

A Thief in the Night

A COLD DECEMBER NIGHT AROUND MIDNIGHT - The bedroom of Lian, an extremely attractive, lonely, and bored housewife . . .

The burglar roots around in the jewellery box looking for goodies when he suddenly hears the bedroom door open. He turns to see a woman standing at the threshold of the door; she flips the light switch on and the bedroom fills with the glow of two bedside table lamps.

Spotting the intruder, the woman screams and turns to run with the burglar quickly giving chase. She desperately flees down the hallway heading for the stairs. But thanks to her 5-inch-high heels, and the extremely tight short skirt she is wearing, she can't flee fast enough to escape.

The young man is quickly on her before she reaches the stairs. He grabs her roughly by the arm and shakes her as she struggles to free herself. Wanting to scare her into submission, he whips out a switchblade knife and waves the six-inch blade alarmingly close to her pretty face.

Extremely frightened by the ugly cold steel of the knife she whispers a quick prayer before her assailant hisses in her ear, "Don't make me cut your ass bitch."

"P-please . . . Don't hurt me. Please, y-you can have, I mean . . . take anything you want from the house, but just don't hurt me."

"I think I have exactly what I want here, in my arms. Let's go back down the hallway to that pretty little bedroom of yours so I can decide what I'm going to do with you . . . or to you."

The lady shudders as she is roughly pushed down the dark hallway toward her bedroom. The young burglar gets an eyeful as he propels her forward in front of him. The skirt she is wearing makes two things patently obvious— she has a really nice ass, along with a pair of fine legs, and based on the length and the tightness of her slutty little mini-skirt, she doesn't mind showing either of them off.

When they finally reach the bedroom the woman hesitates, fearful of what he might do to her. Her hesitation is greeted roughly as he snaps, "Get in there, *bitch*."

To emphasize his tough words, he gives her forceful push. Lian nearly stumbles to the floor, but at the last possible moment, he reaches out deftly and catches her by the elbow. He half drags, half carries her over to the bed as she gets a sense for the first time of his youthful strength.

The woman cowers on the edge of her king-sized bed while the burglar paces the room trying to figure out just how to handle the situation. Coming home unexpectedly like this, she has totally fucked up his plans. His earlier mentioned dire threat to cut her was a threat with no real substance behind it. He only wanted to scare her into submission so he can figure out how to best handle the situation.

No one was supposed to be home. He did his homework; what the fuck happened? He glares at her from across the room hoping he can come up with a plan fast.

His glare quickly softens though as he finally takes a good look at the lady. She is an older Asian woman; old enough to be his mother maybe as she appears to be in her late thirties or early forties.

Her shiny black hair is pulled up into a careless bun, but despite this, in the soft glow of the bedroom light, the burglar sees her for what she truly is: an exotic mature Asian beauty. It is for this type of woman that young Zeke has always possessed a major weakness for.

Crossing the room toward her, he decides to find out just what the hell she is doing home when abruptly she jumps up from the bed and starts to speak. "Please take anything you want just don't hurt me. Please . . . I won't call the police."

She might as well been talking to the lamp as her words are lost upon him when he sees what appears to be two large bowling balls bounce up and down inside her tight white blouse.

"Jesus she must have huge tits," he thinks as he draws nearer. Those apparently large tits of hers is the final piece of the puzzle. She now possesses all the physical attributes in a woman that makes her perfect in his mind.

Their eyes met for a brief moment in the dim light of the room. There seems to be a brief moment where it's almost like they recognize each other from some dark and distant past—forgotten- except in the very depths of their hearts.

Again, that unbidden thought floats inside his head, she is old enough to be my mother. But the moment is fleeting. He needs to concentrate on the task at hand not on fanciful musings.

He lashes out at her; his anger is the result of the weakness he feels toward her. "Yeah, you sure are a pretty Chinese whore ain't you and well put together I see."

His eyes fall helplessly to her chest before, quite unexpectedly, she slaps him hard defiantly barking, "I ain't a whore you bastard."

Almost immediately she regrets her impulsive reaction as he raises the knife, before letting it drop again just as quickly. He is not angry, but instead only amused by her spunk.

He rubs the side of his face before replying. "Well, I seen you have a bit of spirit to you lady. That is good . . . I mean . . . that you ain't a whore."

"W-what are you going to do to me," she whispers while edging toward the bedroom door.

"Go ahead, try and run again and see where it gets you," he snarls as he strides across the room slamming the door shut. He turns back toward her barking, "Give me your cell phone . . . you have a landline?"

"No," she snuffles as she hands over her phone. "Look . . . I'm sorry about the slap. I just can't stand being called a whore. My husband calls me that sometimes and I hate it."

"And where is the man of the house now?"

"Away on business . . . as usual."

"Speaking of being away today is Saturday. I have been watching this place for a few weeks now and no one is ever home on Saturday night so why are you here now?"

"Your right. I usually go stay with my mother on Saturday's but we got in a fight, so I went out with a friend tonight and then came home early when she met some guy."

"Only to find me, huh. Your lucky day."

"Somehow," she looks at him evenly trying not to show any fear, "I'm not feeling very lucky right now."

"And you will be feeling even less lucky if you try slapping me again. Yeah speaking of that, I think you have shown yourself to be untrustworthy. I don't like to be slapped much so I better do something so that doesn't happen again. Maybe I should tie those pretty little hands of yours up so they don't get into anymore mischief."

"Oh please. Is that really necessary?"

"Fucking A right it is. But just to show you what a nice guy I can be, I will give you a choice here. You can either tell me where I might find something to bind your hands that won't hurt you too much or I can tear your bedroom apart until I find something on my own."

Lian does her best to blink back the tears that are threatening to flow. She doesn't want to show weakness as she senses it will only further embolden him. Trying to calm her voice and sound braver than she feels, she points a shaky finger towards the large dresser on the far wall, "You can find my pantyhose in the bottom drawer."

"Pantyhose, yeah perfect. Now don't do anything stupid and make a break for the door sweetheart. I mean with those slutty, what? six inch high heels your wearing you won't get far and I do promise if I have to run and catch you I won't be so nice this time. Understood?"

"Yes and they are five inches not six by the way."

He pauses in mid stride and glares at her. She fears at first maybe she should not have corrected him so easily, but her fears are put to rest when his glare turns to a rather likable smile.

"Well I stand corrected. Are you also going to correct me on them being . . . slutty also or just the height?"

She says nothing only looking down while praying that charming smile he just gave her does not hide some ill intent. Watching him glide across the room she notices he moves with the confidence of a nimble creature of the night.

Dressed in a black sweater and jeans, he is both young and handsome. He wore his long Teutonic-golden hair in a casual jumble that seemed to fit him. Both his hair and smile almost seem to glow when the soft light of the bedroom strikes them just right.

Wanting to provide an accurate description to the police she takes the time to analyze him. With a build that is lean, yet appears powerful, he is probably 5'9" and maybe weighs in the neighborhood of 180 pounds she would guess. Probably pure muscle at his age, she muses which she guesses to be a young 18 or 19.

What Lian notes about him especially is his uncanny resemblance to Roger, her American high school sweetheart back in Taiwan. They had met in the international private high school she attended. Her parents, of course, hated him.

After she got pregnant at the age of 17, they planned on getting married. It all fell apart though when Roger was busted for selling cocaine at the high school. She never heard from him again after he moved back to America with his parents.

On her own with an 8 month old baby to support she took a job as a stripper in a local dance club. Being a stripper paid her bills and also served to give her the attention she always seemed to be seeking from men.

She went through a series of increasingly bad boyfriends until one finally convinced her to hold some drugs for him. Her bad luck continued when she got busted holding his drugs.

She did eight years in prison, while her baby was taken away and given to the Catholic Church to be put up for adoption. Her mother, by now alone and sickly, was in no condition to take care of a baby.

Upon being released from prison she contacted the church to try and find out about her son, but they would not release any information in regards to her son. Determined to find something out, with the help of a small bribe to encourage her, a secretary at the church took pity on her, and divulged a bit of information on the sly. Apparently, Randy had been adopted by an American and his wife, and was now living somewhere back in the United States.

Then in an ironic twist of fate Lian ended up in America herself. A traveling American business man took a fancy to her one night at the

strip club and ended up taking her out to dinner. The dinner was followed by an intense romantic relationship that ended up with them getting married three months later. She ended up moving with her new husband to a comfortable suburb just outside of Boston.

Her dream of a better life soon turned to a nightmare though as Bill was extremely jealous and controlling of his younger wife. Making matters worse, she found after settling into her new home that Bill had three bratty young teenage kids from a previous marriage. He had failed to mention this to her during their whirlwind courtship.

Now at the age of 35 things were improving somewhat. The kids had all moved out of the house by now so she didn't have to contend with them anymore. As for Bill, he spent nearly every weekend away on business, or hanging out with his buddies, chasing women and getting drunk.

Lian, having the weekends to herself, would hang out with her best friend Liz. On Fridays, they would go out to dinner and then after to a nightclub or lounge for drinks. On Saturdays she would go to her mother's house where she would spend the night.

Now watching this young thief in the night paw through her underwear drawer she is on the verge of bursting out in tears.

Struggling to control her emotions, she forces herself to think about something else. Something a bit more pleasant . . . or naughty even.

Well at least he is both young and handsome, so if he does decide to get sexual with me I could do worse.

Considering she is as horny as all hell, such a thought doesn't surprise her. She had downed two glasses of wine with Liz at the club and then, of course, there was the four substantial lines of coke they did in the bathroom, before Liz met some guy and abandoned her.

The truth is she had planned on getting out her imposing 8 inch dildo, and fucking herself silly tonight as soon as she got home; that is right after pulling out her own little secret stash of coke and snorting up to her heart's content.

Her new 8 inch dildo, was quickly becoming her best friend as her and Bill's sex life was rather lacking. He had several young women on the side leaving him with little energy to entertain his wife in bed.

But Lian dared not cheat on him as he was insanely jealous, even if he didn't want her. The only reason he allowed her to hang out with Liz was because Liz's husband, Frank, was one of his best friends.

Now she was alone with this handsome young thief and sex seemed to be a real possibility . . . or so it seemed to her. She had noticed with keen interest how big his eyes got whenever they fell on her chest.

She sensed he was deeply attracted to her, despite his outwardly macho bravado of calling her a bitch and acting tough. Her thoughts are interrupted as she hears him exclaim loudly, "Jesus H. Christ."

