

Love & Comfort

Act I

Author's note:

This is an improved revision (hopefully) from a story I originally did back in 2015. I am re-releasing it because finally I have the second act done which will be released shortly after this "new and improved version."

Sometimes you have to go through Hell to get to Heaven. Such was the case for young Jimmy. Hell came in the form of the tour of duty he served during the second Korean War which started roughly 66 years after the truce that ended the initial war in 1953. Subsequently, he found Heaven sometime after arriving home.

He was suffering from what the doctors called Post War Sleep Disorder (PWSD). Simply put, the young man could not get a peaceful night's sleep to save his life. The six months of almost continuous combat he experienced, coupled with his 18 month stint as a POW in a horrific North Korean prisoner of war camp, had left him deeply scarred, both mentally and emotionally.

The war and its aftermath was his own personal hell. But if you asked him, "would you do it all over again," the answer would be a resounding yes for it was this hell that set the stage for him to find an especially heavenly love in the arms of an angel—his beautiful mother.

Amanda heard her son pacing restlessly in his room at night. These were the occasions when he gave up on sleep altogether. Other

nights when he slept out of utter exhaustion after being awake for two or three days, she heard anguished cries plaguing his sleep.

A mother's heart is a fragile thing, especially when it comes to an only child, so it was no surprise that poor Amanda wept for her son to the point of complete despair. It did not help that Jimmy closed himself off to her about his combat experiences in the war.

It was his experiences as a POW that especially bothered him Amanda suspected, but despite her best efforts to get him to open up regarding the time he spent in the harsh North Korean POW camp, in the end, it was to no avail. All of Amanda's best efforts to get him to talk failed, as he simply would not, or maybe could not, open up to her.

Amanda was beginning to feel she had failed as his mother since she could not help her 20 year old son overcome his night terrors. She had already failed as a wife, in her mind anyway, as Jimmy's father, Tom, had left her some 4 years ago for a younger woman.

Amanda was approaching 40 and becoming extremely self-conscious about her age, but if she would have taken the time to critically examine herself in the mirror she would have noticed she had very little reason to be self-conscious. She was a true beauty, with locks of chestnut-brown hair that fell past her shoulders in a perfect wave of teased curls curtaining her lovely oval face.

Her lips are pouty and inviting. Jimmy had long ago memories burned upon his very soul from when he was just a boy of the taste of her kisses from those honey flavored lips.

Her complexion was perfect and glowed with a beauty that demanded strict attention. At 5' 8" and 135 pounds she had a body that demanded even greater attention. The highlights of her heavenly body was a pair of long, muscular legs, along with a perfectly shaped ass. Her nearly flat washboard stomach had only hints of fat on it such was the sculpted figure she strived to maintain still at her advanced age.

Her outer beauty was matched by an inner beauty that reflected itself in her warm and bubbly personality. Her smile was dazzling and would simply light up any room when she was happy.

In short, Amada had the personality of an angel, but the body of a devil, accented by her all natural 37F breasts. Amanda's tits were regal and majestic, to say the least, and she took extra pride in following a workout regime that ensured they would stay that way for some time to come.

But Amanda, ever the harsh critic of herself, thought her tits were beginning to sag a bit with age. What Amanda really required more than anything was a boost of self-confidence in regards to her aging body. Such self-depreciating thoughts left her feeling insecure, depressed, and vulnerable.

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

With the arrival of summer she had the perfect opportunity to find out. They had a nice pool in the backyard and Amanda, being a sun worshiper, loved nothing more than to spend a warm, quiet summer afternoon working on her tan. For this task she had a varied assortment of multicolored bikinis that were very much up to the job of showing off her luscious body to the sun's warming rays.

Indeed this summer Jimmy is to be the perfect little guinea pig. Amanda sincerely hopes, after seeing so much ugliness during combat and during his captivity, Jimmy will find the beauty of his mother to be a most welcome sight.

They had always been close, and now with his father out of the picture, Jimmy has optimistic expectations they will only grow closer. His sincerest wishes are that he and his mother will develop a very special and extremely tight committed bond of deep eternal love. This would be a dream come true for Jimmy, the shy sincere "mama's boy".

Jimmy arrives home in the spring of 2019. He isn't long before the nightmares start that prevent him from getting a decent night's sleep. After a week he is looking drawn and pale. His mood is dark as he even becomes irritable with his mother.

Amanda tries to give him time and space to get adjusted to being home, but as June arrives and with it the warm summer days things are not getting any better.

They had plenty of time to enjoy the summer alone together as Amanda had taken a LOA from her job as a nurse at a local hospital once it becomes evident what rough shape Jimmy is in emotionally.

Physically, it is quite the opposite. Jimmy despite his lack of sleep still finds the energy to hit the gym on a daily basis. Naturally, during his captivity he had dropped quite a bit of weight, but now that he is home again, with his Mom's subtle encouragement, and wanting to impress her, he is eating like a horse and getting back into top physical shape.

Jimmy should have found the long summer days hanging out by the pool with his mother to be a wonderful tonic, but it is not just the sun's rays that caress his mom's body as she reclines by the pool sunning herself. He finds it extremely difficult to keep his eyes off her beautiful bikini clad body thus causing no small amount of guilt, along with quite a hefty load of sexual tension to build up inside of him.

So now, besides the night terrors he is experiencing from the war, he is also having to contend with some rather steamy fantasies about his mother as he lies in bed at night.

Most of his fantasies focus on her colossal tits as they strain against the thin material of whichever of the skimpy little bikinis she is showing off in.

Such thoughts cause him to give up trying to sleep and spend the night pacing. To do otherwise, that is to stay in bed and try to sleep, would put him at risk of engaging in a very long and wicked masturbating session starring his mother. He is not so sure he can take the inevitable guilt that would follow. Thus the pacing. Thus the snapping at his mother irritably the next day over the smallest of things.

He reasons his sexual fantasies about his mother are not entirely his fault though as the doctors at the VA tell Jimmy if he has difficulty sleeping, he should focus his mind on "nice things". Things that make him smile. Things that warmed his heart. Things that give him comfort. When he tries this method he finds his thoughts inevitably turn to his mother and, of course, she is wearing one of her skimpy little string bikinis.

Finally, after a few nights of pacing and trying to avoid whacking off thinking of his mom, Jimmy is forced to take a couple of strong sleeping pills to knock himself out just so he can get some sleep. And then after falling to sleep the night terrors hit him hard. It was a losing proposition either way it seems.

Amanda is not completely blind to what is happening. She senses her son's eyes on her while she reclines in the sun in her sexy bikinis. This has the effect of warming her heart that she can still at her age

garner her son's attentions while giving her self-confidence a much needed boost.

Her self-confidence blooms to the point where even after she is done sunning herself out by the pool, she doesn't take off her bikini right away. Instead, she makes it a point to prance around the house in her bikinis, watching while Jimmy does his level best trying not to notice her. It soon became like a little game to each of them. A game that neither has the courage to speak about, but both loved playing.

She understands it is maybe a little wrong to show off in such a way, but the simple fact is she loves the attention. Her self-esteem had taken a major hit when Tom left her for a younger woman.

She had tried dating, but the men she met were only interested in one thing it seemed-- hauling her off to bed. She wants a man that is interested in more than a quick roll in the hay; a man that loves her heart first and her body second, but much to her chagrin, she finds such men to be in short supply.

In fact, the only man that she understands that might fit her needs as such is Jimmy. She knows he simply adores her and loves her beyond the pale, and now, as an added bonus, she is beginning to suspect he is also growing quite fond of her body.

Now with Jimmy home, and in such obvious need of love and comfort, she deems it best she puts what little social life she has on hold. But despite focusing all her attentions on him, Amanda finds

the long, hot summer dragging on, with Jimmy's overall emotional health only growing worse.

She is becoming frantic. She knows she must do something, and sooner rather than later, as Jimmy's well-being is a real source of concern for her. A plan is beginning to form in her mind, but she would need courage to put it into play.

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

After some internal debate Amanda considers her plan, at the very least, worth a shot. She shall figure a way, assuming her courage holds out, to get him in her bed and from there -- it will be in the hands of fate. A few nights later the moment of truth comes. Will she will have the courage to act upon her plan?

It is around midnight and she is just getting ready for bed. She had been talked into going out for a few drinks at a local restaurant with friends to celebrate a birthday. It was her first time doing anything socially in weeks and she came home a little drunk and depressed.

The two glasses of wine she had with dinner had left her feeling playful and frisky. But, as usual, she had no one to play with which is why she is sad and lonely.

After getting undressed for bed, she is in the midst of brushing her teeth when she hears a loud thud and then a short cry of pain. It comes from down the hallway; most likely from Jimmy's bedroom. She rushes out of the bathroom and into his room, not realizing, or maybe better yet, not caring, that she is wearing nothing but her bra and panties.

When she enters his bedroom she is, at first, confused. By the dim light streaming into the room from the hallway, Amanda sees his bed is empty. Then she hears a small rustling noise on the far side of the bed coming from the floor. She hurries around his bed and sees, her heart breaking, Jimmy curled up on the floor in a fetal position, clutching a pillow.

"Jimmy . . . Honey . . . Baby are you all right?" she shrieks reaching over to flip on the small bedside table lamp. "What are you doing on the floor?"

He blinks his eyes at her, once, twice, looking confused. He is shaking like a leaf and has a look of panic in his wide staring eyes. Although his eyes are open, Amanda is not sure if he is fully awake and aware of his surroundings. A suspicion that is soon confirmed by his actions.

"P-please d-don't let them . . . put me in the hole again Mommy." His voice comes out barely above a whisper, and has such a heart-

breaking quality to it that it causes large tears to begin to well up in her pretty green eyes.

Fighting back the tears, she bends over him and brushes a strand of his swirling lion's mane of light brown hair out of his eyes. Amanda gazes down at him. Maybe for the first time, she realizes her son is no longer the cute little boy he once was, but while away he has matured into a strikingly handsome young man.

His jaw is square and firm while his angular cheekbones accent his masculinity. His skin has a dark healthy glow from hours of relaxing in the sun with his mother. She can't help but to notice his broad shoulders or his washboard stomach as he reclines on the floor shirtless.

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

He is hot and sweaty and obviously scared. Making a firm decision that she must do something to ease his suffering, she leans over and whispers in his ear, "You are safe Jimmy. Mommy is here, and you are coming back to her bed and I am going to . . ." She helps him to his feet before continuing. "Give you so much love and comfort that you are going to get a good night's sleep for once."

"Mom you don't have to do that. I'm alright." Jimmy snaps back irritably in a rough voice designed to hide the abject fear that the horrible dream has caused him. He gamely begins to pace the floor, shaking off his mother's hand on his shoulder.

She watches him move like a tiger treading in his territory. When he turns towards her and hits her with that rascal like grin of his she once again finds herself captivated by his sweet innocent charm wrapped up in such an exceedingly dashing and elegant physical package.

"Mom it's Ok. I'm all good now. I don't need to come to your bed."

No sooner does Jimmy speak those words come to your bed aloud than his heart leaps with fevered anticipation at just such a thought.

Her simple response sends shivers up and down his spine. "Shh honey. You do. I mean you must. It's what you need baby. It's what I need . . . Please don't deny your mother the chance to provide her baby boy with so much love and comfort those silly nightmares won't stand a chance. Please honey . . . come to your mommy's bed."

Dazed and still a bit confused it's easy for Jimmy to let his "mommy" take control. He allows her to sit him down on the bed while she waits patiently for his final decision.

She stands there in the small pool of light thrown off by the small bedside lamp she just clicked on, hands on her hips, a motherly look of concern on her lovely face. He starts to protest before he looks up. He blinks his eyes up at her; he is finally fully coming awake.

"Mom really you . . ." The protest dies on his lips when he finally notices what she is wearing—an attractive lime green lace bra with matching panties. Jimmy is rendered speechless by the casual way his mother is standing there-- half naked-- looking hotter than hell.

Yes, standing there so cool and casual, looking totally worried about him while seemingly very unconcerned that she is wearing nothing but that sexy, lace, lime green bra and panties in front of her twenty year old son.

This warms deeply knowing that she was so concerned over his welfare that she went rushing into his room wearing only her underwear.

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

"L-let me think about it a minute Mom," he says weakly not yet ready to surrender. But surrender he will as he understands by the tone in her voice that she is in no mood to compromise.

There will be probably nothing for him to do but to swallow his pride and accept her invitation to come sleep in her bed. He looks at her and thinks to himself just how damn sexy she looks standing there, no make it posing there, in her bra and panties while looking all concerned and motherly. Just for him. Maybe sleeping in her bed would not be so bad after all!

Jimmy's thoughts soon turn to less pure ideas than simply allowing his mother to comfort him. He could not help it as his mother's gorgeous big tits, protected from his eyes only by her pretty lace bra, invited, nay, begged for such dark and forbidden thoughts. He stares at them helplessly enthralled by their majestic splendor.

It does not escape Amanda's attention that her son is noticing her tits with more than a passing interest. She observes how, as he sits on the edge of the bed fidgeting while seemingly trying to make up his mind about her invitation, his attentions kept wandering down to her chest. This causes no small measure of excitement in her--especially since she is a little drunk and her emotions are running free.

