

Tales from the Closet

Hello kiddies this is your Closet Keeper with a naughty tale from, you guessed it, the closet. This naughty little yarn is called:

Love, Death & Happy Endings

Matthew was in the closet when it happened. He experienced chest pains before while jerking off, but at the age of eighteen he thought nothing of it. Now the pain in his chest was intense. He dropped his erection, staggering silently toward the back of the closet. He could have called out for help, his mom was right outside in the bedroom, but was simply too embarrassed.

He knew cardiac arrest in someone as young as him was very rare but not impossible. In this case the "not impossible" happened. Sinking back against the wall, his last conscious thought was how he never got to see "them", leaving him to die a very unhappy death.

15 minutes earlier . . .

Matthew walked casually into his parent's bedroom around three in the afternoon. His mom, Paula, was at work, and not due home for several hours while his dad, no worries there, he moved out roughly a week and half ago thanks to the trial separation his parents were trying on for size.

Horny and a little bored, Matthew decided to revisit his dad's porn collection. Thanks to a bit of prior sleuthing, Matthew knew his father kept his skin magazines buried deep on what was his former side of the closet in his mom and dad's bedroom.

Matthew entered his parent's room before ducking quickly inside the closet. Worried maybe his father took the skin magazines with him when he moved, he let out a small sigh of relief when he found the small stash, maybe a dozen or so magazines in all, of old Playboys and Penthouses.

After a quick search, he found a suitable partner in one of the Penthouses. She was a nice-looking brunette, both buxom

and mature, which just happened to be qualities Matthew found most irresistible in women.

Although he might have been loath to admit such a thing he tended to be attracted to women reminding him of his mother.

Paula was the epitome of mature motherly beauty with locks of chestnut-brown hair swooping down past her shoulders in a perfect wave of teased curls curtaining her lovely face.

Her lips were pouty and inviting, her complexion nearly flawless with a beauty which brought more than her fair share of long looks from the male of the species.

At 5' 8" and 131 pounds she possessed a body demanding even longer looks. The highlights of her heavenly body were a pair of long, muscular legs, along with a well sculptured ass. Her nearly flat washboard stomach contained only hints of fat on it thanks to a strict adherence to diet and exercise.

Paula's outer beauty was matched by an inner beauty reflecting itself in her warm and bubbly personality with a dazzling smile which would light up any room when she was happy.

In short, Paula had the personality of an angel, but the body of a devil, accented by her 36D inch bust.

It was this devilishly body of the Penthouse centerfold, so similar in many aspects to his mom's except her breasts were much larger than his mom's, which now had his cock at full mast while he stroked his way to jerk off heaven. And then disaster!

Just when he was maybe a good three or four strokes away from exploding, he heard someone enter the bedroom.

Dropping the Penthouse on the closet floor, he hurriedly stuffed his cock back inside his jeans--when he heard his mother start to hum.

Moving soundlessly to the front of the closet, he peeked out. His mother was sitting on the bed looking at her phone. She tended bar at one of the local watering holes and was dressed casually in a pair of snug jeans and tight purple top showing off all of her delicious curves in a most enticing manner.

"Christ," he muttered to himself, "of all days to knock off work early, you had to pick today."

He stared at her, it was almost thrilling watching her like this secretly while hoping and praying she would head into the master bedroom's attached bathroom to go potty, or change, or whatever, giving him a chance to sneak out of the bedroom undetected. One thing was for sure, he didn't want to have to explain what he was doing in her closet.

She sighed before tossing her phone aside and then--his heart started to race--she was tugging on the edge of her tight purple top, pulling it up.

"Holy shit," he whispered to himself. "She is getting undressed." He tried to look away but simply lacked the willpower, especially after being on the verge of a mighty orgasm just a minute or two ago.

Matthew's mouth went dry as his mother pulled the top up, revealing a sexy light pink lace bra underneath causing Matthew's heart to accelerate into the red zone.

The acceleration continued when he watched her start to undo her jeans after tossing the top causally aside.

Then yet another disaster. Matthew carelessly shifted his weight. The sound was just loud enough to give him away in the quiet afternoon stillness of the house or maybe it was just Paula's uncanny sixth sense of knowing when she was being looked at which sealed his fate.

She knew someone was in the closet. Was it her son? She had not seen him anywhere downstairs when she first entered the house, nor did he greet her, like he normally would have, when she got home from work, leading her to believe he was probably in his room taking an afternoon nap.

Paula suppressed a smile. Just the other day, shortly after her husband moved out of the house, Paula discovered his small stash of skin magazines. She thought of tossing them, but not wanting to be petty, she kept them, figuring she would wait to see how things turned out between them.

It was a day or two later when she noticed, she keep her closet ultra-neat while possessing an uncanny ability of knowing when something was disturbed in the slightest, the small stack of her husband's porn magazines sitting on the upper shelf on his side of the closet had been slightly moved.

After a moment of quiet reflection, it came to her--Matthew. Yes, he went snooping in her closet-- most likely when she

was working one of her ten to six day shifts at the bar-- and discovered his father's porn collection.

And now he was in her closet, again, peeping at her as she undressed. She knew this as her highly attuned "Mom Rader" was virtually screaming it at her. Her first inclination, as she paused while undoing her jeans, was to make a scene but then again . . . why embarrass the poor boy. He was only doing what came natural to any eighteen year old red blooded American male.

Besides, she reasoned, it might be kind of fun to tease him a bit, especially since she knew he was quite naïve sexually thanks to an overabundance of shyness around girls.

Helping her decision to tease him a bit were the two cocktails she enjoyed at the bar during an impromptu birthday party for the manager that afternoon.

Feeling his eyes glued to her, Paula stood up and turned around, making a show of wriggling out of her tight jeans for his viewing pleasure.

Once she had the jeans off, she turned towards the closet. Giving her "not so secret" watcher a coy look, she reached around and started to undo her bra. She fully intended on just undoing it before striding off to the bathroom, but fate intervened in the form of her having a very naughty thought.

Hmm, maybe I should do a bit more than simply undoing my bra for him. Maybe I should start to slip it down and off my shoulders and then just before it would slip free exposing my breasts to him I'll turn around and then head off to the safety of the bathroom.

He watched as his mom undid her bra and then slowly, ever so slowly, she hooked a pair of fingers under the twin bra straps. Showing the patience of a saint, she then started to slide the straps off her shoulders.

Matthew yanked his cock free and was stroking it furiously while watching his mother carefully pull the straps across her shoulders and then down.

Just a few bare seconds before what he supposed would have been an absolutely gorgeous set of tits being revealed to his wide, staring eyes, the heart attack came. The intense shooting pain staggered him backwards before causing him to crumple to his knees.

He could have called for help, maybe, but his cock was out and he was watching her get undressed. Not a desirable option. His last conscious thought was one of bitter disappointment at not getting a chance to see his mom's bare breasts.

As he fell to the closet floor he still expected the pain would pass and everything would be OK, but the pain didn't pass and nothing was OK.

Paula turned, starting to walk away, an impish smile on her face when she heard a loud thump. It came from the closet and she knew, just knew, something was wrong. She hurriedly did up her bra as she fairly dashed across the bedroom.

She found him prone on the floor, passed out, with his jeans undone and the still open Penthouse magazine at his side on the floor. Dashing out of the closet, she called 9-1-1, but it was too late. He passed in route to the hospital.

Matthew was an only child and without him around anymore, Paula's trial separation quickly evolved into a divorce where she was granted her only real wish: the house.

The strange happenings started occurring within a few weeks of Matthew's death. At first, Paula tried to write it off as nerves, but as the weird occurrences continued past the first two months, and into a third month, Paula began to suspect maybe she was not alone.

The sort of things she was experiencing such as footsteps tromping around upstairs, knocks and other various noises coming from her closet, sounds of things being dropped, cabinets and cupboards opening and closing by themselves, did not actually feel threatening to her, but in reality were welcome. She missed her Matthew desperately and wanted to believe he was still there trying to interact with her.

After doing a bit of research, Paula came to believe she was the recipient of an "intelligent style haunting".

According to the book the spirit in these type of haunting can appear in human form, just as they were right before their death, and were responsive to the environment and any changes within. The book went on to say, much to Paula's excitement, the entities involved in an intelligent haunting were usually attached to a particular residence or building, or at times, even a certain person, although they are free to move around. They may have once lived in the residence and were now tied to the place because it's where they met with an unfortunate or traumatic death, such as a suicide, murder or accident.

Armed with what she learned so far, Paula decided to take the short trip to Wilksbury, where a certain old witch of some reputation throughout the tri county area was known to be the proprietor of a bookstore.

After walking into the dusty old bookstore and enjoying a pleasant conversation with a pretty young clerk, the proprietor's great, great granddaughter as it turned out, she was able to arrange a luncheon with Olga, the old witch herself, later on in the afternoon at a small café across the street.

Watching the old woman, she didn't look a day under ninety-nine, shuffle into the café, hunched over and leaning heavily on a cane, gave Paula hope.

Dressed in all black, with her snow white hair pulled back in a tight bun over a positively ancient and weathered face, complete with crooked nose and a cackle for a laugh which

Paula found slightly amusing, Olga certainly looked the part of your textbook witch.

By the end of their meeting Paula was convinced the old woman was not just playing the role of a witch, but was a woman with great powers and a keen understanding of all things supernatural.

Over cups of tea, Olga reached, grasping Paula's hands, inviting her to tell her story. "Leave nothings out my dear, tell all to the Madame as she needs full, complete confession to all tings. Be brief but precise in details you tell Olga."

Paula cleared her throat. "Let's see, I came home from work, I was a bit tipsy, and went straight to my bedroom. I did not see my son--"

"Matthew that would be, hmm?"

"Yes, but wait, how do you know his name? I didn't tell you," a startled Paula responded.