He turns to her holding up one of her bras, marveling at its immense size before saying, "Jesus lady just how big are those fucking tits of yours."

"38 double E's" Lian proclaims proudly.

Before he can stop himself the thief pays her a compliment. "Wow, niiice"

He crosses back over to her holding a pair of tan pantyhose-again his eyes seem to focus squarely on her chest. After her hands are tied securely behind her back he orders her to stand up. Facing each other, next to the bed, the raw sexual tension between them is just starting to blossom.

"You sure are pretty, but I think maybe . . ." He reaches up and slowly snakes a hand behind her neck and begins to remove the pins holding her hair up.

"There that is better, much better," he says watching her shake her head back and forth helping her long, gorgeous, jet black hair cascade down all the way past her waist.

Their eyes meet again for a moment as once again she sees so much of Roger in him that it nearly takes her breathe away. The thing that drew Lian to Roger in the first place back in high school was her overwhelming physical attraction for him. Now it seems it's happening all over again.

"Jesus you're hot," he mumbles half to himself, half to her. "How old are you? Or wait is that impolite to ask a lady?"

He can't help but to wonder about this attractive, older woman. She is totally at his mercy, yet she doesn't act like a victim at all. Instead, she is standing up straight and proud thrusting her chest out towards him confidently — seductively even.

"No more impolite than busting into a lady's bedroom and taking her hostage. I'm 34 and you are what sweetie? Let me guess 18 maybe, little young to be a thief I would imagine."

"Sweetie huh? I like that, we just met and already you are calling me cute little nicknames. And yeah, I am 18, just turned last week"

"Really, well happy belated birthday I guess. When was the big day?"

"Tuesday."

"Tuesday," she repeats slowly, her mind whirling.

"Yeah Tuesday it comes after Monday and before Wednesday."

"That was the eighth?"

"Yeah the 8th was my birthday and I got no presents in case you are wondering."

A thought briefly crosses her mind before she dismisses it as the odds would have to be astronomical against it. If he is not lying and truly did turn 18 years old on Dec. 8th, he shares the exact same birthday as Randy.

She impulsively asks his name after recalling the church secretary telling her one more thing when Lian was begging for any information about her baby. Apparently, the American couple that had adopted him confided in the secretary that they did not like the name Randy so they had made a firm decision to change it to something a bit more unique. Zach maybe, no, no it was, now she remembers clearly, it was Zeke for sure.

"My name is . . . wait what do you want to know for? So you got a name to tell the cops when you try to turn me in."

"No I'm just curious is all. And as long as you don't tell me your last name a first name is useless."

"Maybe, but if it's so useless why do you want to know it?"

She smiles at him hoping it will put him at ease. "I don't know, maybe so I can just put a name to that adorable face of yours."

He is not used to praise and begins to blush just as she tells him, "My name is Lian by the way, which means lovely willow in Chinese."

"Well you certainly are lovely that is the truth . . . Lian." He likes the way her name rolls off his tongue. In fact, as he stands close to her, he is beginning to like everything about her, which is maybe why he tells her his name.

"My name is Zeke." Her knees buckle as she collapses down onto the bed.

"What the hell happened? I mean does just knowing my name cause you to swoon?"

"I could use a drink. Please." She looks up at him batting her eyes. It seems to him she might be ready to cry. The mere thought of her crying melts his heart.

"He glances around and spots the bathroom. "Ahh, you want water, from the bathroom. You have a glass in there maybe?"

"No, a real drink. Champagne from the mini bar over there. I need a little something to calm my nerves. Maybe you should join me."

"Champagne. That could be nice. Just maybe I will."

He walks over to the bar, finds the champagne on a small shelf under the bar, and pours them both a full glass in two champagne flutes.

He watches, bemused, as holding the glass to her lips she greedily drinks the champagne down in two long gulps. Meanwhile, he carefully sips on his own not ready to let his guard down and get drunk with this lady . . . not just yet anyway.

Same name, same birthday . . . is it enough? Lian wonders before deciding she needs more proof. She briefly considers asking him if he was adopted but that could be a useless avenue to pursue. It is possible his parents, if he was in fact adopted, had not told him. Besides she worries such an invasive question might set him off.

Then it comes to her- just what the final proof might be, but to uncover this clue will be tricky business at best. She vividly remembers her son having a distinctive Port-wine stain birthmark on his upper left thigh. If he was to have the same birthmark, in the same spot, it would provide the final proof that she needs.

But to see such a birthmark high up on his inner thigh will require getting his jeans off. That is the tricky part, but somehow, someway she is determined to find out.

Sitting down on the bed next to her he asks, "So what shall I do with you? You have seen my face, know my name. Hell, as soon as I leave you will be contacting the police."

"I can understand why you would think that, but maybe if you don't steal anything I won't have a reason to call the police."

"Look lady . . ."

"Lian, please call me Lian," she interrupts him.

"Fine, Lian, why the hell would I break in here and NOT steal anything. That makes no sense, especially since I imagine you have a lot of nice things stashed away in this pretty bedroom of yours . . . like some expensive jewelry maybe?"

"Yes, but . . . I have to plead with you not to take anything or I will be in more trouble than you can imagine."

"Why the shit is insured right."

"Of course it is. That is not the issue. Will you listen?"

"I'm all ears."

She swiftly explains to him how she has been in and out of rehab several times, a bad coke habit it seems, and if jewelry was to suddenly go missing her husband would assume she pawned it for drug money. She goes on to confess how her husband has a real bad temper, and she would probably catch a beating.

He makes the mistake of asking why she stays with him if he is that bad, and now finds himself having to listen to her fucking life story. But being his feelings for her are growing by leaps and bounds he listens attentively. Or maybe more accurately, stares at her tits attentively, and listens . . . sort of . . . with some interest.

Finally, at the end of her story, he tells her, "OK Lian, so let's just say I broke in here and out of the kindness of my heart I don't steal anything to keep you from getting an ass whooping from your idiot husband. Now, maybe that could be a plan if you just gave me at least some cash. Something you know for the effort. Surely you must have a bit of cash laying around."

"No actually, I have like twenty bucks. He doesn't trust me with much cash. I don't even have my own ATM card either before you ask."

"Jesus . . . what the fuck!" He exclaims growing disgruntled at this impossible situation. He gets up and starts pacing the floor trying to think of a solution.

"Why do I have to be so fucking nice? Most guys by now would have probably raped your ass, stole your jewelry and been gone."

"I am lucky to have found such a compassionate captor I guess."

"You guess?"

Gently she replies, "No guessing about it OK. I know I am lucky. Everything you have said already has crossed my mind."

"So still if I leave here with nothing I have wasted a whole night and for what?"

Lian takes a deep breath, and decides to go for it. "Who says you have to leave her with nothing, Zeke."

Zeke stops pacing. "So what might I leave here with?" He glances at her pretty face, and then once again finds his eyes drawn to those irresistibly large breasts of hers, "If not cash or jewelry."

"Zeke, I can tell you are attracted to me."

He glances in her direction, before averting his eyes as every time he looks at her, sitting on the edge of the bed, her hands clasped firmly behind her back, she looks so damn inviting that he nearly loses his mind.

"Yeah so. Your fucking beautiful . . . beside . . ." He looks away from her, his voice trailing off as he stares down at the carpet while sort of shuffling his feet.

"You wanna say more so go ahead, hon what else do you need to say?"

"Hon, really? I wish you would stop calling me those stupid little names. I came here to rob you for Christ sakes."

She comes up slowly behind him. He senses her close, the sweet smell of her perfume wafting through the air; his nerves come alive as she stands there quietly waiting for him to turn around.

In a flash it comes to him. This is the way he felt whenever Mrs. Ashby was around him. She had been his second foster mother, his favorite foster mother. It took a while for her to gain his trust, but finally he had fallen in love with her deeply; passionately as only a young boy who has just discovered the wonders of the opposite sex can love.

His nerves are all tingling, and a delicious glow is spreading all over his body. His mood becomes tender, melting, loving. He turns around to face the woman he has fallen in love with at first sight. He knows this, and quickly determines there is nothing left to do but fight it. Fight it before what happens with Mrs. Ashby happens all over again.

Mrs. Ashby got divorced. At first anyway, Zeke was thrilled about it as Mr. Ashby had been a real fucking asshole. But then she quickly remarried to a man who did not want the hassles of raising foster kids, and after three years and nine months of having a caring mother Zeke found himself thrown back on the scrap heap of the foster care system. From then on out, it had been all downhill for him.

He abruptly turns around, anger flaring in his young eyes, preparing to tell her he will take whatever the fuck he wants to take, including her best and most expensive jewelry. It would be on her to deal with her husband.

But his look morphs into a long, loving stare as she quietly stands there; a long strand of her black hair has fallen and hangs there delicately just touching her cheek.

He is lost in her beauty. Almost powerless to act in front of this gorgeous, helpless creature. Instead of telling her what is what he says nothing- - only staring.

The tension builds between them, as they stand there so close to each other; those magnificent boobs of hers jutting out from under her tight blouse while radiating such a force upon his eyes that he simply cannot stop staring.

Lian feels his eyes, the eyes of her son maybe, crawling all over her tits, and instead of making her uncomfortable, it makes her feel . . . powerful.

She decides to act on her new found power. "So you are just going to stand there staring at my tits or . . ." She pauses for a moment a sly smile coming across her face, "Or are you going to kiss me if you think I'm so damn beautiful?"

Zeke looks up sharply, their eyes meeting for a brief second. He grabs her roughly and yanks her close as he crushes his mouth against hers.

She struggles, twisting her mouth away from his. She was not expecting such a sudden and swift reaction to her question. It's a natural reaction, but one that brings an immediate response from her young captor.

"First, you ask me to kiss you and then you turn away." He produces the knife, flicks the switch, and once again she hears the swish of the cold hard steel being released just inches from her face. "I think you are nothing but a God damn tease," he hisses at her.

"I'm n-" Her protest of innocence is cut short when he jabs the knife close to her face. "Please d-don't cut me."

Lian finally realizes what a dangerous game she is playing. What if he is not her son? What if it's all a mere coincidence? What if he is lying about his birthday; about his name?

Furthermore, even if it's not a coincidence after all, so what, he does not know any of this. He has no reason whatsoever to show mercy to her. All this hits her hard in a matter of seconds.

"Give me one good reason why I should not cut you, take your shit and leave."