This is much the same thing that happens when they hang out by the pool: the way his eyes will inadvertently become glued to her tits, while she is wearing one of her skimpy bikinis. Inwardly, she is thrilled by this accidental sudden turn of events.

As Jimmy reaches out to take her hand, it suddenly comes to Amanda what she must do to get his mind off the horrors he

experienced during the war. She must keep his mind focused on much more pleasant things-- like her tits.

Just like at the pool, Amanda does not mind at all if her young son can't keep his eyes off them. The truth was she craved his attention. Besides, she is a natural born show off and is blessed with the body and the attitude to be good at it.

Back in her bedroom, Amanda tucks him straight away in bed before joining him under the covers. Wow, she had not bothered with any pajamas!! Jimmy excitedly thinks to himself as she settles next to him.

The scent of her snuggled next to him drives him mad with an irresistible longing that is nearly overpowering. It wasn't even necessary her perfume, which she rarely wore, and then only in dabs. Instead, it was just the natural smell of her body. Fresh and clean.

And oh her hair; he smells it as he nuzzles his face against her neck. It falls lightly in his face. Hmmm it smells of lilacs and roses, of fresh rainwater, of spring flowers and vanilla lavender. Or maybe that was the smell of her neck.

Whatever it may be, the smell her natural scent drove him crazy with maddening thoughts of . . . dark sexual urges of a most forbidden nature.

And when she cuddles him close to her body, after gently, carefully nestling his head down safely between the immense twin cups of her sexy lime green bra, he never felt safer or slept better.

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

The next day does little to relieve the sexual tension he is feeling towards his mother. The day is full of bright sunshine so Amanda suggests they spend the afternoon hanging out by the pool. She wears an enchanting white string bikini that stands out in stunning contrast to her lovely dark well-tanned skin. Once again, Jimmy finds himself drawn to the delightful sight of his mom's chest as the string bikini shows off her big, beautiful tits to such a degree that Jimmy finds himself casting furtive sideways glances at them all afternoon.

At dinner time, when they decide to barbecue steaks outdoors on the patio grill, she changes out of her bikini and into something maybe even more dangerous than her scanty little bikini. She decides to dress casual for dinner. Real casual as she is now wearing a pair of daisy duke shorts, along with a light blue tank top.

The shorts are skin tight, as is the tank top that shows clearly she is not wearing a bra underneath. The outline of her large nipples pressed invitingly against the thin material of the tank top is a beacon for Jimmy's eyes. He has a feeling she knows he cannot keep his eyes

off of her tits, and much to his growing surprise, and hidden delight, she doesn't seem to mind one bit.

They enjoy a bottle of wine with dinner and then retire to the living room to watch an old horror movie together. Soon, they are cuddling in each other's arms like long lost lovers.

Snuggling together on the couch while watching some old horror movie had been one of their favorite pastimes together when he was younger. Quite naturally, Jimmy is pleasantly surprised when she makes the playful suggestion they relive a bit of their past.

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

As Amanda comes striding back into the living room, Jimmy can't help but to notice how deliciously his mom's little half tee shows off her well-toned stomach, along with her immense tits—just as she had planned it.

As they share their third glass of wine, Amanda becomes especially warm and friendly with him. Jimmy, liking the warm buzz the wine

gives him, responds likewise with her. When it is finally time to go to bed he follows her up the stairs with his mind full of endless pleasant ways this night might end. At the top of the stairs, he heads to his room, but before he can get more than two steps away she reaches out and snares his hand.

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

He stops and turns to her, his heart racing, as he had been wondering all day if she was going to suggest he sleep with her again. Amanda quickly recognizes where his gaze is fixed, dead on her tits that is, and smiles slyly to herself knowing that her little half tee shirt is working perfectly as designed.

While it may have been her natural propensity to show off that allowed Amanda to wear such an enticing skimpy shirt in the first place, it was the wine she has been sipping on all night that gave her the courage to boldly invite him to her bed once again.

"I . . . I ahh . . . y-yeah s-sure Mom," he manages to sputter as his mind spins out of control at the possibilities that another night in her bed might hold. The stakes are higher now considering both of them are a bit tipsy from the wine. Add in the fact they had been flirting with each other all night so outrageously makes the idea of sleeping with his mother seem rather ominous. In a good way though. Maybe.

Once inside the bedroom, Amanda casually hints she is too tired to put on pajamas, and would he mind very much if she just took off her sweat pants and slept in just her little half tee shirt and panties.

"Unless seeing me like that would make you . . . ahh too uncomfortable son," she coyly hints to him as she starts to slowly peel off her off sweat pants. Her voice is syrupy and absolutely dripping with honey.

What can he say to such a suggestion? He carefully responds that he wouldn't mind much if she wanted to sleep in just her tee shirt and panties thus raising the stakes even higher for tonight's drama.

He disappears inside her bathroom to brush his teeth and try to tame his growing erection. When he comes out he finds the bedroom is softly lit with a dozen or so small candles.

Amanda knew, especially after returning home from the war, her son had an aversion to the dark so she thought it would best to fill the room with dim candle light. Besides she simply adores candle light herself as it makes her feel warm and romantic, especially when she was feeling a bit tipsy.

As she passes him, heading to the bathroom herself to brush her teeth, his eyes involuntarily turn downwards to check out her ass.

Nice, extremely nice, Jimmy muses to himself as the barely there thong panties she is wearing tantalizing show off both of her well-tanned ass cheeks.

He crosses over to the bed and strips off his jeans and tee shirt. He hurriedly crawls into the bed wanting to hide the large tent pole he is sporting inside his boxers. The tent pole, the result of the sneak peek he just stole at his mother's well defined ass, along with the long and loving looks he has been giving her tits all night long, is growing bigger and harder by the moment. He sighs deeply, wondering if he will be able to control himself if she makes it a point to snuggle that delicious body of hers up against his.

Closing his eyes he expects to fall asleep quickly, considering the fair amount of wine he has consumed this evening it's a real possibility. The safest scenario being if he passes out before she returns to the bed he will be off the hook completely.

He had just crossed over into the shadow land between consciousness and unconsciousness, neither fully awake nor sleeping either, when he feels the bed shift. He sighs a little, but does not open his eyes. He is acutely aware of her warm body pressed against his.

Then a tender whisper in his ear jerks him to full consciousness. "You can't fall asleep yet Jimmy as Mommy has not given her little boy a good night kiss. Do you remember how when you were little you refused to go to sleep until Mommy kissed you good night?"

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

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

She pushes her body even closer to him making refusal of her invitation so much harder. "So what do you say, hmm can you indulge me and let me give you a little kiss for protection."

"Mom you're being silly," he tells her not so irritably this time as he is flattered at her persistence. His eyes flutter open in order to see her reaction to his latest rebuke.

He observes a stern expression on her pretty face that hints this suggestion of a kiss good night is serious business.

She begins to pout a bit as her stern expression turns into a deep frown. This gets the expected reaction from him. He reaches out with one hand and touches her arm whispering, "OK sure a good night kiss would be sweet . . . Mommy."

Somewhere deep in the inner depths of his heart and soul he understands that by calling her "Mommy" he is going all in on this very serious little game they are playing. He tells himself he is doing it for her sake as he strongly suspects she is feeling quite protective over him.

Maybe, he ruminates to himself, if I allow myself to be babied it will make her feel really good. So he swallows his pride and decides to do everything in his power to indulge her wishes to baby him if that is truly what she wants.

Amanda leans down and gives him several small, light kisses -- one on each cheek and then one on the forehead. She draws back. Their eyes lock. Both of their hearts swell with innocent love.

She detects the moment is right to push the envelope and give him a real kiss, directly on the lips, hoping against hope, he will not turn away. She closes her eyes and moves her lips close. A sense of unbearable sexual tension hangs in the air between mother and son as her lips hover mere inches from his.

Their lips came together for just the briefest of seconds, and then part, before crashing together again and again. They exchange at least a half dozen small butterfly kisses, so light and gentle, but yet so full of love, that it leaves both of their hearts beating wildly.

"There," she smiles at him tenderly, "you are fully protected from any evil spirits that might try and haunt your dreams baby."

"I hope so. G'night," he tells her before reluctantly turning his back. What he really wants to do is to snuggle up to her, but is fearful if he does just that she will feel the raging monster his rock hard cock has become. So instead he turns away -- reasoning discretion is the better part of valor.

Amanda lets him turn away suspecting as much. She thinks briefly of reaching down and grabbing his hardness, while whispering something pleasantly naughty to him, but instead does nothing. Despite everything, she is not yet ready to take that final wicked plunge.

Disappointed she lacks the courage to demand what she truly wants, she just sighs and also turns her back. Soon she is dozing fitfully.

She has a dream. A naughty one at that. It is a really hot dream that involves her breasts being thoroughly suckled on by someone unknown hidden under the covers.

In her dream, she remembers being too afraid to yank back the covers and look. Afraid to see who it might be that is giving her such pleasure by slurping so greedily on her tits. She strongly suspects who she might see, if she was to pull back the covers, but is fearful to confront those feelings.

As for Jimmy, he finally relaxes enough to fall asleep and is greeted with an incoherent mixture of both bad and naughty dreams.

Dreams of his half naked mother, intermixed with dreams of the horrors he suffered at the hands of his captors in North Korea.

Guilt, terror and pleasure all spin in and out of his dreams, until he finally awakens with a terrified scream. Hot tears of fear and guilt roll down his cheeks. He has a painful erection to go along with his tears.

Amanda instantly comes awake upon hearing Jimmy's scream. Her heart is breaking, knowing that her baby boy is still experiencing his bad dreams, even while sleeping in bed next to her.

She speaks quietly to her shivering son, "You had better let me snuggle you against my chest like last night since apparently my kisses were not enough to keep those bad dreams at bay."

Not waiting for him to answer she reaches out and draws him into her warm embrace. His tears are stifled by her plentiful bosom as he burrows his face snug against that sexy pink tee shirt of hers. They rest like this for a few minutes as Jimmy slowly calms down.

His thoughts are gradually turning to what lies under the thin material of his mother's little half tee shirt. He is so close --yet lacks the courage to risk the final step and go for broke.

As he pines for what might be if only he had the courage a small voice inside of him says harshly, Don't be such a fucking pussy. Do something!!

He takes a leap of faith, shamed by this inner voice, "Maybe we could try again. Another kiss I mean Mommy," Jimmie declares to her; his voice almost pitiful with quiet desperation.

He is using his best "little boy" voice trying to sound so innocent, but the voice has another quality to it. A quality that his mother cannot help but to respond to with sympathy – worry, fear and anxiety-- all designed to tug at his mommy's heartstrings.

It works as their lips came together again as before--their first kiss is slow, unhurried, soft and delicate. Finally, they part lips. Amanda regards her son's tear stained eyes with a growing desire to provide him the comfort he so seriously needs that can only be found in her loving embrace.

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

He notices straight away how she emphasized the word "Mommy". Now he is sure this simple solitary word is the key to the Promised Land.

"Oh God no . . . Mommy you are so . . ." he brushes a strand of her luxurious brunette hair with one hand, while figuratively turning the key with the other hand by using that powerful word. "So beautiful."

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

"Yes, I think you're the prettiest Mommy in the whole wide world and I just love you so, so much," he tells her sincerely again in spoken in a voice that is as delicate as possible.

He knows she needs to hear such words in order to help mend her broken heart. Such words spoken so very sincerely, so very kindly and with so much love that she can't help but to respond to them; and all spoken in that sweetest most innocent little boy voice of his.

Crying tears of joy, she reaches out and hugs him tight as they fall back against the pillows. It worked!! It worked!! His smile is smothered against her body.

"Mommy loves you so much baby," she breathes to him as their lips find each other again. This time their kisses are deeper; each full of new meaning and ever increasing passion. In between, they whisper to each other in breathless, devoted exclamations of their love and fondness for one another.

They cuddle under the covers as they kiss. Her hands are stroking his bare chest, while his hands work their way around her exposed mid-section rubbing her delicate bare skin below that sexy half tee shirt.

They continue to kiss for the longest time with no words being spoken to break the rhythm. Instead, it was just one deeply passionate kiss after another doing all the talking.

At some point, their tongues find their way past clenched teeth and into each other's mouths adding an extreme element of forbidden delight between mother and son. Neither seem to mind the naughty nature of their kissing. Maybe due to the wine they had been sharing all night, or maybe it was simply because finally after so long they are eagerly exploring their hearts deepest cravings.

Finally, their lips part, but not their bodies. Amanda pulls her son deep into the comforting embrace of her pure mother-ness. Jimmy finds his face being gently guided towards the tremendous paired peaks of his mommy's mighty breasts.

"Mom no--" He was going to tell her it was not really necessary to do that, but she shushes him up with a finger to his mouth.

"Shh honey." Amanda, her mind is resolute on the issue, instead of letting him answer slowly pulls him deeper into her warm, cozy embrace. He finds his face, again, sliding down on that maddeningly short, tight pink tee shirt of hers. Just as before, he understands with

utter clarity there is nothing between his cheek and her bare breasts, but the thin material of the tee shirt.