"I glean much from you when I grasped your hands my dear, including much guilt. Do tell all now."

By her sharp look, Paula understood she was not to question things further.

Sighing, she continued her story. "I was getting undressed when I suspected he was in my closet watching me. I think he was there looking for his dad's . . . ahh . . . porn magazines."

"As any eighteen year old boy worth a salt would be doing eh?" Olga said before cackling softly.

"Yes, I suppose," Paula replied, amazed Olga even knew her son's age. "So as I was getting undressed I had a feeling . . . A mother's intuition I guess . . ." Her voice trailed off as she

paused once more. The confession she was about to make would be the first time she spoke aloud about the situation.

"Let me help, Paula. I help story out for you when things get tough by asking pointed questions. You simply answer, truthfully, mind you, with a simple yes or no while remembering . . ." She raised her hand, waving a crooked finger in the air, "Olga always knows the stench of lies."

Paula nodded her head OK to the witch's proposal.

"Your mother's intuition told you he be watching?"

"Yes."

"Did you call him out on it?"

"No . . . I wanted to teach him a lesson I guess about peeping so I continued to get undressed."

"Maybe wanted more than lesson Paula. Maybe you wanna tease the boy?"

Paula felt her face flushing red from the witch's wholly truthful accusation.

"Yes, I suppose. I had a couple drinks that afternoon. We had a birthday celebration at work. I work at a bar and when I came home I was feeling . . . hmm, frisky I guess."

"Tell more. Tell how it made you feel knowing he was watching."

"Confident . . . turned on. I'm not so young anymore. His father, God it is such a cliché, was having an affair at work with his young secretary."

"OK you be doing good but let Olga finish up for you. Easier that way I thinks. Tell me if I get it rights or not."

Before Paula could respond one way or the other, Olga was telling the rest of the story to an amazed Paula with uncanny accuracy.

"Boy watched mother, pretty mother, get undressed, likes her shape, naughty magazines had 'im already excited . . . maybe even quite hard."

The old lady paused to take a sip of her tea before continuing. "I sense your guilt, you spoke of mother's intuition. You knew, as you undressed for 'im he be watching. Thought of it excited you somes."

The old lady, the old witch that is, paused again, staring at Paula.

Paula, sensing she wanted confirmation, whispered, "I did."

"Ahh there be the guilt then. The rest be tragic. Boy got overexcited inside of closet and passed. Heart attack maybe. Guessing you found out later his heart . . . no good."

"Yes the doctor's told me. Hypertrophic cardiomyopathy I think is what they called it along with some other medical jargon. I barely heard them truthfully."

"So now we up to the present, where your Matthew being trying to contact you . . . or so you hopes."

"Yes. Can you help? I wanna . . . I don't know . . . apologize maybe. I need closure I guess."

"You free tonight. Olga come by just before dusk. Do séance. Talk to boy, see what he wants, what he needs, why he no move on."

Paula, leaping at the opportunity for contact with her son, scribbled her address down for Olga before leaving both

excited and scared all at once about what might come of the séance.

The séance, held in her living room as they sat on the floor across from each other, holding hands, surrounded by dozens of flickering candles, was short and informative.

Although all Paula could see was a slight shimmering in the air next to the old lady, apparently Matthew came to Olga, where they shared a short, whispered conversation held too low for Paula to hear what they were saying.

When the séance was over they moved to the kitchen to discuss what Olga learned from her son.

"He be restless to see his mommy looking her best again. Much complaints he has about you letting yourself go after his death. No makeup you wear, lots of added weight, eating to allay your grief my dear. Quite common."

"Yes, I have been I suppose," Paula mumbled.

"One ting to remember. The dead is drawn to the beauty of the living my dear, so if you want to encourage more contact . . . hmm, you must work to get looking better and quickly as I sense his time on dis plane be growing short."

"By this plane what do you mean? So after death you--"

Olga interrupted with a wave of her hand. "No time for questions dear. Death be complicated much like life be. There be levels, or planes of existence past death. Too much to explain for this tired old woman . . . just trust Olga. His time be short here. So if you truly want your closure and give him peace we must act quickly."

"OK well, I can start wearing makeup again and start to diet and exercise more if you think it will help."

"Yes, please do, but diet and exercise take time your boy doesn't have. I have solution for dat but before I offer must see a few tings. Must see what the boy likes maybe. Please can you show Olga the closet where he passed?"

Paula took Olga upstairs to her bedroom, and after entering the closet together, pointed to the floor where she found him prone and dying.

"Was the magazine he looking at be out?" the witch inquired.

"Yes, I recall, it was laying on the floor next to him."

"Was magazine open to nice picture?"

Paula nodded her head yes.

"And you looked at picture? It's important . . . goes to what the boy likes."

"Yes I remember glancing at it. I threw it out but . . . I remember."

"Jealous? The truth Paula?"

"Honestly, I was."

"The woman in picture, if I was to guess, be mature, dark brunette hair like mommy, nice tan, shapely body . . . hmm maybe large, quite large even, breasts . . . bigger than yours."

"Yes, hers were a bit bigger, maybe quite a bit bigger, I don't know for sure. Like I said, I just glanced at the picture."

They headed out of the closet still talking.

"Hmm, I see . . . Husband had many magazines to choose from, many pictures for boy to choose but he takes that one . . . tells me what he like."

After they got settled back downstairs at the kitchen table, Olga pulled a pair of small vials out of a small burlap bag slung over her shoulder. One was blue and one was red.

"This help. Apply at night. The potion in the blue bottle apply to anywheres you put on extra weight last few months, thighs, stomach, butt . . . and da potion in the red bottle apply to your breasts."

"What will it do?" Paula asked.

"Make them bigger and firmer, like you so young again. Bigger even than the woman in girlie magazine so Mother needs not to be so jealous. And . . ." Instead of speaking, the witch held her crooked finger up for a long second.

"And what?" Paula asked finally.

"And son be drawn to mother's beauty like moth to flame. Remember what I say to be true. The dead are always drawn to the beauty of the living . . . especially if that beauty comes from a soft, loving mommy."

Paula looked at the bottles doubtfully. "This will really work."

"Hmm, Olga's magic potions powerful my dear. Aye they will work. We hold séance three days hence. Apply tonight, you see results in a day."

Paula followed the witch's instructions and found her magic to be all powerful. The extra twenty two pounds she added going back the last few months melted away -- like magic. Her measurements after taking the blue potion now were a mouthwatering 37-24-35 and her weight was down to 130 pounds. Her tummy, her thighs, and her ass were all nice and firm now, but that was actually nothing compared to the magic the potion in the red bottle did on her breasts.

Prior to her son's death, her breasts were big enough to require her wearing a D cup sized bra. Now, after the magic potion worked its wonders on her tits, Paula found all of her old bras were way, way too small. Thanks to the added inch on her bust, and the upgrade from a D to F cup, Paula needed to go out and purchase, from a specialty lingerie shop in the mall, all new bras.

Needlessly to say, she was quite impressed with the old witch's magic potions, but more importantly, she could not imagine how her son wouldn't be equally impressed . . . if somehow it came to that.

The night of séance, within bare minutes of it starting, the shimmering air formed into a wavering, indistinct figure floating right next to Olga.

Paula took the figure to be her son and could just barely make out his voice speaking to Olga before the witch spoke back. Whatever they were urgently whispering to each other about, it was much too low for Paula to pick up on. Their hurried,

whispered communication ended with Olga chanting something in a foreign language to him before bringing her hand up.

After leaning in close to the wavering figure, she opened her hand. Pursing her lips, she blew something out of her palm, it looked like sparkling dust particles, directly at her son.

After the dust cleared, Olga clapped her hands together as the figure disappeared. "It be done."

"What was that . . . there at the end? It looked like you blew something from your hand in his face."

Olga slowly climbed to her feet before grabbing Paula's hand. "Come, come, we talk in bright kitchen of dark tings."

In the kitchen, Paula pressed Olga about what that was she blew in her son's face. "Just a bit of magic A bit of someting to help 'im out later. No concern of yours, until later when you

two alone, then you find out I gave the boy a bit of power to perform magic . . . as he might sees fit."

The witch cackled quietly to herself before adding, "Oh yes, you find out alright den about Olga's spell she done cast for da boy . . . but not good to question Olga too deeply about 'er spells eh."

"Fine, fine," Paula muttered. "So you spoke to him. What did he say back?"

"He be ready, Paula. What about you?"

"Ready to communicate?"

The old lady cackled loudly before whispering, "Communicate and much, much more me thinks. He be waiting for you . . . in the closet. Upstairs."

"W-what is going to happen? I mean will I be able to see him? Talk to him?"

"Hmm, that be up to him. His time is short but he be a mighty powerful spirit. Lots, lots of energy. Now too many questions spoil things, so listen, but no questions, and Olga give small bits of advice, but only if you feeling brave. You feeling brave, Paula?"

"Yes. I need this."

"You also might need this . . ." Olga reached into the folds of the dress she was wearing and produced a small vial, holding it out to Paula in her ancient crooked hand. "If only to give the boy what I suspect he truly wants."

"What is it?" Paula asked, taking the vial.

"Nothing much. Just a little somethings to help one overcome . . . hmm, how you say . . . your motherly inhibitions against

doing what needs to be done. Make things seems like maybe you be dreaming, and no rights or wrongs in dreams eh. The more wine you drinks with it the more . . . heavy . . . its effects upon you. Olga suggest you go heavy, dear as da contents of the vial will give everything you do for 'im an easy, dreamlike quality while leaving your thoughts warm and fuzzy and open to naughty suggestions."

Paula frowned at the contents of the vial. It was obviously some kind of drug but did she dare take it, with the wine no less, leaving her in what sounded like would be a rather vulnerable state of both mind and body.