"So do it. Just take what you want and leave. It's all covered by insurance anyway. My husband will just have to understand."

"Hmm, you want to get me out of your house that bad huh. And here I thought you liked me."

"I do, but . . ."

He cuts her off yelling, "Bullshit, I was kidding, just like you, no one likes me, not you, and certainly not any of those bitches who I ever called mom."

It hits her. Zeke has "mommy issues." She files this information away for future use, just in case.

"Let's go sit on the bed and talk hon. Please." He is putting the knife away as his sudden anger seems to be passing.

"Why so you can tell me how I should not steal your shit coz of your asshole husband."

"Look I have been totally honest with you, Zeke. About everything and I-" She pauses searching for the right words to say, "I don't know why but I do like you. I mean I think you could be nice . . . if you want."

"Oh right, I just broke into your house and now you want me to believe that you think I'm nice."

"I sense you have a kind heart. Please can we go sit down, I'm tired."

"Fine, but only for a minute and then I'm out of here as soon as I figure out how exactly to deal with you."

They walk over to bed. She sits down on the edge of it, and once again he starts pacing.

"I won't tell the police about you no matter what. I sense you have had a hard life and need a break."

"Whatever, but how can I be sure you won't tell the cops about me? Your promise, how can I trust it? I don't know you. Shit I should just . . ." He looks at her severely, stops pacing and then moves towards her in a hurry as the blade flicks out once more.

"Please Zeke. No, no." She begins to cower as he rapidly approaches her, "I will do anything, stay a bit longer, get to know me, you'll see I'm trustworthy."

"Stay!! Now you want me to stay."

Lian knows she must choose her words carefully as this is the crucial moment. "The truth is I want you to stay. Yes."

"Why . . . why the hell would you want that?"

The words suddenly come pouring out of her. "Look I'm lonely, desperate, and a bit emotional. I did a little coke tonight and it's got me a bit crazy."

"I thought you went to rehab."

"Yeah, well, I did. Let's just say old habits are hard to break."

"So if doing a little coke makes you lonely, desperate, and emotional why do it?"

"Have you ever done coke before Zeke, I mean real good coke not that shit that has been stepped on twenty times."

"No. I usually stick to weed."

"You see doing a little coke for someone like me is not a real good idea. It only leaves me wanting more."

"Yeah, I heard it's pretty fucking addictive, but then why did you only do a little if it fucks you up that bad making you want more!"

"Simple. It was Liz's coke and she was supposed to share more than she did, but she met somebody at the club and left me."

"So you came home."

"Yeah, I had planned on doing more, but you sorta screwed that whole plan up."

"What, more coke? You have some here?"

"Yes a bit. Not enough to steal if that is what you are thinking."

"Shit I don't want to deal with trying to unload that shit. Your stash is safe. So maybe that is why you were so anxious to get me out of here. So you can snort up huh?"

"Yeah, maybe."

"Maybe?" He starts to laugh as he stops pacing and sits next to her.

"OK so it's more than maybe. I was planning on doing some. It helps me deal with my miserable life."

"Yeah this looks like a miserable life all right," he says waving a hand around her opulent bedroom.

"Maybe you should try some with me?"

"Oh right so you can get me all fucked up on that shit and then what? Try to escape or something?"

"No," she says petulantly. "Look you can keep me tied up most of the time if you want. Just untie me long enough to do a couple of lines then, you know, tie me up again, if you don't trust me."

"Maybe that's not such a bad idea. Hell, I might even find out what all the fuss is about when it comes to this shit."

"Yes, you really should. I think you won't be disappointed as I have some real, real good stuff, Zeke."

"Ok so tell me where it's at."

A minute later, they are sitting on the two stools at the little mini bar after she snorts up two huge lines of coke while he does one small one.

The line makes him feel relaxed and confident while she becomes almost chipper. He has untied her, for the moment anyways, but is keeping a close eye on her. It's easy to do as the coke has made him feel very alert.

Lian chops out two more long lines for herself, and another small one for him, after they both finish off a glass of champagne. She snorts her lines up greedily, and then smiles brightly, before making a suggestion that totally catches him off guard.

"Look hon, I think maybe it's time you put me back in custody." She giggles at his bewilderment, before standing up and clasping her wrists behind her back.

"Really, you wanna me to tie you up again. Why?"

"I want you to relax. I mean, I noticed every time I move you flinch, like I might come at you with some hidden weapon."

"Yeah this stuff is good, but I think it's making me a bit paranoid."

"Yes coke can do that. So let me go to the bathroom and then tie me up again so you can relax already. I don't mind."

Once alone in the bathroom, after going pee, Lian takes the time to reapply her makeup so it's once again perfect. She puts on a fresh coat of red lipstick, and then takes the time to look at herself in the mirror.

The coke has left her feeling bold and brave, but more importantly extremely horny and carefree. She is determined now, more than ever, to get her young assailant pants off to see if he has the birthmark on his inner thigh. After that- - what happens, happens. She exits the bathroom the beginning of a daring plan forming in her mind.

A minute later she is sitting on the bed, hands tightly bound behind her back. Zeke's loving, and now very lustful feelings for Lian, have increased tenfold with her excellent coke coursing through his body. He wants her in the worse possible way as he starts pacing again full of pent up energy.

Lian looks at her handsome captor pacing around like a caged tiger, and decides the time is right. She must strike now, before something happens to set him off.

"Hey."

"What?" he snaps irritably, mad at himself for not coming to a firm decision as to how this whole thing plays out in the end.

"We don't you use some of that pent up energy on me, instead of pacing the damn floor."

"On you how? What do you mean?"

"Well," she looks at him batting her eyes seductively, "You could try and kiss me again for starters."

"Shit no. I have had enough teasing for one night, thank you."

"You give up that easy. Come on, I promise to be more responsive this time. Please."

He slowly moves toward her. Sitting down on the bed next to her again that overwhelming feeling of intense attraction hits him. Going

slow, maybe expecting her to push him away at any moment, he brushes away a loose strand of hair that has fallen in her face, before moving his lips to hers. He slips his arms around her, and then gives her several soft butterfly kisses on the lips. Wonderfully, with each passing kiss, he feels her melting into his arms.

He pulls back whispering, "God you are so beautiful."

"Thanks," she replies quietly, smiling at him, hoping her beauty will tame the beast inside of him.

He brings his lips to hers and once more showers her lips with the lightest of kisses. Much to his surprise- he is always surprised when things don't blow up in his face- Lian responds to his gentle kisses by kissing him back.

After exchanging several tender kisses, things take a serious turn. She takes him completely off guard when she arcs her tongue into his mouth. After a moment's hesitation, he lets his own tongue go slipping it into her mouth.

Finally, he does what he has been dreaming about all night. He brings his hands up and begins to fondle her big tits through the soft silky blouse she is wearing. Instead of jerking backwards like he half expected her to do, she only begins to kiss him deeper once she feels his hands on her tits.

Their little kissing and fondling session causes his young, eager cock to quickly turn hard. He pulls back momentarily, thinking if things go south, could he be facing a rape charge? He tries to gauge her reaction, wondering if he should push on, while she stares back cool and confident, like an eager filly begging to be tamed.

It's too late to stop now he decides as his gaze falls to her heaving chest. He suddenly hates the stupid blouse she is wearing. He reaches out and, like a violent summer storm lashing out with horrible fury, uses both hands to literally rip the blouse off of her.

She lets out a small gasp as the buttons of the blouse go flying through the air. He yanks the blouse open all the way now, exposing a pretty, light pink, lace bra. It's adorned with tiny white lace decorations and a small red ribbon in the center where the two massive cups meet. He finds his attention quickly focused on that pretty little ribbon in the middle of her bra.

After her initial small gasp she appears nonplussed by his overt act of aggression. Instead, she seems to be, if anything, thrusting her chest out inviting him for more.

Just as he starts to reach out for her tits, she turns away and stands up. "Untie me just long enough for us to do another line two . . . please."

"Oh right, of course, just when things were getting good. Like I said you're a tease."

"I'm not a tease! I just want some more coke. You know when I get coked up, I mean really, really coked up I become a wild and passionate animal." She looks at him, batting her pretty eyes, before adding, "Don't you want to see that side of me sweetie?"

Trying to stay cool he shrugs his shoulders as he stands up and leads her over to the vanity table where they left the pile of coke.

He undoes the pantyhose around her wrists, and then watches with utter amazement as she sits down on the small bench, chops out two absolutely massive lines for herself, and then quickly makes them vanish.

She looks up at him whispering, "Now it's your turn, but first tie me up again as I want you to be able to relax and do your line in peace without worrying about me."

He bends over and quickly ties the pantyhose tightly around her wrists while hissing in her ear, "Just so you know, no matter how nice you are to me, I still don't trust you."

"I understand, Zeke. Look make your line small. Just do a little OK as too much will leave you . . . well more interested in the coke than anything else. Old case of too much of a good thing will ruin you."

"You don't seem to apply that philosophy to yourself," he snaps while ignoring her advice and laying out a rather large line for himself.

She looks at him, amused that he so patently ignored her advice. Scooting forward, she invites him to sit down behind her on the bench. He settles in behind her and then leans around her to snort up his line.

The buzz is almost overwhelming, but is it from the coke or from being this close to her? While debating that exact point his eyes keep darting over her shoulder, looking at her tits in the attached mirror over the vanity table.

She is pleased as she notices his wandering eyes. She smiles inwardly knowing that if he couldn't keep his eyes off her tits with her blouse on, now with it off, he has no chance of not staring at them.

Lian decides the time is right to get him to open up to her, and then maybe, just maybe, she will be able to exploit his mommy issues to her satisfaction.

Zeke is normally non-responsive when people ask about his life; ask why he is so angry. But it takes Lian all of two minutes to have him pouring his life story out to her as he discovers one simple fact about cocaine—it tends to loosen one's tongue.

As they talk Lian casually invites him to massage her shoulders. Sadly, she learns how his parents were killed in a car accident when he was only eight years old. As he goes on, telling how miserable his life became after his parents died, she is having a hard time concentrating. His rough masculine hands, working their way steadily across her shoulders, are lighting a fire deep inside of her, while at the same time his continuing tale of woe is breaking her heart.

Quietly, fighting the intense emotions stirred up by his confession, he goes on to tell her, how after his first foster care family did not work out, he was then placed with the Ashby's. He tells how smitten he became with the pretty, kind-hearted Mrs. Ashby- before she went and broke his heart.

