

End Games

In the small town of Sutter's Corner, Oklahoma, population 5,459, the young and glamorous Sung Li was a hot item. The wife of the town's wealthiest resident, a natural flirt and showoff, she blossomed in her new hometown.

Being a forgotten middle child in a large family, the fifth oldest out of eleven children, Sung relished her new found celebratory status after her marriage to Phil Stone brought her from a small village in South Korea to America at a young age.

Things were basically good, except for one little blot on Sung's happiness. The delivery of her first child, William, caused such severe complications the doctor recommended she not give birth again. Sung had desired a big family, but now she was forced to make due with just the single child. Her response, not surprisingly, was to spoil little Billy with all sorts of extra attention.

As Billy grew older, Sung's marriage took a downward turn. Between caring for his sick, elderly parents and running the family business, Phil found it impossible to give his young wife the attention her narcissistic personality required, leaving it to Billy to try and fill the void created by his absence.

Still, even though she was lonely, Sung Li would never cheat on her husband no matter how bad it got. Although she dearly loved having sex, in fact she was a bit of a freak, a fanatic even, cheating for sex was just not her style. Nor would she cheat for love, as she had plenty of that in her life, if only in the form of the sweet innocent love a boy gives his mother.

As Billy got older he began to realize his mother was special in the looks department. She was both much younger and much prettier than all of his friends' moms. With her flawless olive colored skin, beautiful dark hair that flowed to her shoulders, combined with a pair of pretty green eyes that one simply got lost in, Sung was exotic beauty personified.

Trying to add to her already striking looks, shortly after arriving in America, and comparing herself to other women, Sung Li really "got American" by talking her husband into getting her a boob job. Phil agreed for at this point in their young marriage Phil was still spoiling her rotten.

He took her to the best plastic surgeon in nearby Oklahoma City. Sung Li now possessed a pair of fantastic looking 34 DD breasts. On her trim 5' 6" inch, 115 pound frame her new tits looked bigger and nicer than ever.

As Billy got older, he often, shamefully, took notice of his mom's killer body featuring that great set of tits. It was pretty easy as Sung stood out like a sparkling diamond in the rough in Sutter's Corner. Billy friends all seemed to have mom's that were a pale and sickly white, with drab hair, lifeless features, and most especially-old looking.

When Billy was in his teens, Sung was still only in her early thirties. Since they were the richest family in town, many of Billy's friends,

meeting his mom for the first time, mistook the youthful looking Sung Li as his nanny. Little things like that made Billy proud.

Billy loved his mother with a fierce determination that bordered on obsession. He had always been insanely jealous over her, even in regards to his father, so although he loved his grandparents, he was not so sad when they both took ill forcing his father to spend a lot of time away from home looking after them.

He knew this was selfish, but his intense feelings for his mother just could not be denied. Finally, Billy's grandparents took a turn for the worse forcing both be placed in a nursing home.

His father was now home more and underfoot again. Billy did note with a slight touch of glee that somehow his parent's relationship had soured to the point where they seemed distance to each other.

The sourness deepened as his Dad moved out of the house a few days after his seventeenth birthday. Knowing the only thing that mattered to Sung Li was Billy, Phil offered full custody to her with the attached condition she accept the terms of the divorce settlement laid out by his high priced lawyer.

His terms were simple: she would leave the marriage with full custody of Billy and little else. He would give her just enough money to move out and find a new place for her and Billy to live. She gladly accepted looking forward to starting a new life with just the two of them.

In the end, Sung Li left just not Sutter's Corner, but Oklahoma altogether. They moved to Topeka, Kansas, home to her mom's sister, her Aunt Taki, or as Sung Li called her, simply Auntie T.

"Sungy" was Aunt Taki's favorite niece and she was delighted to have her living nearby. She immediately helped her get a job, as a cocktail server in a nightclub, and rented one of the five houses she owned with her boyfriend, to Sung.

The house was nice, as it had a backyard pool surrounded by a large grassy backyard, but its best feature, which Sung truly adored, was its huge master bedroom, with its attached bathroom and sunken tub, along with a real fireplace and its own little mini-bar.

For the most part, things were good for the two of them, except Sung Li was beginning to hate her job at the club. The manager was a real jerk. He was constantly hitting on her, and when she did not respond to his flirtations, he started messing with her hours and shorting her pay.

Over lunch one day, Sung confided to her Auntie T. how miserable she was at her job, and her aunt, always so willing to help, arranged another job interview for her. At first, Sung Li considered not going as it was an interview for a dancer's position at a nearby small strip club downtown. She was concerned what Billy would think of her being a stripper, but after she talked with her aunt her fears were relieved.

Her aunt's advice was simple and straightforward. "Just tell him your problems at the nightclub and how miserable you are. Ask him his feelings about you dancing. Tell him, it's only temporary."

After sitting Billy down and explaining things to him Sung found him to be strangely silent about the whole situation. She took this as a good sign, but as it turned out she couldn't have been more wrong.

The job interview went well and after the manager suggested how much Sung Li could expect to make with her exotic good looks, she accepted the position.

Things settled into a boring routine for the two of them over the course of the next six months until shortly before Billy's eighteen birthday a tragedy of the worst kind struck. Billy had been feeling progressively worse over the course of the summer, so finally Sung Li took him to a doctor. After a series of tests it was determined Billy had a rare form of cancer.

The doctor's started a series of treatments, but things were not looking good at all. The cancer simply had too much of a head start and was rapidly spreading with little hope of a cure.

Sung Li was devastated, while Billy handled the bad news with his usual modest dignity. The doctors gave him a broad range on how long he might live: could be as little as two months, or maybe as much as six to eight months, or if he was really lucky, a year.

Billy made his intentions clear to his mom after receiving the diagnosis. He insisted he would live out the rest of his brief life at home, as opposed to being surrounded in a sterile hospital environment by nurses and doctors who only pretended to care about him. After a brief argument, Sung Li concurred.

While at lunch one day with her Aunt, shortly after the horrible news, as they discussed what to do to make Billy's short time left as pleasant as possible, Aunt Taki brought up a topic that nearly caused Sung Li to choke on her food.

"Has he been laid Sungy?"

"Jesus, Auntie T. what kinda question is that?"

"A valid one I would think as his time is limited."

"I guess you're right, maybe it is a valid question," Sung Li replied as she picked distractedly at her food.

"Well, has he? You're his mother and the two of you have no secrets . . . at least that is what you always tell me."

"I don't think so."

"Are you sure?"

"Pretty sure. I mean he is a bit shy around girls."

"He's what, eighteen now?"

"Almost, his birthday is next week . . . Saturday."

"Sad if he was to . . . well, you know, while never having experienced the joys of being with a woman."

"Oh Jesus, you had to bring this up to me. Just another thing to worry about."

"Well than do something about it."

"He doesn't have a girlfriend, or any prospects for one for that matter. So what? Hire some cheap hooker."

"No, I was thinking more along the lines of throwing a small birthday party for him. Maybe you could invite one of your friends from the club, maybe they could do you a favor."

"Really I would ask them to-"

"Not ask, just merely suggest. Tell them how you are worried, sad, that he-" Aunt T. let the thought dangle trying to gauge if she should continue.

Sung finished for her. "He will die a virgin. I get it."

"Strippers have heart Sungy, some of them anyways. I'm sure one of them would like to hook up with a handsome boy like your son and relieve him of his virginity."

"I do have one friend there. April, a gorgeous blond with a real nice body, and warm personality. We are getting pretty close and actually she has been over to the house a few times and even met Billy."

"And what does Billy think of her?"

"When I introduced them she was wearing a super sexy string bikini. We were spending the afternoon out by the pool sipping Mia Tia's and sunning ourselves, and Billy's eyes, Jesus, I thought they would fall out of his head he was staring at her so hard."

"I bet."

"Did they hit it off?"

"No, I mean Billy fled to his room after a minute or two. But come to think of it, April did mention he was real cute."

"There you go. Have a little talk with her and set things up."

Sung Li only committed to thinking about it, but the more she thought about it the more the idea appealed to her. A few days later she had a long talk with April, and somehow managed to steer the conversation in the direction of maybe April doing her a huge favor.

Much to her surprise, April was eager to take on the task, although the thought of April fucking her son, and she had quite the reputation for fucking, surprisingly caused Sung to have some feelings of jealousy.

The day of the party came. Sung Li decided it best to make it a pool party, giving April an excuse to wear the same sexy bikini that so enthralled her son once before.

She would make it a fairly big party, inviting enough people hopefully to allow Billy and April the freedom to escape upstairs to his bedroom unnoticed and take care of business.

Everything was going perfectly. Billy really seemed to be eating up April, in her pink string bikini, flirting with him so outrageously. This left Sung with mixed emotions. For the party, she went out and

bought herself a new white bikini, and so far, Billy had paid scant attention to her.

Sung Li had at least hoped Billy would maybe casually come by and mention how hot she looked in her new bikini. When they were alone he was prone to giving her flattery in spades, especially if she wore something a bit revealing.

Sung simply wasn't used to competing for her son's attentions, and it caused an intense feeling of jealousy to invade her heart like an unwanted guest. Said jealousy was being much fueled by the Mia Tia's she had been sipping on all afternoon, and when Sung got drunk she got emotional and most especially- horny. The thought of Billy going upstairs and fucking April was becoming something she could barely think about.

Around four, Sung spied April leading Billy upstairs. About twenty minutes later, as Sung sat out by the pool in a corner, ignoring the rest of the guests, the jealousy/curiosity, was he really going to fuck her, finally became too much. She calmly made her way upstairs, and then down the hallway to her son's room. The door was shut tight.

Afraid that she might chicken out if she considered her options, she impulsively pushed on the door and entered the room. April was sitting on the bed, holding a softly crying Billy.

"Jesus what is wrong?" she exclaimed rushing over to the bed.

"Mom, we were just talking," Billy answered quickly after wiping a hand across his face. He didn't want his mom to know he had been crying.

"What is going on? Why is so upset?" Sung demanded.

April hopped up from the bed, and swiftly led Sung out of the room. Billy fell back on the bed, suspecting his mother knew he was crying. He prayed April could keep a secret as he shut his eyes trying not to think too much.

Alone in her bedroom now, the impatient Sung wanted answers. "What the hell happened?" Sung snapped maybe a little too harshly.

"Nothing actually, Sung."