"All in or nots in at all is what I suggest Ms. Paula."

Paula sighed. "I agree . . . all in. So how do I take it and when. Now?"

"Here witch give specific advice . . . for once. Listen then I go, before boy grows too restless upstairs by 'imself. Add my potion to a glass of wine you drinks before going upstairs. If

only one glass of wine, fine, but two be better, and three be best. The wine will . . . how do you say? . . . Exaggerate the effects of my potion. After you had your wine, with Olga's helpful elixir, go upstairs, act as if everything be normal, get undressed in the bathroom, away from his watchful eye. Get dressed for bed . . . but wear something be enticing but not too much. Then you come out of bathroom, hmm, maybe light a bunch of candles. You have candles Paula . . . lots, dozen maybe?"

"Yes, I got plenty of candles."

"Anyways, candles be good, don't forget them, give bedroom a warm inviting glow for 'im. After candles all lit, go to pretty full length mirror I seen that day in bedroom, maybe fiddle with your hair a bits, while watching for signs in the closet he be watching and very interested in his mommy."

"What then? Do I talk to him just like normal?"

"Nothing be normal about what might happen Paula. And even Olga with all her insight into tings, can't say for certain what might happen. Too many unknowns. Too many to say for certain anyway. Indulge him Paula, but do so with extreme sweetness and innocence . . . that be the key for yous. Remind him you are his Mommy and he be your little boy. If you wanna communicate, keeps it simple. Ask simple questions, tell hims one knock for yes, two for no. He be shy, at first anyways, to where you both wants to go so you must lead 'im with your questions, Paula. Remember, again you be his Mommy, you be the most powerful force in the boys world, but don't be in such a hurries to get there, dear. Draw tings out a bit . . . let the tension build between yous . . . and remember above all else, death be cold and lonely, your warmth, your touch is what he needs and will make 'im real . . . More I cannot say."

Paula was left with no choice but to accept what the witch told her. Just as they were saying their goodbyes Olga stopped, "Hmm, must be getting old . . ." She cackled at her little joke, before whispering, "Almost forgot something important to give yous. You being needing this if all goes well."

Reaching one more into the folds of her dress one more, Olga pulled out a small bottle, thrusting into Paula's hand.

Paula glanced at the small bottle. The label said, Frutopia Natural Raspberry Flavored Lube and Body Lotion.

"He told me the raspberry be both your favorite. Keep it near and handy. On nightstand I would think along with this . . ." She again reached into the folds of her dress where she produced, quite ominously, two sets of hand cuffs. Both were lined with thick, fuzzy bright purple fur.

"What on earth of those for . . . the handcuffs and lube?" Paula asked while knowing in the back of her mind exactly what they were for.

The old woman raised one gnarled finger, shaking it at Paula in a disapprovingly manner. "Remember what the witch say

to you earlier dear . . . Too many questions spoil things, but I will tell you one small thing if it helps ease your mind."

"Please."

"Olga has always had a knack for knowing what people need and you be needing things later on Ms. Paula . . . I just sense as much."

Paula was about to ask a question before she remembered the witch's warning and snapped her mouth shut. After they said their goodbyes, Paula followed the witch's instructions, gulping down the three suggested glasses of wine with the first having the magic elixir in it.

At first anyways, the elixir seemed to have no telling effect on her, but then again after her three quick glasses of wine she was definitely more than a little buzzed so maybe the wine was masking the effect for now.

After entering the bedroom, she crossed the room, to the nightstand flanking the right side of her bed, where she deposited both sets of handcuffs and the lube, while making it a point not to pay attention to the half open closet door and what might be lurking inside. She took a minute rummaging through her dresser to pick out something to wear, something enticing that is, before heading off to the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom, she changed into her new frilly light tan sleepshirt which she made more appealing by tying it off just below those now super prodigious breasts of hers thus showing off her perfectly flat and toned tummy.

She paired this with a matching tan colored lace thong and a pair of gold sandals with two and half inch heels. Emboldened by the three glasses of wine, Paula came sashaying out of the bedroom, spending the next few minutes lighting a plethora of small tea light candles on both of her nightstands and dresser.

Once all the candles were lit, giving her bedroom the warm, romantic glow the witch suggested, Paula swaggered over to her beautiful, oak trimmed swinging full length mirror.

She maneuvered it a few feet to her left, so she could perfectly see the closet in the reflection of the mirror. She took a deep breath. The bedroom was still and quiet; the air filled with raw sexual tension. Smiling coyly in the mirror, Paula announced loudly, "Are you there honey? Give me a sign . . . please baby. Mommy has made herself all pretty for you."

After a long quiet moment, seemingly stretching out forever, there came a muted creaking sound from the closet. The door was swinging open wider.

Paula's heartbeat trebled in that instant. He was there.

Deciding to try the witch's suggested method of communication Paula raised her voice saying, "You like what Mommy is wearing baby? Can you knock once for yes, two for no."

To accent her question she fiddled with the tie of the frilly sleepshirt like she might be getting ready to undo it.

After a brief pause there came a single quiet knock from the closet.

"Good, I'm glad," Paula whispered as much to herself as to him.

She could scarcely believe this was happening but yet it was. Determined to not let the unbelievably of the situation deter her, she asked her next question.

"Do you want Mommy to show off a bit for you? Maybe put on a little show?"

Again came a single knock, a bit firmer this time.

Paula started swaying back and forth, swinging her hips to the left, and then to the right. It was easy; she was drunk. Lifting her hands up, she ran them through her long, gorgeous mane of brunette locks, lifting them up before letting them fall back in place as she shook her head. Closing her eyes, she twirled around slowly once, and then a second time to show off her body from every angle. Giving the mirror a coquettish smile, Paula whispered, "Should I stop teasing you now honey?"

After a brief pause there came two sharp knocks.

He wanted more. Deciding to indulge him fully, Paula whispered, "Maybe my little boy wants to see his Mommy get undressed huh?"

She closed her eyes, her hands floating up to the middle of her chest. Ever so slowly, she began to undo the tie on her frilly nightshirt. Drawing the undoing of the tie out to maddening infinite proportions, Paula carefully unknotted the sleep shirt before patiently slipping it off her body and letting it fall casually to the floor.

Next she slid her hands slowly down her hips. Hooking a single finger under the waistband of her thong, she gradually pulled them down and then off.

Now completely naked she stood, studying the reflection of her body, much as she suspected he was doing, in the mirror. Again, she was amazed at the magic Olga potions performed on her already decent body. Paula was generally not a vain person, but even she had to admit, as her eyes fell on those mighty F cup sized breasts of hers, her tits were now super nice.

"F for your tits are fucking big!" Paula thought to herself as she tried and failed to suppress a giggle.

"I . . . I hope you're not disappointed, Matthew. I know you have been dreaming of watching Mommy get undressed for a long time."

There came an immediate single sharp knock causing Paula to smile.

Her mind floated back to that fateful day. It was painful to think about, but she needed the feeling of jealousy to wash over her again. The jealousy she felt over that stupid woman in the Penthouse magazine having bigger boobies than her . . . and her son liking them more as he jerked off looking at them.

Raising her voice slightly while adding a sharp edge to it, Paula began to speak, "You made Mommy jealous that day Matthew. Looking at that woman in the magazine of your dad's with her big boobs. I am thinking maybe you find her more attractive than me."

After a brief second there came a pair of loud thumps from the closet. The loudest yet, which she took as not only a no, but an emphatic no.

"Does Mommy have bigger and nicer boobies than the stupid girl in the magazine?"

Her question was met almost immediately with a loud ringing knock from the closet.

Paula smiled. Mindful of the witch's advice to "draw things out a bit" Paula leaned back from the mirror as a naughty idea floated into her head.

"You wanna see Mommy play with herself baby? Would you like that? I bet you would?"

After a brief pause there came a single soft knock.

Closing her eyes, Paula dragged her fingernails lightly across her belly before allowing them to dip down into the lush valley between her legs. She dipped one finger briefly inside; God she was wet, before letting her hands float back up to her breasts.

Her hands glided all over her tits as she gyrated her hips back and forth. Using both of her hands, she lightly cupped her immense breasts, bouncing them up and down as she let out a pronounced moan.

Paula could only imagine what her little show must be doing to her son as she let her fingers slip over her ripe nipples one by one.

Turning around to face the closet, Paula took turns licking both of her index fingers before dropping them to play with her nipples in tandem.

After letting her head loll back and adding a few more explicit moans to the mix, Paula sensed she must have been driving her watcher in the closet wild with pent up forbidden desire.

Letting her hands slip off her tits, Paula straightened up. "Mommy is getting tired baby. I think I need to go over to the bed and relax. Would you care to join me over on her bed?"

After a long pause, there came, much to her surprise, a pair of tentative knocks.

Before she could get upset by his refusing her invitation to join her on the bed, Paula remembered what the witch said, "Lead him, he be shy."

"Hmm, maybe later then," she asked quietly as she strutted over toward the bed, making sure to put some extra wiggle in her steps to make those full-sized tits of hers bounce up and down.

Once she got settled on the bed facing the closet, she gave him a crafty look. "You sure you don't wanna join Mommy on her bed honey. C'mon now . . . she is getting lonely all by herself."

In response came a pair of almost hesitant knocks from the closet.

"Well no rush. We have all night you know. Mommy is all yours. Your dad, you don't have to worry about him . . . we are divorced now. Did you know that?"

There was two sharp knocks on the closet door.

"Anyways you know what that means hon . . . it means Mommy needs someone to take care of her needs, baby and right now what she needs more than anything is for you to be both big and brave for her and come out of the closet. Can you do that for her? Please, pretty please, sweetheart."

What came next was more than the anticipated, and hoped for, single knock. First, there was a slight stirring in the air, just enough to make all the candles on the dresser wink out simultaneously. Next, another stirring in the air caused all the candles, except for one a piece, on both of the nightstands flanking her king sized bed, to go out.