He rests there for a few minutes his heart beating wildly as his cock comes fully alive. He has been in this position before, but this time the sense they are on the verge of something much deeper and more meaningful than simply slipping off to sleep is inescapable.

"Are you getting sleepy yet honey?"

He turns his eyes up and looks at her solemnly in the dying light of the flickering candles. "I am afraid to go back to sleep. I know you probably think I am a little baby or something, but it's the truth."

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

Jimmy does as she requests wondering where this is all leading. Her voice is as quiet and soothing as a songbird's as he anxiously awaits what must come next.

"I know it stings your male pride, having me think of you as a baby." She takes a deep breath letting the incredible tension that is building between them reach its zenith. "Maybe that is not such a bad thing,

me thinking of you as needing babying, pampering even. You know the bond between a baby boy and his mother is the most special, the most sacred bond in the whole wide world Jimmy. You must understand that sweetie?"

His voice is barely audible as he murmurs a positive reply to her.

"I really think this calls for desperate measures to take your mind off those God awful dreams that you have been suffering." She pauses while turning just enough to get her son into the perfect position. "And I think the best way to take your mind off those unpleasant dreams is for you to concentrate on something else with all your heart and soul baby."

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

"Like what?" he mouths back. His eyes flutter open for a brief second, just enough to see his mother reaching down to the edge of her tee shirt. He closes them again-- hoping for the seemingly impossible to happen.

"Something nice, something that can provide you with so much love and comfort those bad dreams of yours will never come back." She looks at him warmly as she intones all this in a subtle whisper before adding with a sly look, "Yes, baby, something big and warm and soft."

Now open those adorable little hazel eyes of yours and see what Mommy has in mind for her baby to enjoy."

His eyes flicker open. He watches with rapt attention as his mother slowly begins to pull her short little tee shirt up. She thrusts her chest out to him eagerly hoping he will accept her forthcoming invitation and not look away.

Every bit of his attention is focused on his mother's grandiose tits. He notes with fascination how they strain against the tight confines of their pink prison. His breath is coming in short rapid bursts as she slowly begins to peel her tee shirt back to reveal them. He is about to get a glimpse of heaven!!

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

He sucks in his breath, his heart thumping away like a jackhammer as has never seen such majestic beauty as his mother's mammoth tits. After having so many naughty fantasies about his mother's breasts, the real thing proves to be hardly a disappointment at all. In fact, they are even bigger and more magnificent than he ever could have imagined!!

He notes curiously the pronounced tan line on her tits that marks the outline of her many sexy bikinis. He notices with even greater interest her semi-erect nipples that, much like a pair of luxurious

crown jewels, jut out enticingly. He licks his lips as his cock grows painfully hard.

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

"You really think they are sweetie," she answers. "I mean just because they are big don't mean they are nice."

As he stares longingly at her boobs that spark of fiery imagination that eluded him earlier now strikes. "Mom . . ." he begins slowly, "not only are your breasts big and beautiful, but they are beguiling and bewitching. So much so that I am quite powerless to stop staring at them such is there dazzling magnificent splendor." He pauses a moment hoping his words have the desired effect on her. "In fact," he continues formally, "I think they must have been sculptured in heaven by angels to the point where I am simply awed by their imposing grandeur Mommy."

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

Amanda blinks back the tears of happiness that fills her heart. "Oh baby that was so beautiful. Your words, your beautiful sweet words touch my soul. Never has anyone paid me such a heartfelt compliment."

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

Jimmy notices how she accents each of those three words: big, beautiful, and boobs and his heart races.

A mischievous grin begins to spread across her face as she continues. "Maybe Mommy should let you play with them a bit before we try to get you back to sleep." She tilts her head to one side, again pushing her tits out at him as her voice, so full of innocence and sweetness, is in direct contrast to what she is inviting him to do. She lightly strokes the side of his face with one finger. "Hmm would you like that sweetheart?"

"Mommy, I . . ." Coherent thought is impossible when confronted by the mighty twin peaks that are her bare breasts. He wants to say he would love to play with them, but cannot seem to find the words. Instead of speaking, he can only gaze at his mother's regal breasts with awed reverence bordering on complete and utter devotion.

Her feloniously hard nipples jut out like a pair of lovely crown jewels that sit atop a huge heaping twin piles of stately splendor that are her boobs. His eyes, staring in wide-eyes wonder, are completely captivated by the sight.

Amanda understands this and it only turns her on all the more. He is so completely the opposite of the men she had been used to dating. All of them seemed to think it was their God given right to be overly aggressive and paw at her body in the most intimate of places, without so much as the slightest hint of an invitation, just because they bought her drinks or took her to dinner and a movie. It was rather disgusting the sense of entitlement they felt they had.

She understands fully his innate shyness which is exactly what she wants. She reaches out and grasps his hands and leads them over to her chest.

Amanda is at a critical stage in their little drama. She knows she must be careful now as they stand on the brink of something very special happening between them. "Honey," she begins her voice dripping with compassion, "Mommy understands how shy you are and it just makes me want you all the more. Go on you can play with my boobies. I bet you want to huh?"

She pushes his hands against their fullness, and Jimmy is forever lost. He deliberately runs his hands all over them, squeezing them, fondling them, and gently kneading them like two large loaves of bread. They are big and soft, spongy and squishy and so much, much fun to play with he discovers with childish glee!!

He takes a minute to bounce them up and down in his hands, testing their weight and firmness while she sighs quiet encouragement to him.

This is Jimmy's first sexual experience with a woman mainly due to a couple of factors. One is his extreme shyness around girls and the second is he wanted his first sexual experience with a woman to be real special and not just some cheap fling. He was just different from other guys in this matter. His mother wholly appreciated this fact and was thrilled when he made a quiet confession that she was his first.

The fact his first sexual experience is with his mother only makes the whole thing even more profoundly exciting. Seriously, who experience sex for the first time with their mothers, especially at his advanced age?

He watches with fascination as her nipples become fully erect as he continually flicks at them lightly with his fingertips before he carefully begins to graze them over and over with his thumbs making them snap to full attention.

She lets out a softhearted moan ahead of giving him a genuine smile, "Oh baby that feels sooo good," she whispers.

He continues to explore every inch of his mother's succulent boobs with his eager hands as she reclines her head back against the pillow, closing her eyes while thrusting her chest out to its maximum potential allowing him complete and total access.

Finally, after a long indeterminate amount of time, Amanda senses the time is right to go for the kill. She leisurely raises her head up, opens her eyes, and looks at him seriously.

"Do you want to suck on them baby?" her voice comes out in a throaty whisper, betraying the intense excitement she is feeling asking such a question to her young son. She knows he does, but craves to hear him say so in that little boy voice that is driving her crazy with desire. The reason is simple—Amanda has, maybe more than anything, an extreme weakness for anything sweet and innocent.

Jimmy guesses what his mother wants so he drops his voice and whines, just as innocently and shyly as possible, "Yes Mommy."

This little game they are playing of mommy and her darling little boy is turning him on more so than he could have ever imagined. His poor cock is a massive throbbing monster.

Amanda is feeling quite frisky herself after letting him play with her tits. Adventuresome even. She is really becoming quite fond of this little role playing game they are enjoying.

"Yes what sweetheart? Tell Mommy what it is." She pauses letting the tension build as she looks at him gravely before continuing, "Exactly that you want to do."

"Mommy can I . . . suck on them," he begs in a voice that speaks like a quiet summer rain.

She looks at him slyly, as she tilts her head to one side provocatively while seemingly having to think about it. But in reality, she is doing nothing more than letting the sexual tension build between them. Again.

"Hmm, Well, I guess maybe since you asked so nicely hon, but only for a little bit then we have to get you off to sleep, baby."

Amanda raises herself into a sitting position before tenderly cradling his head in her arms. She slowly arches her back, while using her hand to push lightly on the back of his head. His face sinks deep into the warm cleavage of his mommy's bare breasts. He opens his mouth as she turns his face to one of her large erect nipples.

He begins to suckle on one of those magnificent nipples. Delicate and slow, his tongue flickers out lathering her glorious nipple in wet saliva.

Amanda is in heaven, such is the warm tender feelings her "baby boy" is giving her by sucking so tenderly and so sweetly on her breasts. Indeed, it's a most pleasant change from the usual rough treatment she has received in the past. Just because her breasts are large, it's been her experience that men think they can be rough with them.

Even her idiot ex-husband was guilty of this more often than not. She really hated the rough treatment as her breasts, especially her nipples, were extremely sensitive. Nothing turned her off more than to have her big boob manhandled with extreme insensitivity.

"Ohhh baby, God that feels soooo good." She arches her back trying in desperation to get more of her hefty breasts into his eager young mouth. Her head drops back as a moan of forbidden ecstasy escapes her lips.

Amanda has never felt such a wonderful sensation. Such pure and simple love during sex, as opposed to wild, ungainly male lust, is an alien concept to her. She looks down, and sees her sweet Jimmy suckling to his heart's content on first one of her boobs, and then the other.

He is taking the time to pay equal attention to both. With carefully calculated deliberation, he works his tongue all over and around her deliciously fully erect nipples, one after the other. He then begins to shower the entirety of her tits with a gentle cascade of warm, tender kisses. He finishes up by literally showering his mommy's tits with dozens of long, slow licks of his enthusiastic tongue.

He lifts his head up and meets his mother's gaze. Something unspoken passes between them as she slips one hand around the back of his head, pushing his face down once more to her heavenly tits.

"I know you want more baby and so does Mommy. Now come on honey suck on them sweetheart," her whispered voice is rough with hungry passion. "Suck on your Mommy's boobies like there is no tomorrow."

Now that she has been properly warmed up, Amanda is ready to have the innocent love that has blossomed between them turn into pure lust. Forbidden lust that is-- the most powerful force known to man!!

With her gentle encouragement Jimmy begins to lose control. He starts to suck on her boobs like a ravenous dog, but yet somehow manages to maintain a sweet innocence that doesn't cross over the line for her.

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

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

He had no intentions of stopping whatsoever. This is the single, most joyous experience of his young life. One that he wants to last forever.

Eventually, Amanda and Jimmy find themselves twisting and turning in all sorts of positions. She makes sure that not once during these many twist and turns does his mouth ever, ever, leave her boobs.

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

Jimmy is slowly gaining confidence in his relentless attack upon his mother's boobs. Thus, much to her pleasant surprise, Amanda finds her son becoming a bit more aggressive himself, as he wraps his arms around her mid-section and proceeds to flip her over onto her back.

She landed with a soft grunt, smiling to herself, at her once shy son's new found aggression. She finds herself looking up at him as he stares down. His eyes were fixated on her heaving chest.

"God they are so big and beautiful" he manages to utter before he falls upon his mom's tits with a mad, insatiable lust. Kissing, licking, suckling on them without limitation-- without restraint—Jimmy is lost in that wicked world of insatiable lust.

On and on it goes with no sign of letting up. Whenever he raises his mouth from them, just for the briefest of moments to catch his breath, she will slip a hand around the back of his head forcing him back down into all that divine tit flesh while imploring him not to stop.

"Please don't stop, baby. Pleeease. Come on suck on your mommy's boobies more please honey, pleeeasee," she literally begs for more and more.

And more and more is what she gets. He is in heaven sucking so eagerly on his mommy's boobs. And then yet another twist as they ended up on their sides facing one another. She pulled him in close, burying his face in between her massive boobs. He sucked on them with renewed abandon as his hands slip around to her backside and start to knead her ass.

All the while she urges him on and on. They lose track of time as nothing matters except that his hungry mouth should continue to make love to her breasts.

At some point, Amanda's hand slips down instinctively inside her son's boxers and wraps around his large, throbbing cock. "Oh God baby is that for Mommy?" she intones breathlessly as the sheer size of his cock takes her breath away. Her husband had been a bit on the small side, obviously not a trait passed on to Jimmy!!

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

"That is so sweet baby. Mommy is so proud of you saving it for me." In anticipation for what she is about to do she spits twice onto the palm of her hand and then works the wet saliva around with her tongue. Her hand slips back down inside his boxers to his smoking hot raging hardon.

She starts slowly, not wanting to make him come right away. Her hands glides up and down the nearly seven inches of his manhood making it his turn to moan.

Despite her best efforts to prolong things it did not take long. He is young and overheated already. A dozen or so strokes up and down, coupled with some encouragement whispered in his ear has him on the verge of exploding in his mother's hand.

"Come on baby . . . That's it . . . Your . . . such . . . a big boy now, cum for your Mommy . . . please baby."

He starts to say something in response when Amanda, suddenly inspired to make it a perfect ending, wraps her free hand around the back of his head and forces his face deep into the writhing cleavage of her tits. Any response he may have had is lost in all that glorious tit flesh of his mommy's.

The perfect ending comes just a few bare seconds later as his cock literally explodes in a geyser of cum. Amanda smiles to herself as she feels the warm, sticky cum drip onto her hand and wrist. "Hmm I think you can sleep peacefully now honey."

