

# Lockdown Lust

The first wave of the deadly Covid-19 was nearly over by mid-May. Most people assumed the worse was over. They were wrong.

The second wave hit in late May of 2020 and made the first go around with the virus seem like mere child's play. The virus mutated and was now attacking young people felling them in droves. On the last day of May, America was under the strictest lock down orders yet. Anyone under twenty five was basically confined to their homes for the next three months. This time America listened.

Oakwood, Wisconsin June 2020

Jimmy, rather ironically turned eighteen on June 1; the day after the nationwide lock down for young people. Nope, there would be no party for him on his 18th birthday, instead he was stuck at home with his mother, Alyssa.

It was just the two of them as his dad, Roger, died in October of the prior year in a car accident. Alyssa, happily married for seventeen years, was devastated by her husband's death. After nearly five months of grieving Alyssa was just starting to feel normal again when the virus hit the country hard. What sustained her during this period of intense grief was the single thought she must stay strong for her son. Grieving together, they grew extremely close as the country lurched unknowingly ever closer to its time of reckoning.

At the age of thirty five Alyssa, a former nude model was still smoking hot—at least in her son's eyes. Her chestnut brown hair, with blonde highlights hair fell to her shoulders. Her eyes, a dreamy blue, sparkled with untold mischief more often than not. But it was her stunning measurements, a rousing 42-25-35, with FF cup

enhanced breasts that allowed her to be a leading lady in more than a few strip clubs along with a plethora of big tit magazines and websites. She put on a little weight since her modeling career but still weighted a respectable 135 pounds carried nicely on her five foot four frame.

Her resume during her brief career was impressive. She was a former Miss Nude Midwest and Miss Nude Wisconsin along with being a featured cover girl in scores of the leading big tit magazines from 2001 to 2006.

She retired from the business young to concentrate on raising Jimmy. He did not learn of his mother's prior modeling career until he was much older though and when he did it gave his heart fits of jealousy.

Then the virus hit. Alyssa, nicknamed "The Alps" for the immense size of her tits was laid off from her job in March as a bartender at a sports bar in downtown Oakwood. After going back to work in mid-May, when the bars and restaurants started to open back up, she was again laid off when the second round of the virus hit hard.

This time her lay off would be permanent as the bar's owner announced he was closing the bar with no intentions of re-opening. With the second round of closures hitting the town hard shuttering all the restaurants and pubs for the summer Alyssa's job prospects were practically nil.

July 2020

Having run through their savings paying the usual everyday bills Alyssa was getting desperate to the point where she went back to her roots—using her delicious body to make money as she became a web cam model.

While mainly confining herself to simply stripping for her audience she would occasionally perform solo masturbation acts when she wanted to get paid a bit extra.

The only issue was with Jimmy. Wanting to be completely honest with him, especially since her new job would not be easy to conceal with the both of them being sequestered at home, she told him what she was doing from the start. He didn't like it but understood they needed the money.

His feelings of jealousy over his mother showing off for the world soon mixed with feelings of forbidden lust to create a lethal combination as the summer wore with things only got hotter for Jimmy.

His mother would often lay out in the backyard sunning herself by the pool in a skimpy blue string bikini while he was confined to watching helplessly from his upstairs bedroom window. He could only resist so long before, after a solid week of fighting it, he started whacking off as he watched her. He especially got off when she slowly would spread lotion on her body as he furiously stroked his hard cock to an intense orgasm.

He often wondered if, his mother knew he was watching her from his upstairs bedroom window, but as she gave him nary a hint one way or the other, his curiosity remained unresolved.

September, 2020

After three months of total lockdown for the young people of America, the government tried lifting the lockdown. Jimmy was excited thinking he might finally get some relief from being cooped up in the forbidden lust factory which was his home.

Fortunately, as things turned out, his mother was overly cautious begging Jimmy not to take any chances, not yet anyways, by starting to socialize outside the house. She simply wanted to know things were really better before risking her only child to the ravages of the virus.

Her caution turned out to be warranted as within weeks the rate of infections for young adults in Wisconsin skyrocketed once again. This time the lockdown for young people was listed simply as "indefinite".

October, 2020

Things came to a head in October. Alyssa tried to perform most of her web cam performances/shows late at night while her son was sleeping knowing he was not at all thrilled with what she was doing.

Despite her best intentions their relationship was starting to show signs of strain mainly due to his intense feelings of lust and jealousy over her. Alyssa, sensing this, and suspecting why, tried to diffuse the situation.

With the end of summer, the free bikini shows outside in the backyard came to an abrupt end. Over the course of the long summer Alyssa slowly became aware of her secret admirer and instead of causing her any sort of angst it only made her feel proud she still possessed a body worth checking out.

Around the house she stopped wearing anything remotely sexy thinking it might help put his feelings of lust on hold. This was not something she was particularly happy about, Alyssa was a born showoff, but if it would help him control his feelings and improve their relationship she decided to try it.

It worked to a point. Instead of lust his quiet feelings of jealousy grew knowing she was dressing like an old lady around him while showing off in a wide variety of sexy outfits he could only dream of behind her bedroom door during her web cam shows.

Finally, over the course of a mid-October weekend things came to a head. It was a Friday night when Alyssa, tired of watching her son

mope around, told him over dinner, "Hey you know what honey, I think I will take the night off from work and maybe we could hang out together. Watch a movie and cuddle under a blanket. Maybe share some wine and just you know . . . be together. Sound like fun?"

"Sure Mom," he replied, "It would be nice for you to take a night off from showing off for the world to spend some time with your son."

"Honey, please you know I have to do this. We need the money. Can we just concentrate on being together tonight and have a good time?"

"OK, OK, yeah, you're right."

They agreed to meet in the downstairs living room at 9 pm. After taking a quick shower and throwing on a pair of jeans and a tee shirt, Jimmy headed downstairs to enjoy his quiet evening with his mother.

She was waiting for him curled up on the sofa flipping through Amazon Prime selection of movies. She was already sipping on a glass of wine; a good sign, since when she got a bit tipsy she tended to become needy, loving, and emotional. On the other hand, she was dressed in a pair of old ratty pajamas bottoms and an oversized night shirt and wasn't wearing any makeup.

He plopped down next to her trying to hide his annoyance at his mother for not even trying in the least to look good for him. It did

not work as Alyssa's "mom radar" was operating at 1000 percent efficiency. She knew right away by the way he sighed when he sat down on the sofa, as far away from her as possible, something was wrong.

"What is it, Jimmy? What is wrong?" she asked him point blank.

"Nothing," he mumbled.

"You are not a good liar, honey." She scooted across the sofa toward him. "Now tell your mom what is wrong . . . Please."

"I don't want to talk about it OK?"

"No it's not OK. You need to open up to me and tell me what is wrong. Come on, don't be like that with me."

"I said I don't want to talk about it," he grumbled. "Now can we just watch the fucking movie?"

"Well if my being nice and saying please can't get you to open up to me I guess I will have to try something else." She paused to take a large sip of her wine. "I wonder if I could bribe you into telling me what is wrong."

"Fat chance of that, Mom. What do I need money for if I can't leave the damn house?"

"Actually, I wasn't talking about offering you money but maybe something else."

Now, for the first time he turned to her and showed some real interest in what she was saying. "Such as?"

"You remember back last winter during football season and you would come home complaining about being sore after practice or after a game?"

"Yeah, what about it?" he asked. Jimmy had been the starting free safety as a senior last year and often, being on the small size for a football player, he was 5' 11" and weighed close to 190 pounds, he was forced to show a reckless disregard for his body in order to stop the bigger and faster players. As a result he often came home all banged up and very sore.

"Well I am curious if you miss at all those nice back rubs I used to give you when you were all sore and aching from football because if you do I could give you a real nice one after the movie . . . if you would only open up to me."

"Yeah I do miss those actually," he replied.

"Well how about it then. A nice little back rub for a bit of information on what exactly is bothering you, hon." She paused before reaching over to pick up her glass of wine. "That is fair huh."

"It could be and I could be persuaded to agree if you agree to something . . ." He started to head out of the room crossing over toward the dining room. "Where are you going?"

"Be right back. There is more wine right?"

"Yeah, it's in the fridge I just opened it tonight."

Inside the kitchen he hummed to himself as he filled up a decanter with the red wine from the freshly opened bottle before heading back out to the living room.

"So you are going to join me huh? Is that what I have to agree to Jimmy letting you share a glass or two of wine with your mom?"

"Actually mom I am only agreeing to your bribe if . . ." He picked up her glass of wine off the coffee table, it was still half full, and filled it up from the decanter before filling his own glass up. "You agree to keep slurping down your wine while we watch the movie."

"Hmm, interesting. You wanna see your mother get a bit tipsy huh, Son?"

"Yeah, I guess. You are kind of fun when you have been drinking Mom but it's been a long time since I saw you drunk so . . ."