Paula held her breath. The closet door was opening wider. Slowly, a shadowy figure emerged from the closet. The figure, just barely out of the closet now, hesitated.

Paula strained her eyes, but in the near darkness of the bedroom, she could not make out any of the specifics of the dark figure looming just outside her closet.

It took Paula a minute to realize--as the figure stood there motionless--just like she had to coax him out of the closet, she would have to coax him over to her bed.

"Come over honey. Don't be shy. I know you liked what you saw from the closet so just imagine how much more you will like it up close if you are next to me."

He started to cross the room toward the bed. As he drew closer she could see he possessed all the trappings of your conventional ghost: he floated just above the floor while

lacking a firmness in outline. As he drew closer Paula stared, wide eyed, frightened, just a little anyways-- but more than anything-- she was becoming immensely turned on in hot anticipation of what might happen when he drew near enough to reach out and touch her.

He was still a good ten to twelve feet away when she closed her eyes for a quick moment in an attempt to dispel the fear crawling up her spine.

When she opened them again, mere seconds later, he was there, standing directly in front of her. His image was wavering slightly, and seemed to almost glow. Focusing her eyes on his face, despite the diaphanous nature of his being, she knew it was him. A honeyed innocence simply radiated from his whole being; it was an innocence full of love for his Mommy.

His hazel eyes seemed to twinkle in the faint glow of the two remaining candles and were flickering back and forth between her face . . . and her breasts.

He was dressed the same as the day he died: pair of old Levi's and a simple dark tee shirt. The expression on his cute, boyish face was one of infinite sadness, causing her heart to wretch just before it hit her.

Up until now, in Paula's mind, the effects of the witch's magic elixir had been negligible at best. Despite being fully naked and sitting on the bed before him, she was still not sure she could go through with things. There was this constant nagging doubt flitting around the perimeter of her mind saying, you can't allow this Paula, you are his mother. It's wrong.

Now it was as if a large curtain, a heavy curtain, was drawn down and around her, blocking that nagging morally conservative inner voice of hers out completely. Instead, things now took on a surreal dreamlike quality; the elixir had found its way to her heart and was weaving its magic wicked spell around it.

Released from her morals, Paula found her voice. "Can you speak hon? Can you talk to your Mommy at all?"

She reached out to stroke his face. His face felt soft, and pliable and oh so cold. I was like touching jello maybe . . . cold, freezing jello.

It came back to her then what the witch had told her. Death be cold and lonely.

Then he spoke in a voice barely loud enough to be called a whisper.

"It hurts, Mommy."

"Oh baby, I'm sorry. Tell your mom where it hurts?"

He dropped his head before whispering, just barely loud enough for her to hear, "Ashamed to say."

Paula looked at him. He was looking down. Her eyes followed his and then she spied it--an incredibly large bulge inside his jeans--and knew what he was talking about.

"Honey, now come on . . . that is nothing to be ashamed of. Can mommy help?"

"Please . . . It hurts still . . . and cold, always cold . . ." He looked at her. Tears stained his anguished face. He looked down his voice dropping to the lowest of whispers. "Didn't . . . get a chance . . . to finish . . . before . . ." His voice trailed off then, but she knew exactly what he was talking about and exactly what was expected of her.

"You wanna lay down baby or maybe sit. Mommy will take care of you."

"Yes . . . please, I need your warm and loving touch."

"OK, but first let me grab something real quick." Paula hustled over to her nightstand and grabbed the bottle of lube. After settling back down on the bed, she grabbed his hands, pulling him closer to the edge of the bed where she was sitting.

His hands were cold and squishy feeling, indistinct almost, as she gave them each a gentle kiss before looking up at him as he stood there in front of her. His eyes shone, seemingly the only thing warm and totally alive for him, while they remained glued to her chest.

"You like them baby."

His response, whispered in five words, sent them careening down a forbidden path. "They look warm and beautiful."

"They are warm baby . . . see . . . you can feel them . . . feel their warmth." She pressed his hands to her chest.

Resisting the urge to pull away from their coldness, Paula allowed his icy hands to explore the warmth of her naked

breasts for a few quiet moments before her own hands went to the front of his jeans. She clawed desperately at first the button, ripping it open, before yanking the zipper down.

He wasn't wearing any underwear and he was massively hard already. She estimated he must have been a good eight or even eight and half inches.

"Jesus, I can't believe I am doing this," she muttered under her breath as she dumped a generous amount of lube on her right hand.

After wrapping her well-oiled hand around his throbbing cold member, she ran one hand up the length of it slowly while bringing the other hand around to cup his testicles.

Using both hands in perfect tandem, Paula massaged his thick pole with one hand while using the other to gentle jiggle his balls making him moan with quiet pleasure.

"Does Mommy's warm hands feel good baby?"

His only response was another low moan as she gave him a pleasant smile. Unlike the two previous parts of his body she felt, his hands and his face, there was nothing soft or malleable about this hard cock of his.

Again, the feeling of this being a dream washed over her while she stroked his manhood, making him moan ever louder with each caressing wave of her hand up and down.

His hands were all over her tits, both rough and gentle all at once, fondling them with increasingly urgency as she started to stroke his cock faster with her experienced hand.

"Hmm, feels good right honey."

"Oh God . . . Mommy . . ." His voice trailed off as he leaned against her. His hands fell from her breasts, going around her

back as he hugged her tightly just as his whole body began to shudder.

Paula was using both of her hands to stroke that massive pole of his and when he came-- with a loud grunt-- both her hands and wrists were the recipients of a substantial amount of warm sperm.

Wanting to clean the sperm off of her hands, she started to get up, but he reached out snagging her by the arm. "Please don't go. I'm still cold and in pain . . . down there."

Paula sat back down. "Really . . . that . . . I mean what I just did . . . it didn't bring some relief to you baby."

"Some . . . a little," he whispered, "but the witch's spell it makes things different."

It took Paula in her dreamlike state a quick moment to recall what happened earlier during the séance when Olga blew the

sparkling dust at her son before rambling on about it being some sort of spell.

"Different how honey?"

"I'm hmm, bigger because of the spell . . . you know . . . down there and I can recover, afterwards, much, much faster.

"Yeah, I'd say, you are bigger honey and just really how fast can you, hmm . . . recover?"

"I am ready now . . . for more of your relief."

Paula took a shuddering breath. "Now . . . already . . . but we . . . I mean." Her voice trailed off as she began to understand the implications of what she needed to do . . . again already.

"Please Mommy it still hurts . . . not as much but still a lot."

"OK baby, relax Mommy can take care of you again." She started to reach out meaning to give him yet another hand job when he shook his head no.

"It can't be the same. I can't explain but it will ruin everything. We really must do something different this time to bring me some relief and comfort."

"Oh . . . well . . . I suppose. What do you wanna do this time?" she asked cautiously.

"I am wondering if maybe we could play a little game of sorts before you please me."

"A game honey? What kind of game?" she asked curiously. Somewhere in the back of her mind she was curious as to why he said "us" but decided, just like with Olga, it probably wasn't very prudent to ask questions.

"A game of hide and seek."

"Hmm, hide and seek. That sounds like fun. Can you tell me the details?"

Leaning closer to her, he whispered the details of his game to her.

"Wait, I don't understand honey." Now, prudent or not, she would ask him. "You keep saying "us". I thought we were alone. Is there someone else here with us?"

"We are alone . . . for now, but in just in a minute or so I am going to split myself."

"Split yourself I don't understand, honey. Please explain."

"Remember the witch gave me powers to perform a bit of magic. So, basically, I'm going to conjure up a pair of twins of myself so . . . you will have triplets."

"Wait . . . so . . ." Paula was almost dumbstruck by this fantastic revelation. "So you are going to make two more . . . of yourself?"

"Exactly."

"Really, Jesus that is incredible," Paula mumbled to herself while not really believing what he was saying was possible, but then again what was possible, and not possible, was being rather stretched to the limits of her imagination . . . considering she was interacting with the spirit of her deceased son--and her new best friend was a real dyed in the wool witch.

"Triplets . . . I don't know what to say," Paula told him truthfully.

"You don't have to say anything, but please tell me you are going to play hide and seek with us. Pretty please."

"OK honey, I'll play."

"Good. So you remember what I told you about what you must do? I wanna hear you say aloud with the details, so I can be sure you understand."

"Fine. One of you will be sweet and innocent and when I find him I will seduce him by being overly aggressive with him while still maintaining a good bit of wholesome innocence. As for the other two . . . Hmm, they won't be so innocent and finding them will, most likely, prompt an all-out assault which I must do my best to fend off before finally submitting and giving in to their wanton desires. Is that enough details for you?"

"That is perfect, Mother. I think you understand the game well but one last thing . . . if you can't find us at first maybe you could offer a bribe of sorts to entice at least one of use to come out and play."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"So are you ready to play?"

"Yes, but I have one simple question I hope you will answer. Will I be able to recognize you from the other two honey?"

"You will, for sure, as not only will I be the sweet and pure, but the one big thing which will help you know it's me is owing to the splitting up process, I will lose both some height and weight. Yeah, I will look smaller making me appear more sweet and innocent . . . just like you like, Mommy. Oh and one more thing, once I split myself in three, it will be like I'm new and fresh, like a virgin. I won't remember any of the naughty stuff we did earlier."

"Really?"

"Yes. The first time is always the funnest right and besides I . . . well I figure older women prefer to be a guy's first . . . right?"

"I guess being someone's first can be exciting I imagine," Paula replied. The truth is she never deflowered a virgin before so she could only imagine. "Anyways that is interesting and good to know."

Resisting the urge to bother him with more questions about this whole mysterious splitting up process, Paula, the witch's potion was fully in control now, contented herself with just accepting things as they came.

