

A Fiery Affair

Layla Firth sat in front of her laptop at the kitchen table poring over the household budget, a pile of bills beside the screen. Her eyes swept up from her labours to her son as he crossed the room towards the fridge. He had grease on his hands and on the white t-shirt he wore.

"How did you go Honey, fix it?" She asked.

His muscled arm reached out for the handle and had the door open before answering. "Nuh uh," he replied, pulling the carton of juice from the shelf. "Not even the few videos I watched on YouTube can solve this problem. I think you're going have to get someone out." Logan lifted the carton to his mouth and drank.

The unpaid bills were bad enough; the car breaking down was definitely something she could do without; her son drinking directly from the source was the straw that broke the camel's back and she lost her cool. "Oh, for Christ's sake Logan, how many times have I told you not to drink from the carton?"

Incredulous, he looked at the drink and back to his mother. "You don't drink this! It's just you and me here."

"It's not the point. What if we have guests?"

Logan shrugged and tried to stop himself smirking. "And one of these so called guests only wants a drink of my cheap ass juice?"

"If you want an expensive brand, buy the bloody thing yourself!" Layla yelled.

"What's up your ass?" Logan asked and immediately regretted it.

"What's up my ass?" Layla repeated. Her hand swept up the pile of bills. "I'm behind on the house, the water is overdue, the power has gone up. Again. And you don't seem to give a shit or show me any respect. I ask you to not to do one little thing and..." She stopped herself when she saw the look on her son's face. The hurt.

Logan thrust the juice back into the fridge and slammed the door. "I don't need this shit!" He declared and quickly walked back the way he'd come, wiping his hands on his jeans and leaving her again alone.

"Ugh," Layla exclaimed, slumping back into her chair and hating herself for losing her temper. Her problems weren't his doing, he hadn't deserved it. In fact if it wasn't for Logan's income and the monthly rent he paid her, they would've been out on the street long before. She rose and went to the fridge, taking out a bottle of opened riesling. The thought of drinking directly from the bottle made her smile and went a long way to tempering her mood but she took a wine glass from the cupboard instead.

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Logan rinsed the soap from his hands under the garden tap as his mother came out onto the back lawn. Wearing blue denim cut offs and

a white t-shirt she sidled over to her son and casually bumped her hip against his. "Great minds think alike," she offered as Logan rebalanced.

"What?" He asked, turning off the tap and again wiping his hands on his jeans.

"Our outfits. We match," she observed.

"Oh." Logan stated, unsure what it had to do with anything.

Layla took a sip from her glass and held it out, offering her son a taste. "It's a nice one!" To which Logan shook his head. "Hey look, I'm sorry Honey," Layla proffered. "I shouldn't have taken it out on you."

Logan looked at his mother in the eye. "Are the finances really that bad?"

"Ugh," Layla took another drink of wine. "We'll get by. I'm overdue a raise at work. Put it this way, I don't have to start walking the streets just yet!" She noticed the flippant comment caused her son to blush and she smiled. "But really, your money helps a lot. I shouldn't have yelled." She held out her arms in offer of a hug and was warmed by her son's embrace. Slightly taller than her, she rested her head against the side of his, his strong arms around her shoulders.

Logan fathomed she must have felt pretty ashamed at her behaviour to feel it necessary to offer a consolatory hug. They were close. Closer

since his father died. Not overly touch feely though and hugs were rare between them, as her body pressed to his he was ashamed at noticing her breasts against his own torso. More than that, his groin against her belly.

"Anyway," Layla kissed him on the cheek and broke the embrace. "I just wanted to say sorry. Drink your bloody juice however you like, okay."

Logan smiled and as one they looked toward the car. "So is it really dead?" Layla asked.

"Afraid so," he replied. "I think it's the alternator, but I'm not sure."

Layla looked back blankly. "How much?"

"Not sure about that either, it won't be cheap."

"Ugh," Layla moaned. "More bills."

There was a moment of silence between them before Layla spoke again.

"Ooh I have some news."

"Oh?" Logan asked.

"You'll never guess who I ran into at work the other day?" She proclaimed smiling.

Logan waited a moment for her to continue but when she didn't he asked. "Okay, who?"

"Willow Jessup!" Layla watched the name register on her son's face and noticed the blush.

"Oh yeah," Logan replied trying to play it cool. The name bringing back so many memories of his childhood. His first crush on a girl, his first kiss. And then the not so fond memories of being in the thrall of someone out of your league. The longing, the humiliation. All through school she'd been the unattainable object of his desire, his dream girl and she knew it, playing on it at every opportunity to her benefit. "What was she there for?" He asked.

"Visiting her father. She's back from Europe, to stay I think." Layla drowned the rest of her glass before dropping her bombshell. "She asked about you!"

For Logan it was too much. He'd tried to forget her after school and when he'd learnt of her living in Europe it seemed the temptation had been removed forever. To hear that she was back and not only that, was asking of him was possibly too good to be true. "What did you say?" He asked, hoping she hadn't said anything to embarrass him.

"I told her you were still working at the supermarket and still living at home!" Layla beamed.

"Oh Mom!"

"What? It's the truth!" Layla stated.

"You could've at least told her I was a manager," Logan proposed, his shoulders slumping.

"Oh, I guess I could've," Layla confessed. "I didn't think, sorry. But that's not all the news!"

"What? You told her I wet the bed as well?"

Layla laughed. "No, we've been invited to their house on the weekend. Duncan is having a sort of 'end of summer' party. Willow will be there."

It was the nest news Logan had heard all week and he wondered why his mother hadn't told him earlier. He'd changed so much since school, since he'd last seen her. Admittedly he'd been dorky back then. Uncoordinated and bookish, he realized he'd not given her much of a reason to respond to his affection but now things had changed. Yes, he was still at the same job and yes he was living at home but now he was a grown man. The body of an athlete. He was also aware of his attractiveness to women although a lack of self confidence usually sabotaged his amorous endeavours.

That his mother had ended up working for his childhood crush's father was now turning out to be a convenient coincidence and not only for

Logan. Layla herself had eyes on a Jessup, and not the daughter. When news of Duncan's divorce passed around the office, there were many of the single women whose ears pricked up. In his late forties and infinitely wealthy, he was undoubtably a catch and Layla having known him outside work through her son's friendship with Willow was first to offer her condolences and a supportive shoulder if needs be. To this point, it hadn't but the offer of attending his party where so few workmates had been invited, to her mind hinted of something other than friendship.

"You know Mom, it's not a 'house,' it's an estate!" Logan finally replied. He recalled Willow's lavish parties as children. Hide and seek on the grounds; Willow locking him for an hour alone inside a cupboard. Swimming in their landscaped pool; Willow pushing him fully clothed into the pool after kissing him at a party. His relationship with her had been troubled but not without some happiness.

"That's a good point," Layla reflected on her son's comment. "It's in the hills. With the car out of action, how are we going to get there?"

"We're not showing up on the bus!" Logan was quick to dismiss, the thought of Willow seeing him arriving on public transport, not one he cared to ponder. "We can just get an Uber."

"So you'll come?" Layla asked, knowing her son's ongoing desire for the Jessup girl.

"Yeah I guess, but what exactly did Willow say? What kind of party is it?" Logan asked. "Please tell me it's not fancy dress."

