

Baby Steps: Generations

Chapter 8 of 8

I raised the rubber mallet, brought it down on the last metal peg. A few light taps was all it took to bury the peg into the ground and secure the tent in place.

With a grin that'd been on my face all morning, I looked up at the tent. Felt that bubble of excitement welling inside me.

This had been her plan. Emily's idea to get us alone.

Last night, out of the blue, she'd announced loudly that it'd be nice for us all to 'let loose' and 'have a little holiday together'. She'd gone to Stacy's room and asked if she wanted to come along, had promptly been cussed at and kicked out. Which was exactly what she'd known would happen. Then, this morning, she'd woken me up and we'd set off on the drive.

A weekend camping trip, just me and my mother.

Alone time.

Just the *thought* made me want to burst out laughing, jump around in joy! The excitement was too much to handle!

I hopped to my feet, took a step back from the tent.

It was large. Big enough for a small family to share. Not huge – it was still just one room – but big enough to stand up in, to roll around in, to *enjoy*. We wouldn't feel cramped in there, not one bit.

"Done already?" A woman's voice asked from a few feet behind me. "If only you were so fast doing your chores."

I turned to look at her.

A beautiful redhead with a smile so warm it could melt ice, a face so beautiful it took my breath away every time I saw it.

She was crouching over a little indent in the ground, arranging stones around it. A pit for our campfire later. Not that we'd really *need* a campfire. The days here were hot, and the nights would be filled with a different kind of warmth. We had a portable gas cooker, and plenty of snacks that didn't need heating. A campfire was totally unnecessary.

But she'd insisted. Had said it'd be 'nice' and would 'set the mood' for us.

Next to the unfinished fire pit were two fold-out chairs. Sun loungers. And, between them, a cooler filled with soda cans and bottles of water.

For this all being such short notice, Emily was surprisingly organised; packing food and drinks and sun-cream and a first aid kit, a suitcase of spare clothes for us both, emergency batteries for charging our phones, even insect and animal repellent sprays.

If I didn't know better, I'd have said she'd been planning this for a while.

"Yeah," I grunted. "I'm done."

"Almost done here too," Emily hummed. She leaned forward, picked up another rock from a small pile, put it around the edge of the fire pit. The motion, her bending over, exposed a beautiful amount of pale, shadowed cleavage. "It's a little too early to start a campfire, but we should still collect some-"

She looked up at me, saw me staring at her cleavage. At those stupidly huge tits, barely contained behind a tight bra and a strained t-shirt.

I glanced away quickly, instinctively. My face heated to embarrassing proportions.

"If seeing a little cleavage gets you this flustered," Emily said, sounding amused. "I can't wait to see how shy you'll be tonight..."

That, of course, made me blush even more.

"Why wait?" I said, feigning confident cockiness as best I could in this situation. "Tent's up. All we need is those mats and the sleeping bags and blankets. Nothing stopping us from getting to the fun part right now."

"Work first," Emily said with a smile, "fun later."

By the time evening came around, I was exhausted.

Legs tired from being on my feet most of the afternoon, arms tired from carrying gear about and collecting deadwood for the campfire, brain tired from being woken up so early.

I was almost worn out enough to be tempted into sleeping.

Almost.

The sound of our crackling campfire filled the air. Warmth radiating out from it, tickling my bare arms and chest.

It was a lovely evening. That magical sweet-spot between the too-hot of day and the icy chill of night. The air was still, the forest silent. Sky orange and beautiful. The faint scent of a cooked food; what remained of our meals.

Me and Emily sat in chairs next to each other. Silent.

Enjoying the calm, peaceful moment.

All the while, thoughts danced around inside my head. Images and ideas. Visions of the future.

The echo of a moan, burned into my mind ever since I'd first heard it on those old recordings. Emily's moans. Her pleading and begging for more. Her cries of ecstasy.

I glanced over at her, saw her gazing into the flames. Lost in her own thoughts.

And I waited. Turned my gaze to the same glowing flame. My own thoughts urging me to move, to act. Images of huge, bouncing tits and a younger Emily's face twisted in obscene pleasure. An image of her on her knees, a cock in her mouth, the corners of her lips turned up in a happy smile, eyes filled with love and joy and naughtiness.

When I glanced at her again, I found her staring at me.

Smiling softly, eyes peering into my soul.

"Well then," she said, voice quiet. "It's about time we got to bed, don't you think?"

