

The Harlot

Maria can tell by the glum look on her son's face things did not go well with April. She was supposed to have taken him upstairs to an empty bedroom and well ... fucked him. Maria is now pretty sure that did not happen.

She becomes positive of this when he demands they leave the Valentine Day's party immediately. During the short ride home, Maria tries to talk to him, tries to find out what exactly went wrong, but Tony is giving her the silent treatment.

Finally, just as they are pulling into the driveway Tony breaks his silence. "Jesus, Mom, I can't fucking believe you suggested to April that she should like what . . . seduce me or something."

He slams the door hard as he gets out of her silver Nissan 370z carrying on his rant up the driveway as they head up the walkway to the house.

"Look I don't need no . . . mercy lays OK, thank you very much."

"Honey I was just--"

Tony whirls on her as he is unlocking the front door pushing it open. "Well don't. It's embarrassing."

Maria stands there dumbfounded for a moment at how upset her son is before she begins to turn away heading back down the walk to her car.

"Now where are you going?" Tony asks from the doorway. "You don't want to come in?"

She pauses and then turns around to answer him. "I . . . well I figured you are so mad at your mother that maybe you just want to be alone. Beside I am not too sure your . . . step mother . . ." Maria makes an extra effort to emphasize the word "step" as she speaks. "Would very much appreciate a harlot like me in her house."

Heading back down the walk to her car, her thoughts are bleak as she contemplates how this is probably the end of another fucked up day in a life full of fucked up days.

She sighs sadly at the thought of going back to her one bedroom apartment to spend the rest of Valentine's Day alone. Reaching the car, she fishes her phone out of her purse to check the time. Shit its only 9:18. The night is still young but for me . . . it's over.

She reaches for the car door and clumsily drops her purse on the driveway. As she bends over to scoop up the spilled contents, she hears Tony approach her from behind. She suspects he is trying to be quiet, but she can hear the scrunch of his dress shoes on the driveway as he draws nearer.

She takes her time scooping up the contents of her purse allowing her son a nice long look at her ass in the little black cocktail dress. Finally, she straightens up before deciding to call him out on it.

"Honey, were you just going to stand there staring at your Mom's ass or do you actually want something." She gives him a sly smile leaving him to wonder if she is serious or just joking.

Turning about three shades of red his says nothing. Finally, as she stands there with that damnable bemused look on her face he figures he has to say something in his defense. "Mom, that . . . ahh dress was not really made for bending over you know. Sorry I mean . . ."

"Oh sweetie don't worry about it I am not an old prude like Gloria you know."

Gloria is his step mom and she was an old prude . . . rather the opposite of his real mother. In fact, he doubted if there were two women more opposite in the whole world than his mother and step mother.

His father, Tony Sr., had quickly remarried after Maria walked out on him nearly 15 years ago. After a life of petty crime, he found religion and Gloria all about the same time. Gloria was the perfect woman, a strict born again Christian, to keep him on the straight and narrow path.

"You certainly are not," Tony snaps back trying to regain his composure after being caught red hand staring at his mom's ass.

But now as she stands there, hands on her hips, that maddening little sly smile on her face, he is once more confronted with the sight of those awesome tits of hers staring him in the face.

He was not sure if her dress was more adept at showing off her ass or those tits, either way it was -- a chore-- to keep his eyes focused on her pretty face and those big brown eyes.

A chore made so much worse as every time she moved it seemed those big 38DD tits of hers threatened to spill out of her tight little dress. She had just turned 42 and her tits were a source of pride for Maria making her want to show them off every chance she got.

At five foot four and weighing 139 pounds she was in pretty darn good shape for her age -- a fact confirmed by her young 18 year old son being unable to keep his eyes off her comely figure throughout the night.

But Tony was not a total pervert as he paid nearly as much attention staring at her attractive face as he did that killer body. She was of mixed descent: her father was Italian and her mother Chinese and luckily she seemed to get the best of both races with her sable black hair toppling down to her shoulders; her vivacious brown eyes with their silky seductive eyelashes; and finally her megawatt smile that flashed those perfect pearly white teeth.

She hits him with that electrifying smile of hers while they stand there staring at each other for a long moment as the heavy snow continues to fall from the cold Colorado sky. Finally she breaks the silence.

"So seriously son, did you want something or did you just come out here hoping I would drop something in the driveway so you could . . ." She pauses and starts to smile.

"Mom don't say it. Jesus I'm sorry for staring at . . . you know. . ." He is actually too embarrassed to finish.

"Don't worry about it honey. I was just playing with you. Really now answer the question. Did you want something? Maybe to say good bye I guess because I really should be going. Its freezing you know."

"Well God damn it I told you to wear a jacket to the party, Mom."

"What and cover up my pretty new party dress. Never . . . remember my motto is beauty before comfort."

"Yeah you truly are a show off, Mom."

"Yeah well . . ." She leans back against her car. "What do you expect from a harlot anyways?"

"Jesus, Mom, stop calling yourself that."

"Well that is what your real mom calls me." Maria knows Tony hates it when she calls Gloria his "real mom", and this is, of course, why she did it.

"God damn it, not this again. Look if we are going to have this discussion can't we go inside. Like you said it's freezing out here."

"I don't think I would be comfortable in your mom's house so if we are going to talk we probably should do it here."

"Great," he sighs taking off his thin jacket and slipping it around her shoulders.

"What a gentlemen you are . . . except for when you are staring at my chest . . . like you have been for most of the night."

Again he turns red, while saying nothing in his defense. What could he say as it was true. Earlier at the party, he had spent quite a bit of time gazing at his mom's lovely chest.

"Sorry no more bad jokes baby. Now what did you really chase me out here for Tony."

"I was going to ask you to come in maybe for a bit. At least until you sober up and it stops snowing."

"That is not a plan that is ever going to work hon." She reaches out and takes his hands into hers.

"Why?"

"Well first of all, I have no plans on sobering up. Not tonight anyways. If I am going to spend the rest of Valentine's Day alone, I am not going to be doing it sober. Second of all, the forecast calls for snow all night. Afraid it's only going to get worse my dear."

"Oh well . . . I guess you would be staying for a while then . . . and that way, hey you won't be alone."

"I wonder if you would let me like stay the whole night maybe. What would your mother say to that?"

Now he explodes. "GOD DAMN IT MOM . . ." He sucks in his breath making a great effort to get his anger under control before speaking again. "You are my mother . . . not her. Stop playing games OK."

"What games do you speak of hon?" she asks innocently.

"You damn well know what I am speaking of. Can't we go inside first though?" He stamps his feet on the ground as he stands there shivering in his jeans and dress shirt. "Jesus, I am cold."

"First tell me what games?"

"OK fine. Ever since you got here last summer you have made it a point . . . sometimes . . . to remind me how Gloria is NOT my mother but instead only my step mom. But then other times you turn around and demean yourself by referring to her as my mother . . . I mean it . . . I don't know I think you are kinda fucking with me sometimes."

"I am not fucking with you son. It's just sometimes I get confused . . . feel confused about our relationship."