"Oh God, heavens no," Layla laughed. "They just said it was a casual get together around the pool. Oh, that reminds me I have to find my swimsuit. Eww! I haven't worn one in years," the sudden realization Duncan would see her half naked finally dawning on her. "Oh God I'll probably look awful in it."

Logan wasn't concerned about how his mother was going to look, his mind squarely focused on how Willow would look. The last time he'd seen her was after graduation, three years prior. A goddess then, surely nothing had changed, he thought.

"...I know it's awkward but you'll do it?" Layla asked.

"What?" Logan replied coming out of his daydream and only catching the last of his mother's comment.

"My swimsuit," Layla repeated. "If I go put it on would you be honest and tell me if I look alright?"

Logan shrugged. "Oh, yeah. Whatever," he replied before allowing his mind to drift back to images of Willow.

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Layla had stood before her mirror in the orange one-piece swimsuit and was aghast at what she saw in the reflection. Her skin was pale,

pubic hair escaped either side of her crotch and she'd obviously put on pounds since she last wore it. Ultimately in her eye she looked a reject from the set of Baywatch. After showering and shaving her legs and bikini line she again squeezed back into the bathing suit.

Logan was laying back on the sofa browsing Facebook when his mother called from the hallway. "Alright be honest," she stated before walking barefoot into the living room.

Logan turned his head and sat up when he saw the vision before him, so out of place. She wore less than he'd seen her wearing in years. His mother's near naked body covered only by the tightest one-piece he had ever seen. He hadn't wanted to, but his eyes went straight to her breasts looking larger than normal and stretching the material, bulging out either side. Cool inside the house, her nipples stood rigid and took him by surprise, Logan unable to recall actually ever noticing them prior.

It didn't end there. His gaze traversed downwards. His mother's belly wasn't flat but it was the bulge below that caught his eye. He may have only stared at it for a moment but the mound of his mother's pussy etched into his brain.

"Well," Layla asked, doing a quick turn to show the rear. "Can I pull it off?"

As Logan was forced to look at his mother's ass, barely contained in the swimsuit as it came into view, he almost choked on the potential double meaning of her question.

"Um, er, I.." Logan stumbled.

"Ugh...say no more," Layla sighed. "I know. It's awful."

"It's maybe a little tight," Logan finally managed to say.

"Well that's a nice way of saying I'm fat I suppose," Layla forced a laugh.

"No I didn't say that!" Logan was quick to defend himself. "Maybe you could buy something more modern."

"Nup," Layla steadfastly replied. "I don't have the money and there's no time. Nah, I just won't go swimming, it's no big deal."

She was quick to duck back out of the room and Logan took one last glance at her bottom as she left. 'Can I pull it off?' He thought and tried to hold back a grin before reminding himself she was his mother. Trying to dismiss the image of her in his mind he typed Willow's name into a search and came up with recent photos. She looked better than ever and it both excited and depressed him.

Layla again gazed at her own reflection. He blushed, she thought. My baby blushed when he looked at me. Contrary to her attitude in front of Logan, she'd grown to like the way she looked in the swimsuit. She loved the way her breasts (her own favourite feature) stretched the

nylon/lycra. The way her ass bulged from the rear. There was no way she could wear it in public of course, especially in front of Duncan. She needed to be classy before him and she had to admit as she lowered the straps over her shoulders, she looked so slutty right now. And she loved it.

As she dragged the swimsuit over her crotch she looked down and noticed the gusset was sopping. She pressed her inner thighs together and they were slippery. What's that about? She thought and immediately the image of Logan gazing at her body came to mind. What are you doing Layla? She sternly asked herself and finished removing the bathing suit, finding a pair of comfy panties in her drawer and trying to think of something other than Logan. Fully dressed she began planning dinner.

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The home shopping channel had been particularly good viewing lately; Logan finding it useful when at times like this he needed a 'quick release.' He'd caught the end of a swimwear sale the day previous and was hoping for something similar. Sadly a cooking segment was playing and he switched off the television, closing his eyes in his darkened bedroom and instead thought of Willow.

Her cheerleader outfit always worked to fuel his fantasy. She'd flash her panties to him as she performed a routine. She wore a catsuit at a halloween party and her black lace bra was visible through the semi transparent, skin tight material. They drank beer together at a pool party and her nipples were hard as she rose from the cool water. Something changed. The fantasy he'd used over and over all based on

actual events altered without his doing. Her swimsuit became orange. As he stroked his cock, the bikini morphed into a one-piece. Finally, his sub-conscious turned Willow into his mother. Rising from the water, her body slick, the swimsuit transparent and her pussy clearly visible.

He came onto his belly and chest and his eyes shot open. "Shit," he whispered to his empty room. "What the fuck was that?" He asked himself and felt dirty, the euphoria of the orgasm subsiding quicker than normal. Logan cleaned up and looked at the time. He brought his mind back to Willow and whispered to himself as he tried to get back to sleep. "Only one more day."

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The fires swept through the neighboring county and everyone's eyes were on social media, their ears on the radio and warnings. Duncan emailed on the morning of, that the party would go ahead and by 11am mother and son were pulling up outside the Jessup estate in the Uber.

They walked the steep drive lined with Range Rovers, Porsches and seemingly every other European country's luxury car company included. Passing a Lamborghini, Logan mentioned whether they were really meant to be there and his mother shared his inadequacy with nervous laughter. In solidarity, Logan had joined with his mother and not worn swimwear, but in the heat was beginning to regret his decision to wear jeans. Layla however was enjoying the breeze flowing between her bare thighs under her short summer dress. She felt the hot wind lift it from the rear and as she slapped a hand behind herself she wondered if it had been wise to wear a thong?

The sound of the party escaped the house and being greeted by staff they were ushered through to the rear of the property. The layout of the estate came back to Logan immediately. The sweeping back lawn leading down to the pool and pool-house. Many guests were gathered under a marquee on the lawn keeping out of the sun, while others enjoyed the heat, reclining on lounges in varying states of undress.

Looking around, none of those attending were known to mother and son and for a minute they stood uncomfortably looking on before being offered drinks by the wait staff. At once their shoulders were clutched from behind and the familiar voice of Duncan Jessup greeted the new arrivals. "Layla, Logan, great to see you made it," he looked them up and down and frowned. "I hope you've got your swimsuits on under there, it's getting hotter by the minute."

Layla thought of the tiny thong she wore under her dress and Duncan imagining what was beneath her clothing. At forty one, a confident business woman with a fully grown son and she couldn't stop herself blushing under the gaze of her crush. "Isn't it though!" She managed. "We were worried about the fires."

"Yeah blasted thing," Duncan acknowledged. "We were just inside checking the warnings. We should be okay here though."

"We?" Logan added and Duncan smiled at the younger man's hint.

"Yes, Willow and I," he laughed, knowing all too well Logan's almost lifelong friendship with his daughter. "She's around here somewhere."

As if his words had summoned his daughter, Willow walked from the house out into the sunlight. Logan had done all he could to prepare himself. His plan was to be cool, to be funny, to show her he wasn't still the kid she knew back then. That all went out the window as she strode towards him. No, he thought. She floated across the lawn. A princess, a queen, carried by unseen slaves. Golden hair and tanned skin. The white bikini top laden with ample baggage. A sarong around her waist split to reveal the matching briefs. She was a goddess in the realm of mortals and Logan was dragged back to the awkward schoolboy before her. Time seemed to stand still, all sound but that of his heart ceased until she spoke.

