself after coming out on the losing end of a shadowy love triangle.

And then there was his grandfather, who killed himself with a gunshot to the head, after his wife left him. Finally, there was Joseph, Tommy's father, who killed himself, despite undergoing intensive counseling, by overdosing on a lethal combination of sedatives and whiskey after his secret girlfriend on the side dumped him.

Rejection from women, all the evidence pointed towards this, was not something the men on her husband's side of the family took well. Now it was Tommy's turn as two short years after his father's death, Tommy was experiencing his own heartache. He truly loved Lisa-- as fiercely as only a teenage boy can love someone --when she ended the hopes he had of their friendship turning into something more.

It was a classic case of the pretty cheerleader taking advantage of the humble nerd. Lisa lived just down the street from them and Eva was certain she had been using her son from the start as they kind of "dated" during their final year of high school.

He did all her homework, wrote her essays, spent long hours tutoring her so she could pass her college entrance exams, and then, when she was accepted at Penn State, she dumped him two days later.

Her excuse was plain and simple-- she was going off to college in the fall and claimed she wanted to enjoy the summer without him following her around like some forlorn puppy dog.

Upon hearing this, and seeing her son's reaction, Eva was equal parts furious and scared. But more importantly, she resolved to do whatever it took to get her son's mind off Lisa and focused elsewhere—like on his mom for instance.

Playing the role of protective mother bear to the hilt, Eva put in motion a plan to mend her son's wounded heart while possibly saving his life.

At the age of thirty-five Eva, with a mix of both Hungarian and German blood in her ancestry, was a classic European beauty-- elegance understated, but yet still evident-- and by far the prettiest, and shapeliest mother on the block.

Her supple pouting lips, joyful blue eyes, and light brown hair flecked with golden strands of blond sunshine, combined with a dazzling smile and warm personality, all conspired to make Eva an intensely attractive, mature woman.

Oh and then there was her heavenly body. Standing a delicious five foot five, and weighing a suitable one hundred and twenty eight pounds, with measurements of 36D-26-36, Eva's body cut a striking figure.

By the time the long hot summer drew to a close, Eva harbored little doubt her fantastic figure, along with her playful flirting, was making a deep impression upon her son.

Honestly, she was not entirely sure where all this flirting and showing off for her son would end. Her only concern at this point was he not meet a tragic end like his father, grandfather and great-grandfather before him.

Everything was on course, or so it seemed, for Eva's plan to redirect her son's attention away from his so called ex-girlfriend, and onto her, when a dose of bad news threatened to undo all her hard work.

Every year Lisa's parents hosted a lavish Halloween costume party attended by nearly the entire neighborhood. When Tommy found out Lisa would be coming home from Penn State to attend the party, he insisted on going.

Eva begrudgingly gave her permission, knowing he would attend the party regardless of what she said.

For the past few weeks leading up to the party, Eva suspected Tommy and Lisa were talking again. She was probably trying to rope him into writing her college essays for her or something like that.

Knowing what was at stake, Eva came to the conclusion it was time to let the little devil inside of her loose and what better night to do so but on All Hallows Eve when a bit of both naughtiness and mischief was to be expected.

The first order of business would be to pick out an extremely alluring and over the top sexy costume to wear to the Miller's annual Halloween bash. She finally settled on the idea of wearing some sort of "sexy cowgirl" costume.

Not being able to find a suitable cowgirl outfit in any of the Halloween stores-- she found them mostly campy and lacking sex appeal-- the resourceful Eva decided on making a homemade outfit. After much thought, and more than a few trial and error sessions in front of her mirror, Eva finally settled on an outfit that consisted of an extremely

short, tight denim mini-skirt to go along with a red knitted midriff baring sweater that tied in the middle just under her ample boobs.

The sweater enjoyed the added feature of being a bit see through thanks to a plethora of knitted crochet holes. Eva, unwavering in her decision to make certain she received the maximum amount of attention at the party from her son—if not also from some of the other male patrons attending the party--threw caution to the wind by not wearing anything under her sweater allowing her ample 36 D boobs to be on full display.

She complemented her outfit by buying a pair of sexy dark brown cowboy boots that came up to just below her knees, and then added a traditional cowboy hat—brown with a yellow sheriff's star plastered on the front.

As for Tommy, he was going as a pirate. This was sort of poetic in Eva's mind, her son going to the party as a pirate, since, if the situation called for it, he would be plundering a bit of buried treasure before the evening was through.

On the night of the party, Eva, not surprisingly, received quite a bit of attention from the male guests at the party. She flirted just enough with each to make her son noticeably jealous as he spend much of the party sulking in the corner.

For reasons she could not quite figure out, Tommy did not come to her once during the party to ask her to dance, or even to find out if she needed anything. He basically spent the party pretending to ignore her while at the same time making it obvious he was not happy with her flirting around.

Poor Tommy had another reason, other than his mother, to be moping about though and her name was Lisa, of course. The little bitch, dressed up in some slutty school girl costume, paid scant attention to him all during the party before disappearing upstairs with some macho athletic type mere seconds after Tommy, tail stuck firmly between his legs, left the party and headed home.

He left, embarrassed over the way Lisa rebuffed all his attempts to socialize with her. This drama did not go unobserved by his ever watchful mother bear.

Watching a dejected Tommy leave the party, it took every ounce of will power Eva possessed not to follow him home right away. Instead, she decided to do something dramatic and maybe a little dangerous, but in the end she hoped it would prove to her son, once and for all, what a no good little slut Lisa truly was.

After waiting about a minute or two, Eva snuck off upstairs herself. Creeping down the hallway, she quietly observed how all the bedroom doors were open except one. Tiptoeing down the hallway, she lowered her ear to the door.

She could hear Lisa giggling behind the closed door and then a husky male voice saying, "Take off your damn skirt."

Eva slowly counted to ten before clicking on her phone's camera feature. Her heart was beating wildly as she slowly pushed open the bedroom door.

Her plan was simple. Poke her head in the door, take a quick picture of Lisa with this boy, maybe they would be in a somewhat exposed position even, and, if need be, show it to Tommy, hoping it would jolt

him back to reality allowing him to see he really had no chance with her.

She wanted the picture as back up if the stubborn Tommy did not believe her when, and if, she decided to tell him about how his dream girl snuck off upstairs with someone else after ignoring him for the better part of the evening.

Eva snapped off a quick picture before fleeing down the hall. Lisa, stunned for a second at the unexpected intrusion, at first, did nothing before rushing over to the door and poking her head outside. She just did catch a flash of red turning the corner before she slammed the door shut. She dared not pursue whoever had poked their head in the room as she wasn't wearing her little school girl skirt by then.

"Who was that?" Brad angrily asked.

"Probably one of your stupid friends. Jesus they took a damn picture even!"

"Sweet," he laughed. "We make a handsome couple anyways. At least it wasn't your mom or dad."

Lisa came strutting back over to the bed. "I told you they have the decency to respect my privacy when my door is shut tight . . . unlike whoever that was."

Taking the joint they were smoking from him, she took a couple puffs before saying, "Well I better not find that fucking picture on social media, Brad. I mean . . . Jesus if my mom and dad saw it they would kill me."

"What . . . you mean they wouldn't like seeing a picture of their pretty innocent young daughter, sitting on her bed, smoking dope with her boyfriend while half undressed . . . waiting to be fucked silly by him."

"Yeah, something like that, genius," Lisa giggled as Brad pulled her down onto the bed.

Eva, her heart still pounding, made her way downstairs and over to a quiet corner to check out the picture.

The picture was perfect showing Lisa sitting on the edge of the bed in her school girl tie top and panties. Her slutty little skirt was even laying there on the bed next to her, perfectly framed by the picture. In one hand she had a joint, in the other was a beer while looking on was a shirtless Brad, also with beer in hand.

Eva hoped she would not have to show Tommy the picture. In fact, she hoped not to have to tell Tommy what happened at all, but if push came to shove and she sensed he was still smitten by her . . . well she might have to hurt him to help him. Of course, she would be there to sooth his aching heart if it came to that.

Eva said a few quick good byes before heading home to check on her son. The house was dark and quiet as she made her way up to his room. She knocked quietly on his bedroom door before entering.

"Oh hey Mom," he mumbled as she found him stretched out on his bed, pretending to be reading a book. She knew he was only pretending right away as he was not wearing his thick reading glasses.

"What are you doing, hon," she asked sitting on the edge of the bed. He was still dressed in his gaudy pirate costume and looked downright depressed.

"Reading," he answered.

"Come on, you know you can't read without your glasses." She paused glancing around. The only light on in his room was a small lamp on his computer desk in the corner. "Besides it is way too dark in here for you to be reading anyways so why are you lying to me."

Leaning forward, she clicked on the lamp on the nightstand next to his bed.

Tommy tried to hide his arms under the sheet after his mom unexpectedly clicked the light on but he wasn't fast enough. "Jesus is that blood?"

"Oh, yeah. I . . . ahh cut myself shaving," he replied with obvious nervousness.

Eva wasn't buying his excuse.

"Let me see your arms, Tommy . . . Now!" she demanded.

When he refused to show her, on the verge of panic, she ripped the book out of his hand. A small razor blade fell out from inside the pages.

"Mom, I--"

"Let me see both your wrists now," she barked her voice rising in near panic.

When he tried to turn away, she grabbed both of his hands and turned them over. On both wrists she saw several small cuts with a trickles of half dried blood trailing across toward his hand.

She quickly seized control of the situation as she pulled him out of the bed and dragged him into the bathroom. After getting him cleaned up, she made him promise to meet her downstairs in the family room after he changed out of his pirate costume.

Twenty minutes later they were in the downstairs family room sitting on the loveseat next to each other. After pouring herself a glass of wine, she passed the glass to him. "Drink some wine, sweetie. It will help relax you so we can have a good old fashioned heart to heart talk."

Eva's initial panic over the situation was now spent, having been replaced by an overwhelming sense of compassion for her son.

"If we are going to talk about me cutting myself, I'm sorry and it won't happen again. I was just . . ." His voice trailed off before he added in a whisper, "I don't know what I was doing."

"Drink some more wine baby. I am not going to lecture you. The time for words are over." He took another sip of the wine, and then another larger one. Surprisingly, he liked the taste of it. It sort of surprised him as he always assumed wine was just for old people with refined tastes.

"Instead of talking about what you did after getting home from the Miller's party we should instead focus on what actually happened at the party tonight, or maybe more importantly, what didn't happen?"

"Yeah, OK. Speaking of the party you know we aren't there anymore."

"Yeah, what is that supposed to mean exactly."

"It means you can change out of your costume. I'm not wearing my costume anymore."

"Yeah, well, you were too cute to make a really good pirate anyways, honey so I'm fine with the jeans and tee shirt you are wearing now. As for me, what you don't like your mother looking like a hot little cowgirl? I received a lot of compliments on my costume tonight from pretty much everybody but you."

"Mom, I like your costume . . . a lot."

"Then why are you so anxious to have me change out of it?"

"It's just the party is over that is all."

"On the contrary son. I think our little party is just getting started. Anyways I will compromise and take off my hat. How is that?"

After taking the hat off and tossing it aside she held up the fresh glass of wine.

"Half for me, half for you. C'mon each of us in one big swallow."

After the foolishness with cutting his wrists, Tommy was very much in a mood to please his mother. It took him some serious scrambling to calm her down as she fretted over him in the bathroom while cleaning his cuts.

Snatching the glass of wine out of her hand, he drained the entire glass in one long swallow hoping she would be impressed.

"Hey, we was supposed to share that, hon, half and half."

He smiled and picked up the bottle of wine off the coffee table. Refilling the glass, he held it out to her. "I think whole whole would be better than half half especially if, like you said, our party is just getting started."

Eva tipped the full glass of wine to her mouth and drank about a third of it before she started to lower the glass. "No way," Tommy interjected reaching out and tipping the glass forward again, "you have to drink the whole thing down all at once, just like me."

Eva sighed knowing getting drunk on wine could lead to a very dangerous situation as wine turned her into a wanton little sex kitten. Nevertheless, she tipped the glass back to her lips and drained it.

"Good job, Mom. You might have a career as a wino all lined up somewhere down the road after all," he said with a laugh.

"OK, hmm, you wanna laugh and play . . . so let's play." She strutted over to the bar in the corner of the family room grabbing a second wine glass.

Coming back over to the loveseat she filled both glasses up handing one to him.

She smiled raising her glass up. "Let's race. On the count of three. One, two, three."

They both polished off their respective full glasses of wine in seconds flat with her winning by just the narrowest of margins. "I win so you owe me."

"Oh I didn't know we were betting anything, Mom?"

"Of course we were. What fun is a contest without a little side action?"

"Yeah OK, so what do I owe you?"

"Let me think about it and I will tell you in a few minutes. Just promise now you will pay up no matter what I ask for, unless, of course, you wanna make me upset again."

"No, no, I think I have upset you enough for one night, Mom. I will pay up."

Eva jumped to her feet, "I know what is missing . . . some nice mellow music. Something that will go well with my mellow mood."

Tommy's own mood was anything but mellow as he continued to have an incredibly hard time, actually impossible if he was to be totally honest, in keeping his eyes off his mom's braless tits. The way they jiggled and bounced under the tight confines of her red sweater

made them a pair of delicious Halloween treats his eyes simply could not resist.

