

Wicked vs Good: The Wager

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The Archangel, Saint Michael, was strolling through the west wing of Heaven's main garden when, unannounced, the Devil, in all her sexy glory, came strolling up beside him. In a total mockery, she was dressed in an eye catching, rather slutty looking angel costume.

"What are you doing here? You know you are not allowed up here," Michael snapped at her while quickening his pace. She easily kept up, replying happily, "What, can't a girl come visit her favourite brother every once in a while, without raising a fuss?"

"There will be more than a fuss raised if Father catches you up here."

"Don't worry I have a history of not being caught," she cooed sweetly back at him.

Michael snorted his disapproval before stopping and staring at her. "And just how did you get past the gatekeeper I am wondering?"

Batting her eyes at him the Devil quickly replied, "Oh I don't know. "

"I should have guessed. You are hopeless, Lucy."

"No, what I am is bored. Let's have some fun. How about a wager?"

"What kind of wager?"

"Why, the best kind big brother. The kind that pits my sexy evilness against your saintly goodness."

"A useless endeavor little sister. As the Almighty Father, our father, teaches us . . . Good will always triumph over Evil."

"Well, then you should win easily so what's the harm, unless, of course, you are afraid to put that little myth to an acid test.

What I propose is simple. The both of us will float down to Earth and observe while our test subjects either be good, or be wicked, totally based on whatever their free will dictates. If they remain good and pure you win, if they turn wicked I win."

"Sounds interesting but what kind of test exactly? I will not involve myself in anything violent, or that will cause mayhem, or even thievery."

"Of course not. Getting humans to do violence, or commit mayhem or steal stuff is as easy as taking candy from a baby. I have something else in mind."

They paused, settling themselves down on a quiet bench in a secluded part of the garden.

"Such as?" Michael asked.

"Corruption, but not of a monetary kind, again too easy, but of a physical kind . . . that is to say . . . sexual."

"Come on sis. Really? We both know how easy it is to corrupt a human sexually. I mean just look at all the cheating that goes on in that most holy of unions . . . marriage. The whole thing is nothing but a joke now to those silly humans."

Lucy smiled. She was sure she was about to shock her big brother's refined sensibilities. "Yes, true, but I was not thinking of trying to corrupt a husband or wife but . . . hmm, how easy do you imagine it would be for a loving mother to corrupt her adoring son."

"Incest? Really Lucy? There is plenty of that to go around too."

"Maybe in broken homes with unstable parents and unwilling kids, but how about if I chose a boy and his mother from a good home and relatively normal backgrounds."

"If I was to accept this wager the son would have to be of her flesh and blood . . . no step relations allowed you understand?"

"Oh, I agree. They will be blood related and just to allay any fears you might have let me assure you the son will be at least of legal age . . . eighteen or older that is, so you will not be able to claim he is a child and didn't know better. So is it a bet?"

"Depends. Who are our test subjects for the bet and what exactly are we wagering?"

"Give me some time, a few months or years even, to find a suitable mother and son and I will let you pre-approve them. As for what we are both risking I am thinking the following . . . if goodness wins and our chosen mother and son's relationship remains pure, I will cease and desist my corrupting ways on Earth for a period of six months. Just think of the all the good that can be accomplished in that six months without me steering our precious humans into being naughty."

"And what am I risking?"

"If I win, instead of fighting me and protecting the flock you shall turn your back on my naughty ways for a period of no less than . . . oh three months." The Devil reached out and squeezed her brother's hand smiling at him. "So as you can readily see I am risking more than you."

"Yes, in an attempt to get me to gamble which would be frowned upon by Father." Michael paused as he mulled things over before he responded firmly. "Make it a year on your end and I must, as you stated earlier, approve our test subjects."

"You are on brother," the Devil replied with a knowing laugh.

Three years and eight months later . . .

Lucifer, after an exhaustive search, found her subjects and submitted them to her brother for his approval. After he took a quick look at the family, the bet was on.

Both Lucifer and Michael were at the test subject's house, floating about unseen, as the night's festivities began. Both were quite certain, at this early point in the game, of victory. According to the rules they had set, the chosen mother, Pam, would only have this one night to seduce her son.

Pam was just settling down in front of the television preparing for another boring Friday evening by herself when the doorbell rang. Even though it was her birthday, she was not expecting anyone.

She told all her friends not to make a fuss over her as she was in no mood to celebrate. What was there to celebrate? She was turning thirty five-- which only meant she was officially halfway through her thirties and barreling toward forty.

Since she was not expecting anyone, Pam simply ignored the doorbell, even after it rang a second time. A second later, her phone started to buzz. Sighing, she picked it up.

Mom its Billy open the door

Pam smiled. Her son, bless his heart, he remembered her birthday after all. Rushing to the door, she flung it open.

"I thought you couldn't make it home this weekend? And why are you ringing the doorbell? Why didn't you just use your key?"

"I wanted to surprise you, but then you wouldn't open the door. Happy birthday, Mom."

"Well, you surprised me alright. Here let me take your coat."

Billy took a minute to freshen up in the upstairs bathroom, while Pam went to her bedroom to change herself.

Maybe in a mood to show off, Pamela had been working out at the gym religiously four times a week while watching what she ate, since Billy left for college four and half months ago,

she changed into a pair of snug fitting jeans, and an equally snug white button up cashmere sweater.

Despite her worries of being halfway to forty, Pam was still easy on the eyes--albeit even if she was the beneficiary of a bit of help from Lucifer's devilishly magic in the looks department.

Lucifer had chosen the subjects of their wager carefully. After peering into millions of hearts worldwide over the course of the past forty-four months, Lucifer found a boy and his mother in a small upstate New York town she believed to be perfect.

Pam checked all the boxes in what Billy found physically attractive in a woman. To start with he liked attractive, mature women. Pam checked both those boxes easily. He liked women with black hair. Pam's sable-black hair, falling just past her shoulders, easily qualified. He liked lean, muscular women, deeply tanned, with a pair of healthy sized breasts. Again, his mother, checked all those boxes across the board.

Adding to her physical attractiveness, Pam possessed a demure, yet playful personality, and, most especially, a hands on, flirty disposition she saved mainly for her only child. In short, Lucifer found the perfect mother and son for her needs as young Billy was in love with his mother, albeit secretly, in that certain naughty way that only a eighteen year old teenage boy, still a bit naïve about sex, can be.

As for the doting mother, she too was nearly perfect being bored, restless, and sexually frustrated with her neglectful husband. Despite finding a pair of near flawless subjects, Lucy knew she would have her work cut out for her-- if she was to get the two of them to be naughty together.

"Are you hungry? Can I make you something to eat?" Pam asked her son.

"No, I ate on the road. I'm fine. Maybe later we can order a pizza, but for now, I just want to hang out with you. Hey, but maybe do you have any beer by chance."

"In the fridge I think there is about three or four left from the twelve pack your dad bought last week."

"Speaking of dad, where is he anyways? Still not home from work?"

"Actually he skipped work today to go ice fishing up in Canada."

"Really," Billy snapped angrily. "He skipped work not to celebrate his wife's birthday with her, but to go fucking ice fishing."

"Yeah, my birthday, unfortunately, fell on a day that was totally inconvenient for him."

"When is he coming back?"

"He will be gone all weekend. He is supposed to call later to wish me happy birthday but you know how he is . . . maybe he will call, maybe he won't."

"Yeah, I know," Billy replied with a sigh. The way his father treated his mother was a source of constant irritation to him. "Anyways, forget him. I came home actually hoping he wouldn't be here."

"And?" Pam's motherly instincts told her there was more her son wasn't saying.

"And what?" he replied shrugging his shoulders.

"And you made the two hour drive home on a snowy, freezing cold January afternoon just so you could hang out with your mother because it's her birthday. I'm not sure if I believe that."

"Well, you better believe it as I'm here . . . aren't I?"

"Yes, but why. Tell me now. I know there is more to this story than you're telling." Her voice had that serious edge to it indicating he had better come clean with her.

He sighed heavily preparing to tell her the truth. "Susan called me."

"God damn it. That bitch!"

"Mom, that is not very nice."

Susan was her best friend and knew all her secrets.

"Well, I talked to her in confidence and she should have respected that."

"She is worried about you. I'm worried about you." And he was. Susan had told him plenty, but most especially how his mom seemed to be slipping into a worrisome depression, and

how he was the only one-- in the whole world-- who could bring her out of it.

What neither Susan nor Billy knew was how Lucifer used her wicked powers of influence to cause Pam to become a whole lot more depressed than she should have felt. Susan, just as the Devil presumed she would, took notice and promptly called Billy, just as Lucy hoped and planned she would.

This was not cheating, as stupid Michael only specified she could not outright possess either of the two parties involved. He said nothing about her using her powers to quietly influence someone's feelings or actions.

"So what exactly did Susan tell you?"

"She told me you were feeling depressed about turning thirty five. Something about feeling old coz you were halfway to forty, and she also told me you and Dad were fighting a lot, but she said your depression was about something more than that."

"She didn't tell you what exactly?"

"No. I think she had some idea, maybe, of why you have been so down lately but she didn't come right out and say it. I was hoping maybe you would tell me yourself what exactly is wrong."

"See . . ." Pam said almost happily, "I knew there was more to you coming home."

"Mom. Stop. I came home to hang out with you because I miss you, and if you wanna talk and tell me why you are acting in such a way to worry your best friend that would be nice too."

"Well, maybe. We shall see what the night brings," she answered. Wanting to change the subject, Pam jumped to her feet. "I am hungry. Let's order that pizza. If you aren't hungry now that is OK you can just watch me eat and keep me company."

After ordering their pizza, they continued to talk about nothing much in particular, while simply enjoying each other's company. Billy, much to Pam's relief, did not press the matter of why she had been depressed, but after having a glass of wine with her pizza, Pam was relaxed enough to open up a bit.

"OK, so you wanna hear about what's really bothering me? Susan was probably exaggerating a bit but I have been feeling blue lately. I guess it's just your father and our increasingly crappy relationship . . . and well, turning thirty five I have to admit really doesn't help either.

"Is that all?"

"Promise you won't overreact and tell me you are going to drop out of Albany and come home."

"Mom--"

"Promise me or you get nothing out of me," she said sharply. Considering her harsh tone he knew there was no choice but to agree.

"OK . . . fine. I promise. I won't drop out."

"Fine, well it's just you honey. I miss you being around. Your father is his usual distant self and with you gone now I am lonely."

"Well, I am here now so you don't have to feel lonely." He took her hand, staring at her seriously. "And don't worry, even though I am older now, I still love you and need you as much as ever."

"Yeah, well if only I could really believe that. You are eighteen and off to college and I am stuck here alone."

"What if I was to do something about that?"

"You are not dropping out of college and moving back home. Remember you already promised."

"I know. But I could start coming home on weekends more often . . . especially on those weekends when he leaves you alone."

"That would be nice but it's just such a long drive honey and I don't want to impose on your social life."

"Mom, it's no problem really. Heck, especially . . ." He held up his beer and took a big swallow. "If you let me drink here. I mean that is all we do up there on cold winter weekends is drink beer and get stupid drunk."

"And you would rather get stupid drunk with your Mom than a bunch of your college buddies your own age, or better yet, some pretty young co-eds."

"Some pretty empty headed young co-eds you mean. Honestly, I prefer mature women . . . like my pretty mom."

The Devil poked Michael in the ribs at Billy's comment, eliciting a quiet groan out of him.

"You are still so charming, hon. Yeah, just like when you were younger and always paying me the sweetest of compliments." She took a sip of her wine, trying to fight back the sadness threatening to overtake her whenever she remembered how they used to be.

"So it's settled right? I will come home more on the weekends and keep you company."

"I suppose that would be helpful."

"You don't sound so sure. What is wrong?"

"Nothing, I am just afraid you will get bored is all hanging out with your mother."

"I don't know why you are worried about that. I used to hang out with you all the time when I was younger and was never bored . . . never."

"Really? Never? Not even when I wouldn't let you watch your scary movies and made you watch one of my stupid romantic comedies on our traditional Friday movie nights."

"Hey, I remember those nights," Billy said with a touch of excitement. "Dad would be off hunting or fishing, leaving us all alone."

"Yeah, just like now. Kind of funny huh?"

"Or maybe its fate. Think about it . . . It is Friday night, Dad is gone, and we are alone just like before. Do you have popcorn?"

"I do," she replied.

Maybe this won't be such a lonely birthday after all, Pam mused as she hopped to her feet.

"Well, what do you think, Mom? You wanna brush off an old tradition and relive a bit of our past. It might cheer you up. We could share some popcorn, and watch a movie, while we cuddle on the sofa. Maybe it will help you feel young again since you are so worried about this age thing."