By the time he was 16, he had had quite enough of the foster care system. Two years later he is living in a shitty two bedroom apartment with three other guys, who all like him, do some sort of illegal shit to support themselves.

Lian is blinking back tears. The coke, as always, is making her highly emotional. But despite her emotions, she still understands she must tread carefully and play on his emotions if this is to end well.

She starts out slow, whispering softly to him, "It sounds like you just need a tender kind hearted older woman to . . ." Their eyes meet in the mirror as something deep passes between them. "Love and pamper you sweetheart."

"Shit, I don't need no one," he barks at her. His confession has left him feeling angry. He starts to get up.

"Hey where are you going?"

"I'm hot, OK."

"It's the coke. Why don't you take your shirt off? Get comfortable so you can finish my massage. Please." She turns those dark pleading eyes on him. Eyes that he simply cannot resist as he strips off his black tee shirt.

She looks at his well-toned, muscled chest and takes a deep breath. She likes how his chest lacks any significant hair growth- unlike her husband who resemblances a gorilla when he takes his shirt off.

"Hmm, that is much better."

He starts kneading her shoulders now more aggressively, something that is not lost on her. Neither is the simple fact, just as she had hoped, he simply cannot take his eyes off her tits. Even as he got emotional in the telling of his life story, his eyes keep glancing down at her chest, over and over again, causing Lian to understand that she could probably use her big tits to lead the poor boy wherever she wanted. While she may have been the one tied up, she was definitely the one in control of the situation.

After his story, she has no doubt little Zeke is hiding his deep "mommy issues" behind this facade of bravado. And now here they are, all alone - - older woman, younger man- a perfect setting for a little bit of role playing perhaps.

Of course, if her plan works, there is the possibility they may not be role playing at all, but instead acting out reality. The unknowns in the equation only make it all the more exciting to her.

Regardless, Lian determines she must seduce him in order to get those jeans off his back, and see if he has the telltale birth mark on his left upper thigh.

She feels his hands slip away as he starts to get up. She can't let him escape; the mood is perfect now as he is feeling vulnerable after pouring his heart out to her.

"Done with my massage already sweetie?" she whispers to him.

"Why? You want me to be done?" he asks warily, rubbing the back of his hand against his eyes. He wants to bolt to the bathroom and splash cold water on his face in an attempt to regain his cool.

"Well, yes and no. I mean I was hoping maybe that you are getting tired of concentrating all your efforts on my neck and shoulders. Maybe you should focus your efforts elsewhere."

"Like where exactly?"

"Like my . . ." She pauses for dramatic effect allowing his young mind to fill in the blank, before she puts her trump card on the table, "Tits, after all you have been staring at them all night."

"Jesus, Lian, what do you expect. They are so God damn big. Plus, you seem to take a real delight in showing them off. Fuck." Clearly agitated, he starts to get up again.

"Hey I never said I was mad because you can't keep your eyes off them, now did I? I have patience with such things . . . just like a good mommy should if she caught her son staring at her tits."

He looks at her sharply as he sits back down on the bench behind her. What she tells him causes a deep shiver of excitement to run up his spine.

Maybe she is just teasing him some more. He searches her face in the mirror for any signs she might be joking, but sees none.

Lian senses her mommy comment really caught him off guard. Time to move the seduction to the next level.

She whispers to him softly, "Come on honey don't you want to play with your mommy's big boobies . . . maybe run those cute little hands all over her pretty bra hmm?"

She tilts her head seductively, pushing her huge boobs out to their maximum potential. He stares at her boobs in the mirror and is lost. This time, instead of feeling unbridled lust for them like he has felt all night long, her little mommy comment causes his lust to turn to something deeper - - something akin to the love that a little boy would have for his mommy.

Sensing he needs just one more soft push as she feels his hands slide down her bare arms before hesitating, she whispers tenderly, "Come on, don't be shy you can play with your mommy's big boobs. I mean you do think they are nice right?"

"God, Mommy . . . y-your tits are so big and beautiful." He slips into her trap without even realizing it.

"Sweetie I know that wasn't easy for you to tell me." The feel of his rough hands moving up and down her arms is sending shivers of raw excitement all over her body.

"Go on hon. Touch them. Please." Her voice takes on a soft pleading tone that he cannot resist.

Zeke carefully slides his hands off of her arms moving them around to her bare tummy. He strokes her tummy gently, moving his hands up slowly in soft semi-circles as she leans back against him, closing her eyes offering her tits up to his hands.

The tension is becoming nearly unbearable for the both of them, before his soft semi-circles lead him right up to the very base of her majestic mountains covered in pink lace. He turns his palms upwards, while staring at her face in the mirror, wanting to study her reaction as he finally takes the plunge. He cups her tits gently, one in each palm, feeling their weight as she lets out a long gentle sigh.

He starts to fondle them, ever so gently, ever so carefully, afraid if he is too aggressive this mad wild dream will come to an end.

"That's it baby, nice and gentle that is the way mommy likes it."

"Yes I promise, nice and gentle." But despite his promise to her, nice and gentle soon turns to a more vigorously rubbing and squeezing as his intense infatuation for her tits takes over.

Actually, this is the way she really likes it. Soft at first, followed by a measured roughness, and then back again. Another long moan escapes her lips as she turns her face to him whispering, "Kiss your mommy. Tell her how beautiful she is."

He obeys her request and they begin to kiss deeply, like two long lost lovers caught in passion's embrace.

"God you are so hot," he exclaims.

"Oh thank you sweetie. Listen, I know you have waited so long to fondle your Mommy's breasts haven't you. I hope you're not disappointed."

"Not at all," he whispers before turning her face towards his. His eyes blaze with desire as they stare at each other. He kisses her lightly on the cheeks, and then on the lips, teasing her maybe, before drawing away. His hands hover just below her tits resting on her tummy.

She responds as a wild need is growing deep inside of her-a need to have this boy, this young man, take her by force!!

"Take me. Now, please baby, show mommy what a man you are."

Her words spur him to take action. Not content to play the role of sweet and innocent any longer he yanks her to her feet

He kisses her with reckless abandon, his hands roaming all over her tits before they fall on her sweet ass. He kneads it through that tight little mini skirt of hers. But every time he removes his hands from those tits it's like losing a best friend, and they soon return.

He is squeezing them now harder and harder, and much to his delight, instead of trying to discourage him in any manner she only seems to be pushing her chest forward against his hands, seemingly begging for more attention.

He pushes her backwards, against the vanity table, and shoves his mouth against her neck kissing her zealously. Lian lets out a long sigh as the young man has found the secret spot on her neck that turns her to mush.

She feels her knees beginning to buckle from the attack upon her neck as a reckless addendum to her original plan is forming in her mind. "If you are going to rape me take me over to the bed," she tells him her voice coming out in a husky whisper.

He pulls her roughly across the room, over to the bed, liking the fact she brought the idea of rape up, not him. Watching her stand there in front of that inviting king sized bed, in her sexy pink lace bra and her hot little mini skirt, hands bound behind her back, he is overheating; the animal inside is pacing its cage while begging to be let loose.

Using the full weight of his body, he flings himself forward unto her, crushing her backwards onto the bed. She lands on her back as a small gasp of fear/excitement escapes from her.

He attacks her chest with reckless abandon; kissing all over the bare skin above the bra, his hands fondling her breasts with unabashed delight. He is losing control.

He raises up for a brief moment to look down at his handy work; seeing her half lying on the bed, her feet still on the floor, he reaches out and grabs her ankles and lifts them up onto the bed. He tells her quietly to move to the middle of the bed. She complies, scooting over, her heart racing, wondering just what he has in mind.

He looks at her lying there so utterly helpless as his eyes settle on those two dark circles where her erect nipples are practically poking a hole through her bra.

Those nipples are the ultimate prize. She notices his eyes are glued to her tits, and wanting to entice him even more, she purposely struggles against the panty hose causing her tits to bounce up and down inside her tight bra.

"Can't you untie me sweetie," she coos to him like he is a baby.

"Not yet. I am not fully sure I can trust you." But the truth is he still doesn't want to untie her for one simple reason- the power he feels of the predator over its prey is quite intoxicating.

The animal comes loose from its cage. Lian was about to assure him she could be trusted, the words were just coming out of her mouth,

when he flings himself on top of her burying his face between her bouncing tits.

He attacks the dark outline of her nipples through the thin material of the bra with his eager mouth as he hears her moan. Zeke has stumbled upon Lian's ultimate erogenous zone: her overly sensitive nipples.

As he starts to bite at them, his craving blind to the fact they are still covered by her bra, while she moans and thrashes against his body, wanting more and more.

His mouth flies back and forth trying to give each nipple equal attention, before Lian, simply unable to take it anymore, cries to him in a harsh whisper, "Jesus, hon, take my bra off please."

He reaches around her and begins to fumble with the bra's clasps in the back, but he is young and inexperienced. The wide bra strap contains three hooks and clasps that he simply cannot get undone. It's like breaking into fucking Fort Knox, especially without being able to see what he is doing.

"This stupid fucking thing won't . . . come undone." He raises up, looking at her, searching for any signs that she might be laughing at him.

But instead of laughing, or even having so much as a smirk on her face, instead she whispers tenderly, "Yeah they can be kinda of tricky to get undone sometimes I'm afraid. Why don't you untie me and I will undo my stupid bra for you sweetie."

His internal radar signaling danger kicks in; or maybe it's just the coke making him paranoid, but he senses there is something, too sweet, too calculating about her offer. He has a better idea coming to him as he hops off the bed.

"Come on stand up," he demands harshly. "You will stay tied up and I will get this fucking stupid bra off of you. You'll see."

The blade swishes out and as he brings the knife slowly to her chest. She watches—scared and excited all at once- as he brings the sharp blade up to one of her bra straps.

Smirking at her, he twists the blade up while making a quick sawing motion. The sharp blade makes short work of the strap, before he quickly gives the second strap the same treatment.

Her magnificent tits coming spilling out of the bra turning his smirk into a look of amazement. He stares at her chest briefly, before once again without warning, he attacks her defenseless tits with his hungry mouth.

As he smothers her in his embrace, his eager mouth flies all over her heaving breasts showering them with dozens upon dozens of desperate kisses. His kisses soon turn to an intense suckling as his lips find her fully erect nipples.

The experience is making her melt as she falls backwards onto the bed. Zeke falls with her his mouth glued to one of her breasts sucking on it with a zealous passion that borders on insanity.