But now, as his mother moved across the family room to the small stereo in the corner, he found even more Halloween treats when his eyes became stuck helplessly on her ass. Normally, he would have felt some level of shame for staring, but tonight, thanks to the wine, he gave himself a pass.

Besides, a little voice in his head reasoned, if she didn't want him to look she would have changed out of her hot little mini skirt that showed off both her legs and ass to such an enjoyable degree.

Settling down next to him, after she put in a CD of her favorite romantic ballads, she picked up her glass of wine refilling it.

"Planning on getting drunk, Mom?"

"Already am a bit tipsy, son, if you haven't noticed, so what I think you meant to say was 'planning on getting drunker'."

"Oh, OK, well . . . any reason why?"

"Maybe to wash away the pain I am feeling for the way you treated me at the party tonight and then what you did afterwards."

"Mom, I wasn't mean to you at the party."

"Of course you weren't. To be mean to someone you actually have to pay them some attention anyways instead of totally ignoring them."

"Yeah, I'm sorry. I was stupid. Too busy chasing after Lisa I guess."

"I sort of understand as Lisa, in that slutty little school girl outfit of hers, was looking pretty hot tonight."

She took a generous sip of her wine before she turned back to him . . . still glaring. "You thought that right? That the little whore was looking hot tonight? So hot you couldn't find it in your heart to pay any attention to your mother whatsoever."

"Mom, I said I was sorry." He was about to say more in his defense when his mother picked up her glass again and drained the balance in one swift motion.

"Jesus, Mom, slow down. You are going to get wasted."

"Maybe that is the idea," she snapped at him.

He was getting a taste on how quickly her mood could change when she drank.

Dropping her voice to a sultry whisper, as her mood shifted again, she told him, "You know Tommy you really scared me tonight besides hurting my feelings by ignoring me."

"I'm sorry, Mom. Let me make it up to you . . . please."

"Maybe you can. At the party I was sure you would at least asked me to dance one time and then when you didn't." She looked down wringing her hands. She appeared to be on the verge of tears.

"I'm not much of a dancer, Mom."

"Well, I noticed you tried to get Lisa to dance with you."

"Yeah, well that didn't work out so well."

"Should have asked me instead, but then again who wants to be seen dancing at a party with their mother I suppose."

He took her hand knowing what he needed to do. "Mom, do you wanna dance?"

"I really like to dance when I have been drinking. That's a little secret of mine, but I'm afraid you are only asking me because I made you feel guilty."

"Of course I feel guilty Mom, but still . . . I really do want to dance with you but I am not much of a dancer is all . . . like I said."

"It's easy. Just move your body to the music. Shake your hips and ass a bit . . . nothing to it. Of course, it helps if you have been drinking so you don't feel so self-conscious."

"Well we both have that covered," he said laughing.

"Yes we do. So, hey, you know what. I have this thing Barbie bought me last year for Christmas and I have never had a chance to use it yet."

"What thing?"

"A sound activated party light machine for in home dance parties. I could run and get it. We could hook it up and turn the living room into our own little dance floor."

She seemed really excited so how could he say no? While she dashed off upstairs to retrieve the party lights he started moving furniture around to create a well-defined empty spot on the family room floor to serve as their dance floor.

She eventually returned after what seemed forever. "Jesus, Mom, what took you so long?"

"I had a hard time finding it in my closet," was all she told him.

What she didn't tell him was how she stood in front of the bathroom mirror for a good long while trying to decide just how far she planned on taking things. She finally came to the conclusion to just be flexible and see how things went as the night progressed. But wanting to be prepared for any eventuality, she smiled at her wicked self in the mirror before reaching under her mini skirt—and removing her panties.

"Oh, and I brought this down too," she handed him one of his nicer button up dress shirts. "Put it on for me please. I want you to look handsome for our dance."

He wanted to protest, but after one serious look from her he promptly changed his mind. He took off his tee shirt and slipped on the light blue dress shirt.

After turning out all the lights, she adjusted the setting on the rotating globe ball to the night club setting and flicked it on. It worked wonderfully, splashing the surrounding walls and dance floor with a flashing array of lights.

After she changed out the CD to a mix of dance music, the first song they danced to was a fast little number-- from the nineties maybe -one he was wholly unfamiliar with, but judging by the way she was moving to the music she loved the song. Her excessive gyrations, combined with the way she was shaking her ass, made it hard for him to concentrate on his own dancing which was, at best, inadequate for the occasion.

Of course, being the kind mother she was, Eva told her son he was dancing just fine as she grabbed his hands and slinked around him. Shimming her shoulders, she made those super fine tits of her shake up and down causing his cock to grow hard as his poor eyes were practically glued to her chest.

Eva noticed his reaction, noticed the growing bulge inside of his jeans, and instead of feeling any sense of shame, she felt an intense growing excitement about the way he was watching her.

The song finished up as Eva bounced over to him. "Did you like your mother's dancing, hon," she asked breathlessly.

"Of course, you dance nice, Mom."

"Well that is a major letdown. I guess I am going to have to try harder because dancing nice was not my aim."

"What was your aim?"

She gave him a mischievous smile before dropping her voice to a sultry whisper, "Wicked and wild."

"Really?"

"Really, remember it's Halloween and come on, this is the night of all nights where you are allowed to be wicked and that's the way I need to dance . . . wild and wicked . . . just for you. Unless you object and don't want to see this nasty little cowgirl acting all wicked and wild on the dance floor with her handsome son."

"Well, since you put it like that," he said grabbing her hands. "I would love to see you be all wicked and wild Ms. Cowgirl."

Scurrying over to the stereo, Eva cranked up the music even louder. Tommy watched, amazed how nimble on her feet she still appeared, despite being plastered.

Eva slinked and rotated her body, keeping time with the thumping music as she boogied all over the small dance floor. This time though she was being much more "physical" as she grinded her body against him in a most alluring manner.

He was getting immensely turned on, especially after she came right up to him, shaking her tits, before slipping her arms around him. Yelling to be heard over the music, she told him, "It's time for you to pay me off for the little drinking contest you lost earlier. Remember you owe me something?"

"Yeah, I remember. What do you want?"

"Nothing much. Just allow me to get," she slowly started to unbutton his dress shirt, "physical with you, baby. Can you do that for your mother?"

"S-sure," he replied nervously as she continued to unbutton his shirt until it was opened all the way down to his waist. Smiling broadly, Eva yanked his tucked in shirt out from his jeans revealing his lean chest.

Laughing, she twisted away from him as another song started. This one he recognized instantly: Welcome to the Jungle. Before the song was over it would become his favorite song of all time.

It began with Eva scrapping her fingernails along his bare chest, before turning away and shaking her ass for all it's worth directly in front of him. She then turned back around, pulling him close before rubbing those full sized tits of hers against his chest, sending a sparkle of shivers up and down his spine.

His cock jerked to new heights of hardness as she continued to shimmy her tits against his chest while smiling wickedly at him. She danced away from him again to the far side of the dance floor. He stopped even pretending to dance and now was just staring at his mother in awe.

She was a whirling dervish of constant motion as she flung her body wildly around the dance floor for his star struck viewing pleasure. After reaching the far side of the dance floor, which was actually only maybe fifteen feet away, she suddenly turned, let out a wild howl and came charging at him as he backed away.

As she jumped up into his arms, catching her being a pure act of self-defense on his part, he banged back against the bar. Maybe it was the adrenaline coursing through his veins, but she felt as light as a feather

in his arms. He twirled around once with her firmly in his arms before setting her gingerly back down on her feet.

He should have been shocked by this wild display of dancing but instead, considering how wasted she was, he wasn't really surprised.

She turned grinding her ass directly against his crotch while reaching back and slipping her arms around his neck-- not allowing him to escape. She leaned her head back, resting it on his shoulder, and with her hair flowing down and tickling his bare chest, she continued to hold him tight.

Continuing to bump and grind her ass against his crotch she could feel his substantial boner which only turned her on all the more. I bet he is not thinking about little Ms. Lisa at all now, Eva mused smugly.

Using all her weight, she forced him back against the solid bar top so he could not escape. Slipping her hands off his body, she grabbed his hands and guided them to her exposed tummy.

To Tommy, his mother seemed lost in her own little world, blissfully unaware of what she was doing to him, or totally aware and loving it. Either way, he was enjoying being the center of all her attentions.

His enjoyment spiked higher when she, most unexpectedly, guided his hands up onto the swell of her tits. Next he did two things, back to back, which would only come natural to a young, inexperienced male virgin. First, he fondled her firm tits through the soft material of the red sweater, loving the way they felt. Despite everything, the irony of it being his mother who was the first chick he ever felt up was not lost on him.

She let out a sigh as his hands fondled her tits; reaching back she gripped his waist and propelled her butt backwards against him using a circular motion. Just as spring follows winter the second thing which happened next was inevitable. Scarcely had the song ended, with the living room falling silent for a moment, when Tommy let out a sharp little cry. His knees buckled as he collapsed forward against her. She smiled knowing what he just did—Welcome to the Jungle indeed!

Feigning surprise, she picked up the remote for the stereo off the bar and turned the music off. "Tommy, are you all right? Did you experience a spasm or something? It felt like you collapsed against me?" Eva was curious if she could get him to admit about what he just did inside his Levi's.

"Jesus, Mom, a spasm! I think you know what you just caused me to do. Christ, I need to go to the bathroom." He started to hurry away but she, having no intentions of letting her prey escape so easily, reached out and snatched his hand.

"Well, if I caused you to make a mess inside your jeans the least you can do is let me help clean it up, Tommy. Now let's get you over to the rug in front of the fireplace."

Ignoring his protests to the contrary, she half led him, half dragged him, to the rug. "God this is so embarrassing," Tommy croaked as she pushed him down onto the plush rug spread out in front of the fireplace.

Once again, he found himself staring at her ass as his mother started a fire inside the fireplace. Bent over, for his viewing pleasure it seemed, she took her sweet time stoking the fire to life, loving the way she could sense his eyes crawling all over her butt. Finally, with the fire alive and well, she turned back to attend to her son.

Settling down next to him, and without saying a word, she reached out and started to unbutton his jeans. "Jesus, Mom, no. You can't" He tried to get up but she pushed him back down. "Just let me go to the bathroom? This is so embarrassing."

"You aren't going anywhere so just wait here." Devising a plan on the fly, Eva hurried over to the sofa and grabbed a pair of throw pillows, one large and one small, from the sofa. Dropping them next to him on the rug she looked at him seriously before beginning to speak.

"First of all, you are my son and have nothing down there I have not seen already," she whispered. "So just relax, lay back against the pillow and let me clean you up. If you do this it would go a long way to making it up to me for what you did earlier."

He submitted to her request, positioning the smaller of the two pillows under his head before laying back. He watched in awe as she boldly yanked his zipper down-- her mind was already set on what she must do next—before she worked his jeans slowly off his body as he squirmed nervously. Tossing his jeans casually to the side, she turned her attention to his boxers, noting the considerable wet stain in the center of them.

"My, this certainly is a mess that demands a mother's attention young man," she said in a playful manner. He started to raise up again embarrassed by her mentioning the mess he made. She promptly pushed him back down barking, "If you try and be stubborn and not allow me to have my way you are going to hurt your mother's feelings."

She ran her fingers delicately through his hair before leaning down and whispering in his ear, "Considering how emotional I can get

when I'm drunk is hurting my feeling something you want to risk at this point, baby?"

Not trusting his voice, he shook his head no.

"Good. I will be right back then," she announced happily before jumping to her feet and dashing off upstairs. After getting upstairs, Eva took her time in gathering up everything she needed simply because she wanted him to have a chance to "recover" down there.

Tommy waited anxiously for her return knowing he must do everything in his power to appease his drunk and emotional mother—especially after that silly trick he did in cutting himself to get her attention.

Eva came bouncing back into the room, a good ten minutes later, carrying a small white wash basin, wash cloth and a hand towel. Apparently she was deadly serious about this cleaning up business, but more importantly considering the way she was humming as she plopped down next to him, she was also extremely happy about it.

It was that bright smile, combined with her sunny disposition, and her sweet words that won the day in the end. As she reached out and ran her fingers lightly through his hair, smoothing it out, she stared at him, deep in the eyes. "Mommy loves you so much honey, now please can't you let me pamper her baby one last time. Please, pretty please, I promise I will do a real nice job."

She stroked his face lightly with one finger before bending over and planting several light kisses on his both cheeks and his forehead accenting each kiss with a whispered please.

It would have been impossible for him to do anything but to submit to her wishes. As she pulled back from her last kiss he told her quietly, "Yes, Mommy, you can take care of me."

While he may have been eighteen years old and a man, he still found the thought of his "Mommy" pampering him to be immensely appealing. Giving in completely, he closed his eyes while reclining back on the comfortable throw pillows.

She ran her fingers lightly again through his hair before bringing her mouth to his ear. Her whispered voice was as sweet as candied sugar. "Honey, I want you to keep your eyes closed and just relax. Let Mommy deal with her mess. This is all my fault. I got a bit carried away I guess. Can you possibly find it in your heart to forgive me?"

