

My father had promised me a trip when I finished college. He said it was a good idea to get away from it all to give yourself a chance to reset your mind. I knew my father had traveled in his youth, so I was pretty geared up for where he was going to send me, at his expense. I had visions of hitting all the sunspots, VISA and booze in hand, and girls waiting to take their place.

Ahhh, but not so fast, Roger. The Promised Land doesn't always meet your expectations. As it turns out, my trip around the world was an eight day wilderness horseback excursion with Ma and Pa Hamilton. That's right. After four years of college, straight out of school, my rite of passage was a ride about with mommy and daddy aback some sweaty old nag batting away horseflies. Swell!

My father, on seeing my disappointment, confided that this was my mother's idea, that she really wanted us to be together on our last family vacation. I was, under no circumstances, to display anything but the greatest enthusiasm, for my mother's sake. After all, he said, "I think you'll find it far more rewarding than you think."

He followed up those prophetic words with a further promise to fund a trip to Europe, if I behaved myself and made Mom happy during the trip. So I resigned myself to another week or so of drudgery. After all, I'd made it through college telling myself I could take anything for four years. What's another week and a half?

As trip time approached I learned, not surprisingly, that the horseback adventure was really my father's idea, something he'd always wanted to do. Mom had wanted us all to go to Europe. But my father usually got his way, typically awarding himself brownie points for fulfilling the wishes of others while he was at it.

So it was that we ended up in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains on three horses provisioned for ten days of solitude in the wilds. Neither Mom nor I were happy to learn that we were on our own in the wild outdoors without guides. There were rustic cabins along the route equipped with sleeping bags, food, feed for the horses, and other supplies. We carried only our clothes and emergency provisions in our saddle bags.

And so we were off. My father leading the way, full of vigor on his sparky steed followed by his less ecstatic troop aboard their mellow plugs, as befitting their lower equestrian experience. By the afternoon, I did have to admit that the countryside was stunning. Rolling alpine meadows sprinkled with flowers against a backdrop of snowcapped peaks I'd only seen in pictures and movies. Completely alien and wonderful compared to the corn fields of home.

Along the way, we stopped for snacks, lying in the wild fields, once beside a small stream, reveling in the spectacular beauty that surrounded us at every point of the compass. I began to feel that perhaps this trip wouldn't be that bad, after all. Although we had been late leaving that morning, we easily reached the cabin we were to spend our first night in, set in a hillside within a clump of trees. We sat outside in the primitive wooden chairs drinking wine as the evening fell, gazing at the valley below and the craggy peaks beyond.

It was a very romantic setting, and I offered to set up a tent if Mom and Dad wanted the cabin to themselves. Mom laughed, saying that there'd be no need for that. Dad looked uncomfortable and disgruntled, muttering something and standing up to walk away a distance to take in the vista on his own. Mom quietly said, "Things have changed a little since you went to college, dear. Your father needs to do this. He isn't the man he used to be." She went inside without further explanation.

Feeling a little awkward, I checked to see that the horses were secure in the little corral and then headed into the cabin myself. When I entered, Mom was just slipping into her sleeping bag on one of the rustic, hand-hewn bunks. All of the sleeping quarters were in the same room. In the dim lantern light, the shadows played over her bare arms and legs, and the hem of her nightdress pulled high as she slid her feet into her bag. She zipped up the side of the sleeping bag part way, leaving a flap open across her tummy, the pink cotton material resting softly over her breasts as she leaned on her right elbow, facing me.

"Try to make your Dad happy on this trip, Roger. It's very important to him."

"I know, Mom. I will."

She laid back, curling her arm across her forehead, stretching her nightie over her breasts. "Oh, God, I'm stiff," she said. "I'll be sore tomorrow."

So am I, I thought, but not just from the horse. On the excuse of visiting the outside premises, I left, passing Dad on the way out.

"Goodnight, son. Check on the horses, will you?"

"Sure thing, Dad," I replied, quickly slipping by in the doorway facing away from him to hide the boner that had exploded in my pants so suddenly at the sight of my Mom. My face was red. This had never happened before. Why would I get a hard on seeing my Mom in her nightdress, something I'd seen probably hundreds of times before? It was ridiculous!

Outside, my dick refused to subside, and the picture of my Mom laying back, arm covering her eyes while her tits pressed against her light pink, flannel nightie, seared into my vision in true color HDTV. Walking around to the far side of the little coral, I pulled my dong out of my jeans and quickly jacked off into the grass. It didn't take long. I was glad it was dark when I returned to the cabin. I made my way to my bunk without turning on a flashlight.