"Well don't be. You are my mother. Period."

"Actions speak louder than words son."

"What is that supposed to mean? Wait . . . can we please talk about this inside. Please."

"Well you know how I feel about being in . . . her . . . house so . . . no."

"Jesus, Mom, it's my house too and if I want you to come in . . . so please accept my invitation."

"But what if she finds out. What if your dad finds out? I don't think they would like it too much."

"I told you. They left for Littleton this morning and will be gone all weekend. They won't find out."

"But if they don't find out that would mean . . ." Maria pauses and smiles at him.

"Mean what?" he asks narrowing his eyes.

"But if I come inside then that would mean their little angel Tony was being a bit naughty by inviting a harlot into the house."

"Mom first of all let's get this straight. You are not a harlot you are a . . ."

"Stripper, go on . . . you can say it son. I am not the one who is embarrassed by what I do for a living."

"Neither am I. But anyways I was going to say dancer. Now can we please go inside?"

"Maybe, but only on two conditions."

"Name them."

"First, you have to make sure I . . . don't sober up none. I'm sure your dad has an extra bottle of wine he won't miss that we can share."

"Mom, I am not much of a wine drinker."

"It's a deal breaker the wine. If I'm going to stay I don't want to drink alone. That is why I said 'we' or maybe you didn't catch that."

"I did bu--"

She quickly cuts him off. "I won't debate you on this Tony. Either you get drunk with me here at your house where I will be nice and safe or I risk driving home where I will get smashed by myself. Your choice."

"OK, OK," he agrees making the choice she knew he would make. If there was one thing she had learned over the course of taking her clothes off for strange men for the past 20 or so odd years it was how to manipulate a man into giving her what she wanted.

"What else? What is the second condition?"

She fumbles in her person looking for something, before she pulls out a little bag full of something green and holds it up.

"Jesus mom what is that? Is that . . ."

"Yeah honey its weed. And you are going to promise to smoke some with me. At least try it anyways . . . that is if you truly want me to come inside instead of having me drive home half drunk on these horribly snowy roads."

"OK fine." She wins again.

"Promise."

"Yes, yes. Now let's go," he says trying to grab her hand and pull her off the car.

"First seal your promise with a kiss."

"Fine," he sighs. He leans in and gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

"A real kiss son. Here." She points carefully to her lips.

He hesitates. They have never kissed on the lips.

"I can see by the way the thought of kissing your mother horrifies you so maybe it would be best if I did brave the conditions and just go."

She actually turns away and is starting to open the car door when he twists her around and brings his lips to hers.

When his lips brushed hers for the first time it was like a million tiny firecrackers going off inside his very heart and soul. In short the experience was exhilarating.

As for Maria, her single solitary thought was simple. "Wow, I'm finally got him to break down and kiss me. Now don't screw this up." His kiss leaves her feeling electric, alive, and maybe even dangerously romantic all at once.

He tries to pull away quickly, but Maria aggressively snakes a hand around him pulling him closer as she pushes her lips against his firmer. She makes their kiss linger just a bit longer before releasing him.

"Now there that wasn't so bad was it son," she says taking his hand and leading him up the walk to the front door.

Ten minutes later, they are settled down on the couch in the living room sharing a glass of wine. She had just finished rolling a joint

while he was in the bathroom, and is now ready to see if he will keep his promise and smoke it with her.

She is absolutely sure his dad, and most especially Gloria, have hammered into his head that drugs are bad, drugs are evil . . . much like sex.

It is no surprise his first questions as he watches her prepare to fire up the joint is a silly one. "Is this going to make me like go crazy, Mom?"

She smiles and answers quickly, "Jesus I do hope so as you really need to loosen up baby."

"Mom I . . ."

She cuts him off with a finger to his lips as she lights the joint saying, "No arguments as you will spoil the mood."

"Fine," he agrees watching the evil joint come to life.

They spend the next hour or so relaxing while smoking the joint and consuming two more glasses of wine each. Their mood is light and playful until Maria decides to push him on why he got so mad about her little attempt to get him laid.

"Well first of all . . ." he starts off sluggishly as the weed and wine have quite dulled his senses, but that is a good trade off considering he is now feeling braver and more open to expressing his feeling-- maybe braver than he has even been in his life.

"April was really not my type."

"Not your type," Maria snorts totally shocked. "She is fucking gorgeous honey . . . with that blond hair of hers not to mention her killer body."

"Her body is not that good, Mom," he replies coyly hoping she will ask for details. She does.

"Really, you don't think so. What is there not to like hon." Maria responds as she starts to roll a second joint dumping the weed, ironically on a Better Homes and Garden Magazine that she retrieved from the magazine rack next to the couch.

"Too thin I guess. Too young maybe."

"Too thin? Where?"

"Everywhere I guess, but . . . especially her tits. They are kinda small."

"Small Jesus Tony." She pauses to lick the rolling paper sealing it.
"April has a pair of all natural 34D's"

"Yeah like I said small."

"I guess you must like them real big huh if you think 34D is small."

He can't believe he is about to confess this, but the weed, along with the wine makes it easier than he would have ever thought. "Yeah, well, the bigger the better is my motto I guess."

"And what if the bigger means they are fake?"

"So what?" he replies with a smile suspecting maybe his mother's large breasts are not real and that is why she is asking.

"A lot of guys are turned off by fake tits you know hon." She passes him the smoking joint as the conversation is suddenly turning very interesting.

He takes a large hit before replying. "Well I guess I am not one of those guys."

They pass the joint back and forth a couple times in silence before Maria decides to push him for more info.

"So what is this crap about her being too young? She is older than you. I think she is like . . . I don't know, maybe 22."

"Yeah like I said too young."

"You like what then? Mature women. In their thirties maybe?"

"Hmm, late thirties I guess, but actually forties would be better. Forty two I think would be just about ideal."

Maria smiles as she pounces on his answer. "Forty two huh, you know that is my age Tony."

"Really, I did not know that." He honestly didn't although he suspected she was somewhere in her early forties.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, remember I asked you your age and you rather rudely declined. I think your exact words were 'It is none of my business'."

"Well good then I will take your answer as an act of fate."

"Good coz I believe in fate. More wine, Mom?"

"Sure," she watches him move across the room to the small mini bar in the corner. His jeans are a bit tight showing off a really nice ass that she finds it hard not to stare at. Maybe she could keep from staring if she wasn't feeling so damn horny, but the fact is drinking wine and smoking weed individually make her horny, but put the two of them together, and it's like being horny on steroids

Tony thinks little of himself in the looks department, but his mom would beg to differ. Like his mother, his medium length hair was dark and wavy. His mom thought he was adorably cute especially those mirthful hazel nut brown eyes of his.

His personality was generally shy, but whenever he was able to relax, really relax around someone he trusted, like his mother for instance, he could be quite the dashing little scamp when the mood struck him.

She waits until he is settled back down on the couch next to her. "I suspect as always you might be holding out son. There is something you aren't telling me."

"Yeah, how do you know?"

"Mother's intuition."