"Y-yes, I . . . forgive you." It all seemed so surreal, not to mention overly dramatic, but what the hell, if she wanted to play the drama card, he was game.

"Now let's get these off of you shall we."

Gripping the waistband of his boxers, acting as if nothing at all wicked was happening between them, she slowly pulled them down, and after casually tossing them aside, she announced almost lightheartedly, "Oh my, you did make quite the messy po huh, sweetie."

Tommy found himself holding his breath as he felt the warm wet wash cloth slowly circling around his lower stomach dropping lower and lower with each pass. Finally, as the warmth of the wash cloth enveloped his limp penis, he let out his breath in a slow gasp. The feeling of the softness and warmth down there was nothing short of divine.

"I guess you liked your mom's wicked little dance huh, Tommy?" she cooed to him.

"Yes, you are a good dancer," he whispered back. He desperately wanted to open his eyes and watch what she was doing, but was not comfortable with disobeying her orders to keep his eyes shut.

As if she had the ability to read his mind completely, she reached out and touched his face lightly, "I think maybe you would like to watch what I am doing?"

She quickly grabbed the second larger throw pillow positioning it under the smaller pillow to help prop him up.

"So I guess it's no surprise that you . . . ahh." He watched as she wrung out the wash cloth out and then patiently dipped it back into the basin. "Exploded after I let you fondle my tits?"

"I . . . I guess not." She brought the washcloth back to his penis once more and patiently started to circle it all around, washing his lower belly, along with his groin, before bringing the washcloth back in contact with his cock. It was starting to get firm.

"Did you like the way your mother's breasts felt, sweetie?"

The way she asked the question so fucking casually threw him off for a moment, causing him to pause for a long moment before answering. "Y-yes," he whispered while watching her use the washcloth to tickle his testicles lightly.

Staring directly in his eyes, she asked him softly, "You think they are nicer than Lisa's?"

"Oh God, yes, Mom. Much nicer."

She gave him a warm smile, before turning her attention to what was happening down there. Her line of questioning, along with the delicate attentions of the washcloth was turning his cock into a growing monster.

Using one hand to hold his firm cock up straight, she dipped the washcloth back into the basin of warm water before wringing it out. Humming, she wrapped it around the firm shaft of his penis smothering it in a pleasant warmth.

Slowly at first, before picking up a bit of steam, she moved her hand holding the washcloth up and down the growing shaft of his cock while he watched what she was doing in utter amazement.

Staring intently at her son's cock, Eva gave it her full, undivided attention knowing this would turn the boy on immeasurably. He started to squirm, his breathing growing ragged as she expertly worked the washcloth up and down faster, and then slower, and then faster again all along the now rock hard shaft of his penis.

Tommy would have laid his head back and closed his eyes from all the attentions of his mother if not for one thing— his eyes were stuck helplessly on those gorgeous tits of hers as they jiggled under her tight little red sweater.

He was fully hard again when she gave him yet another surprise: this one was not as pleasant though as she abruptly stopped.

"There all nice and clean again, baby," she announced smugly as if she had no idea she was leaving him in a wretchedly hard condition.

She tossed the wash cloth aside, dashing his hopes she might see what she started through to the end. Grabbing his jeans, she handed them to him.

"I was hoping maybe we could dance again, but this time it will be a slow dance. Is that OK?"

"Sure," he replied reaching for his boxers.

"Leave them there, Tommy. They are still wet and need to dry out.

When he looked at her doubtfully she added impatiently, "Go on honey just put your jeans back on. You really don't need your boxers."

After he obeyed she told him softly, "Can you take your shirt off. I want to feel your bare skin when you are holding me tight against your body as we dance."

He complied with her wishes again as he quickly stripped off his still unbuttoned dress shirt.

Eva switched the dancing lights from the club setting to the romantic setting. The small dance floor was now suffused with muted light as a mellow song started to play in the background.

Coming together on the dance floor, Eva took the lead pulling him close next to her body. She ran her fingers along his bare chest whispering, "Maybe this will make up for you not asking your mother to dance at the Miller's party."

"I hope so."

"Well stop hoping and hold me tighter and in honor of Halloween why don't you relax and let them hands of yours go and do a bit of trick or treating at all the nice stops on your mom's body . . . Do you know what I mean hon?"

He nodded his head yes, although he was not exactly sure what she did mean, or maybe he knew exactly what she meant, and simply wasn't fully ready to believe it yet.

She pulled him closer as they circled the dance floor several times. His hands started to roam, just as she suggested, tracing a line across her back and on down, coming dangerously close to that delicious ass of hers.

Eva reached back and abruptly stopped his hands. At first, he thought maybe he misread what she was telling him, but something else was bothering her. Blinking her eyes rapidly she looked to be on the verge of tears.

"What is wrong, Mom?"

"Nothing," she whispered squeezing his hands tight in hers.

"You are crying, there must be something wrong."

They came to a halt on the dance floor. Dropping his hands, she brought hers up to his face, stroking it tenderly "I was just thinking if . . . well, what if I would not have gotten home in time. What then?"

"Mom, I thought we agreed we weren't going to discuss that."

"I can't help thinking about it though. I just love you so much." She leaned forward and gave him a small kiss on his cheek before pulling back. "You have to promise me, I mean, swear you won't ever talk to her again. Ever."

"Mom, she lives down the street. What if--"

"You avoid her. Promise me baby. Please." Another kiss, this one on his other cheek, and then a pair of kisses, back to back, on his lips sealed the deal.

"I promise," he whispered as a fire started to flare deep inside his soul from his mother's delicate kisses.

"Listen," she whispered as her arms slid slowly up and around his neck. "I know this won't be easy. I know how madly in love you were with her so . . ." She brought her mouth closer to his. "I just want to help you forget."

Her lips brushed up against his. It started innocent, but it was an innocence doomed to failure when her tongue slipped into his mouth, circling, sending an explosion of shivers up and down his spine. He had never been kissed like that before.

"It's time those hands of yours went trick or treating hon," she whispered to him.

She took his hands and slowly guided them around to her backside, pressing them firmly up against her ass while her tongue stabbed deeper into his open mouth.

Tommy required no further prompting as his hands worked their way all over her tight little jean skirt while his cock grew firm once more.

Attempting a French kiss of his own, he pushed his tongue against hers and then slipped it into her willing mouth. Their kiss continued unabated as they found themselves back over, most appropriately since it was the scene of their earlier crime, at the bar.

She found herself being forced up against the bar's counter top as their passionate series of kisses came to an end. "Our kisses honey, they left your mother feeling dizzy. I need to sit. Help me up onto the bar stool OK."

Grabbing her around the waist, he easily hoisted her up and onto the nearer of the two bar stools. They continued to hold hands as she tilted her head to one side provocatively while biting her lip. It's was a look screaming of untamed sexual desire on the most improper levels.

Her voice was soft and sultry as she extended the invitation. "As I said, I know it won't be easy, you forgetting about that little bitch . . . Princess Lisa, but just maybe your mother can help beyond some simple little kisses."

She pushed his hands against the lower part of her bare midriff as she continued to speak, her voice again dripping honey. "You know honey, your mom couldn't help but to notice how . . ." She paused,

chewing on her lip for a moment as she started to ever so slowly push his hands northward to her beckoning hills.

The raw sexual tension--building between them all night, nay all summer -- was, by now, at nearly unbearable levels. "You have been staring at your mom's tits all night. Even at the party, even as you mostly tried to ignore me, I could still feel your eyes crawling all over my boobs."

He didn't know how to respond to her allegations, which were, of course, wholly true, as she pushed his hands flat against the middle of her tummy, momentarily stopping their rise northward. He loved the feel of her taunt stomach as they stared at each other both feeling they were on the verge of something deeply special and highly forbidden.

Still using her hands to guide his, now in small circles, they started to rise again as she whispered, "Does your continued silence mean you deny this honey?"

"I . . ." He debated about telling her a lie, but in the end settled on the truth. "I cannot lie to you, Mom. I was staring at them."

"Was? As in past tense baby. So are you trying to say you aren't still staring at your mother's tits?"

Before he could stop himself his confession poured out in a rush of raw honesty. "Look, Mom, you have a great sets of tits. Worthy of any man's devotion, and yes, I am still staring at them."

"Just as I had hoped you were baby," she told him before giggling. After a brief pause she started to nudge his hands upwards again. "Speaking of devotion, do you wanna show some true devotion to your Mom's boobs . . . beyond simply looking?"

He said nothing, only swallowing hard as finally, with her constant prodding, his hands were there upon those lovely hills protected barely by her sexy red sweater. As he was carefully fondled those delectable twin mounds through her sweater he felt his cock jerk to new heights of hardness as if it had been hot-wired.

"Are they nice and firm huh, sweetheart? Do you like them?"

"God yes, Mom. They feel fantastic." He squeezed them lightly, marveling at their feel which was just as she suggested -nice and firm.

Eva's only reaction to her young son fondling her boobs was to let out a gentle sigh as his hands became bolder. She leaned back against the bar counter, closing her eyes, allowing his hands free reign over her boobs.

Eventually, after allowing him a minute or two to fully explore her tits with his hands, she decided it was time. He wanted more; she needed more. Raising her head up, she stared at him wistfully. "I wonder if my baby is hard again?" she whispered.

Her gaze fell downwards to the front of his jeans. Indeed, her son seemed to be sporting a rather significant bulge. Curious to see just how significant, she reached out with one hand, grabbing his youthful package as it pressed up against his jeans.

Stroking it recklessly, she smiled at him while leaning closer to whisper in his ear, "Looks hard; hmm . . . is hard. I think we must do something about that. Let's see if we can make it even harder still."

She hooked a pair of fingers inside the waistband of his jeans pulling him into her tight embrace. Finally, the forbidden storm, having been stoked to a fever pitch by Eva all night, broke in a wild, violent fury of passion.

Eva showered his lips, and then his neck, with dozens of passionate kisses before slipping her mouth close to his ear. After swirling her tongue inside, making him tremble, she whispered, "Take me Tommy . . . Now!"

He needed no further prompting. Reaching up with his hands, he seized her face. Aggressively, he jabbed his tongue repeatedly in her mouth as his hands clawed at her tits.

Taking a step back, he stared at her chest briefly before he attacked. His hands were shaking with unfettered excitement, his eyes wide with anticipation, as he tore open the small knot that held her pretty red sweater shut.

The gates of heaven opened spilling forth the most magnificent sight he could have ever imagined. His mom's tits were utterly gorgeous. They were like a pair of large, well-tanned, tear shaped dollops of perfection.

Her taunt nipples stood out against a pair of outsized areolas that were, doubtlessly, the crown jewels of her mighty treasure chest. Staring at them, he licked his lips as an intense urge came over him to suckle on his mom's tits.

Tommy took a precious few moments to stare at his mom's chest; this would be the last lull in the storm. Following a base instinct, he fell upon his mother's heaving chest, bombarding it with a ferocious display of desperate suckling kisses leaving Eva breathless.

Arching her back, she leaned back on to the bar top using her elbows to prop herself up while offering up her tits- like a pair of sacrificial lambs-- to her son's hungry mouth. He rained kiss upon kiss, up and down, and all over her tits exchanging tender little nibbles with a pleasant array of sympathetic kisses before it all ended in one long, untamed suckling session, his mouth flying from one delicious mound to the other.

Eva reached down and stroked his cock through his jeans knowing what must come next—the both of them.

Sensing the time was right, she was soaking wet down there, she pushed his greedy mouth off her heaving chest whispering, "Are you ready baby?"

He pulled back staring at her. Her hair was disheveled, her face flushed with alcohol and passion making her look utterly beautiful. "Ready?"

"To give your virginity to your mother?" Without waiting for an answer, it was now her turn to become an animal. She dropped off the bar stool, and unto her knees, saying in a voice husky with passion, "Let's get these things off of you."

Between the two of them, it took all of about three seconds for him to shed his jeans. His cock jutted out toward her waiting mouth as she stared at it for a brief moment while resting on her knees.

Taking it into her mouth, she began to suck on his well-proportioned seven and half inches as her hands gripped his bare ass. The next minute or so was the best of Tommy's life while he watched in utter

amazement as she sucked on his cock with avid devotion before she raised up with a smug little smile.

"There . . . now you are ready to fuck your mommy, Tommy."

She turned around, leaning on the bar, presenting her ass out to him like the ultimate prize it truly was. "I'm not wearing any panties, honey, so just lift up my tight little skirt and stick it in me."

Then, remembering he was a wholly inexperienced virgin and might need a little help, she reached back and found his throbbing hard member as he tugged her skirt upwards.

Tommy stared down, admiring his mom's beautifully toned ass as she guided his cock with a firm hand to the very edge of her wet opening. "Go on Tommy, shove it in . . . hard. Fuck your mother bab--"

Her last word was cut off as he grunted and with a mighty thrust, propelled his hardness into her wet, willing cunt with a loud grunt. The hard shove caught Eva off guard as she let out a little yelp, and then several more, as Tommy rocked into her with a series of hammer blows leaving her frantically clawing at the wooden bar top for support.

"Oh God, baby, you are doing so good," she finally managed to whisper as Tommy, cognizant of not wanting to come too quickly, slowed down his desperate thrusting allowing his mother to catch her breath.