Lian thrusts her chest forward as best as possible wanting to get even more of her tit flesh into his warm mouth as a loud moan escapes from her lips.

His kisses are turning to soft bites which she enjoyed at first, but now the biting is getting harder on her sensitive nipples. She decides that for the moment the rape fantasy should be turned down a notch or two.

"Baby be gentle with your, Mommy. Come on sweetie no biting. Be gentle and not in such a hurry OK, baby."

He looks up at her. Her soft and sweet voice touches his heart, and he immediately releases her ripe nipple from between his teeth.

"Oh God, I'm sorry I didn't mean to get so rough."

"It's fine honey. You have all night to play with mommy's boobies if you want. Come on first use your hands to fondle them some more, warm them up a bit for me and then you can suck on them nice and gentle again to your heart's content. Please baby."

"Yes Mommy," he says fully immersing himself in the game they are playing.

He lifts up, positioning himself so he is sitting lightly on her tummy. She looks up at him with large doe like eyes while whispering, "Go ahead sweetie play with your Mother's big boobs."

He reaches down and starts to stroke them softly. He rubs his hands nice and gentle all over the entire expanse of her breasts as she closes her eyes, resting on her elbows she pushes her chest upwards allowing him total access.

He intermingles the rubbing with some soft squeezes which only makes her sigh all the more. When he begins to flicker his fingers lightly over her fully erect nipples she lets out a soft moan.

"You like that huh, Mommy," he whispers to her.

"Oh yes baby. Mommy's nipples are quite sensitive. Listen I have a kind of naughty idea. Lean down and let me whisper it in your ear."

What she tells him indeed is quite naughty . . . and delicious.

Lian is bound to the bed spread eagle by more pantyhose. Zeke settles down next to her with a mirror full of coke and the small bucket of ice within handy reach. He has followed her whispered instructions exactly as she told him.

Following her whispered suggestion, he dumps a fair amount of coke off the mirror and directly onto first one, and then the other, of her breasts. He carefully used the sharp knife to form the coke into a pair of jagged lines more or less.

Lian watches with growing anticipation; tensing just a bit when the cold steel blade scraped across her bare breasts. And then the final touch; he carefully sprinkles each of her nipples with a light coating of the magical white powder.

She sighs deeply when he lowers his nose to the first line. He proceeds to snort all the coke up from each breast, before turning his attentions to her coke encrusted nipples. He snorts the majority of the coke off her nipples before gently licking them clean.

With the first part of her wild suggestion completes he moves on to the second part. He pours some champagne into a flute and then adds some ice to it. Setting the glass aside, he pulls two of the larger cubes from the bucket and slowly brings them to her chest.

The helpless Lian begins to squirm against the ties that bind her when he assaults each of her nipples in turn with a pair of ice cubes.

Lian's nipples immediately spring to life coming to full erection in a matter of seconds. Lian wonders just how far he will take her suggestion to tease her like this. She had placed no limits on what he could or could not do to her which only adds an exciting element of danger to the whole game.

He continued to tease her nipples with the ice cubes until they are both appreciably smaller. A mischievous smile crosses his face as he decides to strike out on his own. He will do something unexpected hoping to give her a pleasant shock.

He takes the full glass of champagne, the ice in it jangling slightly, and slowly brings it over to her chest.

"No. Please." Lian cries panicking as he starts to tip the glass.

"I'm just playing like you wanted me to," he responds innocently.

A small steady stream of the champagne begins to splash out. He has to suppress a giggle while watching it flow over her tits causing her to squirm and buck against the panty hose. He doesn't stop, despite her frantic pleas, until the flute is empty.

He looks down at her body. The sight of those mammoth champagne covered breasts, with their fully erect nipples, causes his cock to ache from hardness. Her gleaming nipples, jutting upward so proudly, remind him of a pair of glorious crown jewels.

His mind comes up with one last final bit of teasing as he reaches over and grabs the straw from the mirror and one more small ice cube.

Lian watches in helpless silence as she senses begging only will lead him to greater heights of debauchery. Watches as he brings the straw to his lips before lowering it to within mere inches of one of her frozen nipples.

He then takes the ice cube and begins to rub it all over her nipple while at the same time he blows a steady stream of air through the straw directly onto her nipple.

He teases her in such a manner, alternating between nipples until he gets the desired result. Now, unable to help herself, she does plea for mercy.

"Baby please, please stop teasing Mommy and . . ." She pauses trying to blink back the tears forming in her eyes. "And suck on my tits please. They are so cold. Please, pretty please, sweetheart. Suck on them. Come on I know you want to. Just be sweet and gentle and warm them up for me. I'm begging you."

Her words to be "sweet and gentle" are at odds with his true feelings, because more than anything, he simply wants to fling himself down upon her chest and begin sucking on her tits like a sex crazed madman.

But yet something stops him. She may be helplessly tied to the bed, but still he is under her control. He will subjugate his feelings to hers. Tossing the straw and ice cubes aside, he goes slow, bringing his mouth carefully towards one of her fully extended nipples. His tongue snakes out licking it lightly, this time not with unbridled lust, but with the simple and patient love that a little boy has for his mommy.

Zeke, without even realizing it, has bought fully into her little role playing game as he murmurs between soft licks, "God, Mommy, your tits are so big and beautiful . . . I . . . I can't believe you are letting me do this."

She looks down at him knowing the wild idea that maybe she really is his mother only adds a forbidden and exciting element to their little game.

She strains against the pantyhose, and pushes her chest out further pleading, "Go nice and slow baby. You have all night to suck on your mommy's boobies."

"All night?" He answers between gentle licks that make her sigh with soft pleasure. "Really you would let me suck on them all night?"

"Yes sweetie all night. Mommy's magic powder will ensure that."

He is lost in a world that seems to contain nothing but those two vast globes of tit flesh that he is showering with dozens of soft kisses and gentle licks of his eager tongue.

"Oh baby your kisses are so nice and warm and so sweet just like Mommy likes."

The kissing and sucking goes on and on for what seems like forever, before Lian decides to go for broke. She can feel his growing hardness as he lays (or lies) on top of her with his hungry mouth flying back and forth between her boobs.

"Baby," she whispers just loud enough to get his attention, "Sweetheart I have an idea. Why don't you grab my oil and rub some all over my boobs. It's right there on the nightstand."

He crawls off of her asking why, but she only smiles and tells him it's a surprise.

He follows her quiet instructions, and pours a generous amount of the coconut oil directly onto her tits and then takes his sweet time spreading the oil all over her boobs making them shine with resplendent beauty.

"Now hop off the bed hon and take off your jeans," Lian tells him. The moment of truth is at hand.

Zeke complies as he slowly strips off first his jeans, and then his boxers. Lian watches carefully trying to catch a glimpse of his left upper thigh, but her attention is soon diverted when his large, it must be a good seven inches, hard cock springs out of his boxers.

In the dim light of the bedroom, she cannot tell if he has the birthmark on his left upper thigh or not. She must somehow get a closer look.

As he stands there, his hard cock twitching while staring at her tits, she knows just what she must do.

"Baby would you like to . . . fuck your Mommy's tits."

"God yes I would." It is, doubtlessly, the single best invitation he has ever received in his 18 years on this fair planet.

"Come on, don't be shy. Mommy wants to see that big cock of yours between her tits."

He slowly moves up onto the bed. She looks so hot, so incredibly fucking hot, strapped to the bed like this as he mounts her slowly.

Lian watches carefully for the telltale birthmark. Her heart skips a beat when she thinks she spots it on his inner thigh, but the bedroom is full of dark shadows, and she doesn't really get a good enough view to be sure. Or maybe it was nothing except wishful thinking on her part.

Before she can get a better look he is on top of her. Straddling her carefully he pushes his cock up and in between her well-oiled tits as Lian realizes from this angle she really doesn't have a good view either. Her plan is failing - quite nicely!!

And then it hits her; what she must do to be sure. It's too late now to stop him from fucking her tits in order to put her new plan into action. If she tried to stop him now he really would get angry and think she was nothing but a fucking tease.

But then again maybe she can get a good look at his thigh as he is titty fucking her. She cranes her neck watching as he slowly pushes that deliciously large cock of his up and in between her tits.

But it's a lost cause. The lighting in the room, her angle of vision, and the placement of his thighs against her body all are conspiring to prevent her from getting a good look at the spot on his inner left thigh where the birthmark would be.

Nothing left to do, but simply enjoy the titty fucking she is now getting from this handsome intruder that may be her son. The

thought, instead of causing her shame, only fills her heart with a reckless forbidden excitement.

Resigned to her fate, she urges him on as he takes both hands and pushes her tits together creating a tight tunnel of lovely tit flesh. "That's it baby fuck my tits. Yeah baby go . . . harder." Her breath is coming in short little pants. "Harder honey. Fuck Mommy's big tits really good baby!!"

Zeke responds to her impassioned pleas as he too is lost in this forbidden role playing game. He likes pretending she is his mother and so full of love for him that she would allow such a thing.

Fortunately, he has ample time to enjoy this fantasy as the coke prevents him from cumming right away, allowing him to fuck her tits for so long, and so hard, that the bed is literally shaking from the sheer force of him slamming his cock up and in between her tits.

"That's it son fuck em harder with that big cock of yours." She pushes her chest up trying even harder to swallow his cock with her tits. "Go, harder honey . . . cum all over your Mommy's tits."

The feeling of all that well-oiled tit flesh surrounding his cock as he pistons it up and in between them is becoming too much. The orgasm is building inside of him.

Urged on by her words of encouragement, he slams his cock forward again and again, making the bed shake. He opens his eyes to see Lian with her head thrown back, eyes shut, arms and legs spread helplessly wide. The sight is exquisite as is the sound of her progressively determined pleas urging him to "cum all over her tits".

Finally, it's enough as the head of his cock explodes in a virtual geyser of cum. His arms and legs buckle forcing him to collapse on the bed next to her. He is literally shaking from the force of his orgasm.

"Honey untie me so I can go clean myself up," she says quietly after moment's hesitation to allow Zeke to recover just a bit.

"Really - is that why you want to be untied?" he says warily.

He still does not trust her at all it seems. She will have to work overtime to overcome his cynical heart it seems. "Yes, honey, so I can clean myself up, but more importantly I want to be free so I can hold you in my arms, after I put on something nice to wear to bed and then we can cuddle under the sheets in Mommy's bed. Doesn't that sound nice?"