"Fine, there is another reason why I was upset."

"Tell me," she whispers moving closer to him on the couch.

"I didn't want to go to the party in the first place."

"Yeah I should have known as much. I mean hanging out with your mother at a stupid Valentine's Day party is probably not what you had in mind for fun on this day."

He looks at her a long moment as he seems to be turning something over in his head, before he begins to speak. "Actually it is exactly what I had in mind mother, but just not at your . . . like you said . . . stupid party."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I wanted to take you out. I had reservations at Little Joe's."

Little Joe's was the nicest Italian restaurant in Hampton. Marie's heart skips a beat at hearing this confession.

"Really, Jeez that is sweet and I screwed it up. Sorry, but you should have told me."

"I wanted it to be a total surprise and you seemed to have your heart set on going to this party. Hell if I had known you were just trying to help your pathetic son get . . . well you know . . . laid for the first time I probably would have pushed to take you to the restaurant."

"Well, just like you, I wanted April to be a surprise for you. I think maybe it best we not talk about that anymore. Instead, warm my heart up some more by telling me again how you wanted to spend Valentine's Day with me . . . unless of course you are just saying all this to make me feel better."

"Well I guess I will just have to prove it. Wait here." He gets up and goes dashing off upstairs before she can even ask just what he means.

Maria waits for him sipping her wine and finishing off the last of the joint. She is pleasantly very high and quite drunk and now after Tony's surprise confession of wanting to spend Valentine's Day with her very, very happy.

A minute or two later he pauses at the threshold of the living room telling her to close her eyes. She obeys wondering just what he is up to.

She feels something light, like a small box maybe, being set in her lap, and then a heavier bag by her feet. Her heart is fluttering, overwhelmed by everything as he tells her to open her eyes.

He is standing there, smiling holding out a single beautiful red rose to her along with a large pink envelop that she images contains a Valentine's Day card.

"A rose for me . . . Oh God Tony it's gorgeous."

"Just like you Mom," he says handing her the rose.

"You are a charmer honey. Oh and what is this?" She picks up the small oblong box he had set in her lap. She opens it and pulls out a sparkling diamond necklace.

She begins to cry tears of joy as he wraps his arms around her holding her tight. Once her tears begin to subside he whispers in her ear, "Read my card, Mom."

She opens the card. It has two teddy bears hugging-- a mama bear and a baby bear with the baby bear giving the momma bear a rose.

It has a typical Hallmark type Valentine greeting inside which she quickly ignores to get to what he has written on the blank part of the card.

Mom:

Ever since you came fluttering back into my life like a gorgeous exotic butterfly, the sun has been brighter, the flowers more fragrant, food more delicious, sleep more sound, my walk more spry. In short, you have made my life more complete and filled that big gaping hole that had always been in my heart.

I adore and love you with all my heart and soul. Please, please never leave me again as I am yours now and forever.

Love faithfully,

Tony

By the time she neatly tucks the card back into its envelope she is softly crying. She looks up at him, touches his face lightly, not knowing what to say, but knowing she loves him so very absolutely at this very moment that her heart seems nearly ready to explode.

Sniffling still, she bends over to open the bag at her feet. She pulls out a sexy pair of black boots that she had seen at the mall just the other day while they went shopping together after meeting for lunch.

She wanted to buy them, but said they were too expensive. Apparently not for him, but even more special than the expensive price he paid for them, was the simple fact he remembered she wanted them, and then took the time to go back to the mall and buy them . . . just for her.

But he is not done charming her yet with gifts as inside the bigger bag that contains the boots is a smaller pink one from a candle company inside the mall. It contains a various assortment of small votive and tea light candles of all different colors. But the highlight of the bag is the three large pillar candles that he has attached a rose to with tape. There are two pink roses and one white rose, each with their stems neatly trimmed in half so they could fit more discreetly in the bag.

"Well I guess you remembered my little candle fetish huh, baby," she says while carefully peeling the tape off.

"Of course. I listen when you talk to me. I remember you telling me over lunch one day you had a thing for candles."

"I guess that is a different experience for me," she says as she twirls the three roses with their half stems in her hand. "I mean I am used to guys . . ." She pauses and carefully tucks the white rose under one ear so its white blossom stands out in beautiful contrast to her dark hair. "Staring at my chest I guess and not listening."

She takes the other two roses and carefully tucks first one inside her dress snuggling the stem down and in between her tits, and then adds the second rose right next to it. The pink blossoms stand out distinctly on her black dress drawing attention to a pair of tits that need like help to garner such attention on their own.

Tony, feeling brave and playful, decides to be bold with his answer.
"Well I guess I am special mom."

"Oh why is that son?"

"Because I can do both! I can stare at your chest . . . and listen to whatever you might be saying."

"Oh really, well I guess the pot is loosening you up a bit as for you to admit such a thing is really brave of you, Tony."

He smiles brightly at her as indeed between the wine and the pot he is feeling exceedingly charming.

"Anyways, God this is so sweet. Everything." She leans in and gives him a quick peck on the cheek before taking a quick swipe at her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Well I know you are a bit insecure about our relationship and I just wanted to prove to you how much I love you . . . and need you in my life."

"You are going to make me cry again. I tend to get emotional when I drink wine baby, especially when I mix it with pot. I hope you don't mind and will forgive me."

"Of course," he says squeezing her hand tight. "And I hope you are not disappointed in your presents."

"No, no . . . well maybe I do have one small disappointment hon."

"Really what is that?"

"Well I heard Little Joe's has a small dance floor and if we had went there . . . You probably don't like to dance but . . . I don't know, I think I could have maybe talked you into sharing a nice Valentine's slow dance with me."

"Hey you know. It's only like maybe . . ." He glances over at the old fashioned grandfather clock stuck in the corner, "What 10:40. We still have time to share a Valentine's dance if you want."

"Really you would not mind?"

"Not at all. Here let me show you." He stands up, letting that charm he feels take over his actions and bows elegantly, before taking her hand and kissing it. "Would the beautiful mother care to share a dance with her not so handsome son."

Maria beams at him and picks up on the silliness. "Hmm, my son doth not give himself credit I think as he is very handsome and his mother would love to share a dance with him."

"Now where shall we dance me lady?"

"How about in the evil step mother's bedroom chamber as I do imagine she has a most beautiful bed chamber."

"Hmm . . ." He hesitates slightly as, of course, his parents would highly disapprove of him being in their room . . . especially with her.

Maria knows this, which is, of course, exactly why she wants to do it.

"Come on son. It will be our secret. It will be a bit of payback besides for all the jealous feelings I have in my heart toward her. You know she may be a prude, but she is a pretty prude and I sense you too are closer than you let on."

"OK," he says not wanting to disappoint her. Also not wanting to broach the subject of just how close he is with his step mother.

They grab the bottle of wine and their glasses, and head upstairs to his parent's room. Once, they reach the bedroom door, she immediately takes charge, and shoos him out and down the hall to the bathroom telling him to go freshen up.