"Well hello stranger," Willow smiled towards him and striving to possess the shred of confidence left in him, Logan opened his arms to take her in an embrace. She smelled as good as she looked and the cheek kiss she offered, her breasts against his chest would satisfy nighttime fantasies for years to come, he decided. "Ms. Firth. So good to see you again," Willow continued as they broke apart. Like her father, her eyes drifted over mother and son's bodies. "You didn't bring your swimwear?"

"That's what I was just saying," Duncan added. "Surely you could lend Layla something of yours Honey? You wouldn't mind?"

"Not at all Daddy," Willow responded and before either Layla or Logan had a chance to say anything, Layla found herself being led by the hand by Willow back into the house.

The men watched them go and as if on cue the wind changed direction causing Layla's dress to blow up the back of her legs. His mother's hand wasn't fast enough to prevent her bottom being displayed and although Logan's eyes were on Willow, the unexpected flash of bare buttocks caused him for a moment to question whether she wore underwear at all. Logan and Duncan turned to one another simultaneously and the younger man was thankful Duncan didn't mention what they had both just witnessed. "If you head down to the pool-house Logan, you'll find swimming trunks of mine in there. Take what you will, I'm sure there's a pair that suits you." He looked down at the boy's glass. "Champagne? Let's find you something a little better, what do you say?"

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Layla felt a little uncomfortable being held by the hand by the younger woman. That she kept their touch all the way up the staircase and into the girl's room was also awkward but she was in a foreign world. The super wealthy did things differently she knew, and if her senses were correct and Duncan was just as interested in her as she was in him, this could be a life she would have to become accustomed to. Looking around at the opulence on display, she was sure she could make an exception.

The girl's room was bigger than half of Layla's house and the walk-in robe the size of Layla's bedroom. Hanging from racks were swimsuits and none that Layla could see were aimed at a middle aged woman. Willow didn't seem as adverse to the idea, taking a black bikini from the hanger and presenting it to Layla.

"I got this in St. Moritz. I know what you're thinking, alpine? I needed something for the hot tub!" She stated, holding it closer to Layla's body. "No. It won't match your skin. You're very pale aren't you! Maybe a lighter shade."

Layla never did like the girl. She knew of her son's infatuation of course but was also aware of her manipulation of the fact. There was no denying she was beautiful but as the saying went, with Willow it was barely skin deep. She wasn't worthy of her son and yet, she thought, what girl was? A sudden realization she could possibly be the girl's stepmother in the future caused her to pause her train of thought and as she watched Willow choose another bikini from the rack she decided to at least make an effort to befriend her.

"It must be nice to see Logan again after all these years?" Layla asked.

"Hmm?" Willow absently responded. "Oh yes. He's a sweetie." She took an olive shaded bikini from the rack and turned back to Layla. "This one. I found it in this quaint little shop in Monaco. It'll suit you perfectly!"

Layla waited for the girl to hand her the swimsuit and leave the room but she stayed, eyeing her expectantly. It was then she realized Willow was waiting for her to undress.

"Oh," Layla stumbled. Was it normal to disrobe with another woman present she wondered? Maybe it was common practice amongst the young wealthy elite, she decided. Either way, her dress removed, her fingers fumbled with her bra as she undressed before the girl.

Willow's expression didn't change as she watched her disrobe. Standing in only her underwear, for Layla the room felt tiny, Willow's presence more pronounced. More so as she stepped out of her tiny thong. Now naked, Layla could feel the power Willow possessed. Something intangible about her. It was no wonder her son was so obsessed, she thought.

"My father has his eye on you!" Willow stated out of the blue.

"Oh?" Layla replied. Her nakedness was now becoming an issue. Willow's eyes scanning across her body from her breasts to her crotch, examining, as if assessing her appearance. Finally to Layla's relief she handed her the bikini bottoms.

"Yes" Willow continued. "He talks about you often."

"Does he?" Layla remarked, uncomfortable discussing Willow's father with her. She pulled up the bikini bottoms quickly, eager to hide her nudity and the gusset slid between her labia. Suffering the indignity of pulling it out before the younger woman, she adjusted the bikini and looked back up at the girl. "I wasn't aware!"

"Why would you be?" Willow matter of factly stated, her face devoid of emotion as she handed over the top.

For whatever reason a cold chill ran down Layla's spine. She didn't know how to answer the girl's question or for that matter why she

should. Thankfully she didn't need to as Willow's disposition changed again, smiling as she turned Layla to face the mirror. "Oh look at you," Willow exclaimed. "Ms. Firth, you look great!"

The change in her demeanour was unsettling and caused Layla to question the girl's mental state. It wasn't her position to be a psychiatrist though and as she admired the woman she saw in the reflection she tried to put it out of her mind.

"That's three hundred dollars you're wearing!" Willow laughed, placing an arm around Layla's back.

"It isn't!" Layla exclaimed turning to her and lifting a hand up to her mouth.

"The color suits you," she added and Layla again noticed how attractive Willow was when she smiled, how her gaze made her feel like the most important person in the world. She once again took Layla's hand. "Come on, let's go show Daddy."

"Wait," Layla responded as her arm was tugged away. "Do you have another sarong?"

"Oh of course," Willow replied, releasing her hold and moving to a dresser. Layla took the opportunity to pick up her thong from the floor and wrap it in her dress, stuffing the items in her handbag just as Willow returned with a black sarong like her own.

Again she was smiling. "This'll match. Come on, the party's waiting."

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"So what do you think?" Duncan asked Logan as he sipped from the glass.

Not knowing much about whisky, the quality of the Glenlivet single malt was lost on Logan. He did recognise it tasted better than the paint thinner his father used to drink, that much was sure.

"There's about \$35 in your glass alone!" Duncan enthused and the crass display of wealth was a little obnoxious as far as Logan was concerned.

Logan drowned the rest of the glass and the heat of the alcohol ran down his insides. "You can tell. It's beautiful," he complimented. More out of interest in getting into the man's good books with his daughter than admiration of the drink. Logan's eyes strayed across the wall and the countless photos of Willow at varied ages and in multiple countries.

"Ah, you're a good judge," Duncan replied and Logan wondered whether he was referring to the alcohol or his daughter. He assumed the whisky but when he spoke again it left the question open. "Come on my boy, let's go find our women."

Much talk amongst those under the marquee was about the smoke that could now be seen rising in the distance. Occasionally, someone would

take out a cell phone and gesture to another towards the sky, remarking on a text or a social media update about the fire. Alcohol flowed plentifully and the dj hired for the event cranked up the music encouraging people to dance. Logan looked around and couldn't see Willow or his mother and when he asked, a guest pointed Duncan towards the pool further down the lawn.

The men found the women where they were directed and for a moment Logan didn't recognise his own mother. The olive bikini she wore hugged her breasts tighter than the orange one-piece, causing him to wonder why she hadn't just worn it instead. The black sarong she had tied around her waist was transparent and the bikini bottoms showed more of her hips than he'd ever seen. It wasn't lost on him that as he approached, he was looking at her more than he was Willow.

"Here they are!" Willow called out as they joined the women poolside. Several other couples reclined on lounges and four or five enjoyed the cool of the water itself.

Duncan took Layla's empty wine glass from her and handed her another before gesturing to his daughter. "Honey why don't you show Logan the spare swimsuits in the pool-house; give me a chance to talk to Layla here?"

