

# The Legend of Dark Cupid

Jimmy, Amanda's beloved son, tragically died on Valentine's Day close to midnight. The time of death was officially recorded as midnight, but the coroner said it was a best guess estimate as to when he actually died. It might have been a few minutes before or after. Amanda had no way of knowing when Jimmy actually passed away as she had left him in the car after it had run off the road.

She had swerved on that lonely winding road to try and avoid some small woodland creature and lost control of the vehicle. She had replayed the night a million times over in her head, and a million times she had just run the damn thing over exchanging its life for that of her son.

The car had slipped down a sharp embankment, nearly turning over before slamming into a tree. Jimmy, sitting next to her in the front seat, was knocked out cold, with a trail of blood trickling down his forehead, but somehow Amanda had remained conscious.

She needed to get help and fast. She also knew she could not move him from the car as he had no idea as to the extent of his injuries. She hated to do it, but she kissed him lightly on his forehead and said goodbye promising to return soon. She climbed out of the car as the first heavy snow started to come down.

She was dizzy and disoriented from her own blow to the head when the car tumbled down the embankment so instead of heading back towards the road in hopes of finding help she wandered deeper into the sparse undergrowth before finally getting herself lost.

By the night of the accident, her marriage was in shambles as Tony, once again, had been cheating on her. She wanted to leave him, but was afraid of his dire threats to take Jimmy from her and disappear. Her son was her only salvation in an otherwise dreary life.

Amanda was a good catholic girl so she did not believe in divorce, even if she had thought that was a safe option, which due to Tony's awful temper it certainly was not. Tony knew he had his wife boxed in a corner and so he took advantage of her ill-advised belief in the sanctity of marriage along with her belief that he was capable of doing great harm to her if she ever thought of leaving him.

Amanda suffered in silence daring not to cheat herself. Tony had a most vicious temper, in addition to being insanely jealous over his attractive wife. She was a true beauty with tumbles of russet-brown hair that fell past her shoulders in a perfect wave of teased curls, along with a pair of big dreamy hazel eyes that were somehow both alluring and innocent all at the same time.

Those eyes, combined with her full pouty succulent lips and her peerless bronzed complexion, left many a man in her wake with broken hearts. Men who could only dream what it would be like to walk into a room and have a lady of such exquisite beauty perched on their arm. When she smiled, flashing those dazzling angel-white teeth, it was simply electrifying.

Finally, there was that sculpted figure of hers that must have been made by the Gods when they were in a very good mood. At 5' 8" and weighing 136 pounds with awe inspiring measurements of 37-24-36 Amanda looked fine.

While her long muscular legs and super nice ass were indeed enviable assets, it was her tremendous all natural 37 F breasts that were the real show stoppers. Those astonishingly big tits of hers were the whispered talk of the town in the boring little burg of Maple Valley, Vermont.

Sadly, Amanda soon realized men had a hard time accepting she could be anything but a walking sexpot due to her large breasts. But maybe worse of all the one man who should have appreciated her breasts, her husband of course, only made fun of them. He said they were big and ugly and that she should do the world a favor and have a breast reduction. It was all part of his nasty disposition, coupled with his obsessive need to keep his pretty wife emotionally insecure.

Lacking love and emotional comfort from her husband only pushed Amanda deeper into the arms of Jimmy. He was the shining light of her life while providing the only source of comfort.

Then came that fateful moment in time when everything changed- Valentine's Day 2007. Tony was off hunting for the weekend with his buddies caring little that he was leaving his wife alone on this special day.

When Jimmy noticed how distraught his mother was being left alone he made plans to take her out on a very special Valentine's Day date. He managed to scrape together enough cash to book a reservation at one of the nicer restaurants in one of the larger towns a few miles down the road from Maple Hill. They decided not to have dinner in Maple Hill as it would make too many tongues wag in the little town where idle gossip was king.

Jimmy was 18 now and just starting to see what a truly shitty deal his mother had been dealt in the husband department. He had been sensing for a long time that his father did not treat his mother the way she deserved.

She deserved better and he planned on giving her just even if it was for only one night. He would take her for a nice little dinner date and maybe even a dance or two as the dark romantic restaurant he chose had a small dance floor just off the dining area. Amanda accepted his invitation for their "date" just as she did everything - with quiet grace and honor.

She went all out in getting herself ready for their special evening, including buying a tight white dress that showed off her abundance of curves. When she came floating down the stairs in her new dress Jimmy was spellbound by her glittery beauty.

As for him, Amanda made Jimmy dress formally in black dress slacks with a white dress shirt and blue tie. She told him he looked as handsome and as adorable as any 18 year old boy could ever hope to look.

He was beaming with young male pride as they entered the expensive Italian restaurant arm in arm. Just as he hoped they had a wonderful time. The highlight of the evening came when Jimmy shyly asked her to dance after dinner. It was a romantic slow song and Jimmy held his mother tight just as she clung to him fighting back tears of joy that she finally was being treated like a lady.

As a reward for her son's dedication to her, Amanda all during that fateful evening was planning a bit of a surprise for Jimmy when they got home. She was planning on baking a special Valentine Day's cake for the two of them to enjoy in front of a warm fire on this bitterly cold and snowy evening.

Beyond the cake she had visions of maybe suggesting Jimmy give her a nice little back rub as she stretched out on the couch. She was sure he would jump at the chance to give his mother a nice massage.

But her secret hope for the evening was that maybe "Naughty James" would make an appearance before the night was over to spice things up a bit. Naughty James was merely Jimmy's dark side that came to life from time to time. Amanda was the one that started playfully referring to this side of his personality as "Naughty James." James was everything the shy, serious, soft spoken Jimmy was not—frisky, playful, lively, but maybe most of all he was a bit devilish in a naughty way—hence the nickname.

If Amanda ever barked at James/Jimmy for being too mischievous then Jimmy would simply crawl back into his shell would leave Amanda feeling depressed and lonely. There was no denying that she adored Jimmy with all her heart and soul, but without the added spice of James' playful spirit she sadly found her son a bit boring.

There was one other compelling reason why she so liked James even if he lived up to his nick name and was a bit naughty. Her reasoning was simple- Jimmy was a sweet boy that everyone liked—he had plenty of friends at school, his teachers always spoke glowingly of him, hell even his shit ass father seemed to tolerate him. In other words she was forced to share Jimmy with the world, but Naughty James, as far as she could tell, he was hers and hers alone.

Amanda had made subtle inquiries of their friends and family, of teachers at the school, of kids he hung around in the nearby neighborhood, and all of them said the same thing: Jimmy was always exceedingly polite and well behaved. He never showed any signs of a naughty nature to anyone -except her. It made her feel special even if she did at times doubt that Jimmy truly had a split personality, or an evil twin, or whatever one wanted to call it.

The truth was she only very briefly ever considered taking him to a doctor, a shrink that is, to see if there was truly something wrong with him, but in the end she knew Tony would surely find out and be upset.

He did not believe much in the whole idea of going to a doctor to discuss emotional problems, or any problems for that matter. He

believed greatly in the concept of the all-powerful self-reliant man. If Jimmy went to a doctor they would get nothing but grief for it. But maybe the more compelling reason why she didn't take him to a doctor for was she simply did not want him to change.

What if some psychiatrist fucked him up and he changed? What if Naughty James disappeared completely? That was something Amanda did not want. She didn't want him to change. The truth was she enjoyed his evil little sidekick even if she did get angry at him from time to time for taking things a little too far.

Now they were both gone- forever- thanks to her kind heart and that stupid critter on the road that evening. If only she would have steeled her nerves to run the stupid thing over, but instead they found her later that evening, shivering half froze to death, minus her winter jacket as she had used it to cover Jimmy up in the car. She had passed out in the sparse undergrowth close to the road and was near death herself.

After exiting the car for help, she had become lost in the dark, and then panicking she began to run. Eventually, she stumbled over a log and crashed to the ground knocking herself out when her head hit a fairly good sized rock that was embedded in the frozen ground. Luckily for her, she fell just a few feet short of the road, but unfortunately the road was not well-traveled, especially on cold winter nights.

It would be nearly 15 minutes before a car slowed down, just happening to notice the dark shape passed out next to the road. The

doctors told her if she would have stayed out there much longer she might not have survived herself as the temperature continued to drop during the night.

When she came to in the nice warm hospital the first words out of her mouth were, "My baby . . ." The nurse sadly shook her head. Amanda's head fell back on the pillow as the tears trickled down her cheeks.

The next six months passed with Amanda in a near comatose state; the crushing grief she was a constant companion that never left her side. She popped anti-depressants by the handful just to cope with the simplest of tasks.

The only bright spot was she finally found the courage to divorce Tony who had been nearly useless in helping her cope with her depression. He took off leaving the state never to be heard from again which was just fine with her.

Amanda was now utterly alone and when a friend suggested seeing a Dr. Adams, a healing spiritualist, to try and calm her nerves Amanda figured she had nothing to lose.

Her nerves were not being helped by the strange happening in the house. Nothing too weird, but still strange nevertheless. For instance, sometimes when she downstairs in the living room, Amanda would hear the pitter-patter of feet upstairs in both the hallway and in Jimmy's bedroom.

At other times, doors would slam shut or suddenly fly open. Sometimes she would come downstairs in the morning and her coffee would already be made. This was one of the sweet things Jimmy used to do for her knowing her mother was useless until she had her first cup of morning java.

Amanda tried to blame it on her battered nerves, but in the end, she was sure it was not her nerves or her imagination. Somethings strange was afoot of this she was sure.

Even more unnerving was at times she felt like she was being watched from any one of the numerous dark corners that could be found in the old house. Even more unnerving was these times especially seemed to occur when she was getting undressed for the evening.

She was desperately lonely in the big old house all by herself. She thought about moving, starting a new life elsewhere, but in the end, it would be too much like leaving Jimmy permanently. This was the house he grow up in; the house where they had shared a million smiles and laughs. She simply could not sell it and move on. Not yet anyways.

The first time she met Dr. Adams, Amanda felt instantly at ease with her. She was a kindly older lady, maybe in her mid-fifties Amanda would have guessed who seemed perfectly willing to accept Amanda's suggestion that the strange goings on in the house may

have been Jimmy. So when she suggested they hold a séance to try and contact him Amanda jumped at the idea.

It is with this séance that our story really begins. The séance begins shortly after 9 pm on a stormy spring night. They hold hands as the doctor performs the various rituals to contact the dead. Dr. Adams soon slips into a trance before things suddenly take a left turn into Bizarro World.

Amanda senses they are no longer alone in the dark living room. A black presence has entered the room and is slowly making itself known. Amanda watches with bated breath as the doctor asks the presence to identify itself in a flat monotone voice.

The doctor's eyes first become glazed, and then roll back in her head. Then much to Amanda's shock Dr. Adams begins to speak to her in a soft voice.

The voice sounds similar to Jimmy's quiet patient voice that Amanda fondly remembers so well, but the words being spoken fill her heart with a despairing sadness. "Mommy, it's so cold and freezing. Please come back Mommy. I'm hurt . . . bleeding."

Then another voice interjected. A bold confident voice. "Mommy left us to die! All alone in that cold broken car. Why did you leave us?" The voice, so different from the first coming from Dr. Adams, shocks Amanda for there seems to be an underlying sense of anger to it.

She wonders- this could not be her sweet Jimmy speaking with such bold confidence, no it sounded much more like- and then it hits her — the boldness of the voice, the anger that was more like Naughty James.

"I left to get help," Amanda cries out softly on the verge of tears. "You must believe me."

"I'm so cold. Where is Mommy? I need my Mommy," the voice responds in a snivel sounding both sweet and pathetic. That would be Jimmy again.

"Oh, honey is that you. Talk to mommy!!" Amanda is growing excited, worried and scared all at once as the séance is working.

"You left us to die. Cold and bleeding." Both voices, Jimmy and James, seem to be speaking blended together. Their harrowing accusation panic poor Amanda, but not half as much as the new voice that is about to join the party.

"Alone in the car you left him to die. What kind of mother does that!!?" This new voice booms out at Amanda like rolling thunder full of malice and hate shocking her into silence. She waits; breathing heavily to see if it will return.

Finally after several long moments of silence where all that can be heard is the loud ticking of the ancient grandfather clock stuck in the far corner, Amanda deems it necessary to respond.

She starts out tentatively. "N-no, p-please you must understand. I . . . I don't know who you are, but you must b-believe me. I went to get help. I got lost. Fell and got knocked out."

"Please my dear Amanda, I must be told the truth. Dark Cupid always requires the truth no matter how it pains one to utter it. Yes I require it . . . if nothing more than for Jimmy's sake." Now speaking with a calmer tone the older male voice sounds like the refined voice of a sophisticated world traveler.

Amanda is struck dumb for a moment. Who the hell is Dark Cupid? Furthermore, what would Cupid have to do with this whole affair? And how does he . . . it know her name?

Downright bewildered her mind whirls with these questions. And then somewhere deep in her brain a connection is made for at least one part of the puzzle.

What would Cupid have to do with this whole affair? She remembers—the night of the accident when Jimmy died it was Valentine's Day, but still . . . who the hell . . . or what is a Dark Cupid?

Amanda takes a deep breath preparing to engage this Dark Cupid in conversation and tell him the truth as she sees it. Thus far the fact Jimmy has remained silent, along with James, leads her to suspect that this Dark Cupid character is some kind of controlling entity.

Another deep breath, now speak firm and patient to this ghostly presence, if that indeed what it is, she tells herself. "The truth is simple Mr. Cupid. I had an accident trying to avoid running over some kind of small animal. The car ran off the road . . . crashed badly. I was . . . yeah, lucky all right and not hurt, but Jimmy. He was knocked out. I . . ." She nearly breaks down in tears ripping the scabs off her emotional wounds like this, but somehow after a quick sniffle or two, she manages to get hold of herself.

"I left him. I wanted to get help. I tried to make it back to the road. Flag a car down maybe."

"Why did you not just call 9-1-1 on your cell phone?" The voice interjects with calm patience.

"That was Jimmy. He insisted I not take it to the restaurant. He wanted my undivided attention all night he insisted."

"Understandable. Please continue."

"I got turned around in the dark. Wandered away from the road. It was dark and snowy . . . the road I was on that leads back to our

house eventually is a bit lonely. No lights there. I got lost. Panicked. Ran. Stumbled and fell I guess I . . . later I awoke in the hospital."

"I sense no lying in your voice. Dark Cupid can always hear the noxious smell of a lie. . . but your words seem to speak the truth."

"S-so you believe me?"

"Yes, but hmm Jimmy he might need a bit more convincing from his Mommy to win over his heart I am afraid."

"Jimmy is . . . is he here. Is he OK?" Amanda asks hesitantly.

"OK is a relative term, much too complex to discuss now as for being here. Hmm yes, let's just say he is here with me . . . in spirit form of course, but here nonetheless."

"I . . . can you tell m-"

"I am afraid I can tell you nothing," he interrupts her firmly. "At least not for the moment Amanda. Instead, for now, all you must do is answer one simple question. "Why did you leave, why did you not stay with your beloved son?"

This was a question that has haunted Amanda ever since the night of the accident. A question she has answered over and over again in her mind, but with an answer that always fails to give little comfort.

"I just left to get help is all. Yes I should have stayed, but I didn't know how badly he was hurt . . ." Her voice trails off as she wonders what really might have happened if she had stayed. Could they have huddled together and stayed warm until help arrived. Before she can decide one way or the other her thoughts are interrupted. The words these entity speaks to her come as a mighty shock.

"You were supposed to die together . . . in each other arms as I had planned."

"I . . . I don't understand." Amanda cries feeling her heart break into a million pieces at the thought of dying together alone in that car with her poor sweet Jimmy next to her. That surely would have been better than this living hell she has been enduring ever since his death.

"Listen and obey and leave the understanding for another day . . . that is if you ever want to fulfill your secret and most forbidden dreams of that night when you never made it home."

"I . . ." She was about to ask what secret and forbidden dreams was he talking about when she was harshly cut off.

"SILENCE!! It's best to let the lie you were about to utter sit there unspoken my dear."

Amanda's nearly jumps out of her skin as her mouth snaps shut.

"No questions, Instead, listen, obey . . . that is all you must do."

"If I do, will I see my baby again?"

"You shall. That is a promise. Dark Cupid is many things, but a liar is not one of them. Now simply answer my questions with a yes or no. No discussion, just a simple yes or no and if I catch you in a lie forget about ever, ever seeing him again. Do you understand? Hurry and answer me before the old bitch regains her senses and wakes up."

There is a moment of silence. Amanda glances at Dr. Adams and sees her eyes are still glazed over. She quietly says yes. Then Dark Cupid begins to speak.

"Listen carefully . . . there is an obscure legend that if a mortal expire at midnight on Valentine's Day, like poor Jimmy did, that is midnight as that most special day in my honor expires, but only after being in the company of the one they truly love, then I, the Dark Master of Forbidden Love can take possession of their soul. The love must be pure and wholly forbidden both ways or I cannot get

involved in reuniting the loved ones. So tell me Amanda was your love pure and at least a little bit forbidden for your precious Jimmy?"

She starts to ask just what the meaning at least a little bit forbidden actually entails, but that would be violating his instructions to answer simply yes or no.

"Yes," she replies quietly knowing in her heart of hearts it is a truly honest answer.

"And was his love for you also equally pure while containing at least a small element of forbidden lust."

Amanda swallows hard, remembering the past and just how . . . naughty . . . her sweet little Jimmy could get at times with his Mommy. She quickly answers in the affirmative.

"Then it is settled. I can take possession of his soul and prepare Jimmy for a return journey to this earthly sphere where he can be reunited with his mommy . . . if even only for only one night."

Amanda, despite the impossibility of what she is hearing, nevertheless feels her heart leap with joy.

"But you must do something Amanda from this day forward until the second anniversary of his death in order to allow him to return to you."

"Anything at all."

"You must remain pure as new fallen snow. That is you must remain untouched by another human being other than the most incidental of contact. Do you fully understand? Included in this is my strict orders to be distant with any and all friends. As for family, you have none other than Jimmy true?"

"A sister, but she lives across the country and we barely speak," Amanda replies. Her voice crackles with excitement due to the matter of fact way this mysterious entity referred to Jimmy in the present tense instead of the past tense.

"Good, good. Let's keep it that way and see if you are capable of shutting yourself off from practically all human contact for Jimmy's sake. Although I do think you do need at least one person to speak frankly with as to what you are experiencing here tonight. Yes, I think the old bitch will do. She is a firm believer anyways of another unseen world."

"You mean Dr. Adams?" Amanda asks tentatively.

"Yes, of course, who else. Now as for avoiding human contact, it will be a test of sorts for you to pass.