She hurries back downstairs as an impulsive thought hits her. She grabs the bag of candles and her new boots, hoping to create a warm and romantic atmosphere for their upcoming dance with the candles. She also plans on slipping on the slutty new boots he bought her as an added surprise.

Maria slips into the master bedroom and is immediately jealous as it puts the crappy little bedroom she has back at her apartment to shame. The bedroom is spacious with thick shag carpet and elegant wood carved furnishings.

Acting on sheer romantic impulse, Maria dumps the candles on the floor deciding to boldly act on an idea that just hit her. She arranges the candles in a large rough circle in the large open area between the bed and the bathroom. Inside the flaming circle of lit candles is where they shall dance.

She places the leftover candles strategically around the room in various places hoping to bath the room in a soft romantic glow. After taking a minute to light both the leftover candles and the candles that will frame her flaming circular dance floor, she sits down at the vanity table stuck in one corner of the bedroom to try and make her hair and makeup just perfect . . . for him.

Tony quietly slips into his parents' bedroom. He pauses just inside the doorway to admire the flickering candles placed throughout the room. He spots her over in the corner concentrating on putting makeup on as his eyes adjust to the soft darkness inside the room.

Crossing the room, he comes up behind her, leans over and whispers in her ear. "Making yourself beautiful for me, Mom?"

"You know it honey," she replies happily as she gets up from the vanity table's bench and turns to face him.

"Well, it worked because you are beautiful, Mom . . . you know that?"

"Still trying to win my heart. You are such a sweetie. You like my flaming circular dance floor hon or is it stupid?"

"No, no, Mom, it's . . . really nice . . . and romantic."

"Yeah well that is me. The slutty stripper with the romantic heart, huh," she says over her shoulder as she walks over to the entertainment center against the far wall.

"I hope Gloria has some slow songs I can play."

A minute later Maria is bending over, thumbing through the CD's as Tony tries not to stare too much at her ass. It's a losing battle. She seems to be taking an exceptionally long time choosing a CD, and then inserting it into the player. He half expects she is teasing him by taking her time while stooped over in her sexy little dress.

Finally, a romantic ballad he does not recognize fills the room. They move over to the rough circle of light, both stepping over the candles gingerly. Once inside, they both sense maybe something magical is about to happen.

"First time slow dancing with a woman honey," she whispers.

"Yes, I guess maybe I'm nervous."

"Oh don't be. Just move your feet and follow my lead," she says sweetly to him.

"Speaking of feet, your boots look fantastic on you, Mom."

"Yeah fantastically slutty you mean, but I guess that is why you bought them for me huh, Tony." Slutty indeed as the black leather boots with their 4.5 inch stiletto heels come all the way up to her knees.

He doesn't bother to respond. Instead he gives her a wan smile indicating what she said is the truth.

They sway to the soft music in silence for a bit. He loves being this close to her; loves the way she is clinging to him so tightly, but being so close to her is causing problems. Now that Maria is wearing her new boots she stands taller than her 5' 7" son which, fortuitously

makes it that much easier for him to stare at his mom's big delicious tits.

The fact he is having an extremely hard time keeping his eyes off her chest is something Maria picks up on immediately. Feeling playful from both the wine and the pot, she decides to make a teasing comment or two—just to see where it might lead.

She starts off with a seemingly innocent comment hoping to eventually steer the conversation in the direction she wants it to go. "So, honey, tell me," she whispers drawing closer to him as she fiddles with the buttons on his dress shirt. "You really prefer my company to that of April. I remember what you told me earlier, but I kinda think you were just being nice to me . . . you know since its Valentine's Day."

"Mom, I was being serious. She really is not my type."

"Oh yeah, you said that. I remember. Your type physically you mean."

"Yeah," he says curious as to why she is bringing this up again.

"So on that subject did you really mean it when you mentioned how you . . . ahh like women with bigger tits?"

"I thought we were up here to dance, Mom, not play 20 questions."

"We are dancing hon, nicely I might add as I like the way you are holding me so tight, but can't we talk a little while we dance also." She reaches down slightly to turn his face up towards her before whispering, "Please."

He gets lost in alluring brown eyes and gives in—just as she knew he would.

"So answer the question honey. Besides you need to help me get over my insecurities when it comes to you."

They circle around once more their little make shift dance floor making sure to keep inside the confines of the flickering candles. She thinks he is going to ignore the question, maybe forcing her to ask it again when he finally sighs heavily and begins to speak.

"Yes I meant it mother. I do . . . prefer woman that are . . . you know . . . bigger."

"Hmm, that explains it then."

"Explains what?" he asks warily.

"Explains why you are having such a hard time keeping your eyes off your mom's tits."

The way she says this so . . . casually . . . makes him angry, along with the way she is obviously teasing him without trying to make it too obvious . . . and failing.

He snaps at her, maybe more harshly than he means. "Jesus, Mom. I'm not one of your stupid customers. You don't have to tease me all the time!!"

He starts to pull away from her hold as her sly little grin turns sour.

"It sounds like someone doesn't like his mother's customers."

"Maybe I am just jealous."

They have stopped dancing to the music, and are just standing there staring at one another as the conversation is going just where she hoped it might. In fact, Maria has to keep from clapping her hands together in joy as he has presented her with an opening you could drive a truck through. She will have to choose her words carefully though as he really does look angry.

"Well jealousy is an unwelcome friend of mind also honey." She reaches out and grasps his hands, before adding, "When it comes to you."

"What are you jealous of?"

The song grinds to an end which is her cue to move the conversation elsewhere. She turns away from him and hits the pause button on the stereo saying, "Let's rest a minute, finish another glass of wine as maybe that will loosen both of our tongues."

She takes his hand in hers and leads him over to the vanity table where she left the bottle of wine and the glasses.

"Loosen our tongues for what mother?"

"Oh you know so we can spill our guts, make full confessions that sort of thing." She fills up both of their glasses and with fresh wine.

Raising her glass and giggling, hoping to lighten the mood a bit, she sings out, "Race you to the finish."

"Gloria may be a bit prudish, but not when it comes to sharing her wine Mom. I have been drinking this stuff since I was 14 so you are on."

They both tip their glasses back and the race is on. It is about a dead heat as they both gulp down the balance of their glasses in no time flat.

"Again," Maria says filling their glasses to the brim once more.

"I guess you were serious about not wanting to be sober tonight huh?"

"Dead serious as you shall see when I beat you this time." She quickly tips her glass back and starts to drink before he is even ready.

"Hey that is cheating," he cries out, but then realizing she is not stopping, quickly brings his glass up to his lips and in three hearty swallows finishes it all just a hair or two behind her.

"I win," she giggles sitting down on the bench in front of the vanity table.

"Yeah whatever, you cheated," he fires back plopping down next to her. "Now what about this jealousy thing you mentioned you were . . . about me."

"You tell me about your jealousy first over . . . how did you put it? Oh yeah my stupid customers."

"Yeah well I meant it. I mean you take off your clothes for complete strangers, Mom, and I guess maybe I am jealous over that."

"Really?"