Just as she'd done with his mother, Willow took Logan by the hand and led him away. Layla felt pity for her son as she watched him go. Jesus if she's anything like she was with me, she thought, God help him.

"Ah," Duncan sighed. "Finally alone." He pointed behind them to a vacant sun lounge and the two sat beside each other. Layla untied her sarong as she did so and allowed it to fall around her, revealing her pale legs and hopefully the parts of her Duncan was interested in.

"You know I've been thinking about you for a while now," Duncan continued.

"Mmm," Layla hummed in response, taking a casual sip of the champagne. "Willow mentioned something along those lines."

"Oh, did she now?" Duncan smiled. "Well, it's true, I often run by ideas with her."

Layla dipped a finger in the champagne and placed the tip in her mouth as Duncan watched intently. To her delight the flirting seemed to be working and she used the same finger to brush her hair behind her ear, leaning back slightly to accentuate her bust. "And what are these ideas you have, Mr. Jessup?"

The heat of the day was causing the alcohol to have more of an effect on her than it usually would but it felt nice to be desired and at her age there was no point delaying a relationship when it had a chance of blooming. Layla threw caution to the wind and doubled down. "I'll do anything you want me to do!"

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Logan hoped his hand wasn't sweaty as Willow led him to the pool-house. He'd been inside there countless times before. Pass the parcel during a children's party, sneaky beer drinking sessions during teenage sleepovers, an uncomfortable game of spin the bottle that had led to their first kiss but also resulted in him being forced to run laps of the pool naked with high school friends looking on. It wasn't lost on him that although Willow Jessup was his lifelong love, she could also be his worst of enemies.

"I saw your mother naked," Willow stated as they entered the pool-house and out of the blustery wind.

Logan was taken aback somewhat and wondered why she mentioned it. "Okay," Logan replied, unable to think of anything else to say.

"Yeah, she has a good body for her age," Willow added. The door closed behind them, the silence of the room was overpowering and Logan felt their closeness more pronounced. "Do you think I have a good body Logan?" She asked as her hand ran over her breast.

He struggled to swallow as he realized what was potentially about to happen. They were both adults now. There'd be no more childish games followed by teenage cruelty. They were a man and woman who shared a lifetime of memories and would now share their lifetime of desire for one another. Finally to make love, to fuck like he'd dreamt of for years.

"You have a beautiful body Willow," Logan confessed.

"I was hoping you'd say that Logan," Willow replied. "I feel the same about you. Can you show me it?"

It wasn't the request he expected but was eager to do anything she asked. "What, here?"

Willow looked around. "Why not? We're alone. We can finally be together." To add to the point she had just made, Willow slowly lowered her bikini top beneath her breasts.

In the distance, Logan could hear a siren but the vision of perfection before him cancelled out the outside world. His shirt was off in seconds and as Willow untied her sarong and let it fall to the floor he pulled down his pants and stood before her naked.

One piece of clothing remained between them and Logan willed her to remove her bikini bottoms. To finally see the object of his desire; his goddess's pussy. Willow looked coy, again peering around the room. "Let's go in there," she pointed to the steam room and Logan was quick to head to the door. Not currently running, the small wood panelled sauna was cooler still than the pool-house. With his back momentarily to Willow, Logan took hold of his cock, willing an erection from his still flaccid penis. Inside the room, turning again to face his desire as she stood with her back to the door.

"How long have we known each other Logan?" Willow asked, her hands behind her back.

Logan wondered why she didn't come closer, why the question? "I don't know. Maybe sixteen years or so."

Willow sighed and her arm moved behind her. Not ashamed of his body, on the contrary he knew he looked good, Logan all of a sudden felt uncomfortable being naked before her. Again her arm moved and a sound came from the door.

"And yet you're still the same gullible little boy!" Willow shook her head sadly as she said the words. "I guess nothing really changes, does it?"

Logan shouldn't have been, but was taken aback by the comment. It took him seconds to realize what was happening and still it wasn't enough time to react. Willow turned her body and opened the door. Logan saw the handle had been removed, noticed it in her hand. He moved quickly towards her but Willow was through the space and the door closed behind her before he'd covered half the distance. Pressing his face to the small window in the door he saw Willow backing away laughing.

"Willow!" He shouted and slapped his hand on the glass as she covered her breasts and picked up the sarong. "Willow, come on!"

Again she shook her head. "Oh Logan relax," she laughed. "It's just a joke. You can take a joke can't you?"

For a moment Logan showed faith and believed she'd come back over and open the door. That they'd laugh about it together, they'd kiss, laugh some more and fuck. But no. As she walked out of the pool-house he developed a feeling he'd never had. He hated her; hated himself for even thinking they would be together. For being so, as she put it, gullible.

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"Mmm now that's what I like to hear," Duncan chuckled at her suggestive response. He opened his shirt a little further and Layla couldn't help but peek at his flat stomach, his tanned skin. "How long have you been with the company Layla?" He asked, motioning for a member of the wait staff to approach.

"More than six years now Duncan," she replied. "Of course we've known each other longer through our children." The waiter refilled her glass and she took another sip.

"That's right," Duncan agreed. "They get along so well together."

Layla didn't quite share the sentiment but held her tongue on the matter.

"And you and I. We've always worked well together, haven't we?" He asked. "We share a connection. I know you feel it too!"

"Yes," Layla quickly concurred.

"And I trust you Layla," he continued. "You've always been loyal. To me, to the company."

The company wasn't what Layla was thinking about at that moment. It was finally happening after years of office flirting on both their behalf's, his divorce making it possible for them. It was all leading to this.

"And what about you. Are you happy where you're currently living?" He asked.

The question was a little strange. If it was as Layla expected and he was about to ask her if she would move in with him, he could've approached it in a different manner.

"And why do you ask Duncan?" Layla asked, looking around the estate. She noticed Willow leaving the pool side and heading towards the house alone and wondered about her son. Casting her eyes back onto her boss. "Is there somewhere else you would like me to stay?"

Duncan turned further on the lounge to face her and for a moment Layla thought he was going to propose.

"Actually yes. You are aware of our recent acquisitions on the East Coast? Well the board have decided you'd be perfect to head up the expansion."

The words coming from Duncan's mouth weren't those she'd imagined or expected and it took a moment for them to register.

"You see you'd have to move 'cross country," he continued. "Obviously the company would pay for the costs and well, there's nothing tying you to L.A. is there?"

A firefighting helicopter flew overhead and in the distance more sirens could be heard.

Layla shook her head trying to clear it and comprehend what she'd just heard. "I'm sorry, this is about a job? A transfer?"

"Well yeah, isn't it great? It's an opportunity for you to move up in the company."

Guests were checking their phones and several left the poolside.

Layla was quickly sobering up as she understood Duncan wasn't interested in her romantically. What happened next made everything all the more clearer.

"Dunky-boo," the voice came from the path leading down to the pool and both Layla and Duncan looked in its direction. "Honey, you'd best come up to the house. They're saying we have to evaporate!"

The girl was bleached blond and had breasts bigger than her head. The bikini she wore barely covered her nipples and the bottoms, merely dental floss.

"What?" Duncan asked, standing as she neared him. The girl looked younger than his daughter and the way Duncan wrapped his arm around her showed Layla without any doubt she was his current partner.