"Yes. Please, anything if only you promise me a chance to see him again. Please."

"Yes you have my promise, but you must assure me of one other thing. Most important. You must also not engage in any sort of . . . ahh self-pleasure shall we say, no matter how the need grows inside of you. Still you feel strong enough to deny all others including yourself?"

"Yes," Amanda exclaims nervously as she was, at least before the accident reduced her sex drive to zero, a great devotee of the art of self-pleasure.

Masturbation had really been her only sexual salvation as Tony was not particularly attentive in the sex department. In fact, he had pretty much ignored her completely for the last few years of their marriage. He had plenty of women on the side and seemed content to be with them instead of his wife.

"Good then we are on our way. As the time draws closer to your fateful reunion on Valentine's Day in the year 2005 I will be in touch via your dreams with further instructions. Until then if you ever want to see your son again then remain pure for him. Oh one final thing . . . never try and contact me again by holding another séance.

Just as important do not attempt to initiate contact with him either . . . even if you suspect he is nearby watching. Understand?"

"Yes, yes understood fully," Amanda replies her voice shaking from excitement.

Dr. Adam's eyes blink and then open. She remembers nothing so Amanda tells her everything that has happened.

Dr. Adams confirms the little known rumor of Cupid having a mischievous twin, known simply as Dark Cupid. And yes there is a little known legend that states he can take possession of lost lonely souls if the conditions are met just as he explained them.

Dr. Adams bends closer to Amanda before lowering her voice as a serious shadow crosses her face. Her tone is ominous as she whispers to Amanda, "The legend is clear Amanda . . . both parties must have forbidden lust buried deep within their hearts."

The doctor straightens up after seeing the startled look on Amanda's face before announcing casually, "But, of course, again, it is just a silly legend."

In the end, the doctor's advice is simple and straight forward. Follow your heart dear. Follow your heart.

After some careful thought she had firmly decided to follow Dr. Adam's advice and follow the path this mysterious Dark Cupid has planned for her.

Thankfully, she is able to disengage from society quite easily as money was not an issue thanks to her recent divorce. Tony was happy to give Amanda a bit of cash, even if it was only a fraction of his true worth, plus the house, in order to gain his freedom without going through messy divorce proceedings.

She wants to so badly see her precious Jimmy again—if only to explain why she left him that night- even if meant spending a couple long lonely years waiting to do so. Somehow, even though on the surface the whole thing seems foolish, she believes in Dark Cupid and everything he has told her tonight.

But when she hears nothing more from him for nearly 18 months, Amanda is beginning to suspect she is being duped into believing a lie. Worse still, the strange goings on in the old house have all but stopped since the séance. Little does she know this is all part of the entity's grand scheme.

Over the past year and a half of patiently waiting, Amanda has let herself go a bit. She has added a few pounds on her once lean frame and it shows. The reason is obvious- she was eating to fill those long empty hours.

One night, early in the summer prior to the second upcoming anniversary, much to her relief, Dark Cupid finally pays her a most unexpected visit during her sleep. He comes to her in an extremely lucid dream with a dire warning.

Amanda is informed, in no uncertain terms, that neither he nor Jimmy is happy with her notable weight gain. Dark Cupid went on to explain to her how Jimmy had always been so proud of having such a pretty mother who was in such fantastic shape.

Amanda tries to explain why she had put on the extra weight, but Dark Cupid cuts her. "I know you are lonely. In that regard, I give you permission to seek a part time job outside the house if only to give you a bit of purpose until the time comes. Something simple mind you, like at your local library. Yes that sounds good something low key, but dare I remind you what I said earlier . . . keep your distance from people . . . oh and lose the weight . . . make Jimmy proud again of you. It won't be long now my dear before you see him. The second anniversary is approaching rapidly." And then poof he is gone.

Amanda is heartened by the visit as she no longer feels like she is being deceived. This feeling is reinforced by the next day's events. She doesn't know if it was by simple dumb luck or something deeper, but Dark Cupid's mention of a job at the library bore fruit immediately.

She has books to return to the library anyways - again pure coincidence or something more- but when she casually inquires of

the head librarian if they maybe needed some help she is told "the library is always looking for a few good volunteers."

It would be on a strictly volunteer basis so Amanda would not be paid, but that was of no concern of hers as since her initial visit from Dark Cupid all of her investments in the stock market- yes all, not just some, but every last one of them are doing fantastic.

More of Dark Cupid's influence? She was not sure and thought it unwise to think too deeply about what this mysterious entity might be able to do.

Of course, time being one thing she had plenty of, Amanda jumps at the chance and starts working the very next day for a few hours in the afternoon five days a week.

The job now secured, next she has to deal with her weight issues so she purchases a fancy home workout gym and proceeds to start exercising like a woman possessed.

The results, helped by paying strict adherence to a sensible diet, come quicker than she could have hoped. By the end of the summer she is in fantastic shape. The excess fat has been replaced by lean muscle. Her weight is back to a fit and trim 137 pounds. Not bad at all for a 5' 8" woman in her mid-thirties.

Over the past year and half she has kept in contact with Dr. Adams with regular monthly meetings at her office. But as the months passed with nothing new ever to report the monthly meetings were scaled back to the occasion phone call every other month.

Now finally Amanda is excited as she picks up the phone eager to get a hold of the doctor and have a meeting to discuss this latest development in her case. Unfortunately, the doctor is on holiday for the entire summer in Spain and then when she finally gets back she arrives home quite ill.

Thanks to her illness, which included an extended stay at the hospital, the doctor was unable to schedule an appointment with Amanda until November 14, three months prior to the two year anniversary of that horrible night.

Sitting in Dr. Adam's office in the on a warm autumn afternoon, Amanda can hardly believe they are talking about the ghostly spirit of her son returning on the anniversary of his death, but yet they are.

Amanda opens the meeting in the doctor's sparsely furnished office by excitedly explaining how Dark Cupid had spoken to her at the beginning of the summer in a dream. She relayed everything he said and how she followed his advice to the tee, but much to her chagrin the doctor does not seem at all excited by this newest development. Instead, she seems more than a little worried.

Over the past year, every time they either meet in person, or talked on the phone, Amanda often referred to Jimmy as her "precious little baby." This had always been a gnawing cause of worry to the doctor, but not wanting to upset the fragile Amanda she never mentioned her worries.

But now, with once again Amanda calling Jimmy her baby several times as they talked at the start of the meeting, the doctor decides it's time to issue a dire warning to Amanda.

"Look Amanda I do not mean to frighten you, but insisting on thinking of Jimmy as still being your baby, still being sweet and innocent that is, could be a mistake. It could lead you to be vulnerable to tricks or worse, to wicked intentions aimed directly at you."

"Wicked intentions, by who doctor?" Amanda replies narrowing her eyes.

"I will speak plainly then. You remember what I told you in regards to the legend of Dark Cupid."

"Yes, I think so."

"Then you recall me mentioning something about forbidden lust?"

"Yes, and I am not sure I understood then or now even."

"Oh I think you understand. Perfectly. You cannot be that willfully naive. After all, you did not question me on the subject nor did you deny the fact."

"The fact that someone may have forbidden lust in their heart?"

"Yes. Who, Jimmy? You? Both of you, maybe?"

Amanda sighs deeply while turning a bright red. It was true- she did not question it then as she knew it to be true. She had the cold hard facts presented to her that night Jimmy died with the emphasize on hard. What she had suspected for years made itself quite known that night."

"The third one," she responds quietly.

"Both, very good. Your honesty is needed in this matter for us to proceed. Remember I am only here to listen and offer advice, not to judge so tell me about it. Are you sure first of all about him?"

The doctor shifts in her battered old office chair, pausing before she gives Amanda a hard stare. "While away I did quite a bit of research on our little friend Dark Cupid and the legend is pretty clear. He does not get involved in such affairs unless he believes forbidden lust is

in the equation . . . You must be sure for if he feels he was tricked." The doctor leans forward and looks Amanda directly in the eye, "I think that could be very bad. So, are you sure?"

"Forbidden as in incest you mean doctor?"

"Exactly . . . Incest . . . The most forbidden lust known to man."

"But he . . . well I am sure it would have went away after he got himself a girlfriend. Sooner or later."

"But at the time of the accident he had no girlfriend so his feelings for you . . . for his mother were still particularly . . . ahh intense shall we say."

"Yes," Amanda responds her voice on the edge of shaking as this particular line of questioning is making her apprehensive.

Dr. Adams senses Amanda's nervousness so she offers her a glass of white wine from a small liquor cabinet in the corner of the office.

"I always have a bit of wine with my lunch. Helps relax me." The doctor tells her with a smile after Amanda graciously accepts the glass of wine.

Amanda takes a small sip of her wine wondering just how much, or for that matter if anything at all, should she confess to the good doctor. She likes the wine and takes a larger sip searching for the courage to confess to both her and Jimmy's sins.

"You have told me prior that Jimmy, other than being a bit shy and sensitive and other than having his little sidekick . . . What did you call him?"

"Naughty James," she tells the doctor. Over the past year Amanda had told the doctor a little bit about Jimmy's mischievous little "twin". She had conveniently left out some details though, mostly in regards to his R-rated naughty tricks he used to play on her, but still Amanda had mentioned enough of Naughty James for Dr. Adams to take careful note of his existence.

"Yes, what a cute little nickname although I suspect Mr. Naughty James was given this nickname for a very good reason, but for now let's concentrate on what we have started."

"Fine," Amanda says relieved as she really is not looking forward to coming clean to Naughty James and his dirty little tricks.

"Good. So as I was saying, Jimmy was normal in all aspects prior to the accident other than what we already mentioned."

After some hesitation, Amanda replies, "Yes in my mind very much so."

"I need to know what was in your son's regarding you, Amanda."

Avoiding eye contact with Dr. Adams, Amanda stares thoughtfully into her lap wishing they would just move on from this subject, but it's a forlorn thought.

Amanda takes another large sip of her wine as the doctor sits and waits patiently for the confession she is sure Amanda is holding back. The doctor clears her throat before speaking again, understanding Amanda just needs a little prompting to get her to confess.

"Again, I must remind you, must make clear, I am not here to judge you or your parenting ability. Nor am I here to judge Jimmy in any fashion. I am here to listen and offer critical advice. Amanda I cannot emphasize enough that this visit by Dark Cupid at the beginning of the summer is of the utmost importance. You must, now that I am aware that he came to see you again, I believe, make a hard and firm decision about what path you shall follow from this day forward. Need I remind you . . . Valentine's Day is coming my dear and this is the big one?"

"Yes I know," she replies with a heavy sigh before draining the last third of wine in one large drink. A warm fuzzy feeling starts to come over her. She sighs deeply, relaxes and starts to speak.

"There was a bit of naughtiness in my son's heart Dr. Adams."

"Good start at the beginning. I am listening." The doctor says refilling Amanda's glass with fresh wine.

"From the beginning . . . yes of course. It was the start of the summer. He had just turned 18 and I began to suspect Jimmy had a bit of . . . ahh, oh, secret desire for his mother. He had always been very, you know, attracted to me when he was younger, but I thought it was something he would grow out of eventually. But even after turning 18 . . ." She pauses shaking her head. "It was still there. His deep attraction toward me. You want details I suppose?"

"Of course, my dear, but take your time, drink your wine. I have cleared my calendar for you this afternoon. You like my wine Amanda?"

"Yes. It helping for me to relax and tell everything."

Amanda settles back into her the warm leather of her chair and begins to speak again. "It was the summer prior to the accident. Tony was out of town nearly that whole summer on extended business trips. Well, that was what he called them, but I knew better. I knew he was spending his time with his girlfriends in other cities. Well my self-esteem was low that summer and I needed attention . . . Hmm no . . . make that wanted attention so I took to sunning myself out by the pool in a variety of rather skimpy bikinis. Jimmy had for the past

two summers rarely been home. He was always out playing basketball at the park, or running here or there with his neighborhood pals, hanging out doing I suppose normal teenage boy stuff with his friends."

"So in other words he was not hanging around the house with his mother?"

"No, but suddenly that summer, curiously he had taken a sudden interest in hanging out by the pool with his mom . . . even though he never particularly enjoyed swimming."

"In the past summers prior to this one had you been hanging out by the pool in your skimpy bikinis Amanda?"

"No. I . . . I went swimming on occasion and never in a bikini. I always wore conservative one pieces."

"Yes, I see and can I assume you understood the reasons behind his change of heart."

"It was not lost on me no, Dr. Adams."

"I can imagine not. If you don't mind me saying so dear, if you looked half as good then as you do now, and I much suspect you did, then

that must have been quite a sight for the young man to see his sexy mother hanging out by the family pool in a skimpy bikini."

Amanda blushes while at the same time welcoming the comment about how good she looks. She is relieved her daily regime of diet and exercise has not went unnoticed. "Thanks I . . . well not to be conceited, but I did look good then."

"I am sure and what was your response to his attentions."

"I guess it should have been for me to stop hanging around the pool in my skimpy bikinis."

"But I suspect that was not what you did?" The doctor asks raising her eyebrows in a knowing manner.

"No that is not what I did. I did the opposite in fact. Instead, I continued to wear my bikinis around the house even after I was done hanging out by the pool."

"I am sure he did not protest."

Amanda starts to smile, before realizing it might give the wrong impression, but it's too late as the perceptive doctor picks up on it and comes to her rescue.

"Let me tell you what I think. Save you a confession. You noticed how your son paid attention to you that summer, instead of his friends and that was a big boost to your ego. Paying attention to you was something your husband refused to do. You liked it, the attention that is. You could not cheat, would not cheat probably even if you were able, so getting your young son to pay you some much needed attention was a very understandable course of action. You did, maybe on purpose, maybe sub consciously, do what it took to keep his attention squarely on you."

"Yes," Amanda answers quietly amazed that the doctor could have her pegged so easily while preparing her next little confession. "Would it surprise you that as the summer wore on I craved more and more attention to the point where as I noticed him . . . well noticing me, I invited him to rub sun tan lotion on me?"

Amanda sighs deeply remembering that long hot summer she spent with Jimmy out by the pool. Remembering his eager, yet shy hands, all over her nearly naked body—rubbing the lotion in so carefully, taking his sweet time.

"Hmm I can only imagine that was a task he eagerly looked forward to and very much enjoyed."

"Oh yes," she answers quietly while reminiscing about how her son spent the summer trying to hide the large boners he was constantly sprouting out by the pool. "By the end of the summer I did not have to even ask him. It had become a daily ritual for us."

"I bet that was nice."

"Hmm, yes, very nice . . . for both of us."

There is a brief pause as Mrs. Adams lets Amanda collect her thoughts before pushing her to continue. After hearing this initial confession the doctor makes a critical decision—she is no longer going to sugarcoat things for Amanda, but instead push her to tell everything.

"So go on dear as you mentioned there were several reasons you understood Jimmy had the forbidden lust in his heart for his mother. That is one . . . a very good one at that."

Hearing the doctor refer so casually to her son having forbidden lust in his heart for his mother gives Amanda pause, but only for a moment. She is determined to, with the help of the wine, confess nearly everything to the doctor.

"When I was in college I did some modeling. Swimsuit calendars, lingerie ads, stuff like that. Finally when I was a senior, on a dare from my best friend I did some test photos for a couple different girlie magazines. One of them was really interested and I almost agreed to a feature layout . . . nude layout that is . . . in their magazine, but in the end I got cold feet and declined their offer."

Amanda runs a fingertip along the edge of her glass wondering just how much she should tell before deciding on . . . everything. "So anyways all three of the magazines I did the test photos for gave me copies of the photos."

"So you hung on to some of the actual photos from the shoots."

"Yes. Threw them in an old shoe box in my closet and kinda of forgot about them."

"Can I assume there were some nude photos, Amanda?" Mrs. Adams asks having an inkling where this is heading.

"Well there was a couple of topless photos but most of them were shots of me in sexy outfits. You know bra and panties, a white lace teddy, a tight half tee shirt that barely covered my boobs along with a pair of skimpy daisy dukes. You know that sorta stuff. Cheesecake material. Anyway, it was a few months later after that summer I spent with Jimmy out by the pool . . . winter time, maybe a month or so before . . . before Valentine's Day on a Saturday afternoon. Tony was gone for the weekend, ice fishing I think with his buddies. I was supposed to be taking a nap, but I could not fall asleep. I got up and the house was super quiet. Too quiet maybe as I sensed something. I kinda snuck down the hallway to his room. I listened at the door. I heard him whispering actually as I cracked open his bedroom door."

Amanda pauses; the only sound in the office is the loud ticking of the doctor's old clock on the wall. Tick, tock, tick, tock; the soft ticking

of the clock seems to match Amanda's heartbeat as she recalls that quiet Saturday afternoon and what she discovered.

"I poked my head in the room . . . quietly. I was curious who he was whispering to, but did not see him right away. Then I spotted him sitting on the floor leaning with his back against the bed. His back was to me and I could just see his head above the bed. He had no idea I was there."

Dr. Adams leans forward paying close attention to what her patient has to say knowing this may be even more critical than their summer time escapades at the pool.

"Then I heard him say something that made my heart leap with . . ." Amanda stops here to finish her wine needing the liquid courage to continue now that her latest confession is reaching its climax. "Half joy, half dread, but one hundred percent excitement if I was to be really honest."

"What did you hear your son whisper Amanda?"

"Jesus, Mommy, they are so big. Can I play with them?" She shakes her head softly remembering the absolute shock she felt upon hearing that. "I was shocked, but then again not considering the way I had teased him all summer. I softly shut the door and made an impulsive decision. I wanted to catch him in act, very badly, but then again if I caught him red handed he would know that I was spying on him."

"So what did you do?"

"I softly shut the door and walked back down the hallway a few feet. I cleared my throat and then said loudly, 'Jimmy, honey where are you at? Are you in your room?' I then made a beeline for his door and opened it loudly calling his name again."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing much. I felt silly for a moment for when I rounded the bed and he came into my clear sight. He was just sitting there resting on the floor thumbing through one of his baseball magazines looking all sweet and innocent. I actually started to believe maybe my ears had been deceiving me and was feeling a little guilty for my bit of trickery . . . that is until I asked him to come on downstairs and wash the dishes. He tried to make an excuse as I recall, but I demanded he get downstairs right away."

Amanda, like a good storyteller, now lingers over this latest plot detail letting the suspense build while enjoying having someone's full attention for once. The doctor sits there tapping her fingers lightly on the large wooden desk between them waiting for what she is sure will be a telling conclusion to this story.

"When he finally stood up I had already started to turn away to head out of his room. But then I stopped and turned around to remind him

to also take out the garbage when I noticed the incredibly large bulge in his jeans. It took all my will power not to stare."

"You said nothing to him of course?"

