



A Magical Motherly Autumn

On a road trip, mother and son visit a mysterious festival.

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Notes: Hello fabulous readers! Fall is my favourite season, so naturally I had to write a story in celebration of it! Anyway, I had so much fun writing my previous story about a summer festival that I decided to stay on the theme of seasonal celebrations and create one for each of the seasons. This one for autumn is what I'd call a romantic fantasy, so of course things will happen here that usually don't in what we know as reality.

Before beginning, also be aware that in addition to descriptions of various kinds of incest this story also contains other elements some may find offensive including magic, oral sex, and lactation. As always, all characters in sexual situations are 18 or over.

After this I'm going to focus on some stories relating to my next favorite season which happens to be winter, then work on a few sequels and prequels I'm toying with. If you have any suggestions about exactly what you'd like to see in follow-ups to any of my existing works, including this one, let me know in the comments section or you can PM me on this site.

Thanks, and enjoy the story!

It was something of a minor miracle that I heard the knocking on my door through the ruckus of gunfire and dying cries of enemy soldiers from the video game I was playing, but if I hadn't my life might have turned out very differently. "Who is it?" I asked, pausing my progress just as I was taking out another hapless opponent, irritated at the interruption.

"It's me, sweetie," my mom's voice called out, much calmer than the last time I'd heard it. "May I come in? I just want to talk, I promise."

I considered the request, not sure if I was ready to face her again. We'd just had a heated argument not too long ago, and I was still in the process of blowing off steam by blowing the heads off as many enemy soldiers as I could. But she had shown me the courtesy of knocking and asking nicely, instead of just barging in as my dad had used to do whenever we'd had a beef. Letting out a long sigh, I pulled myself up from my seat, walked over to the door, and opened it.

"Thank you," she said, looking relieved. Mom and I were very close, and neither of us liked being angry at the other. I motioned for her to take my chair, while I took a position on the edge of the bed. "First of all," she said as she settled in her seat, adjusting it so she was facing me, "Let me just apologize for my earlier reaction. It's not an excuse, but with your father

bailing, my disastrous attempts to reenter the dating world, and problems with work, well, let's just say that I haven't been in the best of moods lately."

I nodded, having heard all about the string of suitors that hadn't lasted longer than the first date, if they even bothered to show up at all. For the life of me I couldn't understand why my mom had such a hard time finding a good man. She had a wonderful, engaging personality, and even in her mid-forties she was still in excellent shape, firmly believing that looking good was a key component of her success as an interior designer. Which, I thought wryly, probably explained why most of her clients were men.

True, her hips and waist had thickened a bit from bearing two children, and there were a few lines and such beginning to appear around her eyes, mostly from the stress of the past year when dad had, for reasons still unknown to me, suddenly moved out and demanded a divorce. But her wavy golden hair, one of her best features in my opinion, remained free of any trace of gray. And then there was her smile. Damn, it was so bright and radiant she could part rainclouds with it, although it hadn't been much on display lately.

"It's okay, mom," I said, feeling the last of my anger slip away at seeing her look so beaten down. "And as for those idiots it's

their loss," I said, meaning it. "If they're too stupid to see what a fine catch you are, they're not worth your time, anyway."

Even though the smile she gave me was a weak one, it was still worth the effort. "I appreciate it, sweetie, but I'm not here to moan on about my personal problems. I want to talk about what you...announced at dinner."

"Oh yeah," I said, remembering. I'd come home from university yesterday, presumably for my fall mid-semester break. Actually, the truth was that before leaving school I'd dropped out. It'd been the right choice for a lot of reasons, and I didn't regret it. Only problem was, I didn't know how to break the news to mom. Until that is, when it just kinda happened.

We were at the table having dinner. That was when mom just happened to ask if I needed anything for school before heading back, and for some reason the truth just came spilling out of my mouth. Mom had been so surprised that she'd dropped the basket of rolls she'd been carrying, sending them rolling all across the carpet. For a moment silence reigned as we just stared at each other.

I immediately knew I'd made a mistake, and attempted to mitigate my blunder with a follow up explanation but for

mom, already pent-up with personal and professional frustrations, my declaration must have been the spark that lit the fuse. I'll spare you the gory details, and just say that it soon escalated into a shouting match that ended with me storming off to my room, which is where you came in.

I rubbed my hand through my hair, grimacing as I relived the scene in my mind. "I'm sorry too, my timing and approach could've been way better."

Her smile broadened a bit. "Congratulations, you just did what your father hasn't been able to do in a long time - admit any sort of blame for anything. That means more to me than you know."

I shrugged. "I may have gotten my looks from him, but I like to think that I got my brains and heart from you."

She chuckled. "If so, then you came out with the best parts of us both, and proven yourself the better man to boot. But enough of that, right now I want to have an open, frank, and calm discussion about your decision to leave school."

I nodded, not looking forward to this but knowing it needed to be done. "Okay."

"First off, are you sure this is what you really want?"

I shrugged. "As sure as I can be. It wasn't like I just woke up one day and said, gee, what a nice day, I think I'll just go drop out of school and flip my mom out, which I totally didn't want to do by the way. I've given this a lot of thought, and while there are some things about school that I like, I just feel stifled there, like I should be out doing something else, you know?"

She nodded. "I think I do. You've always been more of a free spirit like I was in my youth, while Liz (my older sister) took more after your practical father. In a way I blame myself, since I'm the one who pushed you toward college in the first place."

I shook my head. "Don't. You were just doing what you thought was best for me, as always. Besides, no matter how you may have encouraged me, in the end it was still my decision. Just like this one is."

"Alright," she acknowledged. "Sorry for asking, but I just wanted to make sure it wasn't for something trivial or spur of the moment, like maybe a girl broke your heart or something."

I chuckled. "Fat chance of that, I think I'd actually have to have a date to get a broken heart."

Her eyes widened. "You mean, a handsome fella like you, has been all alone these past few years?"

"It hasn't been that bad. I've had a few relationships, but nothing serious is all I meant," I said.

"Good," she said, looking relieved. "I know young men have needs, and I'd hate for you to get too...pent up, if you know what I mean. It's not good for your health."

"I'm fine, mom," I assured her, not wanting to get into this topic with her of all people. For while it was true that I hadn't lacked in female companionship, my last real hookup with a girl hadn't been for several months, and the truth was I was starting to feel a little pent-up.

And now, all this talk of sex had caused me to fixate on her blouse, that'd been unbuttoned a bit since dinner so that the swell of her slightly drooping yet still impressive breasts were now exposed to my sight, causing a slight stirring in my groin. Not that I normally noticed such things. Well, not since my early adolescence anyway when I, like a lot of boys, had a slight crush on her. Heck, I'd even swiped a pair of her panties when I'd first explored masturbation.

But that was then. Now, such thoughts are no longer innocent exploration of burgeoning sexuality, but a twisted perversion you might need professional help for, I chided myself. She's right, you do need to get laid, if you're thinking such disgusting things about your own mom. Even if she is hot.

"So is that all?" I asked, hoping it was, for there was something I suddenly and desperately needed to take care of.

"One more thing," she replied, seeming not to notice my increasing discomfiture. "Do you have any idea what you might want to do now?"

"Actually, yeah," I said, having already given the matter some thought, glad to have something else to focus my mind on. "Well, you know how I always liked helping plan events and

dances and stuff at school, not to mention for you guys, so I was thinking about starting a business where I could help people plan and set up for parties and celebrations and stuff, maybe even run it in conjunction with some catering or something. I think I'd be really good at it."

I thought she might express some concern or at least hesitation about my plans, but instead she beamed, clapping her hands and practically bouncing up and down in the chair. "Oh, darling, I think that's a wonderful idea! And you're right, with all that incredible imagination and energy you've got, I know you'd be just wonderful at it!"

"Really?" I asked, genuinely surprised at her reaction. Although I guess I shouldn't have been, since our similar personalities and penchant for outlandish creative endeavors over the years had created a bond between us more akin to best buds than parent and child, fondly recollecting how we always collaborated to decorate our yard for the holidays, among other things, to the dismay my more practical dad and sister.

"Of course! I've always loved what you've done around here for my birthday, and I know Liz has as well, even if she didn't always say so. There's just one thing," she added, "You'll need some money to get started. Any idea on how you're going to raise it?"

And just like that, mom had found the flaw in my brilliant plan. "I don't know, I figured I might look for a job, maybe build up some credit and take out a loan eventually." God, even just saying the words left a bad taste in my mouth.

"That's possible," she conceded, looking thoughtful. "But there is an easier way."

I perked up at that. "Really? What is it?"

"Me. I could loan you the money."

I frowned. Money wasn't exactly tight around here, but ever since dad was out of the picture and mom lost some of her biggest clients it wasn't flowing as freely as it used to. So the only way she could come up with that much money right now was to... I shook my head. "No way, I don't want you dipping into your retirement to fund my crazy idea."

"And I won't," she assured me. "I haven't told you or your sister yet, but besides this house your father also gave me, as part of the settlement, one of his rental properties. It's in pretty bad shape, and instead of going to all the bother of trying to fix it

up I've been thinking about just selling it. That way, I could use the proceeds to help you get started in your business."

I had to admit that I was intrigued by her offer, allowing me to speed up my plans considerably. Even so, I wasn't ready to bite just yet. "And where would you fit in to this arrangement? Would you be like, my boss or something?"

"Not at all, sweetie," she assured me, patting my knee. "I was thinking more of a partnership. You handle more the creative side of things, and I'll deal with the financials, since I have experience with that kind of thing. And I might help manage the weddings, since I know guys don't really go for that kind of thing."

"What about your interior design business?" I asked, frowning, knowing how much time and effort she'd put into it over the years.

She shrugged. "Well, as you know, it's not as profitable as it used to be, so I was thinking about shutting it down and concentrating on this new venture."

"Wait a minute," I said, frowning. "So, does that mean you knew what I was up to, dropping out of school and all, before I even got here?"

She laughed, truly and deeply, for the first time I could remember. "Goodness, no, I'm not a mind reader," she said, reaching out and rubbing my knee. "But I do know you pretty well, sweetie, probably better than anyone. I've had the feeling for months you weren't happy in college, and I'd been toying with this idea for a joint venture few weeks that I wanted to run by you when you came back home. However, I had no idea you'd take things so far, so fast. Guess that impulsivity is something else you got from me."

Good ol' mom, I thought, she'd always been the one who understood me best, even at times like this, my mind already whirling as I considered the possibilities and what would be needed to put this plan into action. "For something like this to work, we might have to move closer to the city to really open up the opportunities."

She chuckled. "You see, this is gonna be great because we're already on the same page. I was deliberating selling this place and finding something else, maybe with space for a work area or something, if that was alright with you."

"Sounds awesome," I said, getting more excited by the moment. For I had no special attachment to this town or this house since most of my friends had already left. Not to mention dad and Liz were treating me like a stranger, I suppose since I'd naturally taken mom's side in the divorce while my sister had stuck with dad. And I knew mom would have no qualms about getting out of this place and all the memories that went with it. "But what's the catch?"

"Pardon?"

"I get the feeling there's this really big string attached to this deal that I'm not seeing yet, so what is it?"

She let out a sigh, smiling wanly. "Can't get anything past you, can I? Alright, there is something, but it's not what you think. In fact, you might even like it."

"I'm listening," I said, bracing myself.

"I'd like you to take a road trip with me."

Of all the things I was expecting her to say, that wasn't even on the list. "I'm sorry?" I asked. "Did you say road trip? Like the ones dad used to drag us on?"

She nodded. "But before you answer, just hear me out. I've been thinking about this for some time now, you know, just getting away and hitting the open road like the good old days. But I've never really travelled on my own, even before I married your dad I had friends with me. I'd like to have someone with me I can talk to, someone I can trust. And you know how I've always loved autumn, with the leaves changing and the cooler weather, so it'd be the perfect time to hit the road."

"What about Liz?" I asked apprehensively. Don't get me wrong I loved my older sister, but being a several years older than me, complete with a hard-nosed personality inherited from dad, we'd gotten along but had never been close. That's why I wasn't sure how I felt about spending two or three weeks in the car with her, knowing that sooner or later the divorce would come up and the sparks would fly.

"Well, I did ask her, but she's really busy with her work right now, and can't take any time off," she explained with a small shrug.

Can't, or won't, I wanted to say, detecting the trace of hurt in mom's voice, but decided to remain silent. "So it'd just be you and me. What do you say?" she asked, looking at me expectantly.

I mulled it over. Even though I'd always hated these little excursions driving around the countryside that dad was always taking us on instead of what I considered real vacations, I couldn't deny that this one held some real appeal for me. This time it would just be mom and I, hanging out like old times without dad looming in the background rushing us on to the next tourist trap on his list, or Liz poking fun at me for the car games I'd invent to pass the time.

And I could tell mom really needed this as well. I could hear it in her tired voice, see the weariness in her beautiful blue eyes. She needed to get away from everything that reminded her of the tumultuous last year and just relax so she could unburden herself from all that negative emotional baggage she was still carrying. It would do wonders for her outlook, and help her approach life with a new, fresh perspective. Besides, after everything she'd done for me, and was offering to do for me now, how could I say no to such a simple request?

"Alright," I said, standing up. "Let's do it."

Her face lit up with a radiance I hadn't seen in a long time. "Oh, thank you sweetie," she said, rising as well and giving me a hug and a peck on the cheek. Was it just me, or were her breasts squeezing a little tighter against my chest than they normally did? "And I promise, you won't regret it."

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We left a few days later after packing and making a rough list of places and spots we might like to visit, our interests aligning to a remarkable degree. We sampled a bit of everything - historical sites, national and state parks, odd and offbeat museums of every sort. We went at our own pace and stuck to no schedule, often sleeping in and not getting out until past noon or later, often discarding our list altogether and just stopping at places that caught our eye.

And it turned out I'd been right about mom. For as the days passed the worries and cares that'd been weighing on her began to fall away, revealing the happy, cheerful person I remembered from my childhood. Our relationship once again slipped into a comfortable and casual camaraderie that I was used to, and even more so as soon I found myself talking and joking with her about things I'd never dared do so before. It was almost as if she'd slipped back into the wild and carefree days of her youth before her marriage to dad, of which I was

now discovering more and more of as she recounted some of her wilder and as-yet unknown escapades. And the more I learned, the more I liked it, and wondered how dad could've been foolish enough to let a woman like this get away.

And that's when things started getting strange.

"Here you go," the odd man with the bright orange hair and outlandish outfit said, handing mom back her phone after snapping a picture of me and her together in front of a recreated 80s bedroom that reminded mom of the one she'd had when she was little. We were inside of a larger museum dedicated to 80s culture that had caught mom's eye, and having some interest in the decade myself I hadn't objected to the detour. We had our faces pressed against each other's, grinning from ear to ear. "And may I just say what a lovely couple you two make," he said with a sharp grin before tipping his hat, a wide-brimmed top hat that looked to be made out of some sort of orange fur-like material.

Perhaps I should take this moment to explain something - as noted earlier, I'd inherited pretty much all my physical characteristics from my dad (save for mom's blue eyes), meaning that with my taller stature, broad chest, and round face with sharply defined facial features topped with scraggly brown hair, I looked nothing like my mother with her slim

figure, small oval visage with large eyes and full lips crowned a mane of luxuriant golden hair. That's why most people when they first met us usually never guessed at our actual relationship, but this was the first time anyone had ever mistaken us for a couple.

For a moment both of us were so surprised by what we'd just heard that we were speechless, until at last my mom broke the spell by giggling. "Well, that was certainly a surprise, wasn't it?"

"Yeah..." I said, scratching at my head. "Imagine him thinking we were together like that. Weird."

"Oh, I don't know about weird," my mom mused. "I actually think it's kind of flattering, that he thinks an old fuddy like me could snag a hot young stud like you."

Now a few weeks ago, such talk like this from my mom might have shocked me, but as open as we'd become over the course of our trip it barely even registered, and my only response was to chuckle. "Don't sell yourself short, mom, you're hotter than most women ten, even fifteen years your junior. Why, if we weren't related, I'd..."

"You'd what?" she asked, turning to me with the sultriest look I'd ever seen on a woman's face. "What sort of naughty things would you do to me, if I hadn't given birth to you?"

I swallowed. Okay, being open was one thing, but this was getting downright bizarre, crossing into territory that should never be explored by a parent and child. "Oh, I just meant that if we weren't family, maybe I'd take you out to dinner, maybe dancing. You know, treat you the way you deserve to be treated, like a lady."

"Oh," she said, almost seeming disappointed by my answer. "But on second thought," she said after thinking a moment, "maybe that's not be such a bad idea."

"What? What do you mean?"

She smiled again, only this time it was lighter and more playful. "How'd you like to become my boyfriend for the rest of the trip?"

I could almost feel my jaw hitting the floor. "Wait...what?"

"Oh, not for real, silly," she said, swiping teasingly at my arm. "But what you said got me thinking - it's been such a long time since I've been with a man who wanted to just spend time with me, to make me feel special, instead of just trying to get me in the sack. It hasn't happened since I started dating your father, now that I think on it. We could just do what you suggested - dinner, dancing, maybe even a little snuggling and light petting if you're up for it."

"I don't know," I said, feeling both excited and appalled by the idea. "Wouldn't it be, you know, odd? And what if someone found out?"

"So what if they did?" she asked, shrugging. It was a bold statement she wouldn't have dared even think of a few weeks ago, let alone say aloud. "It's not like they know who we are, or where we're from, and it's none of their business anyway what we do. But I'm willing to bet that most will be like the guy who took our picture and just assume we're another random, happy couple. Besides, would it really be that great of a leap from what we're doing now? Come on, sweetie, it'll be fun!" she said, rubbing my shoulder and grinning.

She does have a good point, I considered. We were already acting like best friends, would it really be much different to take the next step and act like boyfriend and girlfriend? And it

would be a help to mom, I reasoned, bolstering her self-confidence enough to attract a decent man when we returned home. Yes, my participation in this lover's farce was for purely altruistic reasons, I assured myself.

"Agreed," I said at last.

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What followed was the most surreal week of my life, as the cozy relationship I'd established with my mother became downright intimate. In public we held hands, snuggled, our hands roaming over each other's bodies. There were limits, of course, but that didn't stop me from savoring the feel of rubbing my hands over her back, through her beautiful hair, even her perfectly rounded ass, even squeezing it every now and then. She enjoyed herself too, having a particular fondness for running her fingers along my chest, which, while not the perfectly chiseled torso of a bodybuilder, was still nothing to sneeze at. "Just like your father's when he was young," she murmured. She even started wearing tighter, more revealing outfits that really showed off her figure, and I relished the envious looks I'd get from other men when we passed by.

And as for what was now happening behind closed doors, well, that was an entirely new experience in itself. Mom, usually very guarded about her privacy, now began strolling and lounging around our motel room in nothing but her bra and panties, seeming to appreciate rather than disdain the way I ogled the only female body I'd seen in a long time.

Not only that, but instead of carefully closing and locking the bathroom door when she showered, somehow it now seemed to always be slightly ajar, and despite my best efforts I couldn't help but catch a slight glimpse of the curve of her bare ass, or the profile of her generous breasts. A time or two, I even thought I even thought I detected soft moans mingled with the sound of the shower.

Needless to say, the presence of these new visual and sensual treats despite their source, coupled with my already sex-starved cock, led to the need for some urgent and frequent relief. However, unlike mom, my sessions took place behind a carefully locked bathroom door. At first, I tried to focus on other girls as I beat myself off - old girlfriends, women I'd come seen and chatted with on the trip, anything.

But the imagery, the feel of my mom's warm flesh under my hand was too fresh in my mind, until I finally just gave up the effort and surrendered to the perversity of imagining myself

involved in every kind of depraved act with my mom, surprised to find that my climaxes were more intense than any I'd ever had, even during actual sex. At first I felt guilty, wondering what was wrong with me. But it soon faded, rationalizing to myself that as long as it stayed within the confines of my own deviant mind, what was the harm?

The trouble is, sometimes what's born in your brain has a hard time staying there.

The next incident, as I'll call it, started late one night after a long day of sightseeing. We were dog tired, and the only available motel in the area we found ourselves in only had one room available with, yep you guessed it - one bed. I, being a gentleman, offered to take the couch. But mom would have none of it, insisting (rightly) that it was too small, that there was no reason we couldn't share the perfectly good (and large) bed. So even though I had misgivings considering our recent frisky behavior I was too tired to argue, and thus reluctantly accepted.

Things started out normal enough as I climbed into the bed with my mother for the first time since I was seven and had a nightmare. I was feeling calm and relaxed, having jerked off during my shower to stave off any unnatural thoughts or urges. Mom was already in bed reading, clad in a light blue

chemise that, while still sexy (hell, by this point she could be wearing flannel pajamas and a muumuu with her hair in curlers and still be hot to me) wasn't as provocative as some of her other recent bedtime attire. Not only that, but there was still a respectable distance between us on the king-sized bed, allaying the last of my fears as we said goodnight and turned off the lamps.

The next thing I knew my eyes were shooting open, and I could feel a throbbing hardon, the strongest one I'd ever felt, pressing painfully against my shorts. I tried to move, only to find myself pinned in place by something over my leg. My heart began throbbing as I started to panic, not knowing what the fuck was going on. But then my brain slowly churned to life, and the pieces began to fall into place - the trip, the motel room, my mother...

My eyes went wide. Fuck, my mother! And suddenly I realized what was pinning me down - mom must have rolled over in her sleep, maybe thinking I was dad, and threw her long, bare, smooth leg over mine. Not only that but she'd snuggled up beside me, head buried in my shoulder, breasts mashed into my arm. Fuck, no wonder I had such a raging boner, I thought, even in sleep my body had reacted instinctively to her touch.

I carefully tried to extricate myself from her so I could get to the bathroom to take care of the four-alarm erection I was sporting, trying to ignore the intoxicating scent of her floral body wash mingling with her own incredible natural scent. But despite my best efforts her leg held mine tight, and suddenly I realized that with my struggling that I now felt a new sensation against my thigh, something lacy. Fuck, I thought, that's her panties, and something else...moisture? Oh shit, I thought, is my mom wet?!

But before my overloaded brain could process this information, I heard my mom mumble and start to stir in response to my efforts to disentangle myself. "Mmmm...James," she murmured out my dad's name, still sounding half asleep. "I'm feeling frisky. Up for a little fun?"

So she did think I was dad. But before I could react, I felt her small, slender fingers reach and wrap around my cock through my shorts, gripping it tightly as I gasped in surprise. "I guess you are up for it, aren't you baby?" she giggled as she ran her hand up and down my length.

"Not...James..." was all I could manage to squawk out through the intense waves of pleasure radiating out from my groin to assault my body.

Suddenly the motion stopped and I felt her body tense as she shifted in the bed, feeling her leg lift away from mine. "Oh my god, Tim?!" I heard her cry out, the drowsiness gone from her voice.

"Um, yeah," was all I could think to say, relieved but also disappointed that she'd stopped her ministrations, although I couldn't help but notice she hadn't moved her hand.

"I'm so sorry...I just thought for a moment there that you were someone else."

"I know, and it's okay," I assured her. "Now could you um, let me go so I can go take care something?" I said, never thinking I'd be asking such a thing of my mom of all people.

She was quiet for a moment, as if considering something before she spoke again. "Tell you what, sweetie, since mommy is to blame for your...situation, how about you let her take care of it?" she whispered hotly in my ear, as her hand resumed stroking my rod. "We'll make it part of the girlfriend experience. Would you like that?"

I should've said no thanks, and gotten out of bed right then and there and, after resolving the situation, made a valiant but futile attempt to sleep on the too-small sofa. But damn, it felt sooooo good, and it'd been so long, too long, since my cock had received any sort of female attention. "Fuck yeah, go for it," I groaned.

"Good boy," she giggled, releasing my cock just long enough to grab hold of my shorts, pulling both them and my boxers down around my knees with one hand, lifting my midsection up to help her efforts. "Oh...yeeesss..." I whispered as her fingers clutched around my bare cock for the first time.

"So big," she cooed as her efforts squeezed out precum from the tip, facilitating her efforts and producing a wet, sliding sound under the blankets. "Just like your father. Maybe even bigger. Mommy's big boy!"

I vaguely heard her words through the intense sensations I was feeling and tried to respond, but as I writhed and squirmed under her expert manipulation all that came out was an "Ugghhh" sound.

Without really realizing what I was doing, I extended my hand over towards her under the covers, finding her taut stomach,

causing her to shudder slightly from the sudden contact, and began to work my way downwards. "Ohh, what are you up to?" she breathed, voice husky with desire.

She soon had an answer to her question as my fingertips arrived the hem of her panties. I slowly slid them underneath, amazed at how hot and humid she felt down there as I continued to probe until my index finger made contact with the object of my intimate search - the small poking nub of her clit, engorged and slick with arousal.

"Ohhhhhfuuucckkk," she moaned as I began to rub it between my finger and thumb with gentle but persistent strokes, slowly at first but gradually increasing the tempo. "Mommy likes that, mommy likes that VERY MUCH!" she squealed as she wriggled in delight, increasing her efforts on my cock to match my pace.

I don't know how long we lay there like that, a twisted, tangled mass of limbs giving and receiving forbidden pleasure, moaning and sighing. All I know is that by the time I grunted and spewed out my climax over the sheets and her hand she'd had already cum twice, the second time so hard I could swear she squirted, although by that point I was so lost in my own lust I couldn't be sure.

We withdrew our hands from each other and just laid there together, chests heaving as we came down from our highs, pondering what had just happened. Had it really happened? I asked myself, wondering if this might just be a dream. Yes it had, I assured myself, my hand still covered in my mom's pussy cream. I brought it up to my nose, sniffing. It smelled tart, musky.

Delicious.

What does this mean? I asked myself, the thrill of what happened now starting to mingle with guilt. What happens now? Was this a one time thing? Were we going to go even further? How does mom feel about it? Was it a mistake? Does she hate me now? I wanted mom to talk to me, to make everything right as she always had, to give me the answers I needed.

Unfortunately, it seemed mom wasn't in a talking mood. "Better get some rest now, sweetie," was all she said before pecking me on the cheek, shuffling away toward her side of the bed, turning away from me and going to sleep. Or at least pretending to. Well, at least she doesn't seem mad, I thought, as I felt myself drifting away again.

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I awoke to the sound of curtains being slid open. I sat up in bed, yawning and stretching, my eyes blinking in the light of midmorning sunlight. "Morning, sweetie," I heard mom say.

As my eyes adjusted and settled on her figure next to the window, I could tell immediately that something was different. She was dressed for the day, but not in the daring style that she'd been sporting recently. She was now clad in an oversized red sweater and a pair of baggy jeans that concealed her figure, the makeup she'd been wearing recently gone. And something about her tone, there was something missing from it, some of the warmth and intimacy I'd grown accustomed to over the past few weeks.

And that's when I knew, with absolute certainty, without her saying a word, that the fun, casual, faux-lovers relationship we'd had for the past few weeks was over, and that we were now back to the standard mother-son setup that existed before we set out on this little excursion. And even if I hadn't already been sure, her next words settled it beyond any doubt.

"I've been thinking," she said, not looking me in the eye as she gazed out the window, "that if it's alright with you, we'll just

cut our trip short, and start heading home today. What do you think?"

