

A Naughty Little Ghost Story

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Julianne stepped out of the bath. Wrapping a towel around her naked body, she glanced at her phone sitting on the bathroom counter. It was 11:52 pm.

In exactly eight minutes it would be midnight, marking the one-month anniversary of when her beloved twin boys, Mark and Matthew, suffered the fatal accident claiming their lives.

One month ago, it was her thirty fifth birthday, the first one since her divorce, making her believe the boys would go all out to make her birthday special. She was not to be disappointed as they took her out to dinner at an expensive Italian restaurant where she drank copious amounts of wine.

After dinner, both boys took turns slow dancing with her on the intimate little dance floor the restaurant featured while praising her on how beautiful she looked.

Julianne went all out in making herself look attractive for her birthday dinner with the twins. She took pride in her appearance and to the boys their mother was simply the most

beautiful, the most alluring creature on all of God's green earth.

Even at the age of thirty-five she possessed a flawless, bronzed complexion complemented by a Slavic face that managed to be both pretty and serious all at once. Her hair was like a loom of golden blondish brown silk sweeping down just past her shoulders, but it was her body that was the real show stopped. Her statuesque figure, five seven, one hundred and thirty three pounds was all muscle and supple curves with the boy's favourite curves being a pair of perfectly sculpted 36D tits.

Their next favourite curve was the heart-warming one her mouth made when it smiled at them, showing off a set of pristine white teeth hidden behind a set of soft blossom pink lips. All these exquisite physical gifts were accompanied by a bubbly playful personality that she saved especially for her beloved twin boys. The triangle of love formed between the mother and her twin boys was, as she once described it, "the most powerful force in the universe."

Back at home, her perfect evening continued unabated as they presented her with a pair of lavish gifts: a huge teddy bear with the real gift being the luxurious diamond studded necklace wrapped around the bear's neck. She almost fainted with pure joy from the gifts.

It was just about eleven thirty when they retired to the den to enjoy the last half hour of her birthday. She was still dressed in her formal evening wear, reluctant to actually take it off after all the lovely compliments her adorable twin boys paid her in how she looked in her new dress.

She was sipping on yet another glass of wine, by now Julianne was happily intoxicated, as the three of them sat side by side, with her in the middle, on the sofa, enjoying a bit of small talk when Mark suggested a fitting conclusion to their evening: an official birthday back rub from the both of them.

It only took them a good minute or so after she first demurred about them giving her a back rub before she caved and agreed it sounded like a pretty good idea.

Excusing herself, she went upstairs to her bedroom to change out of her nice dress and into something a bit more comfortable.

Hurry Mom," they both admonished her as she started off upstairs. "We only got like twenty minutes left of your birthday."

"Sure boys. I'm just going to take my dress off and throw a robe on and then I will be right back down."

"OK we will be in the den waiting for you..." Mark told her before Matthew added, "With a nice fire going to keep you warm during your backrub."

"Sounds good boys. We don't use that old fireplace enough anyways," she told them, secretly thrilled they decided to give her the backrub in the cozy den with its old fashioned real wood burning fireplace.

Five minutes later, dressed in her nicest white satin robe, Julianne entered the den.

Up until this point, the boys had been getting along famously, which, in all honesty, was highly unusual. The norm for them, ever since they were little and continuing now even as they reached the ripe old age of eighteen, was for them to fight tooth and nail for her attention, but not tonight.

But that all changed when directly after Julianne entered the den, Matthew told her, "Look Mom we have been having a discussion. The bottom line is this... neither one of us is content anymore to share you. You need to pick one, and only one of us, to give you your birthday back rub."

"Really boys... you have been doing so good in sharing your mother all night so why only now is there suddenly a problem?"

Doubling down on what Matthew just told her, Mark added, "Look Mom, you have to make a decision because when it comes to back rubs, two, not three, is the ideal number... one person giving the back rub and one person receiving the back rub."

They both fell silent now, waiting for her to make an impossible choice by choosing one of them over the other.

Trying to dissuade them once more, Julianne said, "Oh come on guys, can't you share. I don't wanna have to choose. One of you will end up getting hurt."

"Well, how about the one you don't pick will get to give you next year's backrub on your birthday," Matthew suggested.

"Sure, that sounds good to me," Mark agreed as they both turned to her.

"Yeah right, sounds good now to the both of you but I can guarantee whoever I don't choose they won't be happy about having to wait a year for their turn. Really guys I don't wanna be put on the spot between having to choose between the two of you."

"Well that will be just too bad for the loser. I'm game," Matthew told her.

Julianne thought about protesting some more but for one simple fact--she wanted her backrub. She was just thinking about how she might try and convince them to share, when she hit upon an idea allowing her not to make a choice.

"Look I have an idea. I think it perfect considering the way you two always are wanting to compete against each other."

"Sure, let's hear it," they sang out in unison.

"How about this... if I'm going to be truly comfortable getting my back rub stretched out on the rug in front of the fire, I am going to need a pillow. Also, I think my back rub would be better if whoever ends up giving it to me uses some of my coconut oil as it feels really good on the skin. Now I have an older bottle of coconut oil in one of my night stand drawers and a new, unopened bottle in the other nightstand so what propose is simple. I will count to three and then you will both go dashing off upstairs where you will both grab one of the two pillows off your mom's bed and one of the bottles of coconut oil out of each of her nightstands and then whoever can get down here to the den first wins the right to give me my back rub."

They both smiled; they always enjoyed competing against each other.

After they both agreed she added one thing. "I will only agree though if the winner is both gracious and humble in his victory and the loser does not pout and try to make his mother feel guilty. Agreed... and I am serious about this. You must agree to that or forget the whole thing totally."

They glanced at each other briefly before they both nodded their head in agreement.

The contest started out just fine with Julianne starting the race with the traditional ready, set, go. They both went dashing off upstairs, side by side. Upon reaching the bedroom, Mark enjoyed a slight lead.

Dashing over to nearest nightstand on the right side of her bed, he fairly ripped the drawer open before grabbing the new unopened bottle of coconut oil. Turning to the bed, he tore one of the pillows off from under the covers before streaking off out of her bedroom with Matthew, having done just about the exact same thing as his brother, hot on his heels.

As they reached the top of the stairs, Mark still had a slight lead on his brother and this was when the terrible tragedy happened. In a desperate attempt to pull even with his brother, Matthew reached out from behind, snagging his brother's arm tightly just as they reached the top of the stairs.

Mark cursed at his brother before trying to violently shake off his clutching hand but lost his balance. In a vain attempt to keep from tumbling down the stairs, Mark grabbed a hold of his brother. They both ended up plummeting down the steep stairs, still locked in mortal combat--to their death.

Julianne was beside herself with grief as she knew, ultimately, this tragic accident was her own stupid fault.

After her bath, Julianne entered the bedroom at nearly midnight, determined she must do something to honor their memories. Heading over to the small bar stuck in the far corner of her spacious bedroom, she poured herself a glass of wine while trying to figure out exactly what to do.

She stood there, dressed only in her towel, sipping on this first glass of wine, trying to figure out the best way to honor their memories when it hit her.

Holding the wine glass up, she whispered to the empty bedroom, "Maybe I should finish this off, quickly and then have about two or three more so I can get happily drunk like that night."

When the empty bedroom failed to respond, Julianne whispered an answer for them, "Sounds like a capital idea."

Bringing the glass of wine to her lips, she polished it off in two large gulps before refilling it.

Now what else can I do to honor their memory, Julianne mused to herself as she crossed the room to her dresser drawer meaning to replace her towel with one of her boring old nightshirts but just as she reached her dresser and was opening one of the drawers a fresh idea, maybe inspired by the wine, hit her. Slamming the drawer shut, she pulled open the next drawer just under it.

Her idea was simple. She would put on the exact same underwear she was wearing under her dress, and still had on

under the robe after she took the dress off for the ill-fated birthday back rub she never received. It seemed only fitting.

She pawed through her panties and bras until she found the underwear in question. After slipping the tan long line bra on, and the matching tan panties, she donned the same white satin robe she was wearing on that night. To make the circle complete she also slipped on her nice pair of sexy black sandals with their four inch heels--the same ones she wore to dinner that night.

She had no real idea of why she was doing all of this other than it just seemed, somehow, the right thing to do.

After donning her underwear, she steadily sipped her glass of wine before heading over to the bar to refill the glass yet again.

Once her glass was full, she grabbed an old photo album out from the closet and settled herself down on the bed, planning on taking a stroll down memory lane.

The memories of seeing her beloved twin boys when they were younger, and still very much alive, stirred up a whole batch of bittersweet pain for Julianne. Sadly, as a sort of punishment maybe, she welcomed the pain.

After about twenty minutes of flipping through the pages of the photo album, she finally had endured about all the pain she could bear. Slamming the album shut, she tossed it onto the nightstand before climbing to her feet.

Sitting on the nightstand next to her was her still half full glass of wine. She had managed to polish off about two and half glasses of wine in little over forty five minutes and was now officially, and unhappily, drunk.

Knowing this self-flagellation of purposefully inflicting painful memories on herself as a form of punishment, was not at all healthy, Julianne decided to give herself a break. Reaching over she popped a valium into her mouth from the bottle she kept on her bedside. After washing it down with the

balance of the wine she laid back on her bed trying to relax, hoping between the wine and the valium she would be able to escape from her painful memories and get some sleep.

A few minutes later, she had been dozing, she awoke with a start. She had been dreaming of them. Shaking her head, she headed off to her bathroom to go tinkle and brush her teeth before going back to sleep.

Julianne emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later to find her bedroom dark. This was more than a little unsettling considering both lamps on either of the nightstand were on previously to her heading off to the bathroom. Now the only light in the bedroom came from a trio of flickering candles spaced throughout the bedroom with one each on her nightstands, and a third on top of her dresser.

Her first thought was someone broke into the house but that proved to be a futile theory when she whispered to herself, sure an intruder who breaks into a woman's house and lights candles.