I opened my eyes to the sun filtering in through the window and the open doorway. Mom was cooking breakfast on the cabin's little propane cook stove. Dad was nowhere in sight, out for a morning walk, I presumed. Mom was still dressed just in her pink nightie. I hadn't made as sound as I awoke, and I continued to lie still, peering at her as she moved about. The nightie fell to about the middle of her back, lower than in front, and the hem was about mid-thigh level, showing off her well-exercised, tanned legs. Mom was a pretty nice woman for forty-something, pretty nice. There was something basic, almost primordial, being alone in a cabin in the mountains with an attractive woman. My cock started to swell. I turned more onto my stomach, forcing my stiffness against the wooden bunk, closing my eyes as my mother turned to look at me.

When I cautiously opened them just a slit a moment later, she was next to her bunk fishing around in her pack. She pulled out a new pair of panties. Lifting her nightie a little, she sipped her hands underneath and then slid her old panties down her legs, stepping out of them and then pulled the new ones up and into place. I caught a brief glimpse of her bare ass as the change took place. Next, she grabbed her riding pants and pulled them up under the nightie, pulling them up tight.

Glancing over her shoulder in my direction, she then pulled her nightie over her head, stretching her arms far above, providing me with a wonderful view of her smooth back, her narrow waist flaring out to her hips, and a hint of the side of her right breast, sloping down and then bouncing as she brought her arms down and tossed the nightie to the bunk. Picking her bra up from the pack, she slipped her arms through it and pulled it around to the front, squeezing her breasts in. I could clearly hear the snaps click into place, the room was so still. Finally, she picked up her pullover blouse and put it on, pulling it down tight. As she turned back to check on breakfast, I feigned waking, perhaps a little too obvious.

"Oh, there's my boy. Finally. Come on, up and at 'em."

When I balked, looking around, she said, "Don't be shy, I won't peek. Anyway, I don't think there's going to be much room for privacy on this trip."

Fortunately, she kept her back to me as I dressed because my dick would not listen to my silent reprimands. As soon as I got my jeans, on I walked stiffly outside, shirt in hand.

"A little sore, I see," Mom laughed as I limped out the door, attributing my awkward gate to saddle sores.

After breakfast we saddled up and headed out. We expected a five hour ride to reach the next cabin, following a gently climbing trail through grassy meadows and thickets of small pine trees, just like the previous day. The scenery was even more fantastic than the day before, getting better and better as we climbed along the side of the mountains. We didn't run into anyone. This was by design, as the outfitters only let one group leave every second day. We were pretty much guaranteed a trip with the wilderness all to ourselves.

When we stopped for lunch we dug into our stash of wine again. That is, Mom and I did. Dad couldn't help but walk around. Mom and I laid back on our blankets, leaning on our elbows sipping wine, chatting and gazing about. It was soul cleansing, that's for sure. My mind didn't entertain thoughts beyond what I could see, and when Mom laid back, covering her eyes with her arm, allowing me to freely run mine over her figure, my thoughts remained very close by, indeed.

I couldn't understand why I was checking my Mom out so much. Why I kept getting boners watching her, as I had on much of the morning ride as I watched her butt swaying in the saddle ahead of me. Was it because she was the only woman around? She hadn't done anything to encourage me, though she definitely had a figure worth looking at. The stretchy riding breeches clung to her legs up and over her hips, outlining her buttocks in fine detail, and clearly molding the mound in front. The form fitting t-shirt she wore equally displayed her other womanly charms which, while not large, were firm and supple, and clearly hadn't strayed long from the best days of their youth despite the calendar years of their host.

"It's gorgeous, isn't it?"

Startled, I jerked my eyes away from Mom's breast up to her eyes which were regarding me, shading from the sun by her cupped hand held against her forehead.

"What?"

"There's a real beauty, here, isn't there?"

"Yes," I stuttered as I recovered enough to speak, "yes there is." Had she noticed where I was looking? Had I been saved by the sun in her eyes? At that moment, Dad sauntered out of the trees fifty feet away.

"Let's go, saddle up," he called out. Mom and I struggled up, stiffly.

"I have to visit nature first," Mom said and strode off toward the trees.

"You'll have to catch up then," Dad responded, then, to me, "Saddle up Mom's horse and stay with her. I'm going to scout out ahead and give this filly a stretch. Those plugs of yours can plod along behind."

"Ok, Dad. We'll tag along."

Mom emerged from the trees and waved to Dad as he trotted by. She walked up and put something into her saddlebag and then struggled to get on her horse.

"Roger, give me a hand. These old bones can't do it by themselves."

I walked to her side, and tried to lift her up by her elbow.

"No, give me a push. Come on, don't be shy, and give my butt a boost." She stepped into the stirrup and started to lift herself up. I swung my open hand down and pressed it against the bottom of her ass as she started to rise, pushing up until she could swing her leg over the saddle.

"Thank you, sir. I think I might need a little push every time I get on this damned horse," she laughed as she prodded her nag into a walk.