"Yes," he answers simply although his feelings regarding this matter are much, much more complicated than his brief answer.

"I should do something about that and I will if you promise to do something about what makes me jealous."

"What are you jealous of?"

"I will tell you, but you have to promise first to do whatever it takes to make me . . . ahh unjealous."

"But I don't know what you're so jealous of so how can I promise?"

"Be brave, make the promise blind to your mother."

He looks at her for a long second and sees she is totally sincere. He considers things briefly before taking the dive. "Fine I promise. I will do whatever it takes to make you not jealous anymore."

"Good, now that we have settled that I can try to put an end to your jealousy."

She stands up and walks over to the stereo one more time. The two full glasses of wine she just polished off has left her feeling free and easy with her emotions as a risqué plan is forming in the back of her mind.

She clicks on the CD player muttering to herself, "Gotta have some music anyways." Another slow song starts up as she walks back over to him.

"So what are you going to do, Mom, to end my jealousy? Quit."

"Quit, not hardly. I like showing off. So being a stripper suits me well or don't you think."

"I guess so," he says carefully while wondering what she is up to.

She turns her back to him and says casually as if making a remark about the weather. "Can you be a doll and go ahead and unzip me honey?"

"Mom, I . . ." He starts to question this totally unexpected request when she turns around and puts a finger to his mouth.

"Shh, baby. I made a promise to cure your jealousy remember. If I can take off my clothes for strangers then . . . Hmm you understand now? Don't spoil it for me . . . for us."

"Y-yes." He reaches out slowly--is he dreaming-- and finds the zipper to her strapless dress. Carefully he starts to pull down the zipper.

The dress parts revealing the backside of a sexy corset she is wearing underneath.

She turns back around as their eyes meet. She stares at him deeply--almost daring him to look away as she carefully peels the dress off her body.

The purple corset with the black trimming he caught a glimpse of earlier looks ultra-sexy on her as does the little purple panties with white trimming.

She thrusts out her chest at him with a devilishly smile. "There that should take care some of your jealousy anyways honey as you can see your mother is not afraid to take her clothes off in front of you either."

"Yeah, I can see that," he mumbles trying to look away from those awesome 38DD tits of hers so proudly being put on display by her corset, but finding it nigh impossible. He half expects to wake up any moment only to find this was just an awesome wet dream.

"Care to finish our dance sweetie?"

"Ahh, are you going to put your dress back on, Mom?"

"Do you want me to hon?"

The answer is no of course, but he is afraid of sounding like a pervert if he admits he really would prefer she didn't put her dress back on. "I . . . think that might be . . . for the best," he finally manages to reply.

"Yeah well then that is exactly why I am NOT going to do it. I often chose to do what is not best . . ." She extends her hand helping him to his feet while noticing for the first time he has a rather large bulge working inside his jeans.

Halfway to their little dance floor she turns to him and smiles saying, "Besides your eyes, and maybe other parts of your body. . ." She makes it a point to peer down at his crotch. "Say they would prefer my dress stay off."

He catches her glance at his crotch and reacts with righteous indignation that he doesn't quite feel. "Mom!!"

She ignores his comment and slips her arms around him. "Oh Mom nothing let's dance baby."

He melts into her arms, lost in the luscious beauty of those big brown eyes, and that devastating body of hers. They sway silently to another romantic ballad while holding each other tight.

Near the end of the song she breaks the silence. "Do you think my corset looks good on me honey?"

"Yes, it looks great. I . . . ahh like purple."

"Yeah I know. Why do you think I bought it? Beside, of course, to make me look thinner."

"You . . . you bought it because I like purple which means . . ." He leaves his thought dangling as the song ends and she leads him over to the bed.

"Which means yes, somehow I was hopeful of letting you see me in it. I told you . . . I am a showoff."

"Jesus, Mom." It's all he can think to say as they sit on the edge of the bed.

"Now are you still concerned about why I am jealous?"

"Yes," he replies eagerly. He is anxious to change the subject anyways.

"My jealousy stems from . . . well I have a small confession to make that may upset you. Try and listen with an open heart."

"Sure," he says watching her cross her legs and get comfortable. She seems wholly unconcerned that she is sitting there on the bed next to him in a sexy as hell corset that makes her already huge boobs look even bigger while they talk casually. Worse yet she seems even less concerned that his eyes keep slipping down to her chest.

"Simply put I am jealous over Gloria, honey. We make fun of her for being a prude but I . . . well before you knew I was here in town I mean . . . I was here. I was afraid to let you know I was back at first, so I sorta of spied on you a bit."

"Mom!! Really, for how long."

"A week or two. Long enough anyways to know you and Gloria have a wonderfully strong and this is the part that makes me jealous . . . loving relationship. I see you two kiss goodbye . . . in the morning when you walk her to her car, before she goes to work."

"Really, you ain't joking."

"No afraid not. I kinda parked down the street and just you know . . . observed things."

"Mom, Jesus . . . why?"

"I had my reasons, but let's not discuss that now. I confessed and that is good enough . . . for now. So there you have it . . . why I am jealous."

"Well she is . . . I mean . . . my . . . my step mom and she did raise me and was good to me."

"Yes I know, she made a point to call me one day and tell me exactly how close you too are."

"What did she say?"

"That is between us girls, but let's just say she is feeling a bit jealous over me also."

"Well, whatever, you are back in my life to stay and she will just have to deal with it."

"Yes, but still no matter how much I am in your life . . . now and in the future I just can't help but to be jealous over all that I missed with you . . . and that she got to enjoy."

"Like what?"

"Like . . . ahh first a countless number of kisses shared between you and your stupid pretty step mom. I bet she just showered you adorable little ass growing up with kisses every . . . single . . . day."

She leans in closer to him on the bed. "That is my main jealousy, all those kisses I missed."

He doesn't know what to say. He refuses to point out the obvious by suggesting maybe she should not have walked out on him. When she first came back into his life she said little about why she had left. He half suspected she was hiding something from him.

"So you promised remember to do whatever it took to make me unjealous."

"I did. What do I need to do, Mother?"

"Hmm, nothing much. Just relax . . . lean back . . ."

She pushes him gently backwards onto the bed. "Like this." He allows it as by now between the wine, the pot, and her sexy body, and playful personality he is mere putty in her hands.

"Now close your eyes and concentrate on my words," she tells him her voice barely rising above a whisper.

"I missed by little boy so much. Missed a thousand kisses." She leans down and kisses him gently on one cheek. "A thousand sweet caresses." Another kiss, this one on the forehead, followed by one on his other cheek.

"A thousand hugs." He can feel her so close, can smell the sweet aroma of her perfume, can feel her large tits press against his chest as she leans in closer to him, and applies three more tender kisses: one to his nose and then one each on his closed eyes.

"But . . ." She takes his hands and pulls him into a sitting position. "Most of all I missed." She starts to carefully undo his buttons on his dress shirt.

He thinks briefly of saying something, of asking maybe just how far she is going to take this, but then he remembers his promise to her, but maybe more importantly he says nothing out of fear. Fear of breaking this sexy spell she seems to be weaving over the both of them.