After she got him cleaned up they both settled back down under the covers. Almost by sheer instinctive. Jimmy finds his mouth slipping back down to her boobs once more. She begins stroking his hair as he suckled away sweetly and innocently, the previous untamed lust being replaced once more by gentle love.

Amanda laid her head back and closed her eyes, allowing her son to suck on her tits to his heart's content. It was like a fairy tale ending to the night. He actually fell asleep with one of her breasts stuffed in his mouth about the same time Amanda slipped off to sleep herself.

Jimmy slept quite soundly that night—like a deeply contented little boy-- next to his mommy while Amanda . . . not so much. The very naughty session of love and comfort she had just provided her son lit a fire inside of her that would soon grow out of control.

The next few days passed with neither mentioning that fateful night's sinful activities. Jimmy had determined that what happened would cause his mother to somehow think less of him. If he was not such a "baby" none of this would have happened.

Sadly, his inner doubts are getting the best of him as he believes that his mother is deeply scarred by what happened between them, but he could not have been more wrong. It is true that Amanda feels some sense of guilt for that night's lascivious activities, but it quickly passes once she notices how well Jimmy is now sleeping. If anything, she is disappointed that he has not sought the comforts of her bed since that night.

She thinks briefly of extending him another invitation to her bed just to see how far things might go, but decides to wait and see if his bad dreams reoccur and only then would she reconsider what to do. In the meantime, the fire inside of her continues to grow hotter and hotter.

But all good things must pass and so it was to be with Jimmy's peaceful nights of dreamless sleep. Once again, the night terrors rear their ugly head and begin to plague the poor boy.

He had somehow managed to stop masturbating at night while fantasizing about his mother. Instead he tried to "play it straight", if you will, and just go to sleep normally. It was not working as the bad dreams started again about a week later. This does not go unnoticed by Amanda.

A frustrated Amanda decides it may be time to once more extend an invitation to her bed for some of her special "sleep therapy". She had noted the last few nights how Jimmy is either pacing in his room, not even trying to sleep, or sleeping the sleep of the damned. It is rather

obvious he was being plagued by those God awful nightmares once again.

It was not a firm decision she came to, but only a maybe simply because she did not want to force anything. If she is to find her son in her bed once more, it would just have to naturally play out that way. Although, she concedes, maybe a little light flirting wouldn't hurt anything.

It's a lazy Tuesday afternoon when they pack up the car and head out to the park with a picnic basket. She decides to make sure she has his full attention so she wears a pair of tight cut off blue jean shorts and an equally tight, white tank top without a bra.

Jimmy spends the afternoon drooling over his mother's luscious body. The highlight comes when they decide to play catch with the Frisbee. His eyes track her as she chases down his purposefully errant throws.

He enjoys watching her jog gracefully in chasing down the Frisbee. More specifically, he loves the way her big tits bounce up and down within the tight confines of her white tank top as she pursues the flying disk.

Later, at home, they decide to grill some burgers out on the patio. Much to his disappointment though, when she went upstairs to change, she comes back down not wearing anything the least amount sexy, but instead just a plain old pair of jeans and an ill-fitting blouse.

Unknown to him, this is all part of a plan that is slowly forming inside Amanda's heart. She wants him to focus not on her physical beauty, but instead on what a good, loving, and sweet mother she is to him. For the time being, she will remove her over the top sexual allure from the equation and let it simmer just below the surface.

As the night wears on, and they consume a bit of wine along with the burgers, she playfully begins to flirt with him. A sly, subtle glance, a brief stroke of the hand on his arm, a light caress of her fingertips gently scrapping along his cheek, is all it takes to get Jimmy focusing once again on what might be.

Her non-sexy outfit works like a charm as Jimmy falls in love that night with his mother's sexy, warm personality which is fully on display, especially since, for once, it didn't have to compete with her voluptuous body. But just bubbling under the surface, thanks to the light and playful flirting that is going on between mother and son, his thoughts are never far from those twin treasures that lie under her blouse.

When it comes time to retire for the evening, Jimmy finds himself being led into his mother's bedroom. Not a word had to be spoken for this to happen. She wanted him to follow her and so he did.

Once inside, he strips down to his boxers and crawls into her bed while she disappears inside her bathroom. He nervously waits for her with his restless cock on full alert status.

When Amanda comes swaggering out of the bathroom they have come full circle in a manner of speaking. She has cleverly put on that same sexy lime green lace bra and matching panties that had so fired his imagination that first night they slept innocently together in her bed.

She strides across the room like a cat—cool, calculating, and just a bit cocky. She can feel his eyes on her body. Just like the other night she lights a dozen or so candles placing them strategically throughout the room. His eyes never leave the luscious curves of her body as she moves about lighting candle after candle.

Amanda senses her son's eyes upon her and takes her time lighting the candles, enjoying having his complete and undivided attention.

The candles all lit, the bedroom awash in dancing flickering shadows, she crawls into bed with her son. They nestle warmly together. Hot flames of desire quickly consume both of their hearts. Without even giving it any conscious thought Jimmy feels his face sliding naturally downwards into his mother's imposing cleavage.

She traps him between her tits by lacing her fingers tightly through his hair forcing his face deep into the lime green valley between her grand breasts. By this point, there is no stopping the pure sexual tension between the two of them that had been building like a wicked summer storm all day. Simply put, the divine opulence of his

mother's prodigious breasts are much too irresistible for Jimmy's eager young mouth.

Despite his terrible hunger it begins slowly between them. He applies light butterfly kisses to the exposed skin in the deep valley between her tits. She responds by uttering quiet words of encouragement to the boy. To further inflame the fiery passion building between mother and son she carefully gathers his hands into her and guides them up to the land of milk and honey that are her fabulously large tits.

Jimmy tenderly kneads her breasts through the lacy material of her lime green bra as she lets out a gentle sigh knowing how this game ends. It does not take long before his boyish eagerness gets the better of him. His gentle butterfly kisses become more reckless and full of passion with each passing brush of his impatient lips over her silky smooth skin as the gentle caresses of his hands upon his mother's majestic tits soon turn to a desperate urgent pawing that borders on the frantic.

Time loses all meaning for both of them when Jimmy gets joyfully lost in the wondrous bounty that is his mom's breasts, but soon enough Amanda realizes she must act before it's too late. Jimmy, like a lost little puppy in heat that does not know any better is humping away down there pushing his mighty erection against her thighs as he plays with her tits.

Amanda is forced to take control of the situation before an "accident" occurs. Following her instructions, Jimmy disappointingly tears his

hands and mouth from her chest and crawls out of the bed. She slowly slinks over onto her back before carefully peeling the sheet off her body as Jimmy watches with rapt attention wondering just what she has in mind.

She stretches out on her back and looks over at him. "Take off your boxers Jimmy," she says in an amazingly calm voice that is both patient and motherly. She might as well been asking him to put his dishes in the sink.

The whole scene seems eerily surreal to Jimmy as he shyly pulls down his boxers. He notices how his mother is pointedly staring at his crotch as his hard cock springs fourth from the confines of his boxers.

She eyes his penis with a lustful, racing heart. "Wow honey it's so big and hard. Hmm . . . yeah, really hard," she whispers in a tone that contains no small amount of reverence for what she is so lustfully beholds. Feeling how big he was the other night was one thing, but now, seeing that stiff jutting prick in all its naked glory has Amanda panting like a school girl.

"Would you like to show Mommy just how big and hard you really are honey?" She purrs.

Jimmy's mind is reeling. He doesn't know what to do . . . not really, not for sure. His insecurities are getting the better of him. He stands

there staring dumbly at her. He says nothing his eyes fixed on the soft rise and fall of his mother's chest.

She sees, once again, where his gaze is fixated. She decides firmly what might be the most perfect way to make him lose control. As much as she wants him to make love to her-- sweet, passionate, uninhabited love-- she decides the night is young and full of wild adventures yet to come. There will be time enough for making love, and fucking even, later on, but the first time will be all for him.

He finally makes a shy tentative move towards the bed while being painfully aware of his nakedness.

"That's it honey," she states peacefully as if she was reading his mind. "You have nothing to be ashamed of. Mommy has seen her little boy naked hundreds of times before you know."

He tentatively places one knee up on the bed. And then the other as she watches him.

Her voice is soft, sweet and suggestive. "Of course," she says eyeing his large rock hard cock. "You are not so little anymore. Hmm . . . No, not by a long shot."

She calmly instructs him to reach over to the nightstand and hand her the small jar of coconut oil that is sitting there.

As he passes the oil to her he curiously asks, "What do you use this for Mommy." He uses that magical, mystical word -- Mommy -- for the first time this night hoping it unlocks the same wonderful doors it did the other night.

"Oh I use it on my hair normally, but I just think . . ." She gapes at her son's penis and a simple mad desire to touch it, to play with it, once more overtakes her heart.

"Maybe," she twists off the cap and dips her hand into the oil, "You may enjoy a bit of coconut oil on your . . ." She pauses smiling at him mischievously as she works the slippery oil into her hands.

"On my what, Mommy?" he asks innocently, but all the while suspects exactly where she wants to apply the oil. His cock twitches to new heights of hardness with this thought.

"Here raise up, let me show you." She helps him up onto his knees as she faces him.

She reaches down and finds his erect penis and begins to run her hands all over it. "Hmm does that feel good sweetie."

"Oh God yes Mommy." He says as his hands boldly fly up to her chest and start kneading her tits through the lacy material of her bra.

She moves her lips towards him whispering, "Mommy is so proud of her bold little baby letting me play with his cock while he bravely plays with her boobies."

Any response he might have had is lost when their lips come crashing together. Their tongues slither in and out of each other's mouths, while her hands are working a bit of magic down below making his cock quiver with renewed hardness as she strokes it faster and then slower.

Meanwhile, his inexperienced hands have slipped around to the back of her bra and are engaged in a desperate struggle to undo the three clasps that hold her bra shut tight.

She stops stroking him-- sensing his rising frustration-- as his poor hands are obviously engaged in a losing battle in trying to unhook her bra. She reaches back and is about to undo her bra for him when a sudden thought makes her change her mind.

Instead of quickly undoing her bra for him, she instead pushes his hands away and reclines onto her back. She looks up at him with a wry expression on her divine face. A single strand of her gorgeous golden brown hair has fallen into her face.

"Forget about undoing your Mommy's bra and crawl on top of me honey," she tells him with a voice dipped in honey.

His heart racing a mile a minute he does as she suggests and straddles her.

With a knowing smile that her son will absolutely adore what she is about to suggest she uses her hands to carefully push her grandiose tits together.

"Now sweetie, Mommy wants you to slide that big . . . hard . . . cock of yours up and in between her boobies OK baby. Can you do that for me huh?"

Amanda watches her son. Like a little boy learning to tie his shoe laces for the first time, he is doing every step of the process carefully and with intense concentration.

Deliberately, Jimmy maneuvers himself into the perfect position in order to do exactly as she told him to do.

Amanda prays she has made the right decision to leave her bra on for this opening act of the night's sexual activities. Her reasoning is twofold. First, she thinks it's only fitting that she leave it on since it was this same lime green bra she was wearing the night they first sleep together so innocently. She imagines in her mind that her son has been dreaming of her in this same lime green bra ever since.

And second, and just as importantly, she imagines Jimmy may have a bit of a bra fetish. She envisions this to be true as, after all, she is his

mother and who knows him so well as her. Besides, as a young boy he would always staring wide eyed with wonder at her whenever, which was often, she stripped down to her bra and panties in front of him.

Now that he was mature she can't conceive his fetish for seeing her in a bra has done anything but become more powerful. Regardless, the moment of truth is here: she will find out just how excited he is to shove that big hard cock of his up and in between her tits.

Per his mother's whispered instructions, he scoots forward until his hardness rests directly in between her imposing breasts. Jimmy looks down, imagining his cock has died and went to heaven as it's nestled in between the silky softness of her breasts.

What happens next comes natural for him. Without any further instructions Jimmy slowly begins to pump his hips forward as his mother uses her hands to push on both sides of her breasts, trapping his cock inside a beautiful tunnel of silky soft bra clad tit flesh. The feeling of his cock against the lacy material of her lime green bra is simply awesome.

Jimmy starts to thrust his cock harder with his mother's encouragement. "Go on, baby, make love to your Mommy's tits. Show her how much you truly love them."

Her whispered loving words of encouragement only fuels his wicked yearning. He pumps harder feeling the orgasm already growing

inside of him. It's like a runaway freight train picking up speed. His big oiled cock slides easily up and down inside the deep canyon of her breasts.

Up and down. Up and down. Up and down. Faster, then slower. Over and over again. In less than a minute, he is fucking his mommy's tits like a mad man as her words of depraved encouragement turn him into a titty fucking monster.

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

He starts to grunt and groan now with every eager lunge of his cock up and in between those delicious twin mountaintops. Things turn serious when she begins to beg him.

"Mommy wants you to cum all over her pretty bra baby boy. Please, pumpkin fuck em harder." Amanda pushes her boobs up and squeezes her hands together tighter trapping his large aching cock ever deeper in the snug depths of her tits.