The thought almost made her laugh out loud before she spotted them. In each of two dark corners on the far side of her spacious bedroom was a pair of dark figures, one in each corner.

Giving a little cry of surprise, Julianne took a step forward trying to focus her vision. "Who is there?" she said in a hoarse whisper.

There was no response as she continued to stare, her eyes flickering from one corner to the other. She smiled faintly and began to relax once she realized the "figures" were nothing more than a pair of ominous, dark shadows.

Not surprisingly her eyes were playing tricks on her considering the liberal amount of wine she consumed, followed up by the valium. Add in the dark flickering shadows cast by the three lit pillar candles and she was simply spooking herself over some silly shadows.

But then it hit her... the shadows were cast by the flickering light of the candles which brought her back to the question: who lit the candles?

As she stood there, stock still-- like a deer caught in headlights-- one thing was becoming more certain than ever--she was not alone in her bedroom anymore.

Her "dark, ominous shadows' excuse for the now shifting figures in the corners had been nothing more than a lame attempt to explain the unexplainable.

As the figures grew more distinct, she could definitely see they were human like in form, but beyond that... nothing was certain.

Like an open handed slap in the face, panic struck her then. She began to stagger drunkenly in her high heels across the bedroom, toward the bedroom, meaning to escape.

As she lurched clumsily across the bedroom in her heels, she made it a point not to look into either of the corners playing host to her unknown visitors. Instead, she focused all her attentions on her bedroom door and escape.

Finally, after what seemed to be an eternity, she reached the door and was just wrenching it open when suddenly she felt them upon her. Before she could slip out of the door, it was slammed shut with a loud bang.

She let out a little whimper when the door banged shut, and then a louder one when she felt a pair of hands, icy cold, grip both of her upper arms-- just below the short sleeves of her robe-- simultaneously.

"Stay and play with us, Julianne," one of them whispered quietly in her ear. Its voice was soft and soothing, and even through the wine and valium induced haze, seemed familiar.

But no that was impossible... Julianne closed her eyes fighting off a bout of tears. If she was to be real honest with herself, the voice, it sounded like Mark's.

A second whisper then came, even softer, but just as ominous. "Yes, stay and play with us, Mommy. Give yourself over to us..." This voice, this second quiet voice, impossible as it was, sounded like Matthew. Of her two twins, Matthew had always been the sweeter of the two. Moreover, he still, from time to time, called her, "Mommy".

She snapped her mouth shut, not daring to speak and betray her fear by a weak quivering voice. All she could make out in the murky darkness, barely any of the light from the three candles penetrated the darkness over by the door, was a pair of indistinct, misty figures.

At this point, her best description of the two figures might have been they were like a pair of shadows with some sort of vague substance.

Julianne squeezed her eyes shut tighter at the sheer impossibility of what was happening. Too fearful to resist, or maybe too inebriated on the valium and wine, maybe both, she leaned heavily back against the bedroom door, waiting to see what might happen next.

A few bare seconds passed before she felt the tie holding her robe shut coming slowly undone. Automatically, she tried to move her hands up in self-defense, but her movements were sluggish and weak at best.

Working in tandem, each of the shadowy figures used one hand a piece to pin her own hands back against the door.

"Don't resist us," the voice, the one sounding vaguely like Mark, hissed harshly in her ear.

Julianne attempted a response but could only come up with a muted, inarticulate cry. She attempted to relax, maybe they would not hurt her if she didn't resist, but when she felt her

robe finish coming undone, and then being slipped off of her body, panic again set in.

Screwing up all her courage she had left in her, Julianne reacted almost violently as her robe slipped off her body. Flattening her hands against the door, she used them to propel herself forward. She managed to stagger forward away from the door just a few feet, thinking she might be able to twist away from them before she felt both of her wrists being gripped concurrently, by those damnable cold hands, before she was flung backwards.

Her back smacked into the bedroom door with a loud thud as her attackers used both their hands, one each around her wrists, the other around her upper arms, to pin her helplessly against the door.

Julianne pretty much gave up when her little gambit failed. Now utterly at their mercy, the will to resist draining from her body, she fell limp against the door. They were simply too strong and too aggressive, while she was too weak and too

intoxicated. Any further attempts at resistance, she knew would be futile at best, and maybe dangerous, at worst.

Again she shut her eyes, waiting for the worst to happen; the worst turned out to be not so bad.

A tender whisper in her ear, it was the one sounding like Matthew, implored her to, "Stay still and relax and we promise to be gentle."

Julianne finally found her voice and was able to speak, if only a single word, "Promise?"

There came not one, but a pair of whispered responses to her question, one in each ear. The responses, if they were to be believed, would set her world on fire. "Yes, we promise... Mommy."

Mommy!! Could it be them?

She tried to reason it out. Tried to consider the possibility of these spirits, or these beings, or whatever the hell "they" were might be, were her beloved twins returned to her, but her thoughts, thanks to the valium kicking in fully now, combined with the wine, of course, made her thoughts all fuzzy and warm like.

Unable to think clearly, Julianne sighed once as she felt their icy hands both floating up and down her bare arms. "Mommy... call me that again. It reminds me when... you were... young."

"We will," the Matthew like voice responded.

Julianne then admonished herself, sealing the deal. No, it's not a Matthew like voice, it is Matthew... and the other is Mark!

With this incredible fact firmly established in her mind, Julianne was able to relax a bit.

Then the other voice, Mark, whispered in her ear, "We just want to play with our Mommy. Will you let us?"

"Play?" Julianne whispered.

"Yes, pretty please, Mommy," Matthew whined in her ear while reaching up to stroke her face with one finger, sending a chill up her spine.

"Yes, you must let us play with you, Mother." It was Mark again. Just as they used to when they were alive, they were tag teaming her when they really wanted something. "We came back... to you... from such a long distance... to play. Will you let us play?"

Any fear she might have had was slowly dissipating, being replaced by a growing sense of excitement not wholly innocent as they continued to work their cold, soft hands up and down her bare arms.

Screwing up her courage, again, but this time not to try and escape, but instead to ask the million dollar question, Julianne took a deep cleansing breath in an effort to steady her nerves.

It worked as she was able to ask her question. "What... what do you wanna play with, boys... exactly?"

"Promise to keep your eyes shut and relax and we will tell you." This was Matthew speaking.

"I promise," she said after a brief pause.

Matthew was whispering in her ear again. "But first... we need to show you something... how much we missed you."

Julianne squirmed in surprised delight when she felt a gentle kiss being applied lightly to her right cheek. Being this was the side Matthew was on, she could only assume the kiss came from him. A brief second later, a second kiss landed on her other cheek. She assumed this one was from Mark.

Her face was turned back to Matthew now. "We miss you so much, love you so much," he whispered before placing another single soft kiss... this time--directly on her lips.

Julianne let out a shaky breath. The kiss from Matthew, on the lips, they had not kissed on the lips in forever, jangled her nerves.

She felt her face being turned again. It was Mark's turn. What happened next should not have been entirely unexpected. She knew her twin boys like the back of her hand, knew Mark was the more aggressive one of the two.

Without saying anything, Mark pressed his lips against hers. They exchanged several light, airy kisses, causing her blood pressure to spike.

Her face was turned again toward Matthew. His mouth was at her ear, whispering sweet nothings, "You look so beautiful

tonight, Mommy," he breathed before his tongue slipped out to dip briefly inside her ear, causing her to shiver.

Using one hand, Matthew deftly turned her face towards his. Their lips came together as they exchanged a soft series of kisses before she felt herself being roughly turned back toward Mark.

"My turn," he whispered harshly at her. Without any pretense of innocence, he brought his lips to hers, pressing firmly. She felt his tongue slip out, caressing the inside of her mouth and taking her breath away. She thought briefly of resisting but they both were gripping her hands tightly. Besides, the valium was working its magic on her now making her totally accepting to the growing storm of wicked forbidden passion sweeping over her.

Indeed, she was lost as she felt her own tongue slip loose from its moorings and begin to explore the warm recesses of his mouth. They exchanged a fiery series of kisses before Matthew intervened.

"I think she is ready," he announced.

"Ready to hear what we crossed over from the other side to play with," Mark added.

"Yes, I am ready. Tell your mother... what do you wanna play with?"

Matthew replied. "We came back to play with them, Mommy."

"With them?" Julianne numbly answered.

"With these," Mark whispered before boldly sliding his hand halfway up her arm and then across to fondle her breast.

Following his brother's cue, Matthew slipped his hand over to fondle her other breast.

Any chance of protest on Julianne's part was lost when they simultaneously began showering her vulnerable neck with tender kisses.

"Oh God," Julianne mumbled as she felt her boobs being fondled so very gently through her pretty long line bra as they made her knees weak with their impassioned kisses.

Not being able to resist anymore, her curiosity was simply too great, she opened her eyes. Looking down, she observed the inconceivable sight of the twin cups of her bra being squeezed over and over again... yet she saw no hands doing the squeezing!

They spent an inordinate amount of time quietly fondly her breasts through her bra while showering her neck, and then back to her lips, with kiss after breathless kiss.

Each one took turns zig zagging their tongues into her mouth as Julianne gave in to their wicked desires totally. Closing her eyes once more, she smiled while leaning back against the door with a gentle sigh.

After a few more tender squeezes of her breasts she felt one of them tugging at the first of the front closure clasps holding her bra shut.

Opening her eyes again, she was treated to the utterly surreal sight of seeing the clasps on her pretty long line bra being undone--seemingly all by themselves.

A series of twelve clasps ran up the middle of her bra in the front and as they each came slowly, carefully undone, drawing Julianne ever closer to the brink of no return, she felt her excitement growing.

They stopped kissing her now. She could feel two sets of eager, inexperienced fingers fumbling with the clasps of her

bra. She could only imagine their growing excitement as each clasp came undone.