"I am already on my way to the kitchen to make the popcorn so I guess that would be a yes."

"Maybe we should go old school and watch a DVD. Do you still have some DVD's stored away in your closet?"

The Archangel turned to Lucy. "Having them cuddle while watching a movie. That is your plan? Not very creative on

your part I must say. Regardless, Pam is a good girl I am sure nothing will come of it."

"We shall see." Lucifer replied with a smile. So far everything was going to plan.

"I think I still have a few DVD's stashed away in my closet someplace. Should I pick out something with Goldie Hawn or Meg Ryan in it?"

"Mommy . . ." He paused, smiling at her, letting that word sink in before continuing. "Really . . . Meg Ryan or Goldie Hawn." He turned and made a face at her--just like he used to. After all, they were reliving the past with their planned Friday movie night.

"Now that does bring back memories . . . calling me Mommy and making that childish face. Yeah, the same one you used to make whenever I picked out a movie you didn't like. Keep it up, you are doing a good job of making me feel young again, hon."

After taking a big swig of his beer Billy smiled broadly. "No problem. I know how to act childish and immature."

She reached over and squeezed his hand. "If you truly wanna take me back to a time when I was young again I would prefer you act sweet and innocent and maybe a bit needy while letting me cuddle you . . . just like you used to on our Friday movie nights."

"I think I could do that, but you know cuddling is better, especially under a blanket while watching a scary movie . . . as opposed to, you know, watching some romantic comedy with Meg or Goldie."

"I think my clever young son has a point. So how about this. Instead of heading off to the kitchen to make the popcorn, I will go upstairs, pick out a movie, and then change into something a bit more comfortable." She paused, giving him a sly smile before adding, "Scary movie night comfortable that is . . ."

Billy now stepped in to finalize their plans saying, "And I will go make the popcorn and get a blanket ready for us to cuddle under and be waiting for you downstairs . . . Mommy."

From across the room the Devil told Michael, "I think I will join my client upstairs and render a bit of advice."

"Advice she will doubtless ignore, but remember no possessing her. I will be able to tell when she comes back down remember that! The possessed, or recently possessed always have that . . . look about them. I will be watching for it."

"You worry too much big brother. I will play fair. I am just going to whisper a bit of wisdom in the old girl's heart."

"As I said, Pam is a good girl. I am confident she shall ignore you and your so called wisdom," Michael replied smugly.

Inside her bedroom, Pam stripped off her jeans and sweater and was about to put on what passed as her pajamas these days-- an old ill-fitting nightshirt, quite boring to say the least-- when the Devil arrived. She arrived just in time to offer Ms. Pamela an intriguing, and quite daring, option to her dull nightshirt.

Pam straightened up, staring at herself in the mirror. She was just hit with a powerful thought out of the blue. Dropping the nightshirt back into the dresser drawer, she suddenly decided it might help her mood if she did not dress like some old maid.

Pam's workouts at the gym over the past six months had shown startling results. The extra weight she naturally accumulated over the years--gone-- replaced by lean muscle, almost magically, it seemed.

Yanking open the top drawer, Pam whispered aloud, "Yeah, why not show off a bit. It might do your self-esteem wonders . . . especially if he notices."

She fumbled around a bit, not exactly sure what she should wear instead of her usual nightshirt, when finally she came across a white tank top she rarely wore anymore. Actually, she bought it brand new about two years ago, but it turned out to be a little too snug through the chest area, so after wearing it just one time, she stuffed it away in her dresser.

Holding it up she wondered how it would fit her now. Even tighter than before she imagined as over the past few months (more of the Devil's handiwork in preparation of the wager) Pam's breasts miraculously somehow had grown larger. Where before she could comfortably fit into a size 34C bra, she now required a 36D bra to be comfortable. Ironically, 36D was her breast size after getting pregnant with Billy.

After donning the new top, Pam checked herself out in the mirror. Indeed, the top fit as snug as a glove showing off her new miracle breasts to a lovely degree . . . especially since she decided to go braless under her tank top, which, of course, was another little hint whispered in her ear by the Devil.

As an added bonus, the tank top also did a fairly decent job of showing off her rock hard abs as it came down to just above her navel. While checking herself out one last time in the mirror, Pam could not resist the exciting, and naughty, idea of hoping her son would notice.

Not wanting to be too extreme in showing off, she paired the tank top with a pair of black, grey, and pink sleep pants in a pretty camouflage design.

After touching up her makeup, she headed over to the bookcase. The bottom shelf was devoted to the family's collection of DVD's. Anxious to get back downstairs and "show off" for her young son, Pam quickly snatched one of their favorite old classics, Halloween, out of the DVD collection.

This movie, in particular, used to give poor Billy nightmares, but yet, for some reason, he insisted on watching it with her over and over again. Maybe it was because she too found it equally scary to the point where they would find themselves

both clinging tightly to each other under a blanket as they watched the movie.

Movie in hand, Pam headed back downstairs full of anxious anticipation. If she was to be really honest at this point, she was hoping Billy would not only notice she had been working out, but actually pay her a compliment on her new and improved body. A deeper-- and darker hope--would be if she actually caught him taking a sly glance or two--at her tits.

The Devil, her work done upstairs, now departed back downstairs to watch if Billy indeed would notice his mom's newly upsized tits being shown off so nicely in her snug little tank top.

Striding into the living room, Pam gave him a quick smile before heading over to the bar where she poured two glasses of wine. As she moved about the bar she could feel his eyes tracking her every movement. Just as she hoped for, and as Lucy planned, Pam's tight fitting tank top had captured his attention--totally.

As she held the glass of wine out to him, Billy's eyes betrayed him. Wandering down they became stuck on her tits. He took a couple small sips from his wine, marveling at what great shape his mother was in, while Pam proudly beamed on the inside knowing exactly where her young son's eyes were stuck.

When his eyes finally slipped down off her tits, and onto the flat part of her tummy, exposed by her short little tank top, he was given even more reason to marvel. Her tummy looked as flat, and as solid, as any of the young college girls at Albany.

Not knowing it was already too late, before his mother could bust him for checking her out, Billy turned away to grab the DVD remote off the coffee table.

"Ready to watch our movie?" he asked nervously.

"Sure baby but, hey, didn't you say you were going to get a blanket for us to cuddle under coz I am cold."

"Oh yeah, it's right here." He pulled the blanket he retrieved earlier off the back of the sofa, unfolding it, before stretching it out over the both of them.

"Now this is nice. Just me and you, alone, cuddling under a blanket on a Friday night while watching one of your stupid, scary movies."

"Yeah, seems like old times huh," Billy added while the opening credits started to roll.

All throughout the movie, Pam pressed herself tightly up against her son. Billy didn't mind, not at all, even accepting, without complaint, when she went as far to drop her head on his shoulder.

Greatly enamored by his mommy's soft attentions, Billy actually was not really looking forward to the movie ending, but, of course, it did. Climbing to her feet, Pam yawned loudly before telling him, "Ready for bed, sweetie?"

"Yes," he replied wondering if that was truly it.

Billy paused at the foot of the stairs. He was disappointed the evening was coming to such a boring end, and then it hit him. His mother probably didn't want the evening to end like this either, but she was just waiting for him to do or say something.

He racked his brain to come up with something that might extend their evening before he hit on a longshot. Clearing his throat he said, "Ahh, you know, Mom, as I recall, didn't scary movies, especially Halloween, always give me nightmares."

"They did. Why? Are you worried?" she asked surprised he would bring the subject up.

"I guess not. I was just wondering."

Billy ascended the stairs to his room feeling a twinge of disappointment. His "scared little boy" gambit had not paid any dividends.

After pulling out a pair of gym shorts and a tee shirt from his bag, his usual sleeping attire, and putting them on, he brushed his teeth and hopped into the bed. The night had ended with a dull whimper--much to both his and Lucy's disappointment.

After cleaning up briefly downstairs, Pam headed off to her own bedroom with Lucy and Michael in tow. The archangel, in a most un-angel like gesture, couldn't help but to throw a bit of shade the Devil's way. "Look sis, I told you. Nothing to see here. Their love remains pure and innocent despite the way they were so sweetly cuddling with each other under the blanket."

"Well, the night is not over yet," Lucifer replied in a huff. She wasn't ready to admit defeat--not just yet. Having an idea, she floated down the hallway and through the door, into Pam's bedroom. Michael, wanting to see what she was up to, quickly followed as he cried out, "Remember no possessing!"

"I am just going to give her a suggestion or two, but since, according to you, she is such a good girl, I'm sure she shall ignore them."

"Ha!" Michael happily chortled upon entering the bedroom, "She is ready to go to sleep herself."

Michael appeared to be right as the lights were out in Pam's bedroom and she was just crawling into bed, now wearing her boring old nightshirt only, indicating the night's festivities were indeed over.

"Well, I guess you are right. I'm too late. Let's go downstairs. I need to rest until morning anyways. Maybe sleep a little

myself before I pay up in the morning by disappearing for a year."

"Really? You are giving up and going to sleep?"

"Yeah, well, sleeping will beat listening to you gloat all night. Seems you were right. They were both better than I gave them credit for."

Lucifer plopped down on the sofa and was soon slumbering peacefully---or so it seemed. Michael, still suspicious, watched over her. After about an hour with nothing happening, he started to get sleepy himself and soon dozed off.

A few minutes later, Lucifer was wide awake and making plans. She would have to work quickly because she knew Michael's mistrust of her would not allow him to sleep long without waking up to check on things.

Her plan was simple and it might work, or it might not, but still she would not go down without a fight . . . and without a bit of cheating.

She moved over to a far corner away from Michael. Closing her eyes, she chanted a spell in Old Latin summoning her favorite succubus--Drenanya. After giving the attractively slutty demon some quick instructions, she sent her up to Billy's room, and then stealthily moved across the room to check on Michael. He was still dozing peacefully--no doubt dreaming of his God in Heaven.

Lucifer hurried off upstairs and entered Pam's bedroom. Moving to the bed where Pam was sound asleep, she lowered her mouth to the sleeping mother's ear, whispering to her a series of very strong suggestions, all of which Pam would feel compelled to obey . . . or so Lucy hoped.

The Devil reached the sofa just in time to make herself appear to be sleeping peacefully when Michael woke up just long enough to check on her. Seeing she was still asleep, he dozed

off once more, blissfully unaware of Lucifer's freshly completed shenanigans which, if they worked, would set in motion a series of events proving to be Michael's undoing.

Waiting until Michael dozed off again, Lucifer cracked open one eye. She waved one finger in the dark, pointing in the general direction of Pam's bedroom upstairs, and then listened. Less than a second later, she heard the small thud and smiled.

Pam woke up from a fitful sleep after hearing a noise. It sounded like it came from the closet. After turning on the lamp next to her bed, she crossed her room to the closet.

Peeking inside, she could see the outline of a shoebox laying in the middle of the wooden closet floor.

"Now how the hell did that fall," Pam whispered to herself. After clicking on the closet's overhead light, she went inside her closet. The Devil, able to hear the faintest of whispers

even from faraway, heard Pam's quiet exclamation to herself and smiled at her finger.

Pam crouched down to examine the box. The large shoebox, neatly labeled in crayon by Billy, as Mommy and Me, some many long years ago, was now resting on its side.

Moving closer, Pam saw how a good two dozen or so of old Polaroid pictures of her and Billy together were now half in, and half out of the box. Reaching down she picked up one of the pictures.

"God I haven't looked at these in years," she whispered before getting comfortable on the floor. The picture she was staring at was of her pushing a very young Billy on a swing. He might have been about four years old.

Sighing deeply, she started slowly going through the rest of the two dozen or so pictures. They were all of them when he was younger in various poses. In almost every one of them he was clinging tightly to her.

The last one she examined really set her heart on fire. On the surface it was only a simple picture of a mother, Pam, holding a baby, Billy, in her arms, but yet, it touched her deeply. He couldn't have been more than five or six months old--and they were both smiling at the camera.

She was wearing a pair of black and white sleep pants, eerily similar to the ones she was wearing now, and her favorite pink nursing bra which was actually kind of sexy for a nursing bra.

Tears were beginning to form in her eyes as she contemplated both the picture, and the intense love she and Billy once shared. Like all loves, it sadly seemed to have faded with time.

The picture fell out of her hand as her mind drifted. She was speculating if she still owned that pretty pink nursing bra. She thought she probably did--she rarely threw things away, especially clothes.

Moving to the very back of the closet, Pam found the old suitcase, the one she used exclusively for clothes she no longer wore, but yet was unwilling to part with, and unzipped it. Both the bra and the exact same sleep pants from the picture were resting on a heap of old clothes stuffed inside the suitcase.