To start the game, she went into the bathroom, where she would slowly count to thirty, giving him time to perform both the splitting operation while also giving all three of them time to hide.

When she came out of the bathroom her bedroom was totally dark except for a trio of flickering candles on each of her nightstands. Her instructions from him were specific on this point, "You are not allowed to turn on any lights or light anymore more candles than the six already lit.

Although, she could not see them, still, she sensed their presence lingering . . . watching . . . waiting. The entire atmosphere of the bedroom felt soaked with pent up sexual tension.

Paula crossed the room to her dresser. Her instructions included putting on something "nice" before she began hunting for them.

Of course, when he said "nice" he meant sexy, of this she was certain. Pawing through the bottom drawer of her dresser where she keep all her real sexy bras and panties, Paula quickly settled on something before heading back to the bathroom to put it on.

A quick minute later, she came swaggering out of the bathroom clad in a lace rose colored bra with matching panties. The bra's immense cups were adorned with a soft scrolling of pretty little flowers giving the bra a sexy innocence appearance she was sure they would like.

Paula strutted about her spacious bedroom, searching every nook and cranny of her bedroom, all to no avail.

Sighing, she headed over to the large walk in closet hoping to find them in there.

She slowly opened the closet door, holding a single candle aloft she grabbed from the night stand, but the puny light did little to reveal whatever might be hiding in the dark corners of the large closet.

Just as she thought she spied a moving dark shadow deep in the closet there came an indistinct noise from out in the bedroom.

Paula quickly turned around. The bedroom was quiet again. She shut the closet door, determined to find the source of the noise.

She once again took a quick minute to strut around the bedroom, her heels clicking audibly on the hard wood flooring of the bedroom, checking everywhere and again finding nothing. Maybe it was time to bribe them as he suggested.

Clearing her throat she announced loudly, "Listen sweethearts, Mommy knows all three of her naughty little boys are in her bedroom . . . hiding and watching her. Now because I am feeling generous tonight I will cut one, and only one, of you a deal, and play a game, a very fun game with whoever decides to step forward first and give their mommy a hint as to where they might be hiding."

When this was met with total silence, Paula decided she maybe had to make her offer more enticing by giving some details of the naughty game she was planning on playing.

Making her voice nice and firm once more, she called out loudly, "OK so the game I wanna play with one of you lucky little boys is called spank and tickle. Basically it involves

wresting around on your mommy's large comfortable bed while we both try to overpower each other with a whole lot of spanking and tickling. Hmm, does that sound like fun huh?"

Paula waited with bated breath to see if any of them would take the bait.

A good ten seconds or so passed with the room remaining deathly quiet, leaving Paula to wonder if her bribe of playing a game of spank and tickle simply wasn't enticing enough before she felt something, a finger maybe, slithering along her ankle.

Paula smiled to herself, knowing at least one of them was hiding under the bed. Making an assumption this was the sweet and pure one, Paula took a deep breath as she started to form an aggressive plan of action in her mind.

Raising her voice once more, she said, "Hmm, I wonder if that is some nasty spider under the bed crawling up my ankle or

maybe it's some little boy's hand playing tickle with his mommy."

A childish giggle floated out from under the bed, reaffirming her belief she found the original Matthew, aka, the sweet and naive one of the bunch.

Remembering his advice to be aggressive with the innocent one, Paula quickly reached down and snatched what was now a very solid hand.

"Gotcha," she cried out as more giggling ensued from under the bed.

"Gotcha back," he exclaimed as Paula felt his other hand wrapping itself around her ankle.

While maintaining a death like grip on his one wrist, Paula reached down with her other hand, seizing the hand grasping her ankle around its wrist.

Using all of her strength, she yanked hard.

Surprisingly, although both his hands felt wholly solid, when she yanked on them, he felt incredibly light, and came sliding out along the hardwood floor from under the bed easily.

Paula, amped up by situation, her adrenaline flowing, easily manhandled her son, and just like she had been told earlier, he was much smaller and lighter than before.

Prior to his death, Matthew stood about five foot eight and weighed roughly a hundred and sixty pounds. He was certainly not five eight anymore, nor was he weighing anymore close to a hundred and sixty pounds.

He was wearing a pair of dark briefs and a white tee shirt as Paula easily swung him around. Assessing things quickly, Paula determined he might have been just barely over five

feet tall now and couldn't have weighed much more than a mere hundred or hundred and ten pounds.

As she spun him around and around, he cried out, "Mommy stop . . . you are making me dizzy."

"Fine, I'll stop then," Paula called out without really meaning it. Continuing with her ultra-aggressiveness, she easily spun him around one last time before attacking his cute little butt with a series of opened handed slaps making him giggle all the more.

After a good half dozen or so of these slaps, she violently flung him face forward onto the bed.

Matthew quickly flipped himself around as Paula stood there gazing down at him. They stared at each other for a quick moment before Matthew whispered, "Oh my God, I am being attacked by the beautiful Boobie Monster."

Thus, with that mere little comment, their game changed from naughty to extra naughty.

Paula smiled as this was exactly the opening she needed to seduce him. Dropping her voice to a sultry whisper, Paula said, "Yes you are and I do think you are utterly powerless to stop her attack little boy, but maybe if you tell me your name the wicked Boobie Monster might go easy on you."

"My name is Matty."

Paula smiled: he was using the old nickname from years gone by. "Well that is an adorably cute name but not quite cute enough to keep the wicked and powerful Boobie Monster from attacking you once more."

Paula took a small step forward, preparing to launch herself onto the bed for a full on attack before she hesitated. "But before I attack I need you to reassure me of something, Matthew."

"What?"

"If we are really going to play this game I want it to be . . . ahh real and fair."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you can't cheat by doing any of your tricks. I want it to be as if . . . you know . . . we were doing this little game when you were still . . ." Her voice trailed off as she was simply unable to say it.

"Still alive is what you were going to say, Mom?"

"Yes."

"I agree. No tricks, I will be perfectly normal . . . like before. . . Except for you know smaller like you already see I am."

"Great that is what I was hoping to hear."

"So is there anything else we need to add to our game before we get started?" Matthew asked anxiously, obviously ready to play.

Paula thought for a quiet moment before saying, "Well I am thinking it might be fun if we sort of pretended the young victim was all alone in the house, his mom was away and would be away for the entire night, and he decided to sleep in her bed for the night . . . and then as he is sleeping peacefully the wicked Boobie Monster sneaks into the mother's bedroom to attack her victim in his mommy's bed."

"Yes, I like that," he replied eagerly as she retreated to the bathroom with her phone where she would wait for five minutes, giving her "victim" time to fall asleep before entering the bedroom to attack him.

Paula paced excitedly in the bathroom while she waited the allotted time. She knew this little game of theirs was-- unquestionably--going to have a wicked ending, especially as she set her mind to being the wicked, and quite naughty, Boobie Monster.

The Boobie Monster noiselessly stole out of the bathroom and into the bedroom; it was completely dark, except for a pair of flickering candles across the room on her vanity table.

In the dim light of the room, the wicked monster could just make her victim's prone form under the covers of the bed.

She waited, letting the already super charged sexual tension build to a nearly unbearable level. Listening intently, the Boobie Monster noted her victim seemed to be sound asleep.

She briefly considered stripping off her panties and bra before rejecting the idea. It would be better she thought to not let him see her naked . . . at least not right away.

Deciding she would use a stealthily, seductive form of an attack the Boobie Monster crept up quietly to the bed, before slipping soundlessly under the covers.

He was sleeping on his side, his back to her as the wicked monster nestled up against the sleeping boy. The monster was disappointed to find her victim was not naked under the covers, but instead was wearing a pair of briefs.

His only response, as she pressed her body up against his, was a soft whisper. "Is that you Mommy?"

Bringing her mouth to his ear, she whispered, "Yes, it's Mommy, honey. I was able to come home early, now roll over and give me a kiss before I let you go back to sleep."

"OK," he responded lowly.

After pulling back slightly, allowing him room to roll over onto his back, the monster noticed something which made her heart race. Attached to each of the two upper posts of the four poster bed were the purple fur lined handcuffs.

The monster smiled. Maybe her victim was not so chaste after all as he must have attached the cuffs to the bed while she was in the bathroom waiting for him to pretend to fall asleep. It was also obvious he attached them for one reason and one reason only--he wanted them to be used. But on him or her: that was the million dollar question.

"Hey," he cried out after rolling over to face her, "you . . . you are not my Mommy."

"No, I'm not! I'm the wicked and most evil Boobie Monster and I wanna play with you tonight. Will you let me? I promise I'll play nice if you just relax and let me have my way with you."

"No never . . ." Matty cried out in mock horror.

"Then you'll force me to attack you using my major weapons."

Not giving him time to respond, Paula aggressively flung herself onto him. Leaning down, she shoved her tits in his face as the much smaller Matty struggled-- to no avail-- to free himself from her aggressive attack.

She was simply too big and too strong for his reduced size as the monster began to smother her young victim with her mighty boobs. Actually, her victim was really not struggling too terribly much to free himself from her attack as he loved the feel of the monster's bra clad tits in his face.

As they thrashed around on the bed, she grabbed his hands forcing them upwards toward the waiting handcuffs. The handcuffs were already open and just waiting for some poor innocent victim's wrist to be thrust inside.

Before Matty even realized what was happening, he found one of the fur lined handcuffs being secured around his wrist.

"Gotcha you now," the monster cried out triumphantly. "Relax now and let me secure your other wrist and I will be nice and give you some real friendly kisses if you do."

"Promise" he whispered.

"Yes, yes, I promise," she said happily as she felt him relax.

She quickly secured his other wrist to the opposite bed post leaving him utterly under her control.