"You didn't fuck him." The alcohol was making the usual taciturn Sung get straight to the point.

"No," April sighed, "look I'm not supposed to say anything. I promised him."

"But you are going to anyways right? I mean after I put myself out there and talked you into trying to . . . not let my son die a virgin and then I walk in to find him crying."

"Yes, of course, no secrets, but if Billy finds out I told you he will hate me."

"I promise I won't let that happen April. Now tell me."

"Billy doesn't want to be fucked . . . by me anyways."

"Wait, wait you . . . you're not suggesting he doesn't like girls?"

"Oh no, it's not that at all. He likes girls all right. One in particular, but just not me. I mean he likes me . . . thinks I am hot, but he . . . well he wants his first and only to be someone else."

"Really, I am supposed to believe that! What with the way you two flirted with each other all afternoon and then went running off to his bedroom. I mean why would he take you up there if not to fuck you?"

"It was all just a ploy to make someone jealous."

"Oh come on, really? Who? There is no one else at this party I would guess he might be interested in. You are really the only good looking women I invited. I mean look around you, the rest of the guests are all friends of my Aunt, a couple of his school classmates and their not so attractive mom's," Sung exclaimed throwing her hands up exasperated.

"OK Sung, brace yourself. I am just going to come out and say this . . . you."

"Me?"

"Yes. It's all he could talk about when he got me alone. His mom this, his mom that, how jealous he is of you taking off your clothes for strangers. How jealous he has been of his hot young mom flirting with his friends all the time whenever they come over."

"Oh, that's not true. I don't flirt. I'm just friendly is all."

"Well, he sees it differently. He sees you differently, much differently than you could ever imagine Sung. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"What else did he say?"

"He was upset."

"Upset with me? Why?"

"Yeah, I think so. He seen past your little scheme to have me seduce him. He said he doesn't want to lose his virginity to someone that doesn't truly love him and then he got really angry for a minute and

said he didn't need anybody giving him a . . . what did he call it? Oh yeah . . . a 'mercy fuck'."

"But doesn't he understand. He doesn't have time to find true love. Can't he see that?"

"I think he can. And that is what makes him so sad. He is a sweet romantic boy Sungy. He wants someone to make love to him, not fuck him. Plus, he wants to earn it, not have it given to him out of mercy."

"Is there more?"

"Yes, but maybe I shouldn't say . . . maybe I said too much already." April reached out and grasped Sung's hands in hers. "I don't want to ruin our friendship. Really it means a lot to me. I don't want to lose it by sticking my nose in where it doesn't belong."

"April, you are my dearest and best friend. I have been meaning to tell you that for a while. Remember it was me that put you in this spot by suggesting, no begging, that you help him."

April reached out and hugged her, bringing her mouth to Sung's ear. "Thanks for telling me I'm your best friend because I feel the same about you. I really like you Sung and that is why I don't want to screw things up between us."

"You couldn't. You . . . can't." Sung told her as they broke apart. "But I need to hear the truth. I think you are holding something back."

"Well it's just my opinion though. Not gospel truth."

"So tell me. Please if it concerns Billy I need to know."

"It concerns the both of you."

"Tell me please."

"Well, the way he talked about you, just leads me to believe it's you, and only you that could . . . Could do what you wanted me to do."

"What? You can't be serious. He . . . with me . . . No."

"Yes, Sung. He said flat out he would only give his virginity to someone who truly loved him. So who might that be, if not you?"

"How could he be attracted to me? I'm his mother. It would be so wrong."

"Wrong?" April scoffed, "fact check time, Sung. Him having cancer is wrong. You and him being together so he doesn't die a virgin is not so very wrong I would think in comparison anyways."

Sung was still trying to come to grips with this new unbelievable truth as she muttered under her breath. "Oh Jesus you must be mistaken. He can't want me."

"Really, why not? You are pretty, have a great body, and I noticed, even if you didn't, how all afternoon he keep looking past me to stare at you."

"Really?"

"The boy loves you deeply, Sung. Fiercely even, and yes, I truly think in that way."

"He told you this?"

"In so many words, yes, and then he broke down and started crying because he thought I would think him awful for being attracted so deeply to his mother. But I think he was crying for maybe a deeper reason . . . like his dream of being with you will never be fulfilled."

Lost in thought, Sung didn't reply.

"I have one more thing Sung. If you care to hear it, but it's only what I think . . . it's not gospel truth."

"Tell me . . . speculate if you need to."

"OK, well, I think he would have much preferred instead of this big birthday party, Billy would have preferred a very private party, just the two of you, where you were the one that tried to seduce him, Sung."

"Jesus." It's all Sung can think to say as her poor mind was whirling with all this incredible new information.

"Look I have to go, gotta work my shift tonight. I hope you aren't mad."

"Mad, no, but can I ask you something. Will you be honest?"

"Of course, you can ask me anything."

"If you were in my shoes, what would you do?"

"If I was in your shoes and I had such a sweet, kind, loving son like you have in Billy and he was dying I think I would do most anything . . . including, yes seducing him, if I thought it would help ease his pain."

"But isn't it so wrong."

"Wrong, right, again with that nonsense!!" April replied as she got to her feet. "Look Sung, the cancer . . . that is wrong, but what you do with Billy to make his last days on this earth as best as possible, as long as it's done with love, there is no way that could ever be wrong."

They hugged goodbye as Sung thanked April profusely for telling her the truth. After walking April out to her car, Sung hurried upstairs to check on Billy.

He was sleeping soundly. Her mind still spinning, she went to the guests, one by one, telling them Billy wasn't feeling well. Less than ten minutes later, everyone had cleared out, and Sung began to clean up.

After cleaning up, she went to her room to slip a robe on over her bikini, and then headed down the hall. Taking a deep breath, she slipped into his room. His back was to her as she entered the room.

Moving silently, she sat down on the edge of the bed. Billy moved slightly, mumbling something unintelligible, before turning to face her.

"I sent everyone home. April told me you weren't feeling well. Should I leave you alone and let you sleep."

"No, I dozed off for a bit . . . feeling better now."

"Good. Well, now that we are alone, I was wondering if maybe you would still be in a bit of a party mood. Maybe we could finish celebrating your birthday just the two of us. I guess the party idea was not so hot."

"No, Mom. You meant well. I'm just not much of a party guy. Boring I guess."

"I don't think so. So what about it, you wanna come downstairs. I could maybe make you something to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Sure I could go for a bite," Billy replied hopping out of the bed trying to hide his nervousness as wondered if April had keep his secret.

Downstairs in the kitchen, Sung prepared him a sandwich and some potato salad. She noticed how his eyes tracked her every movement, causing her to consider seriously what April told her of his alleged attraction toward his mother. Maybe it was true after all.

They sat at the table while he ate making small talk. She was still unsure of what to do -if anything at all.

Finally, Billy surprised her after finishing the last bite of his sandwich by looking at her directly and announcing with no preamble, "She told you something huh? I can tell. It's written all over your face, Mom."

When she said nothing, stunned that he could read her so well, he took her silence as a confession of April's broken promise and jumped to his feet. Scooping up his plate, he tossed it angrily into the kitchen sink muttering, "Jesus I can't believe she told you."

"Billy, don't be mad. I dragged it out of her. She is my best friend and we can't have secrets. It's . . . well, it's a girl thing. Besides all she told me was nothing really happened between you two."

"Nothing else. She didn't tell you anything else?"

"No honey," Sung replied looking away finding it hard to lie to her son.

He didn't bother to reply, instead he left the kitchen, heading toward the stairs. "Look, I'm still a bit tired. I am going to go lay back down."

Sung followed him up the stairs, suggesting they talk further, but he brushed her off.

Finally, just as he reached his room and was about to disappear inside, most likely for the night ending any chance they would have to talk, Sung made one final plea.

"Look, Billy, you have nothing to be ashamed of. If nothing happened . . . nothing happened."

Billy, his hand on the doorknob, looked away embarrassed, but didn't flee into his bedroom which Sung took as a good sign.

"You know, you should not be mad at me because I asked April to do that little favor for me."

"Little favor! You mean trying to get me laid by your best friend is a little favor? Is that it?" He turned and now tried to escape into the bedroom, but Sung stepped into the doorway, preventing him from slamming the door shut.

"Wait, honey, just let me finish. Please." Maybe it was the anxious way she was tugging at his arm, or maybe it was the look of abject pity on her pretty face, but either way he relented.

"Fine," he exhaled, "explain to me why I should not be mad over what you asked April to do?"

"I was just, well, you know, trying to let you experience something before it was too late."

Billy was silent for a moment. Sung was just about to plead for forgiveness again when Billy told her something that nearly caused her knees to buckle.

"If you were so worried about me getting laid, then why didn't you do something about it yourself? Or maybe you are just too busy throwing yourself at strange man after you take your fucking clothes off for them huh!"

Sung, a little drunk and feeling emotional already, was sent reeling by her son's angry outburst. At least, finally, he laid his cards on the table.

So he was jealous- very jealous apparently- over her stripping. But moreover the statement why didn't you do something about it yourself? Could that actually mean what it sounded like?

Deciding to ignore his outburst for the moment, she made an impetuous decision. Taking him by the arm, she steered him out of his room and down to her bedroom.

"You are not going to bed mad at me. It's still your birthday and we are still going to celebrate. Just you and me like it should have been all along honey."

He tried to pull away from her as she dragged him down the hallway, but his efforts were half-hearted at best. Once inside her

room, she announced, after sitting him down on the edge of her bed, "I was thinking to start our celebration we could share a nice birthday slow dance. Sound good?"

Not waiting for an answer, Sung hurried out of the room, heading downstairs. Their little birthday celebration would need some fuel. Billy followed her out of the room just a minute later wanting to use the bathroom to freshen up a bit especially if they were going to be slow dancing.

In the kitchen, Sung grabbed the bottle of champagne she was saving for a special occasion. After hustling back to the bedroom, glad he was not there still, Sung hurriedly prepared things.

She began by arranging a mixture of small tea light candles, and some larger pillar candles, throughout the bedroom, causing the room to be bathed in a romantic glow.

To add to the atmosphere, she started a nice fire in the large brick fireplace that took up the entirety of one whole wall. She then pulled a large round pillow chair out of her spacious walk in closet, placing it on the immense sheepskin rug that stretched out in front of the fireplace.

Now all she needed to do was change out of her robe and bikini. She took a moment thinking of just the perfect outfit to throw on before finally settling on something casual on the outside, but sexy underneath.