When the last clasp was finally snapped open she felt her bra being slowly pulled open. The cool night air of the bedroom made her ripe nipples snap to attention as she heard both of them nearly panting like a pair of wild dogs as she imagined them staring so eagerly at their mom's bare breasts. 9*

The last act of this forbidden drama started slowly as they both took turns cupping her newly bared tits with their chilly hands.

Matthew brought his mouth up to her ear whispering, "God Mommy your tits are so beautiful... can we play with them?"

Julianne, lost in a world of forbidden erotic adventure mumbled her response. "Mmm, you... you guys can do... do anything you want to your Mommy sweetheart."

Their fingers glided over her nipples making them come fully erect as she let out a quiet hiss. Taking turns, they twisted her face back and forth as they exchanged a furious series of kisses with her, tongues snaking in and out of her mouth, as they both continued to fondle her breasts with the utmost devotion.

She opened her eyes momentarily once more. Looking down, she again saw the bizarre sight of her tits being manipulated by unseen hands. She could actually see her breasts being pushed in tenderly by the invisible fingertips. And then the bizarre turned into the downright unreal when she felt a hand slipping inside her panties causing them to bulge outward with its outline.

A second hand joined the first as their mouths dropped down to her chest. In total accord, they both began suckling on her large tits with untamed passion as finger after finger slipped in and out of her pussy.

Julianne again offered no resistance when she felt her panties being slowly tugged down and off of her. She was now completely naked except for her high heels.

A pair of urgent hands on her shoulders prodded her downward gently as a pair of soft whispered voices implored her to, "Get on your knees, Mom."

Julianne sank down onto her knees. Somewhere past the drug and alcohol fog she found herself wallowing in, she knew what was expected of her next.

Her eyes were shut tight as she felt first one large, and very hard penis, being pushed up against her lips, followed by a second one, just as large and just as hard.

One of them tangled their hand in her hair, stroking it softly, "Open your mouth, Mother... give us oral pleasure... pretty please."

Julianne, after a brief pause, succumbed, opening her mouth. One of them slid his cock into the warm recesses of her mouth as she brought her hand up to find the other cock-- yeah the one not in mouth.

She sucked on each of their hard cocks vigorously, her mouth moving from one to the other, and with such passion soon they were both moaning audibly.

"Oh God, Mommy, suck on it... that's it," Matthew whined as she used her tongue to tickle the sensitive underside before swallowing it whole. She was only allowed to bob up and down on it a couple times, making him moan all the more, before Mark tangled his hand in her hair.

Pulling gently, he guided her hungry mouth to his cock. While Matthew was a nice size, if she was estimating maybe a good six and half inches, Mark was absolutely huge, maybe eight to nine inches.

She drew his cock deep into her mouth several times, making him groan softly before she began to suck on it wildly.

Her mouth flew up and down on his cock while her hand found Matthew's tool, stroking it nicely.

Matthew tried to intercede, wanting his cock back in her mouth. "C'mon bro... it's my turn."

"Forgot it," Julianne heard Mark snap at his brother. "I am going to come in her mouth."

"But that's not fair... I wanna--"

"Shut up and let me concentrate," Mark interrupted him. "You can come in her mouth next time."

"But I wanna be the first," he whined. She heard skin on skin slapping and with her eyes still tightly shut she could only

assume Mark was physically repelling his brother's attempts to twist her face over to his waiting cock.

Their bickering over her instilled a quiet pride deep inside of Julianne but also caused her to fear it might turn into something more serious. She had witnessed such bickering, over her, turn into full-fledged fights in the past.

Deciding she must interject and take control of things, after all she was still their mother and therefor the supreme authority figure in their lives, or death, whatever the case actually was, she let Mark's cock slip out of her mouth.

Making her voice deadly serious so they would understand she was serious she announced firmly. "Listen boys, no one is going to come in your mom's mouth... first or second. That is final!"

She opened her eyes now and was greeted with the surreal sight of her being in between a pair of shimmering, indistinct

figures while barely being able to make the outlines of their bodies out in the soft candle light.

What was noticeable was how the shimmering air forming their bodies was more... hmm solid maybe... down there. That is, she could easily make out the outline of both of their hard, protruding cocks as she sat on her knees in between them.

After spitting in each of her palms, she wrapped her hands around each of their cocks before whispering, "It is only fair this way, boys... for mommy to give both of you nice hand jobs that way... no one feels left out."

She half expected an argument from them but, apparently, even in death, her natural mother's grip of authority over them was still firm and complete.

Whispering some soft motherly encouragement to them --as she stroked their cocks up and down--while mixing in a few nice tongue licks and quick suckling sessions, she soon had them both on the verge of coming.

"That's it babies... mommy is going to make you both come...
Hmm, right? I bet that feels so good huh?"

"Oh God, yes," they both sang out in near unison.

Reaching down, one of them, probably Mark if she had to guess, tangled his fingers in her hair, before twisting her face upward.

She shut her eyes then, concentrating on working her hands up and down faster now on their stiff members.

With her eyes tightly shut, Julianne did not see what was coming next: both of them.

Mark, with his hand tangled deep in her long blondish, brown hair, kept her face in place as Julianne felt two extremely large loads of warm cum splatter all over both her cheeks, and

then a second smaller spurt of cum from both of them coated her lips and nose.

Apparently, her idea worked as they both began to titter now, getting along famously. "Look bro," Mark chortled. "We both came on her fucking face."

"Yeah, that was cool," Matthew eagerly replied.

Julianne felt a bit of shame overcoming her as the heat of the moment passed and she rose unsteadily to her feet.

"I need to go in the bathroom and wash up," she said.

"OK," they both mumbled as Julianne staggered, almost shell shocked over what just happened, across her bedroom and into the bathroom.

A few minutes later, after getting herself cleaned up, she came tentatively back out into the bedroom, wondering if they would still be there.

She opened the bathroom door peering out into the candle lit room. After a quick search of the room, she spied their hazy figures sitting on the edge of her bed.

Approaching them slowly, she stopped before them. "We have to go," Matthew told her.

"But we can return tomorrow night... if you want," Mark added.

"I... I do want," Julianne replied as she sat on the bed between their slightly glowing, shimmering images.

"Good, and tomorrow night we were hoping you could do something special for us..." Mark continued, "For all three of us that is."

"What?" Julianne asked nervously.

Matthew spoke now. "We watched you, looking at the old photo albums from our past and it gave us the idea of tomorrow night, if you want, maybe we could do something from our shared past."

"Like what, honey?"

Mark picked up now where his brother left off. "Remember when we were young and you used to let us crawl into your bed with you and you would make up those nice bed time stories for us."

"Yeah, you were really good at that Mommy, your stories were always so imaginative," Matthew added. "Maybe we could do that again. You can make some story up for us and tell us... as we are cuddled in your bed with you."

"I suppose I could do that," Julianne said softly.

"Yes, but this time, since we are older," Matthew told her. "The story should have more of a... ahh mature theme to it."

"Mature theme? How so?"

"Basically the story should feature an attractive mature mother and her son... a son she needs to provide love and comfort to."

"Attractive and mature huh... and I suppose this love and comfort should be of the... hmm forbidden type."

"Yes and the mother she should have, you know, a nice body." Matthew said. "And even nicer tits, big I mean, real big and bouncy... so they will be lots of fun to play with... for the boy in your story."

Hmm, I guess that is doable," Julianne replied.

"We hope so. It should be fun..." Mark whispered in her ear. "Reliving a bit of our past with you telling us a naughty bedtime story."

"I just bet it will," Julianne mumbled as she watched them fade away to nothing as one of them whispered, "Story hour will begin at ten pm sharp."

Julianne crawled into bed, her mind slowly turning over several ideas of just what kind of naughty story she should make up for them, before she slipped into a fitful sleep.

The next afternoon, Julianne sat herself down on the sofa down in the living room, laptop in hand, and started working on her story.

She actually was a rather accomplished writer, having worked on the school newspaper in both high school and college, so

she found coming up with a story, even a naughty one, was not so hard... once she got her creative juices flowing that is.

Four hours later, she was printing out the final copy of her story on her desktop, hoping they would find it to their liking.

Around 8:30 Julianne slipped into the bathtub with a glass of wine to help her relax. An hour later, she was dressed in her best pair of silk pajamas, pretty tan bra and panty combo underneath, reclining on the bed, waiting for them.

At ten pm sharp there came a soft rapping on her bedroom door. Hopping off the bed, Julianne crossed the bedroom with fevered anticipation.

After slowly opening the door, she let out a small gasp. This time, much to her utter delight, they were both fully formed, appearing physically pretty much exactly as they had been on the night of their death.

Both were dressed in dark tee shirts and gym shorts as they smiled at her shyly. Their ability to do this was granted to them by a very lustful and powerful demon Julianne would come to know later on... if she was lucky.

"Mommy," Matthew said sweetly, "we can't sleep... can you tell us a bedtime story."

"Please," Mark added. "Pretty please."

Picking up on the gambit they started, Julianne sighed. "Well I suppose I could read you two little rascals a story before tucking you off to sleep for the night."

"Can you tell us the story in your bed, Mommy," Matthew said softly. "It nice and comfortable there... in your bed."

"Yeah, and you haven't let us sleep with you in a long, long time, Mommy," Mark added in a soft, shy voice.

Julianne sighed. It was like they were both alive again! "OK come on, let's go to your Mommy's bed and get comfortable then."

Taking their hands, she led them across the bedroom to her bed. After clicking on the bedside lamp, she turned to them. They both were looking at her expectedly.

"Should we get undressed before getting in bed, Mommy," Matthew asked.

"Hmm, I suppose it wouldn't hurt for the two of you to strip down to your underwear."

A minute later, Julianne found herself leaning back against her pillow, snuggled between the two of them, as she held the typed pages of her story in her hand.

"What is the story about Mommy?" Matthew eagerly asked.

"Why it's about a pretty, mature, and rather shapely mother and her son. Just as requested. Now sit back and listen as I put a lot of work in cobbling this story together for the two of you."

After clearing her throat Julianne started to read from the typewritten pages of her story.