"The newsmen," she elaborated. "They said our neighborhood has to evaporate because of the fires."

"Oh evacuate!" Duncan laughed. He turned to Layla. "Have you met Kyrstal?"

"Ah, no," Layla replied, rising and about to shake her hand in an attempt to be civil. Kyrstal however wasn't interested, instead tugging Duncan by the arm in an effort to pull him away.

Duncan smiled and shook his head in an apology to Layla. "I guess I've been told," he explained. "We should head up."

The other party goers had already left the pool and Layla thought of Logan. Where was he?

Krystal was pulling Duncan up the path and he looked back over his shoulder at Layla. "Are you coming?"

She looked toward the pool-house. "Yes. I'll be right along."

* * * * *

Logan examined the frame of the door and gave up hopelessly. There wasn't any way to gain a hold on it to pull it inwards and shoulder charging it had just given him a sore arm. The glass in the small window was thick and pressing against it proved pointless, there was no way he could fit through the opening if he could break it anyway. The only other option was the thin horizontal window on the outer wall. Overlooking the pool he noticed the guests had all left the area. It was good news and bad. Good in that there was no chance of someone walking in on him naked, bad in that he couldn't signal someone to help him out. Namely his mother.

Layla entered the dark of the empty pool-house and called Logan's name. She noticed his jeans laying on the ground right away, his shirt next to them. A shadow passed over the window of a door across the room and she went to it immediately. A helicopter passed low overhead as she opened the door, the noise of its rotors filled the rooms. A naked man stood up on a bench looking out a small window and for a split second she thought of backing back out of the room but as her eyes adjusted to the low light she realized it was Logan.

Stepping fully into the room which she now recognised as a sauna, the sound of the helicopter faded. "Honey!" Layla asked. "What are you doing?"

Logan jumped with the shock of the words. Turning he saw his mother and his first instinct wasn't to worry about his nudity. The door was slowly closing behind her and he leaped from the bench toward the startled woman. "Mom, the door!" He yelled as he reached her side. Too late. The door silently closed, sealing the two of them inside the makeshift cell.

It was now his state came into play. Layla's eyes inadvertently dropped from his face down his body. She didn't mean it but it was difficult not to look at her son's penis, the pubic hair finely trimmed around his manhood. Logan felt the shame of his situation and placed a hand over his groin and his mother's eyes finally crept back to his, a smile on her face. "Logan! Why are you naked?" She giggled. "What are you doing in here?"

Logan rolled his eyes and slapped the door with his useful hand. "The door's broken. I can't get out."

"But why were you naked in the first place?" She asked and quickly answered her own question. "Oh," she stated, realizing Willow probably had something to do with it.

"Yeah!" Logan replied, knowing his mother had figured it out.

"Oh Honey, I'm so sorry," Layla offered.

"You're sorry? How do you think I feel? I'm such an idiot."

Hearing him blame himself broke Layla's heart. "No you're not," she declared. "You're a romantic. If it makes you feel any better, I totally misread my situation as well."

Logan wanted to ask her what she meant but she changed the subject.

"So why can't you get out?" Layla asked, looking at the door.

"She took the handle," Logan explained. "I've tried the window over there but its been painted shut."

"So we're stuck?" Layla asked.

"Yep!"

Layla thought of the evacuation. "Oh, that's not good."

"No shit!"

"No, I mean, the fires," Layla added. "Apparently everyone's evacuating!"

"Oh shit!" Logan stated. "So that explains the sirens and the chopper."

Layla walked over to the bench and climbed up to look out the window. "I guess we just wait for Willow to come and let you, us, out?"

Logan followed his mother up onto the bench. "Or Duncan. Did you tell him you were coming here?"

Layla thought of what she'd said. "Um, no!"

"Oh shit," Logan again repeated.

"Oh, Willow will come," Layla stated. "She's not that crazy."

Mother and son looked at each other and reflected on what she'd said. Logan cocked his head and Layla burst out laughing. "Yeah, I take that back. Maybe she is!"

Logan turned from the window and dropped down to sit on the bench and his mother followed. His nudity was only one of the burning issues and with his mother seated so close beside him, he crossed his legs (his penis tucked between them) to give himself some privacy.

"What did you mean when you said you misread the situation?" Logan asked her. He absently allowed his eyes to settle on her knee but ever so slowly they traveled along her thigh.

"Oh. Bloody Duncan," Layla explained. "You may not know this but I have a thing for him."

Logan smiled at her admission. "No shit Mom!" He laughed. He took his eyes from where they'd settled on her groin up to her face. "You were all over him even when Dad was alive."

Layla feigned being shocked and lightly slapped her son on the arm. "I wasn't!" She laughed. "Was I?"

Logan just smiled and shook his head.

"Well it turns out he's seeing someone anyway so it's irrelevant," Layla explained.

"Oh."

"Yeah," she continued. "A bimbo. She looks younger than Willow for God's sake."

"Well it's his loss," Logan added.

Layla smiled back at Logan. "Thank you. And you're right. Willow's too!"

There was a moment of silence between them and more sirens could be heard.

"Just think though," Logan began. "If you and him had gotten together, that would make Willow and I brother and sister. Now that would be awkward."

"Hmm, imagine how horrible she'd be as a wicked stepsister."

They again laughed at Willow's expense.

"Duncan offered me a job," Layla admitted after another extended silence.

"You already have a job."

"Interstate!"

Logan was taken by surprise and turned his body toward his mother, lifting a leg onto the bench. "What?" He asked, his exposed penis not registering for the time being.

"Yep," Layla nodded. "It would mean a lot more money, more responsibility."

"You should take it!"

Layla looked surprised. "What just like that? Pack up everything and move away?"

"Yes," Logan excitedly continued. "A new start. For both of us."

"You'd come? Leave what you have in L.A.?" Layla questioned.

"What do I have here? Willow?"

Layla shifted to face Logan further, her hand clutching his thigh above the knee. "I'd only go if you came!"

"Then it's settled," Logan proclaimed. " We're moving East!" Logan placed his hand over her's and looking down only then noticed his nudity. "Oh sorry," he quickly stated and began to move his leg back to its original position. Layla held her grip on his thigh however, keeping him in place.

"It's alright Honey," she whispered. "I've seen it before you know."

Logan didn't respond to that. Yes she had seen it before, but not for more than fifteen years! Not since he'd become a man. Strangely the feeling of her hand on his leg became more pronounced. The warmth of her palm radiating into his flesh. His eyes followed the course of her arm and he trailed across her breasts, her nipples hard against the fabric. Again he was staring at his mother's nipples! He tried to think of something else.

"You know that Duncan is a douche anyway," he stated.

"Oh, why do you say that?" Layla asked, amused.

"He tried to impress me with some expensive whisky," Logan scoffed. "Said my glass alone was like fifty bucks or something."

Layla chuckled to herself. Her hand stroked Logan's leg slowly. "Willow said the same kind of thing about this bikini."

The comment forced/allowed Logan's eyes to again look at his mother's breasts, lower.

"Three hundred dollars she paid for this bit of material. Probably made in a Thai sweatshop!" Layla laughed. A helicopter passed by overhead and Layla's hand clutched her son's leg more firmly.

Logan waited for the sound to die away. "It does look good on you though!"

Layla dropped her jaw. "Was that a compliment?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"Well you didn't think I looked very good the other day."

"When?" Logan asked.

