

# Love-Lost & Found

As the waitress approached the table, eighteen year old "Tony" was apprehensive. He was a freshman at the University of Georgia, with an untested fake ID in his wallet showing him to be two months past his twenty-first birthday. The fake ID identified him as one Tony Mercer. His real name was Howard Jaimeson, but his friends called him Howie.

His two older buddies, Tom and Frank, both of legal age, assured him the phony ID was more than adequate. His friends were right; the waitress scanned all three of their ID's before handing them back without comment.

Howard actually look older than his true age. He was of mixed heritage, his dad was a Caucasian, while his pretty mother was a beautiful mixture of African American and Cherokee Indian. Of the two, Howard took after his father more so being fair skinned, although he received his mom's dark hair which he kept short and neatly trimmed at all times. He was built bigger than his father though as he was just over six feet tall while weighing a solid two hundred pounds.

Many people remarked how closely he resembled his older brother, Holden, if only in the looks department, which rarely pleased him as he didn't really care for his older sibling.

From the very beginning, Howard aka Tony, found himself smitten with their waitress, Vanessa. She was an older, his guess maybe early to mid-thirties, light skinned, well put together, African- American beauty. As she served them throughout the night she was more than a little flirtatious with the boys, but most especially toward the well-mannered Howard.

After bringing them yet another round of beers, their fourth if anyone was bothering to keep track, she was in the process of clearing the table when she accidentally knocked over one of the half full beer bottles. It was just the two of them with Howard's buddies over at the bar talking to a couple girls.

"Oh God, I'm sorry. I'm so clumsy," she said offering an apologetic smile.

"It's OK," Howard quickly replied as his eyes slipped off her face and travelled inadvertently downward.

Howard wasn't lying-- it really was OK as he was treated to a most delicious sight. Leaning over in front of Howard while patiently wiping up the spill, she appeared oblivious to the way he was gazing at her. There was plenty to gawk at as the snug, light colored blouse Vanessa was wearing showed off a pair of rather sizable tits.

Howard wanted to avert his eyes, but it was, at first, difficult, and then nearly impossible, once it became patently obvious Vanessa's large tits were unencumbered by a bra.

Later on, as Howard told his tale of the spilled beer to Tom and Frank, along with describing in glowing terms her braless tits, they both went as far as to suggest she spilled the beer on purpose as a way of flirting with him. The self-effacing Howard wasn't buying it, but it was a nice thought regardless.

As the mid- September night wore on, Howard generously tipped Vanessa, while treating her with extreme politeness—unlike his two older buddies who were both a bit crass with her.

He considered asking for her number, but in the end decided against it mainly because he figured a beautiful older women like herself would not be interested in someone so young. Besides, if he was to ask her out would he do so as the twenty-one year old fake Tony, or the eighteen year old real Howard?

In the end, it all became too much to think about so he did the easiest thing possible—nothing.

It seemed fate was on his side though as they ran into each other a few short days later. It's was a lazy Wednesday afternoon when Howard wandered into the restaurant side of the Bulldog to have lunch after finishing a late morning class.

Much to his delight, she was waiting tables in his section, and surprisingly enough, remembered him from the other night. The restaurant was slow, and after bringing him his food she plopped down on the chair across from him and they struck up a pleasant conversation.

Howard made a snap decision to keep up the charade of being the fake older Tony. He was reluctant, as of yet, to reveal his ID from the other night was a fraud, especially after learning she was twenty nine,

unmarried, and didn't drop any hints of having a boyfriend. Somehow their age difference of only eight years with him being the fake Tony seemed better than the alternative — telling the truth.

After discovering she was also taking classes at U of G, majoring in English, which just happened to be his worse subject, he screwed up enough courage to suggest maybe they could meet one day in the library for a quick tutoring session.

After adding he could pay her a little something, her pleasant reply caught him off-guard. "Or maybe, instead of paying me you could just treat me to lunch here or there, and then if you manage to get a good grade this semester a nice dinner."

Over the course of the next month, they met for several tutoring sessions and after the second one she graciously allowed him to take her out to lunch.

The one lunch turned into a nearly weekly affair with him still keeping with being the older "Tony". Pretending to be older, and someone else, was actually giving Howard a stronger sense of self-confidence to handle dating this attractive older woman.

Other than using a fake name and age, Howard was himself with her — a perfectly charming young Southern gentlemen, amiable, a bit on the shy side, and abidingly polite. It seemed to be working, although he knew, sooner or later, if things continued to go well, he would have to reveal the truth to her.

Maybe because she was such a good tutor, or maybe just because he wanted to impress her, he put a lot of time and effort into his English course and ended up with a final grade of B. They celebrated his good grade with dinner at an Italian restaurant in downtown Athens.

After dinner, they ended up back at her place alone. Her roommate was out of town visiting family allowing Howard the hope this might be the night he finally would lose his virginity. God knew he hoped so as Vanessa looked ravishing in a short white dress emphatically tight enough in all the right places to show off her abundant curves.

Cuddling together on the old fashioned swing on her front porch they enjoyed the warm late autumn evening while sharing a glass of lemonade generously spiked with some kind of alcohol. Howard's eyes keep darting to her chest mainly because before they headed out to the porch, Vanessa excused herself to go slip into something a bit more comfortable. Her new comfortable attire consisted of a pair of cut off blue jeans shorts, along with a tight red and gray University of Georgia tee shirt.

After sharing a second, and even more potent lemonade, somehow, someway, he found himself making out with this goddess of dark beauty. His first kisses were clumsy at best, but Vanessa said little, instead showed him a kind, motherly patience which only served to turn him on all the more.

During a prolonged kiss, Howard took a chance, snaking his tongue deep inside her mouth (she tasted delicious), while brushing his hands

up against her breasts (they felt pleasantly full). Vanessa offered him a whimsical smile as she took his hand and led him into the house.

Settling down on the couch in the living room, they shared several more breathless kisses during which he groped, with growing eagerness, at those large tits of hers. His hands slipped around to her back, and then under her tee shirt with his inexperienced fingers fumbling at trying to get her bra undone. She allowed his muddling about for a short moment or two before pushing his hands away.

With an exaggerated primness she admonished him for trying to undo her bra. "And here I thought you were such a perfect gentlemen Mr. Tony. I guess my tits are too much for even this gentlemen to resist huh?"

"Sorry Vanessa. Guess I got carried away." His face flushed as in the semi-dark living room he failed to notice her devilishly smile.

"Turn the lamp on," she whispered. "I need to tell you something serious."

Howard sighed. Surely he blew it if she wanted the lights on now.

He flicked the switch on the lamp to find Vanessa smiling at him. "I just wanted you to turn the light on for a second so you could see how serious what I have to say really is."

When she said nothing for a long moment, instead just sitting there with a sly smile on her pretty face he asked quietly, "So what did you have to say to me that is so serious?"

"Oh nothing much . . . just this." His eyes grew wide as—unbelievably—she pulled her tee shirt over her head before casually tossing it to the side.

"Jesus Christ," he muttered. Her white lace trimmed bra was adorned with small red roses scattered over the immense cups and looked ultra-sexy on her.

"This should make it a bit easier for you to, you know, take off my bra."

They begin a series of adoring kisses as he struggled to undo the triple clasps in the back of her bra. He managed to get the first two undone, and was struggling with the third, when her phone chirped from somewhere nearby.

"Oh Christ what timing. Let me turn that damn thing off, hon. Just hold on a minute."

Vanessa stretched out retrieving her phone from the nearby coffee table. "Damn, it's my sister. I better take this. Sorry."

Howard heart shrank, along with his cock, as he listened to her side of the conversation. It was clearly not good news.

"My mom, she is in the hospital. A stroke. I really need to go," Vanessa said her voice breaking.

Howard retrieved her tee shirt and handed it to her while trying not to think of what might have been. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, I don't think so. Just call me later," she said before kissing him quickly on the cheek.

The stroke was bad leaving Fiona dependent on her daughter for nearly all her basic needs. Vanessa was forced to drop out of Georgia and move back to Holmfeld, a small town roughly forty miles northeast of Athens, where her mom lived.

Much to his relief, they continued to stay in contact talking on the phone a couple times a week after she moved away. He was smitten with her now more than ever.