He turns on his side to look at her. He searches her eyes and sees nothing but simple love in them, or is that only wishful thinking on his part? Of course, his judgement may be clouded by the fact he has totally fallen in love with this older woman pretending to be his mother. With a sudden clarity that is nearly blinding, he understands

having a loving mother is the only thing he has wanted for a very long time.

He releases her, crawling under the sheets of the bed, surrendering to his heart. He watches her cross the room to her walk-in closet, and then emerge a few seconds later with something soft and frilly dangling from her hands.

She gives him a quick smile before she disappears into the bathroom. Alone in the bathroom, Lian quickly cleans the cum off her chest, brushes her teeth, dabs on a bit of fresh makeup, and changes into her "something nice."

She hopes he will like what she has picked out as she enters the bedroom. Making a quick decision to continue with their role playing game of mother and son, she crosses the dark bedroom slowly, before finally emerging into the small pool of light thrown off by the twin lamps of the nightstands.

Zeke opens his eyes to see her standing next to the bed. She is smiling sweetly with her best feature- her large tits of course- on ample display as they are barely being contained inside the beautiful blue bustier she is wearing.

"So do you mind if Mommy joins you in bed sweetie." She doesn't wait for an answer, but instead wastes no time as she hops in the bed snuggling up tight next to him. He is happy their role playing game is not over. His happiness is accented when she gently guides his face

down until it rests on her chest before beginning to run her fingers lightly through his hair.

"This is nice huh, being in bed with your mother, right, Zekey?"

"Yes," he replies simply not knowing what else to say.

"I want you to trust me you know. I . . . well it's important to me anyways," she tells him before leaning down and kissing him tenderly on the top of his head.

Zeke feels like he has died and went to heaven being in her comfortable bed. It is totally unlike the crappy thin twin mattress that serves as his bed, haphazardly thrown on the floor in his own small bedroom, back at his apartment.

Fortunately the thick comforter has absorbed the champagne that spilled on the bed during their earlier misadventures so even that is not an issue. He feels safe and secure tucked into bed with her like this.

"So tell me, this Mrs. Ashby that you were so smitten with when you were younger did she ever . . . ahhh invite you into her bed."

"No, never."

"See so I am a better mommy than her already right, Zekey?" Lian is warming to the new cute little nickname she has bestowed upon him.

"Yes you are," he replies with a quiet sigh. He is maybe finally beginning to feel the trust taking root in his heart. "I wish you were really my mother."

"Me too honey," she whispers back. She is beginning to feel certain, even without the final piece of the puzzle, that Zeke is her son. Now it is time to see if the last piece of the puzzle fits.

"You know sweetie sometimes if somebody really wishes hard for something it can come true."

"Really, you think so."

"I know so." She pauses to brush her fingers through his hair while tossing her long, beautiful hair to one side, as he turns to look up at her. "I am also wishing for something you know."

"What?"

"I am wishing for a young man that has a lost little boy trapped inside his heart. One that desperately needs the love of his mommy. One that will cuddle and kiss and share his mommy's bed with her all night . . . every night."

She crawls out of the bed. "Do you trust me Zeke? I want you to trust me so bad. I need you to trust me so bad." She refills a nearby flute with fresh champagne from the nightstand and nearly drains it in one long swallow.

"I think so, but what about your stupid husband. Somehow I think he would not approve?" He swings his legs out of the bed, sitting on the edge he senses they are at a crossroads here.

"It's simple. I would leave with my son and start a new life. Leave and never look back. Give me maybe a week or two and I could get hold of enough money and enough jewelry to get a fresh start for us. Of course, I would have to take mother with us, but those are details to discuss at a later time. First I must gain your trust. You must show you trust me."

Lian extends a hand towards him inviting him to get out of the bed. He watches as she unties one of the panty hose from the nearest bed post and brings it back over to where he is standing.

"If you really want me to be your mother you must learn to trust me just as I learned to trust you by letting you tie me to the bed."

"I want to trust you," he says in a weak voice.

"Prove it to me." She moves around behind him, gently pulling his wrists behind his back.

He ignores the warning bells blaring inside his head and allows her to bind his wrists tightly behind his back. His mind whirls. What if it's a trick?

He opens his mouth to protest, complain maybe, to even object to what is happening. But any objection is cut off when she smothers his pending protest with a loving kiss before uttering three words that make his heart sing with joy, while at the same time throwing it into utter confusion.

"I love you."

"How, why . . . Y-you can't," he stammers.

"I can't?" Her grin is sly as she circles him, before pushing him down onto the bed. "Ah, I think I already do. Hmm, I also think that it appears the predator has suddenly become the prey."

At this point, Lian could have pulled down his boxers to reveal the truth. Either the birthmark will be there or it won't, but she is having too much fun playing with him to risk knowing the truth just yet.

"I don't think my baby has had quite his fill of his mother's tits yet. Isn't that right sweetie?"

She reaches out and pulls him forward so he is perched on the edge of the bed as he whispers yes. They stare at each other for a long moment before she reaches down and slowly starts to massage her tits through the soft silky material of her blue busier teasing him. Her tits are right there in front of his face as he licks his lips in anticipation . . . watching . . . waiting.

Lian leisurely slips her fingers under the thin blue straps that hold her bustier in place. She ever so slowly pulls the straps down and off her shoulders allowing her big, beautiful tits to come spilling out.

He stares at them for a brief moment, before attacking. He darts his face forward, burying his mouth against one large tit while sucking the nipple into his mouth. Lian moans her ascent as he kisses, licks, and nibbles on her tits to his heart's content.

Time seems to stand still as Zeke frantically tries to get his fill of her tits. Finally, sensing the time is right for her to enact the final part of her plan, and at long last learn the truth, Lian implores him to stop.

"Zeke, honey, I think it's Mommy's turn to suck on something of yours."

He has yet to experience the pleasure of having his cock in a woman's mouth so her mere suggestion triggers his cock to jerk to full hardness. "Here sweetie stand up for your mother . . . it will be easier."

Lian drops to her knees, licking her lips trying to contain her excitement as she reaches out and brazenly, before she loses her nerve, yanks his boxers down.

"Jesus, look at you honey . . . all big and hard for mommy again."

Unable to avoid knowing the truth any longer her eyes dart over to his left inner thigh. She has to blink back the tears—the birthmark is there! The final piece of the puzzle slips easily into place proving in her heart Zeke must be her son!!

Of course, this is not the time to reveal that inconvenient little fact to him as she feels her mouth aching to swallow his hardness. Knowing it's her son only seems to make her all the more hungry for his cock.

Acting on pure animal instinct, her tongue flickers out sliding along the underside of his throbbing member causing him to shudder.

"Oh God, Mommy . . . that feels so good. Please don't stop."

She can't deny him . . . even knowing he is her son. Drunk and strung out on the coke, she is not in the mood for reflective thought, but instead all that matters is satisfying her sexual desires.

Two more long licks, and a quick swirl of her tongue around the head of his cock has him moaning, before she pulls takes a deep breath, and swallows his cock whole in one deft stroke.

Lain sucks on his cock so eagerly that poor Zeke is making small whimpering noises and struggling against the panty hose that bind his wrists.

She stops abruptly. Time to plant the seed.

She pulls away, holding his cock in her hand, and looks up at him. Her look is serious, her voice soft and sweet as she utters the words. Words so powerful that Zeke shall never forget them. "What if this game we are playing, me being your mommy, what if it's true honey?"

"It can't be. My mom died in a car accident."

She starts to stroke his cock with her soft hands. "She wasn't your birth mother. I am. You were an adopted honey. Should I stop?"

"What—no I mean how . . . do you know this?"

Her one hand is sliding up his cock faster now as she uses the other to cup his balls. "I just do baby. You are mine. Should I stop . . . do you want Mommy to stop?"

"Please, you are teasing me."

"No." She moves her lips closer to his aching hard cock. "Do you want Mommy to suck on it again sweetie . . . knowing you came from me."

"Lain . . . But . . . how . . . it's not poss-"

She stops and looks up at him. Her voice is hard and serious and stops his denial in mid word. "You can cum in Mommy's mouth . . . would you like that baby? But only if you promise to stop denying you are mine . . . and never call me Lian again . . . I am your Mother. It's the truth. Soon I will tell you how I know this . . . but for now . . . should I stop?"

"Please . . . please no. I w-wanna cum in your mouth . . . Mommy." He was sure—at first—she was simply teasing him, but now . . . she sounds so serious. Regardless of how serious she is— it can't match the seriousness of what she is doing with that wicked tongue of hers—circling his shaft up and down with dozens of small licks.

"Promise me . . . you believe you are mine . . . Promise that and I will show you heaven baby. Convince me of your feelings." She has stopped and is looking up at him.

The moment seems frozen in time, before he takes the plunge. "I am yours . . . mother. I . . . feel it . . . in my soul . . . in my heart. I have loved you from the first moment I laid eyes on you . . . with an intense love that only a little boy could have for his mommy."

"Hmm, that is good. Heaven it shall be . . . for the both of us then." She closes her eyes and proceeds to inch by inch make his full eight inches disappear slowly inside her mouth.

Zeke lets out a loud moan as Lian begins to hungrily suck on his cock. Knowing he is her son, accepting the impossibility of it, only makes her want him all the more. She bounces her mouth up and down, faster and then slower, before bringing her hand up to cup his balls.

As she licks and sucks her way up the shaft of his cock she jiggles his balls in her hand causing him to actually let out his loudest whimper yet.

"Ohhh, God . . . that feels so fucking good," he whines. He opens his eyes briefly and looks down only to see her smiling sweetly up at him, before she swallows his cock whole again and begins to suck on it enthusiastically.

His second orgasm of the night is rushing home. She senses as much and uses her hand to stroke his cock faster while lapping at the head of his twitching cock. When she sees it jerk once before the cum starts to squirt out she closes her eyes and sucks him deep into her mouth draining the rest of his load with her cock hungry mouth.

The fun and games over for the moment they sit side by side on the bed. He wants the truth. How is she his mother? He feels the truth in her words . . . yet how could that be? The odds would have to be so long, but yet again, he knows longshots do come home a winner on rare occasions.

After Lian explains everything in one long breathless explanation, Zeke finds himself wanting to believe her so badly that he simply gives in and does. They decide he will spend the night and in the morning they will figure out the best course of action.

Lian heads to her closet figuring now that he knows the truth play time is over. She just prays he is not too grossed out that their much loved "mommy fantasy" has turned out to be all too real.