"A thousand tender moments I missed . . ." She undoes two more buttons before finishing. "Like this . . . like helping my adorable little boy get undressed for bed."

Now she lapses into silence as she continues to patiently undo his buttons. She gets the last button undone and now seems to be making a mighty effort to fight back an onslaught of tears.

She is sniffing and blinking her eyes as she pulls his shirt out from his jeans. He looks at her and whispers, "Tell me more, tell me everything."

Her hands fall away from him as she looks into his eyes. "I promised your father I would not tell the truth. He held what I did over my head. Blackmailing me really. But now I will . . . yes tell you everything . . . here give me your sleeve."

She starts to undo the small buttons on his sleeve as she starts whispering the rest of her confession.

"I didn't leave you right away hon." She sighs heavily before forcing herself to continue. "You were about three and half years old when I left. I checked myself into drug rehab. Leaving you was so hard, but oh your father and my lifestyle then. I was getting high every day . . . on something. Even before when I was pregnant with you."

She looks at him, the buttons on his sleeve undone and gestures for his other arm. A tear or two has escaped and is trickling down her face.

"Your dad held that fact over me. Threatened to tell you one day if I ever disputed his version of events." She fiddles with the tiny buttons on the other sleeve in no great hurry.

"His version had me abandoning you, what when you were just a year old or some crap."

"Yes that is what he told me."

"I figured." She again lapses into silence as she finishes undoing the last of the three small buttons on his sleeve.

"Here let's stand up baby." She helps him to his feet as his heart is absolutely trip hammering in his chest. He is sure they are on the verge of something very deep . . . very meaningful . . . and maybe, just maybe, very forbidden.

She strokes his bare chest softly for a moment before she slips his shirt off his shoulder just as she begins to whisper again-- so softly she might have been speaking to herself.

"But still I was a good mother to you. We were so close me and you." She drops his shirt on the floor. Her hands come up to his broad chest stroking it with her fingertips.

"You slept with mommy every night. We only had the one bedroom . . . your dad he was out whoring around every night leaving me alone with you."

Her fingers are gradually slipping down. "Yes every night I would get you undressed for bed . . . just like I am now."

She starts to undo his jeans. Unbuttons them first, and then unzips them just as she whispers. "You slept naked with your mommy. She liked the feel of your bare skin next to hers."

She lingers, before pulling his jeans down watching him for any signs of resistance. There is none. He steps out of his jeans as her hands slide back up and over to his boxers.

There room is deadly silent as she carefully slips his boxers down and off. He is hard. A big seven inches at least. She takes a quick downward glance and lets out an audible gasp before turning away to pull back the covers on the bed.

"I would help tuck you into bed." She takes his hands and pushes him back and into the bed, before sliding the covers up over his naked body.

"I would then stand there . . . next to the bed and smile at my baby as he looked up at his mother with such sweet innocent love."

She smiles at him now, and he returns the smile, returns her look, his heart filling with sweet innocent love for her.

"You watched as mommy got undressed . . . your wide staring eyes never leaving my body. Even then I was a show off."

She takes a quick glance at him-- he is looking at her, just as she hoped, with wide staring eyes-- as she sits down on the bed, her back to him, and starts to take off her boots.

He hears the thud of the boots as they drop to the floor one after the other, and can only wonder if she is going to get completely naked.

He has his answer as she stands up again to face him, and starts to undo the first of the hooks and clasps that hold her corset in place.

She works at undoing her corset ever so slowly, drawing the raw sexual tension that is building between them to nearly unbearable levels.

Tony finds his cock jerking harder as inch by inch his mother's big gorgeous perfectly tanned tits are revealed as they come spilling out of their previously tight confinement. He swallows hard-- her tits are fucking huge!!

The corset slips off her body revealing her tummy. She is a bit overweight maybe, but her fat is in her thighs and ass, not in her tummy as it is flat and looks to be well toned just the way he likes it.

She drops the corset on the floor and then reaches down and slips her panties off just as she whispers. "After getting naked I would crawl into bed with you."

She pulls the covers back and slips into the bed beside him. She takes a minute to adjust the sheets and comforter before turning back to him. "And then we would cuddle . . . me and you . . . the world and all its heartache forgotten . . . safe under the blankets on a cold winter night just like this."

She pulls him into her embrace as she brings her mouth to his ear. "Oh we snuggled so tight next to each other baby. I never felt so loved . . ." She gazes at him trying to blink back the tears this little stroll down memory lane is threatening to cause. "The love I felt for you I would show it with a shower of kisses."

Following the script she has laid out from their past, they snuggle next to one another for several long minutes, neither speaking as they let the love they feel wash over them. But it is a love tinged with forbidden lust just bubbling under the surface. A hunger so powerful, so undeniable, that it smolders just under the surface just waiting for a small spark to ignite it.

The spark, when it comes, is relaxed and patient. Her first tender kiss falls on his cheek, and then his lips, and then back to his other cheek. She whispers a "I love you baby" in between each kiss, before bringing her lips back to his—back to where they truly yearn to be.

She baths his lips with a half dozen small delicate kisses; pulling back after each one, before finally finishing with one extended kiss that lingers.

He barely kisses her back, instead he closes his eyes and tries not to wake up as he sure this must be a dream. Her lips slip down to his neck, and then down to his bare chest as she pulls the covers back.

She looks up at him. The words she whispers pushes things along to the next level. "I used to shower your chest and little tummy with so many fond little kisses sweetheart that you would soon be squirming with joy. Oh how I wish you could remember such things."

He takes a leap of faith. "Can't . . . can't we . . . recreate those memories . . . Mommy?" She says nothing, only staring up into his eyes as he prays, oh how he prays, that she will take the bait.

He lets out a gentle sigh as he watches her little by little lower her mouth to his chest. He shuts his eyes once he feels her swirling tongue licking at first his chest, and then on down, as she pulls the sheet off his body.

She stops the sheet just short of uncovering his hard cock as her kisses turn into playful nibbles all along his muscular chest and then on down to his taunt belly.

Her tongue spins it way all the way down to his belly button before stopping and twirling its way back up, and then down again. This time her wicked coiling tongue snakes it way past his navel and down to the very edge of the sheet which is just by the barest of margins covering his throbbing hardness.

She teases and torments all along the edge of the sheet. She has one long fingernail hooked under the edge of the sheet, threatening to pull it down to reveal his manhood to her probing tongue.

He feels all this; senses they are so close to something wholly forbidden. His eyes are still tightly shut wanting the dream to last. Her light kisses fall along his bare skin on the edge of the sheet teasing him and sending chills up and down his spine.

She starts to pull away; starts to let her tender kisses and tasty little nibbles float northward. Without even fully comprehending what he is doing, Tony reaches down and twists a strong hand her soft dark hair. He forces her mouth back downward toward his waiting cock.

She fights back, trying to raise her head up, having a sudden moment of panic over what he obviously expects her to do. She finally grasps that maybe she went too far in her teasing. But it is too late. Tony is

not yielding, applying just enough pressure to keep her head in place.