The casual part was easy. She slipped on a simple white blouse along with a pair of tight jeans. The sexy part was more of a challenge as it was not so much she didn't have anything sexy to wear, but the opposite. Simply put, she had such a vast array of sexy underthings she could put on that narrowing it down to one choice wasn't easy.

Sung decided after a moment to go with one of her favorite bra and panty sets, wondering if she was doing this with the intention of maybe allowing her son a chance to see how she looked in them later on during the evening.

The bra was a light purple color with the large cups being made of a light mesh style, causing her ample breasts and big round nipples to be on full display.

In between the cups on the lower edge of this incredibly sexy bra was the final touch: the material of the bra formed a sizable butterfly studded with small silver flakes. The matching material of the thong panties in the front also formed a butterfly, while the back featured little coverage- just a single slim line of purple material leaving her nice ass virtually uncovered.

After putting on her blouse and jeans, she added the final touch-a pair of slutty five inch spike black and silver high heels. She was now ready for his birthday celebration—and maybe a whole lot more.

She waited nervously for him at the small mini bar in the corner sipping on champagne while trying to work up her courage to confront the hidden sexual demons her young son possessed for her.

A minute later there was a knock on the door. "Come in honey," she called across the darkened room.

He slowly entered his mom's bedroom, his heart racing in anticipation of their pending birthday dance. When he saw her sitting over at the bar, wearing a simple white blouse and a pair of jeans, he was at first a bit disappointed. He had been hoping she would be wearing something a bit sexier - that is a bit more revealing.

They shared a glass of champagne, sitting at the bar talking, before she escorted him out onto the large open space in the middle of the bedroom that would serve as their improvised dance floor.

Billy was not particularly tall, allowing Sung Li, in her five inch heels, to tower over him as they came together ready to share their dance. Swaying to the gentle flow of the music, snuggled comfortably in his mother's arms, Billy mused, maybe he had already died and was in heaven— dancing with a most beautiful angel.

They circled round and round the small dance floor, shuffling their feet slowly, his hands sliding around to her back side. Sung took her own hands, lifting his face up to hers, staring at her son. Her alluring green eyes seemed to sparkle in the faint light as they penetrated deep into his soul, touching his heart.

Giving him a light kiss on the lips, she whispered, "Now our birthday dance is official as I have sealed it with a kiss."

The song was almost over as they continued to sway gently in one another arms. The final lyrics to the song do a number on Sung Li's heart leaving her close to crying.

Un-break my heart oh baby

Come back and say you love me

Un-break my heart

Sweet darlin'

Without you I just can't go on

Can't go on...

All she can think about as the song ended was his leaving her for a cruel, cold death. Without you I just can't go on, Can't go on... She started to cry as those final haunting words filled her heart with an incurable sadness.

Billy steered her over to the bed as the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Mom, what is wrong. Are you OK?" He remembered how fragile she would get when drinking.

"Jesus, no honey, I'm not. I don't want you to leave me baby. I don't want you to—"

"Shh, don't say it, don't think it. Here sit down on the bed." He pushed her gently down before sitting next to her.

"Ignoring it won't make it go away," she replied struggling to get her tears under control.

"And neither will crying."

"You are right hon we need to change the subject. C'mon over to the fireplace and talk to me a minute. There is something important I need to ask you."

He took a detour to refill their champagne glasses—at her request—while she went over and turned down the music. The sound of the fire crackling now could be heard adding to the hushed ambience that seemed to be leading them somewhere.

"Billy, honey, be honest with me. Promise." She gripped his hands tightly and with an intense, worried look on her face she pulled him down to the rug.

"Of course." The intense worried look on his mom's face was beginning to scare Billy just a bit. Attempting to lighten the mood he added, "I'm always honest with my mommy. You taught me that."

"Yes I did, so it's important to remember that now." Ironically, just as she was imploring him to be truthful with her, she was planning on telling him a bit of a white lie. She took a long sip of her champagne before starting to talk.

"This afternoon I seen you head upstairs with April after watching you two spend the whole party flirting with each other. You think I arranged that whole thing, but the truth is I merely told April you were feeling a bit down and depressed."

She paused a moment to fight the feelings of guilt for lying to her son, before remembering it was for the greater good. "Just so you know, April has quite the reputation for going after cute young guys, cute young vulnerable guys like you Billy."

"Then why did you invite her to the party?"

Deciding one little white lie deserved another, Sung replied casually, "Actually I did not invite her. She sorta of invited herself."

"Oh. Well, I already told you nothing-"

"Shh, you don't have to tell me what happened, or what didn't happen. I mean it's none of my business, but I know she really likes you Billy, and I think that is why she was so anxious to come to the party."

"Yeah maybe," he replied playing coy. To his pleasant surprise, his mother seemed almost a jealous.

There was a moment of silence as Sung Li looked down, nervously twisting her hands together. She had April's side of the story and now she wanted his version of what happened while they were alone in his bedroom.

"Billy, I was wondering if you could tell me . . . are you still a virgin?"

"Shit Mom-"

"You are right, I have no business asking that. I am just really curious I guess. Sorry baby, you don't have to answer that."

"I know, but I will. Yes, Mom, I'm still a virgin."

"You mean nothing really happened between you and April."

"Nothing."

"Nothing as in . . . nothing. You didn't even kiss her."

"No, but now it's your turn to be honest. I think you maybe told her about my condition."

"I might have mentioned it. She's my best friend hon, you know we share everything as I told you earlier."

"I figured as much. Figured she was just, you know feeling sorry for me. I don't want no sympathy lay Mom. That is not the way I want to lose it. You understand what I am saying?"

"You were always a hopeless romantic baby. That is one of the things I have always admired about you. So do you mind me asking? I mean if you don't want a sympathy lay, then what do you want? I mean, April, she is beautiful and has a great body and for you to say no says a lot."

"Yeah she is and I really like her, but . . ." His voice trailed off as he stared off into the distance.

"But?"

"But I only want to give my virginity to someone that I know really loves me, beyond a doubt."

Well there it was, she told herself, he just laid his cards on the table, now it's your turn Sungy. Hmm, not quite yet," she replied back to herself. Best not to be too hasty.

"That is admirable baby. Anyone you have special in mind. Maybe some secret girlfriend at school that you forgot to tell me about."

"Secret is the key word."

"Oh, I see, so you aren't going to tell me?"

"Nope."

"Fine, well I have something to tell you anyway. I was really jealous when I saw you disappear upstairs with April. I imagined all kind of things happening between the two of you."

"I figured you would and since we are being so honest now I sorta of did it on purpose."

"Tried to make me jealous?"

"Yes."

"Why honey?"

"Payback."

"For?" she asked moving closer to him sensing this was going exactly in the direction she wanted it to go.

"For you and your stupid job making me jealous. You know, for you taking your clothes off in front of a bunch of strange men. For you giving lap dances to those idiots."

"Jesus honey, I never knew you cared."

"Well, I do."

Sung Li knew it was now or never. She drained the last of her champagne loving the warm fuzzy feeling it gave her. A warm fuzzy feeling that gave her the courage to do or say almost anything.

She stood up, extending her hand to him. "Come on Billy, stand up it's time to put that jealous heart of yours to rest."

"Really, how?" he replied while getting slowly to his feet.

"Follow me." She took his hand and led him over to the bed. "Sit down. I think maybe your poor little heart won't be so filled with jealousy if I do a very special birthday striptease for you."

"Mom! Really. Are you serious? It's late and I'm tired and in no mood for jokes."

"Watch just how serious I am, unless you tell me no."

"I . . . ahh . . . geez Mom." His mind was whirling. Should he tell her no, better yet, do I even possess the will power to say no?

"I will take your inability to speak as my cue to move forward with your striptease honey?"

He nodded his head in dull amazement.

She took his hands and pulled him so he was perched on the very edge of the bed. Moving her hand up, she brushed her fingers along his cheek lightly, as her eyes began to sparkle with excitement.

"You do find your mother attractive? Tell the truth."

"God, yes I find you attractive. You are so beautiful that sometimes it hurts my heart to gaze upon such beauty."

"That is sweet baby and I know that it takes a lot of courage for an eighteen year old boy to say that to his mother. Such heartfelt honesty should be rewarded."

Their eyes met as her hands slowly slipped down to the front of her white blouse. She took a small step forward. "So tell me Billy, have you ever had fantasies about watching me get undressed."

Billy, even shocking himself, replied almost immediately. "Yes." Normally such a question would leave him stammering like an idiot—if he even thought of telling the truth.

He gazed at his mom's chest with rapt attention as she began to slowly undo the buttons of her blouse. She isn't stopping Billy realized with utter delight as inch by inch of his mom's beautiful dark skin was revealed to his wide staring eyes.

Billy took a deep breath as her simple white blouse slowly parted revealing a sexy see through purple bra. Purple was his favorite color plus; then there was this to consider- for as long as he could remember, he had an intense all-consuming bra fetish. Now as his mother slowly stripped off her jeans he barely noticed as he intently stared at his mom's big beautiful tits showcased so nicely in that gorgeous purple bra.

As Billy finally dragged his eyes off of her tits and downward he saw with rapturous wonder the matching butterfly panties and somehow his poor cock managed to grow even harder.

Her clothes, now in a heap at her feet, were kicked aside. She smiled before whispering, "See honey, your mother can take her clothes off for you too. Be still thy jealous heart."

His heart was anything but still as she held out a hand, and without saying a word led him over to the rug in front of the fire.

Reaching the rug she turned to him. "I was thinking maybe we could share another glass of champagne together baby?"

"Yes," he said eagerly.

"Should I put my clothes back on?"

"No . . . I mean unless you want to."

"Do you want me to?" she asked sweetly already knowing the answer.

"No."

"I thought as much," she replied with a knowing smile as she strutted over to the mini bar his eyes following her ass.

Relaxing in front of the fire, the whole thing seemed so fucking unreal; sharing champagne with his mother as they sat in front of a romantic fire. But maybe the craziest thing was the way she was sitting there sipping on her champagne in her goddamn underwear like it was perfectly normal thing to do with her newly turned eighteen year old son- that was dying.

The champagne was helping Billy feel confident and horny. He was finding it nearly impossible to keep his eyes off of his mother's luscious body, in particular those substantial tits of hers.