"Of course."

"But I sense you did something Amanda."

"You are perceptive Dr. Adams," Amanda tells her with a smile. "I did something all right, two somethings as a matter of fact."

"Tell me of the first dear."

"Just as we were leaving the room it hit me. I had a nagging feeling that something was not quite right about the whole scene of him sitting there looking at a baseball magazine. Jimmy loved both baseball and football equally, that is while they were in season. January was the highlight of the football season, the playoffs, why the hell was he looking at a baseball magazine?"

"Hmm very astute observation. And where did that take you?"

"Down a dark path I suppose. I paused in the hallway my suspicions growing. I made sure he went downstairs as I wandered slowly to my bedroom. As soon as I heard him busy in the kitchen I doubled

back to his room and went directly to the nightstand next to his bed where I seen him putting his baseball magazine away."

Amanda stops, twists her hair in the tips of her fingers, after taking a drink of wine, finally ready to spill the beans on the both of them. "I pulled the magazine out, flipped through the pages and . . . found them."

"Some of your photos from the test shoot."

"Yes,

"So you caught him after all, just not red handed."

"Yes I caught him. But worse than that doctor, a couple of the pictures where I was showing my tits they were covered with cum stains."

"So this was obviously not his first time looking at the photos. What did you do?"

"Nothing at all unless feeling frisky and happy the rest of the day knowing what he had been doing was something. I must be awful huh?"

"No not awful, that is not for me to say. Now what is the second something you did?"

"Oh the other thing . . . I just put the photos back and never talked to him about what he had been doing."

"Maybe that was for the best. You were protecting him from supreme embarrassment."

"If you say so." Amanda replies with a sigh while sipping on her wine.

"More wine dear?" The doctor asks after noticing Amanda's glass was almost empty.

"Hmm maybe, just half a glass."

Amanda fidgets as the doctor fills her glass wondering what she might be thinking.

Dr. Adams, wanting Amanda relaxed to tell more truths if they are more to be told, pours her a red wine this time, ignoring her request for only a half a glass, instead filling it all the way.

When she only takes a small sip she reassures her, "Go on have a bigger sip. This is my best wine. Don't worry we can always call you a cab to get home dear or better yet I can give you a lift myself."

"Are you trying to get me drunk Mrs. Adams?" Amanda says with a coy smile.

"Yes, actually I am. It will help you tell the truth, while accepting what I may tell you about the many things that need to be understood here and now as the time approaches."

"Do you believe me . . . about Dark Cupid? About what he said to me at our séance."

"I am let's say open to it being very real. I am of the mind that there is many dark things far from being understood in this world that most people tend to ignore . . . the supernatural being first and foremost among them."

Amanda takes a larger sip of her wine now. "This is good. Delicious as a matter of fact."

"Well good because the bottle is fresh, the afternoon is young, and you have many things to tell me my dear."

"Don't you have other patients or clients, maybe, to see Dr. Adams?"

"Please, call me Kay. No need for such formality. And, no, I have cleared my calendar this afternoon just for you Amanda. Remember I told you that?"

"Oh yes, I guess you did. Thanks . . . Kay for everything, but mainly for not doubting me what I heard during the séance. I was afraid you might have thought me crazy."

"Not at all. My research of Dark Cupid, your story . . . everything fits. Now have another large drink of wine and please go on with yet more proof that your son harbors the forbidden lust in his heart that our friend so desires."

"You think I have another story for you . . . Kay."

"Oh I am sure of it, but more to the point I think you have yet to tell me the climax of this current little tale."

Amanda has to suppress a giggle when she hears the doctor say the word climax wondering if she knew just how apt that word was if Amanda decided to tell everything.

After another sip of the delicious red wine Amanda does decide to tell everything. "OK, yes, there is more. That night in bed, all alone I could not sleep. I tossed and turned and fought the images that keep going through my head."

"And what images were they Amanda. Be honest now as what one thinks of in the dark of the night while alone in bed goes to what lies buried deep in their heart."

"Yes I suppose it does. Well first let me tell you a little something, very little as I hate to talk of the man, about my sex life with Tony."

"Ahh yes, the ex. I am listening."

"Basically there was no sex life which was fine with me and I guess fine by him because, as I am sure I told you, he had a girlfriend or two on the side. He was handsome and charming but he was not much into romance or foreplay and he was very average . . . down there."

Dr. Adams remembering Amanda's earlier confession about being shocked when she notices the bulge in her son's jeans decides to bring this point up again. "And that was not a trait passed on down to your son I am to assume you noticed maybe that afternoon."

"God no," Amanda says in almost a whisper, "Jesus, unless he stuffed a sock down there from what I could see that afternoon when he stood up he was . . . well you know."

"Of course I understand, now go on. You were telling me about the images going through your head that was keeping you from sleeping."

"Yes, one of them was . . . what I saw when he stood up. That large bulge, how different from his father. And the image of me posing in

the magazine . . . of what Jimmy was doing while looking at his mother. It had me . . . hot and bothered to the point where I just could not take it anymore. I got out my favorite dildo and gave myself some relief."

"Not a surprise. I will give you a break and not ask what you dreamed of as you did the deed. It is enough that you confessed to such besides we are not here for that kind of in depth analysis so let's leave it at that."

Amanda, happy not to have to make any further confessions regarding this matter, moves to the next subject although it too is potentially quite embarrassing.

"One more thing," she starts off tentatively after finishing her third glass of wine. "That final night, Valentine's Day that is, as you know from our earlier talks I went out on that little date with Jimmy."

"Yes, did something happen that you are now willing to confess my dear."

"Yes, something happened Kay. I did not tell you earlier and I . . . well I did not think it was relevant and it's rather embarrassing."

"Nothing to be embarrassed about with me Amanda and at this point, just by the way you are reluctant to tell me, I am sure it's relevant."

"I am sure too. Now anyways considering . . . Anyways let me tell you what happened."

"Please do."

"I wanted to impress Jimmy that night so I went all out. I bought a pretty white dress. It really accented my curves as it had a deep V neckline, spaghetti straps and was backless. Worse still it was extremely tight on me. My goddamn tits were practically spilling out of the thing."

"And he noticed?"

Amanda actually giggles now a little. She is really feeling the effects of the wine now. "Well let's just say he could not keep his eyes off my tits the entire night if that is what you were wondering."

Kay gives her a knowing smile in response before nodding for Amanda to go on with her story.

"I guess I was in a mood to flaunt my figure on our date that night. I was pissed at Tony for ignoring me . . . again on Valentine's Day."

"Nothing wrong with being pissed at a neglectful husband, nor is there anything wrong with a woman wanting to show off their God given assets hon."

"Are you just saying that to make me feel less guilty?"

"No, really in my opinion you have nothing to feel guilty about."

"Well you have not heard the whole story yet."

"OK so finish it and then I will render my honest opinion."

"Fine. Jimmy was duly impressed by my attire and fell all over himself letting me know how beautiful I looked that night. I ate it up. The praise. The attention. All of it. Well anyway at the restaurant, a quiet dark Italian place they had a small dance floor so we danced a bit. Encouraged by me, he clung to his mother closely as I did to him. We even went as far to exchange several small kisses. Innocent really as our lips barely touched, but still . . ."

She pauses, remembering that night. "I guess I had about a glass and a half of white wine with dinner. Just enough to make me feel all warm and fuzzy and . . . extremely friendly with my handsome young son."

Just remembering how handsome Jimmy looked that night has the extremely emotional, drinking wine always made her that way, Amanda on the verge of tears. Kay, patient as always, offers her a Kleenex to dot her eyes while letting her regain her composure.

Finally, Amanda composes herself enough to continue. "The kisses, the clinging so tight to each other, and the soft words of love we whispered in each other ears . . . and especially my super sexy dress I guess it all ended up to be too much for him. I could not help but to notice as we danced that he was . . . hard."

"And how did you react. Did you back off a bit as you danced when you noticed?"

"You will probably find this shameful . . ."

"Again, I am not here to judge, Amanda," the doctor intercedes.

"Instead of backing off I clung to them even tighter. Maybe even . . . Oh God this is difficult to admit as he was young and innocent, but maybe I even encouraged his hardness as I sorta of rubbed my body up against him as we danced. It was . . . that is the way I was slinking my body against his, it was playful and seductive. And wholly . . . improper. But I had been drinking and was having fun being the center of attention so . . ."

"So nothing really awful there. You were simply caught up in the moment."

"Yes a moment I hoped to continue at home. I planned on inviting Jimmy to give me a very special back rub that night."

"How special?" The doctor asks leaning forward very curious to hear Amanda's answer.

"I don't know. I was just going to make a suggestion or two and let things proceed as they might. I am sure I would not have done nothing too outrageous, but then again if I kept drinking more wine," Amanda smiles doubtfully, shrugs her shoulders and then says in a very small voice, "who knows what might have happened."

"Well no use beating yourself up over what might or might not have happened dear. But you have made it quite obvious that Jimmy did have a bit of forbidden lust in his heart for his mother, as you did for him, and that more than anything, is what attracts our little friend Dark Cupid."

They spend a few more minutes in idle chit chat as Dr. Adams has all the information she needs. Just as they are wrapping up the meeting she issues a dire warning to Amanda.

"Look, Amanda, you could move out of that house sooner rather than later and I think you would be safe. I don't believe they could follow

you. I do believe our little friend has something rather naughty in store for you."

"Naughty as in . . ."

"Sexual. Yes, I think so."

"You mean this Dark Cupid will maybe assault me . . . sexually." Amanda says her voice shaking a bit from fear . . . or was it excitement.

"I don't think you have to worry about him. My research indicates Dark Cupid is strictly into voyeurism. Basically, he entices lost souls to interact with dearly loved ones in a most naughty manner while he watches the show from the shadows. He never involves himself in the action as far as I can tell. So no, hon, you are in no danger there. The danger comes from Jimmy and what he may do to you when that fateful night comes."

Amanda takes a deep breath before answering. "I understand fully the risks. Just talking about the past with you made it clear to me. But he is my sweet little innocent baby boy and I will continue to think of him that way. I will accept the chance to reunite with him if only to have the chance to explain how terribly sorry I am for leaving that night. Dark Cupid is right, I should have stayed with Jimmy that night."

"Well, that is yet to be determined. Nevertheless, I hear the resolve in your words Amanda. Just remember thinking of him as sweet and innocent may have you in for a rude awakening."

"Yes I know, but that is what Jimmy is to me. Now and forever."

"Well if you are going to do this thing. I mean if you really have made up your mind to stay in that house I suggest you go all in. No half measures . . . meaning if you continue down this path you must follow the signs, follow your heart no matter where it takes you honey. Follow whatever signs Dark Cupid gives you to the very bitter end of things. Again, no half measures Amanda, understand?"

"I think so," she says tentatively knowing staying could be dangerous, but her mind is made up.

On that ominous note the meeting wraps up and Kay graciously gives the tipsy Amanda a ride home. Inside she shuts the door and heads straight for the liquor cabinet hoping another glass or two of wine will help her sleep. The dark memories that she had just discussed with Kay have rekindled her feelings of loneliness and depression.

There is another consideration at work though as the discussion with the doctor about the boys forbidden lust for her has left her feeling hot and bothered. Therefore, yes, going to sleep quickly would be a good thing so not to endanger herself by violating Dark Cupid's rule against masturbation.

Unfortunately, Amanda having a glass or two of wine and then quickly slipping off to sleep would not be in the cards for her tonight. Instead, quite unknown to her, she has a visitor on this fateful evening. Dark Cupid has watched with growing interest these past few months Amanda's noble struggles to stay true to her word and not engage in any sort of self-gratification.

But tonight, floating silently unseen inside her house, observing, he senses she has great aura of sadness about her. He has been keeping a much closer eye on her with the time growing short before Valentine's Day and her promised reunion with Jimmy and is worried about the clouds of depression hanging over her tonight.

He sees the depression for what it actually is - a general lack of faith regarding if she will, in fact, see her son again. But there is more than her lack of faith at work here as the powerful entity also senses she is like a large pussy cat in heat. The pent up sexual waves are radiating from her body like a beacon. Maybe it is time to turn up the heat on Ms. Amanda while giving her a bit of a reward?

Maybe if it were only that, her quiet determination not to slip up, he would not have judged it necessary to reward her, but there is more. Much more. It bothers him greatly, for Dark Cupid takes much pride in his works, in his games, that she has that loathsome self-doubt buried deep in her lonely heart.

He makes a firm decision that Amanda's insecurities must be laid to rest once and for all. He will take steps to solve both problems at once . . . in a most gloriously naughty way as a sort of prelude of things to cum before her most special Valentine's Day finally arrives.

Besides this will be a grand way for him to get Jimmy off his back as he had been simply bothering him to no end to be let loose so he could have some kind of contact with his mother.

Dark Cupid makes his way hurriedly back to the nether world to give Jimmy the happy news. Tonight, he will set them upon their mother for a bit of slap and tickle, a bit of naughty games and wicked fun, thus removing any doubt that Amanda may be harboring in her heart that he will be true to his word and reunite them on this next upcoming Valentine's Day. Dark Cupid gives Jimmy strict instructions just what mischief he is allowed to engage in tonight once contact is initiated with his mother.

While Amanda is still downstairs finishing off one last glass of wine, Jimmy, following Dark Cupid's advice, prepares for the opening act in this great and grand drama that is about to unfold inside her bedroom.

After taking care of what needs to be done inside the bedroom, he retreats to the walk in closet to wait for his mother to make her appearance. Already hiding deep within the dark closet is Naughty James. Just like Jimmy, Dark Cupid has blessed him with a fully formed physical body which he just cannot wait to show off to his

mother- particularly that one certain area where he has been blessed beyond the norm.

Amanda finishes off her wine and heads upstairs feeling more than a little tipsy around nine. As she enters the bedroom she has a sudden feeling she is not alone. She looks slowly around the bedroom trying to get a sense if indeed she has a visitor on this night. Although she has no firm evidence to base her decision on, the overall ambiance of the room just appears strange.

She clicks on the small bedroom lamp on the nightstand and has a hunch her movements are being tracked by a pair of dark eyes looking out at her from the closet.

As she walks across the room she clearly remembers shutting the closet door tightly after hanging her jacket in there after arriving home. Now it is open and she can only wonder how as she shuts the bathroom door tightly and locks it.

She hurriedly brushes her teeth before starting to get undressed in the safety of the bathroom, but no sooner does she get the first button undone on her blouse when she abruptly stops. No half measures, follow the signs, go all in, the doctor's advice is ringing in her ears.

Well Amanda hiding in the bathroom and getting undressed cuz you are afraid someone, something is watching you from the darkness of the closet—well is that going all in? I hardly think so! She can't argue with such logic from this nagging inner voice of hers so she takes a

deep breath, steels her nerves, unlocks the bathroom door and enters her bedroom preparing to get undressed under the watchful eye of whoever or whatever may be in the closet.

She sighs deeply allowing the resolve inside of her to go all in to build. A shiver of anticipation crawls slowly up her spine as she leisurely walks over to her bed, now determined to put on a bit of a show for her unknown watcher.

She sits on the bed, facing the closet and starts to take off her white ankle socks. Now, more than ever, she has the distinct impression of being watched. She glances up. The closet door seems to be open just a bit wider than before. Beyond the door, Amanda sees nothing to indicate the closet is anything but vacant, but still the nagging feeling of being watched persists.

Fortifying her nerves, she stands up and takes a step closer to the closet just as she pulls her blouse free from her tight jeans. Slowly, patiently Amanda unbuttons her blouse as she wanders around the bedroom in a small circle. She makes it a point with each passing circle to move closer to the closet.

Her pretty white blouse falls to the floor as it slowly slips off her shoulders revealing a gorgeous aqua blue lace bra she just bought the other day. Then she turns, her back to the closet, and leisurely begins to unbutton her jeans. Having her back to the closet only causes that eerie feeling of being watched to increase.

The old closet door creaks just a bit, and feeling brave from the alcohol she turns around quickly just as she was about to slide her jeans off.

The bedroom is only lit by small table lamp which barely gives off enough light to reach across the spacious master bedroom to the walk in closet. But through the semi-darkness she thinks she sees a flash of a deeper darker shadow stirring inside the closet. Then . . . My God!! She hears the softest of giggles, very faint, but yet unmistakable. Once again a shiver of excitement crawls up her spine.

Turning her back on the closet once more, she slowly pulls her jeans down and off her hips, seductively wiggling her butt at the closet. As her jeans hit the floor, she hears again the closet door let out a soft creak.

She manages to ignore the creaking this time while walking slowly over to her bathroom now dressed in only her bra and matching panties. Inside the bathroom she shuts the door tight. She takes her time; rinsing her mouth out with a generous amount of mouthwash, and then touching up her hair and makeup- just in case- before preparing to head back out into the bedroom.

She stops at the doorway frozen in place for a moment. Sitting in the middle of the floor between her bed and the closet is the exact same pair of expensive ankle strap sandals she wore to the lavish restaurant on the night of the accident.

After the accident, she wanted no reminders of that awful night and even went as far to consider tossing the expensive new shoes in the trash after wearing them only that one night, but in the end she decided to just hide them away deep in her closet.

Now there they sat in all their slutty five inch heel splendor . . . just waiting to be worn once again by her apparently. The doctor's final advice comes floating back to her once again- follow whatever signs Dark Cupid gives you to the very bitter end of things.

Well, if this was not a sign what was? She walks over to where the shoes are sitting and bends over to pick them up. The closet door now is nearly half open. It almost seems to beckon her to enter. Yet another sign?

She takes the shoes back over to the bed and sighs, before carefully slipping the shoes on her feet. She then proceeds to strut around the bedroom two or three times trying to become accustomed to wearing heels once more. Naturally she has had no occasion to wear heels since that unfortunate night nearly two years ago.

Besides the needed practice of walking in high heels, Amanda has another more compelling reason to be sashaying around the bedroom—she is merely preening for her secret admirer in the closet that she silently prays is Jimmy.

Parading past the large mirror on her vanity table, Amanda notices with inner pride the way her tits jiggle and jump in the tight confines

of her new bra. She is sure Jimmy is most impressed knowing the affinity he always had for her large tits.

Finally, she has yet one more reason for taking her time prancing around the bedroom in circles: she is simply trying to work up the courage to march over to the closet, fling the door wide open and see what she can see. But would that be violating what Dark Cupid told her at the séance-You shall do nothing to initiate contact—his words were exact and to the point.

She decides that is probably not a good plan. She is disappointed as she desperately wants to satisfy her curiosity as to what exactly might be lurking in her closet, but to do so will violate the rules.