Her pleas grow even more drastic and depraved. "Baby harder. Fuck your Mommy's tits harder. Please, sweetheart."

Trying to impress his mother with his manhood Jimmy gives it his all. He pulls back resting briefly, collecting his energy, steeling his

nerves, and then plunges forth with reckless abandon into the task at hand.

He starts fucking her tits so hard the whole bed begins to shake making Amanda moan with supreme satisfaction that he is losing control.

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

Jimmy bites his lip hard, trying desperately to slow the insatiable lust building inside of him. It's fruitless. Despite all his best efforts, he probably stands a better chance of stopping his heart from beating than he does of preventing the unstoppable feeling that is building inside his loins.

To stop such a powerful force of nature as an overheated young man's impending climax is forlorn: any attempts to do so are simply futile at best and silly at worse. Between his mother's begging and pleading for him to fuck her tits harder and then cum all over them, and the intense pleasurable feeling of having his aching hard cock cocooned by his mother's big, squishy breasts leaves him unable to delay what must come next.

The inevitable happens. Control is something he is yet to learn so all it takes is for yet another hard stab or two before the head of his cock explodes in a veritable fountain of cum. The muscles in his arms give

way as he collapses onto his mother. She holds him tight in her arms as he is shaking, even crying maybe, as the intensity of his orgasm overwhelms him.

She holds him for a long moment in her arms stroking his hair as he trembles against her. Finally, he rolls off of her onto his back.

Amanda looks down and sees the mess he has made on her chest and bra and a sudden playful mood overtakes her. "Hmm bad little boy you made a mess on Mommy's bra," she teases her son. "I better go get a wash cloth and clean your damn mess up."

She jumps up off the bed and stalks across the room, ignoring his pathetic cries of "Mommy did I really do something wrong."

She disappears inside the bathroom after slamming the door hard enough to get his attention. He is left panting on the bed with spent desire wondering maybe if she really is mad. She hardly ever swears, or slams doors, so maybe that is a clue he was not supposed to cum. Not so soon anyway. Or maybe not on her bra. Maybe he ruined it? He is dazed and confused from the night's events where almost anything could seem possible.

Inside the bathroom, Amanda looks at her son's cum, half of which is on her bare skin above her bra, while the other half has made a nice little stain on the bra itself. She smiles to herself. Things are going perfectly.

Act I of tonight's play is complete. She will take some time in the bathroom allowing her son to recoup his energy for Act II while wondering if she really is upset.

Of course, she is really not mad, but he doesn't need to know this. I will have him eating out of my hand and simply begging to do anything to get back in my good graces when I come out of the bathroom still looking upset, she thinks.

Plans of utter depravity swirl in her mind. With a cunning smirk, she reaches around to undo her bra pondering just what she will wear next. She has a new purple corset that really shows off her tits making them look huge. She thinks Jimmy will like that combined with a pair of black stockings and a pair of 5 inch spike heels.

Humming a playful tune she pulls open the bottom drawer of the bathroom cabinet where she had secretly stored her heels and corset away earlier this afternoon . . . just in case.

She wonders what his reaction might be when he fully realizes what is in store for him during Act II of tonight's adventure. Her heart races at a thunderous pace when she thinks of it -- of what must come next for them.

Act II

Poor Amanda. All dressed up and no place to go. She emerges from the bathroom ready for Act II of their night of sexual high jinks dressed in a purple corset that shows off her tremendous tits to the Nth degree.

She also stuck with her decision to wear the black stockings along with a pair of slutty 5 inch spike heels. Before she emerges from the bathroom, she checks herself in the mirror and pronounces you are one hot Mommy Ms. Amanda.

But alas much to her chagrin she would be coming on stage without an audience to entertain in her slutty little outfit. Left alone after she disappears into the bathroom Jimmy becomes worried that he really did do something wrong. These worries, along with a fair amount of guilt from the sexual experiences he just enjoyed with his mom, causes him to flee her room.

Amanda finds the bedroom empty except for a small piece of white stationery that he left on the bed. She crosses the room, picks up the piece of paper and reads it.

Mom:

Sorry for my mess. I guess I got carried away. Anyways I think I can sleep now so I went back to my room. See you in the morning.

Love,

Jimmy

The note is simple and to the point and so is her reaction. Amanda crumbles up the piece of stationery and lets it fly across the room. She is angry at herself for that teasing little comment that had apparently caused him to bolt from her bedroom.

But maybe more than angry, she is deeply disappointed that she is not going to get her son's big, young 18 year old cock of his into her pussy tonight. Bottom line - there would be no Act II. Not tonight anyway.

Things get no better the next morning. Jimmy is quiet during breakfast while Amanda, now sober and nursing a vicious hangover, feels a fair amount of guilt for seducing her son the previous night. But the guilt is nothing compared to the distress she feels at him for abandoning her.

Her response is actually a bit immature. Instead of taking her son by the hand and talking things out, she responds by being equally quiet with him and maybe just a little bit cold. This sadly only drives

Jimmy further to the conclusion that he did something wrong last night.

Now, unfortunately, there is a current of tension between mother and son because of their wicked night of sexual adventures. Even more regrettable, the tension does not ease with time, but, instead, only grows more acute.

Amanda responds to the strain in their relationship by becoming extremely conservative around him in both manners and dress. No more flirting, no more prancing around the house showing off her hot body in sexy string bikinis, no more cuddling sessions in front of the television, but most disappointingly of all is how Jimmy seemed not to notice. Or perhaps even worse- not to care.

He appears, in her mind's eye, cold and distant. Yes, they are still polite to each other sure enough, but beyond that . . . nothing. As for Jimmy's little sleeping problem? It is all but cured.

He sleeps like a baby provided he does one thing before falling to sleep. He tries to fight what he needs to do to relax and get a peaceful night's sleep, but the night terrors from the war return in full force if does not succumb to the guilty pleasure that bedevils him.

It takes him less than a week to realize the solution which in the end turns out to be rather simple. He remembers fondly, very fondly, the love and comfort she provided him that night thus causing him to get a tremendous erection. From there the rest is simple. He whacks

off dreaming about "Mommy". Then, and only then, is he able to slip off to sleep peacefully.

If only he had known of just what was happening down the hallway in his mother's bedroom things, both naughty and beautiful in nature, might have happened sooner. But what Jimmy did not know, what he had no way of knowing, what he would have never suspected in a million years, was happening down the hallway every night in his mom's bedroom.

Amanda was also masturbating herself to sleep every night using a large flesh colored 8 inch dildo to simulate her son's equally large cock. Her dreams of being with Jimmy bounced between soft and sugary, shameless and sensual, then back. She still secretly harbored the idea that she would be the one to take his virginity. It was an idea that had taken hold of her heart and would simply not let go.

Although both would have been loath to admit it out loud, especially Jimmy, beneath the icy coldness that had developed between mother and son ran a red hot current of sexual tension that was fueled every night by their mutual, but separate and lonely, masturbating sessions about each other.

The budding sexual tension between them would only need a spark to explode into a red hot fury of reckless and immoral sexual passion or, if things turned bad, a level of sexual frustration for the two of them that would lead to self-loathing and guilt driven hatred.

Finally, that spark was provided in the form of a pretty young girl named Vicky. She was 16 years old and lived across the street. Jimmy had been dating her for a few weeks now much to Amanda's extreme displeasure.

But it was more than simple displeasure that drove Amanda to her decision to melt the icy tension between mother and son. It was pure and simple jealousy. She loved Jimmy deeply, fervently even, and until now, never knew how very possessive over him she might be. Vicky brought that possessiveness and jealousy up to a fever pitch.

The only good thing about Jimmy dating Vicky, as opposed to some other pretty young girl, is Amanda was sure she had a bit of time if she still wanted to fulfill her dream of being the one to take her son's virginity.

Vicky's parents were strict. Vicky was raised to be a "good girl" and indeed that is what she was. Jimmy, of course, is still naive about sex himself so she had no worries he was going to push her into going all the way anytime soon.

But just to be safe, Amanda went out of her way to explain to Jimmy since he was nineteen now and she was only 16 that if he did go to bed with her he could be charged with statutory rape even if Vicky was willing. Amanda presumed if Vicky's parents found out that Jimmy had sexual relations with their daughter that would be the case.

What happened next Amanda told herself she only did to protect Jimmy from making a move too quickly on the beautiful young Vicky and finding himself either with a broken heart by being rejected, or in a whole heap of legal trouble if her parents found out.

Amanda, soon after Jimmy and Vicky started dating, embarks on a campaign to seduce her son. It was a simple campaign of sorts. She, just as in year's past, proceeds to show off her tremendous body once more to him in a wide variety of daring and sexy outfits. She jumps at every chance to be so very, very nice to him while flirting outrageously.

The showing off, the flirting causes Jimmy's late night masturbating sessions to become extremely intense. He finally is forced to admit that his fondest wish is to turn fantasy into reality. But this is partially offset for the very strong feelings he has towards Vicky.

Time passes. Jimmy continues to go on dates with Vicky as Amanda's jealousy grows. Jimmy's lustful sexual cravings for his mom swells, especially as Vicky is not hinting she has any desire to give up the almighty pussy. Things are about to explode.

It's Vicky's 17th birthday. Her parents have graciously allowed her to celebrate by going to an all ages dance club with Jimmy as her date and Amanda as their escort for the evening.

Amanda assures Vicky's mom, who she has a nodding acquaintance with that she will watch over the "kids" and make sure they do not

get into any trouble. To further reassure her, Amanda informs Vicky's mom that her good friend Misty is the club manager and that the club is above board and not some sleazy joint that caters to the delinquency of minors. All they would be doing at the club is dancing while drinking nothing stronger than club soda.

The plan is to meet at the club around 8pm. Vicky is getting dropped off by her parents after they have a dinner of their own to celebrate her birthday.

Amanda went out of her way to assure Vicky's mom that she would watch over the kids and not let them get into any sort of trouble; however, trouble was exactly what Amanda was hoping for. Vicky, she suspected, was not as innocent as she appeared.

She further imagined that when her son's girlfriend shows up at the club she will be wearing something rather enticing to show off her young, rapidly developing body. It would not surprise Amanda one bit if upon being let out of her cage for the evening, young Ms. Vicky becomes quite the flirt with practically all the boys at the club, except, hopefully, Jimmy.

This would play out perfectly into Amanda's hands as the quite sensitive Jimmy would be deeply hurt by seeing his girlfriend flirting with other guys. Fortunately for him he would have his beautiful mom at hand to ease his jealous heart. At least this was what Amanda envisioned for the coming evening.

With this prospect firmly in mind, Amanda goes all out in getting ready for the big night. She spends an hour doing the lovely tresses of her dark brown hair up just perfectly, while also taking the time to apply her make up with equally meticulous care.

Her choice of an outfit border on making her look like a high priced call girl. One that was hanging out trolling for clients in a high class bar. Amanda dresses in her sluttiest little mini skirt.

It is both short and tight in the extreme. To complement her outfit, she added an extra snug white blouse that she casually left the top three buttons undone making it abundantly clear she was not wearing a bra underneath.

She looks in the mirror for one final appraisal. She smiles. The cleavage she is exposing under her new blouse is nothing short of devastating. Surely poor Jimmy will find it hard, very hard, to keep his eyes off his mother's tits, she muses to herself as she heads out of the bathroom.

Jimmy feels he is the luckiest guy at the club as he is in the company of two extremely attractive ladies both dressed to kill. Vicky had pulled the age old trick of swapping outfits in the bathroom. The conservative jeans and sweater she wore to dinner with her parents had been replaced at the club by a tight mini skirt and a cute little crop top.

Jimmy, for his part, is dressed somewhat casual wearing a nice powder blue dress shirt along with a pair of new Levi's. Both his mother and Vicky comment on how handsome he looks, but on a somewhat ominous note maybe, Jimmy felt the compliment from his mother was the only sincere one of the two.

It was Amanda's idea to have the three of them dance together just after getting settled into a booth at the club. Jimmy, escorted by his mom and girlfriend, dances to the fast paced music as best he can. He is not much of a dancer, a fact that his mom does not seem to mind, but unfortunately the same cannot be said for his girlfriend.

Vicky, shortly after the song starts, makes a couple teasing comments about Jimmy's lack of rhythm and soon disappears into the myriad of gyrating bodies on the dance floor.

Amanda seizes the moment and is determined not to lose a second in reassuring her son. She is not going anywhere! Boldly, she reaches out and snatches both of his hands in hers as they dance. Jimmy smiles at his mom, warmed by this clinging gesture.

His heart is warmed even more when she leans in close to him and whispers, "Don't worry hon, I'm not going anywhere . . . unlike that stupid little girlfriend of yours."

As the fast dance progresses Jimmy finds it extremely difficult to keep his eyes off his mom's big bouncing boobs trapped inside the

tight confines of her exceptionally tight fitting blouse as she happily bounded around the dance floor still holding onto his hands tight.

The throbbing, pulsating music, the flickering multi-colored lights, all add to the memorizing effect of watching his gorgeous mom shake and sensuously writhe her body to the lively pounding music.