Sung happily noticed his eyes all over his chest and smiled inwardly liking the way he was gazing at her with a dreamy look.

"You know honey," she said "I am thinking we should discuss these jealousy issues you have over your mother in a bit more depth."

"What about them?"

"Well, like how jealous are you when you picture me giving lap dances to my customers?"

"Quite a bit I guess."

"You guess, as in maybe?"

"No, I am fucking jealous OK," he replied sharply.

"That is all I needed to hear," she said getting up and walking over to the CD player, her high heels clicking seductively on the hardwood floor.

She replaced the compact disc filled with romantic ballads on it with something a little more appropriate for what she was about to do. She smiled at him as she turned back around; the sound of Whitesnake's "Here I Go Again" filled the bedroom.

"Come sit on the edge of the bed and I will give my favorite man in the world a very special birthday lap dance."

Billy walked over to the bed feeling like he has been dropped in some wild forbidden dream. He settled himself onto the edge of the bed, and watched as his mother began to move her body in a rhythmic fashion to the pulsating beat of the music.

His eyes became trapped by the sight of his mother's immense tits bouncing up and down in that tight sexy see through purple bra of hers. She flung her body back and forth, twirling and twisting to the beat of the music coming ever closer to him.

She slinked up to him, running her fingers through his dark hair, before slowly beginning to unbutton his shirt. The slowness only lasted for a minute; after undoing the second button he heard her whisper, to herself, or to him, he wasn't sure which, "This is taking way too fucking long." Without warning she ripped his shirt downward violently. The rest of the buttons went flying as Sung laughed.

He is too stunned to even respond as she slowly dragged her long fingernails down his bare chest before turning and shaking her ass in front of his face. His eyes fell to her beautiful well-tanned ass cheeks shaking back and forth as his cock became stiff.

Turning, she did the unexpected once again throwing herself on top of him; he fell back onto the bed as she shoved her tits firmly up against his bare chest. She used her breasts, rubbing them in a small semi-circles all around his chest, as his cock jumped from being merely stiff to excruciating hard in a matter of mere seconds.

Sung propelled herself backward deftly landing on her feet, while pulling him up into a sitting position. She leaned forward, shoving her tits in his face. Her hands snaked around the back of his head, forcing his face deeper into her cleavage as she began to shake her chest while giggling.

"I bet you like that baby boy . . . Mommy's big tits all in your face. Yeah, I just bet you do," she whispered to him.

Laughing, she released her hold on him. He leaned back trying to catch his breath. He was shocked at the seriously R-rated lap dance she was giving him.

She twisted around now, and slowly lowered herself down onto his lap. She flung one arm around his neck as she started to playfully bounce up and down on his lap.

Jesus, he is so hard down there, like fucking concrete," Sung mused as she quickly discovered something else which caused her growing desire to spin out of control- unlike his father, her son was very, very big down there.

She pulled her arm from around his neck, and taking both of his hands she guided them to her tummy just as she turned in his lap so her back was to him.

She moved slowly up and down, rubbing against his big hard cock like a cat in heat. She then played her trump card, pushing his hands up and onto her tits.

Leaning back and whispering in his ear, she told him, "Go on sweetie you can feel them if you want."

It's an offer he cannot refuse. He kneaded her breasts through the soft material of her bra while she grinded her butt against his crotch, enjoying the way his hardness felt against her now very wet pussy.

Their lips found each other; exchanging several kisses, his hands continued to fondle her boobs with a growing urgency. She increased the pressure on him; pushing her ass harder against his crotch. He felt it building- his very first orgasm with a woman.

He tried to fight it, not wanting to come in his pants, but she was not letting up. Nor can he let up. Asking him to remove his hands from her tits, would be like asking a fish to give up water.

Finally, when he felt her tongue circling in his mouth, flickering back and forth, experiencing his first real French kiss, it all became too much.

His whole body started to shake as she kissed him deeper, and then suddenly he let out a little yelp before he ejaculated inside his jeans.

Deciding to tease him a bit, she jumped up, exclaiming in mock horror, "Billy! You bad little boy did you just make a mess in your pants?"

"I got to get out of here," he mumbled ready to die from embarrassment. He prayed she was joking with him, in pretending

to be mad, but that changed precious little. Nothing could change the fact he just came in his pants.

He pushed her away and headed for the door ignoring her pleas to stay. Just as he reached the door and was getting ready to yank it open, Sung came rushing up to him. "Don't go baby. I'm sorry, this is all my fault. Please don't be embarrassed . . . it happens. It's not your fault and I'm really not mad. I was just playing."

"Who's at fault then-?"

She cut him off with a finger to his lips. "Shhh, let me talk to you first before you decide if you wanna stay or go."

"I should go." He turned to the door once more.

"No, you should come over here," Sung demanded pulling him away from the door.

They sat at the mini bar as she shoved another glass of champagne in front of him. "Drink this down quickly. Nothing kills embarrassment like alcohol. You need to hear the truth son. I would have been really disappointed if you had not . . . you know in your pants."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. What you did tells me one thing and one thing only."

"What is that?" he said finishing his glass of champagne. She was right. The warm fuzzy feeling the champagne gave him dulled the feelings of embarrassment.

"Just that you really, really liked your mom's lap dance."

"I did. You are a fantastic dancer, Mom, but I should leave and, you know, get cleaned up."

"Hmm, yes and no."

"What does that mean?"

"Give me a minute and I will explain." Sung jumped to her feet and disappeared inside her bathroom. She must act quickly on her sudden impulse before she thinks too much about it.

She hurried over to her immense sunken bath tub, twisting the handle on the tap to warm. The tub began to fill with warm water as she grabbed her bubble bath, dumping some into the tub, before completing the final steps in her preparation for what she hoped will not be the biggest mistake of her life.

Heading back out to the bedroom, she found Billy fidgeting uncomfortably at the bar.

"Mom, I really should go to my room and change."

"Remember, I told you yes and no when you said that earlier?"

"Yeah, then you left without telling me what it meant."

"I will tell you now. It simply means, yes you should get cleaned up, but no, not in your room. I have a better idea. How about . . ."

Her smile was sly, her voice quiet and seductive as she reached out a hand to him. "You let your Mommy give her baby boy a nice little birthday bath. Hmm, would you like that? We used to take baths all the time before and as I recall you always, always enjoyed bath time with your mother."

Once again she has rendered him speechless. Inside the bathroom he saw his mother's propensity for candles was once again on display. Inside her large bathroom was no less than a dozen small candles placed strategically throughout the bathroom.

"Here let me help you with those jeans while you get out of that ripped shirt of yours," she told him softly as she started to undo his pants.

"Oh my, you do have quite the mess in here," she exclaimed as she yanked down his boxers. "Come on now, hurry and into the tub with you."

He got into the tub, sinking under the protective layer of bubbles eager to hide his flaccid cock. He watched as she straightened up saying, "I think maybe it would be easier if I was to get in the tub with you and help you wash up."

Billy decided to call her bluff. "Yeah it probably would be easier if you were in here with me."

His once flaccid dick started to come alive again as she slowly reached around and undid her bra. She took her time, loving the way he was so intently focused on watching her remove her bra as ever so slowly it slipped down, and then—just as it was about to slip off her twin peaks revealing her tits to his hungry eyes, she suddenly barked at him.

"Billy . . . you shouldn't be staring at your mother as she gets undressed. It's rude. Now turn your face away, while I get in the tub."

He found it ironic that just a few minutes ago she was giving him a half-naked first class lap dance, and now she was scolding him for staring as she took off her bra.

But as she continued to glare at him, he quickly realized it would be in his best interests to play along. He almost laughed, marveling at his mother's sudden mood change, while suspecting it was all part of some bigger game.

Averting his gaze, he stammered out an apology. "S-sorry Mom, I didn't mean to be rude."

"That's better," she replied smugly.

He was left to only wonder. Wonder what it would be like to see her big boobs finally revealed to him as she slowly removed her bra; wonder how delicious her ass might look as she slipped out of her panties. But instead he found himself staring at the tile wall of the tub.

Sung carefully lowered herself behind him into the tub, sinking under the protective covering of the bubbles. Once she got settled down behind him, Sung Li used a sponge to carefully wash his neck and shoulders, and then his upper arms. Leaning forward to wash down his back, she growled at him, "Now don't let me catch you trying to take sneaky peeks at my naked body Billy!"

"Yeah, sure, no problem," he mumbled with some apprehension. Trying to keep his eyes off her mother's gorgeous naked body would be asking the impossible; furthermore, he understood that she understood what she was asking was impossible.

She was taking her time purposefully, allowing him time to recover-down there. With his backside done, she pulled him back against her. She took her time reaching forward and washing each of his forearms in turn as she leaned forward enough allowing her boobs to brush up against his back.

She paused in mid-stroke and then whispered in his ear, "It's been a long time since you shared a bath with your mommy huh, Billy?"

"Yes."

"Do you miss taking baths with me sweetheart?"

"Oh yes, very much so."

She smiled, appreciating the way he was being a sport and playing along with this new little game. If only he will continue to play along this could be the perfect setting for him to lose his virginity," Sung Li mused knowing that was the ultimate end game.

She slyly let the sponge slip out of her hand, watching it sink under the bubbles before declaring, "How would my birthday boy like a nice little massage right here in the tub?"

"That would be nice," he told her as she started to knead the muscles in his neck and shoulders expertly. Billy leaned back against his mother closing his eyes placing himself totally in her loving hands.

As her hands glided skillfully across his shoulders, she leaned in and whispered in his ear, "So you liked your birthday party today hon."

"Oh yes it was very nice."

"Just like my new bikini? I kind of noticed you had a hard time taking your eyes off me this afternoon as I ran around in it honey."

"I was just admiring how good you looked in it Mom. I guess I just couldn't help myself."

"So what do you think my skimpy little bikini showed off best . . . your mom's tits or ass?"

When he did not respond right away, she reached around and used her hand to turn his face around towards her.

"You better answer your mother's question right now son before she gets mad and slaps that cute little face of yours . . . and you had best be honest with me."

He somehow found the courage to answer with little hesitation.
"Your tits."

She smiled at him, their faces mere inches apart. Running her fingers through his hair she whispered, "Why coz they are so big?"

He looked away shyly before answering in a hoarse whisper, "Yes."

"So that is why you couldn't keep your eyes off your Mom coz her tits are so big and she was showing them off huh? I had been wondering why you kept staring at me." She let his face slip out of her hands as he turned back around.