"Um, okay," I said groggily, not arguing since we only had a few days left of our outing anyway. Still, I wasn't sure how I felt about this sudden turnaround, especially in light of recent and very exciting events. "But mom, about last night--"

"We'll talk later," she interjected with uncharacteristic sharpness, cutting me off. "Right now, why don't you get showered and changed while I go have some coffee in the lounge? I've already got my stuff in the car, so when you're done, we'll grab brunch at a nearby diner I found online before hitting the highway." Then, without waiting for my response, she turned and left.

Fuck, I thought, rubbing at my head. It was obvious that she regretted what happened last night, and was making every attempt to bury and forget about it. I wondered if that would even be possible, or if I even wanted it to be.

The issue dominated my thoughts without resolution as I showered, dressed, and packed, unable to get the memory of her hand on my cock, my fingers diddling with her clit out of

my mind, my shaft again stirring pleasantly at the memory, yearning to feel her touch again. Stop it, I admonished myself.

After I'd taken a few deep breaths and calmed myself down, I took my things out to the car, loading it up in the trunk as mom checked out. As I was doing so I noticed a flicker of movement a few yards to my left, turning to see what at first I thought was a dog, but instead realized was a fox with the brightest orange coat I'd ever seen staring right at me.

I stood there admiring it, thinking how odd it was to see a fox this close to civilization, when the strangest thing happened. I could swear the fox winked and smiled at me, before darting around the side of the building and disappearing. I rubbed at my head as I got in the car, thinking the hand job I'd gotten from mom must have knocked something loose up there.

Mom returned shortly after and we headed out. She was quiet as we drove, obviously deep in thought, so I remained silent also. It was only after we'd pulled into the parking lot of the diner and she'd killed the engine that she let out a long huff of air, falling back into her seat, tilting her head towards me. "About last night..."

"Yes?" I replied, glad that we were finally going to talk about it. Maybe once I had a chance to explain how I felt, she'd reconsider her position.

She smiled wanly. "It was a lovely dream, wasn't it? Just like the past few weeks have been. It was wonderful and I'll always treasure the memory, as I hope you will. But it can never be repeated, nor spoken of, to anyone ever again."

"But mom--" I protested feebly, shocked at the authoritarian line she'd adopted.

"Not ever again," she reasserted with the rigid sternness of a parent that would tolerate no questioning of her orders, her smile gone. "From now on we're back to normal mother and son mode. Agreed?"

And there it was - no discussion, no debate, just do as you're told, young man, and to hell with how you think or feel about it. I'd had to deal with this kind of thing all the time with dad, but this was the first time I'd ever experienced it with mom, and it sucked.

No, it was worse than that. I felt used, betrayed in a way I'd never experienced before. Had this whole trip, everything we'd done together just been a way for mom to prop up her bruised ego, and now that she felt better about herself, I was to be cast aside? It hurt, and hurt bad, like getting shot, stabbed, and kicked in the gut all at the same time by the person you'd loved and trusted more than anyone in the world. "Sure. Fine. Whatever you want, mother," I said flatly, knowing this wasn't over no matter how much she thought it was.

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After that 'discussion', if it could even be called that, we both headed into the diner. I don't think either of us really felt like eating at the moment, but we needed sustenance for the long drive home. "Hey there!" An entirely too sprightly voice chimed out as mom and I seated ourselves across from each other in a booth in the back, the first time in awhile we hadn't slid in together on the same side.

I looked up to see a stunning waitress in an obscenely short pink dress that showed off long legs standing there, pad and pencil in her hands, impressive breasts (but not as good as mom's) pressing achingly against the fabric and her hair, a flaming red color tinged with black highlights and gathered back in a bushy ponytail that reminded me of the tail of the fox

I'd just seen. Although she didn't appear much older than me, there was something about her eyes that, while sparkling with youthful playfulness, also spoke of a deep-seated maturity and wisdom far beyond her apparent age. My cock, already roused by memories of last night that still flared in my brain, sprang immediately to full mast.

"Hi there, I'm Sionna, your server for today," the young woman explained, winking at me, her irises a strange coppery color. Must be special contacts, I thought. "My, what a cute couple you are!" she exclaimed, echoing what the man at the 80s museum had said and started this entire ill-fated experiment. But this time, mom's reaction was very different.

"We're not a couple," she snapped at the pleasant young server before I could respond, "I'm his mother."

"Is that so?" she said in a curious tone, twinkling eyes looking back and forth between us as if seeing us in a new light. "How interesting. Yes, very interesting indeed. I haven't seen y'all around here before, so are ya new or just passing through?"

"Passing through," I volunteered before my mother could speak, remembering Sionna's inviting wink as an idea formed in my mind. "Actually, we just finished up a little road trip and were heading home. But if you're interested, maybe I could

hang around for a few days, and you could show me around your charming little town."

Even out of the corner of my eye I could practically see the smoke rising off mom. Good, I thought, let her steam, this was the way she wanted it, after all. Besides, what did I have waiting for me at home? Awkward silence and playing video games in my room before heading back to school in the spring, which I was starting to think was a better and better idea. I could try to see if I could stay with dad, but from what Liz had said he was still 'breaking in' his new twenty-year-old secretary/girlfriend, and most likely wouldn't appreciate my intrusion. Not to mention he'd been a little cold to me lately, just like Liz, considering it almost a chore to even speak to me. I mean, I'd always been closer to mom than either of them, but now it was like I'd committed some unknown transgression that had thrown up a wall between us.

Sionna laughed, but not in a mean spirited way, more like someone who'd been caught off guard but was still flattered. Still, there was something odd about it, the sound reminding me of some sort of chattering animal noise that gave me the willies. Which was just as well, I considered, since even though she was very attractive in an offbeat kind of way, I'd never leave my mom high and dry to make it back home by herself, no matter how upset with her I might be. But that didn't stop me from enjoying the obvious rise I was getting out of her.

"Oh, you have no idea how very tempted I am by your offer, cutie," Sionna said with another wink. "I can tell just by looking at you that you'd be a lot of fun, and I've got this way of tellin' about people, you know? But I'm pulling an all-day shift, and I don't think I'd score too many points with the boss if I just took off right before the lunch rush hits. Not to mention I don't think mom here would be very happy with me if I just snatched you away and left her out here on her own."

"No, I wouldn't," mom murmured, eyes burning holes in me. I countered with a glower of my own, refusing to be intimidated.

"Uh, oh," Sionna said, noticing the way we were looking at each other, "looks like trouble in paradise. You two havin' some sort of tiff?"

"Sionna," my mom said calmly, although I could hear the irritation in her voice. "You seem like a sweet girl who means well. But to be quite frank, this is none of your business."

"Oops, sorry," Sionna said, flashing another broad grin as she took out a pen and pad, not looking like she was sorry at all. "My brother is always tellin' me the same thing, that I'm always

buttin' in where I shouldn't. But sometimes I can't help it, 'specially when seeing a lovely couple like you at odds."

"I told you we're not a couple, we're family," mom insisted.

"Right, so you said. Anyhoo, what can I get for you guys?"

"So, what the hell was that all about?" my mom asked me pointedly after Sionna had taken our orders and practically pranced away, humming to herself.

"Why, whatever do you mean?" I asked innocently, feigning ignorance.

"You know very well what I'm talking about, young man," she said, now fully back in parent mode, even more so than I'd ever seen her, reminding me unpleasantly of dad right before he was about to lay into me with another lecture. "You trying to make time with that ditzy waitress and leaving me to drive all the way home by myself. Not cool, mister."

I shrugged. "I was just doing what you suggested, getting back to normal, which includes talking with pretty girls who show interest in me. Or did I hear you wrong?"

"No, you didn't," she said with a sigh. "But you didn't have to, you know, start so soon," she said. I could've been mistaken, but I thought I heard a trace of jealousy in her voice, and decided to exploit it.

"Hey, when opportunity knocks, you gotta answer, or else you're be spending a lot of time with your hand," I commented nonchalantly, really leaning into that last word, hoping it would conjure images in her mind of last night. "But hey, if you want to rethink the whole normalcy thing..."

"No," she said, just a little too quickly, pretending to study the menu, even though we'd already ordered. "Look, when we get back home, you can do whatever you want. But until then, can you just put the brakes on the flirting a bit, please?"

"Whatever you say, mother."

"And stop calling me mother. It's so stiff and formal, and makes me feel old."

"But that's what we are now, isn't it?" I pointed out. "A proper mother and child, with a proper and respectable relationship."

You speak, and I, as the dutiful son, obey without question. So, mother seems like the most fitting form of address in this setup. Wouldn't you say, mother?"

So, with a sigh and a shake of her head, she finally gave up and we fell into an uncomfortable silence that extended all the way through our meal, up to the time Sionna came by with the check. "Y'all still fightin'? That ain't good," she said, tsking, flipping around the bill and starting to write. "Tell ya what, you seem like good folks who have just lost their way a bit, so I'm gonna let you in on a little secret - there's a little celebration goin' on right now on the outskirts of town, near the old Renard farm, what we call around here the Harvest Fair. I think it might just be what you two need to get back on track. Here you go," she said, pushing the check towards mom.

"Um, thanks," mom said, not even looking at the paper. "But I don't believe we're going to make any more unnecessary detours."

"Oh, I think you'll be glad you took this one," Sionna said cryptically, tapping her finger on the bill. "But hey, it's your call. Just think about it, okay? I've got a feeling that this year's celebration is gonna be one to remember! Anyhoo, take care, y'all, until we meet again," she said, waving as she walked away.

"Such an odd girl," mom muttered.

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"So, what do you think?" Mom said as she climbed into the car after paying the bill.

"About what?" I asked, working with my phone, out of idle curiosity trying to find out more about that fair or whatever that Sionna had mentioned. But it was proving to be an exercise in futility, since my signal had gone out.

"About this Harvest Festival. Care to check it out?"

I looked up. Oh, now you want my opinion? I wanted to say. "I thought you wanted to head home."

"Well, I did, I do, but a day or two isn't going to make a difference one way or another. Besides, you know how much I love fall-themed stuff, and this Festival would be a great way to cap off our little road trip, don't you think?"

"If you say so, Ashley," I said noncommittally, calling mom by her given name.

She put her hand on my knee, the first time she'd made physical contact since last night's episode. "Look," she began, sounding weary, "when I said get back to normal, I didn't mean this. Since when has this been normal for us?"

"Since you started acting like dad," I spat without thinking, immediately regretting it when I saw her wince, knowing how much it must've stung to be compared to him. "I'm sorry."

She shook her head. "No, I deserved that. And I'm the one who should be apologizing, I could have handled all that better instead of just laying down the law with an iron fist like your father always did. It's just that everything that's happened lately, it's whole new territory for me and then last night...it's confusing as hell."

Understatement of the century, I thought, but remained quiet to give her time to finish.

"So, let's make a deal," she continued. "Let's just give ourselves some time to think about what's happened between us on this

trip. And then, when we get back home, we'll sit down and talk about it the way we always do, and go from there. But in the meantime, can we at least go back to being friends?" she almost pleaded. "I hate this weirdness between us."

God, I thought as I took in her sad, puppy-dog expression, I would have to be the sickest, vilest scum in the world to slap away the olive branch she was extending, I reflected, reminding myself that this whole trip had been for her benefit. Staying mad would solve nothing and just keep us locked in this strange, chilled limbo, which I hated just as much as she did. "Alright, mom," I said, pushing aside my lingering resentment as I put my hand over hers.

She smiled. "Thank you, sweetie. Now, how about we check out this festival?" she asked, waving the bill.

"Okay, but we'll have to use your phone to find this place," I said, "mine's lost its signal."

She took out her phone and studied it, frowning. "Huh, mine too. Odd, it was working fine when we got here. But no matter, besides the address Sionna wrote down some pretty detailed directions here that we can follow."

"Is that so?" I asked, taking the paper and studying the scribbling on the back. Sure enough, in addition to an address, listed as Renard Farms, there were tiny but clear instructions on how to get there from the diner. How had Sienna had time to write all this so legibly in like, ten seconds? I wondered, scratching my head. And how'd she know we'd even need them? Did they lose signals a lot around here? "Alright, let's be on our way then."

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What the fuck kind of festival is this?! I began to wonder as the sun began getting low into the sky, and we still hadn't found it yet. Sienna's directions were clear enough, but there were so many of them, leading us on so many twists and turns down long country roads, each more winding and sparsely populated than the last until I was sure we had long since past the outskirts of the town we'd left. Hell, I wasn't sure if we were even in the same state anymore. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea," I grumbled from the passenger seat. "I mean, how great can this thing be, out in the middle of damned nowhere?"

"I'm starting to agree with you," Mom muttered, sounding as frustrated as I felt, her zeal to find this place evaporated. "Tell you what," she said, pulling off to the side of the road. "Why don't we follow the directions in reverse back to town, and find

somewhere to crash for the night? Then in the morning, I might just stop by that diner to give Sienna a piece of my mind, for not saying just how far away this place was."

"Sounds like a plan to me," I said, fumbling around between the seats where I'd tossed the old check. "What the fuck?!"

"What? What is it?"

I held out the directions to her, or rather, what was left of them, for they had completely disappeared, save for the few at the end we had yet to complete. "What happened?!" she asked, dismayed. "Did you spill something on them?"

"No way!" I protested. "My drink has a lid, and besides, this paper is completely dry!" I said, rubbing my fingers on it to demonstrate. "There must be something wrong with this paper, or the pen she used."

Mom thought for a moment, biting her lower lip. "There's no help for it, we'll just have to follow the instructions through to the end and hope that whatever or whoever's there can give us directions back to town, or a motel at least. Hell, I'd even settle for a gas station at this point," she said, looking worriedly at

the gas tank. "It's so odd, we haven't passed a single one for miles."

"Come to think of it, have we passed any inhabited areas?" I pointed out. "All I've seen lately are a few abandoned farms. And when was the last time we even saw another car?" I said, worry starting to knead my guts. This whole thing was so strange, no matter how far off the beaten trail we'd wandered, we should have at least seen some trace of human life or activity, but we hadn't. Was Sionna some sort of psycho, trapping us in her own version of a horror movie, silently stalking us with a truckload of chainsaw-wielding maniacs until we ran out of gas, and then...?

"Let's not panic," mom said, seeming to sense my thoughts as she pulled back on the road. "Let's just find this place before the rest of the directions fade away. Once we get there everything will be fine, you'll see."

And find it we did, but everything was decidedly not fine.

I knew it was the right place, for I was able to make out the name Renard in faded lettering on the rusted and leaning mailbox. It had been a farm at one time, but not for a while, able to make out the rotting wooden and metal remains of a

house and barn among the trees and scrub that were now eagerly reclaiming the cleared land, enclosed by the decaying posts of a wooden fence.

I stepped out of the car and looked around for tents or lights, listening for any sound that would indicate that a party or festival might be going on somewhere on the property. But there was no trace that anyone had even set foot here in a long time, not even an empty beer can or other debris. The only signs of life I detected were the distant caw of a crow, and a glimpse of a fox's coat slinking through the tall, browning weeds before it disappeared. Odd, it had looked just like the one I'd seen at the motel, but I knew that was impossible.

"She lied...she lied to us. That bitch!" Mom shouted in frustration, kicking at a rock. "Why would she do that? Is this what passes for fun among young people these days?!"

Suddenly, my theory about chainsaw maniacs flashed through my head and now seemed to make a lot more sense. I turned to mom, intending to tell her so, and that we should get the fuck out of here as soon as possible, when I stopped. Now I knew it was crazy, what with us lost and our lives possibly in danger, but I momentarily forgot all that as I stared at my mom standing there in the evening sun.

Her expression was one of pure fury, but the way the soft light hit her face, highlighting her delicate features and adding a lustrous sheen to her long flowing hair, made her seem like the most beautiful woman in the world. Seeing her like that reminded me of what a wonderful person she was, and how much I loved her.

And that's when I saw it.

"Wait, what's that?" I asked, pointing behind her the way we'd come, towards the woods that ringed the property.

"Huh?" Mom said, spinning around to look where I was gesturing. There was some sort of light, like some sort of sign, flashing among the intense fall foliage. "What is that? I don't remember seeing it on the way in."

"Me either," I said, wondering how we'd both missed something like that. Had it just been turned on or something? But even so, I'd had my eyes peeled, so I should have at least seen the pole it was on, but I hadn't. "Let's check it out," I said, getting back in the car, mom following suit. As we got closer I could see that the light was actually a large flashing gold arrow, pointing toward what looked like a gravelly side road leading into the woods.

"Well, looks like we found it," Mom said, relief in her voice.

However, I still had a few nagging doubts that refused to be quelled. "I don't know, mom," I said warily. "This whole thing is still strange. Why just a flashing arrow, why not a big sign with big lettering announcing what it is? And why put an attraction way out here where even Daniel Boone would get lost? Seems like they took a page out of the book *How to Not Only Fail, But Bomb Spectacularly in Business*."

She chuckled. "I'm not arguing with you, sweetie," she said, turning off on the road, "but right now we're lost, with no idea how to get back to town, any town, or the main highway. We have some emergency gas, but it won't do us any good if we don't know where we're going. As odd as these people seem to be, hopefully they can at least point us in the right direction. But if you have a better idea, I'm all ears."

I didn't, so I just sighed and reluctantly settled back in my seat, looking out my window at the bright colors of the trees we passed, mesmerized by their beauty. Funny, I thought to myself, all of them seemed to be of a species I was unfamiliar with, their trunks and twisting limbs a rich golden color that almost seemed to sparkle slightly in the waning sunlight. And their foliage, as strange as it sounds, were speckled with almost

every different shade of red, orange, and yellow that you that you could possibly imagine. Mom was going pretty fast so that I couldn't be sure, but it almost seemed like the colors of the leaves were shifting, that the yellow ones were gradually turning orange, the orange ones red, then back to yellow right before my eyes.

But believe it or not, that wasn't the strangest part. For even as I tried to study the leaves, I kept being distracted by flitting images in the corner of my eye, like figures clad in light, flowing outfits twirling about the trees. But every time I shifted my gaze to look, there was nothing. I've been staring at my phone way too much on this trip, I thought, rubbing at my eyes. Now I'm starting to see things.

We continued down the bumpy, twisting trail for quite some time as the road, like many others that day, turned out much longer than I'd expected it to be. We passed no more signs or markers, and just as mom seemed just about to reach the limits of her patience and turn around, the trees ended abruptly and we found ourselves in a roughly circular clearing over a mile across, mouths agape at what we'd discovered.

I'd expected to find a lonely homestead, farm or something along those lines nestled back here in the woods, with some tents, small stalls, and maybe a few simple rides set up, but I

was completely unprepared for what I was now seeing. For occupying this open space in otherwise untamed wilderness was what appeared to be nothing less than a full-fledged county fair, although even at first glance it seemed different from others I'd visited.

My gaze first fixed a winding and rather elaborate roller coaster frame that twisted around the perimeter of the grounds that was more elaborate than anything I'd seen in a sparsely populated area like this. I studied the building and stalls along the outskirts that I could see from my vantage point, noting that they didn't seem shabby or hastily thrown together as I'd expected, but well-built and freshly painted structures of stone and wood. All in all, it gave the place a more permanent feel than one usually got from places like this. Odd, very odd, I thought.

"Wow!" Mom gasped on seeing the spectacle, rolling down her window for a better view. "Look, Tim!" she exclaimed as she flipped her head toward me, eyes alight with excitement. "Check out this place! Isn't it something?"

"Yeah, it's something," I muttered in startled amazement, unwilling to crush her enthusiasm but unable to share it. "What's a big fair like this doing all the way out in the middle of nowhere?" I wondered aloud.

"Who cares?" Mom replied, angling into a space among some other vehicles that dotted the grass haphazardly in front of the attraction. There were a good number scattered around, but not nearly as many as I was used to seeing at events like this. "As long as they can give us directions back to town, they can build a whole other Disneyworld out here for all I care," she said, parking the car. "You can stay here if you want, I'm gonna go talk to someone at the ticket booth and see about those directions. I may have to buy a ticket or something, but it'll be worth it."

"I'll go with you," I offered, not wanting us to get separated. Normally I loved places like this, but I just couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't quite right about this whole thing, wanting to get those directions and out of here as soon as possible. So we got out and proceeded to the ticket counter up ahead, only to receive a shock when we saw who was manning it.

Or rather, who was womanning it.

"You!" mom cried out, coming to a sudden stop as she gaped at the familiar young woman sitting behind the glass.

"Hiya cutie!" Sionna said, winking at me before turning back to mom. "I see you finally found our little shin dig! How simply marvelous!"

"You call this a little shin dig?!" I asked incredulously as at that moment, almost as if to emphasize my point, the roller coaster went zooming by overhead.

She shrugged. "I guess my brother's right, he's always telling me I have trouble choosing the right words."

"And giving directions!" Mom added hotly. "Next time, maybe give some indication just how long the roads on your list are, or how long it'd take to get here! Do you know how many times we almost got lost?"

"But you didn't," the happy girl pointed out. "You found us just as I knew you would," she continued matter-of-factly, never letting her cheerful demeanor falter for an instant as she gave me a quick knowing glance before turning back to mom. "Tell you what, as a way to make up for my little boo-boo, how bout I give you two these," she said, pushing forward what looked like tickets, made of some shiny coppery material that glinted in the waning sunlight. "All access passes, granting you free

admission to the park and all rides and events. Not to mention free food at all concession stands as well."

"I don't think they'll do us much good," I observed skeptically, believing I'd detected the angle in Sionna's generosity. "You're probably gonna be closing in an hour or two."

"Actually, we'll be open all night," Sionna chimed in helpfully, not seeming to have taken any offense at my subtle dig. Did nothing get to her?

Before I could question the oddness of this, Mom spoke up again. "That's nice of you, I suppose," she said irritably as she pushed the tickets back towards the attendant/waitress, "However we're not interested in tickets or your park, all we want are directions back to the highway, and to never see you or deal with your flippant attitude ever again!"

"Gee, you sure know how to hurt a girl," Sionna said, still looking completely undamaged by my mother's attacks. "At least your son is nicer with his skepticism, not to mention easy to look at," she said, flashing another grin my way, making me blush at the praise. "But do you really want me giving you directions again, after I apparently led you astray, however

unwittingly the last time?" she added before mom could speak again. Well, she did have a point, I silently conceded.

"So you should speak to my brother Renny, the park manager," she continued. "Or as he's known around here, the Master of Ceremonies. He'll give you what you need, maybe even print out some directions on his computer."

"Fine, where is he then?" mom spouted, obviously not liking this turn of events, but having no better options to pursue.

Sionna shrugged again. "This time of day he's probably running here and there around the fair, getting things ready for the Grand Finale later on tonight."

"The Grand Finale?" I asked, "what's that?"

"So what you're saying is," mom interjected before Sionna could answer, "is that he could be anywhere in the park? Don't you have a phone or something that you can use to contact him?"

She shook her head. "Sorry, my brother's a bit of what you might call a technophobe and hates that kind of stuff. Heck, he

only uses his computer when he absolutely has to, and even that requires some coaxing," she said, wagging her eyebrows.

"So what you're saying is," my mom grumbled, "that we have to wander around this place and try to find him?"

"That seems to be your best option," Sionna said, pushing the passes back toward mom, who reluctantly took them this time and handed one to me. I took it, feeling the filmy surface as I shoved it in my pocket, feeling a strange warm tingle rush through my hand and up my arm as I did so. What were these tickets made of? I wondered, hoping they weren't dangerous or drugged or something.

But my ruminations were interrupted by mom again. "So, how will we recognize this brother of yours?"

"Oh, trust me, you'll know him when you see him," Sionna replied, a twinkle in her eye. "Just ask around, our employees are super-friendly and will help point you in the right direction. And along the way, maybe try out a ride or game while you're here. Who knows? You might have a little fun by accident."

"Doubt it," mom muttered, already moving through the turnstile and motioning for me to follow. "Come on, let's find this...guy before it gets too late," and from her tone I knew 'guy' hadn't been her first choice of words.

"So what's the deal?" I asked Sionna as I paused a moment at the booth before following mom. "You work both here and the diner?"

"I work where I'm needed," she answered cryptically, her smile unwavering. "Since it allows me to meet such intriguing people as yourself and your mom."

"Intriguing, you say? How so?"

"Like my brother and I, you're drawn to places like this - the atmosphere, the thrills, the magic," she purred, her words dripping honey. "Almost as if you belong here."

The way she was looking at me, the earnestness of her words bolstered my confidence enough to try my luck again. "So, does that mean you might reconsider my earlier offer, maybe share some of that magic with me?"

But again, my efforts fell flat. "You have no idea how hard you're making it for me to say this, but I must again decline. Besides, you have more important matters to attend to tonight. It will be a very enlightening evening for you, at least I hope so. Not to mention I've got a lot riding on you, so don't let me down!"

"What the hell does that mean?" I asked sharply, becoming as annoyed with her glib attitude as mom.

"Hey, what's the holdup?" I turned my head and saw mom motioning at me to get a move-on, looking impatient.

"Just a minute," I said, looking back to Sionna, only to find her gone and a curtain drawn across the plastic screen, a 'closed' sign across the opening. I guess she'd gotten tired of our snarky attitudes and decided to end the conversation. Oh well, no help for it but to find this Renny guy, and hope he'd be more help than his flaky sister.

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"Wow, isn't this place neat?" Mom exclaimed as we made our way into the main grounds, her eyes sparkling with wonder

like a child in Santa's workshop. Strands of crisscrossed orange fairy lights flickered on overhead, enhanced by bright streetlamps along the walkways with covers shaped like leaves, pumpkins, even giant acorns spaced at regular intervals. I also saw what looked like the biggest fucking candles I'd ever seen set on huge golden stands spaced every so often, although none of these were lit. Not that they were needed since the existing lights in tandem with the rays of the waning sun provided ample, and somewhat mystical, illumination.

And what a sight was revealed to us! It seemed like everything associated with the season had converged and coalesced into the grandest, most dazzling celebration of fall I'd ever seen. All the brightly lit tents, booths, and other structures were splashed with vibrant fall hues, and further embellished with garlands of leaves, multicolored pumpkins, and other seasonal motifs.

Autumnal flowers were everywhere, from potted mums bursting with color to vining flowering blooms I didn't recognize swirling around the lamp posts. Even the Ferris Wheel in the background flashed a giant, color-changing apple from its center. And speaking of apples, I detected the aroma of fried apple pie mingled with something maple in the air, mingled with the more savory smell of corn dogs. I knew mom was eating it up, giving her love for all things autumn, and

even I had to admit this place had a certain playful charm that, in other circumstances, I would have immediately succumbed to.

But not this time, I thought, inspecting the scene with a critical eye as brisk and airy instrumental autumnal music drifted out of strategically placed loudspeakers around us. In line with what I'd seen outside, there weren't that many customers here as one would expect. Not surprising given the isolated location, but how did this place earn enough to stay open? It made no sense. And as I watched the sparse and scattered clumps of patrons engaged in various games at the nearby booths I felt something else niggling at me, something else that seemed missing that I couldn't quite put my finger on.

"So what do you want to do first?" mom asked, practically bouncing with excitement, breaking me out of my ruminations.

I rolled my eyes. "Have you forgotten, mom? We're not here on an evening of fun and frolic, we're lost, remember? We have to find this Renny guy."

"I know, I know," she replied. "But Sionna said the best way to find him was to ask around, so we might as well have a little fun as we look, right? So where do you want to start?" she

asked, twirling around, causing her hair to spin around her head like the petals of a flower. "A gaming booth? A snack bar? Or maybe a ride?"