She decides to put on something conservative to fit what she thinks will be a long and lonely night. She can't imagine he will be willing to share her bed, even if only to sleep, now that he knows the truth.

She sighs as she slips on an oversized nightshirt thinking of how she was not pleased at all tonight . . . sexually. She is about to leave the

closet when she stops and stares at her image in the large mirror that hangs on the back of the closet door.

What, no plans on seducing your son again Lian? How boring is that! You know you want to!! She tells the image in the mirror staring back at her to shut up, before she realizes it's a very legitimate question. As she searches her heart for the answer she realizes there is no simple answer to this complex question.

She loves her son already, but the problem is she is also highly attracted to all his youthful, handsome qualities. Sighing heavily, not sure exactly what may be the right course of action she determines to not make any overt sexual advances upon him.

Then again- if he was to somehow not be grossed out knowing she is his natural birth mother and yet another spark starts to flare between them she will not do anything to extinguish it.

She exits the closet to find him pacing. When he turns to face her she notes the look of disappointment on his young face.

Maybe after running around in your bra and letting him rip it off you, and then wearing that slutty blue bustier he finds your ugly oversized nightshirt to be a tad disappointing, she muses to herself.

"I guess I will show you where the spare bedroom is. I hope you haven't changed your mind about spending the night?"

"No . . . ahh of course not, but do I have to go there now . . . to the spare room I mean."

"No, you can stay here in my room a bit longer. What . . . you wanna talk maybe hon." She tosses her long hair flirtatiously to one side- she just can't help herself- before adding lightly, "Get to know your mother a bit."

"Yeah, something like that."

"OK, well . . . just so you know if you prefer to sleep with me tonight . . . that would be OK too."

He stops pacing and stops to stare at her with a surprised look on his face. She had not really meant to extend an invitation to sleep with her, but it just slipped out.

Worried of what he might be thinking she hurriedly adds, "When I say sleep I mean that innocently sweetheart. Like maybe you would wanna just cuddle with your mother a bit if you want."

"That could be nice. We have . . . you know lost a lot of time. We should start making it up tonight. Plus the truth is I don't want to leave you. I mean be apart."

"Well then, no reason you have to." She takes him by the hand and leads him over to the bed. "Here get into bed and I will grab the lights."

She crosses the room to turn off the light over the vanity table while he starts to undo his jeans in preparation of crawling into her bed.

He stops, his hands on the zipper of his jeans. Should he take them off? What will she think . . . that maybe he is expecting something.

She turns back, heading across the room and sees him still standing there. She laughs, trying to put him at ease saying, "Go ahead. Take them off. You can sleep in your boxers. Be more comfortable that way, right?"

"Yeah, I guess," he mumbles as she switches off the lamp on the nightstand next to the bed.

He feels safer around her in the dark where he can't see her haunting beauty. He rests on his back, waiting, afraid to make a wrong move.

"Don't you want to cuddle with me honey?" In the darkness her whispered voice is somehow even more seductive than ever.

He says nothing, does nothing as she reaches out and pulls him next to her. They find themselves in a spooning position trying to fall

asleep. It is hopeless as between the coke and the utter excitement of finding each other after so many lost years, sleep is an impossible dream.

"Are you awake, baby?" Again that whispered voice in the darkness stabs his heart.

"Yeah, can't sleep."

"Me neither. It's probably the coke. We should get up and do something nice and relaxing." She reaches over and flips on the bedside lamp.

"Like what?"

"Hmm, how about sharing a nice slow dance with your mother. Your arms around me, soft music, some candle light . . . I think that would relax us. Sound nice?" Of course he agrees—he has denied her nothing all night long so why start now.

"You don't mind if I put something else on do you hon? I'm afraid this nightshirt of mine is perfect for sleeping, but not so much for sharing a slow dance in." He murmurs his ascent while heading to the bathroom.

Once inside the closet she strips off the robe while debating the earlier merits of her promise not to make any overt sexual advances toward him. She finds them to be . . . lacking.

She searches her closet for something a bit more enticing to wear for their pending dance rejecting several items for being either too conservative, or too daring, before finally settling on a pretty pink nightshirt.

Considering his reaction to her pink bra earlier, pink, she suspects, may be his favorite color for women. Besides she will finally have a chance to wear this particular nightshirt. It was a gift from Liz on her birthday several years ago, before she knew such pretty gifts for her was useless thanks to Bill's lack of interest in her.

So here it sat, unworn and unloved for all these long years. Until tonight. Maybe Zeke will like it. She supposes it would be fitting to wear it tonight for the first time since she is meeting her son for the first time.

She was about to put the nightshirt on when she takes a second look at it suddenly remembering how sheer the fabric is. In fact, as she recalls, it's practically see through. She also remembers how when she tried it on the one time how very snug it was on her. Thinking about it now, she recalls how she had saved the receipt and was planning on exchanging it for the next size up, but never got around to doing so.

Deciding it will be too daring to wear alone, Lian searches for a bra and panties to put on underneath, or maybe a tee shirt, but then stops. Smiling to herself, she whispers, "Why not? It will surely make an impression on him."

Tossing the bra she was considering to the side, she settles with putting on only a pair of pink thong panties underneath. Posing in front of the mirror attached to the back of her closet door, Lian smiles slyly observing how her regal tits strain the sheer fabric of the medium sized nightshirt that was not made for a woman with a set of 38DD tits.

He is sitting on the bed waiting for her when she comes strutting out of the closet. He takes a quick look at her, and then diverts his eyes. Knowing she is his mother, he no longer feels quite right about openly staring at her.

Lain moves about the room lighting roughly a dozen candles in preparation for their dance. The whole time Zeke struggles to keep his eyes off of her. The tight sheer nightshirt she is wearing barely reaches her waist allowing both her ass and legs to be fully exposed.

The guilt he feels for wanting to stare at her is compounded by what he wants to do to her . . . yet again. Zeke fully understands such feelings will only grow stronger if he allows himself to dance with her.

Finally, afraid he will not be able to control himself if they were to dance he makes a hasty decision. Jumping up from the bed, he quickly strides across the room.

"I should go, Mom. I mean to the spare room. I suddenly feel . . . not so good."

He pauses, his hand on the door, wondering what her reaction shall be. Trying to hide the disappointment in her voice, Lian turns to him saying softly, "Fine, just give me a minute and I will show you there."

Lian is deeply hurt by his sudden change of mood. Alone in her bedroom, she does two more huge lines from her stash of coke. It only makes things worse as the coke serves to fuel her already intense emotions. Feeling hot and in the need of some fresh air she opens the French doors and stumbles out onto the balcony that overlooks the immense backyard.

There is a light snow falling as she sips on a fresh glass of champagne hoping the cold night air will help restore her emotional balance. Leaning back against the railing she wonders if Zeke is sleeping soundly now in her spare room. She desperately wants to check on him, but fights the feeling- praying he will come back to her.

Zeke still cannot sleep. The sight of his mother in her sheer pink nightshirt haunts him when he closes his eyes. The guilt he feels over his desire for her is starting to fade. It is now being replaced by a deeper guilt for abandoning her. He was sure this hurt her as she

barely said a word to him when she escorted him down the hallway to the spare room, and then worse still, turned away when he tried to give her a simple little goodnight kiss.

The gnawing feeling that he must return to her finally wins out after just a few minutes. He slips back on his jeans and shirt and quietly makes his way down the dark hallway to her room.

He knocks on her door. No answer. Entering the bedroom, he finds it quiet and almost completely dark. The only light comes from the candles. Thinking she may be in the bathroom he calls out to her softly. Nothing.

Peering at the bed, he sees she is not there either. The closet maybe? The door is shut and the light is off. He starts to wonder just where the hell she is at- downstairs maybe- when he feels a cold draft.

Looking about the room to find the source, he spots one of the French doors leading to the balcony cracked open. He slowly crosses the room, and just before reaching the open door he hears her quietly sobbing.

His heart breaks as he pauses at the threshold of the door. She is there, leaning against the railing straight across from the doors, her back to him. Her dark silhouette is gently heaving from the tears racking her body.

He steps out into the cold night air to find himself confronted by a most alluring scene. She turns around and stares at him saying nothing. She is holding a half filled champagne flute and sniffing.

The soft curves of her body, accented by the glorious full moon hovering over the balcony, stand out under the pink nightshirt. Her long, luxurious hair seems to shimmer in the luminous moonlight. Her face glows with a beauty that makes his heart ache with forbidden longing. But it's the sight of those magnificent nipples, resplendently erect, pushing against the gossamer material of her nightshirt that makes him sigh with a deep yearning.

They stand facing each other for a long moment- saying nothing- just staring. He tears his eyes off of her chest and looks at her. There are a few flecks of fluffy white snow lingering in her dark hair marking a wonderful contrast. Lost in her absolute beauty, he forgets all about feeling guilty.

A cold breeze cuts across the balcony making them both shiver. Zeke's eyes fall to her chest- yet again. Her fully erect nipples, looking so unimaginably splendid poking out against the nightshirt, capture his eyes. Simply put -they are now the center of his universe.

Lian knows exactly where his attention is focused. She says nothing letting the tension build as she takes a couple small steps forward allowing him a better view of her tits.

Finally she breaks the silence. "So you don't find the spare bedroom to your liking?"

"Mom, I'm sorry. I . . . didn't mean to hurt you. You've been crying?"

She takes another step forward hoping to capitalize on the guilt he is obviously feeling. One more step forward and she is now standing within arm's reach of him on the cold balcony.

A stiff breeze ruffles his dark hair. He is so handsome in her eyes that it makes her heart ache. "

"You should go back to the spare bedroom or better yet leave the house completely. Forget about me and this whole stupid night. Yes . . . just leave me here all alone . . . freezing . . . on my balcony. I clearly deserve my fate of a cold loneliness . . . I can see that now. It is payback for my stupidity in losing you so long ago." She starts to turn away after draining the balance of her champagne down in one large gulp.

The moment of truth is upon him. Zeke senses unless he does something drastic this beautiful dream of a night could turn really ugly. Not surprisingly, he suspects she is really not in a mood to listen to reason or logic. Not now; they are way past that. Instead, he will have to rely on raw, passionate emotion to save the day. That and swift, decisive action.

He acts quickly, letting the raw emotion that is required wash over him and rule his actions. He takes a takes a step forward flexing his muscles, preparing for the bold action that is necessary.