He handed the glass to her. "Take a nice big drink now . . . the bigger the drink the more likely I will be to agree to your bribe."

"Really," Alyssa said as she brought the glass to her lips slurping down half the wine in one long drink.

"Not bad," he said.

"Well just know there is more of that in the future if you just stop shutting me out of your feelings sweetheart."

"In that case, I accept your bribe."

"Of course, you should have at least a glass or two of wine with me honey. You can't let me get all drunk alone."

"I won't," he said before taking a big drink from his own glass.

"So tell me why the long face and all the negative vibes when you walked in the living room just a few minutes ago and it had better be the truth."

"Alright," he said before sighing, "the truth is I was just disappointed I guess by what you are wearing."

"Really, what is wrong with what I am wearing? It's comfortable."

"Yeah sure it is." He paused taking another large drink of his wine in the hopes it would allow him to be real honest. He wasn't much of a drinker so after this second large swallow of wine he did feel a bit more relaxed about telling her the truth. Sitting his glass down, he turned toward her.

"Yeah, so basically, I get to see you in your comfortable and boring clothes while the rest of the damn world gets to see you looking all hot and sexy. I bet if you were doing a web cam show tonight you wouldn't worry about putting on something comfortable."

On the outside she was looking at him seriously, but on the inside her heart was all a tingle. So this was it . . . this was really it! He wanted to see her wearing something sexy.

Choosing her words carefully, Alyssa spoke softly, "I appreciate you being really honest with me so I am going to return the favor by being honest back. This was not my first choice of what I was going to wear for our movie night. This was the safe choice, and the boring choice."

"Well Mom, maybe you should have stuck with your first choice."

"Really," she said as she slowly climbed to her feet, "Give me a minute then as I think maybe your mother is overdressed for watching a movie while cuddling under a blanket next to her adoring son."

He watched as she disappeared down the hallway wondering what she might be changing into. His curiosity only grew as she was gone for quite some time; longer than it took to simply change her clothes.

Maybe she is putting on some makeup for me too, a hopeful voice in his head whispered to him.

Roughly twenty minutes later she came casually strolling back into the living room. The nearly half glass of wine she took with her was now empty.

Stopping before him she whispered, "Better honey?"

"Yes, much better," he replied with a triumphant smile.

She was wearing a pair of extremely snug pink velvet pajama shorts matched with a well-fitting white tank top. He really could not help but to notice how very nicely those tremendous tits of hers were being put on display by her tight little tank top. As she settled down

next to him, with a coy smile, he also noticed, quite deliciously, how her tits seem quite unencumbered by a bra.

After an enjoyable cuddle session during the movie, where Alyssa kept her word consuming an abundant amount of wine, it was time for his back rub.

He stretched out on the sofa, shirtless, as his mom started to knead his shoulders. Unfortunately, things did not get very far as a very drunk Alyssa soon basically collapsed on top of him.

"Sorry honey, Mommy is wasted," she said before breaking out into giggles. Jimmy managed to extract himself out from under his mother before getting her situated with a blanket and a pillow allowing her to pass out on the sofa.

Having decided to be a gentlemen and spend the night watching over her, he went upstairs to grab a blanket. After turning off all the lights except for a single lamp in the far corner of the living room he settled down in the easy chair across from the sofa.

He sighed, pulling his blanket up around him meaning to get some sleep but the sleep he wanted, the sleep that would have kept him out of trouble, proved to be elusive.

His mind keep wandering to his mother's beautiful tits so amply on display all night under the tight confines of her tank top. It had been

nearly impossible to keep his eyes off of them while they cuddled during the movie and especially so when she pressed her body so close up against him.

Complicating matter for him the little devil, the one all humans possess deep inside of them, kept whispering to him, "She is passed out. You could go see them . . . probably even touch them a little if you want."

Somehow he managed to ignore this devilishly voice—for about twenty minutes. Rising quietly to his feet he moved slowly over to her a wicked plan forming in his young sex obsessed mind.

Crouching down next to her, the sole lamp he left on cast just enough light for him to see his mom was slumbering peacefully. In her sleep she managed to pull the blanket down exposing the soft rise and fall of her chest.

It was like an invitation one could not ignore. Very carefully he reached down, delicately grabbing the edge of her tank top. With the devilishly little voice inside him shouting loads of encouragement, he very carefully started to pull her tank top up.

After fully exposing her tummy he paused. He couldn't do it; he couldn't go any further; it was simply too depraved. Instead, he settled for a consolation prize of sorts. Pulling his phone out from his back pocket, he held it up taking a quick picture of his mom's chest and exposed tummy.

Once again he tried to fall asleep but the image on his phone seemed to be calling him. It was a call he could not resist. He hurried off upstairs to his room and spent a breathless five minutes studying the picture letting his desire grow as he stretched out on his bed. He let his eyes first feast on his mom's taunt and perfectly tanned stomach. It was amazingly flat and well-toned—just as he liked in a woman.

Next, his eyes drifted north to those amazing big tits of hers snugly hidden under her white tank top. His eyes seized upon the outline of her dark nipples pressed so invitingly against her tank top. Her fucking areolas looked absolutely huge—again something he very much liked in women.

Unzipping his pants he prepared to get some small measure of satisfaction. It didn't take long as he dreamed what it might be like to carefully pull that tank top up to expose her giant tits. He was spurting cum in less than two minutes while imagining about this simple image alone.

After this naughty little interlude, he got dressed and went back downstairs and this time was able to actually fall asleep across from her in the easy chair.

Some hours later, he woke up with a start. She was calling his name softly. "I . . . I'm here Mom," he said groggily as he slowly rose to his feet.

"Still watching over me. What a gentlemen you are," she whispered as he slowly approached her.

Yeah, some gentleman, I am, he thought to himself as he squatted down next to her. "Do you need something, Mom," he whispered.

"Yeah, I wanna go upstairs and sleep in my bed, baby. Can you help me up the stairs please? I'm still a bit sloshed, I think, and so tired."

"Sure," he said standing up. It took some effort to get her up and moving but he finally managed it. She leaned heavily on him as they made their way up the stairs and into her room.

"Wait here, while I go to the bathroom please," she said before staggering into her bathroom.

He sat on the bed after turning her covers back with a heavy sigh trying not to think of this being the room, this being the bed, where she filmed the majority of her damn web cam performances.

She came out a minute later. "Oh look at you, pulling the covers back for your mother and everything. You are such a little angel."

"Yeah, that's me your little angel alright," he said while his eyes—in a very un-angel like manner-- got stuck on her chest as she crossed the room toward him.

As she approached the bed he hopped up meaning to beat a hasty retreat to his own room ready for some sleep—and maybe to whack off again dreaming of his mother.

As he started to go she reached out and snagged him by the wrist. "Wait honey," she said before collapsing on the bed. "You have to tuck me in and then turn out the light. I think I am still too drunk to do all that by myself."

This was a little white lie. While not completely sober, Alyssa, after grabbing a few hours' sleep on the sofa, was really not that drunk anymore; she just wanted to be pampered by her young son.

After he helped get her situated under the covers of her bed, he was about to once again leave when she called out, "Honey can you help me with something before you go?"

"What?"

"It's just I don't like sleeping with a shirt on. Truth is your mother usually sleeps in the nude but tonight I will settle with just sleeping topless. Can you maybe help your mother pull her snug little tank top off of her . . . please baby."

Like she had to say please to such a request! "I . . . sure," he said trying to control his excitement. Was he really about to get a glimpse of those tits of hers!

His excitement died a quick death though when she added with a coy smile, "Of course, you better turn the light off first so you don't see anything you aren't supposed to, baby."

"Of course," he said, "I was planned on doing that anyways."

After reaching over and clicking off the light he found the room — much to his disappointment—to be utterly dark, leaving him no chance of catching even the smallest glimpse of her heavenly boobs.

"Here sit on the bed next to me, Jimmy," she whispered to him.

She found his hands in the dark and slowly guided them to the bottom edge of her tank top. The next three or four seconds might have been the most tantalizing of his young life as he slowly helped peel his mother's tight tank top off of her.

"Thanks baby," she said before tossing the top casually off into the dark somewhere. "That is much better."

"No problem," he said rising to his feet. He was about to walk away when she reached out and caught him by the hand. "Wait, aren't you forgetting something?"

"No . . . what?"

"How about a kiss good night. You know to celebrate our wonderful evening together."

"Sure," he said trying his best to sound casual. They rarely gave each other kisses anymore and when they did it was usually just a quick little peck on the cheek. He surmised because she was still a bit drunk and was more emotional than usual she wanted a kiss, but whatever the reason, he was happy to oblige her as he leaned down to give her the requested kiss.

The kiss turned out to be no simple affair. He was aiming for her cheek but in the dark somehow his lips found hers, in no small part thanks to her guiding hand. Their kiss lingered on a beat or two longer than was necessary before he managed, with a great effort, to break it off.