I shrugged, wondering what was up with her. A few moments ago she'd been as anxious as I was to get what we needed and get out of here, but now she was acting like it was just another night on the town. "Honestly, it doesn't matter to me, so why don't you pick?"

"Hmmm..." she mumbled, looking around as she tapped her lip. "How about there?" she said, pointing to what looked like an eatery with outdoor seating. "It looks like a good place to start, and I could use a bite after that long drive. And all the food's free, remember?" she said, waving her all-access pass. "Come on!"

"Hi there!" the woman at the counter greeted us as we approached. She reminded me a lot of mom, although her hair was straighter, her skin paler, and her figure a bit more curvy. But what struck me most about her was her getup - I mean, I know a lot of people are into retro and I respect that, but this lady looked like she literally stepped through some kind of time warp from the hippie era. I mean, she had it all - scarlet bell bottoms, a long-sleeved tie-dyed shirt, and a golden peace symbol necklace. Her head was even crowned with a ring of

yellow daisy-like flowers mixed with what looked like strands of wheat.

"Love your outfit!" My mom chimed, grinning from ear to ear, taking a deep whiff as we approached. "Are you responsible for all of those yummy scents in the air?"

"Thanks," the woman giggled. "And yes, I believe we can take credit for most of the delightful aromas wafting in this neck of the park. I'm Moonflower," she said in a light, dreamy voice, "and the handsome young man washing dishes is my darling boy Sunbeam, and the lovely lady tending to the pies is my daughter Starlight. Welcome to our establishment, Groovy Eats and Tasty Treats!" she said, nodding to each of her children in turn. The kids, both of whom favored their mother in appearance and apparel, smiled and greeted us before turning back to their tasks.

And it wasn't just the clothes, their entire operation seemed an homage to the age of rebellion and free love - the pale green walls covered with colorful flower prints that contrasted with the mustard-yellow appliances. Pendant lighting hung down from the ceiling, and there was even a lava lamp sitting next to the register, the large, lighted globules bouncing and bobbing within as a radio nearby played "Let it Be," from The Beatles.

"Nice place you have here," I commented, idly noting that Moonflower, as she called herself, looked far too young, perhaps in her late twenties or early thirties, to be the mother of two grown children. But I'd learned long ago that only fools and those with suicidal tendencies make remarks about a woman's age, so I kept my thoughts to myself. "Too bad you guys are only open what, maybe one or two weeks of the year?"

Moonbeam let out a small, musical laugh. "Oh, no, my handsome little fellow, you've got it all wrong. This is our home, our main gig, dishing out sweet treats and good vibes all year round!"

I tilted my head. "Wait, I thought this was just a seasonal festival. So you mean to say you're here all year?"

"Not always here, but here and there in one form or another," she replied in that vague, wistful way I'd only seen from characters in movies from that era. "Lots of people in lots of places need help finding peace and love, and we're always glad to lend them a hand here in our happenin' pad."

"What does that mean?" I asked, "And you say this is your home? Where do you live? I didn't see any--"

"Aw, Tim, stop pestering the poor woman," mom said, slapping my back playfully. "I'm sorry, he's a great guy, but sometimes he gets a little too inquisitive."

"No need for sorrys, it's all good here," Moonbeam replied in that faraway voice of hers. "I actually find curiosity quite an endearing quality in a man, especially in the bedroom," she said knowingly, wagging her eyebrows. "It's one of the qualities that makes you two such a charming couple."

"Actually," I began, "we're not--"

"Why, thank you so much!" mom exclaimed, cutting me off again. "And I know what you mean, I don't know where I'd be without my big strong man. Now, tell me, what is that fabulous smell in the air?"

Moonbeam grinned. "That'd be our far-out pumpkin spice turnovers, fresh out the oven and guaranteed to spice up your night!"

"Great! We'll take two. And two hot chocolates, please," she said, looking at the menu. "Is that alright, sweetie?" she asked.

"Umm...okay," I said, confused. She'd practically bit off Sionna's head when the offbeat server had dared refer to us as a couple, but now she seemed to be openly embracing it again.

"You got it!" Moonbeam said cheerfully before sauntering over to her son, and, to my shock, slapped him playfully on the ass. "Two hot chocolates, hot stuff!" she said, before turning her attention to preparing the pies.

"Did you see that?" I hissed to mom as the trio readied our order. "That's her own son!"

"What's the matter, jealous?" Mom cooed softly in that delectably wicked voice I hadn't heard since last night, her hand rubbing at my back and gradually working its way downward. "Would my naughty child like me to spank his behind, tell him what a bad boy he's been?"

Before I could sputter out a response to this bewildering statement, I heard Moonbeam's voice again. "All ready!" she said, pushing a tray laden with our order towards us. "That'll be, like, ten dollars."

"Actually," mom said, withdrawing her hand and pulling out her ticket, we have these."

Moonbeam's jaw dropped at seeing the iridescent slips. "No way! You've got all-access passes? Out of sight, I haven't seen one of those in like, forever. Then it's on the house, all the way my friends. Wow, someone high up must really dig you guys."

"Speaking of that," I said, recovering enough to speak, "we're looking for a guy named Renny. Have you seen him?"

On hearing his name, Moonbeam's face lit up. "Oh yeah, the main man, our Master of Ceremonies. A real happenin' fella, the one who helped showed us the way to true enlightenment. Yeah, he was here not too long ago, asking if we had everything we needed for the Grand Finale later. I think he was heading toward the Ferris Wheel next, to make sure everything was groovy there."

"The Grand Finale'? What's that?" I asked, recalling Sionna had said something about it as well.

The flower child only smiled. "Oh, my man, that's not something that can be explained, it has to be experienced. But

I'm sure you're gonna love it, you and your foxy mama there," she added with a wink.

I shook my head, knowing I wasn't likely to get any more details about this mysterious 'Grand Finale' out of this trippy flower child. Besides, I was more bothered by her 'foxy mama' expression, knowing that back in the day the phrase was used to refer to any sexy lady, but the way she'd said it left me wondering if she didn't mean more by it, that she was aware that this 'foxy mama' was really my mom. If she did, it could be a big problem if she told anyone.

But before I could clarify mom had grabbed the tray, thanked the lady and her children, and began moving off toward one of the empty stone tables nearby. "Do we really have time for this?" I asked, as she sat down. "We should just take it to go and find this Master of Ceremonies so we can get back on the road before it gets too late?"

"Aw, stop being such a fuddy duddy," she chided, patting the open space on the curved stone bench next to her. "We'll find him eventually, don't worry. After all, this place doesn't seem that big and it's not like he's going anywhere. But for now, I want to enjoy this delicious looking turnover."

"Okay, what's going on, mom?" I asked, sliding next to her, my mind awhirl with conflicting emotions as she bit into her snack, still so hot that steam was rising off it. "First you say you want some time to think about what happened between us last night, and now you're acting like it's full steam ahead again. So what gives?"

She seemed to consider the matter as she chewed and then swallowed the morsel. "It's hot," she declared at last, as if she hadn't even heard me, as she pulled off her sweater and flung it away like a piece of trash, revealing a bright red silk camisole underneath. "There, that's better," she said, smoothing out her undergarment, examining it curiously. "Funny, I could've sworn this was more of a wine color this morning. And didn't I have a bra on? Oh, well. Now, what were you saying, sweetie?" she asked, taking another bite of the pastry.

But I'd completely forgotten myself, my attention now elsewhere. You see, I'd never paid much attention to my mom's breasts, not until recently anyway, but my friends had always gawked and commented on what they called her 'impressive rack', and from observations I'd made recently I had to agree. But now they were different, better than they'd appeared just last night. They seemed puffier, more pert than before, seeming to have swollen beyond their already D-cup range to press painfully against the fabric of her suddenly too-small garment, no longer calling attention to her chest but demanding it.

"Uhhh...I don't remember," I said, unable to take my eyes off of them as her mounds wobbled slightly with her movements.

But either mom didn't notice, or chose not to notice my leering as she continued to devour her treat. "Oh well, maybe it'll come to you later. In the meantime, you gotta try these turnovers. So warm and filling, and they make you feel all tingly inside."

Something was making me tingly, but it sure as hell wasn't any pastry, I thought, mesmerized by the sight of her swaying tits, almost begging to be set free of the thin fabric holding them back. Then mom smacked her lips greedily, causing my gaze to flick upward for a moment, and that's when I saw it - a drizzle of gooey icing dangling from the corner of her mouth that slowly dribbled down her chin, before falling down to splash in the perfect groove between her breasts.

"Whoopsie," she giggled, pressing a finger down into her cleavage and scooping up the sticky white glob with her finger, which she then proceeded to stick into her mouth and lick clean, closing her eyes as she savored it. "Mmm...mustn't waste a drop of that good stuff," she said around her sucking sounds.

But I barely heard her, for in my mind the icing had become my cum that she was now greedily cleaning off her finger,

which was now my cock. Fuck, I'd never been so horny in my life, I thought, my own clothes feeling restrictive as my cock hardened as it never had before. And when she opened her eyes and looked at me, I could see the same fire in them that was burning in me, and in that instant, without a word, we both knew what we wanted. No more waiting, no more thinking, no more talk was needed. I leaned my head in towards hers, our lips getting closer...closer...

And that's when I felt it - a hand on my chest, holding me back. I opened my eyes to find the fire and certain lust gone from my mother's face, replaced with a look of dazed uncertainty, her eyes blinking rapidly as if coming out of a trance. "Hold on, someone's coming," she whispered urgently, looking behind me.

What the fuck? I thought as I turned around to see an unfairly handsome man (I mean, I don't consider myself a slouch in the looks department, but this guy looked like he just stepped off the cover of a romance novel) around mom's age and a girl around my age approaching our table, carrying their own trays of snacks. "Hi, I'm Jack, and this is my daughter Maggie. Mind if we sit with you guys?"

Yes, dickhead, I very much the fuck mind you intruding on the biggest fucking moment of my life, I thought, but before I could work out a way to express this verbally in somewhat more

polite language my mom spoke up. "Please do," she said, sounding almost relieved as she gestured to the open space on the other side of her. "I'm Ashley, and this here is my son Tim," she explained with a curt nod to me. What the fuck are you doing mom?! I wanted to scream, wanting to get these people out of here as soon as possible and befuddled by her seeming desire for them to stay.

"Well, nice to meet you both," he said warmly, as he sat down and shook mom's hand before holding one out to me, which I took with less than exuberant enthusiasm. "Maggie, don't be rude, say hello to our new friends."

Maggie, who had sat down even closer to her dad than I had to mom, and proceeded to stare at him longingly and ignore us completely, seemed startled at his words. "Hi," she mumbled, never taking her eyes off her father, who couldn't take his eyes off my mom. I felt sick.

Jack shrugged. "You'll have to forgive my daughter, I'm a single parent that's been so busy with work that I haven't been able to spend a lot of time with her lately, and she's become a little withdrawn. That's how we ended up here, actually, we were out for a little drive. Then somehow I got off the route I'd intended to take and ended up finding this place almost by

accident. It's odd, we live nearby but I've never heard of this place, but I'm sure glad we found it. Right, sweetheart?"

"Right, daddy," Maggie said, smiling. "I don't know why, but I feel closer to you here than I have in ages."

Jack blushed. "Now Maggie, you're almost twenty now, there's no reason for you to be calling me daddy anymore."

"But I like calling you daddy," Maggie pouted, rubbing at his arm. "It just feels right."

Jack sighed. "Kids, whaddya gonna do?" he said, flashing a grin at my mom, who to my chagrin returned it. "So, what brings you and this fine young man of yours here to this place, if you don't mind me asking? Did you just come across it, like we did?" he asked, holding out a plate of fries toward me, which I declined, having lost all semblance of an appetite, especially after seeing the way mom was looking at Jack. Was she seriously interested in this guy, or was she just trying to get back at me for flirting with Sionna?

"Not exactly," mom replied. "We were invited, by a young woman named Sionna."

"Sionna? Oh, right, the bubbly redhead at the ticket booth," he said. "Yeah, she's the one who greeted us when we got here a few hours ago."

"Wait a minute, what time was that?" I asked.

He thought for a minute. "Oh, must've been around two or so. Why?"

I frowned. That's about the time we'd left the diner. Even if she'd taken a shortcut, there was no fucking way Sionna could have gotten here that fast. Did she have a twin or something? What was her game? But before I could voice my misgivings, mom spoke up again. "Well, in any case, it's a pleasure meeting you both. Say, how'd you two like to explore the park with us?"

NO NO NO!!!!!!!!!!!! I wanted to scream. "I don't know, mom, Jack and Maggie probably just want to enjoy their day together, without us intruding," I said, trying to drop a not-so-subtle hint that I wanted to do the same with her. "He's got a point, daddy," Maggie said, backing me up.

Not that it did any good. "Why not?" he said after mulling it over a moment. "I think it'd be a good experience for all of us," he said, taking my mom's hand, and in what I considered a gross display of public affection, kissed it, causing her to blush slightly. My blood boiled, and it took everything in me not to stand up and punch this jerk's lights out, and the fact that mom seemed to enjoy it only rubbed salt in an already sore wound. No, more like a whole friggin' salt mine. She'd gotten angry at me for flirting in front of her, and here she was doing the same thing! I mean, sure I'd done that with Sionna to make her jealous, but still!

The only consolation, if it could be called that, was that judging from her expression, Maggie seemed just as aghast at this turn of events as I was. That could be useful later, I thought, filing this information away.

"So, where should we head first?" Jack asked, rubbing his hands together.

"How about the Ferris Wheel?" I suggested, remembering Moonflower had said that was where Renny, the so-called Master of Ceremonies, had been heading last.

"Yeah, daddy!" Maggie seconded enthusiastically. "We haven't ridden that yet!"

"Alright then," he said, standing as the rest of us did as well, "let's go!"

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And so began our nightlong quest to find the elusive Renny, Master of Ceremonies, who proved to be more difficult to track down than Bigfoot. We seemed to have just missed him at every stop as we bounced around from ride to game to concession stand all over the park, which was much bigger and expansive than it had appeared from the outside. But despite the urgent nature of our situation, and the fact we now had Jack and Maggie tagging along, I somehow managed to forget about my anger and frustration at the hippie snack booth, as I called it, and just have a good time with mom. And thanks to the small crowds, there was hardly any waiting. And even when there was, our passes got us to the front of the line.

Oh, she and Jack still flirted while I fumed, thinking if he'd just waited five more minutes mom and I would've been all over each other and she wouldn't have even acknowledged his presence. Fortunately, at least in the rides and games we were

always paired up (most of the games and rides here were strangely designed for pairs) thanks to Maggie's insistence on always being coupled with her father, which gave me what I wanted as well without looking like the bad guy. I didn't understand mom's seeming infatuation with this guy she'd just met, but I wasn't giving up without a fight.

While our parents were 'occupied', I tried a time or two to initiate conversation with Maggie, in part in another attempt to make mom jealous and part because she was an attractive girl. But she shot me down almost before I even started, sending the loud and clear message that she was not interested in me in the slightest, not even for small talk, before turning back to glare at her dad with my mom. So, in those interludes between attractions when our parents were focused on each other and Maggie remained exceptionally uninterested I had to find other ways to stave off my own irritation. So, I turned my attention back to a critical study of my surroundings. And in doing so, I picked up on a few interesting things.

For one, it seemed that every single attraction here was run by family members of one kind or another. From the whimsical Moonflower and her kids who ran the snack booth, to the friendly aunt Nelly and her two nephews who managed the apple orchard on the north end of the fair, to the jovial grandfather and granddaughter Ned and Emma who operated the Ferris Wheel, all the employees seemed to be family of

some sort, and even those that seemed to be working on their own were related in some way to someone in a nearby stall or booth.

Although this was rather unusual, I didn't say anything to the others about it. I figured the owner just had an unusually strong sense of family and sought to encourage this in his business model. And after taking the time to talk with all of them, I found out they all were happy, satisfied employees who all spoke very fondly of their 'Master of Ceremonies', I dismissed the issue.

However, I did pick up on something else that I did think was worth mentioning. "Hey mom," I said, as we were walking towards the latest sighting of the evasive Renny at the Tunnel of Love, an attraction I hadn't even been aware still existed anywhere. Usually this was one of the times she'd be talking to Jack, but Maggie had clung to his arm after the last ride, saying it'd frightened her and she needed to hold on to him, which she was currently doing a few feet ahead of us. I was kicking at the red, mosslike material that, as far as I could tell, covered the ground over the entire park. But unlike moss it was softer and smoother, and apparently unbreakable, that seemed to yield slightly under each footstep, before springing back into place.

"Yes, darling?" she asked, snacking on a wedge of the odd reddish-gold apples from the orchard, which had a strong spicy aroma, while snuggling a plush animal we'd won at a gaming stand run by twins. It was an orange tabby cat, her favorite animal (she had two as pets, currently staying with a neighbor), holding a horn of plenty and wearing a hat made of felt leaves. "Want a slice of apple? It's really good."

"Don't you think it's weird that there are no little children here, at a festival?" I asked, taking a piece of the fruit, remembering I hadn't had anything to eat since the diner. "Especially from what I can gather most of the visitors seem to be family of one kind or another, but I haven't met anyone under eighteen."

She shrugged. "Well, it is getting rather late. Maybe all those with young kids have already left."

"Granted, but we should have at least seen some on their way out when we arrived, shouldn't we? And why aren't there at least any younger teens here? All the ones I've talked to haven't been below eighteen. And don't tell me they all go to bed early around here, wherever 'here' is." I took a bite of the fruit, which was very sweet, tasting vaguely of cinnamon and some other spice I couldn't identify. "What kind of apples are these again?"

She chuckled. "What did Nelly say? Oh yeah, they're called Love's Promise, which she said was a rare variety that only grows around here. And okay, I'll admit that's a bit strange about no kids around, but maybe it's like, adult night or something related to this Grand Finale that's supposed to be happening later that's not suitable for young kids."

"And that's another thing," I pressed. "This Grand Finale happening tonight, no one seems able, or willing, to tell us what it is. If night ever arrives," I said, glancing toward the sun, still hovering on the horizon where it'd been when we'd first arrived as if it was now stuck there, trapping this place in the unnatural golden light of an eternal sunset. "I think we should forget about finding this Renny and just find someone with a working phone, get directions from them, and get the hell out of here."

"We've tried that, sweetie, but it seems no one's phone is picking up a signal here. Must be a dead zone or something."

"Doubt it," I mumbled, for not only were phones not working, none would even come on now, despite mine having over seventy percent battery the last time I'd checked it. Add to that there wasn't a clock to be found anywhere, and I felt my sense of time slipping away. I felt like we'd been here two, maybe three hours, but I couldn't be sure, and I began to feel

apprehensive. "Something's wrong here, mom, and I don't like it. Maybe we should just go, now, and take our chances on the road."

Mom took my hand, squeezing it and giving me a reassuring smile. "Is that the real reason, or does it have something to do with Jack?"

"I never said that," I protested, "But now that you bring it up, things seem to be going rather well with you two," I noted, trying to sound as dispassionate as I possibly could. "Considering you just met."

She chuckled as she took my hand and squeezed it. "Oh, he's handsome and seems like a nice guy and all, but I'm not some starstruck teen who's going to fall head over heels after one evening. I can't say what the future holds, but let's just say we're not planning our honeymoon yet."

My eyes widened as my heart soared. "So, does that mean...?"

"That last night at the motel wasn't just a wonderful dream?" she finished with a coy wink, before turning serious. "What I've been through with your father this past year...it's been harder

than even you realize. That's why even though it may sound petty and selfish, right now, in this moment, I just want to have fun, experiment with different alternatives before jumping into anything too fast. Do you understand, sweetie?"

I nodded, relieved that she wasn't as lovestruck with Jack as I'd feared. "I don't like it, but I get it. Just as long as you're keeping your options open."

"Oh, I am, very much so," she assured me, nuzzling my shoulder the way she'd been doing the stuffed animal. "These past few weeks with you on the road have been incredible, just what I needed to get out of the funk I was in. You've..." she started to say, but then trailed off, as if reconsidering.

"Yes?" I pressed, eager for her to continue, feeling a warmth in my stomach that was spreading to the rest of my body.

"You've been incredibly patient and considerate with me," she said in a way I instinctively knew meant that wasn't what she'd intended to say. "And it's unfair for me to be stringing you along while I play the field and figure out exactly what I want. So, if in the meantime you want to see other girls, I won't mind. Like Maggie, for example."

I shook my head without hesitation. "Thanks, but right now there's only one young woman I'm interested in, the most beautiful, enchanting lady in the world. And until she makes up her mind about what she wants, I'm not going to even so much as look at anyone else."

She didn't say anything in response, but I couldn't help but notice the grateful smile that slid across her face, her cheeks reddening as she squeezed my hand tighter, and for some reason I felt like I'd just passed a very important test with flying colors.

But it wasn't just an idle compliment to score points, I considered as I regarded her. It may have just been a trick of the soft and sometimes uneven lighting in this place, but the years had seemed to drop off mom over the course of the evening. The lines and wrinkles around her eyes were gone, leaving her features as smooth and youthful as they were in my childhood memories.

And that wasn't all - her waist and hips now seemed slimmer and more defined, which I only noticed because of the revealing jeans she was sporting. I could've sworn were baggy earlier, but they now clung tightly to her shapely rear end and showed off every last detail of her shapely legs. Seriously, if I'd just met her, I'd swear that she was just a sexy single woman

out on the prowl, not the divorced mother of two grown children.

And it wasn't just her. Even though I didn't see any physical change in myself, I felt different. I don't really know how to explain it, but as the evening wore on I just had the sensation of being more alive, more energetic, more aware of everything around me. It was as if my senses had been given a boost - colors were brighter, food tasted better, sounds and smells sharper and clearer.

And speaking of smells - I had become acutely familiar with mom's natural scent over the last few weeks, which was especially noticeable today since she hadn't worn any perfume. But over the past few hours it had seemed to be getting stronger and stronger, the pure earthy aroma driving me wilder than any manufactured flowery concoction ever could.

That, in conjunction with her strangely rejuvenating body that I was currently drinking in, her tight ass swaying back and forth almost hypnotically...fuck, I was losing focus again! I thought, trying to shake myself back to reality even as the warmth from the apple piece I'd eaten saturated into every part of my body, making me feel loose and languid, like anything was possible if I'd just let it happen. Fuck, just what kind of apple was that, anyway?

Just as I was struggling to bring myself back under control, we arrived at our destination. It appeared to be either a natural or manmade cave in the side of a small hill (which, curiously, just happened to be the only hill around here) the rim of which had been carved and painted to resemble a giant red heart. Into this opening flowed a stream of water about seven feet wide and about three or four deep. There was a rope across the entrance to the cavern, behind which sat several pumpkin-shaped boats which, like most of the other rides, only had seating for two.

A young Asian man and woman came up to us, smiling. "Welcome," the guy said, both him and his partner bowing slightly. "I'm Aki, and this is my cousin Takara. I take it you all would like to take a ride through the Tunnel of Love?"

"Do we ever!" Maggie cried out, grabbing hold of her dad again, who, for the first time this evening, actually tried to resist his daughter.

"Now sweetheart," he said in that sweet, silky voice he'd been plying mom with. "I love you, which is why I've ridden with you on everything else this evening, and I'll ride everything after this with you as well. But I'd like to ride this one with Ashley, if that's okay."

Maggie's face went from sunny to stormy in less than a second. "No!" she screamed, stamping her foot. "This is the Tunnel of Love! I'm the only one who really loves you, daddy, so you have to ride it with me, no one else!"

Mom and I exchanged a look as Jack's daughter continued to rant uncontrollably. We'd both been well aware that Maggie was very protective of her dad, but did this passionate outburst mean that they shared the same forbidden feelings we'd been toying with?

"Okay, okay, just calm down before you make a scene," Jack soothed, glancing at Aki and Takara, who merely stood calmly by the boats, unfazed by the unexpected display of emotion. Jack then looked toward mom, shrugging apologetically. Mom, for her part, didn't seem particularly irritated at the way things had turned out as she had some other times when Maggie had insisted on sticking with her dad, even seeming pleased. "Looks like it's you and me again, sweetie," she whispered suggestively, rubbing my back.

Damn, I think my glib words earlier had worked even better than I'd thought, my heart throbbing in my chest, suddenly thankful for Maggie's little tantrum. Something had shifted in my favor, I could feel it, and I was suddenly eager to be alone

with mom in the tunnel. But something niggled at me, something important I was supposed to do. Oh yeah, the Master of Ceremonies. "Excuse me," I said to Aki, waiting to help us into a boat as his cousin helped Jack and Maggie into the one ahead, "we were told that Renny, the manager, might be here."

"Oh, so sorry," he said, shaking his head, smiling as the other employees had at the mention of the man's name, wondering again what Renny was like to instill such affection and loyalty in his staff. "You just missed him."

It was a phrase I'd heard repeated many times this evening, but this time it didn't really irk me as much as it had before. "Did he tell you where he was going?" I heard myself ask absently, not really caring at the moment, more focused on the rising growth in my groin.

"No, but he might have told my cousin Keiko. She's at the end of this ride at the bottom of the hill, so you can ask her when you finish."

"Of course," I muttered, I thought as I climbed into the boat, mom sliding into the seat next to me, starting to wonder if this Renny even existed, or if this whole thing wasn't just some lust-fueled dream, and that I was still in that motel bed with mom, her hand on my spasming cock. "Enjoy yourselves," Aki said

with a mischievous smile as he unfastened the rope, and we drifted into the chasm.

"This is nice," I said, studying our surroundings. Turned out the watery passage wasn't as dark as I thought it'd be, the walls lit with a soft white light whose origins I couldn't detect, illuminating images of lovers engaged in various activities that seemed to be painted directly onto the walls of the cave. At first they were relatively innocent, like a romantic dinner under the stars or dancing, but as we slowly progressed they gradually became more suggestive, the interactions between the couples more intense with deep kissing and heavy petting.

I looked down into the water. Small flowering plants that reminded me of water lilies, only larger, floated on the water's surface, impervious to the gentle current as they bobbed in place, their intense, cloying fragrance filling the air and further hazing my mind. And it was warm in here, so fucking warm, that all I wanted to do was take my clothes off.

"Mmmm, Jack and Maggie seem to be enjoying it as well," mom murmured, as we listened to the now distant sound of their voices and laughter somewhere up ahead, and from the lackadaisical tone of her voice mom was seemingly completely unperturbed by that fact. I casually wondered how they'd gotten so far ahead of us when they'd been just in front of us a

moment ago, but then dismissed the matter as I focused on trying to decide whether or not to make the first move, or allow mom to do so as she'd done at the motel.

For I now was certain something was about to happen, not only because of the suggestive way mom had been acting or the increasingly excited state my body was entering into, but there was something about this place, something in the air that hung like a powder keg, waiting for a spark to ignite the passion between us.

This feeling only increased as we descended deeper into the cavern, the aroma from the flowers becoming more intense, the images on the wall more and more explicit until the couples were engaged in graphic sex acts all around us. That's when I felt it - mom's hand on my thigh, rubbing in a slow, circular pattern. I responded by putting my arm around her, drawing her in close and rubbing my face in her luxuriant hair.