Raising up now that her victim was wholly secured, the Bobbie Monster smiled sweetly at him.

"You promised me kisses," he whined.

'Yes I did, and kisses you shall have, sweetie.'

Reaching out, she carefully pulled the blanket down and off the bed, leaving just a single sheet to cover his nearly naked body.

She snuggled up against him, stroking his hair softly before bringing her mouth to his. They kissed, sweet at first, before she flickered her tongue out, letting it slip inside his mouth to do some exploring.

She felt him tense up as her tongue worked its magic around before she let her mouth slip down.

Moving slowly, patiently, she pulled the sheet down uncovering his bare chest and tummy.

Her kisses floated down, pausing to flicker delicately across his nipples, making him squirm, before dropping down further.

After her kisses reached the edge of the sheet covering his manhood, she paused. Extending a single finger, she carefully hooked it around the edge of the sheet as she whispered to herself, "Let's see, what we can see, shall we."

Ever so slowly she pulled the sheet down before letting out a pronounced gasp as she pulled the sheet clear. While he may have been small in stature, he certainly was not small down there with his simple dark briefs hiding what appeared to be a simply massive bulge.

Paula looked up at him, shooting him a sly smile. Playing the role of victim perfectly, Matty, with a perfect look of abject terror on his face, whispered, "Please, don't hurt me down there. I heard Boobie Monster's like to hurt their victims . . . down there . . . especially when they are virgins, like me."

Reaching up, she stroked the side of his face tenderly. "You don't need to be scared hon. I am a nice Boobie Monster and I don't like to hurt my victims, especially when they are

innocent young virgins, but instead I only like to tease them a bit . . . you know play with them a bit . . . down there."

"Really you are not going to hurt me Mrs. Boobie Monster?" he asked as he seemed to relax.

"Yes, really. Here let me show you but before I do I wish you wouldn't call me that."

"What . . . Boobie Monster?"

"Yes, I am really quite nice you know, maybe even nicer than your own mommy and it just hurts me the way you seem to be so afraid of me and it hurts you calling me that . . . calling me a monster."

"Maybe, if you don't mind, can . . . can I call you Mommy. We could, you know, pretend you are my mom and then I wouldn't be so afraid of you."

"Hmm, that is a very good idea I think sweetie so yes, please do call me that while imagining I really am your mother."

"OK," he said as their game came full circle.

Raising up, she threw one leg over him, straddling him as she lowered herself so she sat nimbly on his tummy. Staring at him seriously, she whispered, "Let's maybe see if your Mommy can do some more teasing now and can make you even bigger down there."

It was then she made the fateful decision she would do everything in her power to tease the hell out of him--without going too far . . . just to see how he might react.

Paula had always been secretly curious about the whole S&M genre and bondage thing, but never tried it. Now, finally, she was having her chance and found the whole thing to be quite titillating.

Staring at him seriously, she whispered, "Are you really a virgin hon or are you just saying that to get your mom all excited."

"I am, Mommy. I swear. I . . . I have never been with a girl. Never even seen a pair of tits . . . except you know . . . in porn magazines."

"Really . . . so maybe you wanna see your mommy's tits baby boy. See if they are as nice as the ones you are so fond of looking at in those stupid magazines."

"Yes. Please Mommy, let me see yours."

"Tell me first, honestly, have you been dreaming about seeing your mom's tits honey? Fantasying maybe about them?" She tilted her head seductively while thrusting her chest out at him.

"Yes," he answered in a small voice.

"Really . . . so how bad do you wanna see them, hon?"

"Really, really bad, Mommy," he replied.

She could feel him squirming under her as his eyes remained focused on her chest.

"Hmm, while it's a mommy's job to make their little boys dreams come true so . . ."

Ever so slowly she reached behind her to undo her bra.

After getting it unhooked, she slowly brought her hands up to the twin bra straps.

She paused, letting the tension build, before ever so slowly pulling the straps down and off her shoulders.

Her large bra hung precariously on those giant tits of hers for a brief second or two before she shook her chest slightly allowing the bra to fall down.

"Oh my God," she heard him whisper as a woman's tits were, thanks to him washing his memory clean-- revealed to his innocent eyes for the very first time

"You like them, sweetheart?" she whispered.

"Oh God Mommy they are so big . . . and beautiful. I . . . I have never seen anything so beautiful in my life . . . ever."

"I'm glad you like them, baby. I would let you play with them a bit . . . like I'm sure you want to do, but hmm . . ." Reaching out, she stroked the side of his face kindly before adding with a low chuckle, "It seems some little boy has lost the use of his hands."

She leaned over toward the nightstand, grabbing the bottle of lube. "I guess you will just have to watch your Mommy play with her own titties a bit instead."

Paula dumped a good portion of the raspberry lube onto her hands before bringing them to her chest. Her poor victim watched helplessly as the Boobie Monster, AKA his Mommy, teased the hell out of him by slowly rubbing the lube all over her tits in soft circles.

Watching him squirm noticeably gave her the idea her exaggerated teasing was getting to him--just as she hoped for.

Taking one finger she ran it slowly along the vast expanse of one of her majestic boobs before bringing it to her mouth. Giving him a coy smile, she dipped her finger in her mouth. "Hmm raspberry that tastes good. I bet you wish you could taste it with that little virgin mouth of yours."

He nodded his head eagerly as she continued to smile coyly at him.

After placing a pillow behind his head, she told him, "OK then, lean your head back on the pillow and close your eyes but don't you dare get over anxious and try to kiss or suck on your mommy's boobies . . . until she gives her permission."

Paula watched him settle his head back against the pillow and after he closed his eyes she carefully leaned forward, pushing her large breasts flush against his dimpled cheeks.

Jiggling her chest up and down allowed her breasts to bounce merrily against his face as his breathing became labored. Glancing behind her, she spied the bulge inside his briefs looked to be bigger than ever and knew her overstated teasing was truly getting to him.

She continued to rub her tits in his face for another good minute or two before she pulled back. "I don't think it's fair that your mommy has been nice enough to show you her tits but you haven't shown her anything."

Turning, she climbed off of him before settling herself down on her knees directly across from his midsection. Reaching out with a pair of fingers, she patiently hooked them under the waistband of his briefs.

"Do you mind sweetie if your mommy takes a look down there?"

"I guess not . . . but no one has ever seen it before."

"Oh really," she said pausing.

"Unh-uh," he told her. "Remember . . . I'm a perfectly pure virgin, Mommy."

"So you are," she whispered as she started to carefully pull his briefs down.

"Oh my God," Paula whispered under her breath as she finally pulled the briefs down far enough to allow his cock to spring out of its cage like a hungry tiger.

His small stature had most definitely not followed suit down there as he was truly blessed with the biggest fucking cock she had ever laid eyes upon. The small of stature, and sweet of disposition, Matty must have been a good ten-- or maybe-- even eleven inches down there.

Paula's heart raced with both fear and excitement as she briefly imagined what it might be like to be impaled on that massive pole of his. Doubtlessly his larger than life size was done very much on purpose during the splitting up process.

She stared at it, lost in thought, forbidden desire swelling in her heart, as she imagined just how much of that massive cock she could stuff in her mouth . . . if it came to that.

"Mommy," he whispered, interrupting her reverie, "Am I a nice size?"

"Oh Christ baby you are . . . very much so," she whispered back.

"Really . . . are . . . are you going to maybe touch it. I've never been touched there before." Looking away he dropped his voice before adding sadly, "The guys, you know, my friends were always teasing me about that you know."

"Is that really true . . . I mean, everything you have told me now about being a virgin and all that . . . even when you were . . . alive?"

He stared at her with a seriously sad expression on his cute face before he answered softly, "Yes."

Paula sighed as she stretched one finger out to his cock. "Well it will be my supreme honor I guess to go where no girl has gone before then."

Using one finger, she deftly slid it along the entire length of his penis, marveling both its enormous size and its concrete like hardness.

A good two or three strokes up and down of her finger made him both tremble and moan before she boldly wrapped her hand around its considerable girth.

Her hand, still well-oiled from earlier, slid easily up and down his shaft several times as his moans grew louder.

Warming to the task at hand, Paula started to move her hand up and down faster as she slipped her other hand under his balls. She suspected after all her teasing he wouldn't last long. Just as she was beginning to jiggle them he let out a sharp cry, "Mommy . . . Oh God . . . I'm . . . I'm going to . . ."

Paula yanked her hand away as she suddenly remembered what he told her earlier. It can't be the same or it will ruin everything.

"Don't come baby . . . don't," she nearly screamed. "You can't . . . not yet. It will ruin everything!"

She watched as his face contorted into a serious grimace as he bit his lip. Glancing down, she stared at his cock, praying a geyser of cum would not shoot out of it.

It twitched once, twice, and then a third time, before he let out a shaky breath.

"I didn't mommy . . . I almost did . . . I was ready . . . but . . ."

"But you stopped which was really good. I'm sorry baby but I have to make you come a different way. You just gotta trust me on that."

"Oh . . . well then, maybe you could . . . ahh . . . put it in your mouth, Mommy?"

"Oh Jesus," Paula whispered under her breath at the thought of having his huge monster stuffed in her mouth.

"Please Mommy, pretty please," he whined as she continued to hesitate.

Paula took a deep breath before leaning down, the surreal nature of what was happening increasing tenfold, as she prepared to take him in her mouth.

"It's just a dream, girl," Paula whispered to herself just before she lashed her tongue out. His hardness tasted slightly of the raspberry lube as her tongue flickered up and down his immense rod several times.

Closing her eyes, she opened her mouth wide allowing his cock to invade the warm recesses of her mouth.

She took as much as she could in into her mouth, barely half or maybe even less, if she had been bothering to estimate,

before letting it slip out. Holding it upright with one hand, she stroked it up and down, before wrapping her tongue around the bulbous head and letting it slither, snake like, all the way to the base of his cock.