He wondered what, if any, reaction she might have to their kissing on the lips but all she did was let out a gentle sigh while snuggling under the covers—the darkness hiding the shameless smile on her face.

He was crossing the room and was about to exit when she called out, yet again. "Honey wait."

"What?" he said before sighing. He just couldn't seem to get out of her room.

After a brief pause she said softly, "I love you."

"I love you too Mom," he said before turning to leave. He was more than a little anxious to make good on his escape in order to get busy taking care of that fucking erection taking off her tank top had caused him to have. To this end he had just managed to step out of the room and was shutting the door when she called out to him again.

"And I love the way you have taken care of me tonight and I have another favor to ask . . ."

Lingering in the doorway he wondered: what possible favor could she be thinking of asking him?

"Oh, forgot it, never mind, you would never go for it."

"What?" he replied as he stepped back into her room curious. "Tell me."

"Well, it's just I had too much to drink tonight . . . kind of thanks to you and the room is spinning a bit. I was wondering maybe if you could come and crawl into your mom's bed next to me and just hold me until I fall asleep anyways."

Being stunned by the sheer audacity of her request, he lost his voice for a moment.

"I guess you probably think you are too old to hold your mother though huh," she told him in a voice resonating with sadness, "Sorry for even bringing it up. Just go to your own bed and forget I asked . . . your mom is being silly I suppose."

The marked sadness in her voice did it. He quickly moved toward the bed saying, "No, it's OK, I can lay down next to you for a few minutes and hold you until you fall asleep if that's what you really want."

"It is," she whispered. "But hey you need to get out of those jeans and take off that shirt. I know I haven't done your laundry in a while and your mom's sheets are freshly cleaned so . . ."

"OK sure," he said figuring it was dark anyways so she wouldn't be able to see the still somewhat pronounced tent pole sticking out from under his dark boxers.

After he hurriedly undressed he crawled into bed next to her. Alyssa was stretched out on side facing him and as soon as he got himself settled down she whispered, "I have changed my mind."

For a moment his heart sank; she didn't want him in her bed after all?

"Instead of you holding me, I want to hold you. It's been a long time since you let me cuddle you in my arms honey."

"OK . . . if that's what you want."

"It is. Now turn your back to me honey and just relax."

After turning over on his side with his back to her, he waited in breathless anticipation of being held by his "mommy".

He could feel her breath in his ear, tickling him, before she began to whisper, "Honey, your needy mommy just wants one more thing from her baby."

"What?"

"That kiss you gave me good night was so good it left my poor heart begging for another one. Please baby could you give your mommy just one more kiss good night before she passes out on you."

He sighed as he turned his head meaning once again to aim for a soft kiss on her cheek. She was having none of it. Using one finger she deftly steered their lips together.

They kissed softly, once, twice, their lips parting and coming together again. After the second kiss he tried to pull away but she murmured a single word that set his whole world on fire, "More."

Once more, their lips came together, delicately exploring, parting, only to come together again. They shared another three or four, he lost count, gloriously soft sweet kisses before she finally pulled back whispering, "Hmm, that was nice. We should make doing this a tradition."

He was afraid to ask. Make what a tradition? Sleeping together, him in his boxers only, her topless in a pair of sexy sleep shorts, or the kissing part? Or maybe, could he be so lucky, both!

Within less than a minute she was out like a light snoring softly next to him; her arms wrapped tight around him in a tight spooning position, her big tits squished nicely up against his back.

He laid there for a few minutes wondering if he could somehow extract himself from the bed, without waking her up, before finally giving up and succumbing to a restless sleep.

A few hours later, he woke up with a painful erection. At some point while sleeping he managed to roll out of her tight embrace. Sitting up, he rubbed his eyes while trying to figure out what to do about his morning wood. Glancing at the digital alarm clock on her nightstand he saw that it was morning; 4:07 to be exact.

He knew what needed to be done—retreat back to his own room and have a very hot whack off session while reliving taking off her tank top but this time with the lights on so he could see her glorious mounds of joy.

With this thought squarely in mind he was just starting to pull the sheet down as a prelude of getting out of the bed when she rolled over. Mumbling she reached out and touched him lightly on his arm, "Good you're still here."

He held his breath hoping she would quickly fall back to sleep but instead she began tugging on his arm. "Come on snuggle up next to your mom honey. She wants to be held."

Turning onto her side, she continued to pull softly on his arm. It seemed he had no choice. He carefully snuggled his body against her as they assumed a new spooning position with this time him holding her.

He tried to keep his lower body somewhat away from her, fearful she would feel his large erection poking against her backside, but she was not complying. "You are too far away hon," she whispered.

Reaching back she placed one hand on his hip pulling him forward as she pushed her lower body back. Mumbling softly she said, "Mmmm, that is better. Now you are snuggled up against your mother the way she likes."

He held his breath willing for his erection to die a quiet death but it was not working. Instead with her backside snuggled tight against his crotch his erection was growing even more powerful.

As her breathing slowed, and then became steady, indicating she went back to sleep he considered his alternatives. Escaping from her bed to flee to his own room in order to take care of business was seemingly out of the question considering the way she was snuggled against him.

On the other hand, willing his erection to die and pass gently into that good night was not working. Something had to give . . . but what?

When she sighed in her sleep and kind of jiggled her ass snuggling it tighter against him-- that is against his raging hard on-- the answer came in the form of his involuntary response: he simply could not help himself as started to slowly hump his mother's ass.

When she showed no signs of coming awake due to his soft humping, he became more emboldened. Knowing if he was going to do this it should be done quickly, Jimmy reached down and carefully

managed to extract his rock hard seven and half inches from his boxers as he pulled it out of the fly in front.

The cool velvet of her sleep shorts felt fantastic against his hard cock. He slowly pumped his hips up and down rubbing himself against the velvety softness of her shorts covering her firm ass. Thinking of the way they kissed earlier combined with the way she invited him to take off her top left him approaching a climax in less than thirty seconds. He thought briefly of letting his hands wander up from being around her tummy to fondle her tits but decided not to press his luck. He was near to coming anyways.

Three more fast and hard pumps against her backside as she slept, blissfully unaware he assumed of his shenanigans, had his legs quivering as a prelude to a powerful orgasm. He was close, so close in fact, that it only took one more pump of his hips, the hardest yet though, before his cock exploded in a geyser of cum.

He held his breath hoping, praying maybe, she was still asleep. Her steady even breathing seemed to indicate his prayers were being answered.

His raging lust sated, he turned his attention to cleaning up his mess.

Carefully, he rolled away from her. Reaching down to the floor he searched for his discarded tee shirt knowing it was somewhere nearby. After some quick fumbling about in the dark he found it.

He used it to wipe the semen off his shrinking cock before turning his attention to his mom. Reaching out gingerly, he used his fingertips to probe the backside of her shorts searching for any signs of his sticky semen he must have left behind after ejaculating. Finally, he found it. A rather large blob of cum was caked on her shorts in the middle somewhat near the waistband.

He bunched his tee shirt up into a ball meaning to ever so carefully wipe the cum off her shorts as best as possible but then . . . Oh shit she rolled over and onto her back.

He waited a minute or two hoping she might turn back over but when she didn't, like a thief in the night, he stole out of her room and back down to his own room. He could only hope the stain would not be too noticeable on her pink shorts.

He woke up in the morning to the smell of bacon. After washing up, Jimmy wandered tentatively into the kitchen. He was worried about what happened last night; if she had maybe somehow discovered the stain, but after greeting him with a casual smile she seemed relatively normal.

Only relatively normal because usually when she made breakfast for him in the morning she wore a heavy white fuzzy robe showing no justice to her heavenly curves. But ahh today, instead she was wearing a pretty white robe adorned with small red flowers. Better still the robe was both thin and short. Thin enough to be nearly see thru, allowing him to notice how she was naked under it, while being just barely long enough to cover her ass.

He didn't complain about either the robe or the bacon and eggs she prepared for him. Nor did he have an issue when she plopped down across from him to enjoy her yogurt and grapefruit. They made some small talk, while he tried his best to keep his eyes off her chest. He mainly failed.

"Listen hon, I was thinking maybe around noon or so we could go enjoy a picnic."

"A picnic in October? Won't it be a little cold for that, Mother?"

"No, not really. The weather guy on the TV was gushing about how warm it was going to be today. The high is going to be seventy eight which is just shy of the October record for this time of year he said."

"Really, well that sounds OK weather wise but I can't really go to any parks remember . . . the stupid lockdown is effect for us young people."

"I know and that's why we are going to have our picnic out back. We got that big old yard and all that green grass beyond the pool. The yard guys were just out last week to cut the grass. We could hang out there, catch some sun, I'll pack us some sandwiches. We could maybe toss the Frisbee around if you want. I mean, don't you wanna get out of the house even if it's only in your own backyard and only to hang out with your mom?"