As we continued to tentatively explore each other, something odd happened. In the confined, heady atmosphere of the cavern, something like mist began to rise off the surface of the water, and it seemed like the figures on the wall began to move, twisting and gyrating as they carried out their amorous maneuvers on each other. And then in the hazy atmosphere it seemed as if their faces faded away, replaced by mom's and I's,

until we were surrounded by what looked like living images of ourselves engaged in every lewd act imaginable.

And that's when I heard it.

There was the sound of moaning, coupled with what sounded like a soft sucking sound. At first I thought it was coming from the figures on the walls, but my sex-soaked brain was still able to recognize the voice of the one making the noises - it was Jack! "Oh yeah, just like that sweetheart...ohhhhhh," I heard him say, and don't ask me how, but in my gut I was suddenly certain I knew what was happening.

"Oh my god," I muttered, jerking my head up with the realization. "I think Maggie's giving her dad a blowjob!"

"Yeeeeesssss..." I heard mom drawl out in a low, distant voice, and then her hand was no longer on my thigh, but rubbing slowly over the bulge that had formed in my jeans. "Maggie is such a good girl to help out her poor pent-up dad like that. What kind of mother would I be if I didn't do the same for my dear boy?" she cooed as she undid her restraint and knelt down in front of me and began working with the button on my jeans, feeling it come undone.

"Fuck, are you sure?" I asked, even though I wanted this more than anything. "I thought you wanted to wait, figure things out."

"Screw that. All I know is that, in this moment, there's nothing I want more than your cock in my mouth," she practically panted, looking up at me with the most erotically desperate expression I'd ever seen on a woman, her eyes wild with lust. "Please? Mommy really needs this."

What was I gonna say, no? I thought as I nodded slowly. She grinned like a rabid hyena as she hitched her thumb into my jeans, catching my boxers as well, and pulled both down around my ankles with a forceful yank, allowing my hardened cock to spring free.

"Oh, my," she gasped as she took in the sight of my erect member in the dim, hazy light of the cave. "You may not be as tall as your father, but you certainly are bigger where it counts," she said approvingly, smiling as she reached out and wrapped her fingers around my throbbing rod. "And thicker as well. Fuck, if I'd known you've been packing equipment like this, I'd..."

"You'd what?" I challenged, relishing the feel of her fingers pressing into my sensitive flesh.

She grinned mischievously. "Well, let's just say you'd have gotten a very different present on your last birthday."

"Better late than never," I said coyly, although inwardly her remark had me thinking. I'll admit I had some sexual fantasies about my mother over the years, I suppose that was just natural given how unusually close we were, even for parent and child. Put that together with her natural good looks and an adolescent boy's raging hormones and that's not a recipe for pure thoughts. But I'd just assumed any such ideas she had regarding me had just come together recently during our trip as a result of her divorce and subsequent loneliness. Could it be possible she'd been fantasizing about us together long before now?

But that and every other lucid thought vanished as she began sliding her hand slowly up and down my rod, causing me to groan with pleasure. "Mmm...yes..." she said softly, her lips so close to my dick I could feel the caress of her hot breath against it. "This might be a challenge, but one I'm ready and willing to take on for my darling boy, especially after everything he's done for me."

"Go for--OHFUCK!" I cried out as I felt her rough tongue suddenly flick along the back of my cock from root to tip, causing me to judder involuntarily. "So tasty," she giggled as her tongue continued to flick playfully around the crown of my cock, driving me wild.

"But enough of appetizers," she said, right before I felt her lips wrap around my glans, moistening it even further even as her gentle hand continued to pump on my cock as I felt her slowly but surely guide my shaft inch by inch into her warm, wet orifice. "Oh shit," I moaned, unable to believe that this was happening even as I felt the tip of my rod hit the back of my mom's throat, and still she didn't stop in her quest to take every inch of me inside her mouth as she began to slide me gently but inexorably down her throat.

I'd gotten a few blowjobs before, but mostly they just put like half of me in their mouths, only teasing it a little as a warm up for sex. But this, this was an entirely new experience for me as mom did for me what no other woman had ever done. She gagged and choked a little, but I'll be damned if she didn't manage, at last, to swallow my entire length down to the root, feeling her chin rubbing into my nest of pubic hair.

"Mpmph!" She cried out in triumph around my cock as she began to bob her head up until barely an inch remained in her

mouth before sliding back down again, all the while caressing the underside with her delightful tongue, as with one hand she fiddled with my scrotum, swollen to the brim with cum. I was beyond speech at that point, only able to communicate my unimaginable pleasure through a series of grunts and moans.

And then, just when I thought it couldn't get any better, she did what was another first for me - her eyes, until now focused on my groin and what seemed for her an extraordinarily pleasurable task, flicked upward, meeting my gaze. I can't even begin to describe what I saw in them, but they were filled with a fierce, hungry yearning, even as the lights around us faded and we passed into darkness.

I reached down, playing with her beautiful hair as she pleased me in a way I didn't even know as possible until this moment, our lurid sounds mingling with the distant ones of Jack and Maggie on down, further intensifying the erotically charged atmosphere. Through my bliss I saw mom's free hand dive down into her jeans as she sought her own relief, giving me an idea. Ever since last night when I'd smelled her fluids on my fingers, I'd been wondering what she tasted like, having been too timid to sample them at the time. But now was my chance.

"What are you...?" She asked confusedly as I (reluctantly) lifted her off my cock, standing her up and flipping her around to face away from me. I'd never had the confidence in my own strength to try what I was about to with anyone before tonight, but I was feeling stronger, more confident, and more horny than I ever had before, so I decided to take the plunge, unfastening and yanking down her jeans and panties as quickly as she'd handled mine, eliciting a delighted yelp from her. "Ohhhh...what sort of naughty surprise do you have for mommy?" she purred, reaching her hand around to find and pinch my cheek.

She didn't have to wait long to find out, for I immediately snatched hold of her hips, drawing her close to me until her back was pressed against my chest, feeling her heart racing in tandem with mine as I felt the wetness of her arousal brush against the tip of my mast, and for a moment I was tempted to fuck her right then and there. At that moment, though, I was craving the taste of her pussy as I carefully lifted her hips and the treasures within upwards toward my smacking lips.

Sensing my intentions, she squealed in delight as she braced her hands on my thighs, gripping them tightly as I raised her midsection up until it was parallel with my face, adjusting her legs so that they slid past my shoulders, feeling her lock them behind my head. In this position her head was perfectly

positioned over my throbbing cock, while I, in the meantime, was left to savor her delectable, upside-down honeypot.

Unfortunately we had just passed into a part of the ride where the images and even the soft light tapered off, leaving us in almost total darkness. I couldn't see the prize hovering right before my face, But the smell, that tart and deliciously acrid aroma that I had sampled last night, was back and stronger than ever, overwhelming my sharpened senses. Unable to resist, leaned forward until I felt my lips come into contact with the hairy surface of her sex, remembering her telling me how much she hated shaving down there, the tingling follicles sodden with the moisture of her arousal.

I flicked my tongue along its surface, eager to partake of her enticing juices. "God, you taste incredible," I moaned, savoring the musky, deliciously acrid flavor, also picking up a hint of what tasted like spice, reminding me of the turnover she'd eaten earlier. I didn't know how that was possible, but I wasn't questioning as I sought out her swollen folds with my tongue and dove in with more gusto than a starving man into a pie-eating contest, darting, licking and slurping as I sought to quench my suddenly insatiable thirst for her pussy cream.

"Just like that...right there...OH!...such a good boy!" she squeaked out in delight as she adjusted her legs slightly,

adjusting herself and once again enveloped my cock in her mouth, gobbling and slobbering it with renewed vigor, our muffled moans and sighs filling the darkness as we both became lost in a frenzied circle of giving and receiving illicit pleasure as my tongue delved even deeper into her buttery depths, only stopping to occasionally flick up at her clit, which seemed much larger and engorged that it had last night. That always elicited a muffled shriek of joy from her, causing her to squish her pussy even tighter against my face.

But even in the midst of this fevered frenzy I still kept a tiny sliver of my mind alert for any light, any sign that might indicate we might be nearing the end of the ride, for there was no fucking way we could possibly ever explain our way out of what we were now doing. But our float just continued to meander on in the darkness on its gently downward course with no exit in sight. By now we could no longer hear Jack and Maggie ahead, only the gentle sounds of the water lapping against our craft mixed with our own wet slurping sounds reached my ears.

Idly, the part of my brain still functioning began to wonder if we'd already passed through the hill and were now spiraling down through the earth towards hell for our taboo passion. But I was so immersed in the thrill, the ecstasy of it all that I no longer cared, my mom's skillful oral manipulation on my cock making it blissfully difficult to focus on my own task of

pleasing her. I must have done a fairly decent job, however, for soon after I felt the vibrations of her scream around my cock as her entire body quivered with her climax, fluids gushing out of her pussy and all over my face.

"Fuck," she panted, my cock popping out of her mouth as her legs unlocked and she slid off of me and back down to the floor of the boat, hearing her panting heavily as she once again positioned herself on her knees between my legs, and I once again felt her hand on my cock, rubbing it affectionately as I felt her long hair tickling my thighs. "Sorry about the mess, sweetie," she said, referring to the copious amount of liquid I now felt coating my face. "I've never done that before."

"Don't worry about it," I said as I used my tongue to lap up all of it I could from around my mouth. "As far as I'm concerned, it's the tastiest treat at the festival."

The motion on my shaft increased. "Because he's made her feel really, really good, mommy's going to do something special for her wonderful boy that she's never done for any other man - she's gonna swallow every last drop of his tasty cream! Would he like that?" she cooed in a sexy voice.

"Oh, fuck yes please!" I groaned.

She let out a small laugh, her small hand vigorously pumping my slickened shaft as with her other hand she fondled my scrotum. "Mmmm, so nice and swollen," she cooed, "full of all kinds of yummy stuff. Now be a good boy and give it to me, don't make mama beg," she pouted.

I was already getting close, but hearing her talk like that, knowing it was my own mother saying those filthy things while she jerked my cock sent me careening over the edge. "Here it comes!" I groaned, thrusting my hips outward, thinking she must have changed her mind about swallowing.

But then, quicker than I would have believed humanly possible, she released my cock and once again took slid the whole thing almost effortlessly back into her mouth without choking or gagging at all this time just as I grunted, my whole body going tense as my cock erupted, spewing what felt like copious amounts of cum streamers straight down her throat.

"Fuuuccckkk..." I groaned as my spasms subsided, mom still keeping the crown in her mouth, greedily suckling out every last globule like some cum-hungry whore before finally releasing my limp member with a loud plopping sound as I fell against the back of the seat. I felt her scuffle back up beside me and for a moment we just sat in silence, caressing each other as

we came down from our highs even as I felt the fire in my blood rising again, my cock twitching, aching for what would, what had to come next.

But then I saw something bright up ahead, piercing through the darkness of the private world we had created here in the inky blackness, shattering the magic. "Shit, I think we're coming up on the exit," I hissed as we both scrambled to get our clothes back on and managing to get ourselves somewhat presentable just as we emerged out of the cavern and into the crisp night air, our boat bumping gently against the one tied in front.

I blinked rapidly, trying to adjust both to the light and being back in the real world after that unreal experience when I thought I saw a fox, like the one I'd seen at the motel this morning and at the abandoned farm, sitting there staring at me. I rubbed at my eyes, and when I looked again it was gone.

"There you are! I was beginning to wonder what was taking so long!"

I turned to see a pretty young girl with olive skin and black hair in pigtails smiling from the small dock beside us, hand extended as she helped an equally dazed mom out of the boat,

before reaching out to me. "Thanks" I said, stepping unsteadily onto the wooden planks, leaning against a nearby post for support. "You must be Keiko," I said, somehow remembering her name.

She nodded, grinning. "That's right! Your friends arrived twenty minutes ago," she said, gesturing to a bench several yards off, where Jack and Maggie were sitting and talking, both looking happier than I've seen them all evening. I smiled at the scene, no longer seeing Jack as a threat or even an irritation. For after what mom and I'd just shared, I knew there was no doubt who she was going to pick.

But then I frowned, something else occurring to me. "But they were right ahead of us," I mumbled, rubbing at my head. "How did we get so far behind? Are there different routes through the ride?"

Keiko shrugged. "Nah, just one, but it's always as long or short as each boat's passengers need it to be," she said with a wink, nudging me with her elbow. "And from the glow on your girl's face, I'd say it was time well spent, eh?"

I wanted to follow up on this bizarre statement, as well as ask how they got these boats back up to the top of the hill when

Jack happened to look up. Seeing us, he waved his hand as he came over. Maggie sulking that he was no longer paying attention to her, came up behind.

"There you are, I was starting to get worried," he said, walking up to my mom, who was leaning against a rail, face flushed, looking even more spaced out than me. "Are you alright?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling wanly. "Yeah, it's just that ride was...was...it was something, that's all I can say," she said, glancing furtively at me, not able to look Jack in the eye.

"It certainly wasn't what I was expecting," he said, rubbing at his neck, looking everywhere but at her. Inwardly I smiled again. No one seemed willing to talk about what we all knew had happened in the cave between father and daughter, mother and son. But it had changed everything, and I now knew I not only loved mom, but I was in love with her. Now all that was left was to find Renny so we could be alone to talk about what came next.

"Oh yeah," Keiko said, smiling fondly like all the others. "He said he was heading for the roller coaster."

So after getting directions I thanked her and again we were on our way, confident that this time we would finally corner the manager and get what we needed to get away from Jack. Speaking of which, I was a bit surprised to see him continuing to shower attention on mom, and even more surprised that she seemed willing to go along with their charade of a relationship instead of slapping him away after the intimacy we'd shared.

As I was ruminating on this, something happened that I did not expect. Maggie, who'd gone to pains to avoid any sort of communication with anyone except her dad, came and fell into step next to me. "Hey," she said, bringing me back to the moment.

"Um, hi," I said, not sure what to make of this unexpected attempt at communication. "Is there something I can help you with?"

She was quiet for a moment, as if considering her words. "Back there in the Tunnel of Love, did you, you know, hear what dad and I were up to?"

Well, you two weren't exactly quiet about it, I wanted to say. But instead I only nodded, realizing how hard it had to be for her to even bring it up. "Yeah, but I can't throw stones. Mom and I did the same thing."

"I thought so," she said, looking a little relieved. "So...how do you feel about it? Any regrets?"

"Nope," I said without hesitation. "To be honest, this isn't the first time something like this has happened between us. I don't know, it's like there's something about this place, that moment, that made the whole thing seem right."

She nodded. "I know what you mean. I've always had a bit of a crush on dad, but lately, especially this evening, my feelings have gotten stronger. Then in the cave they all just came out in an uncontrollable rush."

Just like with mom and I. "I understand. And don't worry, I won't tell anyone," I promised her.

"That's not what I'm concerned about," she said, looking ahead to our parents, again holding hands and whispering to each other. "It's just that, I realize I love dad, I mean really love him, and want to be with him in every way, you know? I thought he felt the same, but now, after seeing him back with your mom, I'm not so sure."

I shook my head. "I don't know, and to be honest I was wondering the same thing about her. But I have a feeling that once we've gotten out of here and gone our separate ways, things will fall into place."

"You really think so? I mean, it's not like what we're doing is, you know, normal in the traditional sense."

"I am," I said in my most confident voice. "How could they not, after what we've shared with them? And who cares if it isn't normal? Life isn't about being normal, it's about being happy. The dynamics of our familial relationships have shifted for the better, and we just need to help them see that."

At least, that was what I wanted to believe. I didn't express my own unspoken fear, that the experience in the Tunnel of Love hadn't been the incredible experience for mom it had been for me, and had instead somehow rattled mom and pushed her further towards Jack. I thought back, remembering the look on her face when she'd emerged. Now I could see it hadn't been the look of someone who'd been through an unexpectedly life-altering but amazing experience, but rather the look of someone thinking my-god-what-have-I-done kind of thing. If only I could have a chance to talk to her, alone.

Maggie smiled at me, the first time she'd done so. "Thanks," she said. "I needed to hear that. And I'm sorry I've been such a bitch to you this evening, you really seem like a cool guy. That's why even if our parents don't end up going our separate ways, I think things could still work out."

I cocked my eyebrow at her. "What are you saying, exactly?"

She shrugged. "While I can't really say I'm crazy about the prospect of dad remarrying, he could do a lot worse than your mother."

"Wait a minute," I said, trying to wrap my mind around what she was suggesting. "Are you saying you'd be cool if my mom and your dad hooked up?"

She grinned. "Actually, now that I think about it, yeah, I am. I mean, if it had to happen, and it seems like it is," she said, glancing at our parents ahead, "who better than you and your mom, who totally understand how dad and I feel? It'd all be out in the open without any need for any of us to hide anything."

"Wow," I said, rubbing at my temples, unable to believe what I was hearing. "But don't you love your dad? Doesn't the idea of sharing him, you know, bother you?"

"Very much so, but I think I'm beginning to see why our parents seem so into each other. Out there, in the so-called real world, what we feel towards our parents, and what they hopefully feel towards us, isn't acceptable. But if we came together into what society at large considers a 'normal' family, it'd give us cover to be who we really are without raising the suspicions that would be raised living separately, ya know?"

"And personally, I think it'd be kinda hot," she added with a wink. "Presentin' this image of a nice, average family while behind doors we're fucking each other's brains out. Just as long as it's understood that their marriage would only be on paper. I'd be with dad, and you'd be with your mom. Although," she added, stroking my arm, "in the name of family unity, I suppose I wouldn't be averse to a little sharing every now and then, especially with a good-looking pair like you two."

I swallowed, unable to believe I was even having a conversation like this with someone I'd just met. But more than that I was thinking that Maggie was right, that mom was still pursuing Jack in the name of covering her burgeoning relationship with me behind a veil of respectability. In a way I

was relieved, because it explained her continued interest in the man.

But if that was the case, was it really something I could live with, sharing her with someone else, just for a little extra security? Until now I'd never even considered that possibility, and to be honest it didn't excite me the way it did seemed to Maggie. In fact, the idea of mom with anyone else, even if it was just now and then made me nauseous, and more than a little angry.

"Perhaps," I said noncommittally to my potential sister-in-law. "But before we even begin to consider that, we have to be sure of what's going on. To that end, I'd like your help with something."

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"Daddy!" Maggie cried out so loudly that Jack actually jumped. We'd just arrived at the roller coaster, which like the other rides didn't have much of a line. "I just got a hankering for some cotton candy! Let's go get some, there's a stand right over there!" she cried, making a valiant attempt to tug him away from my mom, which, due to the vast differences in their frame and weight, wasn't very successful.

"Can't it wait until after we check out the roller coaster, sweetheart?" Jack asked, looking reluctant to leave my mom again.

"No, I want some now!" She whined. "It won't take but a minute, and there's not much of a line here anyway!"

"She's right, honey, it won't make much of a difference," mom said to Jack, before turning to me as if just remembering I was there. "Oh, Tim, did you want any?"

"No thanks," I said, seething that she was already referring to Jack as 'honey'.

"Well, alright," be right back, Ashe," Jack said as he finally allowed his daughter to drag him away, blowing a kiss to my mom, which she caught with a smile. It made me want to throw up all over myself. Oh well, at least now I had my mom alone so we could talk, just like I'd planned with Maggie and her sudden urge for cotton candy.

"So you and Jack seem to be hitting it off, huh?" I asked, rubbing my hand through my hair. I'd been agonizing how to begin, but then just said fuck it and jumped right in.

"Mmmm," she said, smiling. "He is a rather intriguing man," she said, watching him go.

I nodded, trying to keep my surging jealousy out of my face and voice as I pressed on. "I know, and for the record, I understand why you're with him."

She tilted her head, frowning. "What do you mean by that?"

"I just mean that in light of what you and I share, it makes sense to hook up with someone else, to give the pretense of normalcy, so that no one else will get suspicious. I don't like it, but I get why it's necessary, alright?"

"Oh, dear," she said, looking at me with a mix of sadness and unease, putting her hands on my shoulders. Shit, it was never good news when she did that, I thought. And I was right.

"Sweetie," she continued in a soft tone, "you've got it all wrong. I'm not interested in Jack as a pretense, as you put it, but because I really do care about him."

"Wait, so does that mean..." I trailed off, feeling a hard, sharp lump forming in my chest, afraid to finish.

But apparently, mom wasn't. "That's right. It wasn't easy, but I've at last decided that there can be no 'us'."

"I don't understand," I said, my voice feeling like it was coming from somewhere distant, outside of me, unable to process what I was hearing. "What about the last few weeks? What about the motel? The Tunnel of Love? Did none of that happen?"

"It did, I won't deny that," she acknowledged. "And I won't deny it was wonderful. But all of that was just a lonely son and a lonely mother coming together in ways they should never have, that they were never meant to. But now it's time for us to pursue normal relationships, and for me, that's Jack."

"Jack may not be as normal as you think," I shot back, starting to hate that word. I was reeling, unable to contain my

bitterness. "Do you know what he's been getting up to with Maggie?"

"Of course, I'm not an idiot," she said defensively. "But regardless of what goes on between them, that's their business, but that's a line I've decided I'm not going to cross. All I know is I care for Jack, and he cares for me, and together we'll build a good life."

"Do you really believe that?" I scoffed, unable to keep the pained incredulity from my voice, unable to believe what clinging Maggie had suggested about sharing.

"I do, at least enough to do this," she said, reaching into her purse and taking out her car keys and a credit card, handing them to me. "I was planning to wait until later, but now's as good as a time as any to tell you. Once we find this manager or whatever, you can take the car home, and I'll catch a ride with Jack."

"I see," I said numbly, taking the proffered items and shoving them in my pocket. "So that's it then? I was just a distraction to make you feel better and then now that you are, you're off to bigger and better things?"

At least she had the decency to look hurt, even though I knew she probably wasn't. "I love you, that hasn't and never will change. I just can't love you...that way. I know it hurts now, but in time you'll see this is for the best, I promise.

"Wait, where are you going?" she called out as I turned and stormed away. "We have to find Renny!"

"I'm leaving, like you obviously want," I shouted back, not stopping or looking back, just wanting to be anywhere else but here, no longer caring if we ever found that damned Renny, determined to walk back home if I had to. "As you said, now's a good a time as any!"

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I was furious as I made my way through the grounds, through the clusters of happy families chatting and laughing, hugging, and increasingly groping each other. Under other circumstances I might have considered this odd and a little disconcerting, but now all I felt was envy, envy that they were now experiencing happiness I'd been denied, seething as I tried to ignore them and find my way out of the park.

Unfortunately, my sense of direction sucks even in the best of times. So with my anger and frustration further mucking up the works combined with the sprawling and almost shifting nature of the park, instead of the parking lot I ended up stumbling back into the apple orchard. Just fucking great, I thought, slumping down behind a tree to rest before setting out again. Luckily, the orchard seemed to be mostly empty at this hour. Only the scattered chirping of night insects reaching my ears, leaving me in peace to contemplate my bleak future, listening to the sappy music wafting from the speakers.

It was obvious that the business venture mom and I had planned was now officially on fire under a pile of cow muffins in a dumpster. As was any chance of even a casual relationship with her, for I couldn't even conjure an image of her in my head without picturing Jack drilling into her.

I shook my head, refusing to cry. If that's the way she wanted it, fine. I'd just head back to college, and find both a major and a girlfriend more suited to me. After all, I resolved, Maggie had been right about one thing - mom and I never could have made it work out there in the real world as lovers, it was crazy to even think that we could. We'd end up ostracized, arrested, or even worse. Time to forget the past few weeks and move on.

I let out a deep sigh. Now, I just had to make myself believe that.

Just then there was a crackling sound from a nearby speaker as the music cut out, and it sounded like someone was fiddling with a microphone. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," a man's cheerfully confident, and somehow familiar, voice called out. "This is your Master of Ceremonies, Renny, speaking to you from our fabulous Ferris Wheel, bringing you important news!"

So this is the elusive Renny, I thought to myself. Funny, he sounds younger than I pictured him, I mused as the Master of Ceremonies continued with his announcement.

"I'd just like to thank you all for being here at The Harvest Festival tonight, and to let you know that our Grand Finale will be commencing shortly, in which you are all invited to take part. So grab your loved ones, find a comfortable spot, and prepare for the night of your lives!" Then the voice was gone, and music once again began to waft out of the speaker, only this time warmer and more sensual than the playful tunes before.

"What the fuck does that mean?!" I muttered aloud, grabbing a branch and pulling myself up. Doesn't matter, I finally decided, for I now knew Renny was real (which I was seriously beginning to doubt) and where he was, now I could finally get the fuck out of here and leave mom with her precious Jack, while I got on with my own life.

That's when I heard a woman's laugh.

The suddenness of it took me off guard as I instinctively pressed up against the tree. But that wasn't the only reason I took cover. For there was something about the laugh, a certain intimate mischievousness that suggested it hadn't been meant for my ears.

Carefully I peered around the tree towards the trail where the sound had originated, not sure what I was expecting, but relieved to see it was just Nelly, the orchard caretaker, along with her two nephews. Even in the dim lighting along the path I could make out her braided hair and bulging bustline that had drew my attention earlier as she walked between the hulking figures of her nephews Will and Zack, both of whom had their hands on her back. Nelly was carrying some sort of long metallic rod with an odd red flame on the end, still giggling about whatever they were discussing.

I was about to reveal myself, having chatted with them earlier and finding all three to be quite amiable. But a little voice in my head urged me to hold off, so I merely waited and watched as they approached my position. They stopped at one of the huge candle holders I'd first seen when coming into the festival, the ones here in the orchard set into the middle of the cobblestone pathways to keep them well away from the trees, making me wonder why they'd even have them out here in the first place.

I watched as Nelly came to the holder almost directly in front of my position, holding her flame up to the wick, which, after a few seconds, caught fire with a strange, ruby red flame of its own, and soon the entire area was filled with the same cloying scent of the flowers I'd first encountered back in the tunnel of love, making my cock twitch again. "There, only a few more to go!" she chirped in that high-pitched voice of hers.

"Aw, Aunt Nel," Zack whined, why even bother? There's no one out here in this part of the orchard anyway, and I'm anxious to get on with our own fun. I've even had my apple and everything, so I'm ready to get started!"

"Yeah, let's get on with it," Will chimed in as I saw his hand shift lower along her back right before she let out a sharp yelp.

"Oh you naughty boys," she chided, giving both her nephews a playful bop on the chest. "Did you forget? Renny wants us to light them all for The Grande Finale, so that's what we're gonna do. Besides, I would've thought that little appetizer I gave y'all at lunch should have been enough to hold you over."

"Oh, it was great, don't get me wrong," Zack said, taking a whiff of her hair, "but there's just something about tonight that makes it extra special, ya know?"

"Mmmm, I know, oh fuck do I know," she purred, almost seeming to lose herself in their odd ministrations before shaking her head and gently pulling away from them. "But business before pleasure guys. Just be patient, and I promise I'll make it worth your while," she said, winking at them before moving on.

Suddenly after a few more steps she froze, looking around in a rapid motion, making her braids whip back and forth. "Are you sure there's no one else around here?" she asked her companions. Shit, I thought, pressing even tighter against the bark, had she somehow detected my presence?

"Of course not, Aunt Nel, we checked right before we started, most of the ones still around are north of the Great Tree, and

most of them are from that one travelling musical family, what were they called? Oh yeah, the Greens," Will said.