It was during a late night phone call, a few week later, when their relationship took a turn. They had just started their conversation when she sighed heavily, "Well I guess it's time I told you the truth. You have been so good to me so you deserve nothing less than the truth. When we first met I told you I was only twenty nine, well, I tell everyone that little lie. The truth is I am thirty four years old. I meant to tell you sooner of my little hang up about admitting that I am over thirty, but I guess I just never got around to it. I hope you are not too mad at me?"

He sighed. Now it would be his turn as he had been given an opening as wide as the Mississippi to bring up his own little white lie.

"You know Vanessa, I have a similar confession of my own. Remember that night at the bar when we first met and I showed you my ID. It was a fake."

"I thought it looked sort of fishy but you were so polite so I let it slide. And then since you didn't bring it up the next time we ran into each other I thought I was wrong or you would have told me. So your name is not Tony, huh? Maybe its Prince Charming instead."

Pleasantly surprised by her lighted hearted answer he told her everything. "Actually, it's Howard and I'm eighteen, soon to be nineteen in a few months anyways and things were going so good between us I . . . shit I just didn't want to take a chance and mess anything up by telling you how young I really was. I was going to tell you . . . eventually. It was just I didn't think you would want to keep hanging out with me if you knew my true age."

"I suppose I can't be too mad or complain as I was kind of using the same excuse about things going good so why rock the boat and reveal my true age. So we are both guilty of the same crime. That is too funny huh?"

"Yeah," he sighed still not one hundred percent sure she was OK with him being only eighteen.

"So tell me Howard, the ID as I recall said your address was in Athens. Is that true at least?"

"Yes, that part is true. Originally, I guess I never told you this, I'm from Brandenberry."

Brandenberry was another small town in Georgia not far from Holmfeld and about a good half hour's drive from Athens.

"Really, my mom worked in Brandenberry when I was a teenager. So are you going to tell me your real last name or is that a secret?"

"It's Jaimeson," he told her.

"Wait . . . Your last name is Jaimeson and you're from Brandenberry?"

Yes, I--"

"Your father's name, is it Arthur? Does he have a son named Holden?"

After he answered yes to both questions the phone went silent for several long moments before she spoke again, her voice barely rising above a whisper.

"Can you tell me your birthday Howard?"

"Sure, I guess I better so you can buy me a nice present."

"Just tell me please," she whispered.

Howard hesitated before speaking. It sounded weirdly desperate the way she was demanding to know his birthday. Just after he told her, the phone went dead.

He tried to call back right away, thinking there was maybe something wrong with the line, but she wasn't picking up, nor did she pick up for the next several days either. Howard was baffled about what happened. Maybe she decided eighteen was too young for her after all.

Finally, after three days she sent him a short text.

Howard-- I need some time and space to figure things out. Please understand. I can't say anything more at this time and please don't try and contact me.

Howard was baffled by the turn of events but, not wanting to come on too strong, gave her the space she wanted. It would be nearly two years before they spoke again.

Fiona eventually passed away due to complications from her stroke allowing Vanessa to return to Athens after almost two years. After

enrolling at the university, she made a determined effort to look up Howard, knowing she, at the very least, owed him the truth.

After tracking him down, he was still taking classes at Georgia, and was now a junior, they met for lunch. Things were at first a bit awkward as Vanessa refused to go into detail of what happened but finally, toward the end of their lunch, just as he was near bursting with curiosity, she made a startling confession. The story behind the shocking truth as she told it would break his heart.

"My mother worked at the Jaimeson estate for a long time, your family's estate and when I got older, into my teens, I used to go there and help my mother out doing odd little chores and stuff. Anyways, Holden, he was quite a bit older than me, in his early twenties, I think and he liked me."

Howard interjected quietly, "I know he is my brother and stuff, but honestly I really don't like Holden. He is a jerk."

"Yeah, you might like him even less when I am done, but for now please no more questions or comments. I need to just get through this."

"Sure," Howard said. He tried to reach out and take her hand but she pulled back.

"OK, so Holden, he liked to flirt with me and stuff, always making crass jokes that I, being young, foolishly giggled at maybe encouraging him

a bit. Actually, I thought he was cute and kind of funny even if he was a bit crass."

Vanessa paused to collect her thoughts. The really difficult part of her confession was coming up. "It was during one of those times when I was there helping her that it happened. My mom was off on some errand that would take a while and no one else was there but me. Holden came home and began to flirt with me, again, but really aggressive this time. At first, I was sort of flattered having the attentions of this older boy, I mean I was all of sixteen at the time, but quickly his flirtations were out of control and . . . Howard . . . he ended up raping me."

"Jesus, did you call the police? Did you press charges?"

Vanessa dabbed at her eyes with a napkin before shaking her head no.

"Why?" Howard lamely asked but he was pretty sure he knew why in the back of his mind.

"I wanted to but my mom, she knew about these things, talked me out of it. She said, 'Arthur socialized with Brandenberry's chief of police and had been elected on the back of Jaimeson money'. Besides, she stressed to me a black girl accusing a white boy of rape, especially a white boy with the last name of Jaimeson, it was not bound to end well for the girl. After my anger cooled, I guess I agreed."

Vanessa paused again. Longer this time as she twisted the napkin in her hands.

"What is it, Vanessa tell me? Look I understand if you are upset with my family. I mean my brother did rape you and--"

"Howard, you don't understand at all do you? I got pregnant because of the rape. I wasn't sexually active at the time so it was Holden. When I found out I demanded something be done. My mom, she talked to Arthur in private. I think she actually threatened him although she would never tell me exactly what went down. Anyways, an agreement was reached that everyone hoped I would abide to."

"What agreement was that?" Howard asked. A strange feeling was starting to come over him as to exactly where this story was heading.

"To give my baby up after I had it to Mary, Arthur's third wife who desperately wanted a baby but could not have one."

"Wait you mean my dad wanted you to give . . ." Howard was growing confused, possibly in a futile attempt to avoid the truth. "Give your baby up to my mom?"

"Howard," Vanessa reached across the table taking his hand into hers, "Mary is not your mother . . . I am. Holden is your father. Of course they keep this all from you. I don't know, I doubt if they ever would plan on telling you the truth."

Howard was too stunned to talk as Vanessa finished her story. "As part of the deal worked out, they gave my mom a sizable cash payment. Enough for us to move away up north to Chicago. We moved in with my Aunt Rose. Howard, you have to understand, I didn't want to give you up, but I was young and had plans. I was angry about being raped. I thought you being raised by a stable family, well off and everything would give you the best chance in life. Better than being raised by a single young black mother anyways."

"Jesus, you gave me up," Howard muttered under his breath.

"I liked your mom. She was like me in a way. Young, I think she was all of twenty seven or twenty eight at the time, black, well half anyway, I think she is mixed and after talking to her one day for a long, long while trying to decide what to do I decided she would make a good mother especially after she told me her and Arthur had been trying unsuccessfully to have a child together."

"So fucking Holden is my dad. Jesus--"

"Please Howard, let's not talk about him. Instead let's focus on us. On us moving forward."

"Fine. So you said you moved to Chicago though, but you are back here and so was your mother. What happened?"

"My mom got tired of those bitter cold Chicago winters. Besides she had always been a simple country woman and the big city just did not

set well with her. So after five years or so we moved back down here and I started taking classes at Georgia and working at the Bulldog and I met you, or actually your alias Tony Mercer and . . . well, you know the rest."

Alone that night in his apartment Howard could not sleep. He kept trying to wrap his head around how this woman he was so smitten with could now suddenly be his mother. Was he supposed to now just turn his feelings for her off—just like that?

By mutual agreement, they decided to take a week off from each other, no phone calls, no meeting, no texts, nothing in an effort to sort out their respective feelings with everything out on the table now.

Much to his surprise, Howard found over the course of their week apart, he was, if anything, even more enamored with his newly found mother. At least now, he understood better the reason why he felt so close to her so quickly after meeting. Maybe it was some sixth sense trying to tell him this woman was special.

After the week was up they decided by mutual agreement to take some time getting to know one another over the next few months. By the time spring came their relationship was on solid ground, although trying to keep things on a normal level between them sometimes proved difficult as just under the surface of their new relationship was a hint of smoldering passion.