I gulped, nodded my head.

"Go wait in the tent for me," she said. "Just need to put out the fire, and I'll be right there."

I nodded again. Stood.

Every step towards the tent made my heart pound harder.

This was it. Everything I'd worked towards. Everything I'd wanted. All my plans, my hopes, my desires. *This* was what it'd all been for.

I kicked my shoes off before walking into the tent, began stripping out of my jeans and boxers. My shirt had been discarded hours ago, when the sun had been bright and the day hot. Trembling slightly, I walked over to the tent's sleeping area. A pile of blankets atop sleeping bags atop thick camping mats. Not the comfiest bed in the world, but about as soft and pleasant as it could be out here in the wilderness.

Crouching down, I turned on a battery-powered lantern.

Then I waited. Listened.

Outside the tent, the campfire sizzled as Emily poured a bucket of water over it. Then silence.

I heard motion. Her footsteps. Moving away from the tent, disappearing, more silence. A minute ticked by. Two. Then, just as my nerves were compelling me to get out of the tent, see what was going on, I heard footsteps approaching. Light, faint steps that I could barely make out over my own breathing, my racing heart.

The tent flap opened.

Emily stepped inside, lit by the setting sun and the dim light of the lantern.

My breath caught in my throat.

Gone were her clothes and the plan underwear she'd no-doubt been wearing most of the day. The woman before me now wore only a single item of clothing. A transparent, black chemise. No panties, no bra. All of her was visible, on full display. Her colossally

huge tits, sagging slightly with faint blue veins visible under her pale skin. Wide, dark areola and rock-hard nipples. A shaved crotch and smooth mound between her lean legs.

She walked into the tent, hips swaying and tits swinging. Fiery red hair falling over her face. Full lips curled into a pouty smile.

"Do you like it?" She asked, voice husky. She raised her hand, stroked the scant fabric of the chemise. "I thought I'd surprise you. It's only fair, after how long you've been waiting..."

I didn't answer. *Couldn't* answer.

My heart was in my throat, eyes bulging in their sockets.

I half wanted to pinch myself, see if I was dreaming. But if this was a dream, it wasn't one I wanted to wake from.

"Lay down," Emily purred. "Get comfy. Mommy's going to take care of you..."

I felt myself moving before I could even think. Crouching, leaning back, sprawling out. My breathing felt ragged, strained. The air in the tent suddenly thick and hot. I looked up at my mother as she stalked forwards, rolling her hips and letting her tits sway hypnotically.

She set one foot either side of my waist, lowered herself down, leaned over me until our faces were inches apart.

"Be honest," she whispered to me. "How long have you wanted this? Fucking me, I mean. How long since you started fantasising about it?"

"Long," I gasped, felt her hand on my cock. "So fucking long. Years. As long as I can remember."

"You should've told me, baby," she cooed. "I'd have let you do this sooner. All you needed to do was ask..."

Ask. And hypnotise her into accepting.

But she didn't need to know that.

"Big boy," Emily purred, stroking my shaft. "Very big boy... Look at how much you've grown."

She leaned down, kissed the corner of my mouth.

"But you're not a boy anymore, are you? You're a man now."

Her lips moved lower, kissing my jaw, my throat.

"Show me," she whispered between kisses. "Show me how much of a man you've become..."

Lower and lower, kissing my chest, my belly, my pelvis. She held my cock to one side, kissed around it until she reached my balls. When I felt her lips on me again, my entire body shuddered. She gave my balls a little peck, then another. Then, with a little giggle, she kissed the base of my cock. Began moving up the underside, inch by inch.

"Do you want it, baby?" She purred, holding my cock like a flagpole and kissing the tip. "Do you want Mommy to suck your cock?"

"God yes," I breathed. "Suck it. Please."

She let out a laugh, soft and sweet.

"With all the hard work you did today, putting up the tent and helping me with everything, I suppose you've earned it. You just lay there and enjoy it, okay?"

She didn't wait for an answer, didn't look up to see me nodding my head vigorously.

Emily brushed her hair aside, opened her mouth, and lowered her face onto my cock. For a moment, she struggled. Her mouth not quite wide enough to stretch around my cockhead. But then it happened. Her lips engulfed me, surrounded the head of my cock with warm, wonderful wetness.

Her cheeks puffed out, tongue gliding masterfully over me.