Zack sniggered. "Oh yeah, that big clan with a bunch of kids. Say Will, which son do ya think the mom's gonna do first? Twenty bucks says it's the oldest she's been giving the eye to. What was his name, Mitt?"

"Nah, dude, you got it all wrong, she's totally banging Teddy first. After all, you know what they say about moms and their youngest, especially when they're virgins like her precious Teddy Bear," Will countered. "Trust me, she's itching to pop her baby's cherry in a big way. Besides, I say Mitt's gonna be wanting to take a little dip in his sister Daisy before anyone else. Didn't you see the way he smacked her ass earlier?"

"Now boys," Nelly admonished, still looking around, "It's not right makin' bets about such sensitive matters. And remember it's against the rules to invade their privacy, unless invited. After all, you wouldn't want anyone watching us as we make love, would you? Now come on fellas, help me finish lighting these candles so we can ensure all our guests will have the joy of sharing in the pleasures of family love, before we get started on our own."

Holy Shit! I screamed in my head, Nelly's words fusing all the pieces in my head together - the staff made up entirely of family members, all the adult family visitors but no young children, that alluring smell from the candles, the same as from those flowers in the tunnel of love that had helped cause mom and I to lose control. Fuck, this place wasn't a Harvest Festival, it was some sort of twisted gathering to encourage incest! That meant the Grand Finale was...fuck! I had to find mom right now, and get out of here!

But wouldn't you know it, the first step I took was right down on a dry twig, producing a loud clear snapping noise that stopped all three of them in their tracks. "Shit, there is someone out there!" Zack called out as a sharp beam from a flashlight pierced through the woods not far from my position. "And whoever it is probably heard every damn word we said!"

Well, no use trying to be discrete now, I thought as I tore off through the trees, shouts and other sounds of pursuit not far behind. I had no idea where I was going, just knowing I had to outrun those behind me and get to mom, I thought as I tore through the scattered trees, just starting to pull away from my pursuers when I tripped on an exposed tree root and went flying to the ground, my head impacting against something hard before everything went black.

"I think he's coming to," I heard a distant, almost hollow voice say from what seemed like a long way off. With effort I pried my eyes open, the world hazy around me, the throbbing transitioning to a sharp pounding in my head. "Fuck," I groaned, or tried to anyway, only to find something over my mouth muffling my voice. I tried to reach up to feel what it was, only to find I couldn't move. As the world came back into focus, I realized I'd been bound hand and foot, gagged and leaned against a tree, a small fire crackling nearby. I began to panic, thrashing and flailing in a vain attempt to free myself. "Help, somebody help!" I tried to scream, but it just came out as more of an "mmphh!" sound.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my arm, holding me down. "Easy, dude, or you're gonna hurt yourself," I heard a familiar voice say. I turned to see Zack's grinning face, and suddenly it all came back to me - the revealing conversation, my discovery and flight through the woods, the fall. I looked over to see Will on my other side, restraining me as well, looking strangely sympathetic. "What's going on?" I tried to ask vainly, my voice again garbled by the rag in my mouth.

"It's okay, we're not going to hurt you." I looked ahead to see Nelly crouched in front of me, sharing a similar expression to that of Will. "And if you promise not to scream, we'll take the gag out of your mouth."

I considered. I looked around, seeing I was no longer in the orchard, but in the woods surrounding it. To make such an offer they had to be fairly confident that no one would hear me, or at least that no one who did would be willing to intervene on my behalf. Besides, if I could speak, maybe I could talk my way out of the situation. I dipped my head in acquiescence.

Nelly gestured to her nephews, who let go and backed away from me a bit as she leaned forward and untied the cloth, and I let out a relieved breath. "Thanks for that, at least," I mumbled, my head still killing me, wishing I could rub it as I wiggled around in place. It was in doing so that my bare wrists, tied behind my back, rubbed against what felt like the sharp edge of a rock. This could be my way out, I thought, beginning to subtly rub my bonds against it, trying not to give away what I was doing.

"You're welcome, Tim," she said pleasantly, as if we were on a picnic and she just passed me the mustard. "You are Tim, right? The one who was here earlier with your mother?"

"That's right," I replied, noting that like my mom, Moonflower, and many others I'd seen tonight, the years had seemed to drop away from her as well. But in Nelly the effect was even more pronounced, to the point where she didn't look much older than her nephews. Was that another effect of the drugs

obviously being used in this place, to make people appear younger than they were?

She frowned. "So what happened? You two made such a lovely pair. Why aren't you with her now?"

I knew I should have been more tactful, but I was tired, angry, and my cock was aching almost as much as my head thanks to that almost noxious, cloying scent in the air. "Don't you mean why ain't I fucking her, like you're going to do with your nephews here?" I snapped.

"Oh," she replied, blushing. "So I guess you did hear us then."

"Damned right I did. Look I don't know what kind of sick game y'all are playing here, but I want no part of it."

"Sounds like a loose leaf to me," Zack commented.

"That's a little harsh, bro," Will said, eyeing his brother disapprovingly.

"What's a 'loose leaf'?" I demanded, looking between them. I didn't know what it meant, but it didn't sound flattering.

Zack cackled. "Someone who isn't man enough to--"

"Someone who gets separated from their intended partner or partners, for whatever reason," Nelly interjected, cutting off her nephew. "Rare, but it happens," she finished, glaring at a wilting Zack. "And Will's right, that was uncalled for."

"Intended partner? You mean my mom?" I asked disbelievingly. "Look, whatever you guys wanna do out here, no matter how twisted, that's your business. Just let me go so I can find my mom and leave. I promise, we won't tell anyone what's going on here." Inwardly I laughed, for even I didn't believe what I was saying.

Zack snickered. "And what makes you think your mom wants to leave? After dropping you I bet she found someone else more up to the job, if you know what I mean. Heck, right now I bet she's--"

"Zack, enough," Nelly said with a harshness that sounded out of place with her otherwise sprightly tone before turning back

to me. "Look, I'm sorry, but I can't let you leave yet, not until you've spoken to Renny. I contacted him, and he's on his way."

I gulped. "What's he going to do with me?" I asked, suddenly remembering where I was and how easy it would be to make me disappear without a trace, especially now that I was onto their game. I felt the edge of the stone working slowly but surely through the material on my bonds, but still, it was slow going. And once I had, there was still the issue of getting my legs undone, and then getting away from her barrel-chested nephews.

She shook her head. "I don't know, that depends on what he thinks is best. But don't worry," she added, seeming to sense my apprehension, "at the very worst all he'll do is erase your memory of the last several hours, and send you on your way."

I couldn't hold back a scoff. "What is he, some sort of hypnotist or something? Is that what he's done to you, to everyone else to make you...do what you do?"

"You've got it all wrong, man," Zack said. "Renny's the bomb! Like, the most awesomest dude on earth!"

Nelly chuckled. "My nephew might not have put it in the most eloquent terms, but he has the gist of it. Renny's not evil, he's opened us and others up to possibilities, and pleasures, that we never even dreamed of before coming here. He might even be able to help you and your mom reconcile, if you'd let him," she said hopefully.

"No thanks," I said, no longer wanting any part of what they considered 'reconciliation' as I continued to work to free myself. "Now if you don't mind, I'll just sit quietly and wait for my brainwashing."

Nelly let out a long defeated sigh as she righted herself and made her way back over to the fire, sitting down on a blanket that'd been spread out nearby. "Have it your way," she said sadly. "But I really like you, Tim, so I'm going to offer you one more piece of advice - love isn't meant to be constrained the way most of the world tells you it's supposed to be. Open yourself to possibility, and you'll open yourself to true happiness."

Great, now try convincing my mom of that, I thought bitterly, but remained silent.

"Speaking of happiness," Zack said, his tone hungry as he came over and sat down beside his aunt, kissing her cheek, "I think it's about time we sought out our own."

"I second that," Will said, kneeling down on the other side of her, nibbling on her earlobe. "I don't know about you, Aunt Nel, but I'm about ready to explode, thinkin' about what's going on all around us."

"Oh, fuck yes," Nelly moaned, pulling the two eager young men even closer to her, hands travelling all over their bodies. "I've been dreaming of this all evening. But what about, oh, Tim?"

"He's not going anywhere," Zack growled, not even looking at me as he worked to unbutton Nelly's top, revealing a black lacy bra. "Just let'im watch. Who knows? Maybe he'll even learn a thing or two."

Nelly's only response to this was a musical laugh as they continued to methodically undress her until she was completely naked except for her boots. "Oh yes," she groaned as each of them suckled on one of the large pink nipples at the tips of her breasts like starving infants, her hands on the back of their heads to press them even further into her mounds.

"Just like that, yes, Auntie Nel loves it when her strong strapping boys play with her big titties," she cooed, rubbing at their hair, smiling affectionately down at them. "They're even better than mommy's ever were, aren't they? Yes, mommy didn't want to play, did she, but Auntie Nel loves to play with her boys, all day and all night!" she cried elatedly.

This is fucked up, I told myself, even as my cock hardened even more at the sensual feast laying itself out before me, fighting to keep my focus on freeing myself even as I was mesmerized by the incestuous sight, my efforts slowing. They looked so happy, I considered, not a trace of shame or guilt or fear, unlike what I'd seen in mom's eyes before I'd left her. Mom! I thought, the image of her wandering around, dazed and confused at whatever the hell was going on out there once again spurring my efforts.

At last, after what seemed like ages of cutting and struggling, trying to ignore the amorously distracting sounds around me, I finally felt the ropes holding my hands give way with a satisfying snap as I quickly went to work loosening the bonds around my ankles. When I'd finished I looked up to see if anyone had noticed that I'd freed myself.

But I needn't have bothered, for by this time the nephews were naked as well, and Nelly was eagerly devouring Zack's cock, while Will plowed into her pussy from behind with loud sloshing sounds as he used her long dark braids like reins, my existence forgotten by all of them. A sick part of me wanted to stay and watch, maybe even join in. However, I forced myself to retreat stealthily into the surrounding trees, the noises of their enthusiastic fucking still audible for several minutes afterward as I hastily but carefully made my way through the underbrush in what I hoped was the right direction.

At last I made it back to the orchard itself, quickening my pace to a run now that I was on a solid path until I reached the small clearing that held the Great Tree, a planting in the middle of the orchard much bigger than all those around it. I remembered Nelly talking about earlier, saying how special it was, but being vague as to why. A circular trail wove around it, branching off in the four cardinal directions around the orchard, and I could now see I'd just come out the north end.

Around me I could hear the soft, amorous sounds of others engaged as Nelly and her nephews were around me. I ignored them, my mind fixed only on finding mom and getting out of this crazy place. Now having my bearings, I made a beeline down the south path until soon I was back in the regular festival grounds.

The first thing that struck me as I reentered the festival proper was how empty it appeared to be. I mean, sure, there hadn't been what I'd call a massive amount of people here to begin with, but for it to be completely deserted like this was eerie. And it wasn't just the tourists - the booths, stalls, and rides in my sight were also empty. But then I heard it, soft cries and thumps that alluded at the hidden sexual frenzy going on around me.

Trying to disregard the noises I made my way towards the nearest attraction, the Ferris Wheel, which just happened to be where Renny had been last. It continued to spin even though there were no riders. The short distance seemed longer than before since the ground out here seemed to have softened, making it feel like I was trying to walk on a mattress. The heady smell of the candles with their strange red flames was even stronger out here, the air now as warm and heavy as it'd been in the Tunnel of Love.

As I neared the booth that fronted the ride I heard what I thought was the sound of heavy breathing mingled with slapping sounds coming from the back of the booth. I had a feeling what I would find, but I had to be sure as I crept forward and peeped around the corner.

And my suspicions were confirmed. There was Emma, naked with her chest mashed against the side of the building, her grandfather Ned drilling into her hard, both covered in a sheen of sweat. "Oh, granddaddy, that feels soooooo good," she wailed, her long hair bouncing wildly on her bare back. "Fuck me as only you can!"

Wordlessly I turned and left the scene to continue my search for my mother through the festival turned incestuous orgy. I don't know how many other couples and clusters in various states of undress I passed behind stalls, between buildings, or even right out in the open, all of them fervently and brazenly engaged in crossing that final forbidden line with almost every type of sexual activity imaginable. Moans and sighs filled the air as uncles and nieces, brothers and sisters, cousins, parents and grown children, every type of incestual coupling you could think of slaking the burning ardor this festival had no doubt flamed in them, the aroma of the candles mingling with the smell of sweat and arousal.

Why, people were even fucking on the rides themselves. I saw the Henson Triplets, who managed the carousel and environs engaged in a fierce menage-a-trois as the ride spun around and around, so engaged in pleasuring each other they didn't even notice when I passed by five feet away, or just didn't care.

I even saw Moonflower, the groovy purveyor of fine snacks, lying flat on the ground as her son Sunbeam pistoned into her as her daughter Starlight sat astride her mom's face as Moonflower ate her out. Starlight kissed her brother as he massaged her breasts, a truly psychedelic image of family togetherness. And as it was with Nelly and her nephews, none showed the slightest indication of remorse or regret.

So this is the Grand Finale, I thought to myself as I traversed this surreal landscape, no longer sure what I was feeling. The shock had passed, and I had settled into a state of stupefied acceptance, tinged with jealousy that my own attempts in this area had ended in such abject failure. To get my attention off this and the unending boner that had taken up residence in my boxers, I focused my attention on how such a place could exist. And more importantly why anyone would want to do this, to create a place to encourage incest. As I was mulling this over, I came upon the target of my search.

As noted before, I'd expected to find my mother, having made her feelings on incest clear, wandering around in a stupor at what she was witnessing, having abandoned Jack long before at seeing with her own eyes what he was no doubt now doing with his own daughter. And when she saw me she'd gratefully seize hold of my hand, crying tears of relief at having found me as we made our way out of the park and away from this place.

Or maybe, I considered, we might even join in the fun around us.

Unfortunately, reality has a way of tearing our carefully constructed fantasies to shreds, often with great zeal.

I found her not far from where I'd left her, in a small copse of beech trees near the roller coaster, and from what I could tell she was far from distraught. Nor was she alone, for to my astonishment Jack and Maggie were still present. Even with the perpetual fading sunlight it was dark among the trees and I was sure to keep my distance, but all three appeared to be naked. Jack was lying on his back on a bed of leaf-strewn moss as Maggie squatted on her knees between her dad's legs, sucking his cock as mom kissed him fully and sensually, her hands roaming over his broad chest as they'd once travelled mine.

Mom never kissed me like that, I thought ruefully as I felt the last of the warmth leave my heart. It was almost funny, intimate as we'd gotten lately (I'd eaten her pussy for crying out loud!), we'd never gotten far with kissing, mom reluctant to do more than a quick peck. But the way she was kissing Jack now reminded me of the way she used to kiss dad, with such tenderness and passion, the way two soul mates linked by love do.

I guess that's it then, I thought as I turned and left, unable and unwilling to watch the scene play out to its inevitable conclusion. I guess Maggie really was okay with sharing, just like Mom, who was apparently also okay with incest providing I wasn't in the equation, I concluded with numb resignation. And so, with this complete and utter rejection, it was finally time to make my exit and leave mom to the new life she'd chosen for herself.

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"Leaving so soon?" An entirely too cheerful voice called out from nearby, just I came to the gates where I'd first entered this accursed place.

"I know that voice," I muttered, slowly turning to be greeted by the sight of tall, rather lanky man clad in orange. And when I say orange, I mean everything on him was some flashy shade of that color - his boots, slacks, jacket and puffy lace shirt underneath. Even his top hat, from which spouted wild, sharp strands of hair the same color as Sionna's, minus the black tips.

I squinted my eyes, really scrutinizing his face and its pointed, sharp features. It was strange, but it seemed like I'd seen him

and his strange hat somewhere before, but my mind was so hazy I couldn't place where or when. "Well, well, you must be the elusive Renny, Master of Fucking Ceremonies," I said drily.

He gave a curt but elegant bow, twirling his cane from his place at the entrance of a shabby-looking tent I'd noticed on the way in. "At your service, Mr. Tim Meadows. I hear you are in need of my assistance."

"I was, but I guess that's a moot point now."

"Oh, and why's that?"

"Because you're here to do away with me, for discovering your dirty little secret," I said flatly, no longer giving two shits about what happened to me, but determined not to go down without a fight. "I know Nelly told you, so go ahead and give it your best shot," I said, balling my hands into fists.

He chuckled. "My dear young man," he said, which sounded strange coming from him, since he didn't look much older than me. "I, as a purveyor of fun and merriment, simply abhor violence. Besides, why would I ever want to eliminate the most fascinating person that's ever passed through my gates?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked, figuring this was just some trick designed to get me to lower my guard, so I remained wary. I scanned the area to see if he had any henchmen trying to sneak up on me, but there was nothing like that, only a few scattered sounds of coupling from the nearby shadowed stalls. He had apparently chose to meet me alone, which spoke of either extreme confidence or stupidity, and I was fairly sure it wasn't the latter.

"Just what I said. You've made quite an impression on me this evening, something I must admit isn't easy to do. I can see why my sister has taken such a liking to you. Anyway, that's why I'd like you to come to come into my abode for a private chat," he said, gesturing inside the tent with his cane.

"No. I don't trust you," I said flatly.

"And there's no reason you should, yet," he replied calmly. "Other than the fact that if I wanted to make you disappear, as you quite incorrectly assume is my intent, I could have done so a thousand times as you've been wandering through my festival over the course of the evening. And no one would ever discover what became of you, even your own mother."

"You mean...you've been watching me all this time, and only show yourself now, after it's too late? Why?" I demanded, unsettled at the casual way he'd talked about how easily he could take me out.

He shrugged. "Yes, I've been watching you and your mom all evening, even longer than that if we're being honest. Rest assured I had good reasons for doing so, I'm not just some stalking weirdo or anything. Although saying that just makes me sound even more like a stalker, doesn't it? It's not something I make a habit of, but you and your mom make such a cute couple I just couldn't help myself."

"Wait a minute," I murmured, his words calling up a forgotten memory, now realizing where I'd seen him and his furry orange top hat before. "The 80s museum...you were the guy who took our picture, the one who commented on how mom and I were such a great pair! You're the one who started this whole mess!"

"Guilty as charged," he said, tipping his hat to me. "But really, you give me entirely too much credit. I merely played the part of a gardener, who watered a seed that'd already been planted long ago. Or so I thought. But really, this is no place to discuss such matters. If you'll simply step inside for a moment, I'll say

my piece. And then you can be on your way if you desire, and no one will try to stop you."

"And what about my mom?"

His face lit up. "Ah, even though she seems to have spurned you for another, you still show concern for your dear mother. Good, that's very, very good," he said approvingly. "And have no fear, the fair Lady Ashley will be fine, as well as all the other guests, you have my word."

"And what if I want to leave now?" I asked, unsure of how much faith I should put in his word.

He grinned, revealing a sharp smile that matched his nose and eyes. "You may do so, of course. Why, I'll even help you be on your way. But I don't think you will. Know why? Because you're like me, Tim, you have a burning, insatiable curiosity that demands to know exactly what's going on here, don't you, even if you're somewhat shocked and repulsed by it. You'd never have another night's rest if you left without the answers you crave, am I right?"

I gritted my teeth. Damn it all if he wasn't.

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"What the...?" I mumbled as I entered what, from the outside, appeared nothing more than a run of the mill tent set up to the side of the ticket booths marked private, staff only. But instead of finding myself on a dirt floor surrounded by thin canvas walls I instead found myself in what looked to be the foyer of some grand estate with high walls and polished marble floors lined with plush carpeting. A small fountain, adorned with an intricately carved sculpture of two intertwined foxes, bubbled just ahead, water gurgling from their mouths. Oddly enough though, the roof still appeared to consist of billowy red material like the tent I thought we'd entered, the room lit by a chandelier that seemed to hang suspended in mid-air above the fountain.

Renny smiled at my reaction. "This is but the least of the wonders that will be revealed to you this night. Now if you'll be kind enough to follow me," he said, heading straight ahead towards an ornate wooden door carved with ornate oak leaf patterns set between two curving staircases.

We entered a room that looked like a study or office, or at least as close as someone like Renny came to one. The roof was lower than in the foyer, yet still had that same tent-like appearance. The floor was covered with a thick carpet filled

with swirling brown, yellow, and gold patterns, the walls painted with vivid murals depicting varying fall scenes including a field of ripe pumpkins, children jumping in leaves, and a family wandering through a corn maze that, as I looked at them, seemed to move like the images in the tunnel of love. Unlike the entryway the only lighting here was provided by a few scattered candles and a fire blazing merrily in a hearth set in the wall to our right.

While all this was rather fascinating, what really drew my attention was what looked like a scale model of the park, set up near a strangely tall desk at the far end of the room, from which flecks of glowing light flickered like fireflies in a jar. Standing at one end watching the luminous spectacle was Sionna, now clad only in a form-fitting tangerine colored bodysuit with black nylons, her hair hanging loose down her shoulders, looking up and smiling as we approached. "Ah, welcome back brother!" she said, rushing over to embrace Renny. "I see you found our special guest."

"I did," he said as they broke apart, both giving me the most peculiar look and making me feel a bit awkward and wondering if I should say something. But before I could Renny turned back to his sister. "But before we get into all that, how are we doing tonight?"

Sionna grinned. "Better than expected. Ninety-nine confirmed pairings, not including staff of course, and five clusters."

Renny cocked his eye. "Ninety-nine? That's over twenty percent above the average, our highest numbers yet. And five clusters? Usually we're lucky to have one or two, given the nature of this business."

She nodded. "I know, right? Personally, I think it's a sign."

"Possibly," Renny answered, looking pensive. But then he shook it off, and turned his attention back to me. "My apologies, I know it's rude to talk shop in front of civilians. Let me explain--"

"No need," I said drily. "From what I've seen and heard this evening, it's obvious that your little festival here is somehow designed to lure families in and compel them to commit incest. That's what all those little dots are, right? Somehow you're tracking this...activity, represented by all those little dots there. Interesting, I'll admit, but also more than a little twisted."

"You see, Ren?" Sionna said, rubbing at her brother's shoulder, "I told you he was a bright one, he's already got most of it figured out."

"Yes," Renny conceded, scrutinizing me. "His mental acuity is beyond question. However," he added, "I must object to your use of the word 'compel'. For no one here is forcing anyone to do anything."

I scoffed. "Then what do you call all those candles all over the place with that strange scent? And the food? Not to mention that weird stuff in the Tunnel of Love," I added, remembering those amorous images. "So let's just cut to the chase here, you're use drugs and hypnotic suggestion to make family members screw each other," I said bluntly.

"Ouch, and he's direct as well," Renny said, putting a hand over his heart as if I'd wounded him, but I had the feeling he wasn't the type to be easily offended. "But I'm afraid that this time you're wrong in your conclusions. Yes, I'll admit that the candles, the food, and other aspects around here do have a certain aphrodisiacal effect, especially the apples. Why, if one was to eat an entire one of those, they'd be ready to go all night!" He said with a wink. "That's why I usually have Nelly limit what she hands out, at least earlier in the evening. Can't have the Grand Finale starting too soon, you know."

No wonder mom and I had gotten so frisky earlier, I thought.

"However," he continued, "none of them induce what you are seeing tonight, rather, they merely encourage feelings that are already present to come to the surface, and act to reduce societally ingrained inhibitions against their expression. In other words, nothing is happening that the people involved haven't actually yearned for, whether they have admitted it or not."

I chuckled derisively. "You sound like a drug dealer trying to justify his career choice."

"Let me ask you a question," Renny pressed, not seeming discouraged at all by my resistance or irritated by my unflattering analogy. "Can you honestly tell me, before you arrived here at my festival, that you never, ever had any thoughts or feelings about your mother that, shall we say, fell outside what is societally acceptable between a parent and child? Because if you hadn't, then there was no way you ever would have found this place, regardless of my sister's invitation."

I wanted to lie and say no, but from the way he was looking at me with those odd, coppery eyes of his that matched his sister's that seemed to bore straight into my mind, I was certain that he'd see through any deception before the words were even out of my mouth. "Okay, I'll fess up, yes, I have. But lots of people have such thoughts."

"Exactly," he said triumphantly as he rapped the top of his cane on the edge of the table, as if he'd scored a point. "And that's precisely the type of people who are attracted to my little festival, not lured," he amended, correcting me a second time. "People who feel love toward their family in a way most of the world says is wrong, and for that reason or another are hesitant to act on it."

"That's why, with my little setup here, I merely provide a safe space where they are not judged for their feelings, where they can feel safe in acting on them without fear of reprisal or condemnation. Sure, I may give a nudge here and there, but whatever happens in my festival," he said, sweeping his hand over the model, "is completely the choice of the participants."

"Fine," I said, not entirely convinced, but acknowledging that what he was saying made a lot of sense, especially after what I'd seen. "But I guess the real question is why? Why go to all the trouble to set this place up for such a unique, and illegal I

might add, purpose? Aren't you afraid that someone will rat on you, shut this place down and throw both you and your sister in jail?"

Sionna let out one of those strange, tittering laughs of hers. "Sorry bro," she said when she'd recovered herself. "But it appears that as sharp as you are, Tim, you still haven't figured out everything just yet."

"Indeed," Renny agreed, eyes twinkling. "But I tend to think that it's not that our new friend here hasn't figured it out, it's just that rational mind of his just doesn't want to believe the evidence of his senses. Am I right, Tim? After all, how can you explain all this," he said, looking around the sumptuous room, "fitting inside, what looks on the exterior to be nothing more than a small, old tent?"

"Magic," I uttered instinctively, although my mind still fought tooth and nail against the notion. "You want me to believe that actually magic exists?"

"It is necessary, if what I am about to say is to make any sense. You see Tim, this world, this universe, needs more than physical forces like gravity or the sun to keep on going, there are also mystical dynamics necessary to keep everything from

falling apart. And the entities that tend to such matters need sustenance just as humans do, although you could say their needs are much different from ours. I'm simplifying it greatly here, but basically they feed off the love energy produced when two or more sentient beings come together in an intimate, if you catch my meaning. And for whatever reason, there is a certain kind of love that produces a stronger, more intense energy than any other."

"Incest," I finished, my mind imploding under the weight being pressed upon it. "So what you're saying is, you work for these...beings who draw power from the act of incest? That's the real meaning behind the Harvest Festival?"

He shrugged. "I prefer to think of it as a partnership. They get what they need to sustain themselves, while I get to do what I love, which is to bring people together and allow them to experience happiness that they probably never would have attained, left to their own devices, in the 'real' world. No one is harmed, and everyone benefits."

"Except when these people go back to their lives and somehow have to fit into a world hostile to their newfound relationships," I said, remembering my own thoughts on the subject. "But I guess what happens out there isn't your

problem, is it, just as long as you've satisfied your kink and made your 'partners' happy."

He shook his head. "Again, you think the worst of me and my silent associates, but considering what you've been through this evening I can't blame you for the cynical attitude. But no, I do not simply allow the flowers of love to blossom and then leave them to fend for themselves in a harsh and unforgiving environment. I speak personally to each couple and cluster before they leave, asking if they'd like to continue in their relationship. If so, I use all my considerable resources to make sure they are safe and secure in their new life. If not, then I simply erase their memories of me, the festival, and what they shared, and send them on their way."

"So it is true, you can erase people's minds, just like Nelly said," I said, starting to see where this was going. "That's why you've brought me here, isn't it, why you're bothering to tell me all this. You're going to wipe my mind, to keep your secrets safe."