As Mother's Day weekend approached, Howard was determined to do something special for his new mom and after some deliberation he

finally decided to surprise her with a three day weekend trip to the rustic vacation cabin his family owned on Darwin Lake.

Arriving at the lake on a sunny Friday morning, Vanessa fell in love immediately with the Jaimeson's beautiful lake front cabin. She was especially captivated to find the gently sloping back yard went right down to a private little beach area.

When she found out the cabin only had a single bedroom with only one bed she wondered briefly about the sleeping arrangements before sighing to herself. Of course he will sleep on the couch out in the living room. Stop being silly, Vanessa.

Wanting to change the subject in her mind, she told him, "Howard you should have told me the cabin was on a lake. I would have packed my swimsuit."

"But that would have ruined my surprise, but hey, when we go into town I'm sure you can find something. Darwin has plenty of little clothing shops. We need to head to town anyways to pick up food for the weekend."

After hitting the modest sized town they split up. Howard went off to pick up some groceries at the local food market, while she headed off to one of the local boutiques.

After taking care of his errands, Howard tracked his mother down in the Pink Lady boutique where she was holding up an attractive little

one piece suit. "That would look sweet on you Mom," Howard chirped as he approached her from behind.

"You think," she said doubtfully. "God, the prices here are outrageous, but this little one piece is actually kind of cute but it's too expensive."

"What do you expect? Darwin is pretty much a tourist trap." Howard replied before spotting a mannequin displaying a white with red polka dots tie-front bikini top.

Vanessa turned to see her son eyeing the bikini top and decided to have a little fun with him. She dropped the one piece back down on the shelf sidling up next to him.

"Now that one is sexy. Probably too sexy for this thirty something year old mom though."

"Not hardly, I think it would look fantastic on you. You should buy it."

"Hmm, well, I do like it, the polka dots are cute and I think white looks nice on me."

Howard couldn't resist. He leaned in close whispering in her ear, "Everything looks nice on you, Mom."

"Stop," she said swatting at his arm while secretly loving the way he was always paying her compliments both big and small.

"Yeah it's nice alright and the price shows it. Look." She flipped the price tag over to show him.

Howard shrugged his shoulders. "Seventy nine dollars. What is that expensive?"

"For the top alone. Yeah. You are right anyways this place is a tourist trap. No way am I paying seventy nine dollars just for a damn bikini top."

"Well, maybe you won't, but I don't mind paying that much. Besides you like it so let me buy it for you . . . that plus, of course, whatever you pick out to pair with it as a bottom."

"Are you sure? I mean if I do find a matching bottom I'm sure it will be expensive too. Together you are going to end up spending probably over a hundred dollars."

He smiled. "No worries. Go find a matching bottom, Mom."

"Howard . . . no. It's too expensive."

"You like it which is all that matters. Call it a gift. It is mother's day after all. Now come on pick out a matching bottom so we can hit the beach already."

"Fine," she huffed before adding, "and, well, since you are the one splurging for my swimsuit you need to help me find something nice to match my sexy top."

With Vanessa scrounging through what passed as the clearance section of the swimsuit aisle, Howard wandered over as an attractive white bikini bottom displayed on a nearby mannequin caught his eye.

He turned to find his mom tossing aside several bottoms as she exclaimed, "There is nothing here very appealing son. Maybe we should just forget trying to find me some bottoms and buy that one piece instead."

"Well if you really want, but first take a look at these," he replied pointing to the mannequin.

Vanessa took one look at the amount of skin that would be displayed on her ass if she allowed her oh so generous son to buy her these bikini bottoms and gave him a rueful smile.

"Sexy and skimpy. Hmm, I can see why you like em."

"Well if you don't then I guess we can find you something else," he said trying to hide his disappointment.

"You are right son. I don't like them . . ." She watched his face drop before adding the kicker. "I love them. If you want to buy them for me I would happily accept."

"Really? You aren't going to argue they are too expensive."

"Would I win?"

"No, probably not," he said laughing.

Vanessa was thrilled by her son's generosity, although she half suspected the "gift" was really maybe as much for him as it is for her. The thought of this, instead of making her uneasy, only secretly thrilled her.

After getting back to the cabin, they headed out back to the small lake where they planned on spending the rest of the warm afternoon lounging about.

Just as Howard assumed his mother looked fucking fantastic in her new bikini. The bikini top showed off her gorgeous tits to the point where poor Howard fought -- and pretty much lost—to keep from ogling her chest the whole afternoon. He got little relief whenever she turned her back on him either, as the view from the backside was just as generous to the eyes considering the little matching white booty shorts she generously allowed him to pick out for her did little to hide her delicious ass.

Marveling at what great shape his mom was in he made an innocent inquiry. "Are you, like, working out Mom because you are in pretty good shape?"

"Thanks. Glad you noticed. I have been working out again. Been hitting the gym about four times a week. Now speaking of working out how about we take a dip in the water. Maybe we can have a little race out to that raft just off shore."

"I don't know. I'm a pretty good swimmer, Mom."

"Oh yeah, well let's see about that."

They laughed happily as they raced across the beach and into the water. Howard, in a mood to show off, gave it his all and easily beat his mom out to the raft resting about thirty yards off shore. After climbing aboard the small wooden platform he reached down to help her up and onto the raft.

After resting on the raft for a few minutes they jumped back into the water and spent some time engaging in a bit of physical horseplay. The highlight of the afternoon came a few minutes later as they both stretched out in the sun on the sandy beach. He was nearly asleep when she nudged him, "Hey honey, can you be a doll and rub some sun tan lotion on your mom's back."

Of course, it was a thoroughly delightful invitation that he eagerly accepted. Going slow he ended up spending the better part of ten

minutes working the lotion all over her back. Her dark skin was pleasantly warm while being ultra-smooth to the touch, forcing his cock to full erection status in nearly thirty seconds flat.

In short, it was a maddening experience rubbing his hands all over the backside of her body while wishing fervently somehow she would turn over and invite him to rub the lotion all over her front side also — after casually removing her bikini top, of course, so she could receive a "pleasantly even" tan.

Alas, his daydream fantasy was crushed under the cruel fate of realism. Instead of receiving a further invite after turning over, Vanessa gave him a quiet thank you before she dozed off leaving him with a throbbing erection.

Later that evening, they went back to the village where Howard treated her to a casual dinner after which they strolled, hand in hand, around what passed for the downtown section of the village.

They ended up at the local arcade/entertainment center where they played a round of miniature golf. Vanessa wore a tight little mini skirt that made it a true adventure for Howard's eyes whenever she bent over to putt or to retrieve her ball from the hole. Adding to the eye candy was the clingy cream colored blouse she wore with an extra button left undone at the top. In short his mom looked three kinds of hot.

Just before their putt putt game, as he was ready to strike the ball on the first hole she stopped him. "Hey how about making things a bit interesting, son. You up for a little wager?"

"Sure, what do you have in mind?"

She moved closer to him lowering her voice. "It should be something nice for the winner say . . ." She paused, flashing him a mischievous smile, "like the loser has to give the winner a nice back rub before bedtime tonight."

"Hey that sounds nice. I could use a back rub as I'm a bit sore. probably from the way I trounced you earlier in our swimming match."

"Oh you are assuming you are going to win."

"But of course," he replied confidently before striking the ball.

Just like their earlier swimming match, he beat her. Badly. As he tallied up the final score he smiled at her saying, "I hope you give good back rubs, Mom."

"Only the best, hon and just because you are my son and have been treating me like such a queen I am going to go out of my way to make sure your back rub is extra special."

He nervously smiled back at her light flirtations while trying to control the raging monster that was growing inside his jeans.

That evening, cuddling in front of the TV, while watching the remake of an old horror classic *The Thing*, they shared some popcorn while enjoying the movie. After the movie was over, Howard stood up, stretching as a broad smile crossed his face.

"I think I strained my back beating you so badly at putt putt, Mom. I hope you are ready to pay off on your ill-advised wager."

"Your mother lost fair and square and yes I am prepared to pay off on the wager. And just to show you what a good sport I am, I will let you decide exactly where you will receive your back rub."

"What are my choices?"