This elicited a small moan from him giving her the desire, the absolute and wanton desire, to want to make him moan all the more. With this goal in mind, she slurped on his cock like the cheapest of harlots in a back alley, her head bobbing up and down, up and down, as she held her hair up with one hand to keep it out of the way.

"Oh Mommy, that feels sooo good," he whispered as she sucked on his cock now as if her very life depended on it.

Twisting and turning her mouth all around, she vigorously lathered his cock up and down with her tongue slowly, and then faster, before deep throating it several times.

Bringing one hand up, she began to stroke him up and down as she worked her mouth in unison with her hand, his big cock

slipping in and out of her eager and experienced mouth in glorious fashion.

He was young so she was not wholly surprised when less than ten seconds later, after this double teaming of his cock with her mouth and hand, he whispered, "Mommy I . . . I'm going to come."

She had just let his cock slip out of her mouth, while still working on the shaft furiously with her hand, when an indescribably large geyser of cum jetted out of the tip of his penis, coating her right cheek and hair with its sticky whiteness.

"Mommy has a mess all over her face and hair," he said with a giggle.

"Hmm, she does, baby . . . thanks to you."

After a brief pause he whispered, "I have to leave. It's their turn, Mommy. Don't give in . . . too easily . . . to them."

"I . . . I won't," Paula replied as she made her way to the bathroom.

"They will be waiting for you when you get out," Matthew told her. "One will be shy and sweet, that will be Matty and the other will be rough and aggressive, that will be Mark."

Paula murmured her ascent before stepping inside the bathroom while Matthew disappeared.

Five minutes later, after getting herself cleaned up and slipping on a robe, she came back out to the bedroom to a pair of shocking surprises.

The bedroom was totally dark except for the warm glow cast by a roaring fire inside the huge wood burning fireplace

taking up nearly the entirety of one wall--it was a wood burning fireplace that was never there before.

She couldn't help but to smile to herself. She always craved having a real fireplace in her bedroom, and now here it was. He must have simply conjured it up, using the magical abilities bestowed upon him by the resourceful Olga.

And then she spied yet another surprise. Sitting on the luxurious square white rug spread invitingly out in front of the fireplace, nestled among several large black pillows, was a medium size white gift box. The box was obviously a present for her as it had a large red ribbon stuck on it.

Doubtlessly, this was yet another gift from her doting boys. Strutting over to the fireplace, she settled down on the rug. Opening the box, she smiled. The little devil-- it was a present all right but maybe more for him than her.

Inside the box was a sheer purple baby doll and a pair of matching G-string panties. He certainly conjured up

something ultra-sexy for me, Paula mused to herself while hurriedly slipped on her new gifts.

After donning this new sexy outfit, she tossed the robe to one side before searching the room for any sign of them.

When she could neither see, nor hear anything she sighed, waiting for something to happen.

She didn't have to wait long before something happened. Slowly the closet door creaked open before something sizable and flesh colored came flying out of it.

The dildo hit the wooden floor with a loud thud, skidding across the wooden floor until it came to a rest right next to the rug.

Reaching out, Paula grabbed it. Taped to it was a small note printed in her son's neat handwriting. Play with me, Mommy.

Paula smiled as she spread her legs, preparing herself to put a show on for them. She started by lathering the large dildo deliciously with her tongue before sucking it deep in her mouth. Looking at the closet, the door was opened a bit wider now, she made small moaning noises as she continued to deep throat the fake cock while one of her hands slipped inside her panties and began to play with her clit.

Pulling it out of her mouth, she slide her tongue around its head several times before bringing it down and in between her legs.

She looked up at the closet, giving her audience a sly smile before slowly letting the dildo slip inside of her panties before pushing it up and deep inside of her. In and out, slowly, patiently even, she pushed the dildo while her moans became increasingly desperate.

She was not at all acting, but was really getting off on pleasuring herself while having an audience only made the act to be all the more intense. Working the dildo in and out,

faster and faster, she was really starting to fuck herself--hard--and was just approaching an orgasm when the closet door creaked open audibly.

Both distracted and curious, Paula raised up, ruining her pending orgasm. When she didn't see anything, she reclined back against the pillows, closing her eyes.

After a quiet moment, she heard footsteps crossing the room toward her.

Re-opening her eyes, she looked up just in time to see a pair of shadowy figures moving slowly across the bedroom toward her.

They paused a few feet from the rug. They were both dressed the same way--jeans and no shirts--and looked fairly identical with the exception being the one on the right looked to be of a smaller stature as compared to his twin on the left.

It was this one, the smaller of the two that now whispered to her sweetly. "Do you like your gifts, Mommy?"

Taking note of his soft voice and his smaller stature, Paula rightly assumed this was Matty.

"Oh boys . . . Mommy loves her gifts, the fireplace is warm and romantic, her new rug is so plush and soft and Mommy's pajamas you picked out for her are so comfortable and sexy, don't you think? Oh and her new toy . . ." She brought the dildo to her mouth, and with a teasing smile, she gave it a small kiss. "Is so much fun to play with and she loves it."

Putting the large dildo aside, she figured she would not have much use for that any more, she patted the rug next to her. "Do you guys want to join Mommy on her new rug and help warm her up a bit? I mean, despite the nice fire, I'm still a bit cold."

"Yes, I would like that," Matty replied, eager to join his mommy by the fire.

He barely got a step forward though before all hell broke loose. First, Mark reached out, snagging his brother by the arm, rudely pulling him back.

He snapped at him, saying something in a harsh whisper she couldn't quite make out, just before giving him a hard shove.

Matty snapped back with a few harsh whispers of his own before the whispers turned to shouts; and then to pushing and shoving, and then to full-fledged combat as Mark wrestled his brother down to the ground.

Paula, at first, has no idea what they might be fighting about as it all happened so suddenly. She listened closely though when the shouting started and it appeared they were arguing about who was going to do something first--to her.

Thinking they would rather fight than pay attention to her, made Paula more than a little upset though.

Determined to put an end to their nonsensical fighting, she whistled loudly trying to get their combined attention.

When they took a break from rolling around on the floor and wrestling, she raised her voice, "Oh boys . . . stop your fighting as your Mommy has something to show you."

They both climbed to their feet simultaneously while staring at her intently. She stared back a moment before giving them a sly smile. Carefully, she tugged on the satin tie holding her pretty robe shut.

She stared at them for a brief moment before carefully undoing her robe and slipping it off.

Leaning back on the pair of large round pillows positioned in the center of the rug she smiled at them. "Now sweethearts . . . wouldn't you much rather play with these . . ." She shook her

chest a bit making her huge tits jiggle under the baby doll.
"Than fight each other."

They both continued to stare wide eyed while saying nothing.
After a long pause, it was Matty who spoke first, "I . . . I know
I would."

"Me too," Mark added before glaring at his brother. "But I am
playing with them first."

"Oh so that is what this is all about huh. You guys are fighting
which one of you is going to get to play with your mommy's
big boobies first."

"Uh-huh," they both said in unison.

"Really?" she said seriously.

"Yes," Matty replied. "We both want to be the first . . . the first
to you know . . . well . . ." He looked down embarrassed.

Mark broke in. "You're such a goddamn shy little sissy, Matty. I will tell her. We both want to be the first to play with those big fucking tits of yours . . ." He paused, giving his brother another hard shove that nearly knocked him to the floor. "And I am going to be the first after I finish kicking your ass."

"Now boys," Paula replied patiently, knowing she must be a good mother and take control of the situation before things really started to spin out of control. "Don't you think Mommy's tits are . . ." She shook her chest again for added emphasis. "Big enough for the both of you to play with at the same time."

She beckoned them over with her finger, saying pleasantly. "Please stop fighting and come over here next to your mother? I am getting cold and lonely over here all by myself."

Raising up a bit, she thrust her chest out for all its worth. "Mommy promises she will let both of her two little boys play with her boobies all they want . . . and for as long as they want."

After a brief pause where they stood glaring at each other they turned back to her and started to advance--like a pair of hungry wolves maybe.

When they got within arm's length, they both simultaneously dived on her. She rolled back against the pillows as they eagerly started to shower her with kisses while pawing aggressively at her boobs through the sheer thin purple material of her teddy.

She felt her face being twisted from one to the other as she exchanged a flurry of mad kisses with each; felt eager tongues being shoved into her mouth as equally eager hands fondled her tits with a wildness that almost bordered on rage.

Wanting to accommodate them fully, Paula reached down and yanked the sheer teddy up, baring her gorgeous breasts to their wild, clawing hands.

She arched her back, closing her eyes, offering her tits up as sacrificial lambs to their wicked desires.

They took full advantage with both dropping their mouths down to attack her bared breasts with youthful enthusiasm. Paula responded with a gentle sigh while cradling their heads in her hands.

"Oh that's it babies, suck on your mommy's titties, sweethearts," she cooed to them pleasantly before letting out a loud moan as they worshipped each of her fully erect nipples with a pair of fervent tongues before they began suckling on her boobs with a wholly animated passion which nearly took her breath away.

Paula moaned louder, never imagining her breasts could inspire such wicked passion. Never before had her tits been so thoroughly and lovingly worshiped. They both continued to kiss, lick, and suckle on her tits, over and over again, while in between their licks and kisses they took turns lifting their mouths up just long enough to tell her how big and beautiful their mommy's boobs were.

She sighed, enjoying their verbal compliments- almost as much as their physical attentions- to her tits.

First one hand, and then another, slipped down across her belly continuing on down to her thighs. Fingertips tickled her inner thighs, coming ever closer as she parted her legs for them.

A pair of playful curious fingers slithered under the thin protective covering of her G-string, dipping curiously into her wet pussy. After all their earlier fighting, the boys were now working in perfect tandem to please her as first one finger slipped inside of her, to be followed by another as the first finger slid out.