When the music decelerates from fast to slow Amanda immediately takes control of the situation not letting her son escape. She gathers him into her arms as the lights dim and the music turns soft and romantic.

They dance, embracing each other tight in silence, as Amanda rests her arms on his shoulders. In her six inch high heels she towers over Jimmy much to his delight as it gives him a lovely view of those delectable big tits of hers.

She plays with his hair as they dance, twisting it this way and that way sending tiny chills up and down his spine. Her arms coil around him tight drawing him into a tight embrace before she lowers her mouth to his ear, "I missed this so much. Being close to you like this."

"Yeah me too," he responds happily. But alas, it's a fleeting happiness marred by the fact he is distracted by the disappearance of his girlfriend.

Amanda spots her first and immediately senses victory is within her grasp. She makes a quick decision to show her son just what his girlfriend really thinks of him even though doing so will hurt his feelings.

After all I will be here to sooth any hurt feelings she muses with an inner smile thrilled that things thus far are going perfect.

"You are a handsome young man in your own right so don't worry about that." She nods her chin across the dance floor and over to the right. Vicky is wrapped in the arms of a tall muscular looking guy with movie star good looks. They are leaning against the wall in a semi dark corner and seem rather chummy.

"Right Mom I have nothing to worry about compared to him. He is a hunk and I might as well be a little kid in comparison."

Amanda nestles her mouth in close to his ear, her heart beating rapidly as this was her grand opening. "There are advantages to being a little kid you know."

"Really . . . such as?"

"For one thing, little kids get cuddled and kissed by their mommies. That is not so bad huh?" she purrs to him quietly before moving her lips down to his.

On the dark dance floor their lips find each other. They kiss- slow and easy- both remembering that fateful night when she provided him with so much love and comfort. Over and over again they exchange loving kisses during the balance of the song.

Short, sweet, shy kisses, as they both seem to be testing the waters. They dare not let their kisses linger for fear of what might happen right there on the dance floor.

The pleasing little kisses, along with the sensation of his Mom's big, soft pillowy breasts pushing against his chest causes Jimmy to become stiff down there. He tries to back away hoping his mother does not notice, but she reels him back closer still crushing him against her.

Finally the song comes to an end and he tells her he has to go to the bathroom. Really it was just an excuse for him to relax . . . down there. Amanda understands as much and is secretly delighted.

As he crosses the club on his return trip from the bathroom, Jimmy still harbors hope that Vicky will be back at the booth waiting for him with his mom. This hope is promptly dashed on the hard rocks of reality though as he spies her across the dance floor sitting with Mr. Hunk and a couple of his friends at another booth. She seems to be the center of attention.

He takes a couple steps towards the booth as jealous anger fills his young heart. He is not sure of what he will do or say, but he feels he must make a statement of some sort.

Fortunately, before he can reach the booth his mother swoops in out of the semi- darkness and saves him. She grips his arm firmly and, despite his protests, steers him away from Vicky.

"Trust me hon, that would not have ended well," she hisses in his ear. Secretly, he is relieved as deep down inside he understands his mom is most likely spot on correct in her assessment of the situation.

The two of them slide back into the booth together with Jimmy pouting a bit. Amanda quickly seizes on his hurt feelings and whispers quiet terms of endearment in his ear until that hurt little pouty look on his face disappears replaced by a smile.

"Forget about her hon, you have me," she says tussling his hair playfully before she adds with a wink, "All of me if you want."

Jimmy sigh deeply and allows her to snuggle next to him. His heart is filled with joy from his mom's gentle musings of love, but maybe more importantly from those big, bra-less tits so proudly on display under her tight blouse. His eyes kept flickering to them helplessly.

The next time a slow song plays, Amanda quickly drags a reluctant Jimmy to the dance floor. His reluctance fades away fast though when he finds her snug in his arms.

As they sway to the music he detects with a note of disappointment something that surprises him-his mom has discreetly buttoned up her blouse almost to the top. Sadly, it appears her mood to show off has passed.

His curiosity piqued he decides to ask why she is suddenly being so shy. "Mom I . . . ahh, noticed you are not like . . . showing off so much anymore." He flicks his fingers across the extra three buttons that are now securely fastened so she would understand exactly what he is talking about.

"Are you disappointed?" she answers relieved that he both notices and has the courage to ask about it her newly buttoned up blouse. It is all part of her grand scheme of seduction.

Jimmie knows his mother wants him to say yes, but his mood is playful and curious, mainly due to the determination he feels not to let that little vamp Vicky ruin his night. He decides to tease her a bit curious as to what her response might be.

"No not at all. Just curious that is all as to why all of a sudden you seem so shy."

She gives him a pensive look before responding, "Well you are telling half the truth anyway. I believe you are curious that much is true, but I can't believe you aren't at least a little disappointed to see your mom's blouse buttoned all the way to the top."

"OK, yes, maybe I am. So what!" He again flicks at the buttons as they circle the dance floor holding each other close on the crowded dance floor. "So tell me why did you button them up?"

She draws him in even closer, saying nothing, instead letting him wonder if she will answer. Finally, she decides to tell him a little something that might bring them closer to the truth, if only he takes the bait.

"Well I presumed you really were not paying much attention anyway. You were too busy trying to keep an eye on your pretty little girl friend. I mean I just figured . . ."

She looks away while letting her voice trail off away feigning sadness.

He takes the bait and demands quietly for her to finish her thoughts.

Now it is Amanda's turn to sigh deeply before finishing her thought praying that it has the desired effect on him. "You were so focused with your attentions on that cute little ass of Vicky's in her tight little

mini skirt that your Mom showing off her big tits did not interest you so much anymore and besides . . . I probably look foolish."

Just hearing his mom say those two simple words - big tits - sends chills racing up and down his spine.

Amanda's sad smile fades to a deep frown as she continues to make her confession. "I mean I am not so young anymore and my breasts are getting old and flabby, just like the rest of me. So why bother to show them off?"

Jimmy would have thought she was teasing if not for the seriously sad expression on her face. In fact, she looked to be nearly in tears as the slow song ends. A second slow dance number starts up enabling them to continue their conversation without interruption.

Fresh determination fills his heart. He understands he needs to make her believe that she still, even at the age of forty, has an absolutely great set of tits. They have always been her pride of joy and for her to think otherwise will only make her feel old and depressed.

"You should show them off because, honestly Mom, they are still nice." He wishes he could say something more, maybe something a bit more clever, but among the crowd on the dance floor his clever thoughts do not come easily.

"What is nice hon?" She knew perfectly well what he is talking about, but wanted to hear him say it out loud.

Jimmy presumes as much and plays along wanting to soothe her fragile ego. "Your tits. They are nice Mother. Really nice." His comment sends her ego soaring as she notices how he very much put extra emphasis on the word really.

Then he remembers that night of delectable pleasure between them and how she melted over his sweet little innocent boy act and so he quickly adds for her benefit, "At least your little boy really thinks so."

"Well if you think they are so nice, maybe Mommy's little boy should grow up and be a man, and . . ." she announces sternly as she pulls back from him.

"And what mother?" he replies a bit taken back at her abrupt change of mood. Apparently the little boy act won't work tonight on her he thinks to himself.

Amanda took his hands into hers and looks at him earnestly so he will have no doubt she is not playing. "And do something about it."

She presses his fingers against the buttons of her blouse. "You wanna show your mom how nice you still think her tits are then be a man and undo her buttons."

She kisses his fingers and then looks at him with fevered anticipation. Although the dance floor is crowded with swaying couples they might have well been the only two people on the whole floor so totally focused they are on each other.

Jimmie senses his mother is trying to seduce him right here on the dance floor!! And in front of his girlfriend no less as he spots Vicky sitting in a nearby booth staring at him. It seems as they circled the floor somehow fate has brought them around to the edge of the floor close to the booth where Vicky is sitting all alone.

Maybe her hunky new boyfriend has already ditched her. Maybe I still have a shot, Jimmy thinks to himself as their eyes briefly lock before Vicky gives him a bemused smile and then looks away.

It was almost like she found the whole thing amusing, Jimmy thinks with a gloomy heart. He turns his attention back to his mother. She stares down at him looking achingly beautiful. She expectantly bats her silky eyelashes over her large doe eyes. She is waiting to see what he will do next.

His eyes slip down to her curvaceous figure. There is nothing at all supple about her voluptuous body. His eyes become hopelessly stuck on her massive chest. Lost in the beauty of those majestic hills his heartache begins to fade to nothing.

Even with her blouse buttoned up completely it's still an exceedingly enticing sight- those regal breasts straining against the tight confines

of her white blouse—that completely captivates him. He feels his heartache begin to fade to nothing.

If they had been alone he most certainly would not have possessed the willpower to resist such an invitation. But they were in public for one, and for another, he still harbored illusions that his heart belonged to Vicky.

He reluctantly tears his eyes off his mother's chest and chanced another look over at Vicky's booth just as they are circling the dance floor close by once more. She is still there, still alone, still smug as hell based on the smirking, bitchy look she gives him.

Amanda senses her son's conflict. "Honey you think about it while we dance. If you . . ." She uses one hand to gently turn his face away from the smirking Vicky and back toward her. "Turn me down now for her I will be deeply hurt, but I will understand. At the very least don't leave me before this song is over. Ok?"

"Sure Mom." Jimmy answers distracted by Vicky's nearby presence. Amanda, noticing how her son's attentions are being diverted from her to that young little bitch over in the nearby booth, feels her jealousy kick into high gear.

She moves closer to him, wrapping her arms snug around his waist while suggestively pressing her mammoth tits against his chest. These were her secret weapons and she would use them to her full

advantage on her son if push comes to shove which apparently it had.

Vicky was teasing him for no apparent reason other than she can. It would be up to the mother bear to make sure her teasing did negligible harm to his sensitive heart and to achieve this she was prepared to do anything.

They sway to the beat of the music, her arms tightly locked around his neck, his arms tucked cozily around her waist. Jimmy tries frantically not to think of those—big—squishy—tits pushed tantalizingly tight up against his chest.

Finally Amanda breaks the silence and directs his attention back over to the booth where Vicky is sitting as it once more comes into view between the moving bodies on the dance floor. She is no longer alone Amanda sees with smug satisfaction. Mr. Hunk is back and is showering a giggling Vicky with kisses causing Jimmy to feel sad and foolish.

"Honey, forget about her. Concentrate on me. On us. Think about what I suggested you do earlier. I know you want to . . . I can feel it in the way you look at me. Tell me I am wrong?" She looks at him earnestly as the song ends with a hopeful look on her gorgeous face.

"Yes, you are right, but Mom we are not alone and Vicky being here and all I can't. Maybe if we were alone."

They break their embrace and head off the dance floor as the music becomes loud and obnoxious playing some top forty hip hop song that he cannot stand. He starts towards their booth feeling hurt and confused.

Amanda, sensing the moment of truth has arrived, grabs his hand as they move off the dance floor. "Jimmy look over there." She points across the dance floor, "See those stairs, next to the bar?"

He looks and spots a dark stairwell off to the side of the bar. "Go there and wait for me. I will only be a moment."

He tries to protest; tries to ask why, but she cuts him short and simply states, "trust me."

So he goes to the stairs and impatiently waits while she disappears somewhere in the crowd. There is a small chain barring the stairs with a sign hanging down that read "No Admittance".

Jimmy muses how that sign is a perfect metaphor for his relationship with Vicky. She should hang it around that tight little mini skirt she is wearing. Of course, the no admittance sign apparently is only for my benefit and not Mr. Hunk's, Jimmy thinks sourly as he stands there fidgeting while waiting for his mother to return.

Thankfully, it was not long before Amanda returns. She is flashing a mischievous smile along with a single key.

"What is the key for?" Jimmy asks doubtfully.

"Remember my friend Misty. The one that is the manager here."

"Yeah."

"This is the key to her office at the top of the stairs," Amanda responds happily as she turns to carefully unlatch the chain that barred the entryway to the stairs.

Before they head up the stairs she twists back to him and adds with an impish grin, "You said something about 'maybe if we were alone', well so we shall."

She holds the chain back and he follows her up the stairs his heart thudding inside his chest.

Going up the stairs behind her he found it useless, entirely useless, to even try to keep his eyes off his mother's slightly plump, rounded ass in her short little mini skirt.

Somewhere in the deep recesses of his mind, Jimmy understands, even if at this point he is unwilling to admit such a thing, once they are alone their smoldering passion for one another will become a virtual tidal wave washing away any inhibitions mother and son

might have in fulfilling their deepest, darkest sexual cravings for one another. Or so he hopes.

Amanda turns the key pushing open the wooden office door with Jimmy panting close by her like an expectant puppy dog. The office is dark. She turns on a small lamp by the large desk that dominates the interior of the sparsely furnished office.

Jimmy takes a quick glance around. A battered old leather chair sits behind the desk; a couple of old dingy filing cabinets lean haphazardly against an unpainted wall; a pile of boxes with what appears to be various old bar glasses stuffed inside are piled against the opposite wall.