"Well, choice number one would be in the bedroom. You could stretch out on the bed, of course, or second choice, you could lay on the sofa here, but that might be a bit cramped or finally third choice, and this is my personal favorite." She paused and pointed across the living room at the fireplace, "There. We could start a fire, and on what looks to be that very comfortable rug I could give you your nice back rub."

"I think I have to agree with you on this one. Choice number three is the clear cut winner."

She smiled before replying with a playful smirk. "You are so easy, son."

"What do you mean?" he replied defensively. He didn't want to be tagged as being easy.

"I mean you always give me what I want. Anyways, I like it so don't ever change. Now why don't you get the fire started, refill our wine glasses while I go slip into something a bit more comfortable. A mini skirt and blouse is not exactly a girl's best massage uniform."

Howard, his chore completed of getting the fire started and their respective glasses refilled, sat on the sofa anxiously awaiting for her to come back. He could not wait to see what "slipping into something a bit more comfortable" actually meant.

Vanessa came bouncing back into the living room with a bright smile. As he looked up, nearly choking on his wine, he observed how his mother was in a mood to obviously show off. She was wearing a pair of red silk shorts and a white half tee shirt that barely covered her large DD tits.

"What are you doing son sitting there still fully dressed?" she asked gliding across the room to him.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, how am I expected to give you a very nice full body massage if you are still dressed?" She took the glass from him and nearly drained half of it to his utter delight.

She had already consumed three glasses of wine during the movie which was very much OK for Howard as with each successive glass of wine she seemed to get a bit more "friendly".

"So my ahh, back rub has been upgraded to a full body massage", he asked hopefully.

"Yes I have generously upgraded you son so hurry and let's get you undressed,. unless, or course, you just want to stick to a simple run of the mill back rub?"

"No, no, I think I would prefer the deluxe package of the full body massage," he told her with a smile. He started to unbutton his dress shirt but she immediately stopped him by grabbing his hands as she hurriedly sat down next to him on the sofa.

"I have an idea, Howie. Why don't you let me undress you, baby. I mean, it may be silly, but it's something I never got to do . . . helping my baby get undressed. We missed out on so much by me giving you away . . ."

Her voice started to hitch as Howard feared she was about to break down in tears.

"Shh, don't worry about that Mom. We are together now and that is all that counts." He scratched the side of her face lightly with a soft finger, "But if you wanna undress me, I will let you."

"I do and besides getting you undressed is part of the deluxe package you wanted," she said hoping her little joke would stave off the tears that were threatening to put a damper on what, thus far, has been a near perfect day and evening.

It worked, but just barely, as she concentrated on deliberately unbuttoning his dress shirt. Sitting this close to her, Howard found it next to impossible to keep his eyes from flitting ever downward to her chest.

It was rather apparent she was not wearing a bra as the outline of her delicious dark nipples pressed invitingly up against the thin white tee shirt.

He found his cock growing stiff as she carefully slipped his dress shirt off his shoulders before pulling it off his body. Taking the time to carefully fold it, she placed it on the sofa neatly before turning back to him.

"Now stand up so I can take your jeans off baby."

"Mom, I think . . . I mean taking off my shirt is good enough." Despite his best efforts, he was still quite firm down there and obviously did not want her to see this embarrassing fact.

"Not if I am going to give you the deluxe package of your well-earned full body massage. Now if you are going to turn all shy on me we might as well stick to just giving you a back rub but . . . ahh, I think you would regret that choice deeply."

"Of course, I'm not going to do that Mom, it's just that--"

"Just nothing hon now stand up for your mother and stop being silly."

It seemed he had no choice. He stood up.

The raw sexual tension between them was anything but lacking as Vanessa patiently undid her son's jeans and then slid them down. Her eyes, once, and only once in her defense, darted to his crotch. He was wearing a pair of common white briefs while sporting what was, in her estimation, must have been at least a semi boner.

After leaving to retrieve a small bottle of baby oil from her suitcase in the bedroom, she returned to lead him across the room to the rug in front of the fireplace. Within minutes she had him sighing with pleasure as she worked her skilled hands up and down his bare back, rubbing and kneading expertly to the point where he felt as if he had died and went to heaven where he was being attended to by this lovely dark angel of hot smoldering beauty.

Her hands glided up the back of his legs and then onto his lower back as she worked her magic with her well-oiled hands. "You like that hon, feels good huh."

"Yes."

"Your mother took a course in massage therapy some years ago. I guess I remember a thing or two," she told him as she rubbed his back with just the right amount of pressure. Unfortunately, between the relaxing massage and the wine, Howard was close to dozing off within minutes.

As she leaned forward, running her hands up to his shoulders, her heavy breasts dropped down just enough to rub invitingly up against his back. Howard, despite being near to dozing off from the numbing effects of both her massage and the wine, couldn't help but to notice the enticing way her tits were resting against his back. The feeling was nothing short of maddening especially as she leaned even further down pressing her breasts ever more firmly against him as she brought her mouth to his ear.

"Does that feel good honey?"

His mind was reeling. Did she mean does her tits feel good being pressed against his back? Did she even know what she was doing?

He sighed before answering, "Yes, mother . . . real good."

"Roll over for just a minute hon," she whispered.

Sluggishly he rolled over, trying to will his poor aching cock to relax. It didn't work much at all.

Vanessa was leaning back, a coy look on her face, as her eyes quickly flitted down. His bulge was now much more pronounced.

"I think you liked my massage . . . a lot, but I also think you are very tired. Maybe you are ready to go to bed honey?" Vanessa, feeling more than a little playful and carefree from the wine, had to resist the urge to add, "With me."

Howard's eyes flickered back and forth between her pretty face and those tempting treats hidden just barely under the tight confines of her tight little white half tee shirt.

After a brief moment of silence he managed to find his tongue. "Yeah, I am tired I suppose. Your massage really got me relaxed."

"Well I'm glad you enjoyed it, hon," she said as she bounced to her feet. Howard waited until she had turned around to jump to his feet before he beat a hasty retreat to the sofa where he quickly pulled the throw hanging over the back of the sofa over his lower body.

Turning to face him she resisted the urge to chuckle. She knew exactly why he had hurried over to the safety of the sofa. Still feeling a bit

reckless she plopped down next to him, "Maybe next time we have some kind of contest you will let me win so I will be the one getting a nice massage. I mean that is if the thought of giving your old mom a nice massage appeals to you in the least."

"Of course it appeals to me, Mom and you are hardly old, OK."

"Sure if you say so. Anyways . . ." she said running a hand casually through his short curly hair, "In the meantime, do you think you can at least give your mother a sweet little good night kiss or maybe are you too old for good night kisses from your Mommy."

"No, I don't think I am too old at all for a good night kiss," he whispered as they both leaned forward. Their good night kiss was quick and furious sending both of their hearts to thumping, thanks to Vanessa deftly redirecting his kiss aimed at her cheek with a touch of her hand onto her lips.

As their lips lingered on each other, maybe for a moment or two longer than was rightly proper for a mother and son, both of them knew one thing--they both wanted more, but neither had the courage, as of yet, to push for what they truly wanted.

"Now I suppose you are going to be a gentlemen and offer to sleep on the sofa while I take the bed?"

"Of course," he replied trying to keep the sadness out of his voice. Somehow, although he knew it was impossible, he hoped she would have suggested they shared the cabin's only bed.

Their simple little kiss left him desiring so much more as she disappeared into the bedroom. Now alone in the dark living room, after spending a good ten minutes trying to deny the naughty images of his pretty mother seared in his mind over and over again during this fateful day, he ultimately succumbed.

He came hard, thinking about fucking her tits with savage joy as she laid out under the sun out on their private beach. So ended day one of their Mother's Day weekend for Howard—in a sticky mess.

Saturday dawned cool and clear, but with a bright blue sky overhead; chances are it would turn hot in the afternoon. Perfect bikini weather again Howard fervently hoped. They headed to town for a late breakfast, and then after a quick debate about what to do with the day, they decided to rent a boat and go cruising on the lake.

Howard, in a mood to impress his mother, rented a Yamaha SX210 twin engine jet boat for the day. The expensive rental boat turned out to be well worth the price as his mother spent the day on the boat in her sexy bikini.