"I shan't leave you to such a bitter cold fate, mother."

He wraps one arm around her back, and the other under her legs, and before she even knows what is happening scoops her easily off her feet. She lets out a surprised squeal of sheer delight as he turns and carries her into the bedroom.

"No, no, honey put me down," she cries trying to sound mad, but not quite getting there.

"Not a chance," he snaps back while turning to push the open door shut with his foot as she snuggles against him.

"Where are you taking me?" she whispers as he starts to cross the room.

He heads toward the bed. "To your bed. You are freezing, mother. I can feel you shivering against me. I shall tuck you in nice and warm under the covers OK."

"I have a better idea hon. Dance with me . . . as you promised earlier. Your strong arms around me is all the warmth your mother requires." He deftly sets her on her feet agreeing to the idea.

"I just gotta step into the closet a moment to put on my dancing shoes. Wait for me, hon."

He plops down on the bed trying to relax knowing his fate is sealed.

A minute later his mother emerges from the closet. He glances up at her and smiles. "You look much taller." She is wearing a pair of wonderfully wicked pink neon open toed sandals and towering five inch heels that are a perfect complement to her pink nightshirt and panties.

As she struts across the room oozing sex she whispers, "Like my new shoes. I have been saving them for a special occasion."

"You consider dancing with me a special occasion?"

"I consider finding my handsome adorable long lost son after all these years the most special of occasion's sweetheart. Don't you?"

"Yes, of course, mother." He was about to say more, but instead shuts his mouth as he becomes wholly distracted.

His distraction is in the form of his mother's super nice butt as she struts over to the entertainment center nestled in the corner of the bedroom.

Despite being drunk, despite the five inch heels, despite the prodigious amounts of coke she has snorted, she still moves with the soft grace of a cat. The only thing missing is for her to have a long furry tail to swish around.

Her sweet ass is on full display when she bends over to insert a disc into the CD player. Staring, he wonders if she is bending over simply for his viewing pleasure. It seems to him it would have been much simpler for her to just crouch down and insert the disc into the player.

Her pretty pink panties do little to conceal her well-toned ass as she seems to be taking an inordinate amount of time fiddling with the controls of the stereo allowing him a nice long look. Finally, she straightens up after putting in a mix CD of romantic songs.

The bedroom is filled with the soft sounds of a romantic love ballad. They come together in the middle of the bedroom. With her high heels on she towers over him which is fine by him since it puts him nearly on eye level with those stunning tits of hers. They are silent, holding each other tight as the room fills with dreamy lyrics of love and romance.

The raw sexual tension between mother and son is reaching a fever pitch as the song grinds slowly on. Zeke, no matter how he tries, simply cannot keep his eyes off her tits. He is getting hard again all the while hoping she isn't noticing.

"Honey, are you grossed out by what happened earlier now that you know our little "Mommy" fantasy was reality."

"No, not at all."

She pauses, her arms sliding up his neck. "So you still find me attractive?" she whispers. So much for not seducing him.

"Utterly."

"You still want me."

"Desperately," he breathes as his hands slip around her waist.

Smiling at him slyly, she takes his hand and leads him back across the bedroom to her vanity table. The raw sexual tension that now envelops the bedroom is like some sort of living entity all of its own.

"Help me up on the table baby," she mouths to him. He takes her by the hands and helps scoot her up on the table. There is a slight

jingling noise as her various assortment of makeup items rattle about when her weight settles on the table.

She doesn't let his hands escape now that she is safely settled on the table, but instead she clenches them near her chest where they hover, trapped by hers, mere inches from her pink clad mountains that he has been staring at so wistfully while they danced.

"Do you like your Mommy's tits honey?" She seductively tilts her head to one side whispering, "I mean you do think my tits are big right honey? The way you have been staring at them all night makes me think so."

The words come tumbling out of his mouth before he can stop them. "Oh Jesus, Mom, you know your tits are fucking huge."

"Not just huge, but fucking huge huh," she giggles before adding, "And that is a good thing?"

"You know it is" he answers unable to believe that this wonderful impossible night is about to get better.

"Are they bigger and better than that stupid Mrs. Ashby's baby?"

"Yes on both counts."

"Go on baby show me you think you Mommy has real nice tits."

She releases his hands, before laying her head back, closing her eyes, and pushing her chest out to him striking a pose of complete submission.

He pauses for the briefest of instances, knowing what he is about to do is wrong, but simply unable to resist such a temptation. He stretches his fingers out tracing small circles through the thin material of her nightshirt.

His fingers circle, much like a pack of sharks circling their prey, before his hands attack. He smashes through the natural barriers that mothers erect against their sons to keep such things from happening, and begins to lavish rich attentions on her lovely tits with his curious hands.

They feel divine in their firm fullness under the soft material of her nightshirt. Yes her nightshirt, it's still there, providing one last barrier to her heavenly tits. He wonders if he should try and remove it.

Lian, with uncanny motherly instincts opens her eyes, lifts her head up and stares at her son. She senses he is wondering just exactly what to do next.

"You know this . . ." She reaches down and takes his hands off her tits. "Sheer, pink, night shirt of mine . . . I wore it just to tease you little boy. I didn't wear a bra underneath on purpose understanding the effect it would have on you."

She glances pointedly at the bulge in his jeans. "I see it is working. But yet you are still too shy . . . still too scared . . . still too much of a little boy to do anything about your mother teasing you."

He knows what she is doing- questioning his manhood in such a way that is anything but subtle. What should he do about it?

He brushes her hands away; reaches out and rips the nightshirt violently open. Several of the large pink buttons go zinging through the air as Lian lets out a gasp of shocked delight.

He moves his hands under her tits and lifts them up as he pulls back briefly to catch his breath. He surveys the scene. Her head has fallen back once again; her breath is ragged; her long hair spread out on the table, but most especially he loves the way her chest is trembling with those gloriously erect nipples waiting to be sacrificed to the hungry ravages of his eager mouth. He stares wanting to burn this memory into his soul where it will last a lifetime.

His mouth falls on her tits with such a savage ferocity that she will be the one with the memory of his fierce assault upon her tits forever seared onto her soul. He buries his face in her immense cleavage. Kissing and licking his way up the vast expanse of tit flesh, his mouth

moving back and forth with frenetic speed, he attempts to kiss her tits everywhere all at once.

His mouth flies to one large breast and then the other, sucking on the ripe nipples with reckless abandon causing the table to shake.

"OH GOD BABY . . . that's it suck on my tits. Please baby don't stop."

It would be a far easier thing for him to stop breathing than to stop sucking on her tits at this point. He lips, his mouth, his tongue, all lay waste to her poor nipples as his hands plunder her tits mercilessly.

Finally, Lian lifts her head up and reaches down with one hand telling him to stop. She has to tell him three times before he obeys.

His eyes are glazed and his hair a mess as he looks up at her. "It's your mother's turn to play with something sweetheart. Something big and hard I suspect."

Her hands go to the front of his Levi's. She goes nice and slow, wanting to build the tension. First, she undoes his belt. He reaches out with his hands and tries to fondle her tits as she slides down off the table. She swats them away, before going back to work, unbuttoning his jeans.

She gradually pulls the zipper down, before reaching back up to hook her fingers around his pants. She tugs them down ever so carefully, making sure to pull down his boxers in the process.

For the second time during this wicked night she gasps at his size. His full 8 inches is on proud display jutting out from his body.

She can scarcely take her eyes off it as she tells him sweetly, "I can see you have still have no problem getting big and hard for your mommy sweetheart. Go on baby. Give you mother what she wants."

She turns around, pulling his hands around her mid-section. They quickly rises to cup her tits as she pushes her ass against his crotch. Their mouths twist together sharing an urgent kiss with a pair of desperate snaking tongues.

"Take your sexual frustration out over that bitch Mrs. Ashby out on me baby. Fuck me . . . show me what that bitch was missing."

He drops his hands to yank her pink panties down and off her hips.

He is out of control with youthful lust to the point where he no longer cares what he says to her. "Spread your god damn legs you fucking chink whore and I will give you what you want."

Lian, more amused than upset at his derogatory comments, does as he demands spreading her legs with equal parts excitement and fear. She wanted to push his buttons -that much was true- but she never dreamed he would say the words that just came out of his mouth. She wonders just how hard he is going to fuck her.

She doesn't have to wonder long. With his third hard thrust forward he finally buries his eight inches deep inside her wet cunt. Lian lets out a small whimper as he pierces her.

There is no preamble. Zeke starts to pound away on his mother as if fucking her was a matter of life or death. She is moaning louder and louder as the table is literally shaking as if there was an earthquake.

His hands come up and grip her hips for support as he buries his mouth against his neck. He pushes in and out, harder and harder with each desperate thrust off his cock deep into her pussy. He is fucking her so hard, and with such a brutal craving that Lian finds herself being nearly lifted off the ground by his raging manhood as his cock slams into her again and again.

Zeke, having cum already twice, has plenty in his tank to give his mother which is a good thing as a coked up Lian is desperate for cock.

"Oh that's it baby, fuck your mommy good!! Harder, baby do me harder," she begs.

He gives in to her slamming his raging hardon into her until he watches with utter joy as she begins to cum. Hard.

"Ohhh God baby, Mommy is cummming . . . Oh that's it. Fuck me . . . Ohhh!!" She tips over the edge cumming so hard her knees buckle. The only things keeping her up is the table and his hands holding her hips with a vise like grip.

Watching her shake all over as she writhes under his relentless pounding is such a turn on that within a mere matter of seconds he is shooting a load of hot cum inside of her.

He collapses against her as he experiences an orgasm that makes the prior two pale in comparison. She leads him over to the bed as he begins to snifle. Now that the lust is gone the guilt of what he just did, of what he just called her, hits home.

"Oh God, Mom, I can't believe I called you that. And did that . . ."

"Shh baby," she helps him into the bed before slipping down next to him.

"Let me cuddle my baby boy," she whispers snuggling up next to him.

His love for her at this exact moment is so powerful that it defies description.

Jesus, I just called her a fucking chink whore, told her to spread her goddamn legs and then fucked her like some cheap tramp in a back alley . . . and she responds by calling me her baby and wanting to cuddle!

Zeke holds his mother tight—a lifetime of misery has somehow been washed away in a few wicked hours of intense forbidden passion. He couldn't be happier and she couldn't be more content. They are both looking forward to a bright and very sexy future with one another.