Amanda, approaching the age of forty was extremely self-conscious about her looks, but a critical examination of the facts would have proved she had very little to be worried about. She was a true beauty, with locks of chestnut-brown hair falling past her shoulders in a perfect wave of teased curls curtaining her lovely oval face.

Her lips, pouty and inviting, inspired memories of long ago in her son when they used to share dozens of light airy kisses. He longed terribly to have such memories rekindled.

Amanda's complexion, glowing with mature beauty, demanded strict attention while at 5' 8" and 135 pounds she

possessed a body demanding even greater attention. The highlights of this divine body was a pair of long, muscular legs, along with a perfectly shaped ass. Her nearly flat washboard stomach contained only hints of fat thanks to a strict regimen of diet and exercise.

Her outer beauty was matched by an inner beauty reflecting itself in a warm and bubbly personality. Her smile dazzled and could light a room up when she was happy.

In short, Amada was gifted with the personality of an angel, but the body of a devil, accented by a bust that measured exactly 37 inches and needed a size F cup to contain their mighty heft. Amanda's tits were regal and majestic, to say the least, and she took extra pride in following a workout regime ensuring they would stay that way for some time to come.

But Amanda, ever the harsh critic of herself, thought her full sized tits, always her pride and joy, were beginning to sag a bit with age. What Amanda really required, more than anything, was a boost of self-confidence in regards to her aging body.

Such self-depreciating thoughts left her feeling insecure, depressed, and vulnerable.

In spite of this feelings of insecurity, she yearned to see if she still had what it took to turn someone's head. She often wondered to herself--would I be such a horrible mother if... maybe I showed off for my son a bit to see if I still had some sex appeal because if I could turn his head then--.

The arrival of summer gave her the perfect opportunity to find out. Amanda, a sun worshiper, loved nothing more than to spend a quiet summer afternoon in the backyard working on her tan out by their pool. For this task, she owned a varied assortment of multicolored bikinis which were more than up to the task of showing off her luscious body to the sun's warming rays.

During this fateful summer, Jimmy would prove to be the perfect little guinea pig for Amanda to see if she still had a bit of sex appeal left in the tank.

Jimmy arrived home from his tour of combat in the spring of 2019 and it wasn't long before the nightmares started up, preventing him from getting any decent sort of sleep. After a week, he was looking drawn and pale with his moody and irritable behavior also catching Amanda's attention.

Despite his issues, it did not take long for Amanda to take note of how her son seemed to be having an awfully difficult time keeping his eyes off her beautiful, bikini clad body. Jimmy would have been the first to admit he spent way too much time admiring his mom's mature body, especially those tremendous tits of hers.

So now, besides the night terrors he was experiencing from the war, he was also having to contend with some rather steamy fantasies about his mother, and the guilt they brought, as he tossed and turned fitfully in bed every night.

Soon the guilt, he was worried he might actually start jacking off while dreaming of his mother, combined with the dread of having more nightmares, caused him to give up on sleeping at all as he spent most nights pacing his room like a

caged tiger or playing violent video games while hopped up on too much caffeine.

Finally, after a few nights of this tortuous behavior, he was forced to take a couple of strong sleeping pills to knock himself out just so he could get some sleep, but much to his dismay, he found the sleeping pills, while allowing him to fall asleep quickly before he could think of whacking off, did not prevent the nightmares from attacking him.

Amanda wasn't blind to what was happening. She sensed her son's eyes on her while she reclined in the sun in her sexy bikinis. This had the effect of warming her heart, knowing she could still, at her age, garner her son's attentions while giving her self-confidence a much needed boost.

This newly found self-confidence bloomed to the point where-- even after she was done sunning herself out by the pool-- she left her bikini on--for his viewing pleasure. Instead, she made it a point to prance around the house in her bikini,

watching with blithe amusement, while Jimmy tried his level best to keep his eyes off of her.

But despite her joy at being able to garner his attention she found the long, hot summer still seemed to be wearing on both his health and his mood.

As June turned to July, Amanda was becoming frantic with worry over her son. She knew something must be done about his not sleeping at night, and sooner rather than later, as Jimmy's well-being was at stake. A plan was beginning to form in her mind, but she would need courage to put it into play.

She remembered how when Jimmy was younger, and suffered from the occasional bad dreams that all little kids seemed to have from time to time, she would comfort him by snuggling in bed with him, and letting him fall asleep in her arms. It worked every time, but then, of course, he was only a boy and now he was a man!

After some internal debate, Amanda decided her plan was worth a shot. Ultimately, it would all hinge on a way, assuming her courage held out, to get him in her bed and from there -- it would be in the hands of fate.

A few nights later, the moment of truth came, but would she will have the courage to act upon her plan?

She paused in her story to try and gauge the reaction of her audience. They both seemed attentive to both her and her story as they each snuggled tightly against her while listening intently. Satisfied, thus far, her tale was acceptable she continued.

It was around midnight and she was just getting ready for bed, after arriving home from a night out with a couple of friends. The three glasses of wine Amanda slurped down with dinner, left her feeling playful and frisky, but with no one to play with, it also left her feeling sad and lonely.

After getting undressed for bed, she was in the midst of brushing her teeth when she heard a loud thud, followed by a short cry of pain. It came from down the hallway; most likely from Jimmy's bedroom.

Rushing out of the bathroom, she dashed down the hallway to his room, not realizing, or maybe better yet, not caring, she was wearing nothing but her bra and panties.

When she entered his bedroom she was, at first, confused. By the dim light streaming into the room from the hallway, Amanda observed his bed was empty before hearing a faint rustling noise on the far side of the bed. It sounded like it was actually coming from down on the floor.

Hurrying around the bed, she spotted him curled up on the floor in a fetal position, clutching his pillow. He was dressed in his usual sleeping attire: a pair of boxers only.

"Jimmy... Honey... Baby are you all right?" she nearly shrieked. Reaching over, she flipped on the small bedside table lamp. "What are you doing on the floor?"

He blinked his eyes at her, looking confused. He was shaking like a leaf, with such a look of desperate look of panic on his cute face it broke her heart.

Despite his eyes being open, Amanda wasn't sure if he was fully awake and aware of his surroundings. A suspicion soon confirmed by his actions.

"P-please d-don't let them... put me in the hole again, Mommy." His voice came out barely above a whisper, and possessed such a heart-breaking quality to it that it caused large tears to begin to well up in her pretty green eyes. Fighting back the tears, she bended over him, brushing a strand of his swirling lion's mane of light brown hair out of his eyes.

Amanda gazed down at him. Maybe for the first time, she realized her son was no longer the cute little boy he once was, but while away in the army he matured into a strikingly handsome young man.

His jaw was square and firm, while his angular cheekbones accented his masculinity. His skin had a dark, healthy glow to it from hours of relaxing in the sun with his mother. Moreover, she couldn't help but to notice his broad shoulders, well-muscled chest, and washboard stomach while he reclined on the floor shirtless, all which made the dark circles under his eyes from lack of sleep more pronounced.

A sudden wave of guilt washed over her after she realizing she was standing there-- like a gaping idiot-- admiring her son's well-toned military physique before becoming lost in his gentle hazel eyes as they stare wide and unblinking up at her.

He was hot and sweaty and obviously scared. Making a firm decision, she must take drastic action to ease his suffering, she leaned over and whispered in his ear, "You are safe, Jimmy.

Mommy is here, and you are coming back to her bed and I am going to..."

She helped him to his feet before continuing. "Give you so much love and comfort that you are going to get a good night's sleep for once."

"Mom you don't have to do that. I'm alright." Jimmy snapped back. His voice was gruff and irritable, designed to hide the abject fear the horrible dream caused him.

"Shhh honey. It's what you need baby. It's what I need... Please don't deny your mother the chance to provide her baby boy with so much love and comfort those silly nightmares won't stand a chance. Please honey... come to your mommy's bed."

Dazed, and still a bit confused, it was easy for Jimmy to let his "mommy" take control. He allowed her to sit him down on the bed while she waited patiently for his final decision.

Julianne paused. Smiling at them she whispered, "What do you think of your mommy's story thus far boys?"

"We like it, Mommy," they both sang out in unison before Matthew added. "Yeah, I can't wait to see what's going to happen if Jimmy agrees to go to her bed. Is he going to, Mommy? Do you think he should?"

"Of course, he should," Mark chimed in. "And that is when the good stuff of the story will start to happen. Right Mommy?"

"Hmm, well listen boys and you both shall see what is going to happen between them."

After taking a large sip of her wine, Julianne continued with her story.

She stood there in the small pool of light thrown off by the small bedside lamp, hands on her hips, a motherly look of concern on her lovely face. He started to protest again before

he looked up, really focusing his eyes on her for the first time, as he was finally fully awake.

"Mom really you..." The protest died on his lips when it hits him what she was wearing or maybe more accurately, what she wasn't wearing: Jesus she wasn't dressed but instead was standing there so very casually in her bra and panties.

And what a nice look it was for her as the attractive lime green lace bra with matching panties, showed off her terrific body to the Nth degree.

He was basically rendered speechless by the way she was standing there, so cool and casual, looking totally worried about him while seemingly very unconcerned she had no clothes on in front of her twenty year old son.

"I will not accept any excuses Jimmy. I have stood by and done nothing long enough while you have been plagued by these awful dreams."

"L-let me think about it a minute Mom," he complained weakly, not yet ready to surrender.

"There is nothing to think about," she snapped back at him. By the commanding tone of her voice he knew saying no was not option.

Allowing himself to be led out of his bedroom, down the hall and to her bedroom, Jimmy found his eyes glued to his mother's softly swaying ass as she strode in front of him.

When they reached her room, she led him straight over to the bed. "Now hop into your mom's bed. I'm going to light some candles to create a bit of soft atmosphere for us."

Jimmy crawled into her bed, his eyes stuck on her as she moved over to the nightstand on the other side of the bed.