"Mommy, please . . . please can you . . . put it in your mouth." His voice is full of such desperate longing, such sweet innocence, that it moves her to . . . obey.

She deftly pulls down on the sheet uncovering his twitching seven and half inches. She lets out a small gasp at his sheer size, before she feels him applying greater pressure with the one hand still tangled deep in her hair. She tries to lift her head up once more while all the while trusting his overwhelming desire for her will not allow such a thing.

Her hopes are not in vain. Tony pushes her head back down firmer this time and with much more urgency as he whispers to her, "Please, Mommy . . . Pretty please. I want you to be the first."

That does it. Somehow the idea of being the first woman to have that extremely nice cock of his in her mouth sends Maria's libido hurtling into the stratosphere. She closes her eyes and opens her mouth.

Tony lets out a groan as he watches his mother swallow his cock whole, and then another even louder whimper as she begins bobbing up and down on his slick knob . . . just like the fucking harlot she is.

His head falls back on the pillow as his mother uses her skilled tongue to attack the sensitive underside of his hard shaft just below the head of his penis. She lifts her mouth away as a prelude to her tongue whipping out and lashing again and again until poor Tony is shaking with pent up desire.

He is young and horny so it doesn't take long for things to reach a sticky climax. He lifts his head up, opening his eyes, suddenly wanting to watch as he cums for the first time -- in a woman's mouth.

After a few more swipes of her tongue on his raging hardon, she goes back to bobbing up and down on his cock faster and faster. When she brings her hand up and gently cups his balls, jiggling them in her hand, he cries out something unintelligible and begins to jerk.

Maria knows this is a preface to cumming so she lifts her head up quickly while smiling at him sweetly. Just as she hopes she catches him watching. "You can cum in Mommy's mouth sweetly," she declares softly, before dipping her mouth back down to finish her dirty work.

She swirls her tongue around the head of his cock, before deep throating him. She waggles her mouth up and down once, twice and then just as she is finishing with a long loving flicker of her tongue along the underside once more he explodes.

She hurriedly moves her mouth around to catch as much of her son's cum in her mouth as she can, before looking up at him.

He has fallen back on the pillow and is literally panting. She hops out of the bed, and heads into the bathroom allowing him time to come to grips with what just happened.

For her part, she is pretty much OK with what just happened as she absolutely lives for wild sexual adventures—and what could be more wild than sucking your 18 year old son's big virgin cock and having him cum in your mouth.

Tony relaxes in the bed. The copious amount of wine, plus the pot he smoked have him so relaxed the guilt over what just happened, which he first thought might be a motherfucker to deal with, has fallen away to a mere annoying whisper.

He is just starting to slip off to sleep when he feels the bed shift. "Mom, is that you."

"Of course baby . . ." She nudges him wanting him to be awake. She is still in a mood to play.

He opens one eye just in time to see her slip under the covers. She is still completely naked.

"Hey, can I finish my story. We . . . ahh took a little detour there baby."

"Yeah, ahh, Mom, about that. Are you OK . . . I mean . . . I think I kinda of forced you . . . you know."

"Oh nonsense. What happened is simple." She snuggles up close to him under the covers and breathes into his ear. "Your mommy is a fucking tease and she went too far and you snapped. I am very OK baby." And then just to prove her point maybe, she swirls her tongue deep in his ear causing him to shiver.

Falling onto her back she says, "Now can I finish my story."

"What story?"

"The story of us silly, of when you were still my baby. I . . . want to finish it so you will know everything."

"Sure go ahead."

She takes a deep breath resolving not to cry when she gets to the real bad part. "Just listen, no questions so I can get through this please."

"Sure," he says coming fully awake now as he has never seen her this serious.

"I am sure your father told you I just up and abandoned you both for no real good reason, but there was more to it than that. The truth is . . . well our relationship was really getting bad and the worse he treated me the more drugs I did to try and cope. I could not leave him . . . not being all messed up with the drugs like I was so I finally decided to check myself into rehab to get myself clean."

She fidgets a bit, before touching him on the cheek, and turning his face toward her. "Look at me, hon."

He turns to her and sees she is on the edge of tears. His heart is breaking just seeing her this sad.

"I didn't leave you. While I was in rehab he disappeared with you. Jesus I was in a panic. He had moved out. Nobody knew where he went. The police were of little help. I mean who wants to help a strung out stripper who can't keep track of her fucking kid."

"Mom . . ." He reaches out to comfort her as she seems ready to burst into tears, but she brushes his hand away.

"I need to finish. I am guilty too in this hon before you put it all on your father. He finally called and told me he had moved across country. He did not say where, but that he had married a woman with money, a good woman, a Christian woman as he put it. She was a good mother to you. Better than me he said. Long story short he said he would fight for custody and win if I challenged him . . . plus

he would tell you when you got older how I chose drugs instead of my baby and how I was nothing, but a dirty stripper."

Maria starts to sniffle now as she pulls the sheet around her naked body tighter. "He told me to let you go . . . to forget about you. I guess I just thought you were better off with him and your new rich and Godly mommy . . . instead of me."

"Jesus I . . . Dad is such an asshole for doing that."

"Don't be too hard on him. He was doing what he thought best for you. And you did turn out pretty darn good honey." She ruffles his hair a bit and tries to smile. "But you know . . . I think I mean if you really want to get into details about this thing later would be better."

"Yeah, I agree. I'm glad you told me, but we are supposed to be . . . celebrating Valentine's Day not . . . you know crying about the past."

"Hmm speaking of the past honey, would you like, maybe care to recreate some more of those fond memories."

He turns to her. "You mean like the ones you were just telling me about. There is more?"

"Oh yes. Much more."

"I'm listening," he whispers his cock starting to twitch again despite having just cum not too long ago as somehow he suspects these fond memories she is about to share will lead to more sexual hijinks.

"After I got done kissing my little baby all over and making him giggle with delight it was his turn."

"His turn?"

"Yes to shower mommy with sweet little kisses all over and make her giggle."

"Show me where," he says moving in close to her as they both turn on their sides to face each other.

Her voice drops to a whisper. "As I remember you would start to kiss me here," she touches a finger to one cheek. "Soft and sweet."

Following her finger, he leans in and gives her several small kisses on each cheek, before she brings a finger around touching her ears one after the other. He kisses each in turn tenderly, before kissing her lightly on the nose, and then a dainty kiss on each of her closed eyes as he whispers, "I love you so much, Mommy."

"Show me baby," she breathes, "Show mommy your love." Her finger brushes her lips mere seconds before his lips follow.

Maria lets out a gentle sigh as she feels his lips brush hers. They exchange several small sweet kisses; their lips coming together softly and then breaking apart again and again.

He starts to pull away, but she quickly reaches out and wraps a hand around the back of his head and pulls him back. In response, he wraps his arms tightly around her.

"Go on sweetie kiss mommy for real." He had wanted to anyways--kiss her for real-- had been dying to, but just needed encouragement. He crushes his mouth against hers as their tongues slip out, and begin to engage in a mock battle.