This was not by mere chance, the clothes being arranged thusly, but instead was the work of a certain devilishly young lady.

Pulling them out, Pam followed one of those deep seeded subconscious commands the Devil earlier whispered in her ear, and decided she would put both the bra and the pants on--just for the hell of it.

Pam was actually thinking the bra just might fit as she recalled her breast size swelling up to a nice 36 D after she got pregnant with Billy, which was, of course, the size of her new-- and magically-- bigger breasts now.

After slipping the bra on, Pam, even knowing how her boobs had somehow gotten bigger over the course of the last few months, was still amazed to find the bra fit perfectly.

This was more of the Devil's trickery. While Pam slept the Devil had been busy using her insidious magic to make Pam's tits just a little bit bigger to fit perfectly in her rediscovered sexy pink nursing bra.

Her amazement was interrupted when she heard a loud scream. Pam jumped to her feet, the scream sounded like it had come from Billy's room. Reaching over, she grabbed the nearest of her three robes off a hanger and quickly wrapped it around her body as she hurried out of her bedroom, dashing down the hallway to her son's room--and to her ultimate fate.

Hearing first the scream, and then Pam go pounding on down the hallway, Lucifer smiled. Her plan was in motion. Moving quietly, she went to Michael. Bending over his prone body, she whispered something in his ear. It was a sleeping spell of

sorts, and would normally render a human unconscious for the better part of ten to twelve hours.

But of course, Michael was not actually human so her spell would, at the very least, make him sleep soundly maybe another hour or so leaving Lucy just enough time to work the upcoming drama to her advantage without interference.

Pam burst into her son's room, just as he cried out loudly again in his sleep. Moving closer she heard him muttering softly, yet very clearly, over and over again, "No, Mommy, no . . . I don't wanna."

From over in the corner, Lucifer looked on as her plan advanced nicely. The boy had been under the spell of her agent, Drenanya, and was now ripe for the picking.

Pam sat down on the bed and begin to shake him gently. He caught her by surprise when he came fully awake with a shriek, "NO . . . I CAN'T. THEY ARE TOO UGLY!"

Pam flipped on the lamp on his nightstand next to the bed-- just in time to see Billy bolt straight up in the bed. He looked around in a state of shocked fright. His hair was matted with sweat as he sat there panting.

Both his blanket and sheet were tossed aside, revealing the fact he was naked. It appeared, somehow during his sleep, he managed to shed his tee shirt, gym shorts and briefs.

Pam looked at her son. He was obviously very scared-- and very excited-- evidenced by the enormous erection he was sporting.

Glancing down, Billy saw what his mom was looking at, but before he could react. she calmly reached down and pulled the sheet up to cover his body.

"What happened? I wore gym shorts to bed like usual and underwear . . . and a tee shirt."

"Good question. Maybe you tossed all of them on the floor after you took them off, hon."

"I didn't take anything off . . . I . . . I don't understand."

"Shhh, don't worry about that now honey." She soothed his hair back, wanting to reassure him.

"I'm thinking you were having one of those dreams that boys get at times. Maybe a real nice one huh considering you are, you know, completely naked. Now don't worry, those type of dreams are nothing to be ashamed of. It's normal for young boys to have them . . . and even older boys sometimes like yourself."

"Mom, my dream . . . it was not . . . I don't really remember it. Most of it anyways. It was not . . . really one of those, but . . . I don't know maybe it was."

"Well, you sound confused as to exactly what kind of dream you had hon . . . or maybe you remember your dream perfectly and are just too ashamed to admit the details to me."

Normally, Pam really would not have pursued the details of her son's possible naughty dream but thanks to Lucy and her wicked endeavors this night was anything but normal.

She basically wanted to hear the details of his dream thanks to a certain wicked lady whispering sub conscious suggestions in her ear, telling her she needed to hear the details of his dream.

"Mom, OK, you know me too well. I remember my dream perfectly. It was so real and so scary and I guess a bit naughty too."

"I wish you would tell me about it. I think it would help." She reached out, trying to run his fingers through his hair, but he recoiled at her touch.

"Why did you do that?"

"Do what?" Billy asked innocently.

"Flinch when I tried to touch you." Pam's voice was rising indicating she was upset. Again, she reached out with one hand trying to brush it lightly against his cheek, but again he shrank away. "See . . . you did it again."

The look of fright on his face, combined with the way he reacted to her touch, caused her heart to hitch.

Without thinking, she jumped up from the bed and started to rush out of the room. She really did not understand why she was reacting so emotionally but she just could not help herself.

Over in the corner Lucifer smiled. Her plans were advancing nicely.

"Mom . . . wait. Why are you leaving?"

She paused at the doorway before turning around. "Isn't it obvious? You don't want me touching you. I guess you feel you are too old to be comforted over having a bad dream and this whole night, reliving our Friday movie night has been a big failure and now I feel older than ever."

Knowing he must do something, and quick, he sensed she was about to cry, Billy swung his feet over the edge of the bed ready to chase after her if necessary. "Wait, Mom, I will let you comfort me. I am not too old for that."

She backed away from the door, taking a small step back inside his room. "Really?"

"Yes, really. Now come on don't run away."

"Then don't you run away from me." She moved across the room and sat down on the bed next to him. Noticing how he seemed to wince just a bit as she sat down, she knew it was going to take a supreme effort on her part to win back his trust.

Then it came to her-- courtesy of the Devil-- why he was acting this way. She was in his dream, he had called out "Mommy" had he not, and maybe she did something to frighten him. Now she would absolutely need to get to the bottom of his dream. She decided to try the direct approach.

"Was I in your dream honey and did I do something to frighten you?"

Billy nodded his head yes while being amazed, as always, at his mother's keen insight into even the most private areas of his life.

"OK, so if I am going to comfort you, properly, you are going to have to tell me all about this dream of yours and what I did

to frighten you. Only if you do that, can I then undo the damage."

"OK," he answered simply but without much conviction.

"I know you don't want to talk about it honey, but you have to tell me. I can't have you being frightened of me."

"I don't really wanna say what my dream was about . . . but I will . . . if I have to."

"It will be for the best," Pam answered. Knowing bold action was required, Pam hopped to her feet. "Let's go."

"Where?"

"Downstairs. We are going to the den and we are going to make a fire, get comfortable and sit and talk in front of it. You need to tell me about this stupid bad dream that is making

you afraid of your own mother. Now up and out of bed and follow me downstairs!"

"OK, but I need to at least find my underwear right?"

Pam was already at the door. "I guess but hurry."

Billy pulled both the covers and the sheet back from the bed, but didn't see either his shirt, shorts or underwear. "I don't know where they are at?"

"Well, we don't have time to mess around. You need to tell me about this dream as soon as possible. People have a way of forgetting dreams quick so just wrap the sheet around your body and follow me downstairs. You will be fine."

Wrapping the sheet tight around his naked body, Billy followed his mother out of the room and down the stairs.

Meanwhile, over in the corner, Drenanya was receiving praise for a job well done from Lucifer. Holding up Billy's briefs and she whispered to the Devil, "Can I keep these as a souvenir."

"Of course you can sweetie."

"And don't forget your promise. If you win the wager, I can come back tonight and fuck . . . and get fucked by both the boy and his mother."

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I will keep my promise. Just stick around and I will summon you when the time is right."

A few minutes later Pam and Billy were stretched out on the large white rug in front of a blazing fire in the small den. Pam had poured them both a fresh glass of wine, hoping it would help relax the both of them, but him, in particular, so he would open up to her.

"Now tell me now about your dream." Grabbing one of the throw pillows off the nearby loveseat she placed it under his head. "Go ahead, take a couple large sips of your wine, and then lay back, relax and tell me everything."

Billy complied, draining half the wine from his glass before settling back down against the pillow. "The dream started with me in my bed. I was young I think . . . I mean I felt young, but at the same time I felt also physically mature. So this is kind of embarrassing, but I guess I was waiting for you to come tuck me in."

"If you think about it . . . not really. I was going on about wanting to feel young again tonight and when we were both younger I used to tuck you in at night so I'm sure it was floating around in your mind."

"Yeah, maybe. Anyways, you came in to my bedroom and after, yeah, tucking me in, you asked me how I liked the movie. It was Halloween, the movie, I think, just like we watched and after I said it was just 'OK' you sort of started

teasing me that I was paying more attention to something other than the movie."

Billy paused, as the innocent part of the dream was over already, and when he didn't start talking again Pam spoke up. "So what did I teasingly sort of suggest you were paying attention to Billy?"

"It's kind of naughty, Mom."

"I don't care. I'm a big girl and can deal with naughty."

He sighed knowing to argue would be useless. She clearly wanted to hear everything, but still he hesitated, prompting a sharp response from her.

"So go on, stop being all shy and secretive and tell me!" an exasperated Pam barked at him.

"Fine. You accused me of staring at your breasts. I tried to deny it, but you got mad and snapped at me saying, 'Don't try and act all innocent. I caught you several times staring at my boobs.' So I went ahead and admitted I was staring at them."

"I'm curious. Did I seem mad that I caught you staring at my breasts?"

"No, I don't think so. If you were mad at all, I got the impression it was only because I was trying to deny it."

"Then what happened." Pam's asked in a voice which trembled slightly from the fact his dream was getting interesting, especially as it seemed to be mimicking life as she did, at least once or twice, catch him taking sidelong glances at her tits while they watched the movie earlier tonight-- just like she secretly wanted--otherwise, of course, she would not have worn her skintight tank top without a bra.

"This is where the things get kind of weird. In my dream you suggested we go downstairs and talk. And then, you know how

dreams are. Suddenly, I mean right after you made the suggestion, we were downstairs talking."

"What is so weird about that?"

"In my dream when we went downstairs, you took me into the den and there was a fire going already and I had a sheet wrapped around my naked body . . . all just like now. Plus in my dream, you were wearing your white satin robe, just like now."

"Hmm, life seems to be imitating your dream. I guess that is kind of weird and very interesting. So what happened next?"

"Do I really have to tell you the rest? It gets . . . really, really naughty from here . . . and scary."

"Billy, sweetheart." She paused to brush her fingers through his hair. Once again, without thinking, he pulled back as she reached out toward him. Instead of getting upset she

remained calm. "See honey. You are still scared of me. You need to tell me the rest so I can figure out just what to do to make things right between us. Please."

After a brief hesitation, he resolved to tell her everything. Talking slowly, he made his confession. "Right away after we got settled in front of the fire you whispered to me, 'And don't think I didn't notice how your hand kept brushing up against my boobs while we cuddled under the blankets.' I tried to deny it. I said 'if I did it was only an accident' and again you got mad."

"I did? What did I do exactly?"

"You said, in your mean voice, 'What? You think my tits are worth touching only by accident!' I answered quietly that 'I didn't think that at all.' You then slowly took off your robe before you whispered, 'Prove it. Go ahead and touch them . . . on purpose.'"

"Really! Wow, how naughty of me. Tell me, was I wearing anything under my robe or was I naked."

His answer would, at first, shock her, and then ultimately decide their fate.

"You were wearing a pink bra and after I commented about liking it you said it was a special kind of bra. A nursing bra, I think, is what you called it."

Pam was quiet for a moment just staring at her son.

"Honey, are you really positive that was what I was wearing and that was what I said?"

"Yes."

"How can you be so sure? One's memories about dreams, they can be tricky sometimes."

"No I remember clearly because . . ." He paused seemingly not wanting to say anymore.

"Honey, this is important. Finish what you were about to say."

"I remember because the bra . . . I mean, it looked really nice on you."

"Really?" she asked as she felt a flash of pride come over her.

"Yes."

Now this was getting strange, she thought, him dreaming of his mother wearing a pink nursing bra . . . maybe the exact same one I just rediscovered in my closet after all those years and stranger still . . . I am wearing it now!

Of course, there was one person, a certain devilishly person relaxing in the corner, watching the drama unfold, who found none of this strange at all.

Trying to control her excitement, Pam told him quietly. "Tell me the rest. What happened next after I took my robe off? Did you touch my boobs like I invited you to?"

Instead of answering, he looked away shamefully-- telling her all she needed to know.

"Honey, tell me the truth, did you touch them . . . it's only a dream so come on be honest with me."

He looked up at her and said nothing for a long moment before quietly whispering, "Yes."

"And, how did they feel. Tell me."

"They . . . they didn't feel nice like I thought they would."

"Why not?" she asked sharply. His answer upset her.

"They just felt, I don't know, strange like." He made a face adding to her hurt before continuing. "And all squishy and worse like there was something inside the bra . . . alive and moving."

"And what happened next?" Her initial excitement was fading. His dream was turning from titillating to disturbing.

"I yanked my hands away and you got upset. You started to cry saying how you were old and ugly. I told you, you weren't. You asked me to prove it by kissing you, so I did and that is when things got really . . . ahh bad."