Pausing in a desperate attempt to forestall the inevitable for as long as possible, he leaned forward, his manhood still buried deep inside of her, to whisper in her ear, "I love you so much, Mom."

"Oh baby, I love you too." They exchanged a series of wild kisses before she turned back around. He gradually started to pump his cock inside of her once more while reaching around and cupping her hanging breasts just as he started to pick up speed.

Eva's breath was coming out in short little pants as he was fucking her so good, first hard and fast, and then slow and steady, and then back to hard and fast again, allowing a pair of twin orgasms to build inside the both of them.

For Tommy the end was near as he simply couldn't hold out much longer. He would be coming soon-- no matter how he tried not to-- so deciding to go out with a mighty bang, he slipped his hands off her tits and gripped her hips.

Eva knew what was coming next—she was about to get fucked—good and hard.

She lowered her face to the bar pushing her ass backwards as she whispered, "Go on baby, fuck Mommy hard. Take all those sexual frustrations over Lisa out on me."

Tommy proceeded to do just that. He drove his cock into his mother with such force that it shook her whole body and made her cry out with uncontrollable passion.

Tommy's angry fucking was making her literally batten down the hatches as she gripped the bar. Such as it was, his anger was quickly spent though as within thirty seconds, after a dozen hard thrusts, he let out a sharp little cry spewing cum deep inside his mother.

Eve collapsed back onto the bar stool reeling from the fucking she just took as Tommy held onto the bar for dear life as the intense orgasm turned his legs to jelly.

Finally, after a long moment of silence, Eva whispered, "Oh My God, Tommy you really did fuck your mommy so good and hard. Jesus I don't think I have ever been fucked that hard."

"Did you . . . you know, Mommy," Tommy asked in a quiet voice.

"No, honey that was all for you."

"But Mom, I want you to--"

She cut him off with a quick finger to his lip. "We are going to go upstairs to your mother's bedroom honey. You are going to crawl into my bed and fall asleep and later on, after you have recovered, I will let you make love to me where I am sure you will make me come over and over again."

Tommy let out a shuddering sigh of relief. He was greatly relieved this would not be just a one-time thing. After putting his nearly dry boxers back on, he headed upstairs to his mom's bed looking forward to spending a heavenly night with his mother.

In anticipation of later on, Eva put on a sexy matching aqua blue bra and panties, his favorite color, along with a white satin robe.

She was just finishing downstairs, doing a quick cleanup, when the doorbell rang. Heading over to the front door, she wondered who the hell was ringing the doorbell this late. Surely, it could not be any late trick or treaters as it was nearly ten.

Pulling the curtain back from the front window, she peered outside. Standing there on the front porch, impatiently tapping her foot and holding a manila folder, was fucking Lisa of all people.

"Lisa, sweetheart, what do you want?" Eva asked with exaggerated kindness after opening the door.

"Oh hi Mrs. Hall, ahh, is Tommy home?"

"Sure, but . . . he is not really feeling very well and is laying down resting."

"Oh really. Maybe that is why he left our party so soon. I just wanted to check and make sure he was OK. Can I come inside? It's a little cold out here."

"Yes, of course it is hon . . . especially since you are still wearing your slutty little school girl outfit." Eva opened the door wide for her young guest as a wholly wicked plan was starting to form in her mind. "I can't imagine that sexy little costume of yours offers much protection from the cold."

Lisa paused in the doorway, offering Eva a hurt look before quickly changing her expression to one of bemusement. "Really, Mrs. Hall you don't have room to talk regarding slutty costumes as what you wore to my parent's party was not exactly . . . Hmm tame."

Eva, grabbing Lisa's hand, directed her into the house and over to the living room. "Sit down and let's talk for a minute, Lisa and then I'll decide if I am going to go bother Tommy for you."

Plopping down next to her on the sofa Eva demanded, "What do you want with him . . . really?"

"What I really want is to talk to Tommy . . . if only for a minute."

"By talk to Tommy you mean you want to ask him to do something for you. Like maybe another term paper like he used to write for you all the time back in high school. My guess is whatever assignment you need done is in the manila folder there."

"I wasn't going to ask him to do the assignment for me. I was just going to ask for a little help. He is smart you know. Really smart."

"As is his mother which allows me to understand why you are still wearing your sexy little Halloween costume. I guess you figured the way that little white tie top is having the most difficult time containing those big boobs of yours, along with the way your super short schoolgirl skirt shows off those pretty young legs of yours would aid in convincing Tommy to help you."

A look of hurt, shock, and surprise, came over young Lisa's pretty face-- thanks to the way Mrs. Hall pretty much hit the nail squarely on the head with her apt assessment. Standing up, Lisa announced, "I think maybe I should just leave . . . Mrs. Hall."

Lisa started to cross the room, heading toward the front door when Eva decided "what the hell" and went for broke.

"Really, you have to leave so soon, Lisa. Maybe you have to get back home and maybe smoke some more dope and have another beer with . . . what was his name . . . Oh yeah, Brad."

Lisa turned staring at Eva with a look of quiet understanding. "How did you . . . Oh my God. It was you!! I caught a flash of red as--"

"As I fled the scene of my crime. You want to come sit back down and we can talk about it some more . . . maybe while we share a glass of wine or should I just wait until tomorrow and go pay a visit to your mom."

Eva paused, smiling, as she grabbed her phone off the nearby coffee table. Waving the phone at Lisa, she added, "With evidence in hand . . . of course."

"You wouldn't. I mean you came into my room and violated my privacy. Are you going to tell my mom that?"

"I will tell your mom the truth," Eva said as she prepared to tell a blatant lie to the naïve young girl. "I followed my son upstairs and only stuck my hand holding the phone in your room. It was a case of mistaken identity. I was trying to play a quick joke on my son by taking a secretive snap photo of him and never dreamed I would find you, instead, in such a compromising position with that walking hard on Brad. I will explain to your mom how I always have to snap pictures of Tommy in secret as he hates having his picture taken you know but somehow I think she will be much more concerned with what the picture shows compared to how it was obtained."

"Really I--" Lisa started to respond but Eva was rolling and quickly cut her off.

"Look hon, I thought the whole thing was innocent. I couldn't find Tommy downstairs and I just caught you hurrying off upstairs leading someone, a boy I couldn't make out who as the stairs were dark, and I guess I mean, I thought you brought him up to your room so maybe

he could advise you on some assignment like he always was doing in high school, but, of course, I was mistaken as it was not my son you led up to your room."

"Look, Mrs. Hall, can we . . ."

"Sit and talk and try to find the best way to handle this unfortunate matter," Eva finished for her. "Maybe even come to some middle ground over a glass of wine."

"OK fine. I will stay and talk. Maybe we can figure something out," Lisa replied as she crossed back over to the sofa and sat down.

"Good. Let me just take a quick minute to check on Tommy before we have our little chat."

Eva hurried off upstairs. Tommy was still sound asleep.

A minute later they were both sipping on a glass of wine.

"So are you going to show my parents the picture? Please, I really hope you don't."

"I hope I don't have to either Lisa but we shall see. First, we need to come to an understanding. You have told me what you want . . . my discretion in safeguarding the picture from prying eyes. Oh and you also want help with your assignment and by help I mean you want Tommy to do it for you and that is why you, as I alluded to before, are still wearing your sexy Halloween costume. I'm not stupid nor blind. You look super-hot young lady and doubtlessly you figured Tommy would notice this fact and be unable to deny you."

"Mrs. Hall . . . OK . . . I suppose you are right. I did want his help and maybe I was expecting him to actually offer to write the paper for me and I would not have said no. As for me still wearing my Halloween costume . . ." Lisa paused giving Eva a small smile before whispering, "Yeah I figured it couldn't hurt."

"Of course not. Drink your wine hon. I think it will help you speak the truth because the next question I ask is going to be a tough one and if I catch you lying I will go straight to your parents first thing tomorrow. You understand."

Eva made it a point to lean forward while glaring at little Ms. Lisa, wanting her to understand fully how very serious she was about wanting to hear the truth. It worked.

"Ready for my question. Remember . . . I require the truth young lady."

Lisa nodded, wondering just what Tommy's crazy as hell mom was going to ask her.

"You pretty much used my son all during your high school years. Leading him on with false promises of maybe how he might be able to get inside your panties one day if only he kept doing your bidding. True or false."

"Look, Mrs. Hall, I liked Tommy. I mean I like . . . still. It was not like that at all."

"One last chance. True or false. Not answering is not an option."

"It's hard to explain. I--"

Eva reached over and picked up her phone. "I think I actually have your mom's number in my phone. Maybe I will just send her the picture now. Give her something to think about before going to bed."

Lisa reached out, touching Eva on her hand. "Please. Don't. I am begging you."

"True or false."

"OK, true but--"

Eva quickly interjected. "You don't need to explain. I just needed to hear the truth. Now we can discuss what I want in return for my discretion but we need to be quick though before Tommy wakes up and finds you here. It would ruin the surprise."

"What surprise?"

"Of his pretty girlfriend coming to see him so unexpectedly in the middle of the night."

"Wait. You want me to be his girlfriend. Please Eva . . ."

"Just for one night. One unforgettable night that is. Allow me to explain."

"Go ahead," Lisa answered quietly.

"It's called quid pro quo. This for that. I get this you get that."

"I know what it means. So what do I get?"

"My discretion of course regarding your little adventure up in your bedroom with Mr. Joe Jock."

"You won't talk to my parents or show them the picture."

Eva shook her head no before saying, "Tomorrow morning you can watch me delete the incriminating photo. I give you my word it's the only one."

"Tomorrow morning? Does that mean . . ."

"Yes, I expect you to spend the night, but just to sweeten my offer I will add Tommy will be more than willing to help you with assignment, heck he may even do it for you if you are nice enough to him, and maybe even moving forward in the future he would be willing to help you again and again. The alternate is of course . . ."

Eva did not finish, did not have to, but only smiled instead.

"Yeah so basically you are blackmailing me, Mrs. Hall?"

"Blackmail is such an ugly word hon. How about we just call it a favor for a favor."

Lisa said nothing for a long moment as she sat there, fidgeting, leaving Eva to wonder if her little gambit was going to pay off. Finally,

she let out a loud sigh before answering, "I will send my mom a text in a minute. I guess I am spending the night at a friend's house. Now what do I have to do?"

Eva smiled and patted the sofa next to her. "Move closer and I will tell you the game plan sweetie."

With the matter of Eva's blackmail scheme settled, after Lisa finished off a second glass of wine, the girls headed off upstairs to Eva's bedroom—hand in hand. Eva paused outside the bedroom door. "Wait here while I prepare things and be very quiet. I want to surprise him."

"Sure," Lisa replied cautiously as she tried to control her growing excitement. The truth was Lisa was a bit of a sex addict and it really hadn't taken Eva much of an effort to get her to agree to the sexy part of the night's drama with her son.

Inside the bedroom, Eva gently shook Tommy awake. "Your mother has a surprise for you son. A really nice surprise but first I have to prepare things."

"Really," he smiled while reaching out for her, "I think you already gave me a nice surprise Mom and I am hoping to get another."

She deflected his hands away. "Go freshen up in the bathroom real quick hon and no questions. Trust me you will like this surprise I think as much as you did the one before."

She moved to the closet, humming to herself, her mind in overdrive as just how to handle the upcoming fun and games while Tommy headed toward his mom's bathroom.

Eva was just finishing up tying the last of the scarves around the fourth bedpost on her four poster king size bed when Tommy came out of the bathroom wearing his boxers again.

"Hey what is that for?" he asked after spotting her knotting one of her brightly colored scarves around one of the upper bedposts.

"No questions," she told him sternly. "Now lay back down on the bed. On your back and lose the boxers."

"Sure," he replied with eager anticipation as he quietly noted there was a scarf tied around each of the posts. "I guess you are going to tie me up and take advantage of me huh, Mom?"

"I hardly think I would need to tie you up hon if I wanted to take advantage of you," she replied back with a notable smirk.

A minute later Tommy was tied-- quite securely he noted-- by both his ankles and his wrists to his mom's bed. After pulling the sheet back up, and over his naked body, she leaned in close to him whispering, "One final added touch. I am going to blindfold you."

Eva carefully wrapped the remaining scarf, a dark black one, around her son's head cutting off his vision before she whispered to him, "You are under my control now and if you want your surprise you will be a good boy and do what I say. Now keep quiet while I bring our guest in."

"Guest . . . Jesus mom I'm naked under here. What is going--?"

"Shhh. I will tell you but only if you promise . . . no more talking, no more protests. Agree? You must trust me."

"OK I trust you. I agree."

"Good I will tell you in a minute but first I have to do something." Eva moved quickly, wanting to set the mood. She pulled out some dozen small tea light candles, placing six each on the nightstands flanking either side of her bed.

After getting the candles lit, she turned off all the lights and then moved silently over to the bedroom door. Opening it very quietly, she let Lisa into the bedroom. It was show time.

She brought Lisa over to the bed, after reminding her with a finger to her lips to be very quiet, and then began to speak to her son in a soft, steady voice, quite the opposite from the excitement she was feeling inside her panties.