"Now that that is settled I can continue with your nice massage."

"You're not mad coz of what I just said Mom?"

"No, I don't think so. Actually I am glad you had the courage to tell your mother you noticed her big tits. I like it when you are brave and honest with me sweetheart."

Her hands skated around to the upper part of his back, before settling on his neck again. Rubbing it gently she was ready for the next act in their bathtub drama.

"There done now," she announced pulling her hands back. "Now where is my sponge?" she asked pretending she didn't remember letting it slide earlier under the bubbles. The lost sponge was all part of her grand scheme.

"I bet you hid it on me you little stinker as I know you would much rather play in the tub then get washed up . . . isn't that right?"

"Y-yes I guess so, but really Mommy I didn't hide it."

"Oh you didn't. Well, maybe I will believe you for now anyway and besides I guess you deserve a little play time as it is your birthday and all."

Billy wondered just what play time in the tub with her could mean while also speculating why she was treating him like a child. Maybe she was revisiting the past as a way to avoid the harsh future she faced without him. Everyone has a different way of processing heartache and tragedy and maybe this was just her way. He quickly decided to play along not wanting to spoil things for her.

She circled out from behind him around to his side all the while making sure she stayed under the protective screen of bubbles. She noticed Billy casting several furtive glances her way. She imagined he was greatly disappointed at not catching at least a quick glimpse of her tits.

"Oh shoot I just forgot. Maybe you won't get play time after all."

"Why?"

"I forgot your two favorite bath toys honey."

Billy has a vague recollection of the bath toys she was referring to. He once had a little red tug boat and a green rubber frog that he would never take a bath without.

The memory made him laugh. Curious to see how she would react he decided to take a chance and see if she was really serious about this whole playtime in the tub thing.

Making his voice whiny he responded, "Really, Mommy, you forgot my toys. Mr. Froggy and Mr. Tuggy?"

"Yes, I am afraid so hon."

"Well go get them," he demanded doing his best not to laugh at their silly little game.

"Sweetheart, I think they are downstairs in the other bathroom."

"So go get them," he again commanded her.

"Come on sweetie, Mommy is nice and comfortable here in the tub with you. I don't want to have to get out, dry off, and then go downstairs and try and find your stupid toys."

"So what am I going to play with Mommy if I don't have my toys?" He looked down feigning extreme disappointment.

Finally, it was time for the great unveiling. Things had played out nearly perfect to this point.

"Sweetie, Mommy knows how much you love playing in the tub, but maybe?" She paused; raising up onto her knees, her big, beautiful boobs finally emerged from under the bubbles. He stared at her tits in revered awe. They had small clumps of bubbles clinging to them here and there. "Maybe we can find you something other to play with besides that stupid old frog and that silly little tug boat."

In the glow of the candles her tits shined with an unearthly beauty. He was sure, as he stared at them open mouthed, he had never set eyes upon anything as beautiful as his mommy's big, wet, shiny tits. Indeed, they glistened with a beauty that he has been dreaming about for as long as he could remember. Watching her chest rise and fall, his cock was fully hard once more.

She inched closer to him, tilting her head to one side seductively, her voice coming out in a honeyed purr she whispered, "So do you see

something sweetie you wanna play with . . . something really big and bouncy? Go on baby, be a big boy and tell Mommy."

She moved within reach of him. This was his first time ever seeing a woman's bare breasts, other than in the movies or magazines.

Sung, ever the show off, first shook her boobs back and forth, before reaching out and grabbing his hands when he continued to do nothing more than stare. She paused a moment, allowing the tension to build, before placing his hands against her smooth tummy.

"You know baby, the way you have been staring at my boobies makes me believe you might be thinking they would be really, really fun to play with."

She brought her hands up to his face, touching both of his cheeks lightly; she felt his hands slip away from her body; apparently on their own his hands lacked the confidence to keep touching her.

That was just fine as she will use his innate shyness to her advantage. She gently tilted his face upwards so they were staring at each other. "Go on sweetheart you can play with your mommy's boobs if you want."

He tried to respond but all that came out was a small unintelligible sound. She smiled at him removing her hands from his face. "I think Mommy better help her shy little boy reach the Promised Land."

She took his hands into hers placing them on her tummy once again. Ever so carefully she pushed them north toward her beckoning wet hills; this time there will be no stopping.

Billy's cock twitched with incredible hardness under the bubbles as his hands slipped up and over his mom's tits.

With the help of her hands as a sort of de facto tour guide, he skimmed his hands all over the slippery softness of her succulent breasts.

"Mommy's tits feel nice huh?"

He finally managed to find his tongue. "Y-yes Mommy, real nice." Feeling he needed to say more, he added enthusiastically, "And you were right! These are much funner to play with than those other stupid toys."

She let her hands slip away, confident he needed no more help. Turning, she grabbed a nearby towel telling Billy, "Mommy wants to relax while you play with your new toys baby."

Positioning the towel against the back tile wall of the tub, Sung leaned back against it closing her eyes. She arched her chest upwards allowing her son full unfettered access to her tits as she let out a long sigh.

Billy observed with curious delight now that his mother's chest was out of the warm water and exposed to the cool night air how her nipples were standing up fully erect. He stared at them, licking his lips, with a burning infatuation.

Billy eagerly moved around so he was now sitting on his knees right in front of her. He began to jiggle her tits around in his hands, loving the way they felt.

The longer he played with his mom's tits the harder it became to maintain the subtle balancing act between his boyish curiosity and his manly desires. With his cock throbbing with what was fast becoming a nearly unbearable hardness he found the scales tilting toward desire.

With a great effort, somehow he managed to check those desires. He sensed if he let go and gave in to his manly desires and tried to push things too fast, this little fantasy world they were both living in would collapse. For the time being, his curiosity would stay in control as he continued to fondle her tits as sweetly and innocently as possible.

Remembering to stay curious, and maybe more importantly naive, he flicked his fingers across her erect nipples causing her indescribable pleasure. Acting totally gullible about what he just did, he immediately yanked his hands away exclaiming, "Geez Mommy, I'm sorry I didn't mean to hurt you."

She lifted her head up, and stared at him. She saw the sly startled look on his face and immediately sensed what he was up to. He, of course, could not be that naive about a woman's body, but then again, he was wholly inexperienced. Regardless she would play along.

"Oh sweetie, you didn't hurt Mommy. Why do you think that?"

"Well, you moaned a bit, you know when I touched your nipples."

"I did?" She reached out touching his face lightly. "You see your mommy has really sensitive nipples and when someone plays with them it makes her feel real good, sometimes so good that it makes her moan."

Maintaining his illusion of innocence, Billy replied with a heavy dose of boyish enthusiasm, "Oh really, wow!"

Fully immersed in their not so innocent drama now, he brought both hands up to her tits, and began to rub them all over in a circular motion, faster than slower, while adding several velvety flickers of his fingers along her ripe nipples.

He truly loved the way his mom's titties were so nice and slippery from the soapy bubble bath clinging to them. He started to squeeze them lightly, and then a bit harder, testing their firmness. Sung Li,

enjoying his loving attentions, arched her back trying to make her big tits look as inviting as possible to her young son.

It worked. He flickered his fingers slowly, one by one, over each nipple, and then both of them at the same time listening carefully to hear if this would elicit a moan from her again.

He was not disappointed as Sung exhaled noisily and began to squirm as his fingers danced over her nipples. Liking the way he seemed to be in control, Billy took his thumb and forefinger and rolled her big erect nipples around between them. Squeezing them harder seemed to make her squirm all the more he discovered happily.

When he got carried away and pinched them too hard, Sung Li admonished him gently whispering, "You know, too much of a good thing can be bad hon . . . not too hard OK."

Knowing his limits now, he went back to work, eagerly juggling her tits in his hands while using his fingers to stroke her nipples.

"Ohh, that's it baby, you are doing such a good job little boy making mommy feel good," she whispered before lifting her head up. Opening her eyes, she saw poor Billy was squirming something awful sitting there on his knees. She knew why: that big cock of his must be real, real hard once again.

Sung Li, using that keen intuition that all mothers seem to possess, sensed the time was right to pull back and let both of their forbidden desires simmer just a bit more.

She raised up saying, "You know baby boy I think you better take a short break from playing with your new toys, and come snuggle up next to Mommy and tell her how much you love her."

She pulled him into her arms snuggling him softly as she whispered in his ear, "You know baby boy, me letting you play with my boobies, proves what I have always known."

"What's that?"

"Just what a special loving relationship we have. You know it's not every mother that would let their eighteen year old son play with their tits."

"I know Mom and I love you so much for letting me."

Snaking one hand around the back of his head, she drew his mouth to hers. They started kissing deeply like long lost lovers. His hands glided up to her tits and he started to fondle them in such a ferocious manner indicating to Sung he was on the verge of losing control.

It was still too soon Sung Li sensed. She broke off the kiss announcing, "Baby your kisses are warm and sweet, but I think play time is over." Like a master chef she wanted things to simmer just a bit more before allowing them to boil over.

"Really, already?" His voice was full of genuine disappointment.

She reached behind her and retrieved a washcloth while giving him a stern look. "Yes, I need to finish washing you and then off to bed you go."

Sung Li, knowing a sudden change of her becoming Ms. Prim and Proper Mother would throw him for a loop, had, with no warning, changed gears. She ordered him not to look at her naked body as she moved around the tub preparing to wash him once more. She wondered if her good cop, bad cop, routine would bear the expected forbidden fruit in the end. She could only hope.

"OK Billy, let me finish washing you up, no screwing around this time. It's been a long day and I'm tired."

Sung Li's voice was strict and totally devoid of its former sweetness. Billy was left to speculate if his mother was really serious or just teasing him for some reason as he let out a heavy sigh of disappointment.

Sung, noticing his heavy sigh, hopped on it. "And don't try to sway me with your sad little sighs or those cute puppy dog looks you're so fond of hitting me with. It's simply not going to work tonight," she said harshly running the washcloth roughly over his chest.

Noticing how he seemed to be having a hard time taking his eyes off her tits she smiled inwardly. This was just what she wanted.

She flipped the washcloth up from his chest, flinging it rudely in his face. "I said play time was over William, and that includes you staring at your mother's boobs."

"S-sorry mother. I won't do it again," he replied quickly looking away. He noted how she called him William. She only did that when he was in real trouble. It's almost like she was now a completely different person. In spite of her sudden change of character, he was determined to play along and hope for the best.