After an afternoon of fishing and racing around the lake they headed back to shore. Before going back to the cabin, Vanessa splurged on an expensive bottle of wine for them to enjoy with their dinner. She

insisted on being the one to grill the steaks out on the back patio, while Howard took a short nap.

He retired to the master bedroom finding himself once again unable to get his mind off how sexy his mother looked that afternoon in her bikini. He fought the good fight—this time for all of about two minutes--trying to keep his thoughts pure but just like the night before it was a fight he could not win.

Masturbating with shameful vengeance, Howard fancied what it would be like to leisurely undo that damnable knot in the front of her bikini allowing him get a good look at her magnificent tits. Of course, in fantasy land where anything was possible, thinking about playing with his mom's big, beautiful, black tits had him climaxing in less than two minutes.

After dinner-- a dinner in which Vanessa got happily smashed on even more wine than she had the night before they adjourned to the living room to watch a movie. Barely half way through the movie Vanessa passed out as she curled up next to Howard on the sofa.

As she slept quietly Howard, knowing she was dead to the world, entertained the very naughty idea of unbuttoning her pretty blouse and taking a peek inside. The thought of doing this was totally depraved, but yet enticing enough where he found himself stretching his fingers out, flicking at the buttons on her blouse.

When she doesn't stir, a small voice, the devil inside all of us maybe, told him to "go for it". After a quick debate, Howard ignored the voice

and hurriedly pulled the blanket up to his mom's chin. Sighing in resignation, he moved over to the large easy chair across from the sofa and fell asleep.

Sunday morning, Mother's Day, found Howard hustling around the kitchen preparing breakfast while Vanessa, at some point during the night having crawled off to the bedroom, was still sleeping soundly.

He was not a great cook by any means, but still he figured she would greatly appreciate the gesture of him preparing breakfast for her.

Carrying a large tray, with a bouquet of violets he picked from outside the cabin perched on it, Howard knocked on the bedroom door.

"Come in sweetie . . . I'm decent."

He almost dropped the tray after he entered the room when he saw what her definition of decent was. Sitting up in the bed, Vanessa allowed the sheet to deliberately slide off her body.

Howard eye's got big as his mother said, "My, my, breakfast in bed on Mother's day . . . oh what a sweet honey of a son you are. Here bring it over closer and let me see what you prepared for your mom."

As he sat the tray down on the bed next to her his eyes kept involuntarily flickering to his mom's chest. The tight white tank top she was wearing showed off her big boobs to a yummy factor of ten.

Her dark round nipples were clearly visible as he sat nervously perched on the edge of the bed.

"It's nothing special Mom. Just some toast and eggs."

"It's the thought that counts baby. And I suppose these pretty flowers too are nothing special."

Shrugging his shoulders he said, "I found them growing wild outside the cabin this morning."

"Well, they are beautiful baby. You treat me like a queen you know that. Now come closer and give me a nice mother's day kiss."

She leaned forward in such a manner, presenting her cheek to him for a kiss, as to allow him to stare down into the heavenly abyss between her braless tits. He gave her the briefest of kisses on her cheek, before drawing back while wondering if she was teasing him on purpose.

After their late breakfast was finished, they spent the afternoon strolling through Darwin's quaint downtown section. Later in the afternoon, he suggested they split up so he could run off and buy her something. Heading to a nearby jewelry shop, he bought her an expensive glittering diamond bracelet planning on presenting it to her as a Mother's Day gift later that night.

Before they hooked up again, Howard stopped by one of the local restaurants where he arranged for a lavish meal to be delivered direct to the cabin. The meal would consist of soup, salad, appetizer, main course and dessert. Satisfied his preparations to make this Mother's Day special for her were finally complete, he headed back up the street to find her.

Later that evening as the appointed time drew near for the meal to be delivered, he pushed his mom into the bedroom telling her, "Now don't come out until I say so. I have a surprise planned for dinner."

"Fine, fine," she happily told him. "I will just take my time getting ready for dinner then."

A few minutes past five thirty, after the young lady who delivered the meal from the restaurant left, Howard summoned his mother. The stage was set with a lovely flower arrangement placed in the middle of the small dining table—red roses this time-- along with candles, soft music, and another bottle of expensive wine.

Howard was a little worried as maybe she would think the whole "romantic candle light dinner" thing might be too cliché, but his concerns proved to be unfounded.

Vanessa emerged from the bedroom and upon spying the flickering candles and roses she let out a small shriek. "Oh my God! A good old fashioned candle light dinner. Oh baby, I love it."

She came bouncing across the cabin toward him looking utterly beautiful in her new dress-- a silver off the shoulder sequin lace gown.

All during dinner Vanessa was floating as happy as happy could be at the extraordinary lengths her son went to make Mother's Day special for her.

After dinner, as dusk was settling over the cabin, they went for a short walk, hand in hand, along the beach. It's was a warm pleasant evening with a faint breeze blowing off the lake as they wandered along the beach, both wrapped in a warm cocoon of happiness from both the wine and each other's company.

Looking out over the lake, Howard said, "Look, the sun is about to set. You wanna maybe go back up to the cabin and watch from the back deck. It has a nice view overlooking the lake."

"Sounds perfect hon but let's hurry. I want to slip into something a little more comfortable if we are going to watch the sun set."

Grabbing his hand she practically dragged him back up to the cabin urging him to hurry the whole time. Back inside the cabin, they agreed to meet on the deck in five minutes.

Out on the back deck, Howard positioned the wooden cushioned love seat so it faced out toward the lake. Settling down on it he waited anxiously for his mother. A short minute later, she came padding softly out onto the deck in her bare feet.

She was wearing those red silk sleeping shorts again and a tight gray University of Georgia tee shirt that looked familiar but before he could place exactly why she was plopping down next to him.

As she snuggled up to him on the loveseat she whispered in his ear, "You know Howard if this sunset is half as spectacular as the way you have treated me today on Mother's Day it ought to be something real special."

Well, I just figured this being our first chance to celebrate Mother's Day you deserved something nice, Mom." Reaching over he grabbed her hand and squeezing it tight added, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, baby," she replied before dropping her head on his shoulder.

They both fell silent for a moment as they sat snuggled together while gazing out at the lake. Mother Nature apparently was in a mood to show off as the sun, a fiery orb of brilliant oranges and reds, was gradually receding into the waters below, while the sky consisted of an assortment of shades, a blending of reds, oranges and yellows, while the water below mirrored the effect.

"Howie, it's so lovely."

"Yes, just like you Mom," he replied. "And speaking of lovely I have something for you . . . a gift." He slipped the bracelet out of his pocket before telling her, "Close your eyes Mom."

He slinked the bracelet around her wrist. "Open your eyes Mom."

Vanessa stared at the glittering diamond bracelet and nearly shrieked. "Oh . . . My . . . God . . . Howard! You shouldn't have."

The last of the sun's dying rays caught the diamonds making the bracelet sparkle as she fastened it around her wrist. "Oh I love it . . . it's beautiful."

"Again, like you Mom," he said, trying his best to be charming. Leaning close to her he gave her a light kiss on her cheek as he whispered, "Happy Mother's Day."

Vanessa gave him a warm smile before snuggling her head on his shoulder. After a quiet moment she whispered, "You, young man, are such a charmer."

Their hands found one another, squeezing tight, as the last brilliant rays of the fading sun disappeared leaving the small deck in darkness. Howard reluctantly pulled out of his mother's embrace and said, "I going to light the torches."

Howard moved from torch to torch lighting each one in turn. When he was done the back deck was cast in a soft romantic glow from the half dozen or so Tiki torches spaced out along the outer railing surrounding the back deck.

As she sat there watching her son light the torches Vanessa she felt her heart wrench with the sudden realization her love for him-- at this particular moment in time-- could not have been any more powerful.

Turning back to his mother, Howard was about to cross the deck and sit back down next to her when it hit him-- why the tee shirt she was wearing looked familiar. With a sudden utter clarity, one which was almost too painful to bear it hit him. This was the exact same tee shirt she was wearing on that fateful night when he almost scored with her. Was it mere chance she was wearing the same shirt or was it fate laughing at him?