"When I was cleaning up downstairs the doorbell rang. It was a late trick or treater and she looked so adorably cute. Now, since I ran out of candy and with nothing to offer the poor little girl, I decided to invite her in from the cold. It then came to me maybe you have something you could give her?"

Eva settled herself down on the bed next to him while Lisa stood, watching as the drama began to unfold.

"Well do you, hon? Have something to offer our little trick or treater guest. I think maybe you have a treat . . . a big treat for the little lady to enjoy."

"Mom, w-who is it . . . our guest?"

"Secret!" Eva answered before giggling.

Then it came to him. She was making sport of him. There was no guest. His mother was playing a trick on him-- after all it was Halloween the ultimate night for tricks.

"Mom stop teasing me," Tommy whined, "there is no one else here. You are playing a Halloween trick on me."

"Maybe . . . maybe not. We shall see I suppose," Eva said before giggling again.

Eva motioned for Lisa to move around to her side of the bed. With further motions of her hand, while mouthing the words silently, Eva indicated to Lisa she should sit down very carefully on the edge of the bed next to her.

To mask the fact someone else was sitting down on the bed, Eva leaned forward, pushing her chest in her son's face as she adjusted the pillow under his head.

Once Lisa was in place, Eva leaned back whispering to Tommy, "Now honey I can't keep being rude to our guest . . . our guest that you don't think is here. She came in the house expecting treats and I have to give her something. Now listen."

Turning to Lisa, Eva reached up with one hand, carefully smoothing the young girl's hair from her face. Leaning forward, Eva brought her lips to Lisa's. They kissed, slowly, delicately at first, before warming to the task.

The smashing of their lips coming together and parting, over and over again, was gradually getting louder in the quiet stillness of the bedroom, finally making it unmistakably clear to Tommy his mother was engaged in a passionate kissing session with the guest he thought was not there.

Breaking the kiss off, Eva turned to Tommy, running her fingers through his hair before whispering, "Are you going to deny you just heard your mother kissing someone. Our guest that you did not believe was here."

Tommy said nothing. He was too shocked to speak.

"Answer me sweetie . . . please."

"I heard Mom. I heard you kissing someone."

"Yes, a girl, if you want the truth. Actually your mom has a bit of a secret passion for pretty young girls. I bet you didn't know that huh, son?"

"Jesus," Tommy muttered under his breath. It was all he could think to say.

Eva started to speak again with her gaze flickering back and forth between her son and Lisa. "And just who do you think the pretty young girl your mother might have just kissed was, sweetie?"

"I . . . I don't know," he muttered. "I mean how could I . . . I can't see."

"Then let me give you a hint or two. She has pretty chestnut brown hair, tinged with a bit of red and pinned in a pair of deliciously cute twin pony tails that fall past her shoulders. She has pretty hazel eyes, a fair complexion. Her face is a perfect blend of both pretty and cute while her body can be described in three words . . . super fucking hot."

Eva reached over, grabbing Lisa's hand, squeezing it tight before continuing. "Let me describe it for you. She is probably all of about five foot one and weighs maybe a hundred and five pounds. Her legs are nice and firm, strong thighs, maybe from playing volleyball, but what she really possesses is a set of really big, fantastic looking tits that the little slut loves to show off. Oh honey if you could only see the slutty little school girl costume our little trick or treater girl is wearing and the way it accents those big tits of hers . . . well needless to say I do think you would be quite impressed. Oh and since I know you have a bit of a fetish for large breasts just so you have an idea of how big our guest's boobies are I will tell you her measurements."

Turning to Lisa Eva said, "Go ahead and whisper your measurements and bra size to me honey."

Lisa complied, whispering her particulars to Eva.

"Wow. Impressive," Eva exclaimed loudly for Tommy's benefit. "Her measurements are stunning. Thirty one inch bust, twenty seven inch waist and thirty five inch hips and she wears a size 34 tripe D bra Tommy. Do you know anyone around the neighborhood with tits that big Tommy sweetheart?"

She had to be teasing him. Just had to be Tommy thought to himself.

"Now do you have any guesses since your mom has given you so many nice hints?"

When he did answer her right away she snapped at him, "I said answer me, Tommy. Your mother demands it."

After a moment's hesitation Tommy whispered, "Is it Lisa?"

Eva turned to their secret guest saying, "Should we show him if he is right?"

Lisa nodded her head yes.

"Hmm, not quite yet. I want him to be nice and well prepared first . . . down there before our mystery guest is revealed."

Reaching under the covers, Eva boldly grabbed her son's cock. It was coming back to life but, as of yet, wasn't quite fully hard.

"Help me, sweetie. Here . . ."

Eva gestured for Lisa to snuggle up to Tommy on his left side while she snuggled up next to him on the right. Together, they took turns kissing him, using a gentle touch to turn his face from one to the other, as Eva slipped her hand under the covers and began stroking him to full hardness.

When he was sufficiently hard Eva whispered, "Ready for your promised treat, little girl."

Lisa eagerly nodded her head yes, watching intently as Eva pulled the sheet slowly back.

Lisa stared at Tommy's rigid cock as desire filled her young heart; it was much bigger than she would have imagined.

"You like your treat, honey. You wanna maybe suck on it a bit . . . see how it tastes. I mean your treat, it's so big and hard huh, little girl?"

Lisa nodded her head yes as Eva snaked a hand around the back of her head, forcing her mouth down.

Tommy let out a quiet groan as he felt a warm, willing mouth enveloping his growing manhood. Was it his mom or, unbelievably, Lisa? She had to be teasing him, it just couldn't be Lisa, he thought as the warm mouth surrounding his boner began to expertly move up and down the entire shaft of his growing erection.

Eva, deciding it was time, reached around the back of his head and slowly unknotted the scarf. As it dropped from his eyes Tommy let out a small gasp.

Looking up, Lisa let his cock slip from her mouth as she whispered, "Hi Tommy," before going back to slurping greedily on his cock.

Tommy, beside himself with excitement over his dream girl sucking on his cock, while his sexy mother showered him with softhearted kisses, lasted all of about another minute or so before he exploded.

Lisa pulled back, cum coating her lips, as she looked at Eva. "Gee Mrs. Hall that was some treat you gave me. I am so glad you invited me inside your house."

"Hmm, I think someone else is pretty glad too," Eva said as she ruffled her son's hair. "Now why don't you go into my bathroom there and rinse your mouth out. I have mouthwash there."

"OK, Mrs. Hall," Lisa responded. Jumping to her feet, she gave Tommy a happy little wave saying, "I will see you in a few minutes, Tommy . . . or at least I hope so."

Eva smiled at her son as Lisa disappeared inside the bathroom. After his mom quickly untied him, Tommy put his boxers back on while excitedly asking, "Jesus Mom . . . I mean, how did you get her to do that . . . I mean . . . what the hell?"

"Don't overthink things hon. Let's just say me and your little girlfriend have a very serious agreement, if only for tonight in regards to you, and I intend on taking full advantage of it. Just let me be in control and follow along with my plan. Now speaking of a plan . . ." She leaned in close to him, whispering in his ear the next phase of her plan.

Inside the bathroom, after rinsing her mouth out, Lisa removed her thong panties under her skirt, per Eva's instructions, before settling down on the edge of the tub to relax for the allotted fifteen minutes she was told to wait before coming out.

Lisa, after the long, slow fifteen minutes was finally up, came out of the bathroom to find the bedroom almost completely dark. There was now only a single candle burning on each of the nightstands flanking Mrs. Hall's bed.

She paused a few feet away from the bathroom door. The bedroom was utterly silent as she peered about the darkness searching for either Tommy or Mrs. Hall.

"Hey where are you guys?" Lisa called out tentatively to the eerily silent bedroom. When there was no answer, and no sign of them, she took another two steps further from the bathroom door.

She was about to call out again when the attack came. Tommy sprang out from behind the door while Eva jumped up from where she was crouching in the darkness near the foot of the bed. They both hit her at roughly the same time driving her toward the bed.

Tommy roughly pushed her backward onto the bed as his mom, giggling, cried out, "Are you ticklish little girl?"

"Yes, very much so . . ." Lisa shrieked as she felt Mrs. Hall's hand scrambling all over her bare mid-section as she tumbled backwards onto the bed.

Then Tommy's hands joined in on the melee, skittering all over her tummy just as Eva's hands dropped down to assault her well-toned thighs.

"Please no . . . I . . . I can't stand being tickled. Please show . . . mercy."

She managed to flip over onto her tummy for a brief moment before Tommy aggressively twisted her back around and onto her back.

Pinning her wrists to the bed, Tommy held Lisa tight as his mother hissed at her. "Be a good and mercy shall be yours little girl."

"I will . . . I will," Lisa cried out.

"OK let her to up to her feet, Tommy. You have the scarf ready?"

"Yes."

They both gripped one of her hands and together pulled Lisa to her feet.

"Relax and don't fight this and the promised mercy shall be yours, hon."

"OK." Lisa whispered.

"Put your hands behind your back and close your eyes."

Lisa obeyed putting her hands behind her back as she shut her eyes and within seconds her hands were tightly bound behind her back by one of the scarfs from the bed.

"Open your eyes now, sweetie," Eva whispered in her ear from behind.

Lisa opened her eyes to find herself standing directly in front of the bed.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, facing her, was Tommy, his face flushed with excitement.

"Now the moment of truth is upon us little Ms. Lisa."

"And what moment of truth is that Mrs. Hall?" Lisa asked quietly.

"I think my poor son has spent many a long, lonely summer night dreaming of these."

Reaching around, Eva slipped her hands under Lisa's huge tits, cupping them gently through the material of her tie top.

Bouncing them playfully in her hands, she whispered again, "I think it's time you fulfilled my son's darkest fantasies and let him gaze upon those big tits of yours, little girl."

Staring directly at Tommy, Lisa smiled before announcing, "I suppose you are right Mrs. Hall. I mean, I am sure he has been dreaming about seeing my tits for like . . . forever."

"Forever is a long time to dream about something I think," Eva said as she slowly moved her hands upwards to the knotted tie holding Lisa's slutty little top shut.

"Too long," Lisa breathed as felt Eva began to slowly undo the knot while nibbling delightfully on her neck.

When his mom finally got the knot undone, allowing Lisa's tits to come spilling out from her top, Tommy let out an audible sigh.

Eva, after hearing her son's sigh, was forced to put her jealous feelings aside. Whispering, she asked him sweetly, "Do you like them baby. Are they as big and as beautiful as you have been dreaming about for so long."

"Y-yes," he said.

"Here give me your hands. Let's fondle the little slut's big tits together honey."

Lisa closed her eyes as she leaned her head back against Mrs. Hall's while she felt two sets of hands all over her tits. It was both a surreal, and highly erotic experience, being assaulted like this while being so utterly helpless.

Dropping her mouth to Lisa's ear, Eva whispered, "Go on . . . ask my son if he wants to suck on those big beautiful tits or yours . . . if he wants to."

Reaching out, Eva grabbed her son's wandering hands off of Lisa's tits as she told him, "Hold on honey. Our slutty little school girl has something to ask you."

As Tommy stared up at her, Lisa smiled sweetly at him for a long moment.

"Go on ask him sweetheart," Eva prodded.

"Mmm, I was just going to ask you, Tommy . . . if you maybe wanna suck on my boobies."

Tommy, unable to speak, slowly nodded his head yes before his mother reached past Lisa. Wrapping a hand around the back of his head, she slowly drew her son into Lisa's warm bosom.

Tommy started slowly, showering his dream girl's tits with a plethora of tender kisses, causing Lisa to squirm against the scarf binding her hands. She was used to boys attacking her big tits aggressively with nary a thought of tenderness, making the affectionate way Tommy was handling her tits a welcome change.

She started squirming even more when Eva reached around, slipping one hand between her legs to explore her wet pussy.

Eva found the young girl's pussy delightfully soaked as she easily slide one finger, and then a second, up and inside of her—just as Tommy began to suck on Lisa's tits with a wild animalistic passion.

Moving around so she was astride Lisa and her son, Eva dropped to her knees. Reaching out she fairly ripped her son's boxers down before taking him in her mouth. Splitting her time between sucking on her son's large cock and fingering Lisa's delicious pussy, Eva soon had both of them moaning blissfully.

Eva, still fully in control, allowed their fingering and sucking fest to go on until she sensed Lisa was on the verge of a tremendous orgasm while her son had-- once again-- gotten hard.

Pulling her mouth away from his cock, Eva stared up at her son whispering, "Let's get the little cunt up on the bed and finish her off nice and proper like, baby."

Eva undid the scarf before the two of them man handled Lisa up and onto the bed. They put her on her hands and knees, in the middle of the bed, facing the headboard as Eva climbed up on the bed herself.

Tommy watched as his mother positioned herself so she was right next to Lisa on the bed before leaning down and giving her a nice kiss. The single kiss ended up turning into a passionate make out

session as Tommy, moving slowly, snuggled up behind Lisa, poking his rather pronounced boner up and under her short school skirt.

Looking up, he waited for his mother's approval to proceed.

Instead of giving him the OK, she only smiled shrewdly before stripping off her robe, revealing the matching aqua blue bra and panty set she had put on—just for him—earlier that evening.

Smiling at her son, Eva tangled her fingers in Lisa's hair before gently pulling her face down so it was flush against her chest.