When she first mentioned letting him sleep in her bed, Jimmy's thoughts were wholly pure and full of innocent love as she would allow him not only into her bedroom for the night, but into her bed, but as he laid there in her bed, his thoughts soon turned a bit less pure.

He could not help it as his mother's gorgeous big tits, protected from his eyes only by her pretty lace bra, invited, nay, begged for such dark and forbidden thoughts. He stared at them helplessly enthralled by their majestic splendor as she pulled a good dozen small tea light candles out of her night stand drawer.

Amanda noticed her son watching her intently as she moved about the bedroom, spreading the candles out strategically throughout the bedroom, knowing where his attention was focused: on her chest.

This caused no small measure of excitement in her--especially since she was a bit tipsy and her emotions were on the edge anyways.

She reflected on how what was happening now was very similar to what happened when they hung out by the pool together and she was wearing one of her skimpy bikini: his eyes invariably became stuck on her tits, although he did do his best not to make it too obvious. And now, again just like out by the pool, Amanda, a natural born show off, didn't really mind at all if her young son can't keep his eyes off tits, but instead welcomed his attentions.

Just as she finished up lighting the last of the candles it suddenly came to her what she must do. It was simple really, she must get his mind off the horrors he experienced during the war and focused on something a bit more pleasant--like her tits maybe.

She strode over to the bed, looking much like an angel in the soft candle light, before crawling under the covers with him--without bothering to put any pajamas on!

The scent of her snuggled next to him, fresh and clean, drove him mad with irresistible longing. Snaking an arm around his shoulders, she drew him closer next to her. As he nuzzled his face against her neck, her hair falling in his face he breathed deep. Her beautiful chestnut brown locks smelled of lilacs and roses, of fresh rainwater, of spring flowers and vanilla lavender. In other words, her hair smelled of all the best things the world had to offer.

And when she cuddled him closer to her body, after gently, carefully prodding his head downwards until his face was nestled down safely between the immense twin cups of her sexy lime green bra, he never felt safer or slept better.

Her large, soft tits served as a pair of delightful pillows for his face. The fact he was so utterly exhausted was the only thing that let him slip off to sleep. Otherwise, considering his stiff condition "down there", sleep would have been rather difficult, to say the least.

Julianne paused, looking from side to side at them, waiting for either or both of them to comment.

"Nothing happened between them, huh," Mark complained.

"Be patient sweetie, good things come to those that wait... remember I always say that," Julianne responded before continuing with her story.

The next day did little to relieve the sexual tension Jimmy felt toward his mother. The day was full of bright sunshine so Amanda suggested they spend the afternoon hanging out by the pool. She wore an enchanting white string bikini, causing, once again, Jimmy's eyes to become helpless stuck on her mouthwatering tits.

At dinner time, when they decided to barbecue steaks outdoors on the patio grill, she changed out of her bikini and into something maybe even more dangerous: a pair of daisy duke shorts, along with a light blue tank top.

The shorts were skin tight, as was the tank top. It only took one long look for Jimmy to realize his mom wasn't wearing a bra underneath her skin tight tank top as the outlines of her large nipples were pressed invitingly against the thin material of the tank top, making them a beacon of sorts for Jimmy's restless eyes.

By now, Jimmy suspected his mother understood he couldn't keep his eyes off of her tits, and much to his pleasant surprise, she didn't seem to mind one bit.

They enjoyed a bottle of wine with dinner before retiring to the living room to watch a movie together.

Snuggling together on the sofa, while watching a movie, had been one of their favorite pastimes together when he was younger, and now, quite naturally, Jimmy was pleasantly surprised when they decided to relive it.

Before the movie began, Amanda went upstairs to change, replacing the tank top and daisy dukes with a pair of old sweat pants and a half tee shirt. The sweat pants were not very sexy, but the same thing could not be said about her half tee shirt. It was light pink, extremely tight, and just covered her immense tits by the barest of margins as the short sleeved tee shirt seemed to be designed for the express purpose of showing off as much skin as possible.

As Amanda came striding back into the living room, Jimmy couldn't help but to notice how deliciously his mom's little half tee shirt showed off her well-toned stomach, along with her immense tits.

During the movie, as they shared a second, and then a third glass of wine, Amanda became especially warm and friendly with him. Jimmy, liking the warm buzz the wine gave him, responded likewise with her.

When it is finally time to go to bed, he followed her up the stairs with his mind full of endless pleasant ways this night

might end. At the top of the stairs, he headed to his room, but before he could get more than two steps away she reached out, snagging his hand.

"Honey," she beamed while flashing her dazzling angel-white teeth at him, "Don't you want to try for another good night's sleep in my bed."

He stopped, turning toward her, his heart racing. Jimmy had been wondering all day, if she was going to suggest he sleep with her again. Amanda quickly recognized where his gaze was fixed, dead on her tits, and smiled slyly to herself, knowing her little half tee shirt was working perfectly as designed.

While it may have been her natural propensity to show off which allowed Amanda to run around in such skimpy attire the first place, it was the wine that gave her the courage to boldly invite him to her bed once again.

"I... I ahh... y-yeah s-sure Mom," he managed to sputter as his mind spun out of control at the possibilities another night in her bed might hold. The stakes were higher now, considering both of them are a bit inebriated from the wine. Combined with the way they were flirting with each other all night-- so outrageously-- made the idea of them sleeping together in the same bed more than a little dangerous.

He hurried down the hallway to brush his teeth in the bathroom there while she disappeared inside her own bathroom to do the same. When he came back to her bedroom, he found it was softly lit with a dozen or so small candles.

Amanda noticed how, after he returned home from the war, Jimmy seemed to have an aversion to the dark so she thought it would best to fill the room with dim candle light.

As she passed him, heading to her bathroom, his eyes involuntarily turned downwards to check out her ass.

Nice, extremely nice, Jimmy mused to himself as the barely there thong panties she was wearing tantalizing showed off of her well-tanned ass cheeks.

He crossed over to the bed, stripping off his jeans and tee shirt before hurriedly crawling into the bed, wanting to hide the large tent pole he was sporting inside his boxers.

The tent pole, the result of the sneak peek he just stole at his mother's well defined ass, along with the long and loving looks he had been giving her tits all night long, was becoming bigger and harder to control as the night wore on.

Once he was safely under the covers of the bed, he closed his eyes hoping to fall asleep quickly to avoid any more guilty thoughts.

He just crossed over into the shadow land between consciousness and unconsciousness, neither fully awake nor sleeping either, when he felt the bed shift. He sighed a little, but did not open his eyes and soon became aware of her warm

body pressed against his. He also was aware of not feeling the material of any pajamas against his body. Jesus, did she really crawl into bed with him wearing just those delicious thong lace panties of hers, and that skimpy half tee shirt? If so, wow!

A tender whisper in his ear jerked him closer to full consciousness. "You can't fall asleep yet Jimmy as you mom still needs to kiss you good night, which reminds me... hmm, do you remember how when you were little you refused to go to sleep until I kissed you good night?"

"Mom, I am a bit old for that don't you think. I mean I am not a little kid anymore," he mumbled at her irritably. The truth was he would very much like a kiss, or two, from his mom, but his strong male pride resisted him allowing her to think of him as a little kid again.

"Nonsense, you should never be too old to let your Mom kiss you good night honey. Besides my kiss will be like a dose of magic that will ward off any bad dreams."

She slinked her body more firmly up against him, making refusal of her invitation so much harder. "So what do you say, hmm can you indulge me and let me give you a little kiss for protection."

"Mom you're being silly," he told her, but not so irritably this time, as he was flattered at her persistence. His eyes fluttered open in order to observe her reaction to his latest rebuke.

Observing a stern expression on her pretty face, he knew without a doubt now this suggestion of a kiss good night was serious business to her.

And when her stern expression began to turn into a deep frown, he knew he must accept. Reaching out with one hand, he touched her arm lightly. "OK sure a good night kiss would be sweet... Mommy."

Somewhere deep in the inner depths of his heart, Jimmy understood that by calling her "Mommy" he was going all in on this very serious little game they were playing. He told

himself he was doing it for her sake as he strongly suspected she was feeling quite protective over him.

Amanda leaned down, giving him several small, light kisses - - one on each cheek, and then one on the forehead. Drawing back, she stared down at him, as their eyes locked. Both of their hearts swelled with innocent love the longer they gazed deeply into each other's eyes.

Detecting the moment was right to push the envelope and give him a real kiss, directly on the lips, Amanda prayed he would not turn away. She closed her eyes, moving her lips closer to his as if she was in a dream. A sense of unbearable sexual tension hung in the air between mother and son as her lips hovered mere inches from his.

Their lips came together for just the briefest of seconds, and then parted, before crashing together again and again. They exchanged at least a half dozen small, butterfly kisses, light and gentle, but yet still full of love, leaving them both panting wildly.

"There," she smiled at him tenderly, "your Mommy's kisses have afforded you full protection against any evil spirits that might try and haunt your dreams baby."

"I hope so. G'night," he told her before reluctantly turning his back. What he really wanted to do was to snuggle up to her, but was fearful if he did just that she would discover the raging monster his rock hard cock had become. So instead he turned away -- reasoning discretion was the better part of valor.

Suspecting as much, Amanda let him turn away, allowing him to fall into a fitful sleep, where he was confronted with an incoherent mixture of both bad and naughty dreams. Dreams of his half naked mother, intermixed with dreams of the horrors he suffered at the hands of his captors during the war.

Guilt, terror and pleasure all spun in and out of his dreams, until he finally awoke with a terrified scream. Hot tears of fear and guilt rolled down his cheeks. He had a painful erection to go along with his tears.

Amanda instantly came awake upon hearing Jimmy's scream. Whispering quietly to him as she softly stroked his hair she said, "You had better let me snuggle you against my chest like last night since apparently my kisses were not enough to keep those bad dreams at bay."

Not waiting for him to answer, she reached out, drawing him into her embrace. His tears were stifled by her plentiful bosom as he burrowed his face snug against her bosom.