He let out an exasperated sigh. "Okay, cynicism I can understand, but you're crossing the line into downright pessimism which I absolutely cannot abide, as it dulls both reasoning and imagination. Yes, I can erase memories if I so choose, but only on rare occasions when there is no other

recourse, which is definitely not true in this instance. After all, you're special."

"And what exactly does that mean?" I asked, remembering him saying something similar before. "I wouldn't call being rejected special."

"Oh, it has nothing to do with you being a loose leaf," he said, using the same term Nelly and her nephews had, "although I must confess your mother's reaction surprised even me. For one thing, let's consider the manner by which you came to this place. As I said most simply find their way here because they are drawn to it, but for you to catch Sionna's eye enough to have her call you to my attention, and to actually invite you, well, that hasn't happened in a long time. And then to catch on to what's up around here, and escape from Nelly and her boys to boot, why, I confess that shows real cunning and intuition that even I have rarely seen from my guests."

Great, so do I win a prize or something?" I asked drily.

"In a way. When couples don't work out around here I usually don't like to force the issue, since like I said we're all about free will and all that. In such cases I simply erase their memories and send them on their way. But in your case, I feel the need to

make an exception. So, in that spirit I'm willing to bring your mother here as well, and act as a mediator between you two to get you both back on the track you seemed to be on earlier."

"Why all this generosity?" I asked, genuinely surprised by his offer. "It can't all be just because of my supposed cleverness, which I think you're exaggerating."

"True," he acknowledged. "I don't know, I just get the feeling that there's more to your situation than meets the eye, and I'd like to delve deeper. After all, I hate to see people unhappy, especially when it's over something superficial. So, what do you say?"

"I say forget it," I replied without hesitation. "I don't know if you've been watching my mom lately the way you've been watching me, but the last time I did she was far from unhappy with the choice she made. Besides, I'd hate to interrupt her in the midst of her delightful new existence," I spat, unable to keep the rancor from my voice. "I think we're done here. May I go now, or have you decided to wipe my mind after all?"

He let out a resigned sigh. "No, there'll be no need for that. For even if I didn't trust you, which I do by the way, there's no way you or anyone else you might tell would ever find this place

again. But if you want to go, then so be it. But I'm afraid you'll have to wait until morning though, due to the extra precautions I set up around here for the Grand Finale. I do have some spare rooms upstairs, if you'd like to make use of one."

"No thanks," I said, noticing the way Sionna had started clinging to her brother during our talk, planting kisses on his neck, knowing they would most likely soon be joining in the incestuous frolic going on all around us. But I no longer wanted any part of it, to see, hear, or even have any inkling of the joy others around me were experiencing. "If you don't mind, I'll just find some quiet place in the grounds, and hole up there for the night."

"As you wish, just be mindful of others' privacy" Renny said, already turning his attention to his sister. "Just walk out the front door and think about the general area you'd like to be, and it'll take you there. "Farewell, Tim Meadows, I hope you will not wander in solitude for long."

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I wandered out of the study and toward the front door, eager to be away from them and their happiness, theirs and all the others' making me ill. When I stepped through the portal,

brushing by the tents flaps as I once again found myself in the orchard, figuring it to be the most likely place to find a secluded spot to wait out the night in peace. Unfortunately in my absence other couples had apparently moved into the area from the park, until the orchard was now filled with the euphoric sounds of couples as they loved each other among the trees. I turned around, thinking to take Renny up on the offer of a room after all, only to find the tent and the doorway gone. Fuck.

Concluding that by now there were probably no safe spaces anywhere on the premises, I set out along the path through the center of the orchard, hoping that if I couldn't find a quiet spot I could at least find an unoccupied one where I could rest without intruding on anyone's privacy, even though many of them weren't being all that discrete about what they were doing, as if they relished broadcasting their bliss to the world. Unfortunately love wasn't just in the air, it was all over the grounds as I made my way deeper into the orchard, made even more difficult by a thick mist that now shrouded the area, until I came back to the Great Tree.

For a moment I just stood and marveled at it, standing there alone in what Nelly claimed was the exact of center of the orchard in the exact center of a great circle in which nothing else grew, save for a covering of that strange moss. Even the walkway that encircled the area seemed to give the grand old

tree a wide berth, almost clinging to the fringes of the surrounding smaller trees. How did an apple tree even get so fucking big? I wondered, thinking it was at least as big as a full-grown oak. And how come it didn't have any apples on it like all the others, if it was so magnificent?

But then I had another thought, remembering how pliable the ground in the festival grounds had become under the moss. Curious, I took a step forward, finding that it gave way just as it had out in the festival grounds. Excellent, I thought, making my way forward, for some reason the noises in the surrounding trees not reaching me here. I didn't know why no one else was taking advantage of this large, soft and open spot, but I sure as hell was.

"Fuck, what a day," I groaned as I settled against the trunk, which felt as warm and soothing as the ground, after what I'd been through I was no longer questioning anything about this place. Four of the love-enhancing candles burned around the perimeter of the space, but I was so tired and depressed they no longer seemed to have much of an effect on me, my boner having gone flat after what I'd seen my mom doing with Jack the jerkoff.

For a moment I just reclined there, staring at the large orange moon, thinking on everything I'd seen and learned. Was there

really magic here, I wondered, or was it all just an effect of the drugs being pumped into my system? No, I concluded, there's no way the things I'd seen, the changes in mom and myself could be explained simply with drugs or hallucinogens. Renny had spoken the truth, and the implications were enormous.

But as earth-shattering as all that was, it still paled in front of the larger issue weighing down on me - mom had found someone else to fill the void dad had left her with, and was at this very moment starting a new life with him. And no matter what mom might still want I just didn't see a place for myself in it, not after what we'd been through together. I mean, how do you go back to 'just friends' or 'just relatives' after eating out someone's pussy, especially when that person was your mom? And with my sister and dad both frigid toward me for whatever reason, I was now well and truly alone in the world for the first time. A frightening prospect, but one I'd just have to deal with. But right now, I just wanted to sleep and forget this day had ever happened.

Just as my eyes were drooping closed my ears detected a light scraping noise, like the sound of shoes against the hard surface of the stone pathway. "Who's there?" I shouted out, scrambling to my feet as I scanned the area, finally fixing on a mist-shrouded figure standing in directly in front of me on the trail. "Who are you?" I asked in a loud but not unfriendly voice, figuring it might just be another 'loose leaf' or whatever like me

who'd been left without a partner for the 'festivities. And as they say, misery loves company.

"Sweetie, is that you?" I heard an all-too-familiar voice say as I watched, stunned, as my mom stepped forward out of the mist, looking as weary and discouraged as I was, her beautiful golden hair a bit bedraggled, leaves sticking out from it.

For a moment I was so amazed to see her I couldn't speak, and neither did she as we regarded each other in silence. "What are you doing here?" I asked at last.

She smiled wanly. "Looking for you, actually. I was afraid you'd already left, but then something seemed to tell me to check around here. And thank goodness, here you are. You don't know how glad I am to see you. Dear god, do you have any idea what's going on around here?"

"I do," I muttered. In my excitement at seeing her, I'd forgotten all about the past few hours, of seeing her together with Jack and Maggie, but now it all came flooding back, along with the anger and resentment and a thousand things I wanted to hurl at her. But she looked so deflated, so downtrodden, that I knew something wasn't right. "What's wrong? What happened to Jack?" I asked instead, hoping I didn't sound snarky.

She chuckled, but there was no humor in it. "Let's just say Jack is off the dating market, at least where I'm concerned," she said, making a face like the words were acid on her tongue.

"I'm sorry."

She smirked. "No you're not, so go ahead and say it - you were right, and I was an idiot." She sighed. "Deep down I had a feeling it wasn't going to work, but I just had to try and force it. So just say 'I told you so' and get it over with."

"I'm not, and I really am sorry," I repeated, meaning it. "I won't deny that I'm glad that you're not with him, mostly because I didn't think he was right for you. But that doesn't mean I'm going to rejoice at seeing you miserable either."

Her smile broadened a bit. "Thanks, but something tells me I won't be grieving over Jack for long. Anyway, if you're still planning on leaving, I'd like to come with you. If you can still stand the sight of me, that is."

"Of course I can," I said, suddenly thinking just how adorable and, dare I think it, sexy she looked with her scraggly, leaf-

strewn hair, almost like a forest nymph. Fuck it, I thought, closing the distance between us and giving her the biggest, tightest hug I'd ever given anyone, lifting her off the ground. "I'll always love you, no matter what happens."

"Thanks, sweetie, you have no idea how much I needed to hear that right now," she said, voice choked with emotion as I felt her small hands pressing into my back. "Now, let's get going," she said when I finally put her down, patting me on the shoulder. "I want to get as far away from here as I can."

I shook my head. "Me too, but I'm afraid we can't, not yet anyway. I then briefly explained my encounter with Renny, and everything he'd told me, careful to omit the part about seeing her, Jack, and Maggie in the grove. As I did, her eyes gradually got as big and round as the apples on the trees around us.

"My god, you're not kidding, are you?" she said when I'd finished.

"In a way I wish I was joking. But after everything you've seen and felt this evening, are you really surprised?" I asked, knowing that if nothing else the orgiastic scene she must've

witnessed looking for me would be enough to convince even the most diehard skeptic.

She nodded absently. "I see, so that would explain why I..." she trailed off, looking at me. "So, we're stuck here for the night, huh?"

"It seems so. But as luck would have it I found a place that wasn't occupied," I said, gesturing toward the tree. "If you want, you can wait it out with me. There's plenty of room."

She bit her lip. "I don't know, don't you remember what Nelly said? No one's supposed to go near it because it's like, almost sacred or something the way she was talking. In fact, I don't even think we're supposed to be standing here," she said, looking down at the ground where we were standing. "And in light of what you've told me, it makes me even more wary."

Huh, I reflected, no wonder it was empty. I must've missed that part of Nelly's explanation, no big surprise since I'd spent half the tour ogling mom's perky new boobs. I shrugged. "Well, I've been here awhile and lightning hasn't struck me yet. So I say we go for it, since I don't think we're gonna find a better spot, and I'm too beat to wander around all night."

She hesitated a moment longer, before finally nodding, squaring her shoulders. "You know what? You're absolutely right. Besides, after what we've been through tonight, I don't think the sacred tree or whatever will mind," she said, as we both walked back towards it.

"So what's this Renny like?" she asked as we both settled down under its gnarled boughs, keeping a few feet of space between us as we leaned against the massive trunk.

I considered for a moment. "Kinda like if PT Barnum and Willy Wonka had a love child."

Her musical laugh was like honey to my ears, especially since I'd started to wonder if I'd ever hear it again. "So he's the one who first set us up at that museum, huh?"

"It would seem so."

"But magic, wow, and this whole place was designed to bring families together. It's all so much to try to wrap my head around," she continued. "So I suppose that's why Jack and Maggie...ended up together," she trailed off.

"I'm sorry," I said again, figuring something like that might happen, despite what Maggie had insinuated earlier I figured that in the end, when it came right down to it, she would balk at the idea of anyone in her father's life besides her, deciding she didn't need the cover of a 'respectable' family. After all, I concluded, when love as intense as hers was involved you made it work, no matter the odds. "But the way you all looked back there, I really thought it might've actually worked out."

Suddenly her back went rigid, and she stared at me. "Wait, what? You mean you actually saw me together with Jack and Maggie?"

I cursed myself for letting that slip out, but I was feeling so relaxed and warm, so peaceful here in this spot that it just slid out. Oh well, no use trying to hide it now. "I did, but only for a moment," I admitted. "After I'd found out what was going on around here, I was worried and went looking for you. But I swear all I saw was how you were kissing Jack, and I figured you'd found a new place for yourself. I had decided to leave, which was when I ran into Renny. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude."

"Oh, sweetie," she said, scooting closer to me and wrapping her arm around me. "I'm not upset about that. I'm just mad at myself, that you had to see me in my, well, let's just say it

wasn't my finest moment. I know it's little consolation, but what you saw, that was the pinnacle of my interaction with Jack and Maggie."

"Wait a minute," I said, "So you didn't..."

She shook her head. "No, we didn't. Maggie made the situation quite clear by hogging her father all to herself for over an hour, to the point I think both of them forgot I was even there. But even before that, I began having the feeling I didn't belong there and never would, that this wasn't where I was meant to be. So I just got dressed and left them to it, and I don't think either one noticed me go, or if they did they didn't care enough to react."

I swallowed, feeling my heart thump in my chest. "I see. So, what happens now?"

She looked up at me, her visage fresh and vibrant, seeming to glow in the ethereal light of the forever waning sunlight of this place. "First of all, I owe you an apology and an explanation. That is, if you care to hear them. After the roller coaster I've had you on today, I wouldn't blame you for telling me to get lost."

"Not a chance," I said. "I won't deny that I'm not hurt or confused by a lot of what's happened recently, but that doesn't mean I'm going to turn you away without at least hearing you out," suddenly recalling Renny's words about how there appeared to be more behind mom's rejection of me than met the eye.

"Damn," she said, running her finger along my sharp jawline. "You look just like your father when he was your age, but you're so different. In the same situation, he'd have just turned me on my tail. He actually did, in fact."

"Like I said, dad on the outside, you on the inside," I said assuringly, curious about the meaning behind her words. "Now tell me what's going on."

She let out a long breath before beginning. "Let me just start by saying that these past few weeks with you have been some of the best times of my life. I've always felt a special bond with you, but I didn't know just how special, or how deep it ran until recently. I've come to feel things with you that I haven't felt with any man before, even your father in the best of times."

Then why the fuck did you turn me away? I wanted to scream. But I tamped it down, and only nodded, waiting for her to continue.

"I came to realize I loved you Tim, not just as a son, but as a man, a man I wanted to share my life, my soul, my body with forever. But while this made me happier than I'd ever been in my life, it also scared the hell out of me. I mean, I'd just gone through a bitter divorce with a man I'd thought I'd be with forever, and all I could think was what if that happened with you? The thought of not having my precious boy in my life, even as a friend, was more than I could bear.

"And then we came upon this place, and all the doubts and worries needling me seemed to melt away. My god, back at that Moonflower's diner I was on the verge of saying fuck it and just take you into my arms right then and there, and damn the consequences. But then Jack appeared like a sign that what I was about to embark on with you would lead to disaster, and to pursue a relationship with him instead."

She rubbed at her temples, again laughing mirthlessly. "But in the end, it turns out pursuing Jack was an even bigger disaster. After seeing how close he and Maggie were I had a feeling deep down that it wasn't going to work, but I was so afraid of potentially losing you that I tried to force it, even after

everything that happened between us," she said, a hint of warmth in her voice, and I knew we were both thinking about the Tunnel of Love. "And the ironic part is, despite my efforts I still almost lost you anyway."

"But you didn't, and you haven't," I assured her, holding her even tighter. My god, so that was the truth of it. It hadn't been that she hadn't loved me enough, or was repulsed by the idea of being with me. No, it was that she'd cared for me so much she'd been petrified at losing me completely as she had her husband. Renny had been right, and I'd come so close to just walking away and losing her forever it made me shiver. But now here I was reunited with her, given a blessed second chance.

I took a deep breath, choosing my next words carefully. "I don't know what the future holds, but all I can promise you is that I'm not dad, or even Jack for that matter. I'll always love you, which means I'll never just run out or cut you out of my life no matter what happens. Things might not always be easy, but I promise I'll always hear you out and treat you with respect. Know why? Because you're the most important, the only woman I want in my life from this moment on. The only question is, do you still love me?"

"Oh sweetie," she said, clasping my cheeks in her hands, eyes warbling. "I love you now more than ever, more than anything or anyone else in the entire world! And now, let me show you just how much." And before I could react, she'd pressed her lips against mine.

And this was no mere peck on the lips, as I felt my mouth open in response to hers, still detecting that spicy scent on her breath as her tongue sought out mine and they mingled together in an eager, intimate dance that hinted at even greater pleasures as our arms wrapped around each other's backs, running my hands through her silky hair as a jolt of erotic energy surged through my body. "Now that's a kiss," I breathed when our lips finally separated, all trace of my fatigue gone, my cock once again stirring to life.

She laughed softly, bumping her forehead against mine. "Wanna know a secret?" she cooed, her hands continuing to run up and down my back. "Back there when I was kissing Jack, the whole time I was imagining it was you. In fact, I think that was the exact moment I was certain that things weren't going to work with him, even if Maggie hadn't been in the picture. I'm just sorry I let things get even that far, and that you had to witness it...it breaks my heart."

"It's the past," I said, continued to stroke her hair. "All that matters now is the future."

"Mmmm, yes, the future," she said dreamily, her eyes filling with a hungry, maternal lust. "My mind's been on that very subject ever since the Tunnel of Love, when you gave me the best orgasm of my life. Mama's gonna pay you back for that a thousandfold, in ways you can't even imagine."

"If you think that was something, you ain't seen nothing yet," I assured her, my mind overwhelmed at the delights we were going to visit on each other, secure in the knowledge that this was what we both wanted. This place might magnify our love, enhance it in unimaginable ways, but it hadn't manufactured it. Of that, I was confident.

That is, until mom suddenly leapt to her feet and bolted away without a word into the surrounding trees. For a moment I was stunned, certain that she'd changed her mind about the whole thing and had decided to flee. But then she reemerged seconds later, bearing two of the apples we'd sampled earlier. She grinned broadly as she knelt back down next to me, holding out one of the fruits. "Here," she said. "Renny claims that these give your stamina a boost, right? Well, eat up, because for what I've got planned, we're both going to need all the energy we can get," she said with a suggestive wink as she bit into hers.

"Fuck yeah," I said, taking the apple and greedily devouring it, both of us watching the other as we did so.

After we'd eaten both our apples down to the core we kissed again, longer and more lingering. I could feel the apple already doing its work as my need for her became almost aching, my cock straining against the fabric of my pants as I licked the sweet juices off her mouth and chin while my hands searched out the hem of her camisole and lifted it up over her head. She raised her arms to help me pull it all the way off her and fling it away, allowing her breasts to spill free.

She grinned mischievously as she wobbled her shoulders back and forth, making her mounds jiggle in a very pleasing, mesmerizing way. "So, what you think of your mom's knockers?" she asked teasingly. "Are they just as good as the ones on all those college girls?"

"Better," I muttered, and it wasn't a lie. As I'd suspected from my earlier observations they were plump, pillowy, and pert, not drooping at all the way they had even last night at the motel, capped with the prettiest pink nipples I'd ever seen. Another effect of the magic of this place, I reasoned, something I would have to thank Renny for the next time I saw him. But even if they had been the smallest, droopiest breasts on earth I

knew I would've adored them anyway, because they belonged to the woman I loved.

"Good answer," she whispered, guiding me back into a standing position, pushing me gently back against the trunk before getting to work unfastening my pants. "And as a reward, mommy's going to do something extra special for her wonderful man."

"Just you being here as you are right now is special enough for me."

She giggled as she nibbled playfully on my earlobe, driving me wild. "You'd better stop saying such sweet things, or you're gonna fill me so full of love that I might just explode," she whispered hotly in my ear.

"Heaven forbid," I said, planting kisses on her neck, thrilling in the delicately dulcet sighs it produced from her. "But that's how I feel."

I fell silent as she went back to work on my jeans, not wanting to distract her from whatever she had planned. At last I felt the button come undone followed immediately by the sound of the

zipper being opened, and with a slick, fluid movement both my pants and boxers were around my ankles before I even knew what was happening, leaving my cock bobbing freely in the fresh night air.

"Oh my," she breathed as she took in my shaft, hard and throbbing as it had never been before, pointing straight at her as if by instinct. "It's even better than I remembered."

Suddenly her hand shot forward and seized my member, her dainty fingers wrapping around it so tightly it forced a drop of precum from the tip, and a groan from my lips. "And to think, this nice big slab of hard man meat is all mine to play with from now on. Isn't that right, sweetie?" she purred, licking her lips.

"Yeeeeeeeeesssssss," I drawled out as she began to rub her fingers up and down my shaft. "Do whatever you want with it, just don't leave it dangling."

She giggled. "Oh don't worry baby, the last thing mama intends to do with this precious treasure is neglect it," she said as she continued to work her expert hands over my shaft just like last night, only better now that she had a better angle. "Why, she's going to lavish it with so much attention this glorious staff will be begging for a rest before she's through with it."

"Fat chance of that," I said, savoring the sensation. I don't know if it was the apple, the pent-up frustration that'd been welling in me all evening, or the fact that my beautiful mom had my cock in her hand, but I felt a surge of sexual energy like I'd never experienced before, like I could go for days without stopping. "So bring all you've got, I can take it all, and more," I challenged.

She beamed widely at that. "Yeah, that's what I like to hear from my man," she said as she stooped down, positioning herself so that her tits were lined up with my throbbing rod. She then spit on her breasts a few times, rubbing the fluid into her skin. Normally spitting disgusts me, but in this case, watching her rub the saliva into her flesh until her orbs glistened in the weak sunlight was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen.

Then with a smile she leaned forward, using her hand to deftly guide my rigid rod into the enticing crevice between her breasts. She then brought her hands up to her chest and pushed into the sides of her mounds, slowly mashing them together, encasing her newly claimed and throbbing treasure in a warm, slippery prison no one in their right mind would ever want to leave. "Oh fuck," I moaned as she began to bob up and down, creating such indescribably exquisite friction against the

sensitive flesh of my cock that I was compelled to grab hold of a nearby low-hanging branch that I hadn't noticed before, for fear my legs might buckle under me.

"Oh yeah, does my baby boy like that?" she asked in a low sensual tone, continuing to rise upward on her knees, before lowering herself with excruciatingly amazing slowness, all the time cradling my lucky pole between her soft wet melons, the motion creating a wet sloshing sound. "I hope I'm doing this right, since I've never actually done it before. Not for your father, not for any man I've been with. I've gotten requests, but it just didn't feel right. But now that I know that you're my one and only, I want to show you just how much you mean to me, and use my body to please you in every way possible."

"Trust me, you're...oohhh...doing it right," I assured her. I'd never actually had a tit job before, but I couldn't imagine how it could be done any better than this, I thought as I began thrusting upward a little to help her efforts, magnifying the sensation magnificently. "Believe me, I don't think there's anyone on earth or beyond who feels as lucky as this mama's boy does right now."

She let out a short laugh. "Mama's boy, I like that. Yes, you are mama's boy from now on, and she's going to take such good care of you, better than any other woman or college hussy

could ever do. After all, who knows a child's needs and desires, what it takes to truly keep them happy and satisfied, better than their own mother?"

"No one else," I breathed, lolling my head back and forth, losing myself in the bliss she was bestowing on me.

She winked and turned her attention back to her task, picking up the tempo as she dipped her head downward, catching the tip of my cock in her mouth with every downward movement, the sensations becoming overwhelming, pushing me toward the brink. "I'm getting close," I warned her.

"Ohhhh, I guess I am doing a good job," she chimed playfully. "Do it, baby, cum for me. I've been dreaming of your delicious cream ever since I got to sample it earlier, and mommy's feeling thirsty again," she said, smacking her lips. "Do it, hit me with your best shot!" she coaxed, releasing my dick from her tits and sliding it between her lips in one fluid motion.

Her provocative dirty talk and the feel of me once again in her deliciously moist mouth was all it took, and with a grunt I felt my cock unleash another torrent of semen down her throat. This time I was able to watch her throat muscles work and contract as she endeavored to swallow every last drop, adoring the sounds her mouth made around my dick. "Mmphfh," she moaned around my cock, slurping and sucking until she'd

coaxed every drop from it and I was once again half-hard, my member dripping with her saliva.

"Oh my, would you look at that," she said, almost in awe as she observed my again-rising member. "Even after all that, it looks like mama's new toy still has a lot of life left in it. Is this the miracle of youth, this special place, or am I just that hot?"

"It's definitely that last thing," I breathed, still on a high from that fierce blowout I'd just had.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," she said, still smiling. "Because even though my tummy's nice and full of your yummy cum, my pussy's getting jealous, and wants her fill as well," she said, taking a step back as she flicked off her shoes and began fiddling with her jeans, her eyes fixed on me. I took the opportunity to kick off my shoes and wiggle out of my jeans before flinging off my shirt. By the time I'd finished she'd just cast aside the last of her garments, and for a moment we just stood there, taking in the sight of each other completely naked for the first time.

There was so much to admire about my mom's body - the way the ringlets of her lovely hair bobbed down over her perfect breasts that sprang proudly from her perfect hourglass figure,

her tight belly that melded perfectly into her rounded hips before curving downward into well-toned thighs and beautifully smooth legs, my eyes instinctively drawn to what lay nestled between them.

I drank in the sight of her golden treasure, the nickname just coming to me in that moment because it just seemed to so aptly describe what I was now seeing. As I'd suspected back in the darkness of the Tunnel of Love, it was a perfect triangle covered with a neatly trimmed layer of yellow hair, glistening like a golden dew-drenched lawn in the sunlight. Beneath it I could make out her labia, puffed with arousal, swollen lips opening like a sensual flower. I know it isn't fair to compare women to goddesses, since it's an expectation they can never live up to. But to me, in that moment, that's exactly what my mother was in my star-struck eyes.

But before I could articulate this or any other sentiment mom spoke first. "My baby boy," she breathed in a voice that was anything but motherly. "Such an impressive, strong, bulging man you've become." She then came forward slowly and put her arms around my neck, pulling us together for a long, lingering kiss, her bare chest smashing into mine so that I could feel the poking hardness of her erect nipples against my chest, my heart hammering in tandem with hers as my cock poked against her hip.

She seemed in no hurry, allowing me time to enjoy the feel of her warm, incredibly smooth skin against mine, to enjoy the feeling of her lips against mine. If time had frozen for us like it had for the sun in this place, locking us together in this wonderful embrace, I would have been content.

"It's time," she whispered heatedly when we at last came up for air, arms still laced around my neck. "Time for you to return to where you belong, back inside your mother. Are you ready?" And without waiting for an answer, she gently loosed herself from me and sank to the ground, lying down on her back in front of me, her hair spilling out in all directions as she slowly spread her legs, revealing the most intimate part of her to me, from which I'd first entered the world so many years ago. "Come home, my darling," she said invitingly.

This is it; this is finally happening! I thought as I fell to my knees between her legs like a supplicant before an altar, scooting forward until the tip of my cock nudged against the swollen flaps of her lips, feeling its heated wetness against my flesh. I had the sudden sensation like I was looking down at myself from a dream, as if confronted with the embodiment of everything I could ever want or need right here in front of me, waiting for me to claim it.

And so I did.

"Oh, sweet heavens, ohhhhhhh," mom sighed out as I slowly edged forward, allowing the crown of my cock to slide into her slick heated canal for the first time, my pleasure centers already overwhelmed with the sheer wondrous feel of it, of what I was doing. Nevertheless I continued pressing forward, sliding deeper into her, feeling more and more of my aching cock embraced by her soothing and almost welcoming wetness. I went slower than I ever had before, even with a girl who'd been a virgin at the time we were together. This was my mother, the woman I cared about more than anyone or anything, and not only did I want to be careful and not hurt her, but I wanted to savor every second of this exquisite experience.

But then, when I was about three-fourths of the way in, she suddenly let out a sharp cry, her whole body shaking under me for a second as her eyes rolled back in her head. I knew what was happening, freezing in place and letting her ride it out. "Whew," she said when she recovered herself, rubbing her head a bit to clear it. "I think I just came."