Whispering in Lisa's ear, Eva told the young girl, "My son is going to fuck you now sweetheart so good and so hard you are never ever going to forget it."

"Yes, Mrs. Hall," Lisa replied sweetly just before Eva nodded at her son while mouthing the words, "Go ahead."

Tommy, overwhelmed with raw passion, immediately pushed his cock—hard-- inside of Lisa's wet pussy making her moan.

"Go on honey. Fuck her like you have dreamed of all these years. Take your frustration out."

Tommy needed no such encouragement but, nonetheless, it didn't hurt to hear his mother put a voice to what he was quietly thinking of inside his head.

He waited all these years indeed!

Slowly, he pulled his cock out of her before slamming it back into her a good half dozen times with a relentless fury that soon had Lisa moaning louder than ever.

"Oh that's it, baby. Fuck the little slut harder. Harder!!" Eva told him in a harsh whisper.

Egged on by his mother, impassioned by his dream girl's moans, Tommy lost control. With a violent fury, he thrust his hips forward again and again, a good dozen times in quick succession, propelling his hardness deep inside of Lisa.

Tommy's passionate fury rocked Lisa's world, literally taking her breath away as his mom cradled her head against her chest.

Near to coming, and wanting things to last a bit longer, Tommy pulled back. Again his mother gave him her best soft smile as she reached behind her, undoing her bra.

After removing her bra, Eva told Lisa in a throaty whisper, "Go on suck on my tits baby. I bet Tommy would like to see that."

Lisa happily obeyed as she began to slurp with youthful desire on Eva's nice breasts.

Watching his dream girl suck on his mom's tits was too much for Tommy-- just as his mother knew it would be. He could only watch for a few seconds before he slammed his cock back into her, burying it balls deep.

A violent storm of passion swept over Lisa now as, if anything, Tommy was fucking her even harder than before. Lisa's whimpering cries of lust pushed Tommy to the edge just as she climaxed harder than she ever had in her lifetime.

"Go on Tommy, come inside of her . . . now," his mother demanded as she held the still shaking Lisa tight against her chest.

Urged on by his mother's pleas, Tommy allowed his budding orgasm to overwhelm him as he slammed his cock into her three more times quickly before he came.

Their youthful passion spent, for the moment anyways, Lisa and Tommy allowed Eva to cuddle them under the blankets as the three of them took a much needed break.

Sometime later, after dozing off, Lisa awoke to the sound of kissing.

Turning over to face the sound in the dark bedroom, she whined, "Hey you guys started without me."

"You are welcome to join in honey," Eva purred to her as she twisted away from Tommy, pulling Lisa into her warm embrace.

They shared several passionate kisses before Eva turned back to Tommy, receiving some equally fevered kisses from him.

"Hey I have an idea," Lisa volunteered quietly.

"Hmm, you do. Let's hear it," Eva replied.

"Well both me and Tommy have been tied up and helpless Mrs. Hall so I was . . . hmm thinking maybe it's your turn huh?"

Tommy, liking the idea, immediately backed his dream girl's suggestion. "Yeah, Mom it would only be fair."

Reaching over to the nightstand, Eva turned on one of the lamps.

"I'm not sure but--"

"Oh come on Mrs. Hall," Lisa teased. "Like Tommy said, it's only fair and I am sure it will be fun for all three of us. We promise to take real good care of you."

"Yeah, real good care, Mom" Tommy whispered with a wicked smile. "Please."

Eva sighed before foolishly agreeing to the idea, and within a manner of minutes, after putting her bra back on, she found herself secured to the bed by both her ankles and her wrists.

After getting the job done of securing Tommy's mom to the bed, Lisa pulled him aside.

Eva could only pick up small snatches of the conversation but it appeared Lisa was trying to talk her son into something.

"Hey what are you two taking about," Eva cried out.

"Just a minute. I have to go attend to your mom." Lisa told Tommy.

"OK I gotta go to the bathroom anyways," Tommy replied before heading out of the room.

Moving back over to the bed, Lisa gave her nemesis a cunning smile. It was a smile causing alarm bells to go off inside of Eva's head as she suddenly realized her mistake . . . too late.

"Hey I think you should release me. I changed my mind. I—mmfshh."

Eva's lame protest was cut off when Lisa snatched up one of the scarves from the nightstand and rudely shoved it in Eva's mouth as she announced loudly, "Afraid it's too late for that Mrs. Hall."

Eva, not wanting to give the impression of desperation, immediately fell silent, watching with growing apprehension as Lisa grabbed the remaining scarf before securing it around her head so it cut off her vision.

Turning her back on Eva, Lisa grabbed Tommy's discarded shirt off the floor and after slipping it on, she hurried out to the hallway, intercepting him just as he was about to enter the bedroom.

She steered him back outside to the hallway, where they had a most fateful conversation. Turning on the charm, Lisa told Tommy, "You know, Tommy, tonight has been an eye opening experience. I mean, I always thought you were too boring, too conservative for me but I see now . . ."

She paused running her fingers through his hair, "That is not the case at all."

"Lisa I . . . I mean all this . . . it was my mom's idea." Then unable to help himself he added. "I love you . . ."

"I know you do Tommy and if you let me, I will love you back but you gotta listen to me and do what I say for the rest of the night. Your mom, she was in control right?"

"Yes."

"Well it's my turn now. Promise you will listen to me and only me and I will make it worth it for you. Please Tommy . . . pretty please."

Leaning in, she sealed the deal by giving him a nice kiss on the lips before whispering, "You know I think I am falling in love with you too."

Tommy's poor heart hitched at hearing those words, but more importantly they made him agree to let her be in control.

Lisa hurried outlined the first part of her plan to Tommy before she hurried downstairs with Tommy to the front door.

"Promise you are coming back."

"Yes, yes I promise. Now hurry and get what I told you to get and I promise to be back in a few minutes as I really need to get some stuff from my house."

"Yes, of course," Tommy said eagerly.

Lisa smiled. She was his, but just to make sure she throw a bone out to him as she headed out the front door saying over her shoulder, "And if everything goes well, maybe I'll even spend tomorrow night here too."

As soon as she left, Tommy rushed out to the kitchen, eager to fulfill Lisa's orders to him, and after a quick search he found his mom's wine bucket.

He filled the bucket about halfway with ice-- just as she requested-- and then went back out to the living room to wait for her to return.

A few minutes later, Lisa returned with a small overnight bag slung over her shoulder, and was dressed casually in jeans and a Penn State sweatshirt.

With the overnight bag from her house slung over her shoulder, Lisa happily bounced upstairs and into the bedroom with Tommy trailing behind carrying the ice filled bucket.

After setting the bucket down on the nightstand, Tommy hurriedly departed.

Settling herself down next to Eva, she reached out and pulled the dark scarf around and up from her eyes, allowing her to see once more while leaving the other scarf around her mouth in place.

Looking at Eva seriously she whispered. "So you thought you could blackmail me Mrs. Hall and get away with it. Seriously . . . no."

Now the alarm bells were seriously clanging inside of her brain as Eva wondered just how much trouble she was in here.

"Once or twice, over the years, Tommy has told me how you are overly sensitive to the cold Mrs. Hall and how you hate to be tickled. Is that true? Be truthful coz if I catch you in what I think is a lie . . . you will be in even worse trouble."

Eva, deciding to play along, nodded her head yes.

"Well I just went home, I had to get a few things, but anyways it's turning out to be a rather cold night Mrs. Hall. I think the temperature is in the low forties but you know I think actually it's kind of stuffy in your bedroom so. . ."

Jumping up from the bed, Lisa sauntered across the room, and after opening the bedroom window, allowing the cold night air to come flowing in, she returned to the bed.

"There that is better. I just cracked open your window and if you listen for it, in just about a minute you will hear the sound of first your heater clicking off and then your A/C coming on. Tommy is taking care of that for me."

Standing up, Lisa then pulled the sheet down completely off of Eva so nothing was covering her.

Smiling again, she announced, "So yes, in a minute or two Mrs. Hall your house, and in particular your bedroom, is going to be a bit on the chilly side. Hmm, too bad you aren't dressed for a cold night though as I can't imagine that sexy bra and panty combo you are wearing will provide much warmth."

"Mmmphh." Eva protested before forgetting about not trying to appear desperate as she twisted about violently trying to frantically free herself from the scarfs that bound her tightly to the four posts of the bed.

"You won't get them undone, Mrs. Hall. I tied them up real nice and tight."

Just then Eva heard the sound of the furnace dying, followed shortly by the soft hum of the A/C clicking on.

"Oh, and by the way, I told Tommy to crank the A/C all the way down to as low as it will go."

Eva shook her head from side to side.

"Afraid so, bitch. You are going to be super cold in a minute or two but in the meantime I think I will just entertain myself by seeing if you really are as ticklish as Tommy claims you to be. Oh and speaking of Tommy I think I will make him pay, a little bit anyways, for the sins of his mother while showing you just how obedient your loving son will be to me."

Reaching back into the bag, Lisa, with a broad smile, pulled out one of the several toys she had brought from home.

Eva stared at the toy with both fear and anticipation. The black toy was a double ended treat with the potential to give teasing tickles or stinging slaps. One side of the twenty inch black crop was tipped with a small ball of irresistibly soft feathers, perfect for gently trailing along one's sweet spots while raising goosebumps and increasing arousal.

The other side of the crop contained a slick, shiny patent classic petite paddle that, when flicked just right, would have one's playmate, in this case, Eva, begging for more.

After picking up the toy, she waved it in front of the Eva's face before bringing it down and letting it hover over her mid-section.

"Hmm, where should I tickle you first Mrs. Hall. Let's try your tummy."

Bringing the feathered side down, Lisa let it slid delicately across Eva's bare tummy causing her to jump and squirm against the ties binding her to the bed.

Lisa flicked it back and forth several times in small circles around Eva's tummy making her moan and squirm all the more.

Just then, Tommy entered the bedroom. Turning to him Lisa asked, "Is everything all set downstairs?"

"Yes, Lisa," Tommy immediately replied.

"Good. Then come over here and help me tickle your mommy. I think she is liking it . . . just like she is enjoying having her window open and the A/C turned on full blast on this chilly evening."

Tommy shivered himself, despite the heavy sweatshirt he threw on just a minute ago, along with a fresh pair of jeans and underwear.

Tommy made his way over to the bed but before he could get there Lisa leaned down whispering in Eva's ear, "Sorry bitch gotta put your blindfold back in place. Can't have you turning those enchanting green eyes on your son and risk him going back over to your side."

After having the scarf secured around her eyes, Eva's vision was once more cut off. Worse it was growing colder in the bedroom with every passing moment.

"Before we get started again with testing your threshold on being tickled I think you have something to say to Tommy, Mrs. Hall?"

Eva violently shook her head yes.

Lisa, smiling, pulled the scarf away from Eva's mouth, allowing her to speak before jumping up from the bed. "I will freshen up in the bathroom leaving you two to speak in private for a quick minute."

As soon as Lisa disappeared inside the bathroom, shutting the door, Eva cried out to her son, "Tommy . . . release me and then go tell Lisa her debt is paid. Please son . . . she is crazy! Doing all this. I am freezing to death and . . . and you know I can't stand being tickled!"

"Yes, I know mother and . . . I'm afraid you are just going to have to endure."

"Tommy no! Release me now baby. Please."

"I can't, Mom. I have to do what she says. I promised but only for tonight I mean."

"No you don't! I am your mother and--"

Lisa came strutting out of the bathroom then. Raising her voice, she interrupted Eva's desperate plea for freedom by barking, "And I am his girlfriend."

"You are not! You know you are just using him to get back at me and--"

Eva's protest was roughly cut off when Lisa shoved the scarf back in her mouth.

"Enough. He is mine. Accept it Mrs. Hall."

"I am hers, Mom. I can't help it."

Leaning over, Lisa, wanting to rub it in Eva's face, gave Tommy a serious of impassioned kisses before pulling back and reaching into her bag of trick and treats.

Pulling out a twenty one inch starburst feather body tickler in red, she handed the toy to Tommy.

"Time to pay her back for the way she teased you all summer, Tommy. Remember you told me that . . . how your mom seemed to be liking showing off and flirting with you all summer."

Tommy flushed. He had confessed that to Lisa under the strictest of confidences.

Noticing his reaction, Lisa whispered, "Don't worry Tommy. I promise your mom won't be mad at you. Besides if I'm going to be your girlfriend you are going to have to share all your secrets with me anyways . . . right?"

"Yeah, I suppose you are right," Tommy mumbled.

"OK then let's have some fun. Why don't you concentrate on tickling her thighs, and lower belly, while I will have my fun . . . maybe . . . elsewhere?"

Eva squirmed as she felt the feathers of the body tickler wielded by her son being gently rubbed back and forth between her thighs. This, in conjunction with the way Lisa was lightly dragging the paddle along the whole length of her arms up and down, and then around her tummy in soft circles, caused her to break out in a serious attack of goosebumps.

The tickling torture continued unabated as Lisa switched to the feather side of the crop, sliding it lightly all around her tummy as Tommy attacked her upper chest and neck and throat area with his tickler.

Eva squirmed against the gentle, delightful assault even as she shivered from the growing coldness inside the bedroom.