They rested like this for a few minutes as Jimmy slowly relaxed with his thoughts turning gradually to what was under the thin material of his mother's little half tee shirt.

"Maybe we could try again. Another kiss I mean Mommy," Jimmie declared softly in a voice almost pitiful with quiet desperation.

Amanda hesitated briefly before giving in to his pleading voice.

Their kiss was slow and unhurried, soft and delicate. Finally, they parted lips. Amanda regarded her son's tear stained eyes with a growing desire to provide him the comfort he so desperately needed; a comfort that could only be found in the warm bosom of a mother.

"You surprised me asking for another kiss hon. I thought maybe you found your Mom to be not so attractive anymore and the idea of getting a kiss from me would be gross."

"No Mom, you are so beautiful." He brushed his fingers through a strand of her luxurious brunette hair with one hand wanting to say more but not finding the words.

"Honey you mean that? Really, really, mean that?" she seductively batted her eyes at him thrilled her son still found her attractive.

"Yes, I think you're the prettiest Mom in the whole wide world and I just love you so, so much... you know for letting me sleep in your bed."

"Of course hon, you are welcome here... always. I just want to give you the comfort you need to keep them stupid bad dreams at bay."

"Maybe we just need to kiss some more, maybe we didn't kiss enough the first time... you know to keep my bad dreams at bay."

"Maybe," she whispered as she used one hand to delicately guide his face closer. This time their kiss was deeper and full of a restless passion each had been fighting to hold in for too long. This time when their lips parted, it didn't take. Instead, they kissed again, their lips coming together as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

In between their breathless kisses, they whispered devoted exclamations of their love and fondness for one another.

As they cuddled under the covers, kissing so very sweetly, she used the tips of her fingers to stroke his bare chest, while his own hands began to caress their way around her exposed mid-section just below the edge of her little half tee shirt.

They continued to exchange a plethora of sweet, innocent kisses for the longest time with no words being spoken now to break the rhythm. Instead, it was just one deeply passionate kiss after another doing all the talking.

At some point, finally, their lips parted, allowing a pair of restless tongues into the fray, adding a new forbidden element to the proceedings.

After a good half dozen of these new and improved kisses, Amanda found herself guiding his face downward into the comforting embrace of her pure mother-ness. Yes, towards the tremendous paired peaks of his mommy's mighty breasts.

Jimmy found his face again sliding down on her maddeningly short, tight pink tee shirt. Just as before, he understood with utter clarity there was nothing between his cheek and her bare breasts but the thin material of the tee shirt.

He rested there for a few minutes, his heart beating wildly as his cock came fully alive. This time they both had a sense they were on the verge of something much deeper, and more meaningful, than him simply slipping off to sleep.

"Are you getting sleepy yet honey?"

He turned his eyes up, staring at her sadly. "I am afraid to go back to sleep. I know you probably think I am a little baby or something, but it's the truth."

"I have news for you," she stared at him deep in his eyes while lifting his chin up gently with one finger. "Mommy will always consider you to be her baby. And like all babies you need your mommy's love and comfort to help you go back to sleep. So just relax, close your eyes and listen."

Jimmy did as she requested wondering where she might be leading him.

"I know it stings your male pride, having me think of you as a baby," she whispered to him sweetly. "But there is rewards to having your mommy still think of you as her baby."

Amanda took a deep breath, pausing to let the incredible sexual tension between them build to nearly unbearable levels before she started whispering again.

"You know the bond between a baby boy and his mother is the most special, the most sacred bond in the whole wide world, Jimmy. You must understand that sweetie?"

His voice was barely audible as he asked the million dollar question. "You mean even if the baby boy is not a baby anymore but full grown."

"Yes, even then honey and with that in mind I really think this situation calls for desperate measures to take your mind off those God awful dreams you have been suffering."

She paused just long enough to use her hand to softly nudge his face down just a bit more into the perfect position. "And I think the best way to take your mind off those unpleasant dreams is for you to concentrate on something else with all your heart and soul baby."

Julianne now paused again in her story. Looking at both of them she whispered, "Still liking your mom's bedtime story, boys."

Reaching over she took another large sip of her wine as Matthew answered, "It's a nice story, Mom."

"Yeah, real nice and I think, just like Jimmy I am going to start concentrating on something myself," Mark whispered. Reaching over he started to fiddle with the first of the four buttons running up the center of his mom's silk pajama top.

Julianne almost, out of pure instinct, started to brush his hands away before catching herself. She knew trying to stop him, trying to stop them, was a forlorn hope.

The die was cast, their story must continue on its naughty path just as the one she was telling them.

She started reading their naughty bedtime story again even as she felt the first of the buttons on her pajama top come undone.

Amanda intuitively understood exactly where she must focus his attention. The thought, the pure naughtiness of it, made her heart gallop.

"Like what kind of desperate measures?" he mouthed back. His eyes fluttered open for a brief second, just long enough to spy his mother reaching down to the edge of her tee shirt.

Could she really be getting ready to... He closed his eyes again, whispering a silent fervent prayer.

There was a brief pause before she whispered her reply. "Something nice, something that can provide you with so much love and comfort those bad dreams of yours will never come back. Yes baby, something big and warm and soft. Now open those adorable little hazel eyes of yours and see what Mommy has in mind for her baby to enjoy."

His eyes flickered open at her command. He watched, with rapt attention, as his mother slowly began to pull her short little tee shirt up, while arching her back and thrusting her tits out to their full extent, hoping he will not become overcome with his innate shyness and look away.

Every bit of his attention was focused on his mother's grandiose tits. He noted with fascination how they strained against the tight confines of their soft pink prison. His breath was coming in short, rapid bursts as she slowly began to peel her tee shirt back to reveal them.

His heart nearly stopped as it hit him full force: he was about to get a glimpse of heaven!!

Inch by slow maddeningly inch, she pulled her tee shirt up. Finally, her imposing tits flopped free in all their naked glory.

Sucking in his breath, holding it, afraid if he was to even take another breath this wild dream would come crashing down, he starred, spellbound, his heart thumping away like a jackhammer inside his chest.

Jimmy had never such majestic beauty as his mother's mammoth tits. After having so many naughty fantasies about his mom's breasts, the real thing proved to be hardly a disappointment at all. In fact, they are even bigger, and more magnificent, than he ever could have imagined!!

He noted the pronounced tan line on her tits, marking the boundaries of the many skimpy bikinis she loved to wear. He

noticed-- with even greater interest--how her erect nipples, appearing like nothing less than a pair of luxurious crown jewels, jutted out so very enticingly.

In wicked anticipation, he licked his lips as his cock grew painfully hard.

"God Mommy they are..." he paused, wanting to say something poetic about them but instead, drawing a blank, he settled on the obvious, "so big and beautiful."

"You really think they are sweetie," she answered. "I mean just because they are big don't mean they are nice. A lot of guys don't like women with big boobies."

As he stared longingly at her tits a spark of fiery imagination, the same spark that had eluded him earlier to say something poetic, now struck home.

"Mom..." he began slowly, "not only are your breasts big and beautiful, but they are beguiling and bewitching. So much so that I am quite powerless to stop staring at them... such is there dazzling magnificent splendor." He paused a moment hoping his words would have the desired effect on her. "In fact," he continued quietly, "I think your breasts must have been sculptured in heaven by angels to the point where I am simply awed by their imposing grandeur, Mommy."

Julianne took a brief pause as she felt the second of the buttons on her pajama top come undone. "I guess he liked them huh, Mommy?" Matthew whispered to her during her pause.

"Yes, he did, honey."

"Just as we like yours, Mommy," Matthew replied with an innocent smile.

"Hmm, I'm sure you do boys," she murmured before launching into the real naughty part of their bedtime story.

Finished with this grand tribute to her mighty tits, Jimmy swallowed nervously, hoping she was reassured by his little homage to their utter beauty.

Amanda blinked back the tears of happiness filling her heart and making it swell. "Oh baby that was so beautiful. Your words, your beautiful sweet words touch my soul. Never has anyone paid me such heartfelt compliments."

Pure and simple desire blossomed in her heart, along with a playful notion of what must come next. "Well since you seem to like Mommy's... big... beautiful... boobs so very much..."

Jimmy noticed how she accented each of those three words beginning with the letter B: big, beautiful, and boobs causing his poor cock to reach new heights of hardness.

A mischievous grin spread across her face as she continued. "Maybe Mommy should let you play with them a bit before we try to get you back to sleep."

Tilting her head to one side, Amanda again thrust her chest out, accenting her invitation. Her whispered voice, soft and innocent, the way she coached the invitation, playful and sweet, stood in direct contrast to the naughtiness she was suggesting to the point where the whole thing seemed utterly surreal to Jimmy.

Reaching down, she lightly stroked the side of his face with one playful finger before repeating her invite. "Hmm would you like that sweetheart? Would you like to play with your Mommy's big, beautiful boobies?"

"Mommy, I..." Coherent thought became impossible for him as he stared in awe at the mighty twin peaks of his mommy's bare breasts. Instead of speaking further, he found he could only gaze at his mother's regal breasts with awed reverence bordering on complete and utter devotion.

Amanda understood her young virgin son was lost to this world as she offered up her tits for him to play with and knowing this only served to turn her on all the more.

She understood her son's innate shyness-- which was exactly what she wanted--as she reached out for his hands. Grasping them tightly in her own, she carefully guided them to her tits.

Back in the reality of the bedroom, Julianne felt both the third and fourth buttons of her silk pajama top come undone. Even as she continued to read, she leaned forward as one of them pulled the sheet down and off of her, while the other helped slip her pajama top off.

"Honey," she whispered, "Mommy understands how shy you are and it just makes me want you all the more. Go on you can play with my boobies. I bet you want to huh?"

She pushed his hands against their fullness, and Jimmy, feeling a woman's bare breasts for the first time, was lost forever. He deliberately ran his hands all over them, squeezing them, fondling them, and gently kneading them like two large loaves of bread. They were big and soft, spongy and squishy, and so much fun to playfully handle!