"Well, that was easy," I joked. "So I guess that means we're done here?"

She smirked. "Not so fast, mister," she said as I felt her legs come up around my waist, digging her heels into my ass cheeks to hold me in place. "I came, yes, but it was only a small one. You've got a lot more work to do before I'm even gonna think of letting you go. But still, fuck, that was incredible, I think I got off just knowing I have my son filling me up," she said with a giggle. "It's fucking amazing. How do more people not do this?"

"I know what you mean," I agreed, "I still can't believe I've got my cock in my mom's pussy."

"Language, young man," she admonished in a harsh tone, a stern expression on her face. "Is that any way to talk to your mother?"

"Oops, sorry," I said, feeling a little abashed.

She threw her head back and laughed. "Oh, Tim, my dear sweet boy, I was just teasing you," she said, reaching up and mussing my hair. "After all, I think we're far past the point where we need to filter our language around each other since, you know, your wonderful shaft is in my pussy. In fact..." she trailed off, clearing her throat. "I HAVE MY SON'S COCK IN MY CUNT AND I FUCKING LOVE IT!!!" she screamed out.

"Oh, loosen up," she said when she saw my stunned expression. "After all, everyone else around here is doing the same thing, fucking the brains out of their mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, sisters, grannies, cousins, you name it. And I'm happier than I've ever been in my life, so why shouldn't I share it?" she declared boldly, not looking the least bit ashamed.

I grinned. "You know, I think you've got a point there. I'M FUCKING MY HOT MOM AND I'M GONNA MAKE LOVE TO HER HOT BODY ALL NIGHT!!!" I bellowed.

"Oh yeah, I like the sound of that," she said as she began wiggling under me, eyes looking straight into mine. "But let's be clear about something. I love you, and you love me, so that's settled. But tonight isn't about making love, we have the rest of our lives for that. You see, mommy hasn't had a good, thorough fucking in the longest time and she needs to cum hard over and over until she's screaming and can't remember her own name. Do you understand, sweetie?"

"I think so," I said, pushing the rest of my rod into her. "Tonight is about pleasure, whatever it takes."

"Oh my god," she gasped, "no one, ugh, has...gone so deep...fuuuccckkk..."

Suddenly I stopped what I was doing. "I'm not hurting you, am I?" I asked, suddenly concerned. "I forgot most girls can't take all of me inside them, so if you need to pull out a bit..."

"What the hell did I just say?!" she admonished with a devilish grin, using her heels on my backside to push me back in as I started to withdraw. "Most girls may not be able to handle it, but most girls aren't your mama. Yes, you're pushing deeper into me than any other guy ever has. But it's not a complaint, far from it! It just means you fill me up in a way I've never been before, the perfect size and girth to finally fill me up the way I've always longed for, without making me feel like an overstuffed turkey. It's like you were made for me. Now fuck me hard, fuck me deep, and by god fuck me GOOD!"

I grinned. "Made by you, for you," I growled, her salacious encouragement bringing out the animal in me as my mind emptied and all I knew was the feel of her velvety sheath around my staff, the faint slopping sounds as I probed around inside her, pushing so deep inside her I could swear I felt my tip brushing against her cervix before pulling out again, sometimes halfway and sometimes until nothing until the crown remained inside her, making mom whimper at its

absence until I once again plunged back into her as far as I could, making her squeal with delight.

I began alternating the tempo of my thrusts, sometimes fast and furious, sometimes so agonizingly slow she was raising her hips in an attempt to get me back in her depths faster, her grunts and groans mixing with mine, her head swishing back and forth as she rode out her ecstasy. "Ah, so fucking good," she moaned, her face contorted with pleasure. "So exquisite, it can't be real."

"Maybe, maybe not, but all I know fucking you is the most incredible thing I've ever experienced in my whole damn life, and I'm gonna fucking enjoy it!" I grunted as I plowed in and out of her, relishing the feel of her pussy around my cock, wondering how I'd lived so long without this indescribable sensation.

She seemed to ponder what I said for a moment before closing her eyes as she squirmed under my thrusts. "Yeah, I'll second that. Whatever this is - reality, fucked up dream, or drug-induced hallucination, I'm just going to stop questioning everything and just enjoy the ride. Speaking of which, you don't mind me taking the reins for a while, do you sweetie?" she asked.

I shook my head. Not that I was tired or anything, far from it, feeling so energized I could pick her up in my arms and fuck her all night. But tonight was about our mutual love and joy, and was now more than willing to give mom her turn at the wheel if that's what she wanted. "Not at all. Be anywhere you want, just as long as you're with me," I said as I pressed tight against her body and led us both in a rolling motion that put her astride me.

"Mmmmm, mama's new man is so generous with her," she purred as she leaned down and licked me from navel to neck, leaving a long wet trail on my torso, her hair tickling my skin. "Makes her think of all sorts of sinful things she'd like to do with him, and to him. Starting now."

And with that she really began to ravage me and my whole body in a way I'd never imagined possible. I'll be honest, most of my sexual experiences up to now were mostly short, disappointing, and not worth remembering. But this, this was my first time with a beautiful woman who genuinely cared about me and wanted to be with me, not looking for a quick thrill. And her experience in sexual matters really shone here as she enthusiastically rode me like a horny cowgirl trying to tame a wild bronco.

For now that all her doubts about what she was doing were gone, she was now a wild tigress released from her bonds. I thought she'd start out slow, to get used to me like I'd done with her, but apparently she was so worked up she just decided to dispense with such niceties and dive right into the hard fucking, her pussy now so amply lubricated that my cock was able to slip in and out with no effort at all, creating sensations in me that dwarfed what I'd felt before.

"Fuck," I moaned as I let the waves of bliss wash over me as she twisted and gyrated on top of me, raising up only to slam back down on it with a hard slapping sound of skin against skin, grinding her clit against my pelvic bone, moaning and panting. "Do you like that?" she asked breathless, by now her body covered in sweat from her fervent exertions. "Does mama's boy like her wet pussy?"

"Fuck yeah," I gasped. It wasn't as tight as some of the other college girls I'd had, but it was warm and inviting in a way none other had ever been, its satiny slickness embracing my cock like a sopping satin vice, clinging to it when she lifted up, almost as if reluctant to let it go, wringing even more groans from me. "I love your hot cunt and every other part of your gorgeous body!" I exclaimed, reaching up to knead at her bountiful mounds, bouncing with her frantic movements.

"Mmm...yes, work mommy's tits," she purred, putting her hands over mine to amplify the effect, grinning naughtily. "You know, I never told anyone this, but I always adored breastfeeding you. You were always so gentle and loving, never harsh or biting like Liz. In fact," she said, leaning closer, lowering her voice as if afraid of being overheard, "It felt so good, that I'd get myself off quite frequently when you were suckling my nips."

"What?!" I gasped, both incredibly shocked and highly aroused by this admission.

She giggled at my reaction. "It's true, which is why I nursed you much longer than I should have, and probably would have continued to do so if your father and that silly doctor hadn't made me stop. So now," she added, leaning down even further so that her jugs were now swinging in my face, her palms pressed into the ground on either side of my face for support. "Mommy wants you to do it again! Go ahead baby, nurse at my teat! I've sampled your yummy cream, so now it's only fair that you get a taste of mine. They've been tingling all evening and I just know they're full of delicious milk, just for my special man!"

I was dubious about her claims that there was any milk remaining in her admittedly rejuvenated mounds, but I wasn't

about to pass up the chance to put my mom's nipple in my mouth. I lifted my head up, swirling the hard, rosy bud with my tongue, savoring the slightly salty taste, wetting it before Hoovering it with my lips, causing her to shiver above me.

To my surprised delight, I almost immediately I felt something warm and creamy splash against my tongue, so surprised I popped her bud out of my mouth for a moment as I savored the taste of it as it slid down my throat. There was a note of spice in it, like I'd tasted on her pussy and mouth, but this time it was stronger, and mingled with a sweet pumpkiny afternote, almost like the turnover she'd eaten earlier at the diner. In fact, isn't that when I first noticed the improvement in her breasts?

"God, you're so fucking delicious!" I cried, dismissing all my irrelevant and useless ponderings as I once again took her nipple in my mouth, suctioning it as what tasted to me like ambrosia from the gods flowed down my throat, having to restrain from biting on it in my zeal. Hey, I can't explain why a woman who hadn't been pregnant in years was lactating, but I was sure as fuck going to take advantage of it!

"Mmmm, just like your tasty treat was earlier" she cooed, locking her hands behind my head and pushing me even further into her luscious tits even as I switched back and forth between her mounds, sampling each delectable one. "Oh, my

thirsty, lovely boy, that feels so wonderful, I'm gonna...gonna...OH!" she cried and juddered again as another climax washed over her even as I continued to suckle on her like a starving infant.

"Ok, sweetie, that's enough for now," she said after she'd come back to herself, raising herself back up into a sitting position, smiling down at me. "Don't want you getting sick right in the middle of mommy's fun. But tell me, which do you think tastes better, my tits or my pussy?"

"They're both amazing," I said, licking stray drops of mother's milk from around my lips. "If I had to choose, I'd say licking your milk out of your pussy."

She laughed, leaning down to give me a quick kiss. "How do you always know the exact right thing to say?" she asked, as she rubbed at my chest, deep affection sparkling in her eyes. "And that does sound like an interesting idea. For another time, that is. Right now, the only cream I want inside me is yours, as you give me the biggest orgasm of my life. I can feel it, building up inside me, and I want my darling boy to share the joy with me, and fill me up with his hot, wonderful seed. Are you close?"

Even though I was still horny as hell after her amazing blowjob and her pussy was the most amazing thing I'd ever felt around my cock, I'd still, remarkably, managed to hold myself back by sheer willpower I didn't even know I had. Deep down I knew it was because more than anything I wanted to make her happy, to see her satisfied. But all that went flying out the window the moment she said she wanted me to cum inside her, suddenly seized with a primal, instinctive yearning to fill her to the brim with my essence, to mingle it with hers and make us truly one. These thoughts overwhelmed my brain, and I felt my climax approaching with the speed and inexorable force of a rampaging stallion. "I am," I growled.

"Good. Let me help you along then," she said, seeing the same fire in her eyes as I felt coursing through my body as she redoubled her efforts, grinding her pussy relentlessly against my cock, her clit against my pelvic bone at the same time she somehow squeezed her thighs together, compressing the walls of her hot canal even tighter around my cock, spurring me even faster toward the edge. "Do it, sweetie," she urged with her eyes closed and a smile on her lips, seeming to read my mind. "Cum inside me, fill mommy up with your seed and mark me as your woman forever!"

Well, those simple words didn't just send me over the edge, they hurtled me over into a cataclysmic abyss of pure ecstasy. With a loud scream I felt my cock swell, and with a mighty

thrust I shoved myself as far up in her as I could just as my cock began to spew what felt like buckets of hot, sticky into her innermost depths with tremendous force, coating her insides with thick, lavish streamers of my cum.

And like a domino effect, my violent release inside her must have triggered mom's own climax, much stronger than her previous ones as her body went rigid as a pole, not just shuddering but jerking and flailing her arms violently as I felt the muscles of her pussy spasm and contract around my cock, squeezing out every last drop of my riotous orgasm as we both howled out our bliss to the heavens.

I have no idea how long we remained fixed and frozen in bliss like that, a monument to the perfect union of parent and child. At last with a satisfied sigh mom collapsed down against my chest with a wet slapping sound as our sweat-soaked bodies collided, both of us too drained to move or speak. We just lay there in that perfect magical moment, my arm draped around her back, my cock still spasming weakly in her pussy.

I ran my fingers through her damp, matted hair, which still looked beautiful to me. "That was fucking incredible," I whispered softly. "I don't think I've ever cum so hard."

She lifted her head and looked up at me, face flush with contentment, her smile more radiant than I'd seen since before

dad had left, long before that even. "Me either, sweetie," she said, reaching out to stroke my cheek before righting herself to once again straddle me. "And you have no idea how badly I needed that. But," she added with a playful smirk, tapping my nose with her finger. "If you keep making me cum like that, one of these days I might just pass out from the pleasure. If that happens, and I'm in a, shall we say, precarious position like I was just now, just promise you'll hold on to me so I don't hit the ground, or you, too hard."

"Easiest promise I ever made," I said, stroking her smooth calf, "I'll hold on to you forever, and give you all the pleasure you could ever want."

"You have no idea how much I'm looking forward to it, sweetie, she purred. "But what just happened, that wasn't just about pleasure, that was about welcoming you back to where you belong, of sealing the new, special connection that we now share," she said, reaching down between her legs to where we were still united to collect a scoop of my spunk mingled with her cream that was now flowing freely from her slit and onto my skin, forming a small pool.

Fuck, did all of that come out of me? I wondered as she once again cleaned off her digits with her tongue. "Mmmm...so good," she murmured. "And not just the taste," she elaborated,

rubbing her hand over her groin. "The feel of it, my dear boy's seed swimming around in my body, it's the most incredible sensation I've ever felt, more satisfying than any mere orgasm could ever be. Thank you, my love, for allowing me to experience it. Although the orgasms were pretty fucking fantastic too," she added with a coy wink.

Fuck, I don't know how, but those simple words of hers were more erotic even than her sitting astride me naked with my cum flowing out of her pussy, and all I could think about how perfect all this was. A little too perfect, I thought as suddenly a pang of worry hit me. "This is real, isn't it?" I asked apprehensively, feeling far happier than I'd ever had when I was awake, fearing that this was some sort of dream, that I'd fallen asleep under the tree and just dreamed all this. "I'm not going to wake up and find you gone, am I?"

"No, baby," she said in that reassuring way she had when I was a child to sooth me, taking my hand reassuringly, stroking the back of it. "Feel the warmth of my touch, hear it in my voice. I'm real, what we just did was real, and most importantly of all, our love, which has expanded in unexpected but wonderful new ways, is real. I'm here with you, Tim, my precious baby boy. No, that's wrong. You're my big strong man now, my lover and soul mate, the one I never want to let go of.

"Except to stretch," she said, rising up off of me, causing my diminishing cock to slip out of her with a slushing sound and a small moan from me. "Ohh, that tickles," she giggled as she straightened next to me and raised her hands to the sky, standing on her toes as she let out a contented sigh. "Nothing like a good fuck to work out the kinks, wouldn't you say?"

"You said it," I replied, chuckling as I stood and joined her in her movements, admiring the way the light reflected off her nubile body. And apparently very flexible body, as she began carrying out a series of complex maneuvers that must've been leftover from her gymnast days that I didn't dare try. "Wow, I had no idea you were so...limber," I said, admiring her moves, finding them extremely tantalizing.

She laughed. "To be honest, I didn't either sweetie, I haven't felt this vibrant and alive since before I met your father. Oh, you don't mind if I still call you that, do you? You know, sweetie?"

"Not at all," I said. "I rather like it, in fact. But how should I address you now?"

"You can still call me mom, or mommy if the occasion calls for it," she said mischievously. "And since we now know each

other just as well as two people possibly can, you can also call me Ashley, or Ashe. Whatever you're comfortable with."

"Alright, Ashe," I said, going with that for now. I'd always liked her given name, and was glad I could now use it without it being weird. "Wow, it feels like we're actually a couple now."

"That's because we are, my silly wonderful man!" she chimed, flinging herself into my arms, catching me off guard as I stumbled back against the tree, our naked bodies once again pressed together. Damn I thought, no matter how many times it happens, I don't ever think I'm gonna get used to my mom's bare skin against my own. Which was a good thing, I decided. "We're together, unbreakable and unshakable, from this moment on," she said, reaching up and kissing my forehead.

"And now that we've gotten that out of the way," she whispered suggestively, snuggling closer to me, "we can deal with more pressing matters, such as the matter of your cock pressing into my stomach."

Startled, I looked down, and sure enough my cock was again stiffened, pressing into her belly, precum trickling down into her navel. "Sorry," I said, trying to back up only to be thwarted by my mom's hand pressing against my back.

"There are many things to apologize to a woman for, my love," she said in a sultry tone, pressing even closer to me so that now my cock was sandwiched upright between our bellies. "But a hard cock is not one of them, especially when the hotness of said woman is the cause of the cock's happy condition."

"You got that right," I agreed, although I was a little bothered at getting another hardon so soon after I'd already had three explosive climaxes in the past few hours. Welcome to the Harvest Festival, where families fuck like it's the most normal thing in the world, tents become mansions, and apples grant unlimited libido. But as mom said, fuck it, and just enjoy it. "So, do you have any suggestions on how to handle this 'condition', which I fear is going to be a constant and ongoing problem going forward? Especially now since I'm going to have to gratefully contend with a smoldering hot female in close proximity to my person at all times?"

She smirked playfully. "Only one cure, I'm afraid, and that's for you to find someone willing to fuck you senseless until they've drained every last drop of spunk from your cock and it couldn't rise back up even if your life depended on it."

I rubbed my chin, pretending to consider the issue. "It'll be a tough job for whoever decides to take it."

She nodded solemnly. "I understand what's involved, and I'm willing to take on the task, no matter how long or hard the job may be."

I grinned. "I know it's a great sacrifice, but I promise I'll make it worth your while. Over and over again."

She winked. "Oh, I have no doubt of that. So, when, or should I say where would you like me to start?" she cooed, rubbing her thigh against mine. "I have expertise in many positions."

In response I clamped my hands down under her firm ass cheeks, causing her to yelp in surprise as I lifted her off the ground. Now mom is small and slender but not exactly petite, but like back at the Tunnel of Love I was feeling strong and vigorous beyond my normal limits. So, once again I found I was able to lift my mother easily, as if she weighed no more than one of her cats, deciding to make use of the magic of this place to fulfill a fantasy that'd been stuck in my head all evening.

"Ohh, baby!" she squealed happily as she figured out was I was up to, joining her hands together tightly around my neck and

locking her legs around my waist. "You wanna take your mommy like a porn star, huh?"

"You are a porn star!" I affirmed, "the best, most beautiful sexual celebrity in the world, and you're all mine!"

She giggled in delight, wiggling her ass under my hands. "I saw this position a lot in those videos your father loved to watch and really wanted to try it, but he said I was too heavy."

"You'll find I'm capable of a lot of things he wasn't" I said as I leaned back against the tree, lifting and adjusted her midsection so that her gaping cleft was positioned directly over my pulsing cock, so close I could feel the heat emanating from her sex. "Like loving you for the rest of my life," I growled with intense fervor as I slowly lowered her dripping slit down towards my eager member.

"Oh my....ohhhhhhhhhhh!" she gasped as the tip of my rod edged back between her folds as I slowly impaled her on my staff, making sure my hold on her was secure.

"I've got you, mom, and I'll never let go," I promised as I started thrusting upward.

Time lost what little meaning it still had as we became fully lost in each other and our happiness, both of us losing track of how many times and how many ways we expressed our newfound love to each other, but I somehow knew it was far beyond even what a young, healthy male was normally capable of. It was the magic and energy of this place, fueling our passion and allowing us to extend the celebration of the joy we'd finally found together, and for that I was grateful.

But even with the assistance of this magical place the human body does have its limits, and eventually we both collapsed back on the moss at the base of the Great Tree and fell asleep in each other's arms.

*

"Good morning! Or should I say afternoon?" a bubbly voice chirped loudly, startling me out of sleep. "Huh? Wha..?" I mumbled as I sat up, blinking my eyes, my vision slowly coming into focus, settling on a familiar young woman with a bushy red ponytail right in front of me, beaming like the Cheshire Cat after ten energy drinks. "Sionna?" I asked, rubbing at my head, still fuzzy from sleep. "What are you doing in my house? My room?"

She giggled. "We're not in your house, silly boy. But I see that didn't stop you from having a whole lot of fun with your mom," she said, glancing beside me.

I followed her gaze to see the naked form of my mom next to me curled up in a ball, still asleep, her face like that of a sleeping angel. And then in a flash, it all came back to me - where we were, what we'd done, what we WEREN'T wearing.

"Shit!" I swore as I jumped up, trying to simultaneously snatch up my scattered clothes while attempting and mostly failing to cover myself. "Mom, mom, wake up!"

Her eyes shot open in response to my urgent shouting, flicking first to me, then Sionna, her brain working faster than mine to piece it all together. "Oh my god!" she wailed, springing to her feet as she tried to wiggle back into her jeans, which she'd been using as a makeshift pillow.

"There's no need for embarrassment," Sionna said assuringly, even as her eyes sparkled with amusement. "In fact, it's downright wonderful what you two have done here. Allow me to be the first to offer my congratulations."

"Um, thanks," I muttered, although her words didn't slow down our efforts to redress ourselves, noting as I did so that the lighting around us somehow seemed to be different. I looked up in the sky, seeing a deep blue sky instead of the hazy orange I'd gotten accustomed to. And the sun, which had been fixed near the western horizon, now hung right above us. "Wow, I guess we missed breakfast, huh?" I asked as I pulled my t-shirt back on.

Sionna smirked playfully. "Indeed you did. Three of them, in fact."

"What?!" Both my mom and I exclaimed at about the same time. Mom, who'd been in the process of putting her camisole back on, dropped her hands to her sides, the garment left draped over her still-exposed breasts, still stained here and there with dried splotches of her milk and my cum. "Three days? Are you telling me we've been here three days?"

Sionna nodded. "Yep, it would seem so, and I don't have to tell you how worried my brother and I were when you weren't among the guests departing the morning after the Grand Finale. We and all the staff have been searching high and low for you, to no avail."

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "We were right here, right out in the open. Surely someone must have passed by here, at least Nelly or one of her nephews. How could they have missed us?"

Sionna shrugged. "It seems like the Great Tree didn't want you to be disturbed," she said, looking at the grand arboreal specimen next to us. "In fact, I just happened find you guys because I was walking by and noticed the sacred ring was down, and saw you two sprawled out there."

"Sacred ring?" mom asked, suddenly remembering her half-worn camisole, pulling it downward.

Sionna pointed to where the mossy area around the Great Tree met the encircling stone path. "It's like a barrier, an invisible fence if you will around the perimeter of the walkway, that keeps anyone from approaching the Great Tree. Normally it just allows Renny, Nelly, and myself to enter on certain special occasions, but it appears to have made an exception for you two. Very curious."

"We're sorry," mom said, suddenly looking scared. "We didn't mean to do anything wrong, it's just that there was nowhere

else to go, and I thought it'd be okay for us to rest here. It was my idea, my son had nothing to do with it."

Sionna cocked an eyebrow at her. "Is that so? But I'd have to say that from the state of you two when I arrived, you were doing a lot more than resting."

"Regardless," I chimed in, refusing to let mom take the blame for what I'd done. "I was the first one to trespass here, so if anyone's to be punished, it's me."

"So, I guess Renny and I were right about you guys," Sionna muttered quietly as if to herself, her expression thoughtful as she looked back and forth between us. "And just freaking relax, alright? It's great how you two are willing to cover each other's asses, but there's no need. It's obvious the tree approved of what you did here," she said, flicking a finger up at the boughs.

Both mom and I looked up at the tree, and gasped. Last night, or three nights ago or whatever, the tree had been bereft of fruit, I was sure of it. But now, it was full of big, ripe apples. And unlike the apples in the orchard around us that were tinged with red, these were pure gold, glistening in the light of the sun. "Fuck," was all I could think to say. "What does this mean?"

"My brother and I have been wondering that for days. But now, finding you here, things make a lot more sense."

"Well, I wish you'd explain it to us," I muttered, still gaping at the tree.

She chuckled. "I think I'd better let Renny do that. But first, let's get you guys cleaned up and something to eat. You two look like you worked up quite an appetite over the last few days."

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And so Sienna led us back through the park, the day pleasantly warm for early November. I couldn't help but remark how different it looked now in broad daylight than it had that mystical evening, which seemed so far away now, like some sort of fantasy world that had vanished with the morning sun. But it had been real, the proof was walking beside me, holding my hand as we followed Sienna. Mom and I hadn't said much to each other after leaving the orchard, but that was just fine. We both knew how we felt, what each of us now meant to the other. There was no need to say anything right now, only bask in the glow of our mutual affection.

Along the way we came across several familiar faces, including the cousins Aki, Takara, and Keiko from the Tunnel of Love, happy and relieved that we'd been found safe and sound, agreeing to spread the news to the rest of the staff.

At last we arrived back at the tent that doubled as Renny's manor house. I'd told mom about the specialness of his accommodations to prepare her, but that didn't stop her eyes from bulging when we stepped through the flaps back into the grand foyer, now lit by sunlight from windows set high along the walls. Sionna led us upstairs to where adjoining rooms had been prepared for us, surprised to find mine fully stocked with all my favorite toiletries and a wardrobe full of nice clothes in my size. Sionna then excused herself, saying she had to speak to her brother before our meeting, and that she'd be back for us in a few hours.

I sighed in relief as I felt the hot water from the showerhead hit my face, washing away the sweat and grime. I closed my eyes and relished the sensation, just thinking of wild and wonderful the last few days had been, how even now I missed being apart from mom when I heard the shower door open. I turned and opened my eyes to see my mother standing there, wearing only an impish smile. "Mind if I join you, sweetie?"

I grinned. "In what world would I say no to that?"

"I'm sorry, I just couldn't help myself," she said as I took her hand and pulled her close to me. "I was getting ready to take a shower in my own room, but then I thought you in here, lathering up this hot body of yours," she said, running her hands along my biceps. "And I know it sounds crazy, and I've never felt this way before, but here it is - but I can't stand to be parted from you, not even for an instant."

"There are many things to apologize to a man for," I said as I stroked her cheek, repeating her line from earlier. "But offering to take a shower with him is not one of them. And you're not crazy, I feel the same way. Now, less talking and more fucking," I finished as I shoved her against the wall and slid into her, her cunt already well prepared for my arrival as she yelped in delight.

After we finally got out of the shower we toweled each other off, an act that, with her, seemed just as sensual as sex itself, before slipping on robes and heading out to find a table full of our favorite foods waiting for us - grilled chicken and side salad for mom, a ribeye and baked potato for me. Mom sat on my lap and we took turns feeding bites into each other's mouths, laughing and playing around like newlyweds.

And wouldn't you know it, we hadn't even finished our meal before we were all over each other again, seeming incapable of keeping our hands off each other, having an insatiable craving for each other's touch. I even dismissed the beverages that'd been included in favor of drinking deeply again from her tits again, pleased to find they still retained that distinctive pumpkin spice flavoring.

We'd somehow managed to pull ourselves away from each other long enough to put some clothes on, even though we were both giving each other that look when Sionna returned. "Oh darn," she said as she shut the door behind her, "and here I was expecting to find you in the state I found you in earlier, maybe even doing something more exciting than sleeping."

"You very nearly did," mom said, still looking at me hungrily as she massaged my shoulder. "Leave and come back in a few minutes, and I promise you a sight that'll fire your blood for years to come."

I swallowed, both shocked and turned on by mom's brazen declaration. She was getting more bold, I noticed, no longer showing the slightest trace of shame or embarrassment about our relationship, even seeming proud of it.

"Ohhhh...sounds like fun," Sionna said. "But maybe later. Right now, Renny is waiting for us, if you'll just follow me."

Sionna guided us back downstairs and into the study I'd visited the night before, or several nights before, I reminded myself. This time Renny was standing behind that strange tall desk of his, writing furiously with a quill pen of all things, bright sunlight spilling in from the open curtains behind him. "Ah, there they are, the happy couple," he said, putting down his pen and coming around to greet us, a broad smile on his face.