"Let's spend a minute or two tickling those pretty boobies of your mommy's, Tommy."

Lisa began by using the flat paddle end of the crop on Eva's tits as she slapped at them playfully while Tommy dragged his feather duster down between the soft swell of her breasts.

Eva continued to fidget mightily as the gentle assault on her tits continued before turning deadly serious when Lisa reached out, hooking a pair of fingers under the upper top edge of the pretty aqua blue cups. Pulling down gently, she drew the bra down just enough to reveal Eva's gorgeous nipples.

Giving Tommy a nod, Lisa brought the feather end of her crop up to her right nipple, circling it tenderly as Tommy flickered slowly, and then faster, his feather tickler against his mom's other nipple.

Eva's nipples became instantly erect as she let out a loud muffled moan. Her nipples were intensely sensitive so what they were doing to her was unimaginably erotic.

Once Lisa observed Eva's nipples at maximum erectness, she switched to the paddle end of her crop, and began to playfully bat at them as Tommy let his feather tickler slide down and tease his mom's tummy once more.

The dual attentions soon had poor Eva twisting and writhing all over the bed.

"Hmm, time for your mommy to have a short break from our teasing, Tommy."

Reaching over to her bag, she pulled out a pair of champagne glasses wrapped tightly in a pair of twin hand towels. After filling the pair of glasses up with the chilled champagne, Lisa handed one to Tommy.

"Hmm, a toast to your mommy being a good sport during our playtime is in order don't you think, Tommy?"

"Yes."

"But before you enjoy our champagne I think your mother should be allowed to see our toast to her."

Lisa quickly pulled the dark scarf down, allowing Eva to see once more.

She watched as both her son and his wicked as hell "girlfriend" downed about half of their respective glasses in one big swallow. Reaching out to Tommy, Lisa said, "Wait, let's save some for her."

"Sure. She likes champagne anyways," Tommy said. "You want me to remove the scarf around her mouth so she can drink."

"Hmm, she is not going to drink the champagne but instead . . ." With a positively wicked smile, Lisa slowly brought her half-filled champagne directly over Eva's chest. "I think I want her to wear it instead."

Without further ado, Lisa tilted the glass down allowing the cold champagne to spill all over Eva's chest.

Eva let out a muffled shriek as the ice cold champagne splashed down onto her chest before turning a pair of pleading eyes up to Tommy. If those pretty eyes could have talked they would have cried out for him to save her, but any such thoughts were quickly dashed when he averted his eyes from her mournful gaze and asked Lisa, "Hey that's pretty cool. Can I try?"

"Yeah, sure Tommy. Go ahead," Lisa told him with a devious laugh as she watched delightfully while Eva struggled mightily against the ties binding her to the bed.

Tommy only hesitated slightly before dumping his own half full glass of champagne onto his mother's chest, making her fidget all the more.

Reaching over, Lisa grabbed a pair of bulky ice cubes from the bucket and after handing one to Tommy said, "Follow my lead."

Smiling at a wide staring Eva, she attacked one of her fully erect nipples with the ice cube before nodding at Tommy to do the same to the other one.

Despite her squirming about, both Tommy and Lisa continued to circle their respective ice cubes all over Eva's nipples until both of their ice cubes were appreciably smaller.

After tossing the cubes back into the ice bucket, both Lisa and Tommy picked up their toys again and once more began a tender assault on Eva's exposed nipples.

The twin effects of the flickering feathers across her highly sensitive, fully erect nipples was driving Eva absolutely crazy with desire, causing her to cry out in muffled anguish.

Her muffled cries of anguish went unheeded though as Tommy and Lisa continued to flicker the feather ticklers lightly around her nipples for a good minute before Lisa pulled hers back.

"I think your mom needs a break, Tommy."

Pulling back his own toy, Tommy stared at his mother. She was looking at him with such pleading eyes he just had to turn away.

"Tommy, go sit over there at her vanity bench. I need to speak to your mom for a moment in private."

"Sure," Tommy mumbled as he moved across the room with a heavy sigh. He was growing hard and horny again and hoped Lisa would be in the mood to take care of him and soon.

Leaning down, Lisa whispered in Eva's ear, "You best be obedient to me bitch or I will crush his heart. You understand."

Eva shook her head yes.

"Good and just so you know, if you are obedient I will, instead of crushing his heart, make him the happiest boy on this earth by letting him be my boyfriend . . . for the foreseeable future anyways." Lisa adjusted Eva's bra, pulling it back into place as she whispered, "How does that sound?"

Eva shook her head yes in agreement. What else could she do?

Pulling back slightly, Lisa stroked her captive's face lightly with one finger before pulling the scarf away from her mouth. "So whisper to me, what are you going to do Mrs. Hall for the balance of the night?"

Eva only hesitated briefly before whispering, "Obey."

Lisa smiled at her before adjusting the scarf back in place.

Strutting over to the bedroom's large window overlooking the backyard, Lisa pulled it open all the way.

A fresh breeze, cold and brisk, blew the curtains back as Lisa moved back over to the bed. Glancing down at the shivering Eva, she whispered, "'As they say . . . revenge is a dish best served cold Mrs. Hall."

Raising her voice, she called out to Tommy. "Come over her Tommy, sweetheart."

Eva cringed at Lisa calling her son "sweetheart" and then again as he immediately hustled across the room to her. Yeah, he was truly wrapped around her little finger.

She watched in growing horror as the little bitch filled both pairs of glasses full of small ice cubes, and after handing one to her son, she whispered something in his ear. Tommy nodded in agreement before reaching down and using both hands, he simultaneously pulled both of the cups of her bra slightly away from her body.

"Mmmmgrfff," Eva protested, shaking her head as Lisa proceeded to carefully spill one glass full of ice cubes inside her bra and then the other while whispering, "I am going to turn those nice tits of hers into a pair of frozen medium sized ice bergs."

Laughing, she leaned over filling up both glasses with more small ice cubes. Bringing them back over to Eva's chest, she stuffed these fresh ice cubes inside her bra too.

As a final touch, Lisa filled up another glass with the chilled champagne before unceremoniously spilling it all over Eva's chest. Eva could do nothing but whimper quietly against the scarf in her mouth.

"You make sure you watch us now Mrs. Hall as I am going to reward Tommy for being such a good little helper and if I catch you not watching it will go very badly for you. Understand?"

Eva nodded her head vigorously as she watched Lisa take something fairly small, she couldn't quite make out what it was, out of her bag of toys. After handing it to Tommy, she took his other hand, leading him to the small chaise lounge over in the corner of Eva's bedroom.

After they settled down facing each other on the elegant wood scrolled chaise, Eva watched as Lisa immediately drew him into her embrace while whispering something in his ear, causing her heart to hitch with anger as she shivered, as much from the cold air filling the bedroom as from the hot jealousy filling her heart.

They began to kiss as Lisa slowly undressed her son down to his briefs.

Reaching down, Lisa brushed her hand against Tommy's crotch before turning to Eva. "Hmm your son's cock is growing nice and hard again, Mrs. Hall. Hmm, maybe this will help make him even harder."

Standing up and turning to position herself directly in front of Tommy, she slowly stripped off her Penn St. sweatshirt, revealing a dark maroon skin tight tank top underneath.

Then, after glancing over to make sure Eva was watching the action slowly unfold-- she was—Lisa hooked a pair of fingers under the bottom edge of her tank top.

She gave him a warm smile before slowly peeling her tank top up, revealing her magnificent boobs to his wide staring eyes.

"You think my boobies are bigger than your mommy's, Tommy."

"Yes, much bigger," he replied in a throaty whisper.

"You like them better than hers?"

"Y-yes."

"You can use those warm hands of yours to touch them if you want. I mean . . ." She turned, giving Eva a most wicked grin, "It is kind of chilly in your mom's bedroom and I'm sure by now your hands are nice and toasty from the hand warmer I just gave you. Here, show your mom, Tommy."

Smiling, Tommy held up the small electric battery charged portable hand warmer he had been holding.

Eva sighed with intense longing as she watched her son set the hand warm aside before reaching out with both hands to fondle Lisa's tits tenderly.

"Oh God that feels nice, Tommy. Your hands are so nice and warm."

Eva twisted helplessly against the ties that bound her as she watched with intense jealousy while her son used his hands to fondle the little bitch's big tits.

Lisa took a small step forward closer to Tommy. Using one hand, he tilted his face slightly down so it was in perfect alignment with her tits.

"Go on . . . now that I am your girlfriend Tommy you can suck on my big titties . . . anytime you want."

"Oh God," Tommy whispered as a whole host of lecherous thoughts filled his sex obsessed teen age mind. Opening his mouth wide, he drew one of Lisa's fully erect nipples into his hungry mouth.

"That's it, Tommy. Use that warm mouth of yours to suck on your girlfriend's big tits."

Knowing it would only amp up Eva's jealousy, Lisa made sure to put some emphasis on the words girlfriend and warm as she announced this proudly to him.

Lisa allowed Tommy to rain a sloppy series of kisses all over her breasts before she pulled back slightly.

"Hmm, well let's see what is going on down there now," Lisa cooed as she reached down, running her hand all over Tommy's crotch.

Turning to Eva, she said, "Your son is nice and hard again, Mrs. Hall. You wanna see?"

"Mrrpphh," Eva angrily spat into the scarf. The only thing she wanted to see was Lisa leave so Tommy could apply some loving warmth to those ice cold tits of hers.

"Let's go show your mommy how big and hard your girlfriend made you, Tommy," Lisa announced as she let her tank top fall back down in place. Taking him by the hand, she led him back over to the bed.

You know what. I have changed my mind. I think seeing you so big and hard would only make your mother jealous, Tommy and we both know . . ." Lisa paused before breaking out into giggles. "That is the last thing I wanna do."

Picking up the dark scarf, she wrapped it around Eva's head once more as she hummed a happy tune.

"Here, Tommy, help me undo your mother. I want her sitting upright for the next part of our naughty drama."

Moving quickly, Tommy and Lisa undid the scarfs binding Eva's hands and wrists to the bed before pushing and prodding her into an upright position.

"I think its chilly enough now in the bedroom so I am going to close the window while you bind your mommy's hands tightly behind her back and then go run out to the hallway and turn off the A/C. I think the bitch is chilled enough by now."

Tommy, despite his mom's muffled protests, followed his girlfriend's instructions.

A minute or two later, they were both back in place, standing next to Eva as she sat, hands snugly bound behind her back, perched on the edge of the bed.

Lisa then quickly yanked Tommy's briefs off on him allowing his semi erect cock to come tumbling out before turning to Eva and saying, "It seems your son has lost a bit of his hardness, Mrs. Hall and . . . and what is that? He is asking me something."

Lisa paused for dramatic effect as she reached over and grabbed her phone.

"Oh you do huh, Tommy? OK I will ask her . . . I will whisper it in her ear so as to not embarrass you."

Lisa settled herself down on the bed next to Eva before leaning over and whispering in her ear, "Mrs. Hall, you have a naughty but shy son. He told me he really wants to put his big cock in your mouth but is just too shy to ask so . . . maybe you should be the one to tell him it's alright and if you do a nice job on sucking on it I promise the both of us will take our time and do a real nice job in warming up those nice ice cold breasts of yours, Mrs. Hall."

Lisa leaned back, as she adjusted her phone to the video recording setting.

Eva paused briefly as that one simple word flashed through her mind, OBEY.

Making her voice as sweet as possible she said quietly, "Tommy, sweetheart, you . . . you can put that big cock of yours in my mouth . . . if you want and . . . and Mommy promises she will suck on it real nice. OK, sweetie?"

After noticing how Lisa was recoding everything, Tommy leaned over closer to her meaning to ask just what exactly she was doing, but before he could saying anything, Lisa whispered in his ear, "I'm making a keepsake video for us Tommy. Imagine how much fun this will be later . . . you watching a video of both your hot girlfriend and your hot mother sucking on that big cock of yours. Now doesn't that sound cool?"

Tommy smiled. "Christ yes it does," he whispered back to her.

After handing the phone to him, Lisa gave him some brief whispered instructions.

"Now point it down at us a bit then so you can get a view of all the action."

Tommy took the phone from Lisa, aiming it at her and his mom as Lisa yanked the scarf out of his mom's mouth.

Lisa helped Eva to her feet before barking at her, "Now get down on your knees so you can take care of business like the whore you are."

Eva dropped to her knees as Lisa used one hand to help guide Eva's mouth over to where Tommy's semi erect cock tilted forward in desperate need of some attention.

"Yeah, that's it Mrs. Hall take your son's cock into your mouth and suck on it."

Eva took a deep breath as she felt his hardness enter her mouth.

"Suck on it bitch . . . like the fucking whore you are!" Lisa hissed in her ear.

Eva obeyed as she stared slurping wildly on her son's growing manhood as Tommy held the phone, in a hand that trembled with excitement, aimed at his mother's head as she bobbed greedily up and down on his large cock.

Lisa relieved him of the phone after a few seconds, positioning it on the nightstand in such a way so it could capture the action.

Positioning herself behind Eva on the floor, she held her hair back so it would not get in the way as she continued to suck on her son's cock with such reckless abandonment that Tommy was soon on the verge of yet another mighty orgasm.