"Yeah well you better not. It's been a long day and I've worked hard tonight throwing this party for you so I'm a bit irritable so just lean back against the towel and don't give me a hard time as I wash you up."

Sung Li sat up her knees, applying a generous amount of liquid soap to the washcloth. Taking a quick peek at him, she perceived he was taking her reprimand seriously—his eyes are shut as he relaxed back against the towel. Maybe he did perfectly understand his role in this latest aspect of the game they are playing.

An extremely naughty plan was taking shape in her mind, and if she could perform the perfect balancing act between playing the roles of "strict mother and naughty mommy," just maybe she could pull it off.

"So did you have a good time at your party tonight, Billy," she asked relaxing her voice a bit.

"Sure, it was nice. I mean I had fun."

"I bet you did, especially with the way you were carrying on with that little April girl." Without warning, she took the washcloth and slapped it hard across his chest. His eyes flew open as she yelled, "Look at your mother when she is talking to you son."

His mind whirled in confusion. Look at me, don't look at me. If he dared to look at her his gaze would most likely fall downwards to her chest and he would be in trouble again, but on the other hand, apparently not looking at her was no good either. Honestly, he didn't know what to do, before quickly deciding to follow her latest orders.

When he opened his eyes and looked at her she smiled and started to speak again.

"So this April, you like her."

"Yeah, she is nice."

Sung moved the washcloth down across his chest in a slow steady manner as Billy concentrated hard on trying to look at her without staring at her damn tits.

"I guess I'm jealous of that little bitch and the way she was pawing all over you, maybe that's why I'm so irritable. Maybe it is best we don't talk and I just concentrate on washing you up."

Sung Li's moved the wash cloth in a circular pattern with each circle slipping lower and lower with no signs of stopping. As the washcloth crossed onto his tummy. Billy wondered if she planned on washing him "down there".

What would happen if the Prim and Proper Mother found him with an erection down there? He could only imagine the fireworks that would cause!

She took her time on his stomach, allowing the tension to build, before finally, allowing the washcloth to dip under the water. Scrapping it slowly across his upper thighs, she frowned at him as she noticed his eyes flickering downward to her chest.

She used her free hand to slap him unexpectedly hard on the stomach, "Stop staring at my damn tits boy and lift your leg up so I can wash it."

Billy jumped, before averting his eyes as he lifted his right leg up and out of the water. Sung Li- almost seductively- ran the washcloth up and down first one leg and then the other.

"Now all I have left to do is wash that little dicky of yours and we will be done."

He swallowed hard unable to speak.

Changing her voice so it dripped with utter sweetness she said, "You don't mind if I wash you down there do you sweetie." She stroked the side of his face, lifting his chin up so he was forced to stare at her just as she inched closer while arching her back and thrusting her tits out at him.

"N-no," he whispered praying that "nice" Mommy was back.

"Good, so lay back against the towel and think happy thoughts as Mommy washes you down there."

Her hand slipped under the water. Sung, smiling sweetly at her son, began to rub the cloth in a circular pattern along his inner thigh. Billy

took a deep breath as each of his mom's carefully constructed circles were coming closer and closer to his cock.

Billy opened his eyes and found his mother staring down into the water with a look of intense concentration. His cock was growing hard in anticipation of what was about to happen as his eyes focused on his mom's soap covered tits. She was making no attempts to hide them whatsoever so it was little wonder that his cock was once again getting hard.

Shutting his eyes, he laid his head back, just as he felt her brush the wash cloth up against the sensitive underside of his penis. His cock jerked to the delicate touch of the washcloth reaching new heights of hardness.

"Oh, that's it baby show me what a big boy you are."

Her free hand stole under the water cupping his balls just as she wrapped the washcloth fully around his throbbing member. Her hand holding the washcloth started to move up and down causing poor Billy to squirm.

Billy opened his eyes again, wanting to make sure he wasn't dreaming as his mother really began to go to work "washing" his cock. Like some kind of sea monster rising up from the soapy depths the head of his cock was now sticking up out of the water as Sung Li looked down in awe at the immense size of her son's cock.

Jesus he must be eight inches down there, maybe even nine, she exclaimed to herself as forbidden desire gripped her heart.

She jiggled his balls while stroking faster hoping he didn't ruin the final part of her plan by climaxing too soon.

"Billy, sweetheart, you don't mind Mommy taking her time washing that big, hard cock of yours do you hon?" she whispered in a voice cloaked with motherly kindness.

"N-no Mommy," he replied in a hoarse whisper. He was near to blowing his top when Sung Li, once again using her sixth sense, stopped suddenly.

She pulled her hands out of the water, and turned away reaching for the bottle of liquid soap. She gave him a nice smile before saying, "Just a minute sweetheart, you are such a big boy now down there now that Mommy didn't have enough soap to finish."

She squirted a generous amount of lotion all over the wash cloth and then rubbed the excess onto her chest. She noticed the head of his cock slipping back under the water which was her cue to finish part one of her wicked little plan.

"OK, let's finish this up . . . quickly now," she told him brusquely.

Billy noted the change of tone in her voice and shuddered; she was once again turning serious on him.

Sung Li reached under the water going straight for his cock. While it had relaxed some it was still quite firm. She gave it a hard squeeze causing Billy to jump. He was about to ask what the hell she was doing but before he could get a word out she was yelling at him.

"William! What are you doing with that big hard thing under the water? Jesus, can't I even take a damn bath with you, without you going and getting all hard on me. Now you had better relax while I finish washing you up down there."

"O-OK, Mommy." He was now in a near panic thinking how it might not be so easy to relax down there.

She gave him a piercing stare just as she started to carefully rub the wash cloth back and forth stroking the underside of his cock. Despite his best efforts his poor cock was getting harder- much to her delight. She continued to rub softly on it for a few seconds longer before blowing up.

"Jesus, William, this is ridiculous. Stand up!"

He hastily jumped to his feet with his hard cock jutting out like a tent pole at her. "Look at that disgusting big thing. And all because I just

tried to wash you a little bit down there. I warned you what would happen if you pulled this crap on me young man. Now turn around!"

His mind was reeling. Just what the hell was she going to do? Cautiously, he turned around facing the wall.

"Put your hands up on the wall as I see I'm going to have to spank that hardness out of you."

Resting on her knees, facing her son's cute ass, Sung twirled the wet washcloth around in her hand thinking of what she was about to do. Before she can change her mind, she wiped the washcloth forward slapping his bare behind with sufficient enough force to make him wince.

She flicked the washcloth around three more times in quick succession making his ass twitch with each wet blow. Deciding if her plan was to work at all she must not hold back she whipped the washcloth forward again a fourth time harder than ever.

Billy let out a small yelp- as much from surprise as anything. After another three, increasingly harder, slaps Billy found himself in the midst of changing his mind.

His plan, at first, was to take his little spanking in sullen silence, but now his was not so sure. Maybe she wants me to whine and cry like a little baby?? It was worth a try anyways he decided.

So after the latest and hardest slap yet, he turned around crying out, "Mommy, please no more. Y-y-you are hurting me. I will be good. I won't get hard anymore." He added a fake sniffle or two for effect pretending he was on the verge of tears.

She pounced now. The end game was upon them. "Oh honey, Mommy didn't mean to hurt you. I just got carried away I guess. Come here baby."

She turned him around, noting that his cock, although it had shrank a bit from the spanking, was still quite firm. This so happened to be just about perfect for what she was now plotting.

She reached up, pulling Billy into her arms. "I am so sorry baby. I just got mad and real jealous thinking about you being alone with April." She paused, leaning forward and positioning her body just right.

With Sung Li still on her knees and Billy standing before her things were nearly at the perfect angle. Her mouth hovered inches away from his bare tummy. Patiently she began to shower it with soft kisses as she reached around to his back with both arms pulling him flush against her body.

"Mommy, forget April, I love you and only you," he declared snuggling up against her. Sung turned her eyes up to him just as she raised her chest up enough so his now growing erection was

snuggled firmly up into her warm soapy bosom. Moving her upper body forward she trapped his cock in between her tits.

She began to move her chest up and down slowly like a train pulling out of a station. Billy never knew anything could feel as good as having his fully erect cock snuggled in between his mom's huge tits. And when she started to move up and down, teasingly slow at first, he responded involuntarily by pumping his hips up and down, up and down, matching her movements.

All pretense of innocence was now lost. Sung brought her hands up, using them to squeeze her tits together forming a tunnel of beautiful tit flesh for him to slam up and into, harder and harder with each thrust.

His cock was overcome with such exquisite pleasure as he commenced to fuck his mommy's boobies with childish delight.

"Oh that's it baby, fuck your mommy's tits. Show her how much you love them. Please baby, harder," she whimpered while gazing adorably up at him. Her wide innocent eyes, her sweet smile, stood in direct contrast to what they were doing.

As she moved her chest up and down his hard pole, Billy began to moan. He was thankful now for blowing a load in his pants earlier . . . otherwise, yeah, he would have already blown a massive load on those beautiful tits of hers.

He closed his eyes, placing his hands on her shoulders for support as his hips jerked forward up and down again and again. His orgasm was drawing closer helped by his mother's constant pleas to fuck her tits harder and harder.

"Oh come on baby, cum all over my tits. Please sweetie. For me. Show me what a big boy you are and cum for Mommy. Please baby!" She felt him jerking harder against her, and sensing he was near, increased the speed of moving her tits up and down his big hard shaft.

Finally, he let out a loud wail as he was sent careening over the edge "GOD MOMMY I'M. . ." He couldn't finish as a massive orgasm caused his knees to buckle. He slumped back against the wall; his whole body shaking as he sunk down into the warm water.

Sung looked down just in time to see his magnificently large penis spear up between her tits once more before the head of it exploded in an outpouring of sticky white cum.

She smiled at him sweetly as she wiped the sticky cum off her chest with the same washcloth that just moments before she had used to spank him.

Neither of them spoke as she slipped out of the tub; wrapping a towel around her body, she disappeared from the bathroom. She planned on giving him a moment or two to collect his thoughts and

regain his composure while she put on her "pajamas" and prepared for the next act of tonight's drama.

After a minute, Billy slowly got out of the tub, dried himself off and put on the clean pair of boxers and gym shorts she just tossed onto the bathroom counter.