"You don't have to give me the hard sell, Mom. I'm there. You said noon right."

"Yes, go back to bed and take another nap so you aren't tired and moody with me. I don't think you slept too well last night. Maybe because I half dragged you into my bed to watch over me huh and you weren't so comfortable sleeping in your mom's bed next to her."

Considering what he did last night—to her—he really wasn't comfortable with this subject so trying to act as casual as possible he kept his reply short and simple, "I slept OK. It was alright sleeping next to you."

"You sure you slept OK, hon," she stood up and leaned over him, allowing him a nice view down her robe while she started to clear the table of the dirty dishes.

"Yeah," he mumbled while trying to avert his eyes.

"Because," she reached out and ran her fingers through his hair, "I felt you squirming around an awful lot especially toward the end of the night when you were snuggled up behind me."

"Yeah, well I tend to move around a lot in my sleep," he remarked while trying to quell the rising panic he was feeling. It was almost as if she was hinting around she knew what he did last night and really

wasn't upset about it—which would be fucking amazing, to say the least.

"You do, that is for sure. Anyways . . ." she walked away with their dishes and after dumping them in the sink, she turned back around, "I'm not complaining. I really enjoyed having you snuggled up next to me in the bed last night."

"You did?"

"Certainly and I was thinking maybe we could turn what happened last night into a little Friday night tradition of sorts. You know where your mother takes the night off from work so we can watch a movie with her handsome son while cuddled under a blanket. And, if you want, I could continue to get smashed every Friday night by drinking too much wine where you have to help me off to bed eventually and then maybe sleep next to me to keep me safe and sound. And, of course, just so you don't get all sour on me because you think I am dressing like an old lady every Friday night I will put on something nice . . . just for you."

He got up and stretched before smiling at her. "I think I could get into a tradition like that, Mom. Now I think I am going to take that nap you suggested."

He started to walk out of the kitchen when she hit him with one last surprise dagger—and what a dagger it was!

"Oh one more thing Jimmy before you go."

"Yeah," he said turning around to face her.

She had a serious look on her face. "I have told you about eating on the sofa and how you have to be careful especially when you have that frozen fish you like with your tartar sauce."

"I am careful and it's been awhile since I ate fish out on the sofa anyways."

"Oh well you must have been eating something out there that you spilled."

"Why?" he asked having really no idea what she was talking about . . . yet.

"Because I found a stain on my brand new pink sleep shorts I wore last night. It was on the butt and it looked kind of white and crusty so I figured I must have sat in something . . . you know like tartar sauce maybe." She paused now, giving him a sly smile before continuing with her damning statement, "But if you haven't had any of your fish out there lately . . . hmm, I don't know what it could be?"

Jimmy could feel his face getting hot. He was not much of a liar in the first place, especially to her, so he knew he was in a tight spot

here. "I don't know, maybe I did have some fish the other day and I think I might have spilled some . . . you know tartar sauce on the sofa."

"Funny how only now do you remember? Anyways just be careful in the future would you. I mean, I don't mind you making messes and all, that's what boys do." She was smiling again indicating what . . . she knew! "But only if you are honest about the . . . you know, the messes you make." Then came the dagger, "Even the big sticky ones."

"OK, sure Mom," he mumbled before fleeing to his room.

Once inside the safety of his room, he stretched out on his bed and just managed to get a short nap in after he was done berating himself for letting his lust get the better of him last night.

They made it out to the backyard closer to one than noon as he slept a bit longer than he intended. Just as her TV weather guy promised the afternoon was sunny and warm. She was wearing a white blouse over what appeared to some kind of orange top. Her blouse, unfortunately, was nearly buttoned all the way to the top not allowing him much of a glimpse underneath. Matched with her white blouse was a pair of canary yellow capri pants with draw strings. Her outfit was attractive overall but surprisingly conservative considering the way she dressed last night and this morning.

After laying out a large blanket, she arranged their lunch: tuna salad and an apple for her, and chips and a ham sandwich for him. After they ate she pulled the Frisbee out from the picnic basket.

"You wanna get some exercise hon," she said waving the blue Frisbee at him.

"Sure Mom," he replied. They moved to opposite ends of the large backyard and spent the next few minutes tossing the flying disc around. Jimmy was somewhat amazed at how graceful his mom was at tracking down his tosses, errant or otherwise, before remembering she had been a star volley ball player in high school.

After a good half hour or so of tossing the Frisbee around, Alyssa called out to him, "Hey your mom needs a break. It's really getting warm out here don't you think? Can we sit and rest for a minute on the blanket."

After sitting down on the blanket next to each other she started fanning her blouse out from her body.

"Mom do you wanna go inside and maybe turn the A/C on for a few minutes?"

"No actually it's fairly pleasant out here. I would like to take advantage of what might prove to be the last real sunny day of the

year and get some sun. I layered my clothes so I just going to get rid of the top layer if you don't mind. That should help cool me off."

"Sure," he replied.

Alyssa, ever the showoff, paused to make sure her son was looking her way. She gave him a warm smile as she stood up and first untied her capri pants before stripping them off. Underneath she was wearing a multi colored string bikini bottom. The strings were a bright orange while the actually bikini bottoms themselves had a white background adorned with little orange and red and yellow flower blossoms. They were unequivocally sexy as all hell.

When she started to unbutton her blouse his world went on tilt. Underneath the blouse that flash of orange he thought he spied earlier turned out to be a form fitting orange tube top with the bottom edge coming down just above her navel. As for the top edge, it looked to be having a fairly hard time containing those tremendous tits of hers.

Oh Christ he thought if what she was wearing wasn't first class jack off material nothing in his virus ravaged world was. He tried to avert his eyes but those tits simply demanded to be stared at as she settled back down next to him.

Giving him her patented coy smile, she said in a soft voice, "I guess by the way you are staring at your mom's outfit maybe indicates you like it?"

"Hmm, yeah, I mean it's OK. You should be cooler anyways and you certainly going to get some sun on your body."

"Speaking of my body, you know I think I might have kind of pulled a muscle in my neck or something while we were playing. Would you mind giving your mom a quick little neck and shoulder massage?"

"I suppose I could," he said before moving around behind her. Sitting up on his knees as she leaned back on her arms he started to softly knead her neck and shoulders.

"Mmmm, that feels good baby. I like how you are always so gentle with me."

"Of course, Mom," he said in a whisper, "how else would one be with a beautiful delicate rose such as yourself?"

"I don't know what's better . . . your words or your hands," she whispered back.

The neck and shoulder massage he gave her lasted maybe five long tortuous minutes where he found his eyes staring down helpless over her shoulders and onto those mountainous tits of hers. Oh how he wanted to let his hands slip down and start pawing them!

When he was done she stretched out on her back and then called out to him, "Do you have your phone hon?"

"Ahh yeah," he said pulling it out of the back pocket of his jeans.

"Here, gimmie it and let's take a selfie." Holding the phone up she whispered, "Come on don't be shy scrunch on up next to your mom."

She proceeded to snap off three quick shots of them smiling at the camera with their heads leaning close together. Handing him the phone she said, "Here take one of me alone . . . for your private collection."

Aiming the phone at her, he took a picture that turned out to be pure gold of her leaning back slightly, supported on her arms, her awesome chest thrust out for all its worth, her light brown/blond hair, curled beautifully at the ends, falling to the edge of the orange tube top. The look on her face, with her mouth opened slightly, flashing an almost smile, defined the word "sultry".

"Let me see," she said after he snapped the picture. Taking the phone out of his hand, she glanced at it before handing it back saying, "Hmm, I think you should like that one honey as it shows off your mom's best assets quite nicely don't you think?"

Deciding to tease her back a little he said, "Tell me, what'd think your best assets are?"

Without skipping a beat she replied, "My tits, of course, honey. Why what do you think your mom's best assets are?"

He wanted to agree but that would be too easy and maybe too expected. So he paused, searching for the perfect clever answer. After a second or two, he came up with something.

"Mom, it's impossible for me to rightly say what your best asset might be as you are the embodiment of perfection and as such, everything could be considered, quote unquote, your best asset."

She ruffled his hair. "What a charmer you are hon and that was such a sweet answer that it deserves a reward. How would you like to have formal candle light dinner tonight with me in the dining room?"

"Yeah sure . . . sounds wonderful Mom."

"We can even have a bit of wine with dinner and if you encourage me properly maybe you can get me drunk again after I get done with work." She paused, flashing him a mischievous smile before adding softly, "And if you are lucky, maybe you will have to end up having to sleep in your mom's bed again."

He really didn't know what to say to such an incredible offer so he simply replied softly, "Yeah that sounds nice, mostly except the 'after work' part."

"I'm sorry hon but its Saturday which is generally my biggest money making night. I promise we will hang out afterward I'm done."

Everything went perfectly as planned, until it didn't.

Their candle lit dinner was a dream. Alyssa came to the dinner looking simply fantastic in a tight short black dress that hugged her ample curves in all the right spots.