Sensing as much, and wanting to get a nice money shot, just like in the porn videos she loved watching, Lisa scooted around to the side of Eva.

Reaching out, she pulled Tommy's hardness out of her mouth while hissing at Eva, "Hold your head up, Mrs. Hall . . . your son has something to give you."

Eva, suspecting what the wicked Lisa was planning, tilted her face upwards, steeling herself for what was to come next.

Using one hand, Lisa stroked Tommy's hardness as it hovered mere inches from his mother's upturned face. "Come on Tommy, come all over your mommy's face. Give it to her . . . please for me, Tommy bear."

Wanting to please his girlfriend, Tommy whispered softly, "Oh God . . . Oh God. I'm going to . . ."

A fairly small amount of cum, after all he had already come three times this fateful evening, spurting out of the head of his cock, splattering down on Eva's lips and right cheek.

Lisa quickly jumped to her feet. Snatching the phone off of the nightstand, she hit the stop button.

After helping the still bound Eva back up and onto the edge of the bed in a sitting position she used one finger to clean the cum off of Eva's face before announcing to them both, "Now Tommy I promised your Mommy, if she did a real nice job of sucking your cock we would warm them frozen boobies of hers up, but since you have already come and need some recovery time I guess you can just relax over there on the chaise and watch me do it."

"Alright," Tommy replied as he scooped up his jeans and shirt.

"Before I start warming up those beautiful tits of yours Mrs. Hall I'm going to get my hands all nice and toasty warm for you. Here see . . ."

She pulled off the scarf from around her eyes allowing Eva to see the electric battery charged portable hand warmer she just pulled out of her bag.

Eyeing the hand warmer with a fanatical desire for its promised heat, Eva forgot all about not trying to sound desperate. "Please Lisa," she pleaded. "Sweetie warm them up. Warm my breasts up. They are so cold. I'm so cold."

"Yes, OK but only if you . . ." Leaning forward, Lisa whispered in her ear, "Continue to obey me Mrs. Hall for the balance of the night and just in case you have any thoughts of doing otherwise . . ."

Lisa happily brought her phone over to Eva. "Watch this."

Eva's heart pounded in her chest as she watched the damning video.

"That's right Mrs. Hall. The tables are turned now. How do you like it huh? This would make quite the sensation on social media I would think."

"Please you can't . . ." Eva begged, watching Lisa smile deviously as casually flipped the hand warmer from one hand to the other.

"Shh . . . I won't as long as you obey. Remember I own your sexy ass now."

"I suppose you do," Eva said more than a little shocked at the unexpected turn of events. "But . . . but you are still going to warm me up . . . right Lisa . . . please. I'm so cold. Your hands . . . they should be nice and warm by now."

"They are . . . see."

Reaching over, Lisa used one hand to stroke the side of Eva's face before turning it towards her and giving her several loving kiss.

Eva, without having to think about it, found her tongue slipping out to explore Lisa's mouth just as she felt Lisa's tongue beginning to do the same.

"Oh God Mrs. Hall look at those poor nipples of yours, poking so coldly through your wet bra and, oh my, look how fully erect they are. I bet you would just love to have some little girl's nice soft hands applying some loving warmth to them?"

"I would . . . please Lisa . . . warm them up for me. Pretty please."

"OK, since you said please Mrs. Hall, but first I suppose it might help if I pulled that wet bra down and off of your tits some."

"Please, yes . . . it's so cold. Pull it down," Eva beseeched her captor.

After carefully peeling her bra down and off of her tits, Lisa brought her mouth down to Eva's. They began to exchange a long series of fiercely passionate kisses just as Lisa brought her warm hands up and began to fondle Eva's breasts.

Eva sighed in between kisses. Lisa's warm hands felt so fucking good on her tits as the two girls engaged in another long series of impassioned kisses before Lisa pulled back.

"I have an idea of just how to really warm you up Mrs. Hall that I think your son will like watching." Pausing, she turned to look at Tommy. "Are you watching, Tommy?"

"I am," he said. He was watching, with rapt attention, while his fucking hot and crazy girlfriend kissed his equally hot and crazy mother.

"Yeah, I think you will like this Tommy . . . and you too Mrs. Hall now watch, the both of you."

Lisa first stripped off her red tank top and her tight jeans before settling back down on the bed. She then pushed Eva onto her back before binding her by her wrists once again to the upper bed posts. Wanting her to enjoy a bit of freedom, Lisa left Eva's ankles unfettered before straddling her as she settled down lightly on Eva's mid-section.

Lisa picked up the hand warmer and after smiling at Eva, she brought it over to her own chest before gently pressing its warmth against her bare breasts. Slowly, carefully she rubbed the portable hand warmer across and in between her immense tits making them nice and toasty warm.

"Hmm, that is so nice and warm, Mrs. Hall. So nice and warm that you just can't imagine. Or maybe you can . . ."

Giggling quietly, Lisa continued to maneuver the small hand warmer all over her tits for another long minute or so.

"Now let's begin the warming process in earnest huh?" Lisa whispered. Setting the hand warmer aside, she leaned down, allowing her toasty warm tits to fall against Eva's own ice cold breasts.

Suspecting it would turn Tommy on—immensely—to watch his girlfriend rub her big tits all over his mom's gorgeous tits, Lisa continued to press her chest down, smashing her tits against Eva's breasts for another glorious minute or two.

Lifting up, Lisa stared at down at Eva. She smiled at her, whispering, "Earlier my kisses were nice and warm Mrs. Hall weren't they?"

"Yes they were, Lisa," Eva answered truthfully.

"Would you like some more . . . maybe all over here." Reaching down, she dragged one finger lazily across Eva's tits.

"Yes. Please, honey . . . kiss me there. My titties are still a bit cold."

"Hmm, well let's see what we can do about that."

Lisa slowly lowered her mouth to Eva's chest. Lashing her tongue out, she lathered each of Eva's areolas with her warm saliva before opening her mouth wide and sucking on them wildly.

This time, Eva thrashed about the bed, not from the cold, but from the delicious way the young girl was sucking so delightfully on her tits.

Moving her mouth, back and forth Lisa sucked and kissed her way over the entirety of Eva's tits while knowing fully how what she was doing must have been an immense turn on for Tommy.

Much to his surprise, Tommy did find his cock starting to get firm again as he observed the action. After a few more minutes he was sure he would be able to bring a hard cock, once again, into the action.

Lisa let her kisses fall down further, and as she kissed her way across the older woman's amazingly taunt tummy, she knew what she wanted; what they both wanted.

Lifting up, she gently slipped one hand inside of Eva's panties.

"God you are so wet down there, Mrs. Hall. Maybe I better use my tongue to try and dry you off huh? Would you like that?"

"Yes . . . Please. Eat my pussy, Lisa, sweetheart . . . do it now," Eva announced loudly.

"You are in no position to make demands Mrs. Hall but since I am in a charitable mood. She smiled at her before adjusting the dark scarf around Eva's eyes, cutting off her sight once more.

Using one hand, she pulled the flimsy panties aside before she dropped her mouth down. Her tongue flickered out, slipping across the moist folds of Eva's cunt, making her sigh.

Lisa expertly used her tongue in a teasing manner, flicking it across the bound woman's swollen clit several times before letting it rotate back out briefly before diving back in. The teasing, expert way Lisa was lavishing attention on her pussy soon had Eva thrashing about the bed as she moaned with a desperate yearning for more.

Lifting up momentarily, Lisa smiled at Tommy. "Come join in on the fun, Tommy."

Smiling, Tommy happily bounced across the bedroom before diving onto the bed.

"Giving your mommy some soft, loving kisses all over those lovely tits of hers as I make the bitch whine and moan some more while I eat her pussy."

He didn't have to be told twice as he lowered his mouth to his mom's tits.

Within a mere manner of moments it seemed, the helpless Eva was squirming all over the bed from the dual attentions she was receiving from her son and his so called girlfriend.

Lisa, this couldn't have been her first foray into eating pussy, used her knowing tongue to full effect as it dipped and dived, swept and swooped all over, Eva's pussy, lavishing such loving attentions on it that, combined with the way her son was sucking so adoringly on her tits, Eva soon was tittering on the edge of a mighty orgasm.

Suspecting she was close to falling off the edge, Lisa pulled back.

"Let's reposition your mom for the final act, Tommy."

Tommy, obedient as ever, helped Lisa undo the two scarfs binding his mom to the bed.

"Here get on your hands and knees Mrs. Hall . . . facing the headboard. Go ahead and help her, Tommy while I get things ready on my end. Oh and avoid looking at me until I say OK. I want you to be surprised."

Tommy busied himself, maneuvering his blindfolded mom onto her hands and knees while making sure not to pay any attention to whatever Lisa was doing.

After pulling out one final toy from her bag of goodies, Lisa quickly put it on and was ready for Tommy to check her out.

"Tommy . . . take a look at me. What do you think?"

He turned to check her out and was greeted with the fantastic sight of his girlfriend standing next to the bed sporting a huge flesh colored strap on dildo.

"Jesus Lisa . . ." It was all he could think to say.

"You think your mommy is going to like it?"

He nodded his head, the power of speech gone as he stared, wide eyes, at the sight of his pretty big titted girlfriend standing there with this huge fake cock jutting out from her.

"Go ahead, position yourself next to your mom, Tommy. She is going to need your loving support as I . . ." Making sure to raise her voice so Eva could clearly hear, Lisa added happily, "Fuck the absolute shit out of her."

Lisa hummed to herself as she smeared lube all over the enormous ten inch strap on dildo. As an added touch, the fake cock also possessed a ten speed vibrator built in with its controls situated at the very base of the cock.

Tommy crawled up on the bed, positioning himself next to his mom.

Sensing he was close, Eva whispered, "What . . . what is she going to do, Tommy?"

Deciding his mother should hear the truth, Tommy lowered his mouth to her ear. "She has on this . . . real big strap on dildo, Mom. I . . . I think she is going to . . . you know . . . fuck you . . . like she promised. She is smearing some lube on it now."

"How big is it hon?" Eva asked nervously. Bigger than . . . you?"

"Yeah quite a bit, Mom. I mean . . . it's real big."

"Oh God," Eva whispered to herself as she did the calculations. She estimated her son to be seven or seven and half inches even, and if the strap on was . . . much bigger . . . than that it must be a good nine or even ten inches.

Eva shuddered from both anticipation and fear of just how hard Lisa was planning on going at her with her fake monster cock.

Unconsciously maybe, Eva lifted her backside up, presenting it to the wicked Lisa and her huge cock. Closing her eyes tight as her son held her, stroking her hair, Eva waited.

The storm of wicked passion, after a brief respite of playful teasing, broke hard and fast over Eva. After snuggling up behind her, Lisa used one hand to guide her cock upwards, resting it against Eva's wet opening.

Gently so very gently, she carefully pushed the dildo, first one, and then two inches inside of the trembling Eva. Reaching down, she clicked on the vibrating function, adjusting the setting to three.

Eva let out a quiet moan as she felt the dildo began to softly hum inside of her.

"Does that feel good, Mommy?" Tommy asked sweetly as he reached down to fondle her hanging breasts.

"Oh God yes baby," Eva breathed. "It feels so goo--"

Eva never got to finish as Lisa chose that exact moment to propel her hips forward, fast and hard, burying the dildo deep inside of Eva and causing her to both tremble and moan with abject pleasure.

Thrusting her hips forward, three times in rapid succession, soon had Eva moaning even louder and she trembled and shook from the delicious fucking Lisa was giving her.

The hard fucking Lisa was giving her only served to rock Eva forward into her son's loving arms while she let out a series of increasingly desperate and loud moans with each mighty thrust.

Lisa paused then while leaving the monster cock buried deep inside of Eva as she reached down and turned the speed dial up to seven.

Holding still, Lisa tenderly ran her hands all over Eva's beautiful ass as the vibrating monster inside of her cunt worked its magic.

"Oh God that feels . . . so good," Eva whispered.

"I bet it does Mrs. Hall," Lisa replied smugly as she gently pulled the dildo out before ramming her hips violently forward, again, again and again.

The next few minutes took Eva's breath away as Lisa pounded the dildo into her relentlessly, making her whimper and whine.

"Oh God Mommy she is fucking you so good huh?"

Eva was too far gone to even respond as the young girl recklessly fucked her harder than she ever had been in her life.

Sensing by Eva's desperate moans, she was close to coming, Lisa slowed down the pace of her relentless fucking to a tender crawl. Gently, she pushed the massive dildo in and out of Eva, slowly, tenderly as she cranked the vibrator speed setting up to the maximum ten.

The humming monster soon had Eva groaning with infinite pleasure.

"Come for us, Mommy," Tommy implored her as she showered her with loving kisses. Reaching down, Lisa began to finger Eva's clit gently, sending her flying over the edge.

"Ohhh God . . . Mommy is coming . . . Oh God . . ."

Eva collapsed on the bed as the most powerful orgasm of her life washed over her in waves.

Snuggling up next to her, Lisa whispered in her ear, "That was some trick or treat you gave me Mrs. Hall. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of more treats in the future though."

"I . . . I think that can be arranged," Eva said as she drew both of them into her embrace before slipping off into a fitful sleep, dreaming of what new adventures awaited her at the hands of Tommy's new and passionately wild girlfriend.