I quickly swung up onto my hardly more spry steed and nudged it into action, catching up and pulling abreast so we could ride side by side. There was something different about Mom, but I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was. We rode along in silence, Mom surveying the scenery away from me to the right, but not turning away, sitting square in the saddle. Then I noticed. Her breasts were jouncing up and down, freely, bouncing along with the sway of the horse. A flash of her saddlebag entry shot into my mind. She'd taken off her bra while she was in the trees doing her business! My cock swelled up, throbbing against my jeans. She kept riding along, angled perfectly for me to watch her tits in their erotic dance, and her face turned away. Was she giving me a show? No. Impossible.

"Oh, God, it's so beautiful, it feels so exhilarating," she suddenly cried out in a throaty voice as she leaned back, pulling her elbows back to rest on the rear ridge of the saddle behind her, throwing her head back, arching her back and thrusting her tits up, the nipples expressing themselves strongly against the thin material of her shirt. I stared, riding along with my head moving up and down in time with the bounce of her tits. "It makes me feel so good."

I couldn't agree more. Despite the chance that she would suddenly look over and catch me staring, I kept my eyes fixed on her. She kept riding on, leaning back even further, almost lying on the horse's rump. Her t-shirt pulled out of her riding pants, baring her belly with just a hint of fuzzy blondish hair reflecting the sunlight. What a sight. She seemed to be part of the wild scenery as she swung along beside me, until we could hear my Dad riding back toward us. Mom jerked herself up at the first sound of his approaching hooves, tugging her shirt down.

"Come on, you guys. You wouldn't believe the scenery ahead." He swung around us and sped off again, quickly leaving us behind.

As Mom watched him disappear, she turned toward me, smiling, "I think you and I will have to amuse ourselves a lot on this trip." She laughed, a full throaty laugh, and spurred her nag into a trot.

I tried to catch up beside her to continue my observations, but my candidate for the glue factory wasn't up to the task. Every once in a while, Mom teased me, turning to laugh, "Can't keep up, young fella?"

We stopped for a snack when we caught up to Dad almost an hour later. He was waiting around a corner which opened to an incredible vista of craggy peaks. Dad waited for us to take it all in. When we got ready to leave, I reached to help mom into the saddle again but she declined, saying briskly, "I can get up myself, thank you. I'm not that old."

Disappointed, I mounted up and fell in behind Mom, plodding along. The ride was uneventful and not particularly exciting. Beautiful country, to be sure, but I was more interested in living vistas with captivating forms of movement than landscapes. Then, Mom seemed to get tired. She leaned forward over the neck of her horse, with her hands falling to its shoulders and grasping its mane. She seemed to be resting. But the interesting side effect was that, by leaning forward, her butt was prominently displayed, the tan riding breaches pulling tight around her cheeks and clearly outlining her panties. It was as if she was kneeling on all fours, brazenly displaying her ass in tantalizing, repetitive little rocking motions. My eyes stayed glued to her butt all the way to the next hut.

That evening was a repeat of the night before. We sat outside in the pleasant, waning sun as darkness fell over us. Dad got up and went to bed, leaving the lantern on but turned down low. Mom stayed behind until we could hear Dad snoring softly. She didn't talk, and neither did I. I felt tense, but didn't know if she did. I was confused about the day's events and didn't know what to make of them. So I did nothing.

Finally, Mom got up and said, "Let's go to bed, honey. Come on."

I had been waiting for her to go in and get into her sleeping bag first, but I did as she asked, following her in. Dad was sleeping facing the wall with his gear strewn around him on their bunk. There was no room for Mom to put her sleeping bag unless she woke him to move his stuff out of the way. Mom walked over to the other double bunk against the far wall, "I guess we're here, tiger," she whispered."

She spread her sleeping bag out on the edge, whispering back to me over her shoulder, "I like the outside." Then she sat on the bunk and motioned for me to pull her riding boots off. I pulled both boots off but she kept both feet up, so I pulled her socks off and threw them to the floor as well. Still, she kept her legs up, holding them together. With a soft smile on her face, she whispered so quietly I could hardly hear her, "I need help to get these off too, and Dad's out of commission." She looked down at her riding breeches and slid her right hand up to unbutton the top.

I grabbed the bottom of each leg and pulled, tugging several times, almost pulling her off the bed. She giggled as I yanked on her pants, ever harder, trying to pull them off. Resistance ended as her breeches cleared her hips and they suddenly slid quickly down her legs, up toward me, baring her legs right up to the bottom of her t-shirt. The breeches bunched around her ankles, her bare feet resting on my thighs. She slowly pulled her left foot out of her pants, lifting her knee, which opened her legs sufficiently for me to see under her t-shirt to her panties between her legs. She placed her left foot on the floor, leaving her right foot on my leg. She looked up at me, cocking her head slightly to the side, and said, "Hand me my pants, sweetie."