A minute later there was a low knock on the door. "Billy, honey, are you OK?"

"Yeah sure," he said wondering if she had abandoned their earlier role playing game.

"Good, join me by the fire out here when you are ready. I have a fresh glass of champagne for you."

She was waiting for him with a smile, resting on the rug. Her body was wrapped in a beautiful white satin robe causing him to ponder of what, if anything, she might be wearing underneath her pretty robe as he sipped on a fresh glass of champagne.

There was no hint she was in a mood to continue "role playing" so things apparently were back to normal between them as they talked quietly and sipped on their champagne. After finishing off her champagne, Sung crossed over to CD player, her heels again clicking seductively on the hardwood floor.

The bedroom was filled with low romantic music. She suggested another slow dance. They came together, circling the floor twice, before the urge to do what came natural between two people so deeply in love overtook them. Their lips pressed together while whispering breathless exclamations of undying love for one another.

At the beginning of the second song, Sung broke off their kisses, took a step back, and as their eyes locked, she slowly started to strip off her robe. It fluttered to the floor softly, revealing an angelic outfit of such beauty underneath with the only thing missing being a pair of heavenly wings.

Sung was wearing a white, nearly transparent lingerie bra top, strapless, that clung to her large tits. Her matching panties were equally transparent allowing Billy to catch just the barest look at the buried treasure between her lovely thighs.

As they came together once more, a faint stirring was making itself known deep inside of him. Despite the fact he had come twice already, all indications were- given the time and the proper motivation- he would be ready for a third trip to the magical land of incest in the not so distant future.

As they held each other tight, it suddenly occurred to him he was yet to satisfy her. A feeling of guilt started to take hold of him just as she pulled him tighter against her. It was almost as if she read his mind. "You were so sweet earlier, playing your role perfectly as my baby boy, but now your mother needs a man. A big, strong man to pleasure her and take control."

Determined to remedy the situation and give his mother exactly what she wanted he drew her tighter against his body. His hands slipped down, the last glass of champagne, along with her words, made his former boyish shyness a thing of the past.

He started to knead her beautifully sculptured ass, loving the smooth feel of her silky panties in his hands, just as he brought his mouth to her lips. No sweet kisses are exchanged this time, but instead, they attacked each other with kisses full of reckless passion. They circled the bedroom, lips locked, his hands all over her ass, her hands slipping down and beginning to rub on his crotch making his cock go from soft to firm.

The pretense of dancing now gone, they end up over by the Sung's small vanity table. She leaned back against the table as his mouth pounced on the silky smooth skin of her neck and throat making her sigh with contentment just as his hands came up assaulting her tits.

Her little see through bra top was turning him on to such a degree so when she whispered to him, "Remember earlier when I told you I needed a big strong man to take control . . . now is the time. Show your mother such untamed desire that it will take my breath away honey. Now!"

He pulled back for a moment, staring at his mother's delicious tits with only the scant little transparent bra top to protect them. Her

look was that of a fawn—wide eyed and innocent- which only served to increase his lustful urges.

His heart, filled with raging ardor, commanded his actions. Billy picked his mother up placing her on the small table. He took a long moment to savor the look of her heaving chest; those big beautiful tits falling up and down, so perfectly on display under her transparent bra top. His eyes focus on her dark round nipples, fully erect, standing out in direct contrast to her white top.

An untamed yearning took over. Billy's hands came up viciously yanking the delicate bra top down. As her large tits came spilling out, he immediately pounced on them savagely.

Sung let out a surprised little yelp as he treated her chest to a storm of adoring kisses that quickly turned into a desperate wild suckling feast that took her breath away.

Sung was thrilled at her son's all-consuming desire to suck on her tits. She had never enjoyed having a man lose such control over her tits as her son was now doing. Looking down at him, his mouth flying from one heaving mound to the other, he was suckling on them as if his very life depended on it.

She leaned her head back, her pretty hair falling onto the table, and arched her back, allowing him total access to her tits. Billy brought his hands up into the fray pawing at her tits like some kind of wild

animal as he sucked on them with an urgent need that bordered on insanity.

"Oh that's it baby. Lose control. Let yourself go," she urgently whispered to him as she wrapped a hand around the back of his head shoving his face deeper into her bosom.

As the desperate wrestling match between her tits and his mouth continued Sung dropped a hand down inside his shorts, grabbing his cock, exhilarated to find it hard once again.

"God honey you are so big and hard. Your mother needs you inside of her now!" Much to her utter delight, her desperate plea sent Billy over the edge.

He leaned back, grabbing her roughly, and pulled her down onto her feet, before, just as roughly, twisting her around. He used his feet, kicking at her ankles. "Spread your legs!" His voice was husky with desire as she leaned on the table spreading her legs wide for him.

Without warning, he ripped the tantalizing lace panties off her body, before pausing to admire the scene. His mother, in her slutty heels, leaning forward on the table, naked, legs spread wide, her beautifully tanned ass upturned and waiting. He wanted to ensure this vision would be seared into his brain for the remainder of the short time he had left on this earth.

Sung turned around during the long pause wondering what Billy was waiting for. She caught one final glimpse, seeing the biggest, hardest cock she had ever laid eyes on just before it was to impale her.

Billy grunted driving his hips forward ramming his full eight and one half inches into her in one swift motion. Sung closed her eyes, letting out a small yelp as his cock drove deep inside of her somehow- maybe from pure luck, maybe from undeniable fate-finding its mark the first time.

He was out of control from the very beginning. Encouraged by her loud yelps, he drove into her- thrusting faster and harder- showing no regard for delicacy, he pounded his mother like she was some sort of cheap hooker. The little vanity table filled with small bottles of perfume and make up began to shake, rattle and roll as if it was the epoch center of a small earthquake.

"Oh God baby that's it. Fuck me, harder sweetie, harder," Sung cried out in anguished passion urging her son to greater heights of debauchery.

He complied and was soon ramming his eight inches into her with such fierce determination that he almost- quite literally- was lifting the little one hundred and fifteen pound Sung up and off her feet.

"Oh God honey, Mommy is going to come . . . yeah fuck me harder son. Harder . . . make me come."

She spread her hands on the table, parting her legs even more, encouraging him to give it his all, as her cries of pleasure filled the room. Like a runaway freight train her orgasm was rushing home, but then, much to her anguished disappointment, it came to a screaming halt.

Billy swept away by a fanatical champagne fueled lust paused. A depraved thought had taken hold of his heart and would not let go.

His sweet mother, legs spread wide, leaning against the vanity table, her ass thrust out, with her high heels on, appeared to be nothing more than the cheapest, sluttiest, little Korean whore in the world.

He imaged himself as a sailor in Seoul picking her up for twenty bucks maybe, and taking her into some dark back alley to have his way with her. Somehow the image of this caused his craving for her, already at near boiling, to bubble over.

So caught up in this little fantasy, words began to spill from his mouth he never imagined saying to his mother.

"God Damn Chink whore. I know you want my big American cock inside of you . . . don't you . . . You fucking slut. I bet you just like fucking young sailors like me huh!"

He pulled his cock out, letting it rest on the cusp of her wet opening. He reached around and began to knead her tits roughly as he leaned in to whisper in her ear. "Beg for it you chink bitch."

"Oh God . . . yes. Shove it in. Please honey. Me love you long time. Me so horny. You so handsome." Sung replied without missing a beat slipping into her role as a cheap Korean streetwalker, using her native accent to increase the realism.

She figured it's the least she can do considering she owed him from earlier when he played his role as her sweet little baby boy perfectly for her.

Encouraged that she seemed comfortable with this new role playing game, Billy decided to prolong things a bit. "Yeah, I bet you just wanna be fucked by my big American cock so badly huh you little whore. Come on beg for it some more."

She turned to look at him and their eyes locked. Something deep and mysterious passed between them. Something that said tonight, there was no limits. "Yes, shove it in my hole baby. Pleeeeease."

She reached back and stroked the side of his face whispering, "You so young, so handsome, so big and strong." And then looking down, "So nice and hard."

"Yes I am. Just for you . . . you fucking whore."

"Yes, me your whore, now fuck me please. I need it sooooo baadddd!!"

Billy could resist no longer as he propelled his cock into her with such force causing her to let out a loud shriek that reverberated around the bedroom. Her shriek broke down into a series of gasping whimpers as Billy, gripping her hips, pounded into her.

Fucking her with such reckless abandonment Billy had to bite his lip—hard—to keep from coming. His relentless pounding was again nearly lifting her off her feet. Sung's whimpering from being impaled by her son's huge cock only caused Billy's heart to be filled with raving need to fuck her harder and harder still.

"Yes, fuck me, harder sailor boy . . . fuck me so hard and long . . . Please I want it so baaadly," she begged him as once again her orgasm was rushing home.

Her anguished moans, along with a pair of loud lustful screams, only fueled his need to come inside his little chink whore.

Finally, Sung Li let out a loud wail that filled the bedroom announcing to the world she was coming.

"Oh God I . . . am . . . cumming. Don't stop . . . Please, that's it . . . ahhhhhh."

She fell limp crashing down against the vanity table as Billy promptly pulled out of her. They stood there—both spent—for a quiet moment before Billy took control.

Pulling his panting mother into his arms, he guided her over to the large rug in front of the fireplace. Sung seemed to be on the verge of tears as she allowed herself to be carried over to the rug.

"Oh God what have I done? What do you think of me son?" Her lustful forbidden urges had given way to guilt and was speaking loudly.

"Shh, Mom. Please it's OK. Really." He placed her on the rug gently before retrieving her robe and handing it to her.

"I'm a horrible mother for doing this to you. Getting us drunk, the game playing and Jesus letting you fuck me like I am some kind of—"

Her voice trailed off as Billy draped the robe around her naked body. He wrapped her in his arms before soothing her hair as he began to whisper in her ear.

"Mother, listen, I am the one who should feel ashamed. Calling you all those dirty names."

"No, no honey, that was OK . . . it was fun. We was just role playing, like in the tub."

"Yes, well, if you want me to be fine with it then you stop worrying about being a bad mom and accept what we just did was out of desperate love."

"Desperate love, I like that."

"So let's both agree not to let guilt ruin my birthday. In fact, we should maybe have a bit more champagne to celebrate and to calm your nerves."

"I think you are right baby," Sung answered calmly as she lifted her head up and stared at her son. His hair was a tangled mess much like her heart.