Frustrated, she walks over to the bed, sits down and thinks for a moment. If only she had some valid reason to go into the closet. But she has none. She takes off the shoes bitterly disappointed as all seems quiet in the closet now, and drops them on the floor next to her bed. She is starting to wonder what the point was of whoever it was that dug her shoes out of the closet and tossed them in the middle of the floor and that is when it hits her.

Oh they are clever aren't they? Really was she just going to leave the shoes on the floor next to the bed? Of course not!! She has to put them back where they belong . . . in the closet.

Now she has a very valid reason to go into the closet- to put the shoes away-and she would not be violating- on purpose anyway- the rules set forth by Dark Cupid.

She heads towards the closet, the shoes dangling from one hand, with a palatable air of excitement surrounding her. She reaches the threshold of the closet door- it's still halfway open- and listens. Nothing.

She carefully pushes the door open a bit wider and enters the dark closet.

Lighting for the spacious walk in closet is provided by a single bare bulb that hangs from the high ceiling towards the front half of the closet. Shortly before the tragic accident, Amanda remodeled the closet making it bigger, but had neglected to upgrade the lighting. It was one of those things on her list of things to do that somehow seemed very insignificant after the accident.

The small bare bulb hanging from the ceiling was barely adequate for the previous tiny closet, but now it's wholly inadequate for the remodeled larger closet. Amanda is extremely thankful she only has to take a small step and half into the murky darkness of the closet before she reaches up and yanks the string that clicks on the light.

Amanda pauses after turning the light on to inspect the interior. She has a vague sense of disquiet; like maybe she is not so alone, yet as

she turns her head scanning the interior of the closet there is no visible signs of just who or what might be keeping her company.

Both sides of the closet is lined with clothes dangling from hangers. Behind these clothes, someone or something could be lurking. The dim light from the meager 40 watt bulb does little to dissipate the deep shadows that seem to lurk just around the small circle of light thrown by the bulb making it virtually impossible to see very far into the inner recesses of the closet.

She sighs, trying to ignore the chill that is slowly spreading up and down her spine, and starts to search for an unused shoe box to put her shoes away. Turning her head upwards, she finally manages to spot the red Nike box with its distinct white swoosh decal resting on the upper shelf to the left of her.

She knows the box is empty as it contained the new running shoes she just bought last week to wear in the morning when she works out on her treadmill. The problem though is the box is quite a ways back inside the closet. Well maybe the term "quite a ways" is relative as it's only a few feet further inside the closet, but those few feet seem like much more than they would if this was the middle of the afternoon on a bright sunny day.

But it's not the middle of the afternoon, it's almost 10 at night, and she fears her closet is not empty. It's a fear that attempts to freeze her like a deer caught in headlights. She has barely moved since turning on the light, instead choosing to stand there directly under the light, the shoes dangling from one hand, the other hand still holding onto

the string that hangs down from the light socket as if that was the only thing holding her up.

She feels the coldness of the closet wrapping icy fingers around her nearly naked body as she stands there trying to work up the courage to move the few feet away from the safety of the small circle of light and deeper into the closet so she can put her shoes away.

Her mind wills her to move, to reach up and grab the box, throw the shoes in, slam the box back into place and escape into the warm safety of her bedroom. But her body is not responding; instead it's gripped by fear as she hears the faint tinkling of empty hangers deeper in the murky depths of the closet.

Finally, she advances cautiously deeper into the closet straining to see into the dark shadows. She sees nothing to cause her alarm, but nonetheless she breaks out in goosebumps as the obscure black shadows that hover deeper in the closet.

Three and half cautious steps, she is reaching up for the empty Nike box on the upper shelf. Amanda is painfully aware she is now outside that small circle of protective light cast by the single bare bulb. She is standing on her tippy toes concentrating on working the box down as it seems to be just out of her reach.

Standing like this, on her toes, in her bra and panties, so very vulnerable, she does not notice the pair of dark swirling shadows materializing in the back of the closet.

She just does get her fingers around the shoe box and is dragging it to the edge when the assault starts. The first hard pinch lands squarely on her butt, followed quickly by two soft giggles.

She lets out a small yelp and quickly whips her head just before she hears the tell-tale click of the string being pulled on the single bare bulb. Suddenly the closet is plunged into darkness. Amanda lets out another yelp, this one louder, when she feels two sets of hands assailing her body.

One set is concentrating on pinching her ass through the thin material of panties while the other set is tickling her mid-section in a most annoying manner. She is not sure which part of her body that is being assailed to defend first so she tries to fight both attackers off at once.

She lashes out trying to knock the hands away from her body. She stumbles around, disorientated in the dark, as she cries out, almost giggling with relief as she knows this reeks of Naughty James.

She wonders if maybe the good doctor was right after all - thinking of him as sweet and innocent may have you be in for a rude awakening Amanda—just as the empty Nike box falls from the top of the shelf and clunks her in the head after one of her thrashing hands knocks it off the shelf.

It almost would have been comical the Nike box bopping her on the head if not for the fact this playful attack was quickly turning serious as she feels fingers clawing at her panties trying to pull them down.

She reacts violently slapping hard at the darkness where she perceives the hands to be. She hears the slap of skin on skin and then a soft cry, "Mommy that hurt."

It was Jimmy's sweet voice to which she responds without thinking, "Well then leave Mommy's panties alone hon."

But while she was busy trying to slap away the hands molesting her lower body, it gives free reign to the other pair of hands. These hands seem bent on raiding the mighty twin peaks covered so inadequately by the sexy lace bra she is wearing. The grabbing eager hands assuaging her tits do not let up one bit even as she strikes them harder and harder again.

This time there is no whiny response like she received when she slapped Jimmy's hands causing the fear level inside of her to rise to near panicky levels.

She feels these aggressive hands all over her tits, groping them much like one would a melon at the market while testing it for freshness. She continues to try her best to swat these overly aggressive hands away from her tits, but it's a losing battle.

She starts to cry out in protest, "Jimmy Nooo!! You should not be tou-", but her words are cut off in mid-sentence as she feels something, a summer scarf maybe, she had plenty in the closet, jammed into her mouth and then quickly secured as it is tied around the back of her head.

At the same time the scarf is being used to cover her mouth she feels a pair of fingers being hooked around her panties. They slowly begin to drag them down causing her to panic. At first, she tries to rip the tightly knotted scarf off her mouth with one hand while using the other to frantically pull back up her panties. It is at this point, with her hands busy elsewhere, that the real attack comes as she feels fingers frantically tugging at the back of her bra trying to undo it.

She feels like a general, outnumbered, outgunned and under duress from all sides not knowing where or how to allocate a limited number of troops. Quickly realizing she can't defend everything she is forced to make a decision, but her thoughts are quickly interrupted by a pair of hands that are now tickling her mid-section threatening to double her over. Being lightly tickled on the belly is a real point of weakness for her . . . and Jimmy knows this.

She is forced to makes a firm decision as what she should try and defend just as the hands tickling her mid-section begin to slide down across tummy heading straight towards that fertile lush valley that lies between her legs.

God could he really be trying to touch his mother there!! . . . In a madcap panic she forgets about trying to pull the scarf out of her

mouth, and instead uses both hands to try and keep the integrity of her bra intact.

It's quickly dawning on her that this is a very serious game they are playing and if they manage to get her bra unhooked . . . exposing her boobs and highly sensitive nipples to their probing hands . . . the war just may be over.

She frantically pushes the small hands away from the back of her bra making a desperate last ditch effort to "defend the hills" just after she feels the first of the three hook and eye closures that fasten her bra come undone. No sooner does she manage swat the hands away from her bra then she feels another small hand dipping inside the front of her panties while yet another snakes down the back of her panties groping her bare ass.

Amanda responds by rushing her troops, aka her hands, from the hills now southward to defend her lush valley. Using both hands, Amanda reaches down desperately yanking each hand away from the front and back of her panties simultaneously, but that again exposes her "hills" to yet another fresh attack. This time the enemy does not split their forces, instead she finds four hands molesting her poor tits. Thankfully, they seem to have forgotten about undoing her bra and instead seem to be content on feeling her up while leaving her bra in place.

She is losing control of the situation. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knows she can't keep fending these raids off indefinitely. Sooner or later, the initial adrenaline rush she was feeling when this

whole thing started will wear off. Considering all the wine she has drunk tonight, probably sooner than later, and then she will be in dire straits.

In fact, she can already feel her response to the enemy's attacks getting slower and weaker as the effects of the wine dull her senses. She must rally herself to make one last massive effort to get out of the closet before it's too late.

She lunges forward slapping viciously at the hands groping at her tits. Jimmy and James- it must be James- seem to be caught off guard by this sudden violent burst of energy as their hands slip away from her savage blows. She staggers forward in the dark, reaching up and ripping the scarf from around her mouth, sensing she is almost free.

But her relief is short lived as to her mortification she quickly discovers instead of going forward toward the door she actually went stumbling backwards deeper into the closet . . . that is deeper into enemy territory. Between the darkness of the closet and their relentless assaults she simply became disoriented with almost comical results.

She lurches head long into the back wall of her closet where a dozen or so dresses dangle from old wire hangers. She hears peals of laughter coming from somewhere in the dark. Then in between the derisive giggles she hears Jimmy's sing out, "Mommy went the wrong way. Hahahaha." And then comes another voice, this one rougher and seemingly full of bold confidence, "Yeah, there shall be

no escape for her now." And then more cackling laughter as her mind whirls.

That second bolder voice reminds her of Naughty James' voice as she clearly remembers whenever Jimmy would suddenly morph into his alter ego and become Naughty James, he would also change his voice. The two voices were in fact wholly distinct from one another-one being sweet and soft, while the other rough and bold.

The singular thought that makes her skin crawl is simple -could he have actually somehow have split into two distinct beings with James now having his own body? The implications are too staggering for Amanda to consider as she is once again under attack.

In the melee that follows she discovers a certain truth that causes her untold excitement. Both of her assailants are very strong and seem to be in excellent physical shape. As their half-naked bodies slap up against her, they both seem to be wearing jeans with no shirts, she feels their lean muscular physique. This, even if she might be unwilling to admit such a thing, deep down inside turns her on, as does remembering just how wickedly bad Jimmy could be when he set Naughty James loose upon her.

Their skin is neither cold nor clammy like one might expect from a ghost and even more surprising is how very nice and clean they smell. Finally she discovers much to her pleasant surprise, that neither of them have any foul odors emitting from them much like you might expect from someone long dead. Instead, they both have breath that is anything but noxious while even their nails seem to be

neat and well-trimmed as thus far she has not felt herself being scratched by any clawing ragged nails.

But while all these things may have put her somewhat at ease the violence of their next assault leaves her breathless. They must have sensed her growing weakness as she groped her way along the back wall trying to get her bearings. As soon as the laughter stopped things turned deadly serious as they set upon her like a pair of wild jackals.

First, there are two pairs of hands in tandem tickling, groping, and grasping at her inner thighs, before moving as of one mind to attack between her legs. Things quickly go from bad to worse for Amanda as she attempts to fight off this latest attack. She is becoming helplessly ensnared in the dresses hanging on the back closet rod. Her hands get all tangled up and the more she fights to free them, the more they get twisted up leaving her nearly defenseless. Impossible as it may seem, the dresses appear themselves to be alive and are both aiding and abetting in the attack.

She clamps her thighs shut in an attempt to salvage her dignity and it seems to work as the attackers move their efforts northward concentrating on finding easier prey. Amanda feels four hands tickling her tummy and by now she has come to know the difference between the hands she is grappling with inside the dark closet.

Jimmy's hands are not as noticeably bold and aggressive as the other pair of hands. Much like his personality they seem to be a bit on the

shy side even during the height of the continued assaults upon her body.

The same cannot be said for the other pair of hands- Naughty James' hands? -as they are anything but shy. Bold and aggressive they have been launching a continued series of daring strikes as the battle reaches a fever pitch. Not only that but they feel bigger and stronger even as they grasp and claw at her body.

Understanding escape is a forlorn thought considering how deep she has staggered into the closet, and even worse considering how she is completely tangled up in a mess of her own clothes, begging for mercy seems to be her only option.

"Please boys stop I . . . I can't take it anymore," she says half laughing, half crying. Implausibly, her pleading seems to be working as the tickling stops, but then what happens next may be far worse as she feels small inexperienced fingers once again fumbling at the clasps of her bra.

In a panic she manages to finally free her hands from the clutches of the bothersome dresses only to find them yanked backwards by the two larger hands with an iron grip.

She fights to free them from the vice like grip, but it is useless. With her hands now trapped miserably behind her back, Amanda lets out a small whimper as she feels a second bra clasp come undone.

"One more to go," she hears someone, James most likely, hiss in her ear. It's no surprise that is he is the one doing the dirty work in physically restraining her.

It again hits her that if they manage to get that final clasp undone on her bra, which now unfortunately seems like a foregone conclusion, things will really take an X-rated turn for the worse. Out of sheer desperation she does the only thing she can think to do—she whips her whole body savagely backwards and to the left. All three of them go tumbling into a heap landing in the corner. It works, momentarily anyway, as Jimmy's hands fall away from undoing her bra while James' hands lose their iron grip on her wrists.

She quickly struggles to her feet as her assailants fittingly now become tangled up in the same dresses that has so vexed her just moments ago. She wobbles forward this time heading in the right direction as she spots the thin shaft of light coming from under the closet door marking her goal.

Hazarding a glance behind her, she sees nothing but inky blackness while hearing a mighty thrashing taking place. A bit of anger flares inside of her as she hears the tearing of fabric hoping to hell it's not one of her good dresses.

She almost starts giggling as much from relief for reaching the closet door as from that silly thought that she just had—hoping it wasn't one of her good dresses. Yes indeed, how silly is that considering the circumstances she finds herself in, not to mention she has no occasion to wear good dresses anymore.

Just before reaching the closet door she manages to redo the two undone bra clasps giving her a further sense of relief- a relief that proves to be short lived.

She yanks violently at the door, twisting and turning it. The knob won't budge. She tries to batter open the door with her shoulder. It's useless as there is no give to the solid closet door.

Behind her she hears malicious laughter coming from the darkness. She can only wonder how much trouble she is in now as she turns to the darkness her knees shaking from fear - or was it raw untamed excitement for what might happen next.

Two dark shadows are advancing slowly on her. She feels a pair of hands grasp each wrist as she is dragged unceremoniously away from the door and away from freedom.

Deeper inside the closet she feels herself being spun around and around as she barely puts up a fight. Unfortunately for her, the battle is over. All that is left now is for the victors to collect their spoils.

After being spun around three or four times by these still tittering shapes she is completely disorientated and might have fallen down if they were still not grasping her wrists.

"W-hat are you going to do to me?" she cries in a voice barely above a whisper as they finally stop turning her around and around.

They answer not with words, but with actions as she soon feels two sets of hands swarming all over her tits- pinching, squeezing, and fondling them to no end.

A part of her wants to simply submit and allow these solid ghostly figures to have their way with her, but somehow she summons up one last vestige of strength and begins to fight back.

"No!! No!! Stop!!" she yells her voice tinged with quiet anger as she fights back aggressively at the fondling fumbling hands swatting them away from her tits. The hands slip off her tits and on down beginning a fresh raid on her bare tummy. This time the ensuing slap and tickle session is more aggressive than ever.

One set of hands concentrate on giving her a light playful tickle which she normally loves. She feels fingers dip into her belly button and then circle around again and again to lightly dance along her sides, while the second set of hands are applying an increasing harder series of pinches and slaps all over her mid-section while moving around in a seemingly random pattern.

Against the incessant slapping, tickling and pinching her hands are little help. Her attempts to resist are feeble at best. She is running out of strength, but more importantly running out of the will to fight.

It seems the hapless Amanda has used the last reserves of her waning strength to fend off that latest and most aggressive attack on her tits. Now she is at her wits ends as of what to do next as this whole experience is spinning rapidly out of her control.

There is nothing left to do, but swallow her pride and again beg for mercy as the slap and tickle session is only increasing in its intensity.

"Please boys, please Mommy can't take it anymore. Jimmy you . . . please stop baby. Show some mercy honey," she pleads as she doubles over nearly falling.

The tickling stops for the moment as Amanda stands there gasping for breath trying to regain her poise.

"Mercy, you want mercy. Fine I will give you a choice." The voice hissing in her ear is cold and devoid of emotion. "Maybe you would prefer to be fondled instead of tickled, mother. You can either submit to a long and protracted tickling session without mercy or . . ."

There is a moment's pause and then Jimmy's voice comes out of the darkness somewhere close by in the front of her. "Relax and let us play with those big beautiful boobies of yours Mommy."

She feels hot breath against her neck and then a whisper in her ear from behind. It's James' voice, this time much to her surprise softer and sweeter, "We promise to be gentle Mom. You have our word."

"Oh Jesus boys, can't you . . . can't you give me another option, another"

Her request is quickly interrupted by James' snarling, "This is the only other option bitch!" She is now subjected to a series of hard pinches from both sets of hands that start at her lower belly and ass and are moving steadily north towards her boobs.

"NO, NO, NO, please stop boys. Please . . ." Then the tickling starts again from the front just as the hands in the back slide down crawling all over her ass, pinching it and squeezing it harder and harder, before they start to viciously yank her panties down.

She struggles to push those hands in the back away from her panties, but at best only manages with what little strength she has left to stop them being pulled down any further.

There is nothing left for her to do as she senses if she doesn't submit willingly than things will only get worse.

"OK, OK you win. I submit. You guys can . . ."

"Can what!!" Comes the harsh voice from behind.

"Yes Mommy can what? Say it, you must. Remember we promise to be gentle." Jimmy voice is soothing and relaxed. It's a voice she can trust.

"Can play with my boobies."

"You won't try to stop us?" The voice from behind asks as she feels its fingers tugging and twisting at the clasps that hold her bra shut.

"No, I promise," she says letting her hands, which had been rising involuntarily to try and stop her bra from being undone, drop weakly back to her sides.

What happens next is a blur for poor Amanda. Jimmy's soft and gentle hands go to work fondling her tits through the thin lace material of her bra, while those other hands, the aggressive ones, continue to struggle with undoing her bra.

She feels a pair of fingers flicker lightly across her vulnerable nipples through the thin material of her bra making them snap to attention just as a warm moist mouth starts to kiss her neck from behind.

The kisses expertly find her weak spot on her neck, almost causing her knees to buckle before Jimmy ruins the fun with a whiny complaint.

"C-mon take her bra off already."

"I am trying bro, but it's like fucking Fort Knox you know so what is your problem."

"Huh I got two undone without much problem."

Amanda is almost amused as they seem to be fighting with each other much like real brothers would. And then Jimmy applies the coup de grace adding smugly, "And that is when she was fighting back like a proud lioness unlike now where . . ."