"Bad how?" she asked warily.

"Your tongue, when I kissed you, it went into my mouth and it felt warm, too warm, and icky and sharp. It was hurting me.

I opened my eyes and you had turned super old and ugly. You looked like a witch or something. I got scared and pulled back and you looked at me. You were normal again, pretty I mean, but still I couldn't forget how you just looked. And then you smiled, but it was not a nice smile. You reached up and undid a clip like thing on the front of your bra, by the shoulder, and slowly began to pull down the cup of your bra."

He paused again. His voice was starting to shake. "Then all these ugly looking brown insects or something came pouring out of your bra."

"Jesus, that's gross," Pam whispered. "No wonder you were freaked out."

"And then they disappeared . . . the insects or whatever they were. Just like vanished and I could see your, you know, breasts . . . both of them. You had pulled down the other cup too. You asked me how they looked, and then started to cackle like a witch. You were old and ugly looking again and your boobs were . . . nasty like . . ."

He made a face as he nervously twisted the sheet in his hands causing Pam's heart to wrench with pain. "They looked saggy and all . . . misshapen. Then you screeched, 'you wanna suck on them boy . . . go ahead.' I tried to back away but you reached out with your hand and snagged my hair. You were strong. You pulled me closer and shoved your breasts in my face and in my mouth as I tried to scream. They tasted bad. Like sour milk maybe. I twisted my head away and then screamed 'No, Mommy, no. I don't wanna'. But you grabbed me and twisted my face around and hissed at me, 'you have to son! It's what we both want'. I remember yelling really loud, 'No I can't. They are too ugly.' And then the next thing I remember was you shaking me awake."

"God that is an awful dream." It was all she could think to say at the moment but, at least, it cleared up why he was shrinking away from her.

Billy was visibly shaking now. She reached out to comfort him, but he recoiled from her touch. This was the final straw as Pam determined, with a bit of a push from a certain female

of unsavory character at her side, something drastic must be done to both regain his trust and wash away those bad memories of his awful dream.

As Billy slowly scooted away to the far edge of the rug, his eyes wide with fright, she had no idea he was engaging in a bit of skullduggery. Not the real mean kind, but instead it was just a case of a boy wanting some warm, loving attention from his Mommy and if he had to be devious in getting such attention--well, so be it.

In this case, the deception was simple-- while the dream had truly freaked him out, he was old enough to understand it was still only a dream. Ahh, but then it came to him. Maybe, if he kept shrinking away from her touch and acting like he was truly scared of her, just how far would she go to make things right between them? He was curious to find out.

Pam fell for it; all of it as she watched him scoot away from her touch yet again. "Look Billy, I can't have you being scared of me so please let me comfort you honey. Let me help you

get over your stupid dream. Let me show you I am not an old and ugly witch. Can you let me do that?"

"Maybe," he replied cautiously as he took a large swallow of his wine, nearly finishing it off.

"I have something to show you and I hope it might help you change your mind in letting me comfort you." Pam drained the balance of her own wine hoping it would give her the courage to continue. "What I have to show you makes me think that everything that has happened tonight has been preordained . . . you know like fate. This may freak you out, it did me at first, but I think we should not fight it. Here . . . look at what your mom is wearing under her robe."

Before she could lose her nerve she rose up on her knees and quickly stripped off her robe.

"Does this look familiar, sweetheart?"

Slowly he answered. "Jesus, it . . . you are wearing the exact same bra from my dream."

Making her voice as sweet as possible Pam whispered, "Are you sure? Come closer to your Mommy and take a good look honey."

He leaned forward, staring at her bra and then whispered. "It is the same . . . how weird."

"Yes and I think . . ." She paused, the Devil was again whispering in her ear and putting thoughts in her head. "Well, it hurts me Billy . . . you thinking I am old and ugly, and my breasts are nasty, and that your mommy's kisses would hurt you." She was blinking back tears, real tears, as she told him all this in a voice on the verge of cracking.

He moved closer to her, just a little though, before answering. "I am sorry Mommy. I am not really scared of you . . . that much. It was only a stupid dream."

"Yeah, but that type of dream, so bad and so awful, is not one you are likely to forget anytime soon unless I can replace those stupid bad memories with some real nice ones. Plus, and this is important, I don't want you to be scared of me at all."

"How are you going to fix things?"

"I think we should replay your dream? Change the narrative so to speak. We need to change things, starting with when things got bad and scary for you. Let me prove to you Mommy is not an ugly old witch honey. Can we at least try?"

He nodded his head yes slowly.

"Your dream got real scary when I first invited you to touch my boobs and then we kissed. Am I right? Is that when things got bad?"

"Yes."

"Then come closer honey. Please." She leaned down on one arm and smiled at him as he moved nearer to her. Thrusting her tits out to him she whispered. "I want you to touch your mommy's boobs, honey. Play with them a bit, if you want, so you will really know they don't feel strange and squishy like they did in your stupid dream . . . so you understand there is nothing inside but softness and sweetness and the stuff boys dream of."

If was an offer Billy could not refuse. Whatever the drama now ensuing between them, it was deadly serious and he meant to see it through to the end, especially as he perceived his mother was not at all acting, but was genuinely hurt by his stupid dream.

Just to make sure he could not refuse, Pam reached out and grabbed his hands guiding them toward her chest. He brushed one hand tentatively against her breast. The bra felt soft, her breast underneath nice and firm. He brought his

other hand up using it to squeeze her other breast. It too felt deliciously nice and firm . . . heavenly even. He fondled them for a precious few seconds before pulling his hands away--afraid of doing too much, too soon.

Apparently, this was an unfounded concern, for as soon as he started to take his hands away Pam reached out, gently snagging them both. Pushing them back up against her breasts she whispered, "Take you time honey. Feel them some more. I want you to be sure Mommy has a pair of nice tits that are pleasant to play with. Go on, don't be shy, sweetie."

Lucy sighed in relief as all her delicate scheming was finally paying off. Better still, Michael should be waking up anytime now, and, oh boy, wait till he walked in on this scene!

Billy did take his time, his sweet glorious time, fondling his mother's tits. Growing bolder he squeezed their fullness, God they were so nice and firm, before he turned his hands, cupping them gently, bouncing them up and down in his hands.

Pam let out a soft sigh before whispering, "So do Mommy's tits feel nice honey?" Her voice fairly dripped with sweetness.

"Y-yes," he stammered.

"Now kiss me. Let me show you I don't have a sharp tongue and won't turn ugly on you."

Their mouths came together as they exchanged several tentative kisses, their lips barely touching, before Pam boldly pressed her lips firmly against his.

Her tongue slipped into his mouth, dipping in and out several times, before she swirled it around to maximum effect taking his breath away.

"Open your eyes honey so you can see I am not turning ugly," she whispered.

His eyes flickered open. His mother was anything but ugly as she smiled at him softly. "See I told you. Now be brave and give your mommy some more kisses."

Their lips came together, and this time Billy took the lead. He pushed his tongue deep in her mouth, it tasted of wine, and swirled it around as his hands came floating across her bare tummy.

He stopped his hands just short of her tits as their one long kiss broke down into a series of increasingly frenzied smashing together of lips and battling tongues.

"Go on baby," she whispered between kisses, "don't be shy. You can play with your mommy's boobs again if you want while we kiss some more."

He eagerly acted upon her invitation as he brought his hands up to the luscious twin peaks of her firm breasts. As before they felt simply heavenly as did her tongue in his mouth.

They fell back on the rug, mouths stuck together, his hands glued to her tits, as Lucifer looked on quietly with a smirk. Hearing movement in the other room, Michael must be awake, her smirk turned into a mischievous grin.

Flat on his back, Billy looked up at his mother. "Now let's change how that stupid dream of yours ended hon. Just follow my lead OK," she whispered down to him. He nodded his head yes with much anticipation.

He let out a gentle sigh as she leaned down on one arm next to him running her fingers through his hair. "Did you know this bra I'm wearing is very, very special? Your mommy has had it for a long time . . . a very long time. Eighteen years to be exact."

"Really?"

"You wanna know what is so special about my bra, baby boy?"

"Tell me." he answered as she got to her feet. She crossed the den to the corner where they kept a large pillow chair. Grabbing it, she pulled it across the room placing it in the center of the rug.

Pam settled back down on the rug, resting on her knees next to him, before leaning over and whispering in his ear. "I think I already told you, in your dream, it's a nursing bra honey, but what I didn't maybe mention in your dream, was how this particular bra was my favorite from when you were just a baby . . . a very needy baby that cried a lot at night. And you know . . ." She twirled her fingers through his long hair again, pulling on it slightly causing shivers to run up and down his spine.

"Whenever you cried I came running. I was a good mommy to you, Billy . . . always ready to feed you whenever you got hungry."

She paused for a brief moment, knowing if she continued there would be no turning back. She pondered things for a moment before deciding there was no choice--she must continue.

"Are you hungry now? While your mommy's breasts cannot give you any milk, they can give you something else and that is love . . . Love in its purest and most natural form. Would you like some of your mommy's love, sweetie?"

He nodded his head yes.

"Then come, lay your head in my lap and get comfortable." She turned, leaning back against the pillow chair. Billy waited until she got settled before moving over and placing his head in her lap. She pushed her arm under him, positioning his head so it rested gently in the crook of her arm.

Smoothing his hair back, she stared down at him for a long moment. Their eyes locked as something deep and forbidden passed between them. The only sound was the gentle

crackling of the fire as she ever so slowly moved her free hand to the front of her bra. He watched, his eyes getting bigger, as she slowly undid the clasp.

Ever so patiently, Pam peeled the cup down, revealing inch by inch the full expanse of her beautiful breast to him before whispering to him words destined to set his heart on fire with unbridled passion. "Go on baby, show mommy how hungry you are for her love. Show me that you are so hungry and so needy for your mommy's love you could suckle on her boobies all night long . . . would you like that honey . . . to suckle on your mommy's big boobies."

"Oh God yes," he responded with a throaty whisper.

She twirled her fingers in his hair as she smiled down at him. This was just going so perfectly naughty--for the both of them--she could hardly believe it.

"Well, seeing you are older now and Mommy no longer has breast milk to satisfy your intense hunger just maybe we can

substitute something else." She leaned back grabbing the bottle of wine. "Hmm, maybe a bit of wine might make your mommy's boobies a bit more appealing now that you are all grown up."

He watched as she carefully brought a glass of wine over her exposed breast before slowly tipping it down, allowing a small stream of wine to come splashing out and down all over her boob.

"Hmm, that is nice and cold," she whispered before moving the glass to his lips. "Take a few sips baby."

He dutifully did as she requested taking a couple generous sips from the proffered glass of wine before she pulled it back. "Gotta to save a bit for Mommy."

She moved the glass back over her boob, and again tipped the glass allowing another stream, larger this time, of wine to come splattering down directly on her sizable nipple.

Billy watched as his mother let out a soft hiss. Small goose bumps were starting to form on her areola surrounding her fully erect nipple; it was an absolutely stunning sight.

Pam then undid the other cup pulling it down ever so slowly leaving Billy breathless as he stared at the twin triangle swathes of bare skin the unclipped bra exposed to his hungry eyes. In the center of the triangles were her glorious fully erect nipples positioned perfectly in the middle. To the freshly exposed other breast, she applied the same wine treatment as Billy eagerly watched.

He closed his eyes and opened his mouth as he felt his mommy nudge his face forward to the gates of heaven. Her wine covered nipple slipped into his eager mouth. Billy lashed his tongue out, over and over again, wiping her nipple clean of the sweet tasting wine before he began to suckle on it in earnest.

Pam let out a long sigh. Arching her back, she closed her eyes allowing her son full access to her tits. As he showered her sensitive nipple with tender loving care, Pam smiled down at him while running her fingers through his hair. Paradoxically, she was in heaven now thanks to the Devil's scheming ways.

To the soft crackling of the fire was added the gentle sounds of suckling as Billy warmed to the task of slurping hungrily on his mommy's tits. He moved his ravenous mouth back and forth, lavishing each of her tits with such tender attentions leaving Pam to moan in soft delight.

Pam leaned forward nudging his mouth off of her tits. Billy looked up at her with a hurt expression. "Don't worry we aren't done . . . Mommy just wants to take her bra off so her baby can lavish the entirety of her breasts with his eager mouth. Would you like that?"

"Yes, very much so," he croaked.

Pam slowly removed her bra, loving the way he was so eagerly watching her. In a matter of perfect timing, Michael, at that very moment, floated into the den . . . just in time to observe Pam show off her tits to her son.

"Jesus, they are so beautiful Mommy. I love them," Billy whispered.