They traded playful barbs during dinner and then shared a nice slow dance with her clinging tightly to him. Jimmy up to this point couldn't been more happy . . . or horny.

Foolishly though he hoped their good time would continue unabated with her changing her mind about working. He tried to talk her out of doing her cam show tonight but she was adamant.

Around nine she told him, "Just take a nap or something. I will only be a few hours and we will meet back at midnight on the sofa. We can watch a late movie or something. Have some wine ready for me, OK."

He sighed, disappointed he couldn't get her to blow off work. "OK sure. Midnight I will be waiting, but don't be late."

After retiring to his room he set his alarm for 11:35 pm. As he stretched out on his bed, he tried to be good and just fall asleep but it was useless; his mind kept insisting on wandering back to this afternoon and how hot she looked in that ultra-sexy orange tube top and matching bikini bottom.

Unable to resist he pulled his phone out and furiously jerked off while staring at the picture he took of her "for his collection" as she so eloquently put it. He couldn't help but to wonder: did she know he was going to do this and was actually encouraging him. The picture, after all, was her suggestion. The thought of his mother actually wanting him to whack off while dreaming of her only made him all the more hot and bothered.

After his intense orgasm Jimmy was able to take a long nap, his lust sated for the time being. He was awoken by his alarm and after taking a quick shower and brushing his teeth, he headed out to the living room hoping his mom would be there waiting for him.

Nope. Passing her closed bedroom door she could hear her talking. Yeah, she was still doing her stupid cam show probably. Resisting the urge to pause and listen, he instead went to the living room trusting she was almost done and would be there at midnight like she promised.

A little bit after midnight he impatiently called her number. She did not pick up.

A few minutes later, after she still hadn't come out of her bedroom, he sent her a text reminding her he was not so patiently waiting for her. When she didn't bother to respond he stormed off to the back porch highly upset.

Dropping appreciably all during the night, the temperature now was hovering around forty four degrees. Jimmy was dressed in a pair of shorts and a short sleeved tee shirt, thinking they would be hanging out on the sofa, and was starting to feel the cold out on the open porch. He didn't care, mumbling to himself, "I should feel cold . . . like my heart toward hers."

After glancing at his phone, it was 12:23 am, he slammed his hand down on the porch table. Hard. If, and when, she finally showed up and came looking for him he would not be in a forgiving mood.

It was quarter to midnight when Alyssa finished her show. If she hurried she could have kept her midnight date with her son but she had other priorities for the moment.

After trying to take care of these priorities, she came close, but with Jimmy interrupting her twice so she couldn't quite finish, she gave up. Slipping her robe on over her naked body, she popped her head out into the hallway, calling out to him as she assumed he would still

be in the living room waiting for her. "Jimmy, honey, I know I'm late, but I'm coming out now."

When there was no response she stepped out into the hallway. Craning her neck she observed the living room appeared empty. He was probably in the kitchen. As she crossed the living room and went through the dining area on the way to the kitchen she felt a cold draft. The glass sliding door heading out to the porch was half open.

She was about to shut it when she noticed him slumped down in a chair, his back to the door. "Honey, look I'm sorry. I--"

"Go away," he snapped at her. Alyssa sighed heavily. He was really pissed. This was going to take some work on her part.

"Look, it is cold out there come on inside and let me explain."

"Fuck that. I would rather stay out here, alone and cold, then talk to you right now."

"Fine," she mumbled to herself before shutting the glass sliding door.

Heading back to her bedroom she stepped inside her walk in closet. After flipping on the light, she spotted one of Roger's old shirts laying on the floor. She had kept several of his favorite shirts as souvenirs. It must have fallen off its hanger as she rooted around

earlier looking for something appropriately sexy to slip on for her web cam show.

Picking up the shirt, a blue and black checkered heavy flannel shirt she decided to put it on. First, in honor of her husband, and second because if Jimmy would not come in the house to talk, she would obviously have to go outside in the cold to talk to him.

She was about to throw on a pair of old jeans when she paused. Maybe I should try to get his attention a little bit she thought to herself. Making the decision to forgo putting on the jeans, or anything for that matter besides the flannel shirt she made her way out of the closet.

The shirt was a little big on her coming down just far enough to cover her butt. She knew this as having, on occasion, worn this particular shirt-- it had been his favorite hunting shirt—usually when she was really missing him.

After a quick trip to the bathroom to check her makeup, it won't hurt to look at least a little pretty for him, she headed out to the porch to try and mend fences with her son.

She paused at the glass sliding door, he was still sitting there slumped over, mumbling to himself. She opened the door a bit. "Honey come inside please."

No response.

"Fine I will come out there," she said.

Outside on the porch, she stood next to him for a quiet moment and when he would not acknowledge her presence she tried ruffling his hair—he had always liked when she did that—but apparently not now. As soon as she touched him he jerked away snapping, "Don't touch me."

He was not going to engage in any sort of conversation with her but after observing the way she was dressed, some kind of dark button up shirt with no pants and knowing how she didn't like being cold, he was actually starting to feel sorry for her, especially after she shivered mumbling under her breathe, "Jesus after such a warm day now it's so cold tonight."

"Go inside. I will be in in a minute."

"No you won't. I can always tell when you are lying. I am your mother and you are just saying that to get rid of me. I am staying out here as long as it takes."

"As long as what takes?" he asked knowing he shouldn't have taken the bait but unable to help himself.

"Until you are ready to hear my confession."

"What confession?"

"The one I need to make. I will tell you no more about it. You will just have to hear it. Now are you ready?"

"No, not really and probably won't be for hours. I just want to sit the fuck out here . . . maybe all night."

"Then I guess I will sit the fuck out here next to you all damn night myself . . . and freeze my tits off."

He shook his head. She just had to draw attention to her tits didn't she? "Mom go inside, please. We will talk tomorrow. Promise."

"Yet another lie. No, it's important you hear what I have to say . . . now." She reached out to grab his hand. He tried to yank it away but she was persistent.

After squeezing his hand tight, she moved her chair closer. Dropping her voice to a low whisper she said, "Please Jimmy. I need to make this confession and you need to hear it. It's important. If you can't do it for me do it for your father. It's the anniversary, it's been one year today since he died."

After a long pause he quietly said, "Go ahead then. I am listening. I guess I didn't realize this was the day."

Alyssa took a moment to arrange her thoughts. She needed to pick her words carefully. "Me and your father started dating when we were both in junior high. We were so in love with each other it wasn't even funny. Then in high school I got pregnant with you. I dropped out and we got married and the rest, as they say, is history."

"Yeah, I kind of know all that Mom . . . well except for I didn't know you started dating in junior high."

"Yeah, we did. Now this is the real important part so listen closely. He is the only man I have ever been with . . . you know sexually. He was all I ever wanted or needed honey. When I was a sophomore and he was a junior after we made love for the first time, we were both virgins, we made a sacred vow."

She paused, squeezing his hand tighter. "What was it?" he asked quietly.

"To never be with another person . . . forever . . . even if one of us was to . . . to, you know, pass early for whatever reason. Of course, when you are young like that you can't imagine dying for any reason. We figured to grow old and grey together meaning by the time one of us finally died the other would be so old anyways sex wouldn't really matter."

Now it was his turn to squeeze her hand tight. "But it didn't turn out that way," Jimmy said.

"No, not at all." She took a deep breath. "I have kept that vow, Jimmy and want to keep it but it's hard, baby. Really hard because your mother misses sex--"

"Mom," he said interrupting her, "you sure you want to tell me all this? You don't have to."

"Yes I do. Now let me finish my full confession." Her voice possessed a rough edge to it indicating she was deadly serious. He shut his mouth and after a minute she started to talk again.

"Those cam shows you hate so much, besides paying the bills, they are a release of sorts for me. When I am masturbating for whoever during a show you know I am thinking of your father and that is what gets me off and gets me paid. But tonight was different and I need to tell you why I was late and you need to listen with an open heart but can we please go inside."

Sensing they were on the verge of something special, Jimmy allowed himself to be led inside and over to the sofa. Once inside the living room, he could see she was wearing one of his dad's old hunting shirts.

"You have on dad's shirt. The one he used to go hunting in all the time?" He almost added, and you aren't wearing a fucking bra either. She had left just enough buttons undone at the top of the shirt to make this fact patently obvious.

Yeah, I know it's silly but wearing it makes me feel closer to him. Anyways now we are ready so here my confession. Please just listen, no questions."

He nodded his head OK.

"I was going to do my usual tonight toward the end of the show and make myself have an orgasm by masturbating while thinking of your father. I had the whole thing arranged to try and time my orgasm right at midnight in honor of the anniversary, but then I decided I didn't want to share his memory with a stranger . . . not tonight so I cut the show short a few minutes before midnight. I stripped so I was completely naked and then lit a whole bunch of candles. We used to both enjoy making love by candle light. I crawled into bed after checking the time. It was 11:51. I had nine minutes to get myself off. I set my phone to record as a sort of sexy keepsake so later on I could play back my orgasm. I tend to get loud when I get worked up honey."