"When I showed you my swimsuit."

The image of her came back to him right away, followed by her appearance in his fantasy. "I didn't say you looked bad. You looked good then too," he added, then went further. "You always look good."

Again Layla chuckled. "I do not," she paused. "Do I?"

It was nice talking to her like this, Logan thought. They rarely did. All it took was being locked in a room with her, he mused. "My friends used to think so."

"What do you mean?" Layla asked, curious as to what he was getting at.

"At school. When you would pick me up or they came around. They all said I had the hottest mom," Logan admitted.

"Really?" Layla questioned.

"Yep, I would.." Logan was about to continue but stopped himself.

"What?" Layla asked.

"Well I probably shouldn't tell you this but to get them jealous I would say that I got to see you walking around the house nude!"

"You did not!" Layla's mouth fell agape again. It was all news to her. First the unexpected compliment from Logan followed by the admission he had discussed her with his friends, naked no less. Did he often think of her naked? She wondered. All of a sudden she became acutely aware of how little clothing she herself wore. That her hand was resting on the thigh of her son. Her naked son.

She'd managed to avoid looking at his penis, more out of respect for him than her own lack of interest. Now however she allowed herself a peek. Was it bigger than before? She wondered. She looked across the room for fear he would catch her, taking her hand from his leg in the process. The talk had become all too sexual, her thoughts included. He was her son for God's sake. She again focussed on their current predicament, the sound of fire engines sparking a thought.

"Do you think the fire brigade will search the buildings?" Layla asked, standing back up on the bench to look out the window.

Logan followed her actions with his gaze, noting her change of subject and wondering why? "Possibly," he replied. His eyes settled on her ass, marks from the wood where her swimsuit didn't cover. "More likely Willow will remember she locked me in here. She's a bitch but she's not a murderer!"

"What?" Layla looked quickly back down to him, catching his eyes averting. "Do you think the fire will reach us?"

Until he'd said it himself, Logan hadn't really thought of the danger they were in. The worried look on his mother's face showed she knew it too. He wanted to say something to reassure her, to reassure himself. "Nah, we'll be fine. It could be worse too, imagine if the sauna was on."

The comment made Layla smile and she sat back down beside her son.

The minutes passed. Logan wanted to get up and look out the window as his mother had done but his nudity was a barrier. He wondered if they should even be sitting so close together? His outer thigh could almost touch hers, he thought. He could smell her perfume, even the champagne on her breath.

"I spy with my little eye, something beginning with w," Layla broke the silence.

It was so out of the blue that Logan laughed. "Oh I don't know; wood?"

"D'oh," she laughed. "You got it."

"Okay," Logan began. "I spy with my little eye, something beginning with g."

Layla matter of factly replied, "glass?"

"Dammit," Logan laughed. "Oh shit," he exhaled, stretching. "How long are we going to be here?" Nudity be damned he stood up and walked to the door. He felt his mother's eyes on him and as he looked through the glass into the empty pool-house he saw her reflection staring at his back. She's looking at me, he told himself. He was aware it was his mother, he didn't have to try and impress her but he raised both arms against the door to highlight the muscles in his back and flexed. "Uh!" Logan quickly turned, allowing his mother to see him from the front, catching her eyes lifting from his groin as he did so. "We're gonna go stir crazy in here."

His back looked beautiful, Layla thought. His buttocks especially. Stop it, she told herself. No it's okay, her inner dialogue defended. A mother can admire the body of her son. He turned and she wanted to keep her eyes on his cock, taking all her strength to force them up. Did he notice, she asked herself? Does he want me to look?

Logan walked back towards her and his eyes were on the window. "Oh shit, look."

Layla climbed off the bench and followed his gaze. Half the sky was darkened with smoke, rising high into the atmosphere.

"Oh my god Logan, it's close."

A water bomber flew in the distance and began dropping retardant before disappearing behind trees. "No, it's a long way off," Logan tried to reassure her. "See where it dropped the foam, that's miles away."

"Jesus we're going to die in here!" Layla panicked and Logan had never seen her so vulnerable. He wanted to hold her, to tell her it would be alright.

"Mom," Logan took her arm. "Seriously it just looks close. That smoke is a long way off. They'll contain it."

"Really?" Layla searched his eyes.

"It's probably why Willow hasn't bothered to come get me," he added. "They're most likely all still up at the house getting plastered."

"How do you do it?" She asked. "How are you so calm about this?"

"I don't know, 'cause I'm with you I guess."

"We're a good team aren't we?" Layla proposed.

"Oh, we're alright," Logan agreed and it was his mother who initiated the embrace.

It wasn't something she planned, she just needed the contact right there and then. With her head beside his, her arms around his back, she pressed herself tightly against him. When his own arms pulled her tighter in she felt safer than she'd ever felt before. It was only seconds before they both felt the enormity of what was happening. Completely naked, it was impossible for Logan's penis to not come into contact with his mother. Although flaccid, she felt it against her crotch, the extra warm softness of a man. For Logan it was even more excruciating. Her hair smelled like strawberries. The skin of her back so soft and smooth. Her breasts like cushions against his chest. And her pussy. For that was surely what his cock was pressed against; the silky material of her bikini bottoms and the hardness of her pubic mound.

Dead puppies. Logan told himself. Maggots inside a dead rat, he tried to envisage but it did no good. Before he could attempt to break the embrace, his cock moved. Rapidly filling with blood it pressed against her groin, rising. Of all the times to get an erection. Not twenty minutes before, in front of Willow it had be wanting and now in front of his own mother it rose. Its ascent was now inevitable, there was no doubt she would feel it.

And she had. His arms were so strong. As she moved a hand on his back she could feel the muscles she'd ogled only moments before. And now this. The swelling. That moment of satisfaction a woman feels when a man becomes aroused by her. My god, she thought, it's my son. My son's cock is pressed against me! I turned on my own son! The feeling thrilled her. She was shocked by the admission and excited. It was so forbidden and yet so alluring. Too soon she felt his hands release their hold on her back, felt his body back away. She allowed it to happen, put herself in his shoes, would he be embarrassed? She tried to look in his eyes as he sat back onto the bench and he avoided her

gaze, her eyes lowered to see his cock and he'd deftly sealed it between his thighs. For a moment she felt wanton. She could see herself climbing upon him, her breasts in his face, her pussy grinding against his thighs until he was forced to free it. Force it inside her, fuck her. She felt her face become flushed and embarrassed at her thoughts sat down beside him.

As Layla's ass met the wooden panels, her bikini slid against her saturated pussy. My god, she thought. I'm wet and he's hard. What is wrong with us? He's hard, she repeated. My son has a hard-on and I gave it to him. The thought both delighted and horrified her. Her mind ran through the possibilities, the complication, the embarrassment. In seconds she weighed the pros and cons and came out horny. The more she thought about his cock beside her the more she desired to see it, to kiss it, to fuck it.

Vomit, dog shit, kale. Logan ran through his mind anything he could think of to negate his growing erection. Nothing worked. He focused on a corner of the room but her ass came to mind, her breasts against him. The smell of her hair. The smell. It was then he noticed it, the aroma of pussy. Of an aroused woman. Could it be? He wondered.

Layla shifted beside him. Wriggled her bottom on the bench. "Oh it's not very comfortable is it?" She complained before standing and walking to the other side of the room. Knowing he'd be watching she ran her hands over her ass, massaging the cheeks to emphasise the point. Turning she looked back at Logan, his knees together, his cock hidden from view. How big is it now, she wondered? She looked up to the window and the darkening sky. We could die in here, she thought.