She lets out a sigh as Jimmy brings both hands up starting to knead her tits like two large loaves of bread soft and gentle as promised. "She is as meek as a lamb and yet you can't get even one single clasp undone."

"Oh yeah," James snorts back, "You want her fucking bra off well here goes."

Amanda feels her bra literally ripped open now as in a fit of frustration brought on by the quiet teasing from his alter ego James violently uses his brute strength to yank open Amanda's bra.

The clasps come undone with an audible popping noise as Amanda struggles to keep her hands still while fighting the flash of anger she feels for having her new bra obviously ruined.

"There goddamn it. It's undone. Now you can take it off you little baby," James says with a note of triumph in his voice.

Amanda feels his hands slipping down to her ass and gets ready to protest. She only agreed to let them touch her breasts and nothing more, but just as she opens her mouth she hears Jimmy whisper, "Shh say nothing. Let him have his way and he won't be . . . violent."

Amanda decides for the moment anyways to follow this advice and allow the unpredictable James some latitude. She says nothing but a soft OK just as she feels her bra slipping off her tits and fall to the closet floor.

The cold closet air invades her tits making her nipples become fully erect in a mere manner of seconds before she feels Jimmy's nice warm hands all over them. She is again pleasantly surprised at just how very warm his hands are as they fondle her naked tits.

She is in for another surprise though as one of James' hands slips away from her ass and grips her hand in a firm grasp. "I think you should let her touch you bro."

Again she opens her mouth to protest, but this time her protest is not cut off by a soft whispered command, but instead by James quickly bringing his other hand up, tangling it deep in her hair while twisting her face around.

Her open mouth is full of a protest about how she possibly cannot, positively will not, touch her son . . . there!! But her protest is quickly lost as she feels herself the victim of a long passionate kiss from this other.

After a moment's hesitation she kisses him back just as she hears an ominous sound in the deathly silence of the cold dark closet. The sound of a zipper being slowly pulled down.

Her hand, still trapped by the other more powerful one, and now being pushed forward, bumps against something very warm, very big and extremely hard. Jimmy's cock!!

She feels her fingers being opened just as James' tongue punches into her mouth; the sheer forcefulness of the kiss rocks her backward. Her fingers, controlled by James's hand still, lightly trace the outline of her son's cock. Considering his small stature she is a bit surprised as her fingertips reach the end noting that he must be a good six inches long.

A naughty excitement fills Amanda's heart at touching her son's cock. She tries, at first anyways, to fight what is happening. She brings her free hand around in an attempt to fight what is happening,

but is stopped as James quickly snatches this hand away and yanks it behind her back.

"Oh God boys you can't . . . you can't . . ." She never finishes. Jimmy brings his thumbs up and quickly flickers them over and over again against her fully erect nipples just as James brings his mouth to her neck once more and kisses it fiercely.

She loses the ability to speak as the dual combination of having her highly sensitized nipples being played with while at the same time having the weak point on her neck being showered with kisses sends sparkles of pure excitement shooting up and down her spine.

She offers little protest as James' kisses move up to her ear. He dips his tongue in and out of her ear several times before whispering, "Open your hand wider, Mother."

She obeys; opening her hand more curious than scared now to see what might happen next. Warm lube is being squirted onto the palm of her hand. Did ghosts travel with lube . . . just in case?

The thought almost makes her giggle before she realizes this is no laughing matter. She understands what she is expected to do and again that was not part of the bargain!

She tries to pull her hand away, but James hand rapidly makes escape impossible as he wraps it around hers using that vise like grip

once more. He slowly guides her hand forward again until it bumps up against Jimmy's stiff penis.

"Please, Mommy give it a little massage, please," he begs her as his hands go to work on her naked tits attacking her weak point once more as he flickers his fingers lightly across her delicate nipples.

She senses, maybe more willing than she is ready to admit, that she must comply. Her well-oiled hand slides easily up and down her son's long hard shaft while James showers her with more adoring kisses.

Their mouths crash together as her stroking picks up in intensity. Amanda's tongue slips into the warm inviting mouth of her attacker just as she feels his hand slip away from hers.

The long hot kiss with James continues as does Jimmy's eager fondling of her naked tits; it's all turning into a wicked blur for her of naughty sensations. At some point she senses that there are four eager hands all over her tits- squeezing, fondling, stroking, and caressing them so very sweetly.

Finally, it comes to her, lost in this daze of forbidden pleasure, if there are four hands assaulting her tits, then . . . then yet, Jesus, Oh God in heaven, she is still stroking her son's cock . . . of her own accord this time!!

Instead of stopping she continues on her merry way. It is at this point, when she realizes she is still very willing stroking her son's hard cock that she decides, maybe subconsciously, maybe fully aware of what she is doing to go all in.

She suggestively pushes her butt backwards rubbing against James' crotch in a most lewd manner just as their kisses renew in strength and intensity. He takes the bait pushing his hardness back up against her. She feels herself being humped now by this Naughty James character and it causes her to lose all sense of decency.

She rips her mouth away from his kiss and hisses to him, "Jesus, you are so big and hard little boy."

"Yes exactly eight and one half inches," he proudly states, "when I am hard like now, Mommy . . . a present for you courtesy of Dark Cupid."

Something snaps inside of Amanda as she hears how big he is. With her free hand she reaches back and claws at his zipper, tugging it down almost violently before reaching inside his jeans and pulling out that big rock hard monster.

She pushes her butt back up against his hard cock as the little humping session, with his cock free from its cage now, is a thing of much more significance.

She strokes Jimmy's cock faster and faster while his hands are squeezing her tits with increasing fury. James hands have slipped down off her tits and are holding onto her mid-section as he drives his cock up against the softness of her panties.

It doesn't take long for the whole forbidden drama to come to a most explosive climax. First, she hears Jimmy let out a long moan, "Oh God Mommy I am cumming!!" She feels his penis jerk once, twice and then a warm load of cum is dripping on down both her wrist and the back of her hand.

Just bare moments after this, James grinds hard against her ass and then he lets out a long moan. The back of her panties are soaked with a geyser of hot cum.

They let her go. Immediately the guilt washes over her as she staggers towards the thin shaft of light emitting from under the door. She can only hope her long wicked ordeal is finally over as her hand grips the knob.

She resists the urge to turn around; resists the urge to try and make an attempt at further communication.

She lets out a huge sigh of relief when the knob turns easily. She pushes open the door and stumbles into the warmth of her bedroom only to find her much sought after relief is tinged with an air of disappointment.

The fun is over and while she is leaving the closet wholly unsatisfied the boys- yeah, as she reaches back and feels her cum stained panties and then glances down at the drying cum caked on her wrist and the back of her hand- yeah they got theirs all right!!

She doesn't sleep well that night. She knows what it is- pent up sexual frustration- plain and simple. The event in the closet only adds fuel to the fires of unfulfilled longings that have been building inside of over the past year and a half or so of being sexually chaste. All just as Dark Cupid planned.

The next day, fighting a vicious hangover, Amanda waits impatiently for Kay to show up. On the ride over to pick up her car, Amanda explains the fantastic events from the night before.

They decide to have lunch at a small deli across the street from Kay's office where they can discuss things further. The doctor again tries to dissuade Amanda from staying in that house.

"You must go dear, before it is too late. Doesn't the events last night show you that clearly?"

"Yes, no . . . well maybe, I don't know Kay . . . I wasn't hurt."

Toward the end of the lunch Kay is thoroughly frustrated by Amanda's stubborn insistence on staying in the house. She leans over

the small table between them and whispers, "Need I remind you . . . You were attacked!!"

Amanda takes a small sip of soup before answering. "Yes but they, I mean they didn't hurt me."

"They, Jesus, Amanda, they . . . what they did that alone should be enough to scare the living hell out of you."

Yes it does," Amanda replies in a small voice before pausing. "But not enough to leave. He was there, he would have protected me in the end of that I am sure."

"He ... as in Jimmy?"

"Yes of course who else but my sweet little Jimmy."

"Jesus," the doctor huffs slamming her napkin down in frustration. "I have," she glances at her watch, "about 45 minutes before my next appointment. Let's finish this in my office please."

"Please Kay I don't want to be a bother."

"I insist," Kay says grabbing the bill in one hand and Amanda's hand in the other.

Back in the privacy of her office Kay really lets loose on Amanda in one final attempt to get her to open her eyes to the very real danger she may be in.

"OK picking up where we left off in the deli . . . you called him 'sweet little Jimmy' as I recall?"

"Yes," Amanda answers shifting uncomfortably in the old battered chair sitting across from Kay. She feels like a naughty school girl who has been summoned to the head master's office.

"The same sweet little Jimmy that was hard for his mommy and . . . came all over her hand while she was forced to stroke him."

Amanda sighs deeply. She had not told Kay everything; maybe now was the time. "I . . . well forced maybe is too strong of a word Kay. I mean maybe at first yes, but by the end I was . . . touching him willingly."

The doctor shakes her head. "And the other, were you touching him willing also."

"You mean James?"

"Amanda we don't know it was James. How could it? Jimmy is James remember?"

"I don't know Doctor Adams . . . I mean Kay, but it has to be. Any other thought is unbearable to consider."

"I agree I suppose. But even if it was Naughty James my dear somehow come to life with his own body, are you not worried of his . . . final intentions towards you and do you think Jimmy would actually be able to stop him."

The doctor peers at Amanda over her horn rimmed glasses before adding, "That is if he even wants to."

"I don't know. Truly I don't but you . . ." Now it's Amanda's turn to lean forward and stare at her friend intently. "You weren't there. I felt his love, his need for his Mommy . . . despite the . . . things they were doing to me."

"Yes, well I admit I can't even imagine what you must be going through." She reaches out across the desk and touches Amanda's hand lightly. "Please reconsider dear for the next time I fear they may go further."

"If there is a next time." Amanda replies softly.

"You almost sound disappointed that there might not be?"

Amanda doesn't respond, but instead only smiles wanly; her heart is racing at the mere thought of things going much further as the doctor suggested.

They leave it at that so Kay has time to prepare for her next patient. While she is driving home Amanda thinks over everything Kay has told her and once again decides to ignore her advice.

It was with a mixed feelings that Amanda passed the time as Valentine's Day approaches. While she ignored Kay's advice to leave the house still her warning did strike a chord inside of her. Amanda was scared, that much could not be denied, but at the same time she was shamefully looking forward to what might happen next.

The holidays had been tough on her. Kay had invited her over to her house first on Thanksgiving, and then had to cancel at the last moment when she had to leave town because her sister had a stroke.

Then incredibly it happened again. Amanda had accepted Kay's gracious invitation to come by for Christmas dinner, but this time Kay's husband had a near fatal heart attack and had to be rushed to the hospital.

It was almost as if fate itself was conspiring to keep Amanda alone over the holidays. But little did Amanda understand the great power

of Dark Cupid. This was all part of his master plan to keep Amanda lonely and bored as Valentine's Day approached- regardless who he had to hurt with his magical powers.

The house has been so quiet ever since that night in the closet without the slightest hint of anything supernatural happening. She no longer felt like she was putting on a show every time she got undressed. Coffee was no longer being prepared for her in the mornings. She could no longer hear the pitter patter of little feet running the hallways upstairs when she was downstairs. No longer could she hear soft giggles coming from around the next corner in the big old house, half expecting something to jump out and try and scare her.

All these extraordinary things which had been happening on at least a semi-regular basis since the accident, had ceased once and for all after the incident in the closet.

After that night, Amanda sensed an emptiness in the house that scared her. She felt almost abandoned. She was desperate now for contact, even contact such as she experienced in the closet that night.

Another long boring day is drawing to a close. The last thing she does before going upstairs to turn in for the night is mark off the day on the calendar. With a hand shaking in fevered anticipation Amanda carefully draws an X thru the date on her wall calendar that hangs in the kitchen. The date is February 13th.

The clock is just starting to strike midnight when she heads out of the kitchen. It is here, finally, the long awaited date. She flips off the light switch trying to ignore the butterflies in her stomach.

No sooner does the light go off than she perceives she hears whispering in the now dark kitchen. She pauses at the threshold, turning to listen closely.

She hears small whispered voices excitedly bantering back and forth. It's Jimmy and James!!

"It's here."

"Yes, finally. She should celebrate."

"Make her famous Valentine Cake."

"Yes, yes that would be delicious."

"A tasty midnight snack."

Her heart skips a beat as she hurries back into the kitchen flipping on the light. The fact was she had planned on making her famous Valentine's Day Cake—white cake with pink frosting—that night when they got home.

"Wow they work fast," she exclaims quietly to herself. The kitchen counter is already filled up with baking utensils. All the ingredients she needs to make both the cake and her homemade pink frosting are already set up and to go.

Despite it being midnight, of course, she will make the cake as to do otherwise would go against the spirit of everything that has happened so far. Like the whispered voices said- apparently a midnight snack is in order.

A few minutes later, after having just finished up putting the cake in the oven and finishing up with the frosting she relaxes against the kitchen counter half expecting something strange is about to happen.

The whole time she was whipping together the cake she had the feeling of being watched, and now, suddenly the overhead kitchen light goes out with an audible pop.

The kitchen is dark and apparently is meant to stay that way as her flicking on and off the light switch does nothing. She sighs stumbling around in the dark trying to remember exactly what drawer the candles are in when she hears the kitchen curtains over the large sink being pulled open.

She turns to see a flash in the darkness as moonlight floods the kitchen. She peers outside and her breath catches in her throat.

Maybe the largest most vivid full moon she has ever seen hangs high in the midnight sky.

The entire kitchen seems almost glowing with the brilliant rays of this super moon reaching nearly every corner. Her palms grow sweaty as she sees a dark shadow forming across the kitchen from her.

She hears a soft voice whispering in her ear. "Don't try to run . . . and fight back just enough to make it interesting, Mommy and you will be alright."

"Jimmy I-" She tries to respond, but he is already gone as the dark shadow now taking the shape of a manly figure slowly advances across the kitchen towards her.

She can make out nothing about the shape's appearance other than a pair of glowing eyes that seem to sparkle in the moonlight. Then the kitchen is plunged into darkness as the moon dips behind a heavy bank of clouds.

She remains stock still frozen against the kitchen counter as she feels the presence coming closer. A small scraping noise causes her blood to chill as it the unmistakable sound of a knife being drawn out of the wood knife block on the counter right next to her.

For a brief moment after hearing the ominous sound of the knife being drawn she ponders fleeing from the kitchen. But then she remembers Jimmy's advice. She must trust it.

A warm insubstantial hand brushes her face. She shrinks back against the kitchen counter just as the moon breaks from its cloud cover.

The eyes are an intense icy blue and indeed they are glowing. Everything else about the shape is cast in darkness as it stands there . . . leering . . . at her. She catches the flash of her five inch utility knife as it catches the moon's rays.

She tries to control her breathing as it comes closer hovering mere inches from her chest. She starts to move to her left trying to get away from the knife's sharp edge, but there is no escape.

A hand with an iron grip snatches her wrist as the knife is brought up just under her chin. "Relax, mother," James' voice hisses.

All the energy drains out of her she obeys his command. She watches the knife slip down to her chest once more. She is wearing a casual pink long sleeve poplin shirt. He pushes the knife closer to her chest toying with the first button before with a deft flick of his wrist he quickly pops the first button free.

She lets out a small gasp as she now clearly sees his attentions as the knife drops to the second button. He makes short work of this one too as he does the remaining buttons. Her shirt hangs up revealing her pretty white lace bra that is a bit too small for her enormous tits.

The shadowy figure steps back as the kitchen falls into darkness once more. His voice floats out of the darkness bold and confident. "Take it off."

Amanda only hesitates briefly before stripping off her ruined shirt. "The jeans too."

She tries to plea with him. "James, please no . . ."

The knife comes up catching the rays of the moon once again as it escapes from yet another cloud bank. His eyes turn from their icy blue to a fiery red.

Red the color of anger. She starts to unbutton her jeans knowing to do otherwise is tempting fate. She slowly strips off her jeans dropping them to the floor with a sigh feeling very vulnerable now as she stands there half naked in front of this spectral figure.

Fight back just enough . . . to make it interesting. The whispered words echo in her brain as she makes a sudden dash toward the entryway leading out of the kitchen. She is almost there as she risks a peek over her shoulder. The dark shape has not moved, but instead

is laughing quietly. When she turns back just as she is about to exit the kitchen at a mad dash it is suddenly there.

Despite his obscure and vague appearance the shadowy figure of James is very substantial indeed a chastened Amanda finds out. It was like running into a brick wall.

She bounces back as the thing chuckles at her, before grabbing her wrist in its iron tight grip again.

She is dragged across the kitchen and slammed roughly up against the large refrigerator. She barely has time to catch her breath and react before he is upon her savagely kissing her neck while pawing at her large breasts through the flimsy material of her lace bra.

She allows him/it to have its way for a few seconds before panic sets in and she impulsively lashes out giving the thing a hard shove. It falls backward a few steps, apparently cut off guard by the suddenly aggressive Amanda, before it reaches and grabs her pulling her into its smoky embrace.

"Hmm, mother fights back. I like that," James snickers.

She tries to twist away, tries to batter him with her clenched fists, but it only laughs at her feeble attempts and grips her wrist tightly, before pulling her back across the kitchen this time pinning her against the counter opposite the fridge.

"Turn around and put your goddamn hands behind your back." When she doesn't comply quickly enough he picks up the knife and threatens her with it. The sharp five inch blade gleams menacingly in the soft eerie light of the kitchen.

The kitchen passes into darkness again as the moon disappears behind another thick cloud bank. Giving up the fight she turns around wondering what she had planned. She half expects to feel her panties unceremoniously being yanked down, but instead hears a tearing noise like he is ripping up one of her good small drying towels.

She the thick strands of her shredded towel being first quickly wrapped and then expertly knotted around her wrists. She is now bound and helpless as he spins her back around.

"Please . . ." she whimpers.

"Please indeed . . . I think I will," the James thing laughs before bringing its lips to hers. He starts a long series of furious and brutal kisses that end up on the very vulnerable part of her neck. She is hating what James is doing to her, while at the same time she feels herself getting incredibly wet and turned on.

Her excitement only increases as his feral attack upon her neck ceases. He steps back for a moment just as the kitchen becomes awash in moonlight yet again.

She stands there panting as the James thing ogles her with those still red hellish eyes. He reaches out and in one quick movement jerks the front of her lace bra down allowing her large tits to come spilling out.

Amanda struggles against the knotted dishtowel wrapped around her wrists, but it is to no avail as she is helpless bound.

"Please . . . be gentle with your mother, James," she pleads.

"Hmm gentle . . . like this maybe." He picks up the nearby wooden spatula which she had used to whip the frosting. "Gentle when one frosts a cake maybe."