He crossed the room after throwing on his boxers and poured them both a fresh glass of champagne. After a few sips she asked him a simple question. A question prompted by the bulge she spied in his boxers. She wondered so she asked.

"You fucked me so good and hard honey, but I don't think my little sailor boy came?"

"Ahh, no, but it's all right. I mean I came twice already."

"So you did, but as they say, the third time is the charm."

"Yes I suppose they do say that," he replied hopefully. Could he be so lucky as she was ready and willing to give him more?

She drained the last of her champagne telling him she will be right back before disappearing into the closet.

He used the break to go down the hallway to the bathroom and splash some cold water on his face while marveling at the night's events. He made a quick pit stop at his room to splash on a bit of cologne before heading back down to her bedroom.

Entering the room, he took two steps before coming to an abrupt halt as she emerged from the closet. Another costume changes has left him breathless. Once again, she was a vision of unearthly beauty wearing a white satin corset, along with matching white stockings. Her hair was pulled up into a pretty little pony tail. She looked beautifully sweet and delicious- like an angel.

"So how do I look baby? Seeing me like this does it make you wanna call me a chink whore and fuck the shit out of me again."

"M-mom . . . I'm . . . no." He stopped caught off guard. Shame started to fill his heart for all the nasty things he said to her earlier. He

wondered if bringing it back up meant he had hurt her feelings after all.

She crossed the room stopping in front of him. He felt she was waiting for him to say something more as she stood staring at him.

He reached out tenderly, using one finger, to stroke the side of her face. "Mom, you look like the world's most beautiful angel," he whispered faintly as his gaze fell upon her white corset. The corset pushed her tits up making them look fucking huge.

She took him by the hand, leading him toward the rug. Halfway there she paused, feeling his eyes on her ass, which was on full display underneath the barely there, crotch-less white panties she was wearing. She turned to him whispering, "So you think your mother looks like an angel and is maybe fit for the attentions of her sweet little boy and not some rough sailor?"

He swallowed hard before answering, "Yes."

"You promise to treat this angel with sweet tenderness and soft love, while honoring her heavenly body with passionate adoration. Please tell me baby, shall you truly worship my body honey with a soft gentle tenderness born in boyish innocence now that fucking me has calmed your beastly heart?"

"Yes, Mommy. I will be your sweet little boy once more." A memory of something sweet he once read came to mind. He memorized it in hopes of using it on a girl one day never dreaming that "girl" would be his mother. He was sure it would knock his mother's socks off—if he could just remember how it went.

They reached the rug, and after adding some more logs and kindling, the fire roared back to life as they sunk down, hand in hand, onto the rug. Squeezing her hands tight, he thinks he has the passage down cold, and well, if he forgets a little here or there, he would just have to ad lib a bit.

"By that Heaven that binds us, your beauty commands me mother. By that God we both adore, tell Him with sorrow that he can never create anything as beautiful and as sweet as your love for me or my love for you. Tell me . . . shall you allow my sorrow laden soul escape from the tortured prison your beauty traps it in and allow it free reign to clasp this lovely sainted maiden known simply as Mom, who be blessed with the beauty of a thousand angels . . . and make love to it."

"Oh God Billy, that was so sweet." She kissed him lightly on the lips. He responded with extreme delicacy wanting to show her he would be just as gentle and sweet this time as he had been rough and passionate the last time.

Mother and son exchange kiss after blissful kiss, falling back onto the thick rug. The dancing flames and the quiet crackling of the fire serve as reminders that this time it will be slow and sweet.

The green-eyed angel, his mother, falls as docile as a lamb into his arms. They kissed, hands roaming and caressing everywhere, for an inordinate amount of time before rising back up onto their knees to face each other.

He contemplated the rise and fall of her tits, encased as they were in the tight binds of her beautiful corset. His cock was once more making like a zombie and rising from the dead. He met no resistance when he slowly, carefully, reached around the back of her and began to unlace the elegant strings that hold her heavenly tits prisoner.

The corset properly loosened, she tilted her head, looking at him with such alluring innocence as she whispered sweetly, "Go on honey, you can play with Mommy's tits if you want to."

She took his hands, guiding them to the front of that enchanting white satin corset. With nothing more than a mere look she encouraged him to start fondling her tits through the satin of her corset.

He followed her wish worshipping them with a quiet loving hunger. He fondled them with such youthful affection that Sung's heart swelled with love while her eyes filled with tears.

They begin to kiss, long and deep, tongues slipping in and out of their mouths as his need to see her bountiful tits in all their naked

glory once more overtook him. He tugs on the top of the corset, using just enough force to allow her tits to come spilling out.

He leaned back, gazing at their immense beauty. They were like two great mounds of jewels they sparkle and shine in the dim glow of the nearby fire. And atop these lovely twin mounds of jewels rested the crown jewels themselves. Her nipples, fully erect, their large aureoles dotted with little tiny goosebumps, await his hungry mouth.

"Your heart is whispering to me honey."

"What is it saying?"

"It's saying my baby boy wants to suckle on his Mommy's boobies."

"Yes, God yes, Mommy I do, please I'm starving for your big beautiful boobs. Their awesome beauty takes my breath away."

His fills his mouth with her glorious tit flesh, suckling on them with all the fondness and warmth in the world. Her perfumed words of encouragement only increased the passion as they fall back onto the rug, his mouth glued to her tits, raining kisses over the entirety of her breasts.

They roll around the carpet locked in a tight embrace his mouth never for one moment leaving her breasts as he alternated sucking on her nipples with delicate kisses and tender licks of his tongue. Her soft laments urging him on told him he was doing well as he soon found himself flat on his back, her boobs thrust into his face.

He began to suck on them with a zealous intensity before another flip and now she was on her back, his face buried between her luscious tits going back and forth, kissing up and down the gentle slope of the valley between them.

She moved up so she was resting on her elbows. "Honey can you shower kisses upon your Mommy's secret garden."

"Secret garden?" His boob addled mind did not quite pick up on her reference.

"Please baby, down between my legs," she whispered.

His face slid down, his cheeks rubbing against the silky satin of her corset still in place below her boobs. He reached her secret garden and its intoxicating aroma as his first kisses find their way in between the moist folds of his mom's cunt.

His tongue comes out, tasting the sweetness, making Sung hiss. What he lacks in experience he makes up with sheer youthful

exuberance. His tongue flickers all over, dipping in and out, sampling the juices flowing freely from her wet pussy.

He judged how he was doing, what licks of his tongue worked, which maybe not so much, by how much she squirmed under his soothing assault. After some happy exploring he found that special sweet spot-her clitoris- and attacked it with all the youthful eagerness of a brave knight going after a fierce dragon.

Sung responded to his circling tongue with an indulgent sigh as her body writhed all over the carpet nearing a tremendous orgasm. Reaching up, he found her tits and began to caress them just as his tongue stabbed at her clit.

"Oh baby you are doing so good. You are going to make mommy come . . . please don't stop."

His tongue buried itself in the deep recesses of her moist pussy just as he brought one finger up sliding it into her neatly. She let out another soft hiss when his finger found its mark as his tongue flickered faster, before slowing down, and then picking up speed again.

Reaching down, Sung tangled her fingers deep in his hair trapping his face between her legs. Billy lapped furiously at her clit just as he worked his finger in and out of her cunt faster and harder.

Her whole body began to shiver and shake as she let out a loud wail. Billy would later swear he felt their souls come together and connect just as he sent her rocketing over the edge into the lovely abyss of the most powerful orgasm of her life.

Billy pulled back from his mother and gave her a wry smile. "I think we are tied up two two now."

"Yes, I guess so baby."

"Third time is the charm though you said."

"A charm we should experience together baby. As close as possible I mean. I want you to make love to me now and let us come together."

"Mom, I don't know. I mean . . ." He looked down at himself, his cock had been hard while eating her, but now it was starting to relax.

"Oh I think you mother can bring it back to life again baby. It just maybe needs some TLC."

She pushed him onto his back and began to kiss her way down and across his bare belly. She slowly pulled down his boxers before using her hands to quickly stroke his limp penis back to life.

Once she had him nice and erect again she paused to stare at his jutting cock. It stood throbbing as he laid back- eyes shut- waiting. Sung gazed down wanting to burn the memory of her son's huge cock in her brain; yes, the way it looked before she took it into her mouth for the first time.

She used one hand to gently cup his balls while her tongue went to work slithering its way up and down his shaft. She fluttered her tongue all around the head causing him to sink into a state of utter bliss.

He was painfully erect now as she lifted her head up allowing him just the briefest of respites before going to work again. Leaning back down, she flicked her tongue out and began to lick the backside of his cock causing him unimaginable ecstasy.

Billy felt a tremble along his spine at the feel of his mother's tongue gliding up and down the sensitive underside of his cock. That delicious thought again hit him-had he already died and went to heaven?

Just to be sure, he lifted his head up and opened his eyes- just in time to see his mother take the entirety of his cock inch by inch into her warm mouth.

Sung Li nodded her head up and down on his hardness feeling the tickle in the back of her throat from his tremendous size. Not wanting

to risk an accident she let his cock slip out of her mouth before she quickly straddled him.

Billy looked into his mother's pretty green eyes as she hovered over him. "Make love to your mother sweetheart," she whispered before sinking down.

His hardness pierced her with an agonizing pleasure that took her breath away. She bounced up and down slowly as they held hands enjoying this ultimate act of love between a mother and her son.

Time ceased to exist as he lifted his hips up driving his full eight and half inches into her. Over and over again she proclaimed her love for him as she rode his cock allowing herself to become swept away by their forbidden passion.

Supporting herself with her hands on his tummy she bounded happily up and down on him faster. She was approaching yet another orgasm as he responded by driving his hips forward harder and faster rocking into her with a joyous glee.

"Oh baby, Mommy is going to come!" she whined.

He looked up not ready yet to come, but that soon changed as his eyes became fixated on his mother's bouncing boobs. He was the reason those gorgeous boobs of hers was bouncing up and down so delightfully! The realization of this drove his orgasm home.

Three more hard upwards thrusts—the second caused her whole body to vibrate—did the trick. She came. Hard.

He came bare seconds later as he drove his cock upwards on the third thrust just as she dropped limp into his arms. They had been mere seconds away from achieving that perfect union of the mutual orgasm.

Maybe with some practice they would get there. The thought caused him to smile as he wrapped his arms around his quivering mother.

THE END