"Yeah, show Mommy how much you love her big boobies hon. Go on don't be shy."

He needed no further prompting. Billy threw himself forward, burying his face in between his mom's perfectly tanned tits, forcing Pam to fall back with a grunt against the pillow chair.

Things were quickly spinning out of control as Billy attacked his mom's tits with such passionate ardor, sending them both careening toward an inevitable finish.

Billy, the sheet still wrapped around his body, snuggled his face between his mom's tits, suckling on each of them sweetly before the sweetness turned to full unbridled passion. She could feel his incredible hardness as he begin to hump his lower body against her thighs, while dutifully suckling on her boobs. Knowing he was close to coming, and not wanting him to have an accident, she gently pushed him off of her.

"Honey, stop. Please. I think . . . well, I don't want you to make a mess in your sheets down there."

She reclined onto her back. Smiling up at him she said, "Go on and take off your mommy's sleep pants hon."

Billy fairly ripped them off of her body and was rewarded with the glorious sight of his mother having absolutely nothing on underneath.

"Now it is my turn," Pam said as she too literally ripped the sheet off of his body and was pleased to see her son was so very big and hard-- just for her.

Pam snaked an arm around his neck, pulling him into her embrace as they began to kiss again. After several breathless kisses, Billy slowly rose up, positioning himself over her wet opening. Slowly, he sank down, pushing his hardness up and into his mother as she let out a sharp hiss.

He rocked into his mother, slowly, patiently, making love to her as gentle as possible.

Pam closed her eyes, feeling she had died and went to heaven as her son was making love to her the exact way she wanted: nice, slow, and patient.

"That's it . . . Oh God, yes . . . yeah, right there. Hmm . . . that is nice, hon."

Gazing down at her, he could not have been more in love with her. Her eyes were shut, head back, a few loose strands of her lovely dark hair had fallen in her face, as her breath came in

shallow gasps. He pushed into her deeper, harder causing those lovely tits to bounce up and down just as she let out a pronounced moan.

"Oh that's it baby. Harder . . . please, make love to me harder," she whispered before pulling him down. They exchanged several passionate kisses as their lovemaking picked up steam.

Pam knew, being young, her son would not last long which was fine. Her needs at this point were secondary. Reaching around, she clawed at his ass pulling him down deeper into her.

"That's it baby. Do me harder . . . Ahh . . . God, you feel so good inside me."

Raising up onto his arms, Billy paused briefly before slamming down fiercely inside her once, twice, and then a third time, watching as with every manly thrust his mom's tits bounced joyfully up and down.

After the third thrust, he came deep inside of his mother before collapsing into her arms.

Lucy turned to her brother. "Hmm, I guess maybe their love for each other was not so innocent after all huh?"

Michael turned away in frustration before disappearing. He would have some explaining to do to the big guy upstairs. As for the Devil, she did not disappear, deciding the night's festivities were not quite over yet. She still had a promise to keep to her pet succubus Drenanya.

Three hours later.

Billy and Pam were dozing peacefully under a blanket, resting against each other as they reclined back on the pillow chair in front of the fireplace. The fire, reduced to nothing more than glowing embers by this time, cast an eerie glow across the small den.

Someone was shaking Billy by the shoulder while whispering in his ear. "Wake up, sweetie, it's time to play again. C'mon wake up now."

Billy didn't want to wake up. He was having one of those "nice" dreams. Really nice that is featuring a buxom brunette who was fawning all over him in a most provocative manner.

The voice in his ear was soft and sweet, sultry even and . . . familiar.

As his eyes fluttered open, he was, at first, sure it had to be his mother, but then again no, it wasn't her voice.

Of course! The voice it was from the nice dream he was just having.

He rubbed his eyes and looked around. There she was, a smirk on her pretty face, wearing a blood red satin robe, resting on her knees next to him.

"You're real?" He rubbed his eyes before blinking them several times. "Or . . . or am I still dreaming?"

"Shhh honey." Drenanya whispered to him, "You are not dreaming and I promise I am very real . . . as you will soon find out."

The dream goddess, since Billy did not know her name he decided this was the best moniker for her, whoever her was, was now running her fingers through his hair, just like he loved.

Reaching out, wanting to confirm she was real, he touched her arm. The dream goddess smiled softly in response. "See I am real and you are not dreaming. Here want some further proof?" Without warning, she reached out and pinched him

on the arm. Hard. It hurt and he did not come awake-- probably because, yeah, he was already awake.

"W-hat do you want?" Billy asked as his eyes floated down to the dream goddess' chest. The robe she was wearing was quite tight on her, especially around the chest area, which seemed to be rather ample.

"I want to play some more, but this time we are going to include that pretty mom of yours."

Pam's eyes flickered open. She heard voices. First, her son's and now this decidedly female voice. Jesus did they have company at this hour.

Lifting herself up on one elbow, Pam turned toward her son saying, "Who are you talking to, hon?"

"Mom," Billy started off excitedly, "this is -- It's hard to explain." More like impossible actually.

Pam blinked her eyes and then rubbed them hard. There was someone there. A woman. In the dim light of the living room she could barely make out her features, but what she could make out was quite appealing.

Billy was about to try and explain things further, if he could, but before he could start his dream goddess spoke up. "Pam, you are still tired and we are not ready for you quite yet. Go back to sleep."

A look of confusion came over Pam's face before she slumped back down under her blanket. All of a sudden she felt deathly tired to the point where nothing mattered but getting some more sleep. Pulling the blanket tighter around her Pam murmured, "Your friend is pretty, Billy," before she slipped back to sleep.

Billy looked at his dream goddess quizzically. She was smiling once again. "I have many powers on this level dear. Now . . .

onto the matter at hand . . . your pleasure. This is what I propose."

She leaned down bringing her mouth to Billy's ear, her heavy breasts resting seductively on his bare chest. The words she whispered in his ear brought his cock instantly awake.

Drenanya leaned back, looking at Billy, waiting for his reaction.

"You said, a threesome, me, you and Mommy . . . upstairs in your bedroom? I don't get it . . . your bedroom . . . upstairs."

"Don't worry about that honey. I told you I have powers on this level. I know, without a doubt, you want to, but what about your mother?"

Billy glanced over his shoulder at his mother. She was sleeping peacefully again. Her robe was back on, reconfirming what she told him earlier, right before they

slipped off to sleep-- no more fun and games for the night, or probably forever for that matter.

"I don't think so," he said doubtfully.

"Why, after all the fun you two had earlier?"

"She already told me before we fell asleep what happened was nice, but it was wrong and could never happen again."

Dre looked over at Pam like a child who needed scolding. "You humans, especially females sometimes, and your damn guilt over having a good romp in the hay. Well, I have a cure for that."

Billy watched his dream goddess wave one hand in the air while whispering something in a language he wholly did not understand. Opening her palm with a smile, Dre showed him a small vial.

"What is that?"

"I suppose you could call it a tonic of sorts. It's for your mother."

"Wait! No way are we going to drug her!"

"Don't be silly. It's not a drug, but, like I said, a tonic . . . or if you prefer a potion."

"What kind of potion?" he asked suspiciously.

"The kind that will unlock her deepest and most forbidden inner desires and allow her to fully explore them."

"Now here . . . you give it to her. Just shake her awake. She will wake up long enough to take it down."

"What is it going to do to her?"

"For the first few minutes it will leave her in a dream like state, just long enough to get her upstairs to my bedroom, and then if things go as I expect, the potion will unleash, as I said already, her deepest, darkest and most forbidden desires, which she has already explored with you once tonight. Also, it will put into her memory that I am someone to be trusted . . . sort of like a lifelong best friend, instead of just some unknown beautiful stranger.

"I suppose that is good, but still it seems to me, we are drugging her, no matter if you do call it a potion."

"Look Billy," she reached out, stroking the side of his face with a soft touch, sending shivers up and down his spine," you have to trust me on this. My potion is special. If there is hidden desires in your mother it will release them, and if there is nothing there to release . . . then my potion shall have no real effect on her whatsoever."

"You swear that is the truth," Billy said, wanting to truly believe her. Yeah, the thought of having a threesome with his mother and the dream goddess, was something he desperately wanted, but not if his mom was all drugged up and stuff.

"I swear, honey."

Drenanya tried to push the vial in Billy's hand, but he pulled back. "I don't want her to do nothing against her will."

"Look Billy, I will say it again, if what my potion unlocks is not desire, but instead a wish to remain good, for lack of a better word, I will leave you two and you shall both awaken in the morning, here, downstairs in front of the fireplace, with no memory of any of this."

Drenanya reached out and squeezed Billy's hand with tender loving care while whispering, "Promise."

He believed her; otherwise he would not be now shaking his mom awake. "Take this, Mom," he whispered as he brought the small vial to her lips.

"What is it?" Pam asked groggily.

"Just take it. Please Mommy."

Pam could never resist her son when he called her "mommy" so sweetly. She opened her mouth and quickly downed the sweet tasting liquid.

"Now let's go upstairs to my bedroom? Help me get her up and onto her feet Billy."

"Her bedroom? Upstairs?" Pam mumbled as she felt herself being lifted. Her thoughts were hazy; she did not quite feel fully awake, yet, she was not sleeping either or, at least, she didn't think so.

After steering her out of the den, and toward the stairs, Billy felt brave enough to ask again, "You keep saying your bedroom is upstairs. Tell me what that means. This is our house so how could--"

They reached the base of the stairs when suddenly Dre again waved her hand, and again, said something in that same strange language.

There was a large puff of smoke, followed immediately by a loud whooshing noise. Billy rubbed his eyes with one hand, while using the other to grip the sheet tighter he was using to hide his nearly naked body.

"Wow that was freaky," his mother said as she leaned heavily against him as the smoke cleared just as quickly as it appeared.

The stairs, the same ones Billy had climbed a thousand times in the past, were gone. In their place was a winding polished marble stairwell looking like it could have come straight out of some European medieval castle maybe?

He gripped the silver handrail as Dre started to lead them up the stairwell. "As I said . . . my bedroom is up the stairs. Sorry I tend to be a little dramatic at times."

Billy wanted to ask questions, but somehow sensed to do so would ruin the mood. Besides, and most obviously, the powers his dream goddess hinted she possessed earlier were quite real.

After reaching the top of the winding staircase they entered a long, gloomy hallway. Billy could hardly see at all as Drenanya led them down it.

"My room is right here," she chirped after producing an old fashioned metal key. It fit into the lock of the ancient looking wooden door which groaned audibly as she pushed it open and entered the bedroom.

The spacious bedroom was lit by dozens of candles and maintained the medieval theme. Standing in the center of the bedroom, serving as a dominating factor, was a huge four poster wooden bed made of dark oak. Flanking the bed on either side, covered with flaming candles, were a pair of old wooden hand carved two drawer chests.

Other than the bed itself and the intricate carved wooden chests, the only other furniture was a stout dresser stuck in one corner. To the left of the bed, taking up the entirety of an entire wall was an enormous stone fireplace. Stretched out in front of the fireplace was a plush white rug which looked equal parts comfortable and lavish.

As a final touch there was a pair of large lewd paintings hanging on the walls. One painting featured a pair of angelic looking nuns stretched out on a bed of clouds---in a lustful sixty nine position-- while the other featured a handsome/evil looking demon fucking a pretty busty female angel as she was bent prone over a pulpit.

Coming more fully awake now, Pam lifted her head up. Looking around she said, "Wow, what a nice bedroom. It looks like something out of a romance novel . . . well except for the paintings maybe."

"Exactly," Drenanya replied with a shrewd smile as she led them across the bedroom to one of the wooden chests flanking the bed. "I chose the paintings just for you Pamy and your secret desires."

Among the flickering candles was a small goblet. After picking up the goblet, Dre tried to hand it to Billy saying, "Drink this."

Billy hesitated, not sure if he should take the offered drink without asking questions. Pam, sensing her son's hesitation, quickly intervened, her motherly instincts kicking into high gear now that she was awake again. "Wait, what is it?"

Taking her arm, Dre pulled Pam to the side just out of earshot from Billy. Dropping her voice she said, "Just another one of my potions. Trust me you want him to drink it, Pam."

"But what is it . . . exactly," Pam asked as she stared at the goblet curiously.

"Just a little something that shall increase your son's, ahh, manhood in all aspects. Let's just say he will be bigger, stronger, last longer and recover more quickly."

Dre paused looking at Pam. She looked -- interested. The potion indeed was working to release her deepest, most forbidden desires already tapped, albeit barely, this evening by Billy. Now she added the kicker. "If Mommy allows her little boy to take my potion I can promise you one thing."

"And what is that?" Pam asked in a low voice. She now felt strangely at ease with everything that was happening, but maybe more importantly, she was starting to feel quite horny. Maybe as horny as she ever felt in her life.