Either way, he suddenly knew it was useless. He turned away, clutching the railing for support as an immense sadness washed over him, drawing down like a black curtain shutting out all hope. Yes, he had almost scored with her that night, but now any prospect of a repeat performance was out of the question because she was his mother.

Maybe it was the romantic setting, combined with the whole perfect weekend in its entirety, which conclusively did it to Howard. This could lead nowhere which, at first, caused him only to sniffle before a few tears slipped out and found their way down his cheeks.

The tears were nothing major, just a trickle or two rolling down each cheek. If she only knew how raw and intense his love was for her; how he dreamed of her; how he wished they could be together day and night; but most importantly, how he loved her as only a boy can love his mother, while at the same time lusting after her --sexually-- with a ferocious hunger which threatened to rip his world apart.

Vanessa, sensing something was wrong, crossed the deck silently coming up behind him. Placing a hand on the small of his back, she leaned in, her mouth next to his ear.

"What is wrong baby? Tell your mother."

"Just thinking," he whispered while taking a swipe at his face with the back of his hand as he tried desperately to brush his tears away.

"About what?" She stretched her hands around his mid-section pulling him into her embrace.

"Nothing." His answer was a pathetic lie and she knew it.

She was quiet for a long moment, allowing him time to regain his composure as he stared down at the sandy beach below the railing.

After a moment of long silence Howard began to speak. "Do you remember our first real date? The dinner after you helped me get that B for my English course."

"Yes."

"And I asked you why you liked me? You remember that?"

"Yes. I told you I was deeply drawn to your sweet innocence. I didn't like pushy men, demanding men, especially when it came to sex. Probably you know it from what happened . . ."

She snuggled tighter against him sensing they were approaching, or maybe they were already there, some sort of dramatic crossroads in their relationship.

"Yes and . . . ah forget it." He abruptly decided his near confession was too painful to finish.

Her hand slipped up to the collar of the nice dress shirt he was wearing. She starts to undo the buttons.

"Mom wha--"

"Shh, maybe if I expose your heart to the cool night air you will expose its secrets to my warm touch."

She continued to unbutton his shirt, pulling it open as she undid each of the buttons until his bare chest was fully exposed.

Turning him around so he was facing her, she leaned forward and planted several small kisses over his beating heart.

"Tell me hon what you need to say."

Letting out a long sigh he gave in. "I was innocent then. A real virgin. Never even got to first base really. I had romantic notions of finding the right woman. My friends, they teased me but I stood firm with my romantic notion of meeting the perfect girl before having sex."

Vanessa listened intently before whispering, "That was very noble of you. It's not easy for a young man to hold firm to his convictions, especially when his buddies are pressuring him, and most especially when those convictions include abstinence." She ran her fingers through his hair, "Color me duly impressed."

"Yeah, well, I was beginning to doubt my convictions and then I met you. At first I couldn't believe it. I dared not believe it . . . that you were the one. I knew you were special the first time I laid eyes on you."

"A cub recognizing its mother after so many years apart maybe?" Fighting back her own tears, Vanessa traced soft patterns on his chest with her sharp fingernails as she perceived this exchange was leading them somewhere they both wanted desperately to go.

"Maybe, but anyway, you know the rest, but what you don't know is I waited for you . . . all that time. I was sure, somehow you would be back in my life, so, yeah, and I waited."

"Two years, that is a long time for a young man to wait."

She stopped playing with his chest and looked up at him seriously.

"Longer, if you count the last six months since you came back into my life like that great fiery ball of energy that just melted into the lake."

She smiled at his overly dramatic description while at the same time being secretly delighted at his eager attempt for such dramatics. "God, Howie, so you are still a . . . virgin?" Somehow the word—virgin—stirred a deep longing in her heart. Maybe it was just not men who wanted virgins?

Vanessa reached up, stroking the side of his face, saying nothing, while staring at him. Her heart was steering her now in a most forbidden direction. She leaned in, closer and closer still, for a kiss to seal their fate.

Then Deja vu . . . all over again. On the small round patio table next to the loveseat, was Vanessa's phone. She had set it down there after first coming out onto the deck. Now it was buzzing . . . loudly.

Howard cursed silently as Vanessa broke away from him and quickly crossed the deck to her fucking phone. Snatching up the phone, she hurried back to him. It was still buzzing.

"So, do you think of that night, Howard still?"

"What night?" The buzzing phone was distracting him.

"Our night silly. The night we almost--"

"Y-yes, all the time."

"Me too." Turning, she gave him a sly smile before tossing the phone over the railing. It was still buzzing as it arced out over the railing and landed on the sandy beach with a soft thud. It buzzed one last time before finally falling silent.

"Now give me your phone, Son."

He fished it out of his pocket and handed it to her. He then watched, too dumbfounded to even react, as it too ended up on the beach.

"Now we won't have any distractions."

She took him by the hand and led him back over across the deck. After pushing him down onto the middle of the cushioned loveseat, she paused to smile at him.

Slowly Vanessa pulled the gray U of G tee shirt up and over her head. After dropping it nonchalantly onto the wooden deck she turned so she was standing directly in front of him.

Howard's stared; unable to speak. She was wearing the same white lace bra adorned with those delicious little red rose petals; the bra of his dreams; the bra he had whacked off to countless times over the years.

"A mother always knows what her baby needs, just as a son should always know what his mother wants. Do you know what your mother wants hon because . . ." She thrust her chest out at him. "I definitely know what my baby needs." She gathered his hands into hers, guiding them around to the back of her bra as she carefully sat herself down on his lap straddling him on the love seat.

"This time you won't have any reason to stop."

Their mouths come together as the lustful craving they both have been so carefully avoiding for the past six months could no longer be denied.

Tongues snaked and twisted inside each other's mouths with unrestrained fury. His fingers clawed at the first clasp--unsuccessfully--before she broke off their kiss.

Leaning back she whispered, "I see you really aren't any more experienced at undoing a girl's bra than you were before huh sweetheart?"

"I told you . . . I not exactly experienced, Mom. It's embarrassing. I sh--"  
" He pulled his hands away from behind her back. Her tits were as safe as the gold in Fort Knox against his inept attempts to undo her bra.

"Quiet. It's not embarrassing. No not at all, instead it's very gallant of you waiting for me all this time . . . all your life actually. Now here . . ."

She reached down, finding his hands she guided them upwards to her chest. "Here feel them first through your mommy's pretty bra. Let your desire build as you play with your mommy's big boobies, honey."

This was, without a doubt, the single greatest invitation of his young life. He kneaded the fullness of her large tits through her bra as she started to grind downwards against his hardness.

"You have been dreaming about this huh, sweetheart? About fondling your mother's boobies?"

His voice barely rose above a whisper. "Y-yes I have." He watched--it felt like a dream-- as she slowly moved her hands around to her back. This time Vanessa would be taking no chances; she would be the one to undo her bra.

After her bra parted in the back she whispered, her voice full of sugary sweetness, "Go on baby, I did the hard part, I undid it for you so you can go ahead and take it off."

Howard carefully slipped his fingers under the twin bra straps. Very slowly, as if he was about to reveal a great piece of art work, he pulled the straps of her bra across her shoulders allowing it to fall down. It dangled there precariously on the dark summit of her glorious tits.

He took another deep breath, staring, searing the memory into his very soul, before giving one last gentle tug. The bra fell down and off his mom's tits revealing the bare essence of his many countless dreams. In the soft flickering light from the tiki torches, her big, beautiful, black tits looked utterly fantastic, and they were, without a doubt, the single, most exquisite sight he has ever beheld in his young life.

A smile, one full of mirth, crossed her face as she whispered, knowing full well the answer, "Do you like your mother's tits baby?"

Howard licked his lips trying desperately to come up with something clever to say but cleverness stood no chance against the craving he felt for those two delicious mounds of dark chocolate. It came out in a hoarse whisper-- the only thing he could come up with being, "Jesus, Mom, they are so beautiful. I love them."

While his answer may not have been particularly clever, nor original, at least it was honest . . . as was Vanessa's response.

"Go on sweetie you can touch them."

He raised his hands, bringing them into contact with her breasts. Mindful of her earlier statement about pushy men he forced himself to be deliberate—much to Vanessa's delight.