A tiny, cock-muffled hum escaped her lips. A happy little tune I hadn't been expecting. Emily licked around my cockhead, sucked on it, hummed happily for a few moments. Her hand, the one on my shaft, began stroking up and down. Slowly at first,

then a little faster.

She pushed her head lower, lips sucking in another inch of cock, then another. Head rising and falling, leaving a glistening sheen of saliva as she went.

I watched her, enthralled, as she went from happily sucking my cockhead to forcing that same cockhead deeper and deeper down her throat. Her hums became wet gags and chokes. Her slow, sensual sucking disappeared; replaced with a hungry, almost fervent need to take my entire length into her mouth.

Up her head went, sucking in air through her nose and the corners of her stretched mouth. Then it dropped back down, a gag echoing through the tent. Up and down, faster and faster. Gag after gag after wet gag.

She stopped using her hand; her mouth was reaching too close to the hilt of my cock for her to stroke anymore. Instead, she gripped my waist, used it as leverage to force herself lower and lower, force more and more of my cock down her throat.

I groaned, gasped, tilted my head back, gripped the blankets beneath me. Held myself back.

Time evaporated. Thoughts vanished.

Emily was sucking my cock. She was *deepthroating* me.

Every motion, I felt my cock being squeezed tight, compressed on all sides by my mother's throat and mouth.

When her lips finally reached my base, her chin brushing my balls, it took all my willpower not to explode right there and then. The temptation to fill her stomach with cum was almost too much to resist. But resist I did.

Emily held herself in place, face and throat impaled by my cock. Lips tight around the base. Savouring her victory.

Then she pulled back, the entire length of my cock sliding out of her mouth in one motion. A wet *pop* sounded as she spat my cock's head from her mouth, followed by coughing and gasping for air. She hunched over, tear-trails running down her cheeks, face and chin covered in saliva.

When she could move again, she climbed up my body. Breathing heavily, not even looking at me, she grasped my saliva-drenched cock, positioned herself above it. I caught her eye just as she was about to lower herself down onto it, her eyes wide and wild.

"Mom," I managed to say, "that was—"

"Shush now, David," she panted. "It's been way, way too long since I've had a cock in me. I'd forgotten how much I *needed* this. So be a good boy and fuck Mommy's brains out, okay?"

I nodded my head, groaned as I felt a warm tightness on the tip of my cock.

"Make me cum," Emily breathed, lowering herself slowly onto me, "and tomorrow I'll let you do whatever you want to me. *Anything* you want. Just make Mommy *cum*."

She slammed herself down, took my cock to the hilt in one go.

Her eyes widened, a single gasp escaping her lips. Her lips parted, eyes rolling in their sockets. She trembled, shuddered.

And, before she could react, I thrust my hips.

Emily gasped, moaned. Slumped forward and planted her hands above my shoulders. Her heavy, bouncing tits slapped against my chest as I fucked her, pounded away at her tight cunt.

"Oh fuck!" Emily screamed, bucking her hips, taking my cock to the hilt. "Oh yes! Fuck me David! Fuck me!"

I didn't need her to tell me twice. Or even once. I grabbed my mother's hips, fucked her with everything I had. Her ass bounced down on me, pussy taking my cock hungrily. Her moans and screams filled my ears, her high-pitched whines and pleas for more. To fuck her harder. To fill her up.

And fuck her I did.

I was the first to wake.

Close as we were, sharing a cosy sleeping bag, I could feel Emily's every slow breath. Her body was intertwined with mine, the heat of her felt intoxicating against my skin. Her back was to my chest, my arms around her waist, my cock between her thighs.

It was, without a doubt, the happiest experience waking up I'd ever had. The knowledge that I'd fucked her, the fresh memories of her tits bouncing as she rode me... I'd never forget it.

But this was just the beginning.

She was mine now. My woman. My plaything.

Bright light shone through the tent's walls; so we'd probably slept well past morning. Most likely, it'd be noon by now. A whole new day of fun and excitement.

My hands moved slowly, rising from their resting place over Emily's tummy.

Soft tit-flesh bulged between my fingers as I gently groped her. My fingertips finding her nipples easily enough, trailing leisurely circles around their edges. I basked in the moment, my absolute victory. My cock, trapped as it was between Emily's thighs, began to grow and harden.

It wasn't long before Emily began to stir.