He took a long minute to bounce them up and down in his hands, testing their weight and firmness while Amanda laid her head back against the pillow while whispering quiet encouragement to him.

"That's it honey, play with your mommy's titties. Fondle them all you want and see how big and bouncy they are."

This was Jimmy's first sexual experience with a woman, mainly due to a couple of factors. One was his extreme shyness around girls, and the second was he wanted his first sexual experience with a woman to be real special and not just some cheap fling.

He was just different from other guys in this matter. His mother wholly appreciated this fact and was thrilled when he made the quiet confession that she was his first.

He watched, with fascination, as her nipples became fully erect, seemingly in response to the way he was delicately flickering them now back and forth with his playful fingers.

Using both his thumbs at the same time, he brushed them carefully against her nipples, simultaneously, causing her to let out a pronounced sigh.

"Oh baby that feels sooo good," she whispered as he continued to flicker his fingers across them lightly, over and over again, before finishing up with a firm flick from his thumbs.

Using both his hand, he explored every inch of his mother's succulent boobs as she reclined her head back against the pillow, closing her eyes while thrusting her chest out to its maximum potential, allowing him complete and total access to her tits.

Finally, after a long indeterminate amount of time, Amanda sensed the time was right to go for the kill. She leisurely raised her head up and opened her eyes.

"Do you want to suck on them, baby?" The invitation came out in a soft throaty whisper, betraying the intense excitement she was feeling asking such a question to her young son. She knew the answer-- of course he did! --but still, just the asking caused an intense forbidden thrill to wash over her entire body.

What she wanted was for him to answer in that sweet, innocent, little boy voice of his as Amanda has a real weakness, a fetish if you will, for anything sweet and innocent.

Jimmy, knowing his mother well, knowing her weakness, exploited it to the fullest. Dropping his voice to a quiet whine, he said, "I do, Mommy, if... if you will let me?"

This little game they are playing of mommy and her darling little boy was turning the both of them on more than either could have ever imagined. Jimmy's large cock was hard enough to cut diamonds by now while Amanda's love starved pussy ached for attention.

Playing coy, just to see how he might react she told him, "Hmm, should mommy let you, sweetie?"

Suspecting she wanted him to beg--that was exactly what he would do. "Mommy can I... suck on them, pretty please... I will do it real good. I promise."

His voice, coming out in a desperate whine, turned her on all the more.

She looked down at him with half lidded eyes, slowly running her fingers through his hair.

In the truest sense of life imitating art, both of Julianne's boys were now fully engaged in deftly fondling her tits through the gorgeous lace tan bra she was wearing.

She had a feeling, as the story she was reading them continued to heat up, so would the soft attentions they were paying to her body.

"Hmm, well, I guess maybe since you asked so sweetly hon, I suppose mommy could let her little boy suck on her boobies... but only for a little bit before we have to get you off to sleep."

Raising herself into a sitting position, Amanda tenderly cradled his head in her arms. She slowly arched her back, while using her hand to push lightly on the back of his head. His face sank deep into the warm cleavage of her bare breasts.

She watched with barely controlled excitement as he slowly opened his mouth wide just as she nudged his face toward one of her fully erect nipples.

Amanda let out a sharp hiss as his warm mouth enveloped her ripe nipple, sending sparks of forbidden excitement flying up and down her spine. Flickering his tongue out, Jimmy lathered one of her nipples with his dancing tongue.

Delicate and slow, his tongue flickered out, again and again, continuing to lather her glorious nipple in wet saliva, before she felt his lips clamp down on it as he suckled it tenderly into his mouth.

Amanda was in "Mommy" heaven, such was the warm tender feelings of pure love washing over her from having her tits so sweetly suckled on by her young son.

The way he was tenderly sucking on her tits was a welcome change from the usual rough treatment she received in the past from her typically self-indulgent boyfriends. Just because her breasts were large, it had been her experience, men thought they could treat them roughly.

Back in the real world, the boys teamed up on Julianne now. One of them worked on undoing her bra while the other, reached down, pulling her pajamas bottoms off of her. In a mere matter of moments she was stretched out between them, gloriously naked as her story headed into the homestretch.

Both boys now began playing with her boobies as she started to read the story again in a voice quaking with excitement.

"Ohh baby, God that feels soooo good," Amanda whined as she arched her back trying in desperation to get more of her hefty breasts into his eager young mouth. Her head lolled back as a moan of forbidden ecstasy escaped her lips.

During sex, Amanda had never, not once, felt such a wonderful sensation as she was feeling now. Such pure and simple love, as opposed to wild, ungainly male lust, was an alien concept to her. Raising her head, she stared down at her son as his mouth eagerly flew from one large mound to the

other, sucking on each with such passion and vigor as to quite literally take her breath away.

He was taking the time to pay equal attention to both her breasts. With carefully calculated deliberation, he worked his tongue all over and around her deliciously fully erect nipples, one after the other. He then began to shower the entirety of her tits with a gentle cascade of warm, tender kisses that slowly converged on her nipple. Giving it more of the special treatment she loved, he patiently flickered his tongue lovingly across each of her achingly erect nipples making her moan all the louder.

Julianne almost let the pages of her story slip out of her hands when she let out a loud moan of her own when both of them began to eagerly attack her distended nipples with a pair of swirling tongues.

Recovering, barely, Julianne started to read again... more excited than ever as she felt a pair of warm mouths suckling

on her tits in such tender fashion, making her feel analogous to the female protagonist in the story.

Jimmy finally lifted his head up, to gaze lovingly up at his mommy. Meeting her gaze, something unspoken passed between them as she slipped one hand around the back of his head, pushing his face down once more to her heavenly tits.

"I know you want more baby and so does Mommy. Now come on honey suck on them sweetheart," her whispered voice was rough with hungry passion. "Suck on your Mommy's boobies like there is no tomorrow. Don't hold back."

Properly warmed up, Amanda was ready to have the innocent love blossoming between them turn into pure, barely contained animalistic lust. Forbidden lust that is-- the most powerful force known to man!!

With her gentle encouragement Jimmy started to lose control, sucking on her boobs like a hungry puppy, but yet, somehow, he managed to not cross over the line for her as he

maintained a semblance of the sweet innocence she craved so much in her lovers.

Amanda curved her back, forcing her magnificent tits outward again, allowing Jimmy complete and total access. She soon found herself flat on her back, with her young son literally attacking her tits with his hungry mouth. She rested her head back against the pillow, closing her eyes, as wave after wave of intense pleasure from his lips and tongue assaulting her sensitive nipples washed over her.

Forgetting about her earlier admonishment to him that he could, "only suck on them for a little bit", she whispered frantically to him, "Oh God, honey you... you can suck on Mommy's boobies all night if you want."

Eventually, Amanda and Jimmy found themselves twisting and turning in all sorts of positions but with one constant--his mouth being glued to her tits.

Their favorite position turned out to be when Amanda aggressively flipped him over onto his back. She then stretched out over him letting her heavy tits flop down into his face. She playfully swayed back and forth--her tits dangling like two large, ripe melons right before his mouth. He raised his head, while opening his mouth wide, as he suckled on them to both to his heart's content.

Mark interrupted her story now with a wicked plea. "Hey, can I try that, Mom."

"Yeah, can we... please," Matthew chimed in.

"I said, can I try that, not can we try that, dickhead," Mark barked at his brother.

"Fine, what am I going to do then?"

Reaching over Julianne grabbed the still half full glass of wine. Knowing it would help relax her, she drained it in one quick gulp before twisting around to face them.

Having a sudden wicked thought, Julianne smiled sweetly at Matthew, "Honey, if you want, you can get out your mommy's toys and use them on her. I... think you might find that fun to do."

"Yeah, good idea, Mom. Where are your toys?" Mark eagerly replied for the both of them.

A minute later, the pair of sex toys, along with a small bottle of lube, were spread out on the bed. After asking which one he wanted to play with Matthew smiled shyly before whispering, "Both of them."

Julianne sighed, knowing she was going to be in for a wild ride.

The pair of toys, as of yet unused, were a combined gift from a couple of her wilder girlfriends on her last birthday, and were given to the usually prudish Julianne as a sort of gag gift. The first toy was a realistic looking nine inch flesh colored dildo, and the second was a hot pink four and half inch length vibrating butt plug with an insertable length of just under four inches.

Picking up the pink one Matthew asked curiously, "Where does this one go, Mommy?"

"It... it goes up inside my butt, honey," Julianne replied with no small amount of apprehension mixed with anticipation as she was both curious and nervous about the toy all at once. Her ass, thus far, was very much a virgin.

Julianne positioned herself resting on her hands and knees while Mark snuggled in under her with her nice sized boobs hanging mere inches from his mouth as he stretched out on the bed on his back. Meanwhile, Matthew positioned himself behind her with a toy in each hand.

She propped the pages of the story up on a pillow next to her so she could read as the fun and games were about to commence.

Jimmy slowly was able to gain his confidence in his relentless attack upon his mother's boobs. Thus, much to her pleasant surprise, Amanda soon discovered her son becoming a bit more assertive. After he wrapped his powerful arms around her back, Amanda quickly found her world flipped upside down as he easily twisted her around so she was the one flat on her back.

She landed with a soft grunt, smiling to herself, at her once shy son's new found aggression. She found herself looking up at him as he stared down--his gaze fixed directly on her heaving chest.

"God they are so big and beautiful" he whispered as much to himself as to her before he fell upon his mom's tits with a mad, insatiable lust. Kissing, licking, suckling on them without

limitation-- without restraint--Jimmy was lost in a magnificent world of tit flesh.

On and on the storm of passion raged, with no sign of letting up. Whenever he raised his mouth from her chest, if only to catch a quick breath, Amanda slipped a hand around the back of his head, urging him back down into all that divine tit flesh while imploring him not to stop.

"Please... don't stop, baby. Pleeese. Come on, suck on your mommy's boobies, more please honey, pleeeasee."