Leaning back, she used her hands on his knees to support herself while she jutted her chest out to him allowing him full access to her tits. She sighed as she felt his hands, oh so tenderly just as she loved, begin to knead her tits before cupping them both.

As Howard bounced them up and down in his eyes she sighed again before whispering, "Yeah, that's it baby play with your mommy's boobies as much as your little heart desires. They feel nice huh?"

"God yes," he managed to croak before his curious fingers flickered across her nipples. Already fully erect and sensitive from the cool night air, Vanessa let out a small hiss as his thumbs joined in the action batting at her nipples playfully.

When Vanessa suddenly jerked her head up Howard became spooked thinking maybe he was being too aggressive. His worries were unfounded as Vanessa, in a harsh whisper, demanded to be kissed. Of course, he obeyed their mouths crashing together in a series of wild kisses as his hands continued to fondle her tits with endless delight.

Finally, breathless, she broke off their kisses. "Howie, they are cold."

"They?" His mind, still reeling from their passionate kisses, did not fully comprehend what "they" meant.

"My poor boobies. The night air is cool and they are sensitive."

"You wanna go inside?"

"No, I want you to . . ." Her voice dropped to a sultry whisper as she slowly snaked one hand around the back of head before pulling his head downward into the dark valley between her tits. "Use that warm, hungry mouth of yours to warm mommy's tits up baby . . . please honey . . . pretty please."

Closing his eyes and opening his mouth wide Howard becomes lost in his mom's beautiful tits suckling one, and then the other, of her nipples into his frantic, desperate mouth. He cock was raging hard now. Back and forth his mouth flied worshipping her tits as if they were a pair of divine idols. Her small moans of pleasure only egged him on to greater heights of desire.

After allowing Howard to have his way with her boobs for a short minute or two she simply could not take it anymore. She pushed herself backwards deftly landing on her feet before grabbing his hand.

"I need you inside me . . . Now!"

After yanking Howard across the deck they ended up facing the beach with Vanessa leaning against the railing. Howard nearly tore off her red shorts while she clawed at the front of his dress pants. With a sense of anticipation bordering on pure insanity she spread her legs wide while guiding his throbbing rock hard member to the silky smooth opening of her wet cunt.

Leaning his full weight against her, Howard snuggled his mouth against her neck while gently cupping her tits in his hands. After lathering her neck with dozens of small kisses he flickered his fingers across her distended nipples.

Vanessa lets out a soft moan as his kisses locate the weak point on the nape of her neck. "Please, Howie," she panted, reaching back for his hardness. Finding it, she guided him to the very edge of her womanhood.

"Put it in me now baby." Her voice was husky and full of wanton yearning for her son's hardness. He could no longer restrain himself. Propelling his hips forward he rammed his hardness deep inside his mother causing Vanessa to let out a sharp gasp.

Howard tried to control his urge to fuck his mommy hard and fast imagining she would not like it, but was finding it to be a near impossible task. Sensing as much, Vanessa opened the cage allowing the beast that was her young son's lust to run wild.

"Go on honey," she whispered urgently, "fuck me nice and hard. I deserve it the way I have been teasing you all weekend."

Those whispered words was all it took. Howard pulled back before waiting a few glorious seconds and then drove his cock into his mother—as hard as he could.

Vanessa let out a sharp yelp as her son rocked into her, thrusting his cock into her over and over again while her moans of passion grew louder piercing the quiet stillness of the night air.

He came—beautifully--after a dozen vigorous thrusts, his knees buckling as she turned to help hold him up. They stood there, he was literally panting, tears slipping out of his eyes as he gazed up at the dark sky.

They had been standing there for a good thirty seconds or so, leaning against the rail, he was still snuggled in her arms, soaking in the warm aftermath of his spent desire, when it happened. Out on the sandy beach her phone was buzzing again sounding incredibly loud on the tranquil beach. Turning to each other, they both started to laugh.

Vanessa took his hand and started to lead him across the deck. "Let's go inside honey? Maybe to the bedroom. It's too damn loud out here with all that buzzing going on."

"Mom did you . . . I mean I didn't last long. I'm sorry--"

Stopping in her tracks, she turned, and after planting a small kiss on his lips, she whispered, "That, just now, was for you. Later tonight,

maybe after I have made you come a couple more times, I will urge you to go nice and slow and make love to your mother good and proper."

After leading him to the bed she pulled the covers back. "Let me tuck you in baby so you can take a short nap and recover your strength."

"You're not going to lay down with me?"

"I guess I could hold you for a few minutes until you doze off, but I am going to need to get up so I can pick out something nice and sexy to wear for later on tonight."

He sighed as she kissed him sweetly on the cheek after fixing the covers around his naked body.

"Sweet dreams, honey."

"Only if they are about you, Mom," he whispered back.

At first, Howard believed there was no way he would be able to fall asleep, especially as she cradled his head against her naked bosom but as she stroked his hair softly he soon found himself dozing off.

Sometime later, maybe an hour, maybe longer, maybe shorter, he turned mumbling in his sleep. She was not there. His eyes flickered open. The bedroom was awash in soft candle light. Glancing around,

he observed about a dozen flickering small tea light candles spaced throughout the bedroom.

He felt the bed shift as she sat on the edge of it. She was wearing an elegant looking white satin robe that looked divine on her. "The candles are nice," he muttered before collapsing back into the bed.

"Yeah, I found them out in the kitchen. Are you awake?"

He didn't reply as he had already close to slipping back to sleep. Watching him mumble something and roll over onto his back Vanessa whispered to herself, "I guess not. Well, let's see what we can do about that."

Howard was deep into the no man's land between being awake and being asleep when he felt a rustling under the covers and then something warm and moist surrounding him down there.

Was he dreaming? God it felt so good. His eyes flickered open as little by little he pulled the sheet back. Looking up at him, his cock slipping from her mouth, she smiled, "Awake now honey."

"Jesus I thought I might have been dreaming . . . God it felt so good."

She climbed off the bed and onto her feet. "Where are you going?' he asked his voice rising in near panic. Wasn't she going to finish the job?

As if she had been reading his mind, she reached out, stroking the side of his face, "Don't worry sweetie, your mother is not done with you down there just yet. I just gotta take off my robe first. I think you might like what I have on underneath."

Turning to face him, Vanessa slowly stripped off her robe. Billy sighed with his eyes slipping down at first. She was wearing a pair of dress sandals with clear four inch heels. His eyes floated upwards and onto a pair of the thigh high sexy black stockings. The stockings were hooked to a white garter belt with delicate lace black trimming. His eyes settled between her legs as she stood there, smiling coyly. Apparently, his mother had forgotten to put on her panties as she was deliciously bare down there.

Saving the best part for last his eyes flitted up to her chest. Her white bra perfectly matched the garter belt and showed off a rather decent portion of her sizable breasts. Final conclusion, yeah, she was right-- he liked what was underneath her robe.

"God, Mom you look sexy as hell." It was really all he could think to say.

"So I guess you are really are awake now, huh Howard?"

"I am getting there."

"Here, sit on the edge of the bed so your mother can make you . . . come . . . fully awake."

He pushed himself up and then moved to the edge of the bed. They stared at each other for a long moment letting their desire build before Vanessa took a step forward. His eyes had been glued to her tits the whole time. She knew exactly what he wanted.

After taking another small step forward, she was standing in front of him very near. She leaned forward just as she slipped her hand under his chin tilting his face upwards so it became engulfed in her lovely tit flesh. His tongue slithered out of his mouth licking the way up the vast expanse of her exposed cleavage made all the more abundant when she playfully scrunched her arms together. Howard brought his hands up kneading the fullness of her tits through the beautiful white bra.

Looking up at her he smiled. He was in heaven and she knew it. "You love your mommy's tits don't you honey."

"God yes," he breathed before burying his face between them as he closed his eyes. His tongue went to work again licking all over the abundance of her beautiful ebony skin exposed by the sexy bra.

He pulled back, taking a deep breath while remembering she liked it slow. Sensing what he was doing, she took a step back from him. "This time is not for me honey. This is your treat. Again. You're going to take care of me later."

Her hands floated up to the twin straps of her bra. Ever so slowly, she started to pull them down as she whispered, "I want to see you lose control."