"Yeah, I know," he said before he could stop himself.

"Hmm, so you do listen to me sometimes," she said giving him a mischievous smile that only grew more mischievous as his face

started to flush beet red. "It's OK baby, it's only natural you being curious and listening."

"Yeah, I guess," he mumbled as he wondered just where all this was leading.

"So after a bit of foreplay where I was softly fingering myself and playing with my big titties I got worked up enough to start fucking myself silly with my favorite large dildo, thinking of him, and was almost there when my phone started buzzing."

She paused to look at him seriously saying nothing more. When she continued to say nothing he finally figured out what she wanted.

"I guess that was when I called you. I had come out to the living room to meet you, like we agreed, and you weren't there."

"I don't blame you but I was just about there. I didn't bother to check the phone. I knew it was you. I just didn't want to take the time because I was still on fire . . . down there. So I ignored it and went back to work, you know, and was almost there again when about maybe three or four minutes later my phone started to chirp. My impatient son was texting me this time and again ruined my chance to have an orgasm."

"Mom I'm sorr--" He wanted to apologize even though he could scarcely believe she was telling him all this.

"Shhh," she said putting a finger to his mouth. "Just listen." She pulled out her phone. "This is my recording. After your text. Please listen real close honey to your mother. Just give me a minute to find the important part."

She brought the phone to her ear listening it for a minute then gave him a half smile before setting the phone down on the coffee table with the volume turned up.

He first heard the sound of the sheets rustling in her bed and then her heavy breathing along with some more rustling of the sheets. He leaned in listening closer. He could hear her actually panting for a good minute before she started to whisper just barely loud enough for him to hear.

"Oh God, honey . . . that feels so good. Oh you are doing so good baby. I like that . . ." There was a brief pause before he heard the words. Words which would burn down his entire world, louder this time, "Mommy likes that baby. Oh come on, Jimmy you are going to make me come huh . . . oh just like that . . ."

Her voice was rising, the rustling noises growing louder, "Oh God Jimmy, fuck me harder . . . harder baby!"

She clicked off the recording and was staring at him. His mouth was hanging open. His poor heart was racing so hard he thought he might be having a fucking heart attack.

"Yes, I switched my fantasy of being fucked by your father to being fucked by you. I didn't do it on purpose. It just happened honey. Now you have to understand something, before you pass judgement." She reached out gathering both of his hands into hers.

"You remind me so much of him. Your thick brown hair, your soft hazel eyes, the shape of your cheekbones, even the arc of your nose . . . it's all so similar to his. Your quiet, shy demeanor, the intense jealousy you feel over me, how you show that jealousy with sarcastic little comments is just like him. The way you fawn over me, always putting my happiness first, the way you look at me, with so much love and, yes, desire. I'm not just your mother but a woman and I fully understand these things. Now add to the mix we are both sort of trapped here. You by the virus and me because of by my vows."

She stared at him, her eyes watering, before she finally finished by whispering, "We both only have one release honey. You must understand that?"

He shook his head yes, before whispering, "I think maybe I do."

She got to her feet. Turning to look at him she reached down with one hand to brush her hand lightly across his cheek. "Do you love your mother, Jimmy?"

"Yes, more than anything in this world."

She found his hands and helped pull him to his feet. "Follow me," she said simply.

"We are we going?" he asked numbly as he allowed himself to be led across the living room.

"To your mom's bedroom." She turned to face him. "Last night I wanted you in my bed because I was dizzy from the wine, but tonight I don't want you in my bed . . . I need you in my bed . . . badly. I need your love, baby. Your mother can't take being alone anymore."

When they reached the doorway to her room he pulled back just enough to make her stop. Turning she leaned back against the open doorway. "What is it honey?"

"Are you sure you want to do this, Mom?"

"Close your eyes honey and I will whisper my answer to you."

He closed his eyes and waited breathlessly for her answer.

It came in the form of several light airy kisses placed directly on his lips.

Moving her mouth to his ear she whispered, "Do you like my answer?"

"Y-yes," he managed to stammer.

"Just so we are completely clear. . ." She brought her lips to his once more giving him several more delicate kisses before opening her mouth. Her tongue slithered out, tasting his lips, as her kisses grew more urgent.

"Answer me back honey," she whispered in between kisses. Jimmy, lost in a world of forbidden passion, obeyed.

He kissed her back, the passion which had been building inside of him all summer finally came roiling out as his tongue arced neatly into his mom's mouth.

The sound of their kisses, loud and aggressive continued to reverberate through the quiet house before, after nearly a dozen or so kisses, she pulled back.

Reaching up, Alyssa touched his face lightly. She stared at him, her eyes touching his soul as she begin to speak in a sultry whisper, "I know you were watching your mom all summer baby, from your bedroom window as she laid out by the pool in her skimpy blue bikini . . . weren't you? Don't ruin things now by lying . . . about anything, Jimmy. I need to hear the truth and you need to confess it

. . . just like your mother confessed to her wicked sins just a moment ago."

Alyssa gave him a severe look before adding, almost fiercely, "Tell me now!"

Jimmy whispered "OK" before taking a moment to organize his thoughts. "I was watching you . . . like you said from my window."

"That is a good start now go on," she prompted while reaching down to fiddle with the buttons on her shirt.

"I enjoyed watching you. You looked so sexy in your bikini, Mom," he said as the first of the six buttons on her shirt came undone.

"I think maybe you only watched at first but by the end of the summer you were doing more than maybe watching honey," she whispered as her fingers slipped down to the second button. "Tell me the more you were doing."

He took a deep breath. "Yes, I . . . by the end of the summer I was . . . I was touching myself while I watched you."

"Were you hard sweetheart? Tell your Mom," she asked sweetly as the second button came undone and she moved to the third.

"Yes, I was hard."

"And did you . . . keep touching yourself until you made a big sticky mess honey?" she asked while unfastening the third button. "Like you did on my pink shorts last night?"

"Jesus, you . . . you know about that?"

"Yes, now answer my question," she said.

"I made a mess yes, all the time. I couldn't resist," he told her obviously relieved she was not at all upset by what he did last night. He swallowed hard as more of her lonely tanned chest was now revealed when the third button came gently undone.

"What about that picture I suggested you take of me earlier . . . you know the one where your mom was wearing her cute little orange tube top. I wonder did you pull that up on your phone later and . . ." The fourth and fifth buttons both came free now as she looked at him expectedly.

"Yes I did."

"Was the result another sticky mess baby?" she asked while the final button came undone.

Yes," he said before sighing.

Her shirt was completely unbuttoned now. As it hung invitingly open a large swatch of her beautifully tanned chest down the middle was fully exposed to his wide staring eyes while the best parts—those deliciously ripe nipples—were still just barely covered.

"So you have been dreaming about your mom's big tits while I was flaunting them in that tight little orange tube top of mine?"

He nodded his head yes as she reached out and guided his hands to either side of her unbuttoned shirt.

"Go ahead honey. You have to take this final step on your own."

He licked his lips as he gripped her shirt. Wanting to sear the image into his brain for all time, he slowly, ever so slowly, pulled her shirt open.

"Oh . . . my . . . God," he whispered under his breath as his mom's immense tits were finally revealed to him for the first time.

Indeed, he had been dreaming of them and now here they were in all their perfectly tanned glory.

"Do you like them baby?" she whispered as she leaned against the doorway tilting her head seductively to one side.

Before he could answer she reached out saying, "Wait. Don't answer that. Let me find the answer on my own."

He stood, stiff as a statue, staring at his mom's huge tits as she went hunting for her answer.

It didn't take her long as one of her hands slipped down to the bulge hiding inside his jeans. "Hmm, I think I found my answer. God honey you are so hard. Jesus I didn't know a young man could get that hard over their Mom!"

"You . . . you aren't your typical Mom," he said quietly.

"Well let's see if your non-typical mom can get her son somehow even harder . . ." She gave him a coy smile while bringing one arm up to support her tits while she whispered, "You can touch them if you want honey. I mean you have been fantasizing of touching them haven't you?"

"Oh Christ, yes," he answered before he very slowly, not wanting this mad dream to dissipate by him making any sudden moves, brought his hands up cupping her boobs delicately.

While he gently cupped her tits, they embarked on another wicked kissing session leaving them both breathless.

Wanting him to know what was happening wasn't just about cheap sex she grabbed both his hands off her breasts before kissing each in turn as she whispered, "Your mother loves you so much baby . . . so, so, very much. You must know that."

"I do, just as you must know that you are the bright sun of my world. Without you I would wither and die."

She smiled at him as she gently guided his hands back down to the mighty summit of her tits. "You can fondle your mom's big boobs as much as you want baby but just remember to be gentle at all times," she told him as she leaned back against the door jamb.