"You . . . well, both of us actually, will be in for a very long, and most pleasurable night.

After a moment's hesitation, Pam snatched the potion out of Dre's hand and marched over to her son.

"Drink this," she demanded.

"But Mom . . . what is it?"

"William . . . drink it . . . now!"

Pam thrust the goblet into his hand with that "look" indicating he better obey.

Billy sat down on the bed, before downing the sour tasting liquid in one large gulp. Mother and son now both turned to Dre. "What now?" Pam asked.

"Before that I have another little secret to tell you. I added a little extra something to the potion your son just drank down."

"You did?" Pam replied while glancing over at Billy. He was standing there looking around the room with a perplexed look on his face.

Moving toward them, his face a mask of confusion, Billy asked, "Mom, what is going on? Where am I and who is that?"

"Shhh," Dre told him, touching her finger to his lips. "You must be quiet honey . . . me and your mommy are talking."

Billy feel silent. He actually planned to say more, but somehow he couldn't find his voice. It seemed this beautiful friend of his mom's, whoever the hell she was, possessed some sort of hypnotic power over him.

"It's already working," Dre whispered in Pam's ear.

"What is already working?" Pam snapped. She was growing impatient.

"The memory inhibitor I added to his potion. Judging by the confused look on his face, he has already totally forgotten your earlier sexual escapades and then pretty much everything after that . . . including who I am."

Pam was stunned. How could someone forget losing their virginity to their mother!"

"Why? I don't understand," Pam inquired softly. It's about all she could think to say.

"So when the fun and games begin later it will be like he is a virgin all over again. I mean the first time is always the best right?"

"Yes, I suppose you are right," Pam muttered to herself. "So what happens next?"

"Now we get that stupid underwear off of him and put him to bed where he will have a nice time watching his mommy play with her new best friend." As they started to advance on the very much confused Billy, Dre leaned over and whispered some final instructions to Pam, "If he asks questions just ignore him and let me handle it."

As Dre reached out, gripping both of Billy's hands, Pam wasted no time in yanking off her confused son's underwear. Billy put up a feeble resistant, which his mother aggressively brushed aside, while ignoring his cries of, "Hey what are you two doing?"

His resistance came to an end when Dre touched one finger delicately to his lips compelling him to fall silent once again.

He remained quiet even as his mother, and her sexy friend, helped him under the covers of the large and comfortable bed. Then came another surprise.

Pam had not noticed them at first, the two black gleaming iron shackles attached to each of the upper bedposts, but now she most definitely did, especially after Dre grabbed one and was bouncing it up and down in her hand.

"Help me secure his wrists, Pamela. We can't have him touching himself and ruin things while he watches us play."

Billy finally found his voice. "Jesus Mom, what are you guys doing and, and who is that?" Billy pointed to Dre before he started to struggle against being secured to the bed.

"Shhh baby . . . let's do what Mommy's friend says OK. Now just relax."

"Yes, be a good boy and do as your mother tells you honey," Dre added before whispering some sweet magical words in his ear.

Raising back up, Dre smiled at Billy. He was under her spell now and was no longer struggling. They both took turns stroking his hair before giving him the gentlest of kisses on each of his cheeks--- before snapping the iron shackles around his wrists.

Grabbing Pamela by the hand Dre announced, "Now let's go in my closet and find you something nice to put on, Pamela."

They were inside for quite some time before emerging with Pam wearing a white satin robe while Dre was wearing an identical robe but only black. Both were showing off sexy high heels; Dre's being a pair of slutty looking six inch, black, open toe stilettos, while Pam's wore a more conservative silver pair of evening sandals with three inch heels.

Their heels clicked seductively on the polished stone floor as Dre led Pam over to the luxurious plush white rug spread out in front of the brick fireplace.

The two women, holding hands, sunk slowly down to their knees as they whispered and giggled happily to each other-- like a pair of school girls-- while totally ignoring Billy.

Billy's mind was a mess. He couldn't figure out where he was, how he got there, and why he was shackled to this bed. More importantly, just who was this woman, this sexy, curvaceous, raven haired beauty his mother was obviously very good friends with.

Billy stared at her, trying to figure things out, but her creamy white skin, glowing with unearthly beauty in the soft light cast by the flickering fire, distracted him. She looked altogether mature, like his mother, and, in fact, resembled her enough where she might have been an attractive older sister.

He tried to focus his thoughts on just exactly what was happening, but they kept breaking up-- maybe because he couldn't keep his eyes off Dre's heavenly body which the snug robe very much hinted at.

Then a small voice, and not just any small voice, but that of the raven haired chick with his mom, popped into his head. It was soothing and easy to listen to.

"Relax baby and focus your thoughts entirely on us. We are going to put on such a good show for you honey. Nothing else matters so now just lean forward a bit so you can hear what me and your mommy are whispering to each other."

Billy felt strangely compelled to listen to this woman's voice inside his head. He relaxed, heeding her advice, and even though leaning forward only brought him mere inches closer to them, he could now, somehow, hear them perfectly, even though they were speaking softly and were all the way across the room.

Pam stopped giggling when the previously doormat fireplace roared to life. Turning back to Dre she whispered, "Did you do that?"

"I did. I have a vast array of magical powers on this level, Pamy." Taking Pam's hands into her own, she added, "But just so you know, magic is not what I do best."

"What do you do best, ahh . . ." Pam asked, "I don't even know your name I afraid."

"It's Drenanya," she whispered.

"Drenanya that is a pretty name. I like it. So tell me Ms. Drenanya . . . what do you do best?"

Dre reached out, stroking the side of Pam's face tenderly before dropping her voice to a sultry whisper, "Sex. Have you ever been kissed by another woman, Pamy?"

"No," she answered timidly.

"Then I guess it will be my supreme honor to be your first."

Billy stared at the scene. Hard. The twin figures of his mom and Dre, facing one another, their hands clasped together in front, were beautifully silhouetted against the dancing flames in the fireplace.

Both women turned toward Billy, greeting his wide staring eyes with soft smiles before they turned back to each other. With a light touch, Dre pulled Pam closer as their lips came slowly together.

Billy, simply unable to turn away, watched his mom and Drenanya engage in a series of ever increasing passionate kisses, causing his manhood to grow in leaps and bounds under the single sheet covering his naked body.

The soft smacking of their lips coming together, and then parting, over and over again, too numerous to count, caused Billy to let out a soft moan. Watching the scene, he fell into a daze of sorts, before the spell was finally broken when Dre pulled back slightly, whispering to his mother, just loud

enough for Billy to hear, "Now let's get your pretty robe off of you huh."

Dre's hands slipped down to the robe's knot in front before she slowly untied it. Billy let out a sigh as he watched the robe slip off his mom's shoulders. Underneath Pam was wearing an innocent looking white bra with delicate lace trimming around the edges of the cup. Billy, having a bit of a bra fetish, thought his mother looked delicious in her white bra.

Of course Dre, courtesy of her lord and master the Devil, knew all about Billy's little bra fetish so she had picked out the perfect outfit for Billy's viewing pleasure.

Billy fidgeted against the iron shackles holding him tight when they started to kiss again. Softy, sweetly, the new found friends kissed with the sound of the light smacking of their lips drifting across the room to his ears.

Watching his beautiful mother make out with another hot chick might have been the single most delicious sight Billy had ever witnessed in his brief life.

After slowly guiding Pam's hands to the front of her robe Dre whispered, "Now it's your turn Pamy. Go ahead take my robe off."

After patiently undoing the knotted tie holding Dre's robe tightly shut, Pam patiently slid her friend's robe down and off of her body. Like a laser, Billy's eyes had been focused on Dre's chest. He suspected she was rather well endowed as her dark satin robe was just tight enough around the chest to provide such a hint.

Under the robe, Dre was wearing an all-black ensemble consisting of thigh high stockings, complete with matching sheer black garter belt, and a delicious little thong. But most noticeably, and what really garnered Billy attention was Dre's ultra-sexy black bra leaving little doubt in Billy's mind Ms. Dre was hugely endowed.

Billy continued to watch, his cock growing painfully hard, when Dre brought her hands up and started to fondle his mom's boobs through her white bra.

His mother's only reaction to having this strange woman fondling her tits was one of total submission. She leaned back, closing her eyes, while resting her full weight on her extended arms as she thrust her chest out skyward.

"Hmm, your tits are nice and firm Pamy. Would you mind very much if I was to unhook your bra so me and that anxious young son of yours could get a good look at your boobies."

Pam opened her eyes as she turned toward Billy. "I wouldn't mind, but let's ask him. Honey, would it be OK if Mommy's new best friend unhooked her bra and maybe took it off her."

Billy swallowed hard and then nodded his head yes. He desperately wanted to see his mom's tits. Just as Dre promised

it would be, Billy's earlier memories of seeing his mom's naked breasts, thanks to Dre's magic potion, had been wiped totally cleaned.

Dre slipped behind Pam before spinning her about so she was fully facing the bed and her son. Billy stared, with something akin to wide eyed disbelief, as Dre showered his mom's neck with dozens of light kisses while carefully unhooking her bra. Using both fingers, Dre delicately pulled the twin bra straps across Pam's shoulders slowly.

Billy desperately wanted to touch his rock hard cock under the sheet as he watched his mom's bra cling for a few precious seconds to the darkly tanned twin summits of her gorgeous tits before it slipped away-- revealing what to him was the most beautiful sight in the world-- his mother's big, naked tits.

His mom's nipples glistened with unearthly beauty in the soft glow from the fireplace. His cock jerked again as Dre carefully cupped his mom's tits in her hands, jiggly them up and down, before turning her around so she was facing her.

They kissed wildly this time while Dre continued to paw at his mom's breasts. The two women fell back onto the plush rug, mouths glued together, making poor Billy squirm even more. Dre took charge, maneuvering Pam onto her back before raising up. "You wanna see a bit of magic sweetheart?" she called out to Billy.

"Y-yes," he answered.

Dre snapped both her fingers in unison as she spoke some words in old Latin. Four blinding puffs of white smoke suddenly appeared on each corner of the white rug causing Pam to cough and blink her eyes.

When the smoke cleared seconds later Pam was in awe . . . and now quite nervous. At each of the four corners of the large square rug was a black cast iron plate bolted to the floor. Extending from each plate was a short iron chain, also black. Finally, and most ominously, attached to the end of each of the four black chains was a gleaming pair of round manacles.

"A-are those for me?"

Dre smiled whispering, "Who else would they be for Pamy?"

Pam smiled. "I thought maybe they might be for you?"

"Mmm, afraid not," Dre told her softly as she shook her head from side to side.

"Well, why not?"

"Tell me, Pam, sweetheart, what color was the robe you were just wearing?"

"White."

"Pure white yes . . . and what color is your bra and panties."

"White."

"Correct again, both white and both with delicate lace trimming. So sweet and innocent."

"Yes, but what is your point?" snapped impatiently.

"I'm getting there."

"Now what color was my robe?"

"Black."

"And what color is my stockings, along with my bra and panties."

"Black."

"OK and our respective shoes. Mine is both black and slutty, with their six inches heels, while yours are pretty, silver and a bit classier with their three inch heels."

"And all this means?" Pam asked again anxiously.

"It's simple really," Dre said as she took Pam's hands into hers. "Black is the color of power and domination, while white is the color of innocence and submissiveness . . . and who is wearing black?"

"You," she whispered as she felt herself being pushed back onto the rug.

"And who is wearing white?"

"Me," she answered meekly as Dre secured the first shackle around her wrist.

"Good girl," Dre said as she quickly maneuvered around securing Pam with all four of the iron shackles.

Billy's heart was absolutely pounding in his chest while watching this beautiful stranger maneuver his willing mother into place so she was laid out-- spread eagle--naked, expect for her panties and high heels, in the middle of the white rug with each of her four limbs chained securely by those evil looking manacles.

Dre moved slowly, like a cat stalking a mouse maybe, as she patiently climbed on top of his mother, straddling her by sitting lightly on her lower tummy.

The whole time she was carefully maneuvering herself into position she spoke softly to Billy. "Now Billy sweetheart, I want you to watch me and your mommy very closely hon, and if I look up and happen to catch you not staring at us . . . hmm, it will go badly, very badly for your mommy. Do you understand what I am saying?"

Billy swallowed hard before answering, "Yes, I understand."

"Good," Dre replied while giving him the slyest of smiles. "Because if you are a good little boy and watch me, oh so closely, as I play with your mommy I might feel, hmm, inclined to give you a nice reward when I'm done playing with her."

"What kind of reward?" Pam snapped, her jealousy over her son showing.

Dre frowned, fixing Pam with a baleful glare before answering. "That is my secret Pamy, you don't need to worry your pretty little head off about such things. OK?"