If today was my last day, what would I want to be doing? The answer was as clear as her arousal.

"Oh look Logan," she directed towards the sky. "That water bomber is flying by again."

"Oh yeah," he replied staying seated.

"Jump up and have a look," she reiterated, smiling at how uncomfortable he looked.

"Nah that's cool," Logan remained steadfast in his conviction. He didn't know what to do, where to look. One minute his mother was rubbing her hands over her ass suggestively; the next she's standing only feet from him, his face level with her breasts, her pussy bulge an arms length from touching. His cock felt granite-like under his thighs, his balls swollen with arousal.

"I spy with my little eye," Layla began, taking a step forward. "Something beginning with..."

"I don't want to play," Logan replied, squeezing his legs together.

Layla knelt down in front of her son and rested her hands on his knees. Logan's eyes met hers and he could see the playfulness behind them, the delight she was having. She must know, he thought. She's playing with me.

"Something beginning with..." Layla repeated, her nails caressing his thighs above the knee.

"Mom...I" Logan began, his eyes straying down to her cleavage, her boobs moving with each breath.

"Something beginning with..." She pulled apart her sons thighs and his cock sprang forward and up, slapping against his stomach. "Wood!" Layla squealed.

"Uh, Jesus," Logan groaned, slapping a hand over his eyes.

Layla's jaw dropped in mock surprise, her eyes lit with glee. "Oh my goodness Logan. What's all this about?"

Logan peeked through his fingers at his mother. Kneeling between his outstretched thighs, her hands still resting on his knees. "I'm sorry," he managed to muster.

"What for?" Layla asked, her eyes fixed on her son's erection. "It's natural isn't it?" She rose up to her feet and for a moment Logan thought she was going to climb atop him. Sitting down beside her son, her eyes never once left his cock.

Logan dropped his hand from his face now the initial embarrassment had passed and joined her in staring at his cock. It could have been a

trick of light or the position he was sitting but in his eye, he'd never looked bigger and for that small mercy he was grateful. If you have to get an erection in front of your mom, at least let it look impressive, he thought.

"I guess it was all that talk of Willow?" Layla questioned and Logan quickly looked at his mother.

"I wasn't thinking about her at all!" Logan adamantly replied.

"Oh," Layla began. "Then what..." She followed her son's eyes down from her face to her body. "...Oh!" She whispered.

"I'm sorry," he repeated, lifting his leg up onto the bench and turning towards her. "It's so wrong, I know."

To Layla, it wasn't 'wrong' at all. What was wrong was how much she was enjoying his discomfort. Maybe, she thought, it was time to relieve some of his guilt. Turning towards him herself she returned her hand to his leg where it had rested earlier. "You don't have to be sorry Honey," she soothed. "As I said, it's natural."

"But not in front of your mother!" Logan chimed in.

"Oh but that's what makes it so beautiful, it's so flattering," she admitted. "Was it the hug?"

Logan was silent a moment as he debated how much information to share. He looked down at his cock, still as hard as ever and in no hurry to subside. He was literally naked before her, his intimacy on display, why not reveal the rest to her as well? He thought.

"It was the hug..." he began before pausing. Layla opened her mouth to reply but was cut off by her son. "It's the bikini. It was your ass when the wind blew up your dress. It was your orange swimsuit." Now that he'd started he didn't want to stop. "It's the clothes you wear. Your hair in the morning; your sleepy eyes at night. It's your lips," his eyes trailed down from her mouth to her chest. "Your..."

Before he could say the word, Layla pulled her bikini top down under her breasts. "My tits," she whispered.

"Mom!?" Logan breathed.

"It's alright," she consoled him. "It's only fair." She looked down at his cock, light catching a drop of dew on its eye. "So this has been going on for some time then?"

Logan struggled to take his eyes off her boobs. He remembered seeing them once before. A fleeting glance as she walked from her bathroom wrapping a towel around herself. The basis to the lie he would tell his friends. This was something else entirely. Large, natural and oh so beautiful.

"What?" Logan finally replied. "Oh yes, no, um I don't know." He was becoming flustered and felt his face blushing.

Layla was quick to reassure him, resting her palm against his cheek and cradling his head. She leaned in so her face was only inches from his. "Baby, it's okay," she stated. "You can relax. It's beautiful."

The hand Logan felt wrap around his erection was not his own. The shock of the contact was far outweighed by the pleasure as with gentle pressure she stroked her way from the base to the summit and returned.

"Oh Mom," Logan sighed and Layla pressed her lips against his.

Layla could feel the slick in her panties every time she moved. Leaning in to kiss her son, her hand on his cock she'd never felt so in control of her body, so empowered as a woman, as a sexual being. Never had a kiss felt so right, so romantic. Never had a cock felt so hard to her touch. This was love, she thought. The most pure.

Logan's mother's tongue teased his own. Tentatively dipped between his lips before plunging in, their mouths locked. This was better than kissing Willow, he thought. There was no comparison. Expertly her lips moved against his and with equal precision her hand milked his cock. With confidence, Logan raised his hands to cup his mother's breasts, heavier than he expected. He squeezed the erect nipples between his fingers and it caused his mother to sigh. She tilted her head backwards and Logan took the opportunity to kiss her neck, smelling her perfume and tasting her skin.

So furiously she pumped her hand on his cock. Rapidly beating her son's erection, the muscles in her arm clenched. Logan could feel his orgasm approaching, surprised he'd held off this long. "Mom I'm going to..."

"Yes Baby?" She panted.

Holding her breasts like treasures he looked up into her eyes as her hand kept up its rhythm. "I'm gonna cum!"

The words summoned the tide. They both looked down as spurt after spurt of hot sperm surged forth from the head of Logan's cock. His stream was copious, long threads shared equally on his and his mother's body. Layla expertly changed her action, slowing down and squeezing to prolong the orgasm before casually easing out the remainder with long gentle strokes.

Her hand covered with semen, she finally relinquished her hold and sat back with satisfaction. The world hadn't stopped whilst they had played and a reminder was another helicopter passing overhead.

There was a moment of awkward silence between them, heavy breathing the only communication before looking into each other's eyes and breaking into laughter.

"Oh God," Logan looked down at his cum covered torso. "I don't think I've ever cum that much!"

"That's because you were saving it for me!" Layla boldly stated, shocked at how quickly she came up with the line.

"Yeah I guess," Logan touched at the cum. "Ew, what a mess."

Layla looked at the cum on her own breasts, all over her hand and forearm. Standing up she took hold of her bikini bottoms and quickly pulled them down her legs.

Regardless of the fact his mother had just masturbated him to orgasm, the sight of her now naked pussy took his breath away. Knowing it was a momentous occasion, Layla stood before him a moment, allowing his eyes to feast on her nudity, enjoying her son seeing her uncovered sex. She used the bikini to wipe her hand and arm before taking to her breasts. Logan now aware of her actions, leaned back as she turned the now \$300 cum rag inside out and wiped his chest, stomach and finally cleaned his still erect cock.

* * * * *

Willow gathered jewellery, expensive clothing items and perfume and stuffed them into three designer handbags. When she ran into her father in the entranceway he looked at the goods she'd collected. "I said essential items, Honey."