What started out as a slow and gentle finger fucking quickly picked up steam as they pushed their fingers in and out of her at a more frantic pace.

The flames of passion in her heart were spreading like an out of control wildfire having her tits being ravished by her "baby boys" while they fingered her pussy.

Tangling her fingers deep in their long, unkempt hair, she egged them on to suckle on her boobs with even greater urgency. "Oh God, boys you are doing so good sucking on your Mommies boobies . . . Please don't stop . . . Please . . . you are making me feel so good."

Her praise was met with unexpected results. Without a word, they both stopped at the exact same moment. Shaking her hands off from around their heads, they lifted themselves up into sitting positions.

"Do you think she is ready?" Matty whispered to his twin.

"Oh yes, look at her squirming and moaning . . . she is ready."

They stood up together as Mark barked at her. "Roll over and get on your hands and knees, Mother."

The harsh tone of his voice indicated it was not a request, but instead a command; one that should be obeyed without question.

After a brief hesitation, Paula complied with his demand as Matty helped her to get up and positioned on her hands and knees.

Paula faced the fire, staring deep into the dancing flames wondering what they had in store for her before shutting her eyes and deciding whatever it might be-- she would do her best to once again accommodate them.

"Now remember our plan Matty," Mark whispered to his brother before they took up their respective positions.

Paula opened her eyes just long enough to observe Matty moving around to the front of her while Mark went around to her backside. Shutting her eyes again, she steeled herself for whatever they might have in store for her.

"Open your eyes, Mommy . . . I have something to show you," Matty whispered to her pleasantly.

She opened her eyes only to find staring her in the face was a rather sizable bulge hidden inside his tight jeans.

Matty looked at her and smiled before Mark interceded with his usual biting comment. "Go on show her . . . don't be such a wimp."

Yet Matty, as shy as ever, paused, prompting Paula to whisper, "Go hon, show your mommy what you have for her . . . please, baby."

He slowly pulled down his jeans. He wasn't wearing any underwear allowing his absolutely huge erection to come bounding out.

Once again, she marveled at how very endowed he was for a young man of such small stature. He his erect cock pointed at her like a loaded gun, but before she could admire his great size for any length of time her attention was diverted.

"Mine is bigger . . ." Mark announced smugly while twisting a hand in her hair and turning her head around so she was facing him. She gasped as Mark stripped off his jeans, without the least bit of shyness like his twin. His fucking cock must have been a good two or three inches bigger than Matty's seven and a quarter inch monster.

And that smile, that wickedly delicious smile on his face, as he stood there showing off for her, sent chills up her spine. She wondered for a brief moment how the twin ghosts of her son- so small in stature- could be blessed with such magically large cocks and then she remembered the key word- magic. Was it

really so surprising considering what the old witch had told her regarding how she had blessed Matthew with the ability to conjure things up--as he saw fit.

A deep seeded yearning coursed through Paula as she gazed longingly back at Mark's immense cock. Finally, the spell was broken when Matty gently turned her face back toward him.

"Close your eyes, Mommy. We are both going to give you a couple more little gifts."

She shut her eyes before feeling a brush of hardness against her lips, along with an urgent jabbing of hardness from behind her.

Remembering Matthew telling how, at some point, she should show some resistance to their desires, Paula decided to make a stand here and now.

She tried to squirm away, but Mark gripped her hips tightly from behind while Matty snaked a hand through her hair. She was going nowhere!!

Again, she felt the brush of Matty's hard cock against her lips.

Paula kept her mouth tightly shut, despite her craving to taste the forbidden fruit. To make matters worse, her passions were being enflamed by the maddening rubbing of Mark's hard member at her wet doorstep.

Up and down he carefully stroked her pussy lips gently with the head of his cock, while caressing her ass and thighs tenderly with the tips of his fingers causing her to squirm

She was getting so very wet from the dual attentions of their hard cocks when they started a kindly verbal assault on her.

"Oh Mommy, can't you feel how much Mark wants to be inside you . . . don't you want him inside you, Mommy?"

Without thinking, she opened her eyes and looked up at Matty before whispering back, "Yes . . . Oh God, yes I do."

"He wants to hear you beg for it. It's part of the game . . . the begging."

She looked back at Mark, catching sight of his cock which was again poking up between her thighs. A deep yearning pervaded her whole body, especially her pussy, to be filled to the brim by his huge cock.

Their eyes meet. She caught a boyish gleam in them as he started to pull back. Impulsively, she did exactly what he . . . what they wanted. "Mark, please put it in me. Please baby. I need you so bad. Mommy is begging you!! C'mon honey"

Matty stroked the side of her face. "Talk dirty to him," he told her quietly.

She never had talked "dirty" before but figured-- how hard could it be?

"Come on . . ." she said in a deep sultry voice, "Put that big cock of yours in me, honey. Please Mommy wants to feel you inside of her, fucking her like . . . like a dirty whore, making her feel like a woman. I need it sooo badly."

Her begging only got her more teasing. He smirked at her while stroking her wetness with the tip of his large cock before dipping it in slightly, only to pull it back out right away.

Paula squirmed, aching to have him inside of her, before arching her back while pushing backwards with her hips in a vain attempt to get him inside of her.

Reminding herself to resist the delicious cock mere inches from her hungry mouth, Paula kept her mouth tightly shut as she felt it would simply being going too far to have one cock in her pussy and one in her mouth.

Determined to hold her ground, she kept turning away from the hardness prodding at her lips.

Mark reached down with his hand and began to rub her clit. Paula was just about to let out a loud moan, but suspecting if she opened her mouth to do so, Matty would take the opportunity to shove his cock in her mouth, Paula bit her lip instead.

Unable to take too much more of this intense teasing, Paula needed to come up with a plan. Deciding to wait until once again she felt Mark teasingly dip the tip of his penis inside of her, she would then--suddenly--rock backwards as hard as she could with the hope of burying his cock deep inside of her.

Once inside of her, she counted on Mark not wanting to remove her cock from inside her, finally, giving her what she so badly needed--a good fucking.

Again and again, she felt the frustrating tingle of his massively hard cock being rubbed against her clit before he pulled back.

Finally!! He was again resting his manhood just above her opening. The moment seemed to stretch out forever as her muscles tensed. She sensed him starting to push it in ever so slowly, ever so carefully, just as he had done numerous times before, only to withdraw it.

"Oh honey don't stop again, put it in your mother . . . please baby. I am begging you," she whined giving him one last chance to comply. And when she felt him stop . . .

NOW!! She dropped her head, closing her eyes, she rocked her hips backwards with all her might hoping to force him deep inside of her.

Unknown to her, Mark, by now, had grown weary of teasing his mother. He simply decided the next time she begged for it he would give it to her. Hard.

So at the exact same time she rocked back forcefully, he propelled his hips forward, driving his cock into her. Their bodies slammed together as his cock buried itself deep into her wet pussy.

A wave of pleasure overtook Paula. Her head came up, her mouth flying open as she started to let out a loud cry of pleasure. "Ohhh my God--"

Finally, this was Matty's chance. Poised, waiting like a coiled snake for just this moment, he shoved his cock into her mouth, cutting off what would have been one long drawn out moan of sheer pleasure.

Paula was too caught off guard to resist. It was like being whisked away by a mighty wave and she simply went with it. Mark, after his initial hard thrust, pulled back for a brief second, making her fear he was going to take it back out.

Her fears proved to be short lived when he rammed his giant cock into her again, again, three more times in quick succession. She would have moaned loudly if only she could, but with Matty's hand securely wrapped around the back of her head, holding it in place, and a mouthful of cock, the best she can do was let out a muffled grunt.

Matty quietly urged his mother to suck on his cock. "Oh God, Mommy, that feels sooo good, suck on it more, please . . ." Urged on by her son's pleas, Paula gave in and began to suck on his cock with such zealous passion, allowing Matty to have enough confidence he no longer needed to have his hand tangled in her hair to keep her head in place.

Her only response to this new found freedom was to continue to bob her head up and down while swallowing as much as his cock as she could handle.

Mark continued to push hard and fast into her as the three of them fell into a comfortable tempo of sorts. The rhythm was simple: the force of Mark's jackhammer blows being slammed

into her, forced Paula's whole body to be propelled forward thus forcing her to deep throat more of Matty's cock on the other end.

And then as Mark pulled his cock slowly back out of her, she let her mouth slide back out to the tip of Matty's cock--before it started all over again.

Mark increased, or decreased, the cadence as he saw fit between the three of them while all three of them were on a rocket ship to the planet Orgasm.

Mark, knowing he was near to coming, wanted both of them to topple over the edge with him so he really started to go to work on his mommy, thrusting harder and deeper with every hammer blow from his mighty cock. This prompted her, in turn, to deep throat more of Matty's cock. Up and down her head bobbed on his cock, while back and forth her hips swayed from the severe fucking she was getting from Mark.

"Mommy is ready to come, Mark," Matty cried between his moans of pleasure. "Do her harder . . . faster."

"Oh God, yes honey . . . do Mommy faster," Paula exclaimed as her mouth slipped off of Matty's cock just long enough for her to get those breathless words out of her mouth.

Taking him greedily back into her mouth, just as Mark was hammering away at her still sent the three of them hurtling over the edge. She felt him tighten up after a third hard thrust, just as Matty twisted his hand around the back of her head.

Both of the twins cried out-- as if they had only one mind, one being even-- with one shooting a huge load of cum in her mouth while the other shot an equally large load of cum in her pussy--bare moments before the most intense orgasm of her life swept her away.

The three of them collapsed against each other on the soft, thick fur rug in a heap of spent flesh. The fire was still blazing

bright, much like their impassioned hearts, as they snuggled against each other, content as well-fed kittens.