She watches as the spatula, caked with a heavy coating of pink frosting draws nearer. He proceeds to spend the next few minutes spreading a generous amount of frosting all over her tits.

She is relaxing as the frosting actually feels good on her tits. Cool and smooth to the touch. But even more so she relaxes because he is applying the frosting so very gently and patiently . . . much like Jimmy would she imagines.

He steps back after a moment to admire his handiwork, but just then the moon disappears again allowing the kitchen to slip into dark shadows.

"Hmm such beauty should not be obscured for a lack of light."

No sooner does he speak the words than the small light over the stove on the other side of the kitchen flickers on. It casts just enough light for Amanda to see as she looks down her tits look like a pair of giant pink frosted cakes. '

"As I recall, Jimmy always just loved cleaning up after his Mommy whenever she baked him a cake. He especially ahh . . ." The eyes are turning a soft blue again as strong hands grip her around the waist. "Loved licking the excess frosting up."

She feels herself being lifted easily up and onto the counter top where with bated breath she watches the figure of James lowers its face to her chest.

"Oh God . . ." she whispers as his tongue lashes out licking a generous portion of the frosting off in one fell swoop. He carefully proceeds to playfully lick the frosting off of each of her boob saving the best for last.

Both her boobs are completely bare of frosting except for her nipples. He raises up for a brief moment and looks at her. Amanda has been leaning back on the counter, eyes shut, enjoying the attentions of his careful patient tongue lapping the cool frosting off of her tits.

It was an exhilarating experience having this ghostly figure with its wicked tongue lapping the frosting off her tits. Finally, he gets around to slowly licking the pink frosting off her distended nipples.

She lets out a long moan as his tongue carefully slurps and splashes over her nipples again and again until they are completely clean. He pulls back and gently pulls a still panting Amanda off the kitchen counter.

"Did you like that, Mother," he asks quietly.

"Oh God yes . . . but can't I . . . I want to see you . . . better. Please."

"Umm you wanna see me. Yeah well just maybe I have a way. Close your eyes and I will show you when you open them again. A surprise."

She obeys closing her eyes tightly as she hears a sound like the bowl of frosting being picked up. She wonders what he is up to as she waits anxiously for her surprise.

"Open your eyes mother."

She opens her eyes and lets out a small gasp. She can certainly see him better now. At least one part of him anyways as the black

shadowy figure now has what appears to be a giant pink pole jutting out from his body.

"Jesus honey," she whispers staring down at his frosting covered cock. It must be a good nine inches . . . maybe even 10 inches long!!

"Now it's your turn, Mother," the figure announces wrapping a hand in her hair and forcing her to her knees. "Now do a good job and clean it all up . . . and don't you dare stop until you get your gooey surprise at the end."

He lets out a surprise as Amanda, positions herself on her knees wondering how she is ever going to get that big thing in her mouth.

He starts to use his hand to press her face forward as she whimpers, "Please no . . . I can't."

He ignores her pleas as the frosted cover tip of his penis bumps up against her lips. Resigning herself to her fate she opens her mouth and starts to swallow his cock while sliding her tongue all around the bulbous head of his cock.

God the frosting tastes delicious!! She thinks as she continues to slurp and slide her tongue up and down his long hard shaft. Up and down her tongue travels as James lets out a moan when her tongue finds the sensitive spot just under the head of his cock.

She opens her mouth wide and takes a deep breath as she begins to swallow as much as she can of his good nine to ten inches. Further and further his sweet tasting cock slips into her mouth until she feels it bumping up against the back of her throat.

She starts to bob up and down, going fast and then slow, and then faster again helped by his guiding hand which is still tangled deep in her hair.

Finally, after deep throating his cock several times she lets it slide out once again to finish the job of licking all the frosty away. She takes her time going slow and patient cleaning his cock off thoroughly while the need build inside of her to have him in her mouth again. She wants her gooey surprise at the end!!

Up and down her mouth flies as she takes more and more of him inside her with every bob of her mouth. He is moaning like crazy now and then without warning her mouth is filled with sweet tasting cum. She swallows it all down without even thinking to do otherwise as he kindly helps her back to her feet.

"That was wonderful mother. How did I taste."

"Hmm utter deliciously sweetheart . . . of course." And then he is gone as the lights pop back on and the torn drying towel falls from around her wrists.

A much shaken Amanda is left alone to finish her cake. For some reason she doesn't have quite enough frosting to completely cover the cake when it comes out of the oven and is cooled enough to frost.

It is just past 1am when she finally heads upstairs wondering if they are done with her for the night . . . or are things just getting started.

She enters the bedroom and pauses, checking to see if anything appears amiss. Everything appears normal. She heads over to her dresser and opens the bottom drawer where she keeps her bras deciding to put on some fresh underwear hoping maybe this will help dispel the memories from the attack in the kitchen. To think of what just happened down there will surely keep her from falling asleep quickly.

She selects her newest bra . . . just in case there are to be in further adventures. One she just picked up the other day when she went shopping with this exact day in mind. It is a pretty lace black bra that looks simply delicious on her.

Inside the bathroom, she takes her time brushing her teeth and making sure she looks nice, just in case, before emerging from the bathroom.

She pauses, the bedroom is totally dark except for a lighted path of candles leading to her bed. The bathroom light almost immediately turns off by itself. She reaches back flipping the switch- nothing.

"Of course," she sighs to herself turning her attention to the candle lit path. The path is interspersed by small flutes of what she guesses might be champagne all along the path.

There must be a good half dozen of the little flutes she notes as she starts her journey. It is obvious she is expected to drink them as she goes along. She picks up the first flute, smells it—it is champagne—and then downs it quickly in one large gulp before she gets too worried to do anything else.

Feeling a bit tipsy she slips off her robe and climbs into the bed pulling the covers up over her body as protection . . . but from what. From the darkness maybe for as soon as she settles herself down in the bed all the candles go out.

Within a few minutes of closing her eyes she is dreaming—or is she? She thinks she feels a pair of warm bodies snuggling up next to her under the covers, but she can't be sure as she is finding it hard to focus her thoughts. Is it Jimmy and James or is it only wishful thinking?

Instead of fighting it, she simply slips back into a fitful doze. Sometime later she feels the soft flicker of fingers rubbing her tummy, up and down, all over, and then down to her thighs and then back up her arms.

She opens her eyes slowly and sees in the faint dancing light two shapes under the sheets on both sides of her. It must be a dream. The

source of the light is from a various assortment of small lighted candles resting on the nightstands on either side of her bed.

Thinking of pulling the sheet back to reveal whoever is under them, she tries to move her arms, but they feel like dead weight. Her eyes are starting to burn; she can barely keep them open any longer. She gives in and closes them just as the fingertips start to stroke her bare belly once again

She thinks she wakes up a few minutes later to find a pair of hands roaming everywhere. One hand is on her thigh, another rubbing her tummy, and yet another on her other thigh, and still another tracing small circles on her arm. There is a moment of panic as she remembers earlier the two shapes under the sheets.

I must do something . . . must say something as the hands are now coming closer to the more intimate areas of her body.

She opens her mouth thinking to protest, but only a small moan escapes her lips as she feels gentle fingertips dancing all over the soft material of her bra.

She tries to move, but only manages a slight shift in her position, and then she hears a whispered voice, "Shh . . . I think she is awake."

Another voice responds softer . . . she cannot make the words out- and then she feels a rustling under the sheets along with a tinge of disappointment as the hands are removed.

A soft stroke on her cheek- a whispered voice in her ear, "Don't open your eyes, Mommy just drink this." A glass touches her lips, she smells the odor of the champagne, but refuses to open her lips -now sure the champagne is drugged. She turns her head away, and another hand pushes it back towards the glass.

"Come on now, drink."

She refuses again and again, despite their soft coaxing, and then she feels a hard pinch on her tummy, another on the underside of her boob. The last pinch startles her enough to where she opens her mouth to complain.

This is all it takes. The glass is right there waiting- the cool champagne is pouring into her mouth. She does what comes natural as the sweet taste of it is too hard to resist. She swallows it down greedily.

"That's it Mommy . . . drink it down . . . drink it all down." The voice, bold and confident, sounds like James'.

"You want more I think. Yes of course you do." A fresh glass is at her lips again. Being stubborn she again refuses, and this time when they

start pinching her she is ready. Instead of opening her mouth to cry out she bites her lip enduring the pain.

"OK, be like that. I will just pour it out then."

The champagne, first a mere drop or two, and then a steady trickle pours onto her chest. It is freezing cold as it spreads across her chest, and then down under her bra causing her nipples to become fully erect in a matter of seconds.

"OK . . . OK . . . stop," she whines realizing resistance is futile. "I will drink . . . here." She opens her mouth swallowing two full flutes of champagne back to back.

The warm fuzzy feeling does not take long in coming. It feels like she is floating on a cloud of light air. Her head falls back on the pillow from the warm, beautiful sensations washing over her in wave after wave.

She dozes off again, and again the naughty dreams haunt her sleep more real than ever. This time she senses the hands massaging her to be more aggressive, more determined to . . . to what? She does not know.

The hands are starting low on her thighs and patiently working their way upward. Two hands on each leg, she feels every inch of her thighs being caressed as up they travel in tandem. They glide across

her hips, and onto her tummy. The slithering, dancing fingertips tease her to no end while maintaining their upward trajectory. She exhales lightly as the dancing fingers converge on her bra.

The fingers are stroking the skin just above and below her bra, before she hears the faint voices start up again. "Mommy's boobies are so nice and big." Another quiet voice murmurs its agreement as the twin pair of hands begin to caress her tits through her bra.

The blanket is being pulled down- allowing the cool night air inside the bedroom to settle over her nearly naked upper body. The air seems unnaturally cold, while the hands touching her, stroking her, feeling her tits with increasing recklessness, feel ever so warm.

A small hand caresses her cheek, and when she turns toward it a soft kiss greets her lips. And then a hand on the opposite cheek, caressing, she turns that way only to meet another warm pair of lips, another kiss- this one longer and deeper.

It goes on- her face being turned this way and then that way- exchanging kiss after kiss. She does not resist -telling herself it's only a naughty dream.

A mouth slips down to her neck and kisses it gently. She lets out a soft moan as fingers slip under her bra and begin stroking her erect nipples. Back and forth the fingers are flickering across her nipples making them ache with desire.

She starts another long slow kiss with no intention of wanting it to end -her tongue slides out feeling a moist small mouth - a mouth from her past - a mouth her tongue had dreamed of exploring that night before he was gone for good.

There is a rustling around on the bed as the whispers continue. She cannot make out what is being said so she gives up and lets sleep overtake her once more.

What happens next is all a blur as she seems to fade in and out of consciousness with her eyes closing only to flicker open again and again. She opens her eyes to see a dark shape is sitting lightly on her stomach straddling her. Something thick and hard is poking up and in between her tits. She shuts her eyes not wanting to see anymore.

Under the sheet, something long and hard is pushed into one hand, while her other hand is guided down and in between her thighs. At first she thinks it's one of her long forgotten sex toys- one of her dildo's maybe-but this one is much bigger than anything she has. Its size scares her at first . . . scares her until she realizes this is all much too unreal to be happening anyways, and slips back into the comfortable notion this is all nothing but a dream.

She momentarily opens her eyes again only to find another dark shape is looming over her right next to her pillow. A hand tangles itself in her hair twisting her head. She feels the hard throbbing sweetness at her lips and knows what she must do. Her mouth slowly opens, and she takes him in just as the figure on top of her starts pumping away.

The eight inches between her legs, steered by a steady guiding hand that is not her own, pierces her as she lets out a gasp cut short by the cock that is being rammed back and forth inside her mouth. The figure on top of her uses its hands to squish her tits together and then slowly pumps its hips back and forth sliding its hardness in between her tits.

Amanda only hears snatches of conversation- "Fuck her tits . . . harder . . . go on . . . harder!! . . . Suck on it . . . bitch . . . suck my cock, mother . . . you know you want . . ."

She bucks her hips convulsively needing to reach the orgasm inside of her that is growing second by second in its undeniable intensity. It is her hand now working the dildo in and out with increasing speed as the other one has slipped away.

The old bed is creaking from the hard titty fucking she is getting from the huge cock stuffed in between her tits. Her head lifts up and down off the pillow in rhythm with the cock sliding in and out of her mouth. She is eager to please sucking on the shape's cock most willingly.

More snatches of breathless conversation reaches her through what seems to be a fog. "Going to cum . . . Yeah . . . all over her . . . I'm ready too . . . Yeah . . . suck it . . . fuck yourself . . . harder . . . OH GOODDD!!!"

Amanda feels twin geysers of cum erupt first on her chest, and then second on her face and maybe up and into her hair, but sadly- just as she was almost there- she feels the dildo that was about to make her cum being swatted cruelly away as a cold voice hisses, "Remember what Dark Cupid said . . . no self-gratification, Mother."

That cold voice hissing in her ear is the last thing she remembers before slipping off into a dreamless sleep without considering the implications of what just happened . . . that is if it was even real.

She awakens in the morning feeling refreshed . . . and dirty as the dreams she had last night flood her memory.

There is no sign of candles; no empty champagne flutes lying about; no evidence to point toward what happened last night was anything but a dream.

She lets out a sigh of relief as she gets up out of the bed and heads toward the bathroom. About halfway there she hears an audible thud . . . like something fell from her bed and hit the floor.

She turns and there it is. A large flesh colored dildo. It is not one of the two she owns as neither of them is nearly that big. She crosses the room and picks it up. It feels . . . sticky.

She drops it on the bed with a gasp knowing what that means. She reaches a hand up, touching her face, as fresh memories of the dream come to her.

She feels something dried and crusty on her face. She hadn't noticed it upon awakening and wonders what it might be while all along knowing exactly what it is. She rushes into the bathroom and looks at herself in the mirror.

"Oh God," she whispers to herself as she sees the dry streaks are not only encrusted on the side of her face, but also in her hair. And then she spots the white dried streaks that stand out clearly on her black bra. She touches the streaks of white on her bra- hard and crusty- just like dried cum would be!!

Oh God . . . it wasn't a dream after all. They really did take advantage of me last night.

After a long hot shower she feels better about things while wondering just what this Valentine Day's might have in store for her. If last night was any indication she will be in for one helluva ride.

It is almost nine when she heads downstairs with the smell of fresh coffee and maybe bacon and eggs reaching her as she descends the stairs slowly. Now who would have made her breakfast on this fateful morning? She has an idea who and it brings a smile to her lips.

Her smile grows wider as indeed breakfast is waiting for her along with a beautiful single red rose in a vase sitting in the middle of her small kitchen table. There is a note attached to the vase.

Mommy:

Last night was simply wonderful. I hoped you enjoyed it as much as we did.

Luv,

Jimmy & James

"Oh I did babies, I did," she murmurs a bit sadly though as she remembers her chance at having a powerful orgasm being snatched away at the very last moment.

After eating her delicious breakfast of scrambled eggs, two slices of bacon, and a glass of orange juice with a side of toast she grabs her phone meaning to call Kay with the news of what happened last night. Her phone is dead despite the fact she put it on the charger before getting in the shower.

She picks up the house phone. The line is dead. Are they are purposefully cutting her off? Just to be sure she grabs her car keys after throwing on a coat and heads out to the driveway.

Despite it being a bright sunny day the air is bitterly cold. She remembers the forecast when she watched the weather yesterday. The announcer cheerily stated it might be the coldest Valentine Day in Vermont's history with a projected low of minus 10 degrees Fahrenheit for the day. The high was only supposed to be 12 degrees.

She wraps the coat tighter around her body and hops into the car. Of course it doesn't start. Shaking her head she looks up at the house and sees Jimmy smiling at her from his former bedroom window that overlooks the driveway. He disappears almost as quickly as she spots him.

It appears now that without a doubt they are cutting her off. Come nightfall she imagines the power will be gone and maybe the little devils will even kill the furnace while they are up to their mischief.

Without heat and light, no phone, bitterly cold outside, - the nearest neighbor is nearly a mile away- she will truly be at their mercy. She heads out to the mailbox at the end of the long driveway before going back inside the house.

She has a letter from Kay waiting for her inside the mailbox. Amanda resists the urge to rip the envelope open standing right there at the end of the driveway and hurries back inside the house. She makes a beeline for the couch to read the letter.

Amanda:

I have been doing quite a bit more research on our little friend Dark Cupid. Without going into great detail as to what I learned (basically I am afraid too much information might be a bad thing for you at this point) I will just summarize.

I was wrong in telling you not to think of Jimmy as being sweet and innocent. That is exactly how you should think of him. Sweet, innocent and childlike. I think maybe the best way to view him is as a young man trapped in a child's body with a child's sweet innocent heart yet still having manly desires that burn bright. Confusing enough for you? Sorry, but that is the best I can do.

It seems our friend DC likes to see his pets (for sadly that is the way I feel he views all three of you—Jimmy, James and yourself) share the love only a mother can have for her sweet innocent baby boy and vice versa—while at the same time there is an undeniable yearning of pure sexual desire just smoldering under the surface between mother and son as "mommy's little boy" grows big and strong and becomes a young man.

Yes, I think it is very possible he has had his eye on the two of you for a very long time. That animal running out in front of your car two years ago causing the crash may have been very much planned by him.

As for now, I think in death Jimmy has come to represent the sweetness and innocence he always displayed while alive, while James has come to represent that smoldering sexual desire.

I truly believe what happens on this Valentine's Day eve will more than likely be steeped in sweetness and innocence at first, but will, at some point, turn quite wicked. To try and change the script at this point in the game would be dangerous and anger our powerful friend. To avoid all this you MUST leave now, before it is too late—to do otherwise invites the unthinkable.

But tonight—if you decide to stay which I suspect you shall- when things start to happen, you must view both of them as being nothing more than innocent babes in the woods so to speak and then as things grow . . . ahh wicked between the three of you allow that still smoldering sexual desire to . . . explode.

You must be fully prepared to play their games with reckless abandon . . . but only after first trying your best to be a "good mother". Again this is all for his voyeuristic pleasure and I suspect he does not want the prey (you) to succumb so easily to the predators. (them)

Kay

Amanda sets the letter aside and carefully reviews in her mind everything Kay has told her. Should she leave?? She supposes she could strike out on foot, but to where and on this bitterly cold day?

That is not an idea worth even exploring. No she shall stay and face her demons—her sweet innocent childlike twin demons.

After a few minutes, she slips into a deep sleep after stretching out on the coach under a thick comforter. She rests for a good three hours before awakening and reading the letter again. She wants to make sure she is clear on this final bit of advice Kay has given her before night arrives.