Willow looked at her loot and frowned at her father. "Ah, yeah?"

Shaking his head he motioned for her to leave and closed the door behind them. Krystal was waiting in the front seat of the Cayenne painting her fingernails and again Duncan shook his head. "Right, is that everyone?"

The house had been abandoned. The cars that had lined the driveway all departed. The staff had left in the minivan they arrived in and Krystal's pet pug was tucked between her feet in a handbag. A helicopter flew low overhead as Duncan charged down the driveway, out onto the main road and away from the menacing wall of smoke rising into the sky behind them.

"Dunky-boo!" Krystal shouted as he drove over a pothole in the road causing her to cease painting her nails. "Be careful."

Fire engines passed them going back the way they came and another fire fighting chopper swung low above them.

"I hope they can use the pool to refill," Duncan observed as he craned his neck to watch its traversal.

Willow was making an account of the items in her handbags and only caught her father's use of the word 'pool.' Even so it sparked something in her memory and she looked up in shock.

"Oh shit Dad," she shouted. "The pool-house!"

"What about it?" He asked.

Willow blushed before she opened her mouth again. "Logan."

"What?" Duncan questioned, confused as to what she was getting at.
"What about him?"

"I locked him in the steam room!"

Duncan slammed on the brakes bringing the Porsche to a halt. He looked back at his daughter an incredulous expression marking his face. "You did what?"

"It was just a joke," she tried to defend herself. "We always do stuff like that."

Duncan was aware of Willow's torment of Logan over the years. "When you were kids Will!" He shouted. Slamming his hands on the steering wheel he looked down the road, thinking. "Jesus. Where was Layla?" He asked the girls present.

"Who?" Krystal asked resuming painting her nails.

Duncan looked back at Willow who shrugged in response.

"Fuck," Duncan yelled and turned the wheel, accelerating in a cloud of smoke back the way they'd come. "Krystal Baby, can you put down your nail polish and call 911 for me?"

Krystal rolled her eyes but did as instructed. Reaching into her handbag beside the pug she found her phone before looking at Duncan. "Okay, what's the number?"

* * * * *

Layla threw the sodden bikini bottoms down the end of the bench and held her hand out to Logan. As he rose she looked down at his cock, her son's cock. Still proudly erect and all because of her. When he stood before her she again took hold of her prize, her small hand wrapping around him. "Are you okay about this Honey?"

Logan smiled. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"I don't know, it's just I want you to be sure."

Logan leaned in and kissed his mother's neck. Over his shoulder, the sky was being blotted out by the smoke, the room darkening.

His kisses caused goosebumps all over her body and Layla sighed as his lips moved from her earlobe to her jaw and finally her mouth.

"If we get out, what then?" She whispered as he again kissed her neck.

Logan pulled back and looked her in the eye. "We'll get out, don't worry."

As if nature conspired against them, they both smelled the smoke at the same time.

"Oh Jesus Logan," Layla whispered. "I'm scared."

Logan pulled her to him, her body all of a sudden feeling so small. He held her tight and kissed her hair. "I won't let anything happen to you," he tried to reassure her. "You know you said about what happens when we get out?"

Layla looked up into his face and nodded.

"Well I was thinking. How good would it be in a new city?" Logan expressed. "No one would know us. We could go out as a couple, we could live as a couple. Wouldn't that be beautiful? You said we make a great team."

"What are you saying?" Layla asked. "You want to be with me?"

Logan released his hold on her and slowly dropped to one knee. Layla raised a hand to her mouth, the other her son held. The blue sky was almost completely obscured by darkness but enough light revealed the intent in Logan's eyes.

"Mom," he began. "I'm asking you to marry me."

Layla didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Both out of sheer happiness.
"Are you serious?"

"Yes. Why not. What other girl has always been there for me? Loves me unconditionally? Always wants the best for me?" He posed. "Mom, you're the perfect woman."

Layla chose tears. Her eyes pooling and the flow running down her face.

"You haven't answered me," Logan stated.

"Oh God yes!" She cried. "Yes, yes, yes! A thousand times, yes."

She held her arms out for Logan to come to her and he did. As they embraced his erection pressed hard into her stomach, a second batch of pre-cum leaking from the head or remnants of his previous orgasm. Layla lifted a leg up against her son's hip and Logan took the bait. Lifting his mother from her feet he secured her legs around his waist and backed onto the bench. His cock stood out horizontal, his mother sitting on it like a bicycle seat before Logan's ass slumped down to rest on the wooden bench.

With her feet on the bench, Layla lifted her ass slightly as Logan guided his dick to her vulva. His head pressed between the slick folds and rested before Layla's weight allowed the penetration. So perfect was the union. So deep her son's cock delved inside her until their bodies were one, her groin melded to his. The darkness in the room was complete. The smell of the fire all pervading. An ominous red tinge illuminated the smoke outside.

Her breasts pressed hard against her son's chest. His arms pulled her into him, one tight around her back, the other clutching, caressing an ass cheek. Layla ground her clit against her son's pubic bone as she rode his cock. "We'll get married?" She panted.

"Yes," Logan promised.

"And we'll fuck every day?" She pleaded.

"And every night!" He committed.

Her first orgasm came and she bit into his bottom lip, slightly drawing blood as her pussy contracted around him.

They could hear the sound of the fire. A freight train approaching but cared not. Again Layla came on her son's cock. The first multiple orgasm she'd ever had with a man.

"Fuck me baby," Layla screamed, the heat in the room increasing and Logan lifted her, turning her onto her back with his cock still deep inside. "Cum inside me!" She begged.

Between her legs he thrust with might, his hips slamming against her thighs, his balls slapping her ass. Their mouths locked, tongues entwined as Layla came again, finally joined by her son as he filled her vagina with his love. Jet after jet of semen proving his devotion, his incestuous desire for his mother.

There was a thump in the pool-house and the lovers again ignored the outside world as they kissed passionately, sealed together by mouth and sex. The door of the steam room suddenly burst open and smoke surged in, followed by a firefighter in full equipment. He raised his face mask followed by his eyebrows as he looked upon the naked couple. "Come on lovebirds, time to go!"

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Inspecting the damage, Willow walked through the burnt landscaping down to the pool; half empty and dirty from the refilling water bombing helicopters. They'd saved the main house and the pool-house had escaped though one side was severely scorched. Willow ventured into the building and through to the steam room. Looking around she noticed the olive colored bikini bottoms on the bench and out of curiosity picked them up. The crustiness was evident immediately and there was no doubt what covered them. Shrugging she threw them back onto the bench. "Oh well," she said to herself. "Add it to the insurance claim."

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Logan scraped the snow from his boots in the early evening light before removing them and entering the house. The smell of roast beef filled the hallway and the warmth was welcoming. He found her in the kitchen and wrapped his arms around her body, his cock swelling as it pressed against her ass.

"Mmm I like that," Layla purred as she felt his erection and wriggled her bottom on his cock.

Logan took his mother by the hand, his wedding band glinting in the light and turned her to face him before placing both hands on her swollen belly.

"How long?" He asked.

She furrowed her brow. "Two months silly!"

He smiled. "I meant until dinner's ready?"

"Oh," she laughed. "Twenty minutes."

"Good," Logan stated, leading her towards the bedroom. "Remember I promised to fuck you every night as well."

And Layla's panties were already getting wet.

THE END