He sighs after hearing the audible click of the office door being locked. In the stillness of the office the thrum of the music down below is like a faraway heartbeat.

His mind wanders for a moment as his eyes finish sweeping the interior of the office. It is a metaphor for his life- the only thing attractive in it is his mother.

He turns his attention to her. She is leaning back against the desk, her pouting lips curl into a bewitching smile. She flashes her pearl white teeth as she shakes the tumbles of her russet-brown hair. She looks sexy, seductive and maybe even a little bit dangerous.

Her words are definitely dangerous. "Well son you have your mother alone. What now?"

Jimmy decides to play shy, although it really was not much of an act as it's simply not in his nature to be overly aggressive. "I don't know Mom. You dragged me up here. What is on your mind?"

"Honestly son, it is not so much what is on my mind but what is in my heart."

"Which is?"

"I don't know. Jealousy maybe. Hurt most definitely."

"Why? Did I . . ." He crosses the room to stand before her. "Did I hurt you somehow?"

"Maybe, look hon, the truth is . . ." She looks away and then down with that sad expression once more crossing her face. "I'm jealous of your little girlfriend's youth and beauty. I see the way you look at her."

Jimmy notices the hitch in his mom's voice. He knows this is often a prelude to tears. He takes her hands into his once more.

"What else? I think there is more. Tell me."

Amanda takes a deep breath, stares her son deep in the eyes and rushes forward with her confession before she loses her nerve. "I remember that look. How you used to look at me before that night we spent together. It feels like I have aged a lifetime in the year since. I feel old and washed up." She frowns as a deep sadness fills her eyes.

"Mother you are no such thing." He touches her cheek delicately, "You are still beautiful." He leans forward and gives a soft kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you sweetheart. You are too kind, but it's not my face I most worry about. It's my body. I have been a bit depressed since that night and stopped working out. I mean my ass is getting bigger, my thighs are thicker, but most of all I worry about my . . ." Too embarrassed to continue her voice trails off to nothing.

Jimmy notices how she is blinking her pretty eyes rapidly and now understands with little doubt she is on the verge of tears. He is determined to stroke her damaged ego so he nosedives recklessly into a confession of his own.

"Oh God, Mom you still have a nice ass. I noticed it coming up the stairs." He grins at her broadly hoping this will put her at ease before he looks down at her thighs.

He slowly reaches down letting her hands slip from his. He places a hand on each of her thighs. He begins to rub each thigh in small

circles starting from just above her knees right up to the edge of her short skirt. Her thighs are firm and muscular causing him to doubt that she has stopped working out.

He turns on the charm full blast now and hits her with what he considers his most winning smile as he whispers, "Mom, these are not so bad. I think you still may be working out though."

"Well maybe a little." She responds sheepishly before reaching down and placing her hands over his. "Honestly it's not really my butt or my thighs that have me worried the most. It's my . . ." She stops and regards him with a winsome look. He understands she is waiting for him to ask her to go on. Of course he obliges her.

"It's your what Mom? What are you so worried about?" He asks just as Amanda gathers his hands in hers and lifts them up off her thighs.

She takes a deep breath as she screws up the courage to finish what she has started by inviting him up to her friend's private office.

"It's my breasts that worry me most honey. They are beginning to . . . well sag a bit I guess now that I stopped doing my exercises religiously at the gym. I am afraid they are not as firm as they once were. You do remember, right baby? That your mother's tits were rather nice and firm at one time?"

Both mother and son remember fondly that night nearly a year ago of wondrous pleasures they enjoyed in each other's arms. Together, they have a sense that are on the edge of taking what happened that night one step further.

"I do remember that night Mom," he told her plainly. He is unsure of what else to say at the moment. His attentions are riveted on his mother's heaving chest as she leaned back against the desk while she seductively thrusts her big tits out at him for all their worth.

She held his hands firm right up in front of the divine grandeur that are his mother's stately and awe inspiring breasts. Again, he discerns how her massive tits seem to be begging to be let loose from the pretty white blouse that contained their overwhelming beauty and size.

Amanda throws out a line that she hopes will finally force her young son to commit one way or the other as they stand there eyeballing one another with restless hearts.

"I just don't think they look so very nice anymore honey." She manages to make her voice sound both sincere and grave all at once. There is no acting involved now. She is worried more than a little about what the ravages of time are doing, or may do, to her once mighty and proud breasts.

He decides to call what he perceives to be her bluff for he doubted she really feels that way.

If so, why had she worn such a tight blouse tonight? Why had she so nonchalantly left the top three buttons undone? There are the foremost questions in his mind at the moment. The answer was she wanted to show off of course because, despite her words of worry, she is still proud of her imposing boobs.

"I don't think you really believe that yourself Mom. Now come on admit it. You don't believe that!!" He tells her all this with a quiet offhanded laugh trying to lighten the mood just a bit. It only made things worse.

"Laugh all you want young man. But that is the way I feel and if you don't want to convince me otherwise. . ." Her jade green eyes flash with fiery anger. She pulls away from him and starts to storm across the room.

He reaches out just managing to snag her arm as she passes him. "Mom wait . . ." She pauses, giving him one last chance at redemption.

He speaks calmly and to the point. "Then tell me why did you wear such a tight fitting blouse and leave so many unbuttons undone if . . ." He hesitates, unsure of he should really speak his mind.

She stands there and scrutinizes him for a brief moment before she makes her demand. She is sure he had more to say.

"If what sweetheart?" Her voice is mellow and dripping with sugar. The storm has passed from her beautiful eyes and has been replaced with - hope.

He understands, although the sound of her voice is smooth and mellow, it still held the undertone of a demand that should be heeded. 'If what sweetheart' is not a question to be maybe answered, but a demand that needs to be answered.

His heart racing he finds the courage to finish his thought. "If you didn't want to show off those big, beautiful tits of yours Mom."

Her face lights up like a 1000 megawatt bulb. She turns on her heel and heads back to the desk. She once again leans back against the old desk while arching her back forcing those giant bra-less tits to press so invitingly up against her ivory blouse.

"Your kind words warm my soul sweetheart so I shall reward you with the truth."

Their hands find each other as the moment of absolute truth is finally upon them.

"I was just being silly. I guess trying to compete with Vicky for your attentions tonight. I mean at first when I got dressed tonight I choose something rather conservative. And then my jealous heart got to

working its wickedness upon me and I changed into something a bit more daring."

"Really? You were jealous of Vicky, Mom?"

"Yes, it's silly I know and stupid probably, but my feelings cannot be denied. As you can see by my blouse being buttoned all the way to the top now I am over my foolishness. Remember we discussed that on the dance floor?"

"Yes and as I recall you ahh . . . invited me to 'be a man' and unbutton your blouse."

"To which you declined."

"Coz we weren't alone."

"We are now."

His hands move upwards towards the massive twin peaks of his mom's enormous breasts as he murmurs, "Finally."

She let her hands fall out of his and places them firmly on the desk. Her eyes twinkle as his hands draw nearer to her chest and then hesitate.

"Well it's a shame because I liked it better before when your blouse was not buttoned up all the way."

"You mean that Jimmy? Really, honestly you mean that?"

His face flushes red, "Yes."

She pushes her chest out towards him and whispers, "Show me."

Not wanting to risk losing any momentum she reaches out and presses his fingers against the top buttons of her blouse.

What Amanda wants her son to do is quite clear. He slowly and carefully begins to unbutton her blouse. As first one button, and then a second come undone, Amanda drops her hands to the desk.

Jimmy, going painstakingly slow, undoes the third button while he speaks sweetened words of flattery to her. "I still think they look nice Mom . . . your breasts that is."

The fourth button is unfastened by his nervous fingers. Amanda's chest with its well-tanned peaches and cream complexion is finally being revealed to his apprehensive eyes. The vast slope of her immense cleavage is a sight of awesome wonder that he has been

dreaming of nearly every night since their fateful encounter so long ago.

Now as her mother's tits are a simple button or two from being the star attraction of the evening his yearning to see them is intensifying to an unbelievable level. His cock is granite hard inside his jeans. It only grows harder and stronger when his mother tenderly strokes his cheek with one of her long, siren red, well-manicured fingernails, before leaning in and with a voice dripping with nectarine answers his compliment.

"But you really have not seen them yet honey. Go ahead and finish unbuttoning my blouse and take a nice long look before you tell me what you really think."

The fifth, sixth and then the final button come undone revealing more and more of her juicy boobs. She reaches up with her hands and pulls the blouse free of her skirt.

She regards her son- her heart thumping, pulse racing, and palms sweaty with nervous anticipation-making sure she has his full attention before she deftly slips the blouse down and off her shoulders. It flutters to the floor unnoticed as Jimmy stands there with wide staring eyes, his mouth agape, while he ogles those two large dollops of perfection that are his mom's luscious tits.

Using the desk for support, she leans back against it as she jiggles those decadent, delicious and devotion worthy tits for him to stare at with unqualified adoration.

The first thought that crosses his mind is bullshit she has not been working out. Her tits looked fucking fantastic.

He stares - memorized. Her big, firm tits are tanned to a golden bronze. Any sag in them is negligible at best. They look as ripe as the freshest melons one might hope to find anywhere.

He licks in lips in savage anticipation as his eyes settle on those fully erect, jutting nipples that looked to be as hard as a pair of freshly minted pencil erasers standing out proudly from the dark tangerine tips of her areolas.

Again he smacks his lips as he dreams of what it must be like to once again roll his tongue over those elegant, stately nipples of hers sucking them deeply in his mouth.

"Well what does my baby think of his mother's tits? Should I be worried honey?" Her voice is gentle and soothing like a quiet summer rain. She bats her long, languid eyelashes at him. In the semi-darkness of the office her tumbles of russet brown hair seem to shine with unearthly beauty.

He barely notices her honeyed voice, or her batting those languorous eyelashes at him over her lovely walnut shaped green eyes. The exquisite dark tresses of her hair, styled to perfection just for him tonight, go unnoticed.

Instead, his mind, body and soul are all fixated on one thing and one thing alone—the grandiose tits of his mother. He has come full circle in a sense from when he was a swaddling new born. Just as his mommy's tits were the center of the universe then, surely her big, beautiful tits begged to be the center of his universe once more - a mere 18 years later.

He chooses his words carefully. "Oh Jesus, Mom they are still . . . even now . . . so big and beautiful."

Jimmy has spent many a long night dreaming of those tits as he stroked himself to untold hardness. Those tits, those fabulous all natural 37 F tits of hers, have done nothing less than fuel a thousand masturbatory fantasies each resulting with untold buckets of his cum being spilled. And now once again here they are- right in front of his eyes -bare, big and beautiful as ever.

She happily notes how his voice is totally sincere while barely rising above a whisper. But better yet, it is choked with what she imagines to be a youthful, dark desire. A yearning for his "Mommy's breasts" that he can barely control. But better yet, unlike before, tonight she will grant him the ultimate prize—she will allow him access to whence he came—her luscious cock starved pussy!!

Amanda looks at her son and giggles playfully as she continues to jiggle her tits for his delight. She could see from his reaction that he is more than a little impressed, but still she feels obligated to continue with the humble act she has been using to perfection so far.

The truth is she had stopped working out for only a little bit shortly after their night of forbidden love was not repeated. And then once her son started seeing little Ms. Vicky she hit the gym with the fervor of a woman possessed.

"Thank you so much for re-assuring your mother that they still look nice," she says pleasantly in between giggles, jiggles and wiggles.

"Nice, nothing, Mom. Holy Christ, they look fantastic," he tells her as his hands envelope her waist.

"But sweetie I'm still worried that maybe . . . well OK they look good, but I mean maybe they do not feel as nice as they once did. I mean I am sure they are not quite as firm as they used to be. Can you maybe tell me hon how your mom's tits feel?"

She pushes his hands up and under them. He cups his hands under her boobs testing their hefty weight, his heart beating like mad, his cock growing bigger, harder and stronger by the second. She holds his hands firmly against them- moving them around slightly — as she sighs gently at the cool touch of her son's hands on her tits.

"So how do they feel honey?"

He manages in a hoarse whisper to tell her they felt just fine.

"Well take your time baby and feel them up real nice as I want you to be sure now." She says all this with a mirthful smile, absolutely confident as she let her hands drop from his that his hands are on her tits to stay.

By the look of his restless eyes that glint with uncontrollable craving as they gape at her breasts, along with the fierce and determined way he is now kneading her large ponderous tits, she knows he is hopelessly trapped in her web of forbidden desire.

Her confidence is well founded as Jimmy maintains a gentle attack on her boobs. His hands go from caressing, to stroking, to rubbing and then finally to squeezing those golden bronzed mounds of fragrant flesh.

Finally, he flickers his fingers lightly across her nipples making them snap to attention before he pays her one final compliment.

"They still are nice and firm and so beautiful just like you, Mother."

"Oh God, honey, you really think so?" She lets out a soft whimper as his fingers attack her sensitive nipples again and again.

"Hmm . . ." he looks at her with a sly smile as he murmurs, "can't you tell how good I think they feel by the way I am playing with them Mommy. I don't think I could take my hands off them no matter what!"