"OK," Pam answered meekly. The look, the look of pure delicious sinfulness on Dre's pretty face, when she fixed her with that menacing frown totally cowed Pam. There was just something about Dre's manner which demanded total obedience. Pam had no doubts her son felt the same way as she finally realized her and Billy were here, wherever the hell

here was, in this romantic medieval styled bedroom as nothing more than simple play things for Ms. Drenanya.

Reaching down, Dre lightly ran her hands all over Pam's tits before beginning to squeeze them delicately. Using her thumbs, she flickered them lightly across Pam's nipples making them snap instantly to attention as she let out a soft moan--while struggling against her shackles.

Leaning down, Dre whispered in Pam's ear, "Hmm, I think someone has a pair of highly sensitive nipples. Isn't that right, Pamy?"

"Yes . . . yes they are," Pam replied.

"Well let's find out just how sensitive they are . . . shall we," Dre told her before dropping her mouth to Pam's neck. Apparently, Ms. Dre knew all of Pam's weak points as she found the exact spot on her upper neck, a few inches below her hairline, and just behind the earlobe, and began to assault

it with a series of light kisses and gentle nibbles, quickly causing Pam to start squirming all over the plush white carpet.

Pam wasn't the only one squirming though as poor, poor Billy, he too, was struggling something awful over on the bed shackled, just like his mother, and helpless.

His cock was a raging monster now as he watched his mom's beautiful tits bounce and jiggle as she writhed and thrashed about from Dre's teasing kisses on her neck.

And then things really got hot--for both mother and son--as Dre's kisses fell down, down to the soft dark valley of those delicious perfectly tanned tits of Pamela's.

Sprinkling them with the dozens of feather like kisses, Dre made it a point to avoid paying attention to Pam's fully erect nipples. After an inordinate amount of time, Dre finally lifted up to smile at Pam. "Would you like me to give them ripe, fully erect nipples of yours a little bit of attention, Pamy?"

"Oh God, yes . . . Please, Dre, suck on them."

"Hmm, since you said please, I guess I could do that."

Lowering her mouth, Dre let her wicked tongue loose on Pam's nipples making her twist and turn from the delicious assault. After flashing her tongue over each of Pam's nipples several times, Dre opened her mouth wide and began to suckle wildly on each of them in turn.

Watching his mother having those beautiful tits of hers sucked on by her gorgeous friend was hot beyond compare, causing his cock to jerk to new heights of hardness. Yeah, he thought nothing could compare to it, until . . .

Dre raised up, looking down at Pam she whispered, "So what do you think." Dre turned to Billy smiling. "Should we invite your son over to play with us?"

Pam wasted no time in nodding her head yes . . . rather eagerly.

"OK, I'll go ask him if he wants to come over and play with his mommy and her new best friend."

Billy watched, his eyes fixated on Dre's chest, loving the way her big boobs jiggled and bounced happily under the tight confines of her black bra as she strutted across the bedroom to him.

"Your Mommy wants you to come play with us, Billy. Would you like that?"

"Y-yes . . . I think I would like t-that," he replied in a voice that wasn't so steady.

"First I gotta see if you are ready."

Slipping a hand under the sheet, Dre found him to be more than ready.

"Oh my," Dre exclaimed as she turned to Pam, "I don't think I have ever felt a boy as big and as hard as your son is, Pamy."

Jumping to her feet, Dre pronounced a few words, once again in that language neither Pam nor Billy could ever hope to understand, and immediately the shackles securing his wrists to the upper bedposts snapped open with an audible clinking noise.

Leaning closer to him, Dre whispered in his ear, "Before you join us wrap the sheet around your body as I don't want your mommy to get a look at you, down there, just yet."

"OK," Billy responded.

Dre sank down, once again settling herself lightly on Pam's tummy. Turning to Billy, standing nearby with the bedsheet

wrapped tightly around his naked body, she motioned for him to sit down behind her. He complied, straddling his mother, directly behind Dre.

Dre twisted herself around to face Billy. Reaching out with one hand, she stroked his face lightly. Leaning closer to him, she whispered, "You are such a handsome boy. I want you to kiss me now . . . like your very life depended on it. Your mommy won't mind . . ."

Almost immediately, the two of them began to share dozens of enthusiastic kisses as Pam could do nothing but watch, with no small amount of jealousy. Her jealousy only grew as she watched her son begin to paw at Dre's big tits through her sexy black bra.

"Here honey, let me take it off for you," Dre whispered while reaching behind her. Slowly, like she was about to reveal a great masterpiece, Dre unhooked her bra, and then just as deliberately, with both mother and son watching intently, she pulled the bra off and away from her body.

Billy's eyes got big. Dre tits were . . . yeah, pretty fucking big as they basically dwarfed his mom's 36 D's. He had just enough time to mutter a quiet, "Jesus, they are huge," before the action kicked into high gear.

Grabbing Billy's hands, Dre guided them around to her breasts. Billy responded eagerly as he kneaded them with boyish enthusiasm, leaving a distraught Pam to look on enviously.

They begin kissing again, ignoring Pam completely, when Dre rotated completely around to face Billy once more. Scooting back, Dre raised her hips up she was hovering just over Pam's face.

Pam closed her eyes as Dre lowered her pussy unto her face while reaching out and snaking a hand through Billy's long hair, pulling his face down to her chest.

She let out a long sigh as she felt Pam's first tentative licks at her pussy, while Billy's mouth attacked her bountiful breasts with youthful exuberance.

Quickly, Pam's first tentative licks at Dre's tasty pussy were replaced by a lively, eager tongue lashing. In a mere matter of seconds the dream goddess was quivering with anticipation, just as Billy's mouth latched onto one of her large nipples, sucking on it with keen enthusiasm at the exact same moment Pam's tongue found Dre's clit, assailing it with loving passion.

Rotating her face around, Pam applied a tender amount of long loving licks to Dre's delicious tasting pussy causing her to let out a long series of wild moans.

Thanks to the mother and son's combined attentions, Dre soon found herself approaching a mighty orgasm.

"Oh My Dark Lord, Satan . . ." Dre cried as she rocked up and down, "I am . . . I am coming . . . Oh Lucy thank you . . . thank you."

Dre slumped down, a quivering mass of flesh, as an all-powerful orgasm swept her away.

A minute later, the three of them, with Pam in the middle, still secured tightly by her shackles, were cuddling sweetly under a blanket Dre retrieved from her closet.

After about a short reprieve from the fun and games, Dre raised her head from where it had been resting on Pam's shoulder. "So who is next to be pleased . . . just like you two so deliciously just pleased me?"

"I think Billy needs some of our loving attention, Dre. I really imagine the poor boy is ready to erupt," Pam replied.

"Actually I think he could use a bit more teasing before he is ready to be pleased so . . ."

Slipping out from under the blanket, Dre hopped to her feet. "Come with me, Billy," she told him, extending a hand.

Billy was reluctant to leave his mother, but somehow, as he had been all night, felt totally compelled to follow the dream goddess orders. He climbed to his feet, after Dre reminded him to keep the sheet wrapped tightly around his lower body.

"Sorry Mommy . . . I . . . I have to do what she says."

"I know you do, sweetie."

Dre led Billy by the hand over to the bed before telling him, "Sit down hon and get comfortable."

"Now Billy, I just want you to watch as I play with your mommy once again and while you watch, your passion will begin to boil over and when it reaches the point where you simply cannot take it anymore I will know as much." She paused, giving him a warm smile before finishing up. "Only

then will I call you over to join us and only then shall get your just rewards . . . along with a bit of relief."

"What is going to be my reward?" Billy asked.

"I don't wanna ruin your surprise . . . you will just have to wait and see."

"Dre," Pam called out from the rug, "I don't think he can take a whole lot more of us teasing him."

"Sure he can . . . if I want him to . . . right, Billy," she said stroking his face sweetly. "You can take just a bit more teasing huh?"

"I guess so," Billy said doubtfully. He was already ready to fucking explode, but yet, he felt utterly compelled to want to please Dre and do her bidding.

"And just so you know," Dre told him as she moved over to the wooden chest on the right side of the bed, "the longer you can hold out, the more powerful and more pleasurable your relief shall be. Now I have to get a couple things I need out of my nightstand. It's a surprise though so I want you to close your eyes, both of you, and don't open them until I say so. Oh and Billy, be a good boy and put your hands behind your back. Just like before, I don't want you to be touching yourself while you watch all the loving attentions me and your mommy are going to be sharing with each other."

They both obeyed the dream goddess and closed their eyes as Dre quickly retrieved what she needed from her bag of goodies inside the wooden chest.

Billy felt Dre sit down next to him--just before he felt the cold steel of a pair of handcuffs being secured around his wrists as she whispered in his ear. "Like I said, we can't have you touching yourself."

Dre stood up from the bed, before taking a minute to prepare herself with the other "big" surprise she retrieved from her nightstand.

After getting things ready, she strode over to Pam, the large flesh colored eight inch strap on dildo she just secured around herself, swinging ominously.

Standing over Pam, she announced loudly, "You can both open your eyes now."

Pam let out an audible gasp as she spied what was in store for her. As for Billy, he stared fixated by the sight of the beautiful Dre now sporting a huge fake cock--doubtlessly for his mother.

After taking a moment to collect herself, the sly smirk on Dre's pretty face spoke volumes, Pam said, "What is that?"

"Come now Pamy, you can't be that naïve?"

"No, I know what "that" is . . . I am talking about the bottle in your hand. What is it? Another of your magical potions."

Dre looked down at the small clear bottle she was holding in her hand and laughed. "Actually it's just a bottle of lubricating oil . . . my special blend, but really only a little magical." Sinking down to her knees, next to Pam, she added, "It is raspberry flavored though and tastes delicious."

"He loves raspberries," Pam quietly intoned as she watched Dre twist off the cap of her bottle.

"Yes, I know, Pamy . . . You too, if I am not mistaken."

"You aren't," Pam whispered.

Pam glanced over at Billy, their eyes met briefly as she gave him a sad smile, sensing the boy was in for a mighty teasing once again.

Once more, Dre straddled Pam before spilling a generous amount of the oil out of the bottle and onto her hands. Slowly, she brought her hands up to her chest and started to patiently rub the oil all over those big, beautiful tits of hers while both Billy and his mother watched--helplessly bound.

Once she got the oil worked into her boobs, Dre, using one finger, brushed it along Pam's lips. The oil, as promised, tasted delicious to Pam.

Dre gave her a sly smile before whispering, "Now let's see if my special blend of raspberry oil tastes as delicious as I remember."

Lowering her mouth to Pam's, Dre licked at her lips delicately, before crushing her mouth down to hers. They kissed. Again. Wildly.

It was déjà vu all over again for poor Billy as he watched his mommy and Dre kiss so very passionately--while once again, Dre pawed reckless at his mommy's tits.

They shared several long passionate kisses before Dre raised up slightly. Leaning forward she tilted her chest down, allowing her huge boobs to fall against Pam's upturned face.

"Go on suck on them Pamy . . . just like you have been dreaming about doing all night."

"Oh God, I have Dre . . . I really have," Pam confessed before assaulting Dre's tits with dozens of zealous and untamed kisses. Opening her mouth wide, Pam trapped one of Dre's ripe raspberry flavored nipples in her mouth and began to suck on it vigorously.

Dre allowed Pam to have her way with her tits for several long agonizing seconds. Agonizing for poor Billy that is as he squirmed mightily over on the bed while watching his mother suckle on Dre's tits, moments before she pulled up.

"Are you ready Pamy?"

"Ready for what?" she asked but she knew . . . and couldn't wait.

Pam let out a sharp cry as Dre drove her solid eight inches into Pam's wet pussy. She went slowly at first, pumping her fake cock into Pam, softly and sweetly, while showering her vulnerable neck with dozens of delicate kisses.

Gradually, encouraged by Pam's moans of unabashed pleasure, Dre began to increase the speed. She raised up on her arms, while pumping her "cock" into Pam with several hard thrusts.

Pam's moans grew louder, causing Billy to squirm even more over on the bed. He was growing so hard by this point it was actually beginning to hurt some. Watching this gorgeous creature fuck his beautiful mother was an indescribably magnificent sight.

Knowing it would turn young Billy on all the more, Dre furiously began to fuck Pam now-- and then-- just as Pam was almost there, she suddenly yanked the strap on dildo out of her, leaving Pam tittering on the edge of a tremendous orgasm.

"Billy, we are ready for you," Dre called over to him as she waved her hand in the air, producing, seemingly, a black blindfold out of the thin air.

While Billy crossed the bedroom to them, Dre secured the blindfold on the hapless Pam, who, knowing it was useless to protest, said nothing as her world was plunged into darkness.