She stares at the old grandfather clock in the corner willing it to move faster. She highly suspects nothing of note will happen until after dark. The waiting for what might happen is making her despondent as she heads into the kitchen thinking to make herself a light lunch.

She needn't bother. The lunch, a steaming bowl of chicken noodle soup and a half of tuna fish sandwich is sitting on the kitchen table already prepared. Her heart flutters when she spies the earlier single red rose in the vase has been replaced by three beautiful yellow roses.

She sips on her soup and munches on the sandwich while fighting that nagging lonely feeling that seems to be her only friend. The old house has never felt so quiet and utterly empty as it does at this very moment.

Around 3:30 pm she is relaxing in the living room under a blanket reading a trashy romance novel when her eyes start to get tired. A few minutes later she is dozing peacefully.

It is dark when she feels a tickling at her bare feet and then a soft whisper. She slowly opens her eyes trying to control her breathing.

"Is she awake?"

"Not sure . . . maybe."

It's the boys' whispered voices she is hearing. Another bit of tickling on her bare foot that is hanging out from under the comforter. She involuntarily jerks it back and then, still half asleep, she sits up.

The house is dark and cold except for the slivers of moonlight that are streaming in from the outside. The old furnace, always loud and noisy, should be running- but it is not. She reaches over and pulls on the lamp chord.

Nothing. She turns as she hears the sound of giggling off in the darkness somewhere. Her foot bumps the remote resting on floor next to the couch. She points it at the TV and clicks the on button. The television stays silent.

Sitting on the couch, coming fully awake, Amanda is cold, very cold that is, as the comforter has fallen off her body, or maybe pulled is more like it.

A palatable feeling of excitement mixed with anxiety fills her heart, especially when she notes the other odd thing that has occurred while she slept so peacefully.

Now she knows why she is so damn cold. She is sitting there in just her bra and panties. She strains her eyes in the darkness and sees her jeans and blouse laying on the floor in a heap.

Jesus they undressed me while I slept and I never even noticed. The soup . . . I bet it was drugged!!

Her thoughts are interrupted as she hears more tittering and then the pitter patter of feet dashing up the stairs. She sighs now knowing the games are about to begin.

Amanda crosses the dark living room slowly after attempting to click on another lamp across the room. Of course, it does not work. She gives up knowing they killed the power . . . along with the heat . . . and her car . . . and both her cell and house phones. She should be scared, but instead is only excited by the way they have so cleverly trapped her.

At the top of the stairs she pauses; she can hear water running. It sounds like it's coming from her bedroom. Using the wall as a guide, she makes her way carefully down the dark hallway to her bedroom.

Stepping inside the bedroom, she sees her bathroom door is open with a soft flickering glow coming from it. The sound of water disappears as she approaches the bathroom. Entering the bathroom, she nearly faints. The magic of Dark Cupid again makes itself known to her in a most wonderful fashion.

The old small tub/shower combination she had in her bathroom has been magically replaced with a gorgeous sunken roman tub. The tub is both wide and deep and perfectly suited for taking long relaxing bubble baths which must be their idea as the water has a thick covering of fluffy snow white bubbles.

The surrounding dark marble is covered with a plethora of small tea light candles casting the bathroom in a romantic radiance which makes her heart flutter.

She sees steam rising from the tub which reminds her how very cold she is, but maybe more importantly she spots three small flutes of what she can assume to be champagne sitting on the marble next to the tub.

She bends over, and in the luminous candle light sees each flute has a small yellow sticky note attached to it with a single word that spells out:

Happy Valentine's Day

Obviously they want her to drink the champagne and get in the tub. She reaches around and unhooks her bra, slips out of her panties, and then dips a toe in the tub. The water is at an absolute perfect temperature as it is wonderfully warm without being too hot.

She slides her naked body into the water and under the bubbles before reaching over and grabbing the nearest of the three flutes. She downs it quickly as she does the second, before taking her time and sipping on the third.

She sits there trying to fortify her nerves for whatever is going to happen. She is quite sure she won't be alone for too terribly long. She sighs as she finishes up the third flute as that warm fuzzy feeling begins to overtake her.

There is a wet washcloth lying on the marble next to her. Picking it up she uses it to cover her eyes as she slips down in the soothing bubbles and relaxes.

A few minutes later, after dozing off into a light sleep, she suddenly jerks awake sensing she is no longer alone. She opens her eyes under the wash cloth, but stays very still.

She hears the tip toeing of feet crossing the bathroom floor and then first one, and then a second splash as both Jimmy and James climb into the tub with her. Although she could not see them, she did not have to - - she just knew in her heart it was them.

One of them grabs her hands gently pulling her up to a sitting position as the other one slips around the back of her. The wash cloth falls off and much to her amazement in the flickering candle light she can see Jimmy perfectly in front of her.

She had half expected them to be invisible, or at least in the form of a shadowy figure that fades in and out like before -but no Jimmy, in all his sweet innocence is right there.

"Hi, Mommy, did you miss me?"

She looks at him for a second and smiles. He looks younger and sweeter than ever. It would seem impossible at first blush, but if anything he has grown even more irresistibly cute in the last two years. His soft dimpled cheeks seem to shine in the soft glow of the candles. His light brown hair is short and neatly trimmed making him look so much younger than he really is, or was, she is not sure what the case might be.

It has been two years since his apparent death at the young age of eighteen, but there he sits- still looking so very adorably cute and innocent to her.

And then, as if he was reading her mind, James whispers in her ear from behind. "What about me . . . am I cute too, Mommy?" His voice has lost all its former hardness and bitterness that she remembers from before and is as sweet as Jimmy's.

She whips her head back, almost embarrassed that she forgot about her son's alter ego, her son's twin, this other- whatever the hell he is -come to life, but only after death.

All once the candles in the room flare brighter allowing her to easily see James. She blinks her eyes and stares. He is beautiful. No not handsome, but gorgeous- if that word indeed can be used to describe a young man.

He has wavy, Aryan-gold hair that is long and wild. He stares at her back with icy blue eyes setting his marble jaw of pure maleness.

He has a pair of shoulders that Atlas himself would be proud just above a chest that ripples with muscles. He raises a bit up out of the water showing off his six pack, before giving her a roguish smile. She manages to tear her eyes away from his rippling muscles only to find herself lost as she stares spell bound by those deep ocean blue eyes.

She takes a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves, and takes in the odor of pure masculine sex. She briefly thinks of what must be resting under those soft bubbles in between his legs and it instantly makes her pussy wet.

Not being able to take it any longer, Amanda makes the safe choice and turns back to her other son—the cute one. She reaches out wanting to touch Jimmy- wanting to see if he feels as real as he looks.

She strokes his cheek, "Yes, Mommy I am here . . . and I am real . . . both of us are . . . until the end of Valentine's Day . . . until midnight that is."

James puts his hands on her shoulders, massaging them gently, as he whispers in her ear, "We are going to give you a Valentine's night that you shall never forget, Mother."

"Oh God . . . you really are here this . . . can't be happening, but it is. I have so many questions. I mean how is there two of you?"

"Shh, no questions can be asked, Mommy. He does not like his . . ." Jimmy starts out.

"Methods questioned. Just relax, enjoy our company and act as if everything is innocent and normal," James finishes for his "brother".

Amanda almost snorts in laughter. Normal . . . Jesus normal!! Really as if taking a bath with your 18 year old son who has been dead for two years and split into two separate entities could ever be contrived as being "normal".

She nips her laughter in the bud as she cannot imagine Dark Cupid enjoys having his methods laughed at any more than he prefers having them questioned. She also takes a minute to remember Kay's advice from the letter about viewing them as being both innocent and childlike . . . just like James suggested she do now.

Determined to follow the advice, she leans her body back relaxing against James. His hands are still gliding over her shoulders kneading them softly.

"Mommy, can I wash you like I used to when I was a baby?" The question is asked with such innocence and is at total odds with what most certainly will happen if she - more likely they- as she can't imagine James will idly stand by and allow Jimmy to wash his "Mommy" all by himself. But is saying no an option? Probably not as she sighs her approve to be washed.

They begin to wash their mother Jimmy, from the front, and James from behind, sliding their dual washcloths all over, up and down her arms, her neck, her stomach, her thighs, and legs, and then finally, much to her fevered anticipation both of the soupy wash rags begin converging on her chest.

First, Jimmy washes up and down the soft valley of her breasts, while being extra careful it seems not to touch either of tits. Meanwhile, James is running his rag over and around her breasts, coming oh so close, but not quite letting the washcloth slide up and onto them.

Amanda exhales softly enjoying the attentions of the soapy rags that are coming oh so maddeningly close to her tits. She knows what all three of them wants and it suddenly comes to her that she must invite them.

The three glasses of champagne have left her devoid of any worries whatsoever, but more importantly the fear that had once gripped her heart in their presence has now been replaced with . . . desire.

She makes her voice as soft and soothing as possible as she extends what she feels will be a most welcome invitation to them.

"Oh, boys I think you are doing a rather poor job at washing your mommy's chest . . . hmm don't you think?"

This innocent little critical comment is all it takes as she shuts her eyes tighter while feeling the soapy wash rags being moved all over her tits. She wonders if maybe somehow she has died and joined them in heaven as the incredibly soft rags flicker over first one of her nipples, and then the other, before James reaches around and cups both of tits in his hands. Jimmy quickly elicits a deep hiss out of her as he flicks her nipples back and forth playfully with one finger.

She is loving the attention and allows it for a few wonderful brief seconds, but something tells her she must stop them. The truth is she knows they are playing a game of sorts and she senses her giving in so easily is not something they would prefer . . . but more importantly not something the voyeur Dark Cupid would prefer.

The predators always like a bit of a chase before they pounce on and kill their prey no? No doubt which one I am in this game, Amanda muses to herself as she swats both their hands away, expecting a severe rebuke maybe even as she barks at them in a voice that tries

to be stern, "I think you boys are doing more playing than washing now."

"Sorry, Mommy, your boobies are just so nice and big . . . we couldn't help ourselves." It is Jimmy's soft sweet voice apologizing- as always- for the misdeeds of the two of them. "Can't we play with them, Mommy please, pretty please," they whisper in unison.

She decides to continue to play coy with them . . . just to see how they might respond. "Hmm I don't know babies. I mean . . . aren't you both a little old for such a thing . . . besides I don't think it's so proper."

They tag team her with their response. Jimmy's is looking at her sadly, like an innocent little lamb, turning the full force of those soft brown puppy dog eyes on her just as James brings his mouth to her ear again.

"Please, Mommy can't we play with them just for a little bit huh," he whispers. "We promise to be nice and gentle. Pretty please."

He seems practiced at the art of begging . . . maybe Jimmy has been teaching him well, Amanda thinks trying to decide if she should give in to their whiny demands.

"Yes, Mommy, let us play. Pretty please with sugar on top. We both want to so badly." Jimmy cries as his hands are sliding up her arms.

All in . . . no half measures. Dr. Adam's advice from long ago is ringing in her head. Amanda listens determined to play this new game to its fullest extent.

"OK, OK boys. You both know Mommy can never really deny you anything. You can play with them for just a little bit, but then I have to get you both out of the tub."

"OK," they sing out in happy unison. It's James that takes charge of this new adventure. "We should rinse them off though first right, Mommy."

He doesn't wait for his mother to give her approval as he tells Jimmy to fill the pitcher up with warm water, but with a sly wink that is a secret signal between the two of them.

Jimmy turns to the faucet and proceeds to fill the medium sized blue pitcher up with cold water. Amanda sighs anticipating having her tits bathed in a stream of nice warm water. Instead she gets a nasty surprise when the freezing cold water comes splashing down on her tits.

"Hey the water is too cold Jimmy!!" she whines loudly.

She tries to squirm out from under the cold water splashing down on her tits, but James is prepared. He produces a long thin piece of

wash cloth from somewhere and wraps it tightly around her wrists knotting it firmly.

Amanda realizes with dawning horror she is truly at their mercy now as her hands are helplessly trapped behind her back. In response, she tries to sink back down into the warm water of the bath as Jimmy patiently pours the chilly water out of the pitcher in a soft stream going back and forth between her breasts.

But James holds her firm, not allowing her to sink under the warm bubbles. At this time, she also notices how the pitcher, despite Jimmy already pouring a generous amount of water out of it, still remains almost full. More of their damnable magic is seems as she continues to hiss and moan from the icy stream of water being directed now on each of her nipples one after the other.

They are both giggling and laughing at this mean little trick they are pulling on her which only adds to her growing anger.

"Y-you boys are . . . are in so . . . much t-trouble," she cries her teeth chattering as Jimmy is now holding a second identical pitcher of water over her chest.

"Go on Jimmy, dump both of them out at the same time over those big fucking tits of hers. Let's turn both of them into blocks of fucking ice . . ." He then lowers his mouth to her ear and whispers, "And then we will really be in trouble huh, Mommy."

Amanda cannot respond as she is too busy moaning. The water this time splashing down on her tits is even colder than before. More of their magic as she is certain the water could not be this cold coming from the faucet without a little help. Her poor nipples are so achingly erect they are becoming almost painful, especially when Jimmy directs the dual streams of water directly on them. Finally . . . thankfully the water out of both pitchers does peter out.

"There they are nice and clean now, Mommy," Jimmy announces with a self-satisfied smile on his darling face.

"Yes honey, nice and clean . . . and freezing cold. That was a cruel trick to play on me boys," she says turning toward James and glaring at him.

"Well if you are still willing to let us play with them a bit maybe we can warm them up for you, Mother," he tells her patiently while seemingly unaffected by her nasty glare.

"Well I really shouldn't let you boys play with them now. I think you have had your fun and bath time is over." She starts to actually stand up while trying to free herself from the thin strand of washcloth wrapped tightly around her wrists.

"Oh, Mommy please no. You said we could play with them," Jimmy whines . . . just like he did so long ago when he so much younger. "Please, Mommy, I am sorry."

James is not one to whine though. He quickly reaches out and yanks her back down into a sitting position as he hisses in her ear, "Nothing is over until I say it is over . . ."

She feels the washcloth tighten around her wrists and knows any further struggles would be useless.

He then relaxes his voice making it sweet once again. "It was a cruel trick but let us make it up to you. Please both our hands are really, really warm. See . . ." He proceeds to run them along her shoulders gently and indeed they are toasty warm as are Jimmy's who reaches up and strokes both sides of her cheeks with his hands.

Despite the fact the cold water is no longer being dumped on her tits, Amanda's poor breasts feel like blocks of ice. She hesitates before giving in as the thought of having their hands warming her tits is too much to resist.

She makes it a point to let out a long overly dramatic sigh before she turns her attention to Jimmy. "OK, OK . . . you can but promise me you will play with them nicely. No more cruel tricks."

They both sing out a hearty "yes, we promise," in unison as she remembers the words from Kay's prophetic letter- what happens on this Valentine's Day eve will more than likely be steeped in sweetness and innocence at first, but will at some point turn quite wicked.

She again relaxes and closes her eyes wondering if what is now about to happen would it be considered sweet and innocent or wantonly wicked. James gives her a soft kiss on her neck as she empties her mind of such bothersome worries, instead resolving only to enjoy the attentions of her "babies."

Two pairs of exceptionally warm hands begin slipping and sliding all over her tits as he lets out another long sigh. The boys hear her sigh and start to giggle childishly while cupping and bouncing her big tits up and down in their hands. The coldness that had previously enveloped her tits is quickly being burned away under the warm playful attentions of their eager young hands.

Desire is already blooming in her heart by the time she feels a pair of playful fingers flicker across her nipples making them snap to attention while eliciting a deeper and louder moan out of her.

She has always had a real weakness- a real weakness bordering on being pathetic almost- to having her boobs being delicately played with . . . especially her nipples. It appears maybe the boys understand this fact.

She struggles against the thin strands of washcloth that bind her under the water which only makes those mammoth tits of hers bounce up and down all the more. She opens her eyes to see both of them staring delightfully at her bouncing breasts.

Being oh so helpless is only causing her to feel more desirous—just as it did in the closet that night. They seem to know her secret passion—never spoken aloud to anyone, but always there—of wanting to be dominated sexually.

"Let's get them nice and soapy huh Jimmy . . . you know for later." James tells his brother making Amanda wonder just what that might mean.

Both of them soap up their rags and then take an inordinate amount of time washing her tits. The soft rags sliding so slowly in small circles all over her breasts, along with the way they are co-mingling a plentiful amount of quick squeezes during the "washing process" is driving her mad with intense longing.

Her desire only grows more acute when Jimmy stands up. He may be small in stature while possessing the cutest and most adorable baby face, but there is nothing at all innocent or childlike about what is between his legs.

He must be a good 7 -8 inches as he takes a small step forward. Amanda suddenly realizes why they wanted her tits to be nice and soapy, especially as James whispers in her ear two simple words. "Encourage him."

It is not a suggestion to be followed or ignored as she sees fit, but instead a command. Amanda knows this just by the tone of his voice.

She feels his hardness jabbing at her tits as she starts to speak. "You wanna fuck mommy's boobies' sweetheart. Do you huh?" She jiggles her tits against his throbbing member causing him to let out an audible moan.

"C'mon baby don't be shy. You can fuck em if you want."

James pushes her slightly forward causing her tits to bounce up against Jimmy's cock. Once more she makes her voice sweet and whispers words of encouragement to him.

"Go on baby. Slide that nice hard cock of yours in between your mother's big boobies."

Jimmy reaches out and grips her shoulders as he pushes his cock in between her tits just as James uses his hands to squeeze her tits together around his brother's cock making a nice tit tunnel of soapy flesh for him to fuck.

And fuck them he does. Slowly at first-like a train leaving the station-he thrusts his hips forward back and forth his cock sliding easily up and down her soapy tits.

"Oh that's it honey. Fuck your mommy's tits," Amanda whispers to him softly while helping the cause by moving her chest up and down falling in rhythm with his thrusts.

His thrust are getting harder and more urgent. James is squeezing her tits with reckless abandon as Amanda loses all sense of motherly decency.

"Oh God, baby fuck em harder. Cum all over them. Please."

Jimmy responds by slamming his cock again and again in between those massive soapy hills until he finally on the third thrust he lets out a small whimper.

Amanda looks down at her chest just in time to see the head of his cock pop out from in between her tits and erupt in a geyser of cum.

She smiles at him as she sinks back against James who whispers in her ear. "Oh that was perfect, just perfect, Mother."

"I made a mess all over your boobies Mommy." Jimmy tells her sweetly as he settles back in the tub.

"Yes you did baby. Now you both had better clean the mess up."

They both grab a pair of small blue pitchers and fill them up with what she prays is warm water this time. She lets out a sigh of relief; the water is perfectly warm without being hot. They carefully dump the contents of their respective pitchers all over her chest- giggling again while doing so.