His voice had become high pitched and excited just like a little boys voice that is exclaiming with unabashed enthusiasm how much he likes playing with a new toy.

Yes, without really realizing it, Jimmy had slipped into what worked so well that night a year ago—the innocent little boy exploring the hidden treasures of his mother's scrumptious body.

"Oh God, that is it baby boy. Play with your Mommy's big nipples as much as you want." She tilts her head back and lets out a loud near wail of untold pleasure. She is utterly thrilled that her son is playing with her tits with such childlike glee.

Amanda decides to accept his young and innocent act for a little bit longer as a prelude to something much more adult she is dreaming of having him do to her.

The childlike glee quickly turns to a more manly aggression though as he commences to massage her tits with a fierce, frenzied

determination. One hand on each, he thumbs her nipples with crazed abandon. He is curious to see how much she can take of this "rough" treatment before she protests.

She allows him some latitude before finally snapping, "Honey . . . you know how sensitive mommy's tits are . . . be gentle with them baby," she says breathlessly bringing her hands up to bat his away.

Their mouths come together in a wet, hot kiss that sparks July 4th like fireworks in each of their respective hearts. His hands find her tits once more and this time, respecting her wishes, he cradles them gently in each of his hands.

One of Amanda's hands, seemingly acting on its own accord, travels down boldly to his crotch. She grips his large hard penis through the denim of his jeans as her heart surges with excitement.

She begins to stroke his hard cock as she shoves her tongue aggressively into his mouth. His hands slip off her tits and around her waist as he feels first his zipper, and then his jeans being viciously yanked down.

He responds by lifting her quickly onto the desk. His wet, sloppy, kisses fall down to her neck and then back once more to her mouth as he somehow manages to wiggle out of his jeans without breaking contact.

Mother and son kiss. And kiss. And then as too much is never enough they kiss some more-like two long lost lovers tasting the sweet nectarine of each other's kisses for the very first time.

While kissing, Amanda attacks her son's cock with both hands feeling its immense hardness up and down through his boxers.

Finally, she breaks off their kisses. She pulls back slightly to look at him as she whispers "Do you think your mother's tits are still nice enough to suck on baby."

The heavy bass reverberating through the quiet office from down below simulates Jimmy's reverberating heart thudding away like a runaway freight train inside his chest. Without fail, every night for the past year since their romantic night of decadent carnal cravings he has been dreaming of sucking on those giant melons of hers once again. And now here is his invitation to do just that!!

There is no need for a verbal response to the question. His actions will do the talking. He brings his hands around from her waist and uses them to push her back a bit on the desk. She obliges him by leaning back on her elbows while arching her back upwards forcing her massive tits up as a sacrificial offering to his hungry mouth.

Jimmy buries his face in her cleavage shaking back and forth for a minute loving the way her heavy boobs rub enticingly up and down his cheeks as he smothers himself in all that awesome tit flesh.

Play time is over though. He can resist no longer. He pulls his face up, closes his eyes while opening his mouth and begins to suckle on each of her tits with a desperate urgent frenzy that literally takes poor Amanda's breath away.

No warm up act, no slow and soft start- just bang off to the races he went sucking away like a mad man. Amanda loves the fact her tits can inspire such frantic and fiery yearnings in her young son.

He kisses the cinnamon from her rigid nipples, before his mouth slips away to lovingly lick a glistening sheen along the vast entirety of her pebbled tit flesh. She lets out a low moan as she feels his tongue tweak her juicy nipples until they begin to throb.

With her quietly begging him for more, he begins to roll his tongue across the rampant evidence of her passion, before suckling on the sweetness of her bountiful breasts much to her absolute satisfaction.

As he deliberately proceeds to nibble the nectar of her succulent swells he rapidly starts to lose control. Soon his mouth cannot get enough of those luscious "Mommy tits". Back and forth it flies between the twin mounds of his mother's stunning tits.

Sucking, licking and kissing them all over - she arches her back even more while wrapping a hand around the back of his head, trying to get her breasts deeper in his warm mouth as he suckles on each one in turn.

Meanwhile, his hands are far from being idle. They join in on the fun as he moves them along slowly up her thighs-one hand on each-before they disappear under her tight mini-skirt.

When he discovers his mother is not wearing any panties under her sexy skirt his heart leaps in his throat. He pushes one finger deep into her moist pussy at the same time he tenderly bites down on one of her fully erect nipples that is trapped in his ravenous mouth. She lets out a loud desperate yelp of pain and pleasure from this twin assault on her body. In and out he pushes his finger in his mom's sopping wet cunt while he wraps his tongue around her trapped nipple this time flickering it lightly driving her wild with crazed longing.

Amanda is squirming all around the desk polishing it with her ass. She can literally take no more. She pushes herself up to a fully sitting position -her fingers intertwine in his hair and she yanks his face up from her tits.

Sliding off the desk onto her feet she makes the ultimate demand that any mother can make to her son- "Fuck me baby . . . Fuck Your Mother Now!!" And then to add emphasize to her statement, lest he think she somehow was not serious, she takes her hands, snagging them under either side of his nice dress shirt and literally tears it off his body. It ends up on a heap with her top.

She showers him with kisses, first on his lips before dropping down to his bare chest all the while repeating her mantra to "fuck your mother now".

Her voice is quivering with red hot desperation as Jimmy helps turn her body around, leaning it forward her palms spread on the desk for support. He stares at his mom's slightly plumb ass almost fully on display under her slutty little mini-skirt- waiting to be fucked. The sight of this fuels a surge of excitement that sends an electric bolt straight to his cock.

Impatiently, she reaches back with one hand and snags his boxers with her fingers and with his help she yanks his boxers half way down. Jimmy's big seven inch rod comes spilling out ready for action.

Amanda finds it with her hand and starts to stroke it up and down as he steps out of his boxers that have fallen around his ankles. He kicks them unceremoniously onto the heap of clothes that is accumulating on the office floor.

She let his dick go as he grabs her wrist and pushes it back down onto the desk. He yanks up her short skirt up revealing her rounded bare ass. He takes a short moment, stepping back, to admire the scene.

His mother is turned facing the desk with that short, tight, slutty skirt pulled up as she leaned over -legs spread wide- her big boobs flopped against the desk, her 5 inch spike high heels adding the final touch to the scene.

A singular thought races through his mind and causes his cock to become harder than it ever has in his short life—she looks just like a cheap fucking whore in that position- and what do you do with cheap whores - give them a good hard fucking of course.

He moves forward, his very soul fills with a wild, reckless zeal to fuck his mother. He pushes his throbbing rock hard penis against her pussy, rubbing it for just a moment up and down, teasing her a bit.

"Jesus, honey, stop teasing me and put it in me now," she cries out shrilly. If not for the loud beat of the music coming from downstairs surely someone would hear her frenzied pleas to be fucked.

He gives in and rams his seven inches of manhood hard and fast into his mother. She is wet and surprisingly tight. She lets out a loud moan, her hands beating against the desk as that hard cock of her son's nearly impales her.

Jimmy grabs his mother's hips and wastes no time in beginning to fuck her fast and furious. His thoughts are wild and savage. He looks at her and once more gets the image of a cheap hooker in his mind.

The result of such a wicked thought, somehow shamefully, causes him to become even more excited. He slams into her even harder, pushing his cock in and out, deeper and faster, his hands gripping her hips for support.

She is whimpering like a bitch in heat, her big tits rocking back and forth slapping the desk from the jackhammer blows of her son's cock. "Oh yes," she cries, "OH GOD, YES, FUCK ME HARDER BABY . . . HARDER."

The mother's voice is rough and demanding. The son somehow finds a way to comply and starts to fuck her even harder. He finds thinking of the many ways she used to tease him over the years turns him on to the point where he is ramming her with complete and utter reckless abandonment.

Amanda's wicked ways are coming home to roost in the fucking she is receiving. The ways she used to strut around in her skimpy bikinis. Of the ways she would accidentally create situations to show off for him wearing nothing but her bra and panties. The ways she used to swagger around the house in ultra-tight tank tops, braless underneath of course, her nipples fully on display. The ways she favored sashaying around in short little crop tops.

And then there were the parade of half unbuttoned tight blouses she favored, all designed apparently to show off her mouthwatering tits to him. All this half naked prancing around creates a rash, urgent, frenzied sexual anger inside of him. Now that carnal anger is indeed coming home to roost in the hammer blows of his hard cock being slammed up and into his desperate pleading mother.

I will teach her what happens when you tease your son too much you cheap fucking whore, he thinks without the slightest hint of regret.

He knows the game is almost up though as an incredible and undeniably huge orgasm is building inside of him ready to explode.

He wants to draw the scene out longer if only he somehow can. As much as he wants to erupt inside of her he is despairing of having this forbidden dream come to an abrupt end.

He slows down and begins to rock into with much more gentleness now. As he switches gears and goes slow now, making love to her tenderly, with loving compassion she is nearing a mighty orgasm herself. Amanda sighs as she feels the fury of his initial storm of forbidden desire pass by and turn to this delightful song of making love.

She is wrong though as it's only a lull in the storm. He has slowed down, made his mind go blank, while letting his uncontrollable lust cool down to a simmer. Little does she understand that the passionate fucking she was just getting is far from over!

He almost pulls out of her completely, resting a moment at her wet opening, his cock barely inside of her as he prepares for the homestretch. She lets out another sigh, this one of disappointment, as he stopped just as she was about to come.

She allows herself to be turned around so she is facing him. This will be better yet as I will be able to look at my baby as he makes me orgasm, she thinks naively never suspecting she is about to get

wholly fucked again harder than ever—harder than she ever has in her life.

Their lips come together slowly resulting in a light rain of kisses given in between quiet exclamations of love for one another. He carefully caresses her breasts with all the tenderness in the world. He slips his mouth away from hers and finds the sweet spot on her neck that turns her into butter.

He attacks her neck and throat with delicate nibbles and bites as he dances his fingers lightly over her nipples making them spring to full erectness once more.

She slides forward to the edge of the desk, spreading her thighs as she does.

"Mommy needs her baby inside her again. Please darling make love to me. Make me come honey. Please baby."

The lull in the storm continues as he slides up into her nice and slow. She lets out a long contented sigh as his cock fills her with TLC. They begin to exchange light kisses while once again sharing affectionate endearments of utter and complete adoration as he makes love to her.

Amanda wraps her legs around his backside as she, urgent for just a bit more force, grinds him deeper and harder into her motherhood.

Her breath is coming in short gasps now as he cups her tits squeezing them gently while he slowly pushes in and out, in and out, drawing her closer to orgasm.

"Oh baby, Mommy is coming . . . please oh my Gaaaawd!!" He watches in amazement as she begins to shake all over while her hands snake up into his hair pulling his mouth to hers. He buries his tongue deep in her mouth cutting off her wild cry of illicit passion as a most intense orgasm washes over her.

He pulls back slightly from her almost breaking contact as she whispers, "Oh honey, that was so good, but what about you? She reaches out and strokes his face, "You need to come too sweetie."

"I . . . I almost came earlier when I was . . ." He stops short of finishing his thought not sure he can say the f word right to her face.

"When you were fucking me so good from behind honey? Well . . ." She takes a quick glance down and sees his cock is just hovering against her pussy- still hard and standing up proudly.

"Why don't you finish what you started?"

Jimmy places his hands on her hips and propels his big cock forward thrusting it deep inside his mother's pussy. Amanda is more than a little pleased that her son requires no prompting to finish the job.

The storm breaks upon her once more . . . raging out of control. He pounds away at her with total out -and-out reckless abandon causing those commanding tits of hers to shimmy and shake with the intense pounding she is taking. Jimmy is proudly fucking his mother with a pure unrestrained wildness driven by her rash words of wicked lust.

"Oh baby . . . Oh God, baby, you're fucking me so good. Jesus you feel so good inside me."

He is memorized by the sight of those large captivating tits of hers bouncing up and down as he plows his manhood into her. He seemingly only has one goal in mind and that is to make her tits rock and roll for the fucking she is getting.

Like two frenzied animals mother and son claw at each other with such uncontrollable sexual hunger that soon the whole desk is bouncing up and down. He slams his cock in between her wide open spread legs, the little mini skirt hiked up around her waist, her hands tearing at his hair as she begs for more.

"Fuck me harder son. Harder . . . come for Mommy now, baby. Oh please do it."

Her frantic pleas for him to come only turn him on all the more. With a total and complete lack of inhibition or restraint he grips her hips and bangs his cock over and over, harder and harder into his mother, making her whimper with frantic joy.

Finally, unable to stand it anymore, his eyes glued to her tits as they bounce up and down with the force of his mighty cock thumping into her with machine like precision, he feels the onslaught of such a vicious wild orgasm overcome him that it makes him cry out while buckling his knees.

He falls forward into her arms, clutching at her much like a baby clings to its mother. She smooths his hair holding him tight as they manage to stagger around the desk and collapse together into the large leather chair still ---- to each other.

In the semi-dark office, with the music still blaring below, they exchange kind words of love for each another. A love they both now know is, without a doubt, fuelled by the pure unbridled lust they possess for one another.

THE END