He finally pulls away, breathless, as she uses a firm hand to channel his kisses down to her vulnerable neck and throat. He lathers her throat with dozens of tender kisses, making her squirm, before once again, her hand guides his mouth downward.

Maria raises her head up from the pillow, blinking her eyes seductively, as her son stares down at the swell of her immense breasts hiding under the thin protective covering of the sheet. She starts to speak her voice sugarcoated with pure sweetness.

"Every night you used to fall asleep, cuddled in your mommy's arms, your face cradled between my breasts. It was so sweet and innocent and filled my heart with so much love baby."

He swallows hard before finding his voice. "I was one lucky baby."

"I was the lucky one honey. I never felt so loved as when your chubby little cheeks were nestled softly down there." She starts to pull the sheet down revealing her tits to him inch by lovely inch. Finally, when they are completely uncovered she looks up at him as she touches his cheek softly.

"You want to fall asleep tonight baby in Mommy's arms . . . your face cradled in between her tits. Please say yes honey, as mommy needs to feel that love again . . . especially today, Valentine's Day, the day made just for love. Please I . . . need that incredible warmth and affection only you have the power to give me. Please . . . I . . ." She winds her hand around the back of her head and starts to pull him down. "Want you so bad."

He is powerless to resist such a temptation as his face sinks into her deep valley of tit flesh. He closes his eyes-- feeling the whispered past rise up and capture his heart-- as his face is smothered between her tits.

She keeps a firm hand on the back of his head allowing for no chance of escape-- as if he would ever want to anyways. She is silent for a moment leaving him to wonder if her story from the past is done, but just as he feels the first tinges of disappointment settling in his heart that maybe it is she starts to speak again.

"Sometimes you would not go to sleep right away honey once you were snuggled down between my breasts. Sometimes . . . Oh God I remember it so well . . . my baby would be in need of comfort." She starts to stroke his hair softly running her fingers through it causing chills to run up and down his spine.

"So I would encourage you to go ahead and do what came natural . . . and is the single most loving act that can be shared between a mother and her son."

He turns his head up to look at her. "What is that mommy?"

"Words cannot do it honor baby. Instead . . . no instead . . ." She brings her hand down and rubs the side of his cheek. "I must show you."

Her fingers move up slowly across his cheeks. "Close your eyes sweetheart . . ." She uses one finger, brushing it lightly against his eyes. "And . . ." Her finger slips down to his lips, caressing them gently, "Open your mouth." He obeys lost in her musings of the past, while ready to celebrate the present.

The last thing he sees is a throbbing erect nipple before he closes his eyes and this fantasy world her recollections of the past has created goes dark.

The whispered words float to his ears firing his heart and soul with warm cravings of lust. "Go on baby, show mommy your love for her."

He feels her warm nipple slip into his mouth. It is his first time - - - since, well the nights she is describing from 16 long years ago-- to have a woman's breast in his mouth. It is like heaven, but only better.

He begins to suckle softly. Maria lets out a sharp hiss as his tongue dawdles over her nipple, before lathering it with soft loving strokes. It seems to last forever as the past and the present collide in one glorious moment of illicit yearning.

He suckles so softly, so sweetly, on his mommy's tits for the longest time letting her feel the love she so desires, before he finally lifts his mouth up momentarily, if only to catch his breath while wanting to know maybe if this is all real or some kind of absurd dream.

Her response is immediate. "No baby, please don't stop," she whines as she thrusts her chest forward pushing her tits back into his face.

Now properly reassured this is no dream, Tony loses himself in all that lovely tit flesh. He continues his gentle assault: slow, soft, and sweet, just like he senses she wants, or maybe more so, just because that is the type of man he is-- slow, soft and sweet.

Whatever the case, he starts to shower the entirety of his mother's big boobs with dozens of small butterfly kisses, making her squirm and moan with increasing intensity. "Oh that's it baby. That feels so good. Now suck on mommy's boobies. Stop teasing me."

But he doesn't stop teasing her despite her increasing desperate lamentations. Instead, he continues to patiently work his tongue in a soft swirling motion all over her tits while mixing in generous amounts of tender licks and affectionate nibbles.

Her tits are of such a size that it seems like it takes him forever before he gets back to her nipples. Finally, he raises his mouth up completely from her chest and gazes down at her.

Her chest is rising and falling quickly; her breath coming in short pants. Their eyes lock. "Please baby, suck on them. Stop teasing mommy. You know you want to."

He only continues to stare wanting to sear this memory deep in his soul. Her poor attention starved nipples are fully erect and just begging to be sucked on, but yet he manages to resist—for a few more seconds anyway-- before an overpowering forbidden ache overpowers his heart.

He falls upon her tits like a pack of hungry wolves. His mouth flies back and forth between the prodigious twin peaks of her mighty breasts. There is no longer any pretense of innocence between them. She snarls her hand around the back of his head forcing his face deeper into her cleavage while his hand slips down and in between her legs.

Maria lets out a louder hiss this time as she feels her son slip one, and then two fingers inside of her. She rocks her hips forward as he begins to finger fuck her as his mouth attacks her tits with a fiery passion she has never, ever, experienced before in her entire life.

"I . . . Jesus . . . need you inside of me baby. Please make love to me. Oh God, please!!"

He raises up; positioning himself; preparing to give his mommy the best gifts ever on this most special of days for lovers: his innocence and virginity.

Their eyes lock as he whispers, "I love you Mommy."

"I love you . . . toooo." He sinks down piercing her with his manhood. Following the script that has worked so well up to this point, he rocks into her with a measure pace.

He raises up and pauses, almost letting his cock break contact before plunging back down inside of her. He does this over and over driving her crazy as she is simply not used to having a man make love to her with such sweet tenderness.

Finally, the intense longing that has been slowly building between them all night takes over. Her hands come around clawing at his butt after he refuses to increase his speed. She forcefully pushes him back down inside of her as he pauses once again.

Finally, she cannot take it anymore. She needs more control. She aggressively flips him off of her, and then rolls him onto his back. She mounts her young son like the sex starved harlot she is and begins to ride his cock with reckless abandon.

There is no slow and patient love making now. Instead, she bounces up and down on his cock like some kind of crazed yoyo. He watches; his lust growing as her magnificent tits bounce up and down as she rides his cock. He starts to match her downward thrusts by lifting his hips up forcefully to match her intensity.

"Oh God baby you feel soooo good inside me," she moans before her head falls back and she shuts her eyes. She is holding out; waiting for him and soon her patience is rewarded. She feels him shudder deep inside of her and then his whole body goes limp. Seconds later she lets herself go and tips over the edge letting the powerful orgasm rule her world.

Maria falls down into his arms as they snuggle under the covers holding each other tight. She hugs him to her body, whispering in his ear, "Giving mommy your virginity baby . . . that has to be the best Valentine's gift ever. I love you so much."

The old grandfather clock downstairs starts to chime. Its midnight and Saint Valentine's Day may be over, but their new life is just beginning.

THE END