She took another small step forward as the bra slipped down and off her tits exposing their immense beauty to him. His cock was raging hard . . . again.

"Go on baby, lose control don't make me ask twice--." His hands reached out grabbing her around the waist. Planting his face between her tits Howard began sucking on them as if his very life depended on it.

Vanessa surrendered her body to him completely while offering him encouragement in a soft whisper. "Go on baby, suck on your mother's tits. That's it baby . . . mmm."

His tongue circled one of her nipples once, twice, before latching onto it. Like a hungry baby suckling on a pacifier, Howard lost himself completely in the beauty of his mother's gorgeous tits.

His hands were massaging her ass the whole time before he slipped one up and in between her legs. She was soaking wet.

Vanessa felt his fingers slip inside of her, but she wasn't ready yet to be pleased. She took a step backward breaking contact. "I think it's your mother time to suck on something sweetie."

Dropping to her knees she positioned herself between his legs. She took one look up at him and smiled before lowering her mouth. His cock jerked to new heights of hardness as her wet, slithering tongue began to lightly lap at the tip of his penis. This would be his first blow job and as his mother took him fully into her mouth he took a quiet moment to ponder if maybe he had died in his sleep and was now in heaven.

Soft moans escaped him as she wrapped her tongue around the sensitive underside of his head before taking him once again deep in her experienced mouth.

"God, that feels so good . . . Oh, Jesus, yes, please don't stop . . ."

Her tongue slowly circumnavigated the head of his cock, slipping up and down the hypersensitive underside before she once again gloriously opened her mouth wide and took him whole. He reached down, stroking her hair, as she worked her mouth up and down, going faster, and then slower.

Raising her head up, she gazed up at him. "Promise me you won't come in my mouth sweetie."

"I . . . Mom, I'm not sure . . ." He wanted to make the promise to her, it seemed important, but he simply did not trust himself. He was near to exploding already.

"Promise me baby. Make it last and I promise it will be worth it."

He knew it might have been foolhardy but he made the promise. "Yes, yes I promise," he answered breathlessly while briefly wondering where he was expected to come if not in her mouth.

After getting her promise, she dropped her head and went back to work. Her tongue twisted down the entire shaft of his rock hard cock before licking lightly at his balls. After spending an inordinate amount of time worshipping his testicles with her mouth and tongue she slowly, ever so slowly, worked her way back up.

His legs were, by now, twitching involuntarily giving her a sign he was ready to explode. In no hurry, she dawdled over his cock lathering up the tip of his penis with a mouthful of saliva in preparation for the final act.

Rising up onto her knees, her naked body glowing with unearthly beauty in the soft candle light, she whispered to him, "I think maybe my baby should be rewarded now for keeping his promise and not having an accident in his mommy's mouth."

He couldn't resist. He had to ask. "Where am I going to come, Mommy?"

She said nothing, ignoring his question, instead her only response was a sly smile as she rose to her feet. After unhooking her bra and letting it fall carelessly to the floor, she reached over grabbing the small bottle of baby oil she strategically placed there earlier.

He watched as she squirted a generous portion of the lube all over her hands before bringing them up to her chest. His whole body began twitching in anticipation as he watched her rub the lube all over her tits.

Slowly, she dropped to her knees. She smiled before whispering, "You wanna fuck your mom's tits sweetheart."

"Oh Christ yes."

"This should be fun," she whispered before purposefully swaying her chest back and forth as she moved forward positioning herself between his legs once more.

Her swaying tits batted at his throbbing penis as she let out a girlish giggle.

"Oh shit you are teasing me again," he whispered when she began to grind her chest up against his hardness.

"Yeah, your mom is a bit of a tease I suppose." Her tone was ultra-serious standing in direct contrast to the playful way she was batting at his cock with those wicked tits of hers.

Finally, she brought her hands up slowly and squeezed her tits together trapping his hard cock in between them.

Their eyes meet-- hers twinkling, his half lidded-- as she started moving slowly up and down rubbing her big, soft tits against his cock.

Propelling his hips up and forward, Howard never knew anything could be as nice as having his cock buried in between a pair of soft, squishy tits. It didn't take long before he was ready to blow.

"Come on baby . . . fuck em harder . . . come for me sweetie."

Her soft pleas only added fuel to the growing fire. It took just four or five more hard thrusts upwards from Howard before he had her gasping in pure delight when his cock exploded shooting a virtual geyser of white sticky cum all over her tits.

She lifted up and with an innocent smile showed off her handiwork. The white sticky cum stood out in direct contrast to her dark skin.

"That was nice huh sweetie," she told him before strutting off to the bathroom. After returning to the bed, he again dozed off contented like a well fed cat in her arms. In preparation of what must come next, she hadn't bothered to put her bra back on. Roughly two or three hours later, he felt himself being gently awoken, this time by a series of soft kisses all over his face.

"Baby, wake up now it's finally your mother's turn."

Wrapping their arms around each other, they exchanged several kisses before he gently flipped her onto her back. Staring down at her, he whispered, "I love you so much, Mother."

"Show me," she breathed. Leaning down, he showered her lips, and then her neck, with dozens of tender kisses. The kisses fell to her chest where, taking an extravagant amount of time, he sprinkled the entirety of his mom's breasts with a plethora of loving kisses. His kisses slowly turned into a series of tender licks floating up the delicious peaks and valley of her chest before turning into a long slow gentle suckling session as his mouth found each of her fully erect nipples. He suckled on each of her boobs with a greedy appetite bordering on insanity.

A hand slipped down between her legs at the height of his little suckling session to explore his mom's garden of delights. It was wet and moist. She was more than ready for him, but still he felt the desire to warm her up even more.

Moving his mouth downward, he kissed his way across the flat plain of her tummy, making his way toward where she gave birth to him those many long years ago.

Snuggling his way down and in between her legs, he parted her thighs with a pair of nervous hands. Of course, he had never went down on a girl before, but in a hopefulness that was reserved for the young, he spent a great deal of time on the internet studying the art of cunnilingus. He felt somewhat confident he would know just what to do.

He started by flattening his tongue, using it to explore her inner and outer lips before diving in deeper. Judging by the soft moans escaping from his mother, so far he was doing just fine. He pulled back slightly, pausing to grab a quick breath and to let her desire simmer.

He imagined licking an ice cream cone as he swirled his tongue around and around testing out a variety of strokes by licking up and around her clit and back down the other side. Still experimenting, he added a wet finger to the mix pushing it inside of her with short firm strokes while he continued to worship her clit with his tongue.

He would have smiled, if only his face wasn't buried between her legs, as based on the intensity of her moaning he was still doing quite well. She began clawing at him her breath coming out in a short pants. "Jesus, Howard, I need you inside me . . . now!"

Reaching down, Vanessa pulled him into her embrace. They kissed long and deep as he positioned himself over her. Sinking down, his rigid cock penetrated her slowly while he proclaimed his everlasting love for her.

Like a director of a Hollywood romance, she now took control of the action directing him in soft soothing tones. At her urging, he pumped up and down driving his manhood deep inside her bit by bit. The gentle whispered words of her encouragement exhorting him to new heights of passion.

"Faster, slower, ahh that's it baby, harder, yes fuck Mommy harder . . . Jesus you feel so good inside me." Her pleas of lustful passion fueled

his growing desire to please his mother—his goddess of forbidden desire. He was getting ready to come yet again when he felt her hands clawing at his ass.

He rose up, supporting himself on his arms before he drove his cock down inside of her, over and over again, feeling a quiet intensity of love that only a boy who truly worships his mother in that wholly forbidden way could understand.

Staring down at her, she was a picture of supreme beauty: her beautiful, black hair matted to her forehead, head back, eyes shut, her breath coming in short pants, but finally, most deliciously, his eyes became fixated on her heaving chest and those big tits bouncing up and down as he pumped into her with a fierce urgency.

He was nearing another orgasm and was scarcely there as Vanessa started to moan breathlessly. "Ohhhhh baby . . . I . . . I . . . am coming." It was a fairy tale ending as Vanessa tipped over into the most intense orgasm of her life—while dragging her young son down with her into that divine abyss as mother and son came in unison.

Snuggling down under the covers together, wrapped in their tight cocoon of love, he whispered to her, "Happy Mother's Day."