Pam held her breath, waiting for whatever might come next, hopefully it would be her!

Billy, following Dre's hand motions, sat down carefully on his mother's tummy, straddling her as Dre pulled the sheet off his body.

Dre picked up the bottle of raspberry lube, pouring some more on her hands as she snuggled up behind Billy.

Reaching around, she gripped his massive pole and began rubbing the oil up and down . . . making him moan.

"Pamy, honey, your son, is about fuck those super nice tits of yours. Is that OK . . . do you mind?"

"No," she responded quietly just as she felt a generous amount of the lube being squirted down and in between her breasts.

"Now Billy, I am going to have to help you a bit since I am still going to keep the handcuffs on you baby. Is that OK . . . me keeping the cuffs on you?"

"Y-yes," he whispered. If he could fuck his mom's tits, well, of course, she could keep the damn hand cuffs on him.

When Billy whispered yes, an excited Dre felt triumphant from managing to maneuver both mother and son into helpless positions. She had to admit: it was one of her finer sexual conquests.

Following Dre's whispered instructions Billy scooted forward just a bit, before leaning down, allowing his large, hard cock to flop down into between his mother's tits.

Reaching around him, Dre took her hands and squeezed Pam's tits together making a lovely tight tunnel of tit flesh for Billy to fuck.

Oh and fuck them he did! Spurred on by Dre's whispered words of encouragement Billy pumped his hips forward once, slowly, almost cautiously, he had never fucked a woman's tits before, and then liking the way it felt, a second time, a bit harder.

"Feels good huh, baby?" Dre whispered to him.

"Oh God, yes," Billy groaned. Good and fucking surreal as how could he have ever imagined he would be handcuffed, fucking his mother's exquisite tits--as this beautiful supernatural creature encouraged him-- while she was bound helplessly to a plush white rug.

"Then fuck them harder, sweetheart. Come on Pam . . . encourage your son to fuck those beautiful tits of yours."

"She is right Billy, honey, fuck your mommy's tits . . . hard . . . come on don't be shy."

It was like releasing a bull from his pen in the rodeo as Billy thrust his hips forward several times in quick succession. His cock speared up and in between his mommy's tits making her shake.

"That's it hon, harder . . . harder, baby!" Pam gasped.

His orgasm came fast, like a runaway train plowing into the station, as he thrust his hips forward, harder and faster several times.

"Mommy I'm . . . I'm . . . going to . . ."

He closed his eyes unable to finish his sentence as his orgasm, the one that had been building for so long while they teased the hell out of him, came rushing home, allowing him to shoot a huge load of cum all over his mommy's chest.

"That's it baby . . . come all over my tits," Pam growled just before she felt a huge load of warm sticky cum splash down all over her throat and tits.

The force of his ejaculation was so powerful that Billy, without the use of his hands to support himself, would have

toppled right over and hit the floor a hard whack if not for the giggling Dre being there to hold him up.

"Look," Dre cried in between giggles, "How sweet, Billy gave his mommy a pearl necklace."

Dre helped Billy get to his feet and undid the handcuffs before sending him off to her bathroom to get cleaned up.

"Well that was fun, Pam snapped irritably, "for the two of you anyways." She was upset--still-- about having her own orgasm snatched away from her at the very last moment. Upset and horny.

"Oh don't worry Pamy," Dre replied, "your time is coming soon. He won't be gone long, and as soon as he comes back from the bathroom and sees what is in store for him . . . yeah it will be time to play again . . . for the both of you."

"But he just came . . . hard . . . and a lot so . . . I mean he is young yeah, but still he won't be ready again right away?"

"Normally that would be the case but thanks to my magical potions the boy needs very little recovery time . . . very little . . . trust me. At least not until he comes a good three or four times."

Pam had no reason to doubt what Dre was saying as being the gospel truth. "So are you going to at least clean his cum off my tits or release me so I can take off this stupid blindfold and do it myself?"

"Hmm . . . someone is cranky," Dre purred at her sweetly.

"Yeah, well, both of you have been satisfied . . . and I haven't."

"True. Anyways to answer your questions. Yes I will release you, just long enough to reposition you anyways and as for the blindfold I will take it off when the time is right and as for

the other . . . Hmm no, you can keep the pearl necklace as a souvenir for tonight's festivities."

"Lovely," Pam snapped as she felt the shackles open up releasing her, if only temporarily, from her bondage.

When Billy emerged from the bathroom less than five minutes later he found the bedroom to be totally dark. "Mom . . . Dre?" he called out to the darkness.

"Wait there . . . I will come to you honey. Your dream goddess has a very special surprise for you."

Dre led Billy by the hand across the dark bedroom before pausing. There was a brief moment of silence before Dre clapped her hands twice and suddenly a large circle of pillar candles sitting on the floor flared to life. Inside the circle of flaming candles was his mother.

She was still shackled to the floor by her wrists and ankles and her blindfold was still in place, but this time she was on her hands and knees. Dre, along with a self-satisfied little grin on her face, was still sporting her large fake cock. It seemed to almost glow in the soft candle light.

"She is ready, Billy."

"Ready for what?" he replied as his cock jerked from soft to semi erect from just staring at his naked mother bound and, yes ready, on the floor in front of him.

"Ready to be pleased when we fill all three of her holes," Dre said.

At first, the naive Billy really didn't comprehend the full meaning of what Dre was saying-- even as he spotted the small pink vibrator she was holding in her hand.

Pam felt a shudder--one of unbidden excitement-- go through her as she heard Dre's chilling words, but still, she remained silent, per Dre's earlier instructions for her to say nothing..

Billy watched as Dre snuggled up behind his mother. Watched as she clicked the small vibrator on before inserting it in his mom's ass. Pam let out a small squeal of surprised delight as she felt her ass being violated--for the first time-- and then a longer, more pronounced moan, as Dre carefully pushed her cock just up and inside of her pussy.

"Now that's two holes filled," Dre announced happily. "Now it's your turn, hon. Step forward and fill that third delightful hole of your mommy's."

Billy was fully erect by now. Moving a few steps forward, he positioned himself, as always, to do Dre's bidding.

The voice inside his head surprised him, just a little, when it spoke softly to him. It was Dre of course, using her "powers"

on this level once again. "Use your hand, Billy . . . tell your mommy her little boy has a nice big surprise for her . . . ask her sweetly to open her mouth and then . . . shove it in."

Pam felt Billy's gentle hand tilt her face upwards as he whispered, his voice sweet and soft, "Open your mouth Mommy, your little boy has something nice and big to give you."

The excitement in her son's voice was self-evident as Pam slowly opened her mouth. She felt him tangle his fingers in her hair-- just before her mouth was utterly and completely filled by the biggest cock she ever had the pleasure of having in her mouth.

She began to suck on it, almost in self-defense, just as Dre flipped the switch, increasing the speed of the vibrator. As the smallish pink monster came alive inside of her ass, Pam began to quiver. She shuddered again as Dre, without warning, pumped her hips forward, hard and fast, driving her eight inches deeper inside of the helpless Pam.

Billy was more than a little turned on as Pam's sucked wildly on his cock. It was his first blow job, and it was by his bound and shackled mother, while being fucked by the beautiful dream goddess, who, for good measure, was working a vibrator in and out of his mom's ass at the same time.

Yeah, this was totally mind-blowing and now he understood what Dre meant by filling all three of her holes at once-- and it excited him immensely.

Billy's eyes flickered from his mom sucking his cock, to her being fucked, in hard measured strokes, by Dre. The chains binding Pam rattled about something fierce as she got fucked by her best friend, adding to the overall excitement of what was happening.

Billy's eyes now became stuck helplessly on Dre driving that big fake cock of hers into his mother again and again, making her tremendous tits bounce wildly. It was this one sight, Dre's big tits bouncing wildly while he fucked his mom, which sent

Billy rocketing to the edge-- helped along by his mother's nice warm mouth still sucking on his hardness.

After a few more hard pumps Dre slowed down, allowing Pam to catch her breath. The respite was brief, very brief, as Dre pulled back letting her solid eight inches rest on the edge of Pam's vagina--before slamming it into her--over and over again, making Pam let out an uncontrollable series of loud moans.

Dre, sensing both of them were on the verge of climaxing, clicked the vibrator to its highest speed while pumping her cock in and out Pam in those same hard measure strokes.

With half lidded eyes Billy observed his mother, her whole body was shaking as she whimpered uncontrollably, tip over the edge and into orgasmic ecstasy-- followed closely by himself as he shot a healthy dose of cum inside his mommy's mouth.

Dre gushed excitedly. "Oh that was so good my pets." After pulling both her cock and the vibrator out of Pam, she showered the shackled Pam with dozens of light kisses before finally releasing her.

Free, a very shaken, but satisfied, Pam snuggled down between her son and her new wicked best friend, deep under the covers of Dre's large bed. Both of the chests flanking the immense bed were covered with a plethora of small candles casting the whole bed in a soft romantic glow.

While Billy and his mother dozed peacefully, Dre was busy thinking about what wild adventure they might embark on next. It didn't take her long to come up with something. After allowing them both to nap for a good fifteen minutes she rose to her knees.

She took turns shaking them awake before whispering, "Tell us Billy honey. How badly do you wanna fuck that pretty mommy of yours . . . just a little badly or very, very badly?"

Billy, despite less than twenty minutes ago shooting a load in his mother's mouth, was once again horny. He looked at his mother, worried his answer might upset her, but instead Pam only gave him a soft smile before whispering, "Go ahead and tell her the truth, Billy. Tell her you wanna fuck the shit out of me."

Billy's heart fluttered with excitement before he answered, "Yes I do . . . very badly."

After blowing out the candles, Dre led them both by the hand back over across the dark bedroom to the rug in front of the fireplace.

After helping settle Pam down on her hands and knees on the soft rug, Dre whispered a few magical words at the fireplace. The fire, by now, was nothing more than a few glowing embers but quickly roared back to life. Pam could feel the heat on her upturned face as she faced the fire.

Everyone was in position. Billy, naked and more than ready, was on his knees behind his mother, while Dre, also on her knees, was in front of Pam whispering to her softly while stroking her hair.

"You can open your eyes now, Pamy."

Pam's eyes fluttered open. "Take a peek behind you . . . at your son."

She slowly turned her head and let out a sharp gasp. Billy's fucking cock was huge, bigger even than Dre's eight inch strap on dildo she guessed, and was poised to enter her. She let out a shaky breath as Billy gripped her hips before slamming into her, causing her to let out a sharp cry.

"OH GOD," she moaned as her whole body shook from his cock being driven deep inside of her. He slammed into her three more times in quick succession making her whole body shake again and again.

Dre snaked one hand around Pam's head pulling her deep into her tremendous cleavage, muffling her cries of abandon.

Billy throttled back on the hard fucking, giving his mother a short respite, allowing Dre to gently guide Pam's mouth to her breasts. "Go on suck on my tits Pamy . . . Billy likes to watch you do that."

Opening her mouth, Pam allowed Dre to guide her breast inside her mouth where she began to suckle on it sweetly while Billy pushed into her at a gentler pace, spellbound, as he watched them.

It was not bound to last though as the overheated Billy, turned on by watching his mommy suck on Dre's tits, once again began to fuck his mother. Hard and fast.

Pam was gasping with pleasure as Billy fucked her silly for the next two minutes before shooting his third load, this time deep inside his mother.

Pam collapsed into Dre's arms as the two of them fell onto the white plush rug. Flipping Pam over onto her back, Dre proceeded to kiss her way down, slowly and gently, until her expert tongue was working its magic all over Pam's moist cunt.

Billy watched for a second before joining in. He held his half dazed mother, stroking her hair as Dre used her tongue and fingers to propel Pam into a forceful climax.

As the three of them sunk into each other arms, a very self-satisfied Dre whispered to them, "Now Pamy you have make your son come all over your tits, and then in your mouth, and now finally he has come inside of you . . . hmm, I guess good things do . . . come . . . in threes . . . quite literally."

"I guess so," Pam muttered as she pulled Billy into her arms before slipping into a deep contented sleep.

In the morning, Pam awoke back downstairs in front of the fireplace where the whole thing began. Billy was snuggled down next to her still dozing peacefully.

There was no sign of Billy's dream goddess anywhere, leaving her to consider how maybe the whole thing had been some whopper of a wicked dream.

She was still considering this possibility still before she felt something dry and crusty on her chest . . . just above her breasts. Reaching down she found the dried remnants of the pearl necklace Billy had given her the night before.

Sighing, she closed her eyes knowing the wild adventure had been no dream while wondering when Dre might be coming back for yet another adventure. She could only hope it would be soon as she slipped back into a contented sleep next to her son.

THE END