Julianne's head lolled down as she was finding it harder to read her story with her boys paying such sweet attentions to her now, but somehow she managed as Mark was alternating between suckling on her hanging boobies and teasing her nipples with a playful tongue while Matthew busied himself with her toys. He started first by carefully working the nine inch dildo patiently in and out of her pussy while using the other hand to test the speeds on the vibrating butt plug.

Jimmy was in heaven sucking so eagerly on his mommy's boobs before she carefully maneuvered them around so they were on their sides facing one another. Pulling him in close, she used one hand tangled in his hair to pull his face snugly in between her tits. He sucked on them with renewed abandon as his hands slipped around to her backside, starting to knead her ass.

All the while she urged him on and on. They lost track of time as nothing mattered except his hungry mouth should continue to make love to her breasts.

At some point, Amanda's hand slithered down inside her son's boxers, finding a raging hard monster inside of them. "Oh God baby, you are so big and hard," she whispered in his ear as she wrapped her hand around his impressive girth. Finding her son to be a real nice size, seven inches if she had to guess maybe, caused her heart to flutter.

"Now it's Mommy's turn to play with something little boy," she hissed at him while raising up on her knees. With wild

anticipation, she yanked his boxers off of him, tossing them unceremoniously off to the side.

Julianne let out a soft hiss herself as Matthew was working the nine inches deeper inside her pussy with every soft thrust while Mark continued to feast on her tits with unabashed delight.

Closing her eyes, her voice trailed off as their dual attentions to her was becoming too much.

Sensing the issue, Mark ceased suckling on her boobs while Matthew slowed down inserting the huge dildo in and out of her soaking wet pussy to a mere crawl, allowing Julianne to regain her composure and pick up the story.

"That's... that's better," Julianne breathed. "If you want mommy to finish her story that is."

"We do, we do," they sang out in unison.

Taking a deep breath, Julianne hurried into the homestretch of her story.

Staring down at his jutting cock she gave him a sly smile before whispering, "Is that for Mommy, honey?"

"Yes Mommy... it's for you," he replied, panting with sheer uncontrollable lust. Then, hoping she will be impressed, added, "I... I have been saving it for you all my life. You are the first to ever touch it."

"That is so sweet baby. Mommy is so proud of you saving it for me." In anticipation for what must happen next, Amanda grabbed a bottle of lube out of her nightstand drawer, allowing him to watch with boyish curiosity as she squirted a generous amount of the lube directly between her tits.

Per his mother's whispered instructions, Jimmy carefully positioned himself so he was resting gently on her tummy

before she prompted him to move forward a bit so his big cock was jutting out over her boobs. Smiling up at him, Amanda reached up, wrapping a hand around his cock before pulling it down into the soft valley between her breasts.

Using both hands she squeezed her tits together trapping his cock in a tremendous tunnel of soft tit flesh. Jimmy looked down--it was as if his penis had died and went to cock heaven such was the tremendously wonderful feeling of his throbbing hardness being nestled in between the silky softness of her breasts.

What happened next came natural for him. Without any further instructions, Jimmy slowly began to pump his hips forward allowing his boner to spear up and in between her well-oiled tits.

With her soft encouragement, Jimmy started to thrust his cock harder. "Go on, baby, make love to your mommy's tits, baby. Show her how much you truly love them."

Her whispered, loving words of encouragement only fueled his wicked yearning. He pumped harder and faster, feeling the orgasm already growing inside of him as he continued to stab his hardness up and down between her boobs. Much to his delight, Jimmy found his cock slid easily in and out of the deep valley between his mom's breasts.

Up and down. Up and down. Up and down. Faster, then slower, at first, before faster and harder became the theme of the day. In less than a minute, he was fucking his mommy's tits like a mad man as her words of depraved encouragement turned him into a titty fucking monster.

"Go on baby. That's it. Fuck your mommy's big tits. Harder honey, please, baby, harder for Mommy."

He was grunting now with every hard thrust, with every eager lunge of his cock up and in between those delicious twin mountaintops. And then she started to beg him to do the inevitable.

"Mommy wants you to cum all over her big tits baby. C'mon honey, please come on them, please pumpkin, fuck em harder." Amanda arched her back up while squeezing her tits together firmer, ensnaring his large, aching cock even deeper in the snug depths of her tits.

Trying to impress his mother with his manhood, Jimmy gave it his all. He pulled back, resting briefly while collecting his energy before plunging forth with reckless abandon into the task at hand.

He starts fucking her tits so hard the whole bed began to moan and shake, making Amanda moan herself with supreme satisfaction that he was losing control.

"Oh God, Jimmy you are doing so good fucking my big boobs. Honey... Yeah that's it... Cum all over my tits baby boy. C'mon... for Mommy."

Jimmy bit his lip hard, trying desperately to slow the insatiable lust building inside of him. It was fruitless. Despite

all his best efforts, he probably stood a better chance of stopping his heart from beating than he did from preventing the unstoppable orgasm as he surged forth from the loins of his manhood.

In less than thirty seconds the dam burst as the head of his cock exploded in a veritable fountain of cum. The muscles in his arms gave way as he collapsed onto his mother.

She held him tight, smiling to herself, sure she had given him the requisite comfort to get a good night sleep considering how obvious it was that the sheer intensity of his orgasm nearly overwhelmed him.

Amanda let the pages of the story slip from her hands as with the story over the boys started in again on her with reckless abandon.

Mark's tongue lashed out, circling her distended nipple, over and over again, making her moan with soft delight just as she felt Matthew shove the dildo, hard and fast, deep inside of her.

They continued to tag team her for the next minute or two before Mark had an idea.

Slipping out from under her, he announced, "Let's change positions bro, give me the toy and you get on your knees in front of her."

"What... what are you planning on doing, hon," Julianne nervously asked as they maneuvered around her on the bed.

They ignored her questions, instead with pent up passion they prodded her into position. She was still on her hands and knees, in the middle of the bed, between them with Matthew in front and Mark perched behind her. Like a pair of weapons of mass destruction both had their large, hard cocks out and pointed at her.

Matthew snuggled up in front of her, his cock jutting out mere inches from her face. Twisting around, she saw Mark too had

his cock out and was snuggling it up against her backside. He also, quite ominously, was holding the pink butt plug in his hand.

She suddenly knew their plan. The little ghostly devils planned on filling all three of her holes at once.

No sooner did the thought hit her then their plan was set in motion. Whispering quietly, Matthew asked her, begged her, "Can... can you put it in your mouth, Mommy. Please."

"Oh God," Julianne whispered to herself as she prepared to do the unthinkable. Closing her eyes and opening her mouth, she allowed him to push his cock into the warm recesses of her waiting mouth... just as she felt Mark enter her pussy slowly from behind.

In tandem they began to work her over. Mark, of course the more aggressive of the two, almost immediately made his mom grunt as he slammed his hard eight inches into her three quick times in succession with her would be moans of

pleasure being stifled by having her other son's cock buried in her mouth.

Mark slowed down, pushing his in and out of her at a slower, more measured pace, allowing her to concentrate on sucking Matthew's cock. Using the tip of her tongue she circled the head of his penis several times before swallowing it whole.

Mark stopped fucking her altogether as he brought the pink butt plug up. After slathering it with lube, with a smile he slowly buried it in his mom's ass without warning, making her let out a large yelp as Matthew's cock slipped out of her mouth.

"Oh God," she murmured over and over again as the buzzing noise started up sending a tingling sensation up and down her spine.

Mark carefully pushed his cock back into her just as his brother used one gentle finger to tilt her head up. "Open your

mouth again, Mommy," he whispered. After taking a deep breath, she obeyed.

Having all three of her holes filled was a surreal experience for Julianne. Previously, her sex life could have been described as tame at best. The boys were thankfully gentle with her as she felt the oncoming orgasm building somewhere deep in her sensation wracked body.

Mark encouraged the pending orgasm to come faster when he flicked the twenty speed vibrator up a good three to four notches turning it into a humming orgasm inducing monster.

Mark working his cock in and out of her in tandem with the plug soon had Julianne moaning loudly. Needing some release for her would be moans of pleasure, she let Matthew's cock slip out of her mouth. Not wanting to deprive him, she brought her hand up to stroke his cock just as Mark began to fuck her more urgently while yet again kicking up the vibrator feature on the plug.

Moaning like a wicked school girl, Juliann's whole body began to shake as the most tremendous orgasm of her life came rushing home to sweep over her. Both Matthew and Mark, turned on immensely watching their beautiful mom caught in the throes of their passion, now were on the edge of coming themselves.

Three more quick and hard thrusts of his cock deep inside of her pushed Mark over the edge as he came deep inside his mom while the head of Matthew's cock, thanks to his mom's expert hand still stroking it despite being in the throes of an powerful orgasm, exploded with a geyser of sperm shooting out. Some of the sperm landed in her golden brown locks while a bit more splashed down her left upper cheek.

The three of them collapsed on the bed in a heap. A spent and intoxicated Julianne took about thirty seconds to fall asleep and when she woke up just before dawn they were gone.

Her first thoughts, thanks to the copious amount of wine she drank, were hazy at best about the events of last night and as

some scattered details came back to her, here and there, she started to wonder if maybe the whole thing was some incredibly realistic dream.

Looking around, there was no evidence of her toys or her neatly typed story further pushing the idea it was a dream. Plus she had a nightshirt on, one of her ugly ones. In her dream she had been naked.

God yes it must have been a dream, Julianne said with some relief as she headed to the restroom to relieve herself.

After using the toilet, she flipped on the small light over the sink, planning on brushing her teeth and that is when she noticed it: the white crusty stain on her left cheek and then higher up her hair was matted with... with... of course sperm. She almost swooned then, knowing she had been only deluding herself into believing it was nothing but a naughty dream.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she let out a small laugh. "You are a naughty one girl," she whispered quietly to herself before wondering if they would be coming back for more.

That afternoon, she went to work penning another wicked story of a naughty, extremely shapely mother and her sweet, innocent son in the hope she would have an audience for it.