Amanda squirms, leaning back in the tub on her now freed arms thrusting her boobs upwards in a welcoming gesture to the warmth of the water.

Two separate streams of water are being directed on each nipple simultaneously making her fidget and squirm as the boys continue to snicker and giggle while watching her. She closes her eyes letting her head fall back against James' shoulder never wanting it to end.

But of course it must. As the last of the water spills out on her chest Amanda feels almost disappointed as she announces its time to get out of the tub. They both begin to whine for "more playtime" while at the same time having such pitiful looks on their faces. It is heartbreaking enough to make her pause.

Jimmy starts to stand up, but James remains sitting while staying silent leaving it up to his brother to plead their case.

"I thought you liked our Valentine Day gift mother. I mean I thought you always dreamed of having a big romantic tub to relax in and that is what we gave you."

"I do love it baby. It is the best gift I ever got."

"Then why are you so anxious for us to get out?" Jimmy asks using that same quiet patient tone that always seems to work with her.

"Well . . . I . . . it's just . . . you see I didn't get you guys a present. I mean I wasn't sure if I would see you so I guess being in the tub is making me feel guilty, probably because I didn't get you Valentine presents."

"I know what you can give us, Mommy." Jimmy says sweetly sitting back down.

She feels the hard glare of James from behind as he announces, "Forget it Jimmy, she doesn't want to get us anything. Like she said playtime is over."

She turns staring intently at James for a brief moment before whispering, "Well that is not quite true. It just occurs to me maybe I have a nice present to give the two of you."

She smiles warmly at James causing the previous hard glare to quickly change into something akin to childlike anticipation. A smile is tugging at the corners of his mouth while his beautiful blue eyes are fairly gleaming with hope.

She settles back against him as she guides his hands down while parting her thighs in a welcoming gesture. "Do you guys want to play with Mommy's pussy?"

James easily slips his hand under the water and begins stroking her pussy while Jimmy seems unsure of taking such a bold step.

"C'mon, Jimmy, don't be shy." Her voice is literally dripping with sweetness as she adds, "You can pet your Mommy's kitty cat too and make it purr if you want. Don't let your brother have all the fun huh."

The innocence of her statement works on him. He eagerly slides one hand under the water and finds her pussy. Amanda can scarcely believe the words that just came out of her mouth, but maybe more unbelievable is the way she is so wantonly spreading her legs for them.

What happens next is all a blur. They fall upon her body like a pair of hungry wolves. Their hands are roaming all over body. Touching, stroking, probing and exploring to their heart's content.

She does little to dissuade them from treating her body like a playground, instead she stretches out allowing them total access to all her hidden treasures.

Four hands are all over her boobs, exploring every inch of their vast expanse before sliding down across her tummy to probe her inner depths. She sits up and leans forward as Jimmy's mouth finds hers. They are sharing dozens of light kisses which seemingly may last forever . . . that is until she feels a rough hand tangled in her hair.

Her face is turned toward James who punches his tongue aggressively in her mouth. Unable to resist such passion she kisses him back with equal furor.

Back and forth she spins from one to the other- sharing sweet soft kisses with Jimmy, and deeply passionate kisses with James.

James' hand slips under the water and he pushes one finger deep into her pussy just at the moment Jimmy finally feels brave enough to slip his tongue inside her mouth while fondling her tits with eager delight.

Her kisses with each are longer and more desperate, especially after she feels Jimmy's finger probing the depths of her pussy. They take turns slipping fingers in and out in an endless procession that is pushing Amanda towards a powerful climax.

The water is sloshing all around in the tub as their carnal struggles continued unabated. Finally, just when she is on the verge of cumming they stop and laugh.

They both gently their severely shaken and disappointed mother out of the tub and wrap a naked towel around her body, before telling her they have yet more gifts for her. She thanks them trying to hide her disappointment that she once again was not allowed to cum.

They point to a square white box with a large red bow on it sitting on the bathroom counter.

"Join us in your bedroom after you put it on and then you shall get your final gift." They hurry out of the bathroom leaving her to wonder just what "gift" that might have for her in the bedroom.

She opens the box and is not too terribly surprised to find they got her some sexy lingerie. She slips on the stretch mesh and lace pink babydoll with a little pink bow on the bust area. The poor thing can barely contain her massive tits as she sees their present also includes a barely there little g- string panty.

She does not even for one minute consider not putting it on as she is by now very much desperate for one thing . . . sexual satisfaction. She looks at herself in the mirror— smiling - as she understands when she comes strutting out with her new babydoll on she is sure she will not be lacking for attention from them.

She wraps the white satin robe that she left hanging on the hook on the bathroom door from earlier around her body thinking just maybe she will make them beg to see how their sexy little present looks on her.

Taking a deep breath, she steps out of the bathroom curious to see what her surprise is out in the bedroom.

"Oh how they just love to show off," she whispers to herself inside her dark bedroom. Dark except for the glow from the huge wood burning fireplace that takes up nearly the entirety of one wall.

Just like the tub she had always craved a real fireplace in her bedroom. She thought them to be romantic while Tony - not so much. He would not even discuss having the bedroom remodeled to include a real fireplace. But now here it is another fabulous gift from her adorable twins.

She walks slowly toward the welcoming warmth of the fire as the bedroom is freezing cold with the furnace being out of commission still. She wonders where her naughty boys might have gotten to as they are nowhere in sight.

And then yet another gift as stretched in front of the flickering flames is a large luxurious square white rug. It is irresistibly plush and thick as she settles down on it and waits.

She does not have to wait long as soon she spots two shadowy figures moving slowly across the bedroom toward her.

They pause. "Do you like your presents, Mommy." Jimmy whispers sweetly.

"The new fireplace is warm and romantic, the rug soft and romantic, and my little babydoll . . . hmm sexy and romantic . . . and you . . .

boys . . . just know how Mommy adores all things romantic so yes, I love my presents, honey."

She pats the rug next to her indicating that they should join her. They start to cross the room and then all hell breaks loose. They had been whispering at each other as they cross the room both wearing identical light blue boxers and nothing else; and then the whispers turn into shouts; and then to pushing and shoving-soon they were rolling across the room in full-fledged combat.

Amanda at first has no idea what they might be fighting about as it all happened so suddenly. She listens closely trying to hear what the hell they are fighting about. Something about going first-doing it first - she was not sure what they were referring to though.

She is getting quite upset though thinking they would rather fight among themselves than pay attention to her.

She whistled loudly trying to get their attention. "OH BOYS," she yells before dropping her voice. "Stop fighting as Mommy has something to show you."

They pause both looking up from their prone positions on the bedroom floor. She stares at them for a brief moment before carefully undoing her robe and slipping it off.

Leaning back on a large round pillow positioned in the center of the rug she smiles at them. "Now sweethearts wouldn't you much rather play with these . . ." She shakes her chest a bit making her tits jiggle under the babydoll. "Than fight each other."

They both raise up off the floor getting slowly to their feet while staring wide eyed. It is Jimmy who speaks first, "Oh, Mommy, our present looks . . . fabulous on you."

"Fabulous enough to keep you from fighting?" she answers coyly.

"I mean that is what we are fighting about. We both want to be the first . . . the first to you know . . . well . . ." He looks down embarrassed.

James breaks in. "You're such a goddamn shy little sissy, Jimmy. I will tell her. We both want to be the first to suck on those big fucking tits of yours . . ." He pauses to give his brother a hard shove that nearly knocks him to the floor. "And I am going to be the first after I finish kicking his ass."

"Now boys," Amanda starts patiently knowing she must take control of the situation before things spin out of control. "Don't you think Mommy's tits are . . ." She shakes her chest again for added emphasis. "Are big enough for the both of you to share at the same time."

She beckons them over with her finger saying pleasantly. "Don't you want to come over here next to your mother? Please I am getting cold over here all by myself." She pulls down on the front of the baby doll allowing her tits to come spilling out.

They both practically fly across the room and dive on her. She rolls back against the pillow as they eagerly bury their faces in her chest sucking on her tits greedily like there is no tomorrow.

She arches her back while cradling each of their heads in her hands. She lets out a loud moan as they worship her nipples with lustful enthusiastic mouths before sucking mighty mouthful of tit flesh into each of their mouths.

Amanda close her eyes imaging she has died and went to heaven. Never in her life has she had her tits so thoroughly and lovingly worshiped. They both continue to kiss, lick, and suckle on her tits over and over again while in between their licks and kisses they take turns lifting their mouths up just long enough to tell her how big and beautiful her boobs are.

She sighs enjoying their verbal complements- almost as much as their physical attentions- to her tits.

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

Fingers slip under the thin protective covering of her g-string and dip into her wet pussy. They are working together in tandem to please her as first one finger slips in, to be followed by another as the first finger slides out.

What started out as a slow and gentle finger fucking is quickly picking up steam as they move their fingers in and out of her faster and faster. The flames of passion in her heart are spreading like an out of control wildfire having her tits being ravished by her "baby boys" while they finger her pussy.

While having her tits sucked on by both of them at the same time feels even better than she could have ever imagined, she needs more . . . craves more.

She tangles her fingers tighter in their hair trying to force more of her tits into their mouths while she urges them on with gentle praise, "Oh God, boys you are doing so good sucking on your Mommies boobies . . . Please don't stop I love it so much."

And then, thinking they are purposefully teasing her again, they both, without a word, stop at the exact same moment. Lifting their heads up, ignoring her, Jimmy whispers to his other half, "Do you think she is ready?"

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

They stand up and as James barks at her. "Roll over and get on your knees, Mother."

It was not a request, but an order to which Amanda is all too happy to oblige. Jimmy sweetly helps get her in position on her hands and knees facing the fire.

She stares deep into the fire for a brief moment before shutting her eyes hardly able to phantom what is about to happen.

"Now remember our plan Jimmy," James whispers to his brother before they take up their respective positions.

Amanda opens her eyes just long enough to see Jimmy moving around to the front of her while James goes around to her backside. She shuts her eyes again trying to prepare herself for whatever they are planning.

It is Jimmy's sweet voice whispering to her. "Look, Mommy, I have something to show you." She opens her eyes and there staring her in the face is a rather sizable bulge.

Jimmy looks at her and smiles before James intercedes with a biting comment. "Go on show her . . . don't be such a wimp."

Yet Jimmy, as shy as ever, pauses still. "Go hon show your mommy what you have for her . . . please baby."

He slowly pulls down his boxers. Her excitement builds to a fever pitch as she sees how very big her "little boy" has become as his fully erect penis is released from his boxers.

Once again, she marvels at how blessedly endowed he is for a young man of such small stature. He his erect cock points at her like a loaded gun, but before she can admire his great size any longer her attention is diverted.

"Mine is bigger . . . see Mother." James announces smugly twisting a hand in her hair and turning her head around. She gasps as James steps out of his boxers. His cock must be a good two or maybe- God in Heaven- three inches bigger than Jimmy's.

And that smile, that wickedly delicious smile on his face as he stands there showing off for her sends chills up her spine. She wonders how the twin's ghosts- so small in stature- could be blessed with such magically large cocks and then she remembers the key word- magic. Is it really so surprisingly they would come to her so very gifted in this department?

A deep seeded yearning courses through her as she stares back at James' big cock, before Jimmy gently turns her face back toward him. "Close your eyes, Mommy. We are both going to give you something very nice for your final Valentine's Day gifts."

She hears James snicker behind her before he adds, "Yeah nice and hard that is."

She shuts her eyes and then feels the brush of hardness against her lips along with a soft jabbing of hardness from behind her.

She had been clinging to the idea all along that maybe this was all some kind of teasing game but now alarm bells are going off as they really are intending on doing it to her . . . both at the same time.

She tries to squirm away suddenly afraid, but James grips her hips tightly from behind while Jimmy snakes a hand through her hair. She is going nowhere!!

Again the brush of Jimmy's hard cock against her lips. Oh no, she won't go that far . . . no way . . . that was simply too much.

Before when she had his cock in her mouth she thought it was nothing but a naughty dream which made it alright. But now - she is definitely not dreaming and she simply will not so willingly have her son's cock in her mouth.

Amanda keeps her mouth shut tightly, despite her craving to taste the forbidden fruit. To make matters worse, her passions are being enflamed by the maddening rubbing of James hard member at her wet doorstep. Up and down he goes stroking her pussy lips gently

with the head of his cock while stroking 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 start their verbal assault on her.

Jimmy whispers, "Oh Mommy, can't you feel how much . . . how badly James wants to be inside you . . . don't you want him too, Mommy?"

Without thinking, she opens her eyes and looks up at Jimmy 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 looks back at James and catches sight of his cock which is again poking up between her thighs. A deep yearning pervades her whole body, especially her pussy to be filled to the brim by his huge cock.

Their eyes meet. She sees a boyish gleam in them as he starts to pull back. Impulsively, she does exactly what he . . . what they want. "James, please put it in me. Please baby. I need you so bad. Mommy is begging you!! C'mon sweetheart."

Jimmy strokes the side of her face. "Talk dirty to him," he tells her quietly.

"Come on . . . 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 want it sooo badly."

Her begging only gets her more teasing. He smirks at her while stroking her wetness before dipping his penis in slightly, but then pulling it right out again.

She is squirming, arching her back, pushing her hips back, moaning softly, wanting him to put it in her while Jimmy keeps his throbbing cock mere inches from her face-tempting her to taste the most forbidden of all fruit.

She wants to open her mouth so badly, but yet just cannot debase herself by having her son's cock in her mouth as again that is simply going too far—she had to remind herself of this when she feels her resolve to resist weakening.

Determined to hold her ground at least somewhere she keeps turning away from the hardness that is prodding at her lips.

James reaches down with his hand and begins to rub her clit causing Amanda to start to let out a loud moan, before she quickly snaps her mouth shut. She suspects Jimmy would use the opportunity of her mouth being open to slip that hard dick of his into her mouth . . . and once it was in there she feared she would not get it out . . . not want to get it out . . . for a very long time!

But she cannot take much more of this intense teasing. She must do something as the need to have him take her is growing to intense levels. Finally, she comes up with a plan. She can only pray it will work.

Deciding to wait until once again he dips his cock slightly into her, she will, suddenly rock backwards as hard as she can hopefully burying his cock inside of her. She then will count on James not wanting to take it out again and she will finally get what she has been begging for all along.

Again and again she feels the frustrating tingle of his cock being rubbed against her clit, against her opening, before he pulls back and rubs it against her butt cheeks and inner thighs.

She looks back at him briefly. The teasing little bastard, he still has that devilishly leer on his handsome face, dip it in again and see what happens, she thinks preparing her body to accept this monster.

Finally!! He is again resting it just above her opening. The moment seems to stretch out as her muscles tense. She feels him start to push it in ever so slowly, ever so carefully, just as he has done numerous times before, only to withdraw it.

She closes her eyes -preparing herself.

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

NOW!! She lowers her head, closes her eyes tighter and rocks backwards with all her might hoping to force that big hard cock deep inside her.

Poor, poor Amanda gets more than she bargained for though as James had finally decided enough was enough. He had simply decided the next time she begged for it he would give it to her. Hard.

So at the exact same time she rocks back forcefully, he propels his hips forward driving his cock into her. Their bodies slam together as his cock is buried deep into her wet waiting pussy.

A wave of pleasure overtakes Amanda. Her head comes up and her mouth flies open as she starts to let out a loud cry of pleasure. "Ohhhhhh my God-"

Finally, this is Jimmy's chance. He had been poised waiting like a coiled snakes for just this moment. Bare seconds after her head comes up and her mouth flies open to let out her unfinished exclamation to God, then her mouth is stuffed with his hard seven inches.

Amanda is too caught off guard to resist. It was like being whisked away by a mighty wave and she simply goes with it. James, after his

initial thrust, pulls back for a brief second making her fear he is going to take it back out.

Her fears proved to be short lived when he rams her hard again. She would have moaned loudly if only she could, but with Jimmy's hand securely wrapped around the back of her head and a mouthful of cock the best she can do is grunt.

Jimmy quietly urges his mother to suck on his cock. "Oh God, Mommy, that feels sooo good suck on it more please more." Urged on by her son's pleas, Amanda gives in and begins to suck on his cock with such zealous passion that Jimmy finds the courage to let his hand slip away from holding her head in place. She only responds by bobbing her head up and down and swallowing more of cock.

James continues to push hard and fast into her as the three of them fall into a comfortable tempo of sorts. The rhythm is simple: the force of James' jackhammer blows being slammed into her allows her whole body to be propelled forward thus forcing her to deep throat more of Jimmy's cock on the other end. And then as he pulls his cock slowly out she lets her mouth slide back out to the tip of Jimmy's cock—and then it starts all over again. On and on with the cadence increasing and decreasing as James sees fit. All three of them are rocketing towards an explosive climax as downstairs the old grandfather clock begin to chime midnight.

Somewhere deep in Amanda's mind the clock striking midnight registers as does the fact she is can feel the most intense orgasm of her life building inside of her.

Here I am on my hands and knees sucking on Jimmy's big cock while James has his even bigger cock buried deep inside me . . . Oh God what would Dr. Adams have to say about this, she can only muse as the clock chimes for a fourth time downstairs.

And then James starts to really go to work on her. Thrusting harder and harder -deeper and deeper—prompting her to, in turn, to deep throat more and more of Jimmy's cock. Up and down her head bobbles on his cock, while back and forth her hips swayed from the severe fucking she was getting from James.

"Mommy is ready to come, James," Jimmy cries between his moans of pleasure. "Do her harder . . . faster."

"Oh god yes honey . . . do mommy faster," Amanda exclaims her mouth slipping away from Jimmy's cock just long enough for her to get those breathless words out. Somehow she thinks it is important she comes at exactly the final stroke of midnight.

She plunges her mouth greedily back down on Jimmy's hard throbbing cock as it also hits her that she should make him come as the final chimes of this fateful Valentine's Day fade away into the night. She is sucking on him wildly as the clock chimes for the seventh and eighth times.

James grips her hips and thumps his cock into her again and again. She feels him tighten up after a third hard thrust, just as she feels Jimmy tangle his hand deep in hair.

Both of them cry out as if of one mind. "Oh God, Mommy we are going to cummm." The clock is chiming for the ninth tenth and eleventh time now speeding up almost to keep pace as all three of them are tipping over the edge.

Amanda tightens up and as a simply devotion worthy orgasm carries her away just as Jimmy explodes inside of her mouth. A bare second latter James lets out a cry of joy as he spurts a thick load of cum in her still quivering vagina.

The clock chimes for the final time as the three of them collapse against each other on the soft thick fur rug. The fire is still blazing bright, much like their impassioned hearts as they snuggle against each other content as kittens.

Somewhere -unseen, but always watching- Dark Cupid smiles.

**THE END**