Jimmy, taking her cue to heart, meticulously rubbed his hands all over her tits, giving them several tender squeezes, before flickering his fingers across her nipples making them snap to attention. Liking the way she squirmed when he did this Jimmy purposefully did it over and over again.

After she let out a low hiss, she whispered, "I see you are like your father in one regard . . . he also loved playing with my nipples."

Alyssa dropped one of her hands to his jeans once more, busying herself with rubbing her hand against his crotch, as their mouths collided, tongues battling as their passion started to boil over.

Jimmy, warming to the task, jabbed his tongue deep in his mom's mouth, exploring to his heart's content as she started to squirm under his teasing assault on her nipples.

"Now speaking of your father. I want you to follow in his footsteps honey and do whatever I command you to do. Can you do that for me?"

At this point he would have lit himself on fire if she had asked him.  
"Yes, anything you want Mom."

"OK drop down to your knees sweetie. You are going to start by worshipping your Mom's ass."

After he dropped to his knees, she turned around while pulling the shirt up.

"Now do what you have been doing all your life," she demanded in a voice husky with pent up desire, "and kiss your mom's ass . . . all over."

Jimmy took an inordinate amount of time and care in first running his tongue up and down both his mom's butt cheeks while stroking her thighs with his hands. His tongue action quickly turned to his showering her golden tanned ass with dozens of kisses as she stretched her arms up and pushed her butt out for him to worship.

After allowing her son to crisscross her butt with a plethora of kisses, Alyssa turned around. He was still on his knees, ready to continue worshipping at the altar of his mom's beautiful sexy body. Smiling down at him, she pulled open the shirt, and then pointing to her tummy she whispered, "Kiss your way up to your mom's boobs honey . . . slowly . . . and when you reach them you better worship them with that hungry mouth of yours like your very life depends on it."

Starting just above her navel Jimmy patiently followed his mom's instructions kissing his way across her flat abs. His whole body was quivering with anticipation as he twirled his tongue ever closer to her mighty mountains. After reaching their base he looked up at her.

She helped him to his feet. "Go on honey, show me how you have been imagining how you would be kissing and sucking on your mom's tits and don't hold back."

After taking a long minute to admire his mother's breasts, he slowly lowered his face to her chest, sprinkling it with dozens of light airy kisses before he turned his attentions to her fully erect nipples.

Alyssa was beside herself with lust as her son teased her sensitive nipples with his young, eager tongue before suckling on them with so much tender loving care. She was undeniably blessed with both extra-large and extra sensitive areolas, a fact that her young and previously innocent son was in the process of happily discovering as pulled back slightly while bringing his hands up to use his thumbs to gently bat her erect nipples back and forth.

She was on the verge of losing control when he finally let up. Smiling at her he mouthed the words, "You like that, Mommy?"

"Yes, but are you done already?" Leaning back against the doorjamb again she thrust her boobs out in an implicit invitation.

Bringing his mouth down, he forced himself to be deliberate. He started slowly raining light kisses all over the vast twin peaks of both her breasts before finally letting his tongue loose to attack her ripe nipples again. She hissed, louder this time, as his tongue quickly found its mark.

"That feels so good honey . . . suck on them please honey," she whispered.

Refusing to give in to her pleas right away, she continued to flash his tongue quickly across her nipples causing her to whimper.

"Please baby, stop teasing Mommy and suck on them . . . I am begging you," she whispered fiercely in a voice husky with passion.

The whole thing was so surreal—his mom begging him to suck on her tits—and if it wasn't for his hard throbbing cock trapped inside his jeans—no way could he be this hard and be asleep-- he might have been dreaming.

Opening his mouth wide, Jimmy went to work sucking on his mom's tits old school, wrapping his lips around first one nipple, and then the other, sucking like a hungry baby.

He tongued one after the other of her magnificently large areolas while bringing his hands up to lightly squeeze them while tugging gently on her nipples with his teeth. Opening his mouth wider, he proceeded to stuff as much of her tit flesh as possible into his mouth while flickering his tongue out and across her nipple.

Alyssa's passion was growing desperately out of control as her son's eager attentions to her tits was driving her insane with longing to have his hard cock stuffed inside of her.

After getting his jeans undone-- yanking them down almost viciously—Alyssa grabbed his boxers and practically tore them off. Turning around, she stretched her arms up high presenting her back side for him to plunder.

"Your mom needs you . . . NOW! Put it inside me . . . please baby."

Not waiting for a response, she reached back and finding his hard cock she guided it to the edge of her pussy. Jimmy gripped her hips with both hands before he grunted as he drove his cock deep inside of his mother.

She let out a little yelp as his seven inches drove home. "Oh God that's it baby, fuck me hard honey . . . harder!" she pleaded.

Jimmy, out of control with desperate lust, slammed his cock into his mother over and over again. Her cries of pleasure only drove him to greater heights of passion. After a half dozen hard thrusts he was almost there.

He rocked into her one last time before the orgasm came rushing home and he exploded deep inside of her. He felt his knees buckle, he had never come before standing up, as he collapsed against her.

Holding each other tight they managed to stumble inside the bedroom. Once under the covers of her bed, Jimmy dozed off in her arms with his head nestled gently in the deep valley between her tits.

He woke up sometime later, it was still dark inside her bedroom and h was still nestled in her arms. "Mother, are you awake," he whispered to her.

"Mmm, only if you are ready to have some more fun sweetheart," she mumbled while running her fingers through his hair.

"I am," he replied simply.

"First give me a minute to go slip into something a little sexy huh. Go ahead and light the candles on both of your mom's nightstands baby."

As he busied himself lighting the candles Alyssa first disappeared into her closet before emerging wearing her fuzzy white robe. Crossing the room to the bathroom she told him, "I will be just a minute. I need to fix my hair."

After he put his jeans back on got comfortable on the bed waiting for her. It turned out to be much longer than a minute, but it was well worth it.

Having fixed her hair in a pair of attractive twin pony tails, and having put on a full complement of makeup, Alyssa went all out to make herself as pretty as possible for her young son in preparation of Act II of their forbidden drama.

Her chosen two piece outfit made her look nothing short of a divine blue angel sent by heaven. The sheer top was a powder blue camisole decorated by an elegant scrolling of pretty flowers that did a wonderfully delicious job of presenting those amazing tits of hers in

such a way Jimmy was already growing hard from staring at them. The boy short panty bottoms, blue like the top and adorned with the same scrolling of flowers, was as equally sheer as the top complementing it perfectly.

"You like what I am wearing. I picked this out especially for you honey as I know blue is your favorite color." She came floating up to him as he sat awestruck on the bed his eyes trapped by those enormous areolas on full display under the snug fitting see thru top. "No one has ever seen me in this before sweetie. I was saving it for us . . . I bought it sometime during the summer with the anticipation of wearing it for you one night."

"Jesus Mom, really . . . you bought this for me . . . during the summer? You knew then?"

"Yes I knew the day I first spotted you staring out your bedroom window spying on me as I laid out in the sun in my bikini that you wanted to be with your mother."

He swallowed hard unable to fathom she knew his secret, all this time, but yet said nothing. She sat down on the bed next to him--about to tell him something else which would blow his mind.

"Honey, I was wondering if maybe you could do your mom a favor. I bought something last year a little bit before your father's accident. It was supposed to be for the both of us and . . . well here, let me show you."

She reached over pulling open the bottom drawer of the nightstand. His heart skipped a beat when he observed what she pulled out: a pair of shiny black fur lined handcuffs.

"I had planned on surprising your father with these but before I could . . . you know." She sat on the bed next to him. "We had talked about adding a bit of kink to our relationship for a long time and finally I had worked up the courage to allow him to subdue me with these."

"Jesus Mom you want me to . . ." He could hardly believe it. This was going from surreal to downright . . . fantastic.

"Yes I want you to subdue your mommy and then do whatever your little heart desires to me. It might be fun. Would you be willing to try?"

Of course he was fucking willing to try.

Alyssa hurried off to get a few additional items other than the handcuffs for their kinky playtime: a bottle of champagne stuffed in a bucket filled with ice and a single long red feather. Back inside the bedroom she placed the champagne bucket on the nightstand while dropping the long red feather on the bed next to the shiny black handcuffs.

Jimmy led his mother over to her four poster king size bed. Their newest adventure started with a series of passionate kisses as he gently eased her up against up against one of the tall posts at the foot of the bed.

"Now I am going to clasp my hands together behind the post and then you go ahead and slap the cuffs on me," she told him in a voice breaking with pent up excitement over what they were about to do.

Jimmy secured her wrists with the cuffs and then took a step back to admire things. It was perfect--she was at his utter mercy. Staring at her colossal tits he felt like a little kid at Christmas who had just received the absolute most perfect pair of toys to play with--ever.