"Good to see you again, my boy," he said, shaking my hand. "Well done, well done indeed!"

Before I could inquire as to what exactly I'd done so well, he'd turned his attention to mom, and his smile broadened. "And this must be the Lady Ashley," he said, taking her hand and kissing it, making her blush. "I feel compelled to say that among the many wonders I've seen in my time, you rank among the best of them. Behind my lovely Sionna, of course."

"Of course," mom said, giggling. So, among his other talents, Renny appears to be quite the ladies' man, I considered with amusement, no longer feeling any jealousy. For mom was mine now, just as I was hers.

Sionna cleared her throat. "I believe that there were some matters we needed to discuss with our guests, brother dear," she said in a tone that suggested she wasn't feeling quite so magnanimous about her brother's gesture of admiration for his lovely guest.

"Oh, yes, of course," he said, gesturing to a loveseat and a few overstuffed chairs in front of the now extinguished fireplace. "I do my best work standing up, hence my desk, but I think for what I'm about to disclose to you two, it would be better if you were sitting down."

Mom and I exchanged a nervous glance as we followed the siblings, who insisted that we take the loveseat as Renny took the chair on our right, Sionna positioning herself onto the armrest beside him. "Now then," he said as we all settled down. "First of all just let me say how pleased I am not only to see you two safe, but to see you two together. After Tim stormed out the other night, I feared the worst. But now...Why, in all my years, I don't think I've seen a happier, more well-matched couple. How 'bout you, sis?"

"Can't say I have."

"Thanks," mom said, putting her arm around me. "I almost ruined it all with my pigheadedness, but thankfully we found our way to each other, in no small part due to you. But I'm confused," she said, scrutinizing Renny. You say 'in all my years' like an old man, but you don't much older than my son here."

"Ah, now we get to it," Renny said wistfully, leaning back. "I assume you've noticed that the ravages of time, no doubt still subtle on you, have nevertheless faded away here within my festival? That you feel your youthful vitality again flowing through you, maybe even more so than when you actually were young?"

"Why yes," she replied, unconsciously feeling her face. "So wait, does that mean..."

He dipped his head. "While I may not look much older than Tim here, the truth is that I, and my dear Sionna," he said, taking his sister's hand as they shared a fond look, "are over a hundred years old. Closer to a hundred and fifty, to be exact."

Well, now I knew why Renny wanted us to sit down for this. Even after everything I'd seen and heard, this place still had the

capacity to surprise me. "Huh," I said at last. "So does that mean that all the staff here are, you know, older than they appear?"

Renny shrugged. "Some have been here longer than others, yes. Emma and her grandfather Ned joined us sometime right after the stock market crash in '29 when they lost their farm, while Moonflower and her kids signed on '69 after having already discovering the joys of family love at Woodstock, if I remember correctly. But others have only come on recently, like the cousins Aki, Takara, and Keiko who came on board a few years ago during a festival near Osaka."

"Wait a minute, you mean Osaka in Japan, right?" I asked, incredulous. "So I take it this isn't your only venue?"

"That's right, this is what you may call a travelling festival, visiting many different locales around the country and the world under various guises, but always with the same underlying goal - to help families realize the true nature of their love for each other, spreading joy and happiness while allowing my partners to carry out their vital work."

"Partners?" Mom asked, and Renny told her what he'd explained to me earlier, about the beings that collected 'love energy.' "In fact," he added at the end, "they wished me to pass

along how pleased they are with you two, who have generated enough such energy over the past few days to, using an analogy from the human world, power a major city for several days."

I expected mom to at least blush to hear our intense lovemaking being discussed in such brazen and casual terms, but she just smiled proudly, tightening her hold on me. "What can I say? My strong, virile hunk of a son really brings out the animal in me." It was still a little odd hearing her talk about me like that, but I sure as hell wasn't complaining.

"That goes double for me," I said, pawing at her breasts through the wine-colored, low-cut top she had on. She wasn't wearing a bra, and I rubbed at her hard nipple through the fabric, eliciting a soft moan from her and causing a bit of fluid to trickle out. "I've always known sex was fun, but I never knew it could be this fucking fantastic."

"Outstanding!" Renny said, grinning. "I've always maintained that love between a parent and child, or that between siblings, is the best kind of love. It's something about the close bond of a core nuclear family just seems to make the union all the more intense and satisfying. And the connection between a mother and child, well, I don't have to tell you how special that is, do

I? To return to the woman who nurtured you inside her and gave you life, why, that's a very special experience.

"But I digress," he said, suddenly sitting up in his chair, rubbing his hands together, fixing us both with his exuberant gaze. "Let me get to the point of why I invited you here today - how'd you like to join my festival?"

"What, you mean like running a stall or ride or something?" I asked, not entirely caught off guard by the question, given the way the conversation had been going. And I had to admit, the offer was rather appealing, and would allow mom and I to be together and open about our relationship without the pitfalls we'd face out there in our old lives.

Renny chuckled. "Oh no, my dear boy, nothing like that. I'd like you to become my protégé, to take over for me when I retire."

Okay, now that did take me off guard. "I'm sorry, but did you just ask me to take over your position?"

He nodded. "Not right away, of course. I'd need a few years at least to teach you all the ins and outs of the trade, but yes. You see, while Sionna and I absolutely love what we do, we feel like

it's time to just get away together and explore other interests, maybe even have a few more children."

"Wait, you've had children?" mom asked, eyeing Sionna's slim waist and hips and super perky breasts disbelievingly.

"Yep, fifteen in fact over the years," the lithe woman announced, wagging her eyes. "You may even have met a few of them in the festival. Welcome to the magical world, and all its benefits."

As mom was processing this, my mind was buzzing with questions, one more loudly than the others. "Why me? I'm sure there are others on your staff more qualified."

Renny smiled, as if he'd anticipated this question. "Very true, but there are more important qualifications for the job than mere experience."

"Such as?"

"Such as attitude, for one. As I've said I've had my eye on you, seen how your actively curious and imaginative mind have made you more resistant to the charms around this place,

allowing you to figure out things few others have. And then there's the fact that you and your mom were still able to come together so beautifully, even after being aware of what's happening around here. That by itself shows that your love is of the truest, purest kind.

"And this brings me to the second important qualification - approval. Sionna, who is sensitive to such things, obviously picked up on and appreciated the profundity of your mutual affection enough to encourage me to go out and spur you on at the museum. And then for her to actually go out herself and invite you here, something she seldom does anymore, is remarkable. Even if that were all, that would be a strong mark in your favor.

"But there is more," he continued, "Much, much more. As I said my partners have actually singled you out for praise, which I must tell you is an exceptionally rare occurrence. But perhaps most importantly of all, you have receive the blessing of the Great Tree."

"Wait a minute," I said, recalling Sionna's words from earlier. "Are you saying that tree is alive?"

Renny shrugged. "In a way yes. It's complicated, but think about it as being an amalgamation of the collective consciousness of my partners that operates as a single, separate entity. You see, I've made my wishes about retiring known to my partners, who understand but have insisted that I couldn't do so until the Great Tree gave its blessing to a successor by giving a clear and unmistakable sign of a pure and true love."

"The golden apples," I muttered.

Renny nodded, looking solemn for the first time I'd seen him. "This is the first time that it's produced fruit in a very long time, not since it permitted another couple to consummate their perfect love under its boughs."

"You and Sionna," I said, somehow instinctively just knowing I was right.

He smiled. "And there's that keen intuition at work again. Yes, you're absolutely correct. There's an interesting story there that I think you both will like to hear, but not today. Suffice it to say that's why of all the places I visit, all the things I've seen, this place and this particular festival holds special significance for me since this is where it all started, on a simple farm not far from here."

"Wait a minute," I said, my mind flashing back to the abandoned farm we'd stopped at nearby, the faded name on the old mailbox. "Renny, or should I say Renard, that's your real name, isn't it?"

"My family name, yes," he admitted with another approving nod. "I haven't used my given name in so long I've about forgotten it. But yes, that was our homestead in what now seems like another life. We even had a few distant relations living there until a few decades ago. Maybe Sionna and I will make a fresh start there, try our hand at raising an orchard. What do you think of that, my dear?"

"Anything you want, darling, as long as we do it together," Sionna said, holding his hand tightly. "And that way we can still drop by the festival from time to time, to see how Tim and Ashley are holding up."

"You're assuming I'm gonna say yes, which I haven't," I noted. "Unless I don't have a choice, that is."

"Of course you have a choice," Renny said, almost looking offended this time. "As I've made clear, this place is all about free will. I just thought you'd jump at the chance, given how it

would allow you to utilize your obvious natural talents, and allow your love with your mom to blossom freely. However, if you don't want the job, then I guess I'll just wait for the Great Tree to select another couple in another century or so," he said with a sigh.

"I didn't say outright I didn't want it," I corrected, "I just haven't made up my mind yet. It's a big decision, that involves more than just me," I said, looking at mom as I squeezed her hand.

"Tim's right," she said, sending me a grateful smile. "I mean, this would be a complete one-eighty from our lives as we've known them until now. It's a little scary."

"But also very exciting, wouldn't you agree?" Sionna interjected, wagging her eyebrows. "And be honest, Ashley, weren't you hoping that something like this would happen when you started out on this little trip of yours? After all, it was your yearning for your son that, while not a cause, certainly was a catalyst for your divorce, wasn't it?"

"What does she mean by that? Mom?" I asked, as she'd suddenly separated herself from me, her face reddening as she looked away.

"Although I do not agree with how my sister approached this," he said, giving Sionna a look. "Perhaps it would be good to get all this out in the open now, Lady Ashley, so you can start your new life with no secrets."

Mom let out a long sigh, flinging her lovely hair back over her shoulder before turning back to me, looking resigned. "He's right, sweetie," she said, rubbing my knee, smiling weakly. "I want us to work, so there can't be anything between us. But I just want to emphasize before I begin, nothing of what transpired was your fault, okay?"

I said nothing, only nodding understandingly, even though I was confused by her words. I mean, how could I blame myself for things I didn't even know about yet?

"Sionna's right," she began, "I've had, shall we say, unmotherly feelings for you even before we even started this trip, long before in fact. It's no secret your father and I haven't really been that close the last few years, what with him being so busy with work after his so-called big promotion he barely had time to eat and sleep, let alone spend time with his wife. And even when he managed to squeeze me in, it felt like he was just crossing another rote chore off his list. I tried to talk to him about it I don't know how many times. But every time he'd just

get angry and we'd end up fighting, which always concluded with him storming off.

"So I guess, in my loneliness, I began clinging to the only other man in my life with whom I was close, the only other one I knew really cared about me - you, sweetie," she said, patting my hand. "In the beginning I think it was more lust than love, due to the few and unsatisfying sessions I was having with your father, whom you resemble so damn much. I began to think about you naked, how you compared down there with him," she said, eyes flicking to my crotch for a second.

"At first I was horrified, thinking I must be a terrible mother for having such thoughts about my own son and did all I could to repress them - busying myself with work, spending more time with friends, or working off my frustrations at the gym. But as the months went by and my sessions with your dad became even fewer, I began to just not give a damn and just gave in. I snatched a pair of your unwashed boxers, and began rubbing them in my face as I pleased myself," she said, burying her face in her hands. "I was so ashamed of myself, but I just couldn't stop.

"But believe it or not, that wasn't the worst part," she said, looking back at me. "Looking back it was really stupid, but at the time it just seemed fun and harmless. Anyway, to spark up

the rare moments your father and I shared, I took my fantasizing to the next level I began turning the lights down low, closing my eyes, and pretending it was you with me instead. I can't tell you how much better the sex, no matter how brief, got for me after that," she confessed with a wan smile.

"Now, your father's no idiot, he could tell from my behavior that something was up. He knew my mind was on someone else, maybe even suspected that I was cheating on him. But he never said anything, partly because the sex was better for him too, and more frequent. More than that though, I think he was afraid to ask, to know the truth. I think he really got scared that he might lose me, and began making a serious effort to reconnect. It actually made me think there might be hope for us, after all. That is, until it happened."

She paused a moment, collecting herself. I remained quiet, having a feeling I knew where this was going but not wanting to interrupt. "One night, during a particularly intense bout together, I lost control of myself and my brain, and I inadvertently screamed out your name. Needless to say, that put an immediate end to the festivities.

"He backed away and just stared at me for the longest time. At first I was so shocked at what I'd done I couldn't speak either, finally collecting myself enough to try to blather out some sort

of excuse. But he would have none of it as he began screaming at me, calling me every foul thing he could think of. I just sat there and took his insults, knowing I deserved it.

"That is," she said, squeezing my thigh, "until he started railing against you, my precious child, accusing you of seducing me, and ruining the day he'd ever had such a sick pervert for a son. That's when something inside me snapped, and I just lost it. I lied and declared proudly I was the one who'd seduced you, that we'd already fucked and it was far better than anything I'd ever experienced with him. I really laid into him, driving home the fact that he was such a sorry excuse for a husband and a man that I had no choice but to turn to you for satisfaction. He got so furious he couldn't speak, and I knew from his expression and the way he was shaking he wanted to hit me for the first time in our marriage."

Son of a bitch, I thought, getting angry at the thought of anyone hitting her.

"But he didn't," she continued quickly, seeing the look on my face. "He just grabbed his clothes and stormed out of the house. The next day when I came home from work all his things were gone, and it wasn't long after that I received word he'd filed for divorce. I desperately tried to contact and tell him that I'd been lying about me and you, that I'd just been angry and trying to

push his buttons, but he wouldn't believe me. Fortunately, he did at least agree that it would be best if we didn't mention what had transpired that night during the legal proceedings, both for our sakes and yours, and simply cite irreconcilable differences as the reason for our breakup."

"I see," I muttered, so much making sense now. Why dad had left so suddenly, why he immediately asked for divorce instead of separation first, why he to this day acted cold toward me, even though I couldn't figure out why. And my sister..."So wait, does Liz know about this?"

Mom nodded. "She does, your dad let it slip to her a few months ago when he was on one of his drinking binges. Which turned out to be a mistake, because keeping secrets has never been her strong point. Especially those that concern her beloved father. So, it wasn't long before rumors started circulating about what'd really happened, and I've lost track of how many friends, clients, and potential boyfriends I've lost as a result."

"I'm sorry," I said, seeing the hurt in her eyes, having no idea until now what she'd had to endure - the whispers, the harsh looks, all the men that had scorned her, all over something that hadn't even happened at the time. No wonder she'd been so eager to move, to make a fresh start.

"It's nothing," she said with a dismissive wave of her hand, even though it was obvious how much it still gnawed at her. "But you'd think that after all that I'd have learned my lesson and banished all the thoughts I'd had about you, but if anything they just got stronger. So yes, there was more behind this road trip than me just getting away - I wanted to test the waters, to see if you felt anything for me.

"And the joint business venture, well, I thought that'd be a good cover for us if things worked out the way I wanted them to. But then when things really did start happening, I just got so confused and scared that I'd somehow lose you like I lost James and well, the rest you know. I'm so sorry, sweetie, I've been absolutely horrible and I wouldn't blame you if you never wanted to see me again."

"I only have one question," I said flatly, giving her my most serious look.

She swallowed. "Yes?"

"Is it true?"

"Is what true? The story? Yes, that's exactly what happened, I swear."

Finally I couldn't hold the stern expression anymore and I broke out in a grin. "No, not that. You know, when you told dad I was a much better lover than he was. Now that we've actually slept together, is it true that I'm better in bed? Figuratively speaking, of course, since we haven't actually managed to make it to a bed yet."

She blinked rapidly. "Wait, so does that mean that you're not mad at me? How can you not be? I mean, I basically ruined your relationship with your father and sister, lied to you about the real reason behind this trip in order to seduce you, my own child, and then put you on that emotional roller coaster with Jack...hell, if I were you, I'd never forgive me," she said, her eyes warbling with the tears amassing behind them.

Now I understood why she had warned me not to blame myself for what had happened. For I had, however unwittingly, been the impetus behind their breakup. But from the way she told it their problems had been building for a long time before that. She had alleviated the guilt she'd known I'd feel whether it was warranted or not, and now I'd do the same for her. "Well, then it's a good thing you're not me," I replied, stroking her hair gently.

"As for dad and Liz, let's just be honest, we never really had what you'd call a close relationship, and certainly not enough to be mad over losing. Especially with how petty they're being now, man it makes me sick to think about what they've put you through. Even so I can't say I won't miss them a bit, especially Liz, but all in all I'd say I traded up.

"As for the rest, let's just chalk it up to the behavior of a scared and lonely woman who didn't want to lose all she had left and leave it in the past. As long as you love me now, that's all that matters. Besides," I said, stroking her chin, "I think it's kinda hot the way you stood up for me against dad like that, even if it was a misunderstanding."

"Oh, sweetie!" she cried, grabbing my head between her hands and pulling me in for a kiss. "I do love you, so much my heart's about to burst with it. And the answer to your question is yes, a million times yes! You're such a better lover than your dad or anyone else I've ever been with, why, it's like comparing the sun to a street lamp on the fritz. I didn't know such pleasure existed, until I surrendered myself to you."

"Glad to hear it," I said with more than a little smug satisfaction, "because I have a confession of my own to make." I then told her of my adolescent fantasies about her, and how I'd snatched a pair of her panties for less than ethical purposes.

"You naughty boy!" she said, slapping my arm playfully when I'd finished. "But thanks, you have no idea how much better I feel now about what I did. And," she added hotly, rubbing at my chest, "I know it's sick, but I think in knowing that, I want you even more."

"Then let's be sick perverts together, I said, kissing her now even more erect bud through the fabric of her top, this time getting a slight shudder out of her.

"Bravo!" Renny cheered, both him and Sionna applauding as if they'd been watching a play. I'd gotten so caught up with mom I'd almost forgotten they were there until now.

"And take all the time you need to consider my proposal," he continued. "But I do hope you'll accept, if for no other reason than because all my staff adore you. Why, you should've seen how desperately they were searching for you both. You've made quite the impression on them, and in such a short time. Anyway, once you make up your mind, just contact that diner you stopped at and ask for Sionna. And just so you know, whatever you decide, I'll still do whatever I can to help you both--"

"That won't be necessary," I interjected, mom and I sharing a look, knowing that both of us were thinking the same thing. "I think we've decided to accept your offer."

This time it was Renny and Sionna's turn to look amazed, sharing a brief look between them. "Is that so? Fantastic!" He exclaimed, slapping the arm of the chair, getting up and shaking my hand as Sionna exchanged a hug with mom. "If you don't mind me asking, what decided it for you?"

I shrugged. "I think we were both leaning in that direction anyway, and after what mom said it makes even more sense. I mean, what do we have waiting for us back home, besides a hostile community and a cold family? Better to be somewhere where what we share is not just accepted, but respected, and we can let our love shine and grow without anyone deriding or destroying it."

He looked to mom, who only smiled and nodded. "I couldn't have said it better myself."

Renny patted me on the shoulder, unable to hide his glee. "I knew I was right about you."

"You mean I was right," Sionna interjected, swatting him playfully on the arm. "Don't you, little brother? I'm the one who first picked up on them, after all."

"Little brother?" I asked, cocking my eye.

"A fact she never tires of reminding me of," Renny said, chuckling as he mussed his sister's hair. "But where would I be without you? And now," he added, turning back to mom and I. "I know you're probably want some time to put your affairs in order in your old life, and I've got a few big and far-flung festivals coming up that I must attend to personally. So why don't I send Sionna for you, say, the day after New Year's? Will that be sufficient time to settle things?"

"More than sufficient," mom said. "And as far as I'm concerned, it can't come soon enough. I can't wait to start my new life with my darling son," she said, resting her head on my shoulder.

Seeing this, Sionna grinned mischievously and whispered something to her brother, who chuckled and nodded at her before they both turned back to us. "Actually there is another proposition I wanted to float by you, but I'd decided to hold off until you returned. However, as my dear sister correctly points

out, perhaps now is the right time after all. Tell me, how would you two feel about tying the knot?"

"You mean, get married?" I asked, my mouth going dry.

Mom was equally as stupefied. "But, how is that even possible? Isn't it illegal?" she asked, and I couldn't help notice she wasn't protesting the notion of it, just the feasibility.

"Perhaps in a strictly technical sense," he said, "but there are ways around such bothersome inconveniences. Why, most of our staff and many of our guests have made their unions official in this manner, and even those that choose to return to the world out there are able to live happy, contented lives of marital bliss, free from judgment or interference."

"But how?" I asked, my mind boggling at how such a thing was possible, even with magic.

He winked. "That, my boy, is one of the many things you'll learn at my side. But for now, suffice it to say that I am fully licensed and authorized to conduct marriages that are legally binding in all realms, including the one most of our kind refer to as the 'real world'. So if you and your mother wish it, and

from the looks of things I'd say you do, I would be willing and extraordinarily happy to bind you both in sacred matrimony, this very day if that's your desire."

Mom and I looked at each other. Before this moment the idea of marriage had never even crossed my mind, but now I realized there was nothing I wanted more than to be bound to the woman I loved forever. "We can wait," I said, my voice hoarse from the thrill of what we'd been offered, but not wanted to make her feel rushed into anything. "Take some time to think it over."

"We can, if you want," she said softly, her voice brimming with emotion. "But my mind's made up. Nothing would make me happier than to become your wife."

"And I'd be honored if you'd take me as your husband," I whispered as I again pressed my mouth to hers, her lips tasting sweeter every time we did so.

"Yay!" Sionna said, clapping her hands and bouncing up and down in place. "I'm so thrilled for you guys! Now your baby girl will be born into a proper family."

"Our...what?!" mom stammered, breaking apart from our embrace to stare wide-eyed at Sienna. "Are you saying that I'm...I'm..."

Renny grinned. "I'd trust her if I were you, Sienna's always right about these things. It's part of her unique skill set, you might say. But don't worry, pregnancy and delivery are a lot easier around here. They'd better be, considering how many we have to deal with! Which of course means that your dear child will have plenty of friends."

Mom shook her head. "No, it's not that, it's..." she trailed off, as her hand sought out mine and clasped it. "I...I don't know what to say," she said, sounding overwhelmed as she turned to me. "How do you feel about this?"

"I feel like I'm the luckiest man on earth, or any other world," I said confidently, overwhelming joy replacing every other emotion as I reached my free hand over to gently rub her belly, where our child was now growing. "I'm sure our daughter will be just as beautiful and vibrant as her mother, and I'll be with you every step of the way."

"Oh, sweetie, I love you so damn much!" she exclaimed, as we once again fell into one another's arms.

*

We were married that very evening at sunset, in an open space dotted with fiery red sugar maples to the east of the festival grounds where I could've sworn there'd been a corn maze earlier. Although we'd said we would be fine with a simple ceremony, Renny and Sionna insisted on a grand gala. And so, they used their considerable talents to throw together a rather sumptuous celebration that no doubt would have taken months to prepare normally. Ample seating had been set up on either side of a central aisle that was covered over with a latticed wooden trellis, draped with clematis vines covered in profuse purple blooms. Fairly lights, draped over the trellis, strung in a canopy among the surrounding trees, and simply hovering in the air bathed the area in a soft white light.

And the guests - it seemed like the entire festival staff had come out to celebrate our nuptials. Most of them we'd already met, but there were many we hadn't, including the gaggle of children and infants accompanying their parents that I hadn't even known were parents until now. Apparently, they'd been under the care of babysitters in another tent-house while the festival was in progress. Renny hadn't been kidding when he'd said our child would have plenty of companions here as I watched them frolic and play among the fallen leaves as the

older kids watched over them, all of them seeming healthy and full of life.

And somehow word had gotten out about my own impending fatherhood, Sienna most likely. So everyone came up to me offering their profuse congratulations, including Nelly and her nephews. Will and Zack, after apologizing for our little tussle earlier, even hoisted me on their shoulders and paraded me around for a while, praising my virility in breeding my mom so quickly with boisterous and lewd songs to the delight of all, including myself.

But then it was time for the ceremony itself to begin. A hush fell over the crowd as everyone took up their seats as a band, made up of parents and their children, struck up the traditional wedding march. I stood at the far end of the central aisle under a large bronze arch covered with fall flowers and colorful strands of ribbon in a myriad of fall colors. I stood with Renny, clad in rather regal robes that were, of course, his preferred orange, while I was attired in a more subdued yet still snappy casual suit with a tan jacket and red silk shirt underneath.

I watched as a cute little girl with flaxen hair, whom I'd earlier learned was Moonflower's daughter walked down the aisle, flinging rose petals along the golden carpet with a smile that made my heart melt, seeing in her an image of my future child.

Then I noticed a flicker of movement behind her. I looked up, and my breath hitched in my throat.

There, at the other end of the aisle, was mom, being escorted down the aisle by Ned from the Ferris Wheel. After we'd agreed to be married, Sionna had whisked her out of the room to prepare for the ceremony, and I could see now that the results had been worth the ache I'd felt at her absence over the last few hours. She was attired in a creamy yellow silk brocade wedding dress with a flowing train, her hair styled and accented with small golden leaves, only a small dash of makeup to enhance her already naturally beautiful features. She was clutching a bouquet of various fall blooms including marigolds, her favorite flower.

Our eyes met, and the smile she gave me was the most splendidly wondrous sight I'd ever beheld, sending my heart soaring even while it threatened to hammer out of my chest as she approached and we clasped hands, my brain and body reeling from the electrifying contact and the knowledge of what we were about to do.

Sionna and Will, acting as maid of honor and best man respectively, took up places near us as Renny began saying something about the magic of love or something, most of which I don't remember because I was too enamored with my

new bride, unable to believe this was really happening. Then it came time for us to exchange the vows we'd both prepared, then the rings, then our first kiss as a married couple as Renny pronounced us man and wife and everyone cheered, the fireworks in my head almost matched in splendor by the ones in the sky above.

Then came the wedding feast complete with piles of food, flowing champagne, and topped off with the biggest wedding cake I'd ever seen. Renny and Sionna both stood and delivered some very touching toasts to welcome us into married life, and to our new family. For that is what everyone here was now, our wonderful new family with whom we'd build something incredible.

We then had our first dance as the band played mom's favorite romantic song, a love ballad from that 80s that I found especially fitting. For the road that had led us here had begun there in that 80s museum, when we'd officially decided to test the waters of a romantic relationship. And now, we were happily submerged in them.

"Oh sweetie, you've made me the happiest woman alive," mom whispered as we swept along the dance floor, looking more joyful than I'd ever seen her. "And I'm going to spend the rest of my life showing you just how much you mean to me."

"And here's hoping it's a long one," I murmured back as I eyed Renny and Sionna as they joined us on the floor. It was amazing, the pair that had already shared a century and a half together looked like newlyweds themselves the way they held and gazed at each other, still hungry for each other's touch after all that time. Now that's real magic, I thought to myself, knowing mom and I shared that same unquenchable fire. "You gave me life, and now I'm going to give you your best life."

Out of the corner of my eye, beyond the festivities I detected the same flitting forms and figures I'd seen on the way in, but this time I paid them no heed, knowing it was just the spirits, Renny's partners and soon to be my own, celebrating and blessing our union with their presence. Although I couldn't say for sure exactly what the future held for us, I knew that it would be incredible.

I smiled. It hadn't happened the way we'd planned it, but it looked like mom and I would be going into business together, after all.