Her body began to shift as tiny moans and soft groans slipped from her pretty lips. Her eyelids fluttered, began to open.

"David?" Emily asked, sleepy and confused. "What're you- Oh."

I felt her tense and then immediately relax, could all but see the memories of last night returning to her.

"Right," she whispered. "Yeah..."

"Mornin' sleepy head," I said. "Have any nice dreams?"

"Depends," Emily yawned. "Did I dream up last night, or did all that actually happen?"

"What, me giving you the best fucking of your life? Yup, that actually happened. You're welcome."

She let out a bright laugh, shook her head.

"Getting a little ahead of yourself, don't you think? Last night was nice, but the best sex of my life? I wouldn't go *that* far."

"You probably don't remember the best parts," I said quickly, playing with her tits with renewed enthusiasm. "Here, let me refresh your memories..."

Emily shifted, moved around in our shared sleeping bag. She turned to face me, a wry smile on her face. She gave my cheek a little peck, pressed her hand to my chest.

"Not right now, baby," she whispered. "I kinda really need to pee right now. Besides, it's late. We should be getting up. There's still a bunch of stuff we need to do around the camp."

She pushed away from me, struggled for a moment opening up the sleeping bag, then rose to her feet. Butt-naked and more beautiful than anything else in the world. I stared up at the undersides of her massive tits, wanting nothing more than to grab her hand and pull her back down, have my way with her there and then.

But, before my thoughts could turn into actions, she turned and walked away. Left the tent.

A wave of disappointment washed over me. Then annoyance.

I climbed to my feet, followed after her. The cool morning air tickled my skin. Not too cold, but not warm either.

I chased Emily as she walked across dirt and grass, headed towards the minivan. She looked back at me, eyes wide, when I grabbed her hand.

"Come with me for a sec," I said quickly. "There's something important I've got to tell you."

She raised an eyebrow.

"And it can't wait until we've put some clothes on?"

"No," I grunted. "It's really important. And it'll only take a minute, I promise. Come on."

She didn't complain as I led her to the sun loungers, had her lay down on one. Obviously confused, she leaned back and looked up at me. I couldn't help but give her a once-over, take in the sight of that perfect body.

"If this," Emily began, "is some odd attempt to-"

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur."

Every muscle in her body went slack at once. She slumped, let out a soft breath as her entire body relaxed.

And, just like that, she was under. Hypnotised.

"Emily," I said, heart thumping. "The whole reason you're here, on this little camping trip, is so you can have sex with me, isn't it?"

"Yes," she answered in a dry monotone.

"If that's the case, it doesn't make much sense for you to deny me or reject my advances. You're *here* for me to fuck. If I want you to suck me off or spread your legs for me, that's what you should do. It's why you're here."

My entire body vibrated with excitement at that last statement. *It's why you're here.* The urge to push that thought further was too much for me to resist.

"It's why you *exist*. To be fucked by me. Used by me. It's your purpose. You exist to *obey*. To be mine. To be *owned*. Denying me advances, rejecting me, doesn't make any sense. It goes against everything you are, Emily. So, from now on, when I make an advance at you or order you to do something, you'll do what I want. *Whatever* I want. Just like you promised you would last night..."

When Emily's eyes blinked open, a look of confusion crossed her face. She raised a hand to her head, seemed to wince slightly. And, when she looked at me towering over her, her confusion only doubled.

"What happened?" She said softly. "Did I fall asleep? What time is-"

"I think you passed out for a moment," I said quickly. It'd be best if she didn't realise how far the sun had drifted in the sky in that 'moment' she'd been out. "Probably just exhausted from last night, I guess. Are you okay?"

Slowly, still rubbing her brow, Emily nodded her head.

I reached down, squeezed one of her tits. Whatever sluggish thoughts might've been snaking their way through her mind, this would no-doubt interrupt them.

Her eyes widened slightly, but she didn't reject my touch.

"I'm gonna go piss in the woods, maybe grab a snack," I told her, excitement thrumming through me. "When I get back, I expect to find you in the tent, legs spread open and ready to fuck. Got it?"

"Y- yes," Emily squeaked.

She was on her feet an instant later, walking briskly towards our tent. I slapped her ass as she passed me, chuckled as she yelped and jumped. She glanced back at me, cheeks pink, but didn't stop moving. When she disappeared inside the tent, I couldn't help but grin and chuckle.

Life was about to get a whole lot more fun. For her and me both.