"Now use your imagination, maybe pour us both a glass or two of champagne . . ." She paused smiling before adding, "Or even three to kick things off and just so you know when your mother gets tipsy I tend to get really friendly and a bit wild sweetheart. And then after you get me good and drunk you can do whatever you want to me . . . for the rest of the night."

Jimmy hurriedly poured her first glass of champagne and brought it up to her lips. He tipped it forward allowing her to greedily gulp it down and then repeated the process over the course of the next few minutes until she polished off three full glasses-- minus a few generous sips he took along the way.

"I think its playtime," she said before giggling. "Any ideas?"

Indeed he had more than a few.

Filling up yet another flute of champagne this time he added several small ice cubes to the glass. Tipping it to her mouth he allowed his now tipsy mother another couple sips before yanking the glass back.

Smiling he said, "We have to save the rest."

"We do?" she asked smacking her lips.

"Yes, for these." He pulled the glass back holding it over her chest before, with an evil grin, he slowly tipped it forward. Laughing, he whispered, "They look thirsty."

Realizing what he was about to do, Alyssa immediately began to beg. "Oh God no. Please honey you know how sensitive I am to cold--"

The ice cold champagne came cascading out of the flute and onto her tits making Alyssa cringe.

Jimmy stared at his mother, stared at her tits that is, as she shuddered while trying to helplessly avoid the cold stream of champagne being unceremoniously spilled down and onto her tits.

"Damn that is so cold, Son!" Alyssa whined when the last of the champagne finally was drained from the flute.

"What . . . so cold you want some more you say," Jimmy happily retorted as he turned away and quickly refilled the flute.

"No, Jimmy. Please no more I can't . . ."

This time he favored a much more direct approach. The few generous sips of champagne he enjoyed earlier left him feeling bold and reckless. Without thinking he snapped at her, "Shut up mother and take your teasing in silence . . . like I had to all summer."

He snapped his wrist forward flinging the entire contents of the cold champagne all over her chest absolutely soaking the clingy blue camisole.

This was not going to the way Alyssa had expected it to. She wanted to yell and scream at him but instead decided a softer, gentler approach might be better. "Honey, please you are wasting the champagne and please I can't take anymore. Maybe you should just release me and we can go to bed where you can do anything you want to me. I--"

"I can do anything I want to you now," he replied coolly, "and if you don't be quiet and let me think I will leave you like this for the rest of the night . . . after I open all the windows of course."

So much for the gentle approach. "Jimmy, I demand you release me!" she barked at him. "Now damn it!"

Ignoring her angry request he strode across the room to her window. Wrenching it open he wondered if this would make her take him seriously. If not, then maybe this. Moving over to the candles he started to blow them out.

Alyssa, feeling a cold draft of air enter the bedroom, began to beg earnestly now. "Jimmy, please, pretty please, shut the window and . . ." She stopped whining. The room was starting to get dark. Twisting her head around, she watched as he was blowing out the candles one by one.

"Honey you . . . you can't leave me here in the dark. Please. . . ."

Feeling drunk with power, Jimmy, adding a hard edge to his voice, snapped, "OK then do as I say and stop your goddamn whining. Suffer your teasing in silence . . . again like I had to all summer!"

"OK, yes I shall be quiet," Alyssa quickly replied.

"Good." He hurried across the room and shut the window before turning his attention back to her.

"Now since you don't want any more champagne dumped on your boobs and I am not quite done teasing them I will have to think of something else. Hmm . . ."

His gaze fell to the bucket of ice the champagne was sitting in as a most wicked idea came to him. Fishing out two of the larger ice cubes from the bucket, he dropped them in the empty flute. Grinning, he walked over to his mother.

Looking at her, she appeared somewhat dazed; maybe like a deer caught in headlights. Carefully he slipped a pair of fingers up and under the edge of the camisole and slowly lifted it up to fully reveal her tits.

Taking the ice cubes out of the flute he carefully began rubbing them all over her nipples making his mom squirm something awful. Laughing he announced happily, "How do you cool the world's hottest mom off . . . with ice cubes of course!"

Alyssa bit her lip hard, resisting the urge to beg for him to stop. After a few more circular passes with the ice cubes, Jimmy dropped them back into the glass and picked up the feather.

Starting with her mid-section he stroked her abs in a zig zag pattern slowly making his way ever upward. By the way she was softly moaning the soft red feather was having its desired effect on her. As the feather slipped up onto her boobs, Alyssa begin to moan even

louder, but better yet was the way her intense squirming was making those big boobs of hers jiggle and bounce up and down.

Using the long red feather like a finger Jimmy flickered it carefully across each of her fully erect nipples in turn making his mother moan and squirm even louder to his utter delight.

He spent the next few minutes circling the feather all around her sensitive nipples until her squirming and moaning reached epic proportions.

After dropping the feather, he brought his mouth up to her neck. He started to kiss it softly as his hand slipped down and inside her boy shorts.

"Christ, Mommy you are so wet," he whispered as he slipped one finger inside of her. Crushing his mouth up against hers they engaged in a series of passionate kisses which made their earlier make out session seem like mere child's play.

Breaking the kiss off, Jimmy considered teasing her some more but when she whispered, panted was maybe more like it, "Please baby you have . . . have to make me come," he simply could not resist.

He kissed his way down past her neck and onto her boobs. Lashing his tongue out, he attacked her nipples ferociously as Alyssa closed

her eyes. Leaning her head back, she thrust her boobs out for his enjoyment.

Dropping to his knees, he slowly pulled down her lace shorts to reveal the world's most heavenly pussy up close and personal. Jimmy was a novice when it came to eating pussy, but what he lacked in experience he made up for in sheer enthusiasm.

He gauged how he was doing by her reactions to where his flickering, darting tongue landed. After a few delicious miscues he found her clit assaulting it with his eager tongue.

He resisted the urge to smile as his mom's moans filled the quiet room as did her desperate pleas. "Please baby . . . Oh God that's it . . . don't stop . . . eat your mommy's pussy please baby make me come."

Burying his face between her legs his tongue lashed at her swollen clit as he brought his index finger up, pumping it up and inside of her. It was all becoming too much. Overheated already by her son's teasing, Alyssa dived head first into one of the most intense orgasms of her life.

Hitting her like a runaway freight train, the orgasm rushed home as her loud moans reverberated throughout the quiet room. "OH GOD . . . BABY MOMMY IS COMMMING . . ."

Rising to his feet, Jimmy looked at his mother. She was still gasping for breath as he reached out and stroked the side of her pretty face. "Was that nice Mommy?"

"Oh Jesus honey that was so intense. I have never come that hard even on your father's best nights." It was a little white lie maybe but why not make her son feel good about his first time.

"Should I get the keys and release you now."

"Hmm, not quite yet. It's my turn now and I think I want to be still helpless when I do it."

"Do what?" he whispered.

She answered by slowly sliding down the post to her knees. Staring directly at the large bulge in his jeans she whispered, "Take those fucking jeans off sweetheart. Your mommy wants that big cock of yours in her mouth."

Looking down, his erect cock jutting out mere inches from his mom's mouth, Jimmy simply could not believe his very first blow job in life would be coming from his mother-- as she was handcuffed to a post on her bed.

"Oh God . . ." he whispered as she slowly took him in her warm mouth. Without having the use of her hands giving her son a blowjob was a little more difficult than Alyssa imagined it might be but she was a quick learner.

Reaching down, Jimmy placed his hand on the back of her head "forcing" her to take more of him into her willing mouth.

Alyssa went to work worshipping her son's cock. First, she twisted her mouth around and under his hard member licking the underside of it like a popsicle.

"Jesus, Mom that is so good," Jimmy mumbled as his head lolled back.

Once she heard him begin to moan, Alyssa swirled her tongue around the sensitive underside of his throbbing cock before she took him fully into her mouth.

Going slow she swallowed his hardness inch by delicious inch making her son shiver with anticipation. Dipping her head up and down, she sucked on him in earnest now eager to taste his cum for the first time.

Jimmy was near to blowing his load as his mom twisted her head around to take even more of him into her willing mouth.

Jimmy not at all trying to fight the pending orgasm submitted. "Mommy, I am going to come in your mouth," he whispered seeking permission maybe.

Alyssa response was simple: she increased her speed while taking as much of him as deep as possible into her experienced mouth. She pulled back just long enough to lash her tongue around the head of his cock three or four times before nearly gagging as she swallowed him whole.

Jerking his hips forward, Jimmy let out one last whimper before releasing his load in his mom's mouth.

Alyssa looked up at her son with a smug little smile on her face before he collapsed next to her onto his knees. Hugging her tight he brought his mouth to her ear whispering, "God I love you so much. You are the best mom ever."

"Well I would hope so," she replied as he unlocked the cuffs.

They fell blissfully asleep snuggled deep in each other's arms, resting up for their next adventure which-- if you asked Jimmy-- could not come soon enough.