I lifted her foot from my thigh and pulled her pants off, then stood there dumbly, looking down at her with her pants in one hand and her foot in the other. Despite the fact that I knew she was looking at me, I couldn't help looking at her panties. I even moved her foot out to my side, without thinking, to open her legs to reveal more. I was having a hard time breathing. I pushed her leg out and her knee back toward her, opening her legs and stretching her panties tighter against her. She let me do it. I stood frozen, my eyes locked on the crevice faintly showing on the front of her panties, my cock swelling hard against my jeans. Her voice startled me, partly because it jolted me back to reality, and partly because it wasn't angry.

"I need my foot if I'm going to get into bed, honey."

I looked up to her face, she was smiling. Woodenly, I let her foot go and she swung her legs over to push her feet into the sleeping bag, bending them at the knees to do so. Although she didn't need to, she opened her legs wide, pushing her t-shirt up to her hips and exposing her brief pink panties completely. As she slowly pushed her legs into the bag, they gradually closed but the shirt didn't again cover her panties, and she didn't pull the sleeping bag up to cover herself. "You'll have to get undressed yourself," she laughed in that throaty laugh again, one I hadn't heard until today. "Don't forget to turn off the light."

I turned the lantern off but the cabin was still lit by moonlight. I quickly doffed my shirt, boots, socks and jeans, turning away to hide my swollen prick since she lay on her side, watching me. I found my sleeping bag and stretched it out behind Mom, having no choice but to lean over her to do so. I desperately hoped the dim light would hide the hardon bulging against my under shorts. Mom didn't say anything. I clambered over her and awkwardly got into my bag, nestling in and laying on my side facing her back. Within a few minutes, she sat up, facing her feet. "I'm too hot," she said. Crossing her arms to opposite sides at her waist, she grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt and pulled it up and over her head, her hair falling down over her shoulders as she tossed it on to the floor. She hadn't turned away. I stared at her tits as they slowly bounced to a standstill, the nipples jutting out in the moonlight.

Mom sat there for several moments. Then, she stretched her arms behind her, bracing her hands against the bed and arching her back, like she'd done on the horse's rump that afternoon. "I feel so alive out here," she whispered.

I didn't know if she was speaking to me, or if she thought I was facing against the wall. I stayed as still as I could, hoping for nothing to change, for the world to stay just as it was. I couldn't believe how the slope of her tits, the curve of their undersides, the jut of her nipples, was so much more beautiful than all the incredible nature I'd observed that day. I could have gazed at them forever, and can still replay every minute movement in my mind, even now. Suddenly, she turned to face me, reaching out with her right hand to gently tousle my hair. "It is gorgeous, isn't it, honey? Are you glad you came?" I nodded, too numb to speak.

"So am I, darling." She leaned over to kiss my forehead, her tits pushing on either side of my cheeks, her nipples brushing against my nose and lips as she pulled back at bit. "Give me a couple of bumps if you need to wake me," she said, "you know, if you need to get up." She snuggled down into her bag. Turning to face away from me, she pushed back until her rump was pressed against me. "Keep me warm tonight, baby."

I snuggled closer to her, but kept my errant hardon pulled back. I couldn't sleep for a long time, thinking about her body, clad only in little pink panties, pressed against me between our sleeping bags. I kept my arm around her until I fell asleep, keeping her pressed in against me.

I awoke during the night, reasserting my hold and pulling her in to me. My cock had somehow released itself from the confines of my shorts. If she hadn't been sleeping, she would have had to feel it, but she didn't move. Cautiously, I pushed it a little harder against her ass. When she still didn't respond, I pushed again, a little more firmly. No reaction. I repeated the action several more times, slowly so as not to wake her, but more firmly each time, and stayed pushed against her for longer as well. I could always claim I was trying to wake her, I thought, as per her suggestion. Why had she provided me with such a convenient excuse? I lost this train of thought as I softly thrust and slowly ground my cock into my mother's ass through the material of the sleeping bags. I kept grinding and holding my cock against her until I came, spurting all over the inside liner of my bag.

Only after the final spurt did I come to my senses. She hadn't moved or responded in any way, thank God, but she hadn't been breathing like she was sleeping either. She was just very, very still. I fell back, and eventually fell asleep, in my own mess.

When I awoke, Dad was gone again, and Mom was making breakfast. She was wearing a new t-shirt, a long one that stretched down below her bum. I think that's all she had on, as the material was thin white cotton and I couldn't see the line of any panties underneath, and she clearly wasn't wearing a bra. Her tits sloped down in a slight sag, standing out from her belly against her shirt, her nipples jutting out like craggy little peaks. Mom's legs were muscular. I could see the muscles tensing along the outside of her thigh and the tightening of her calf muscles as she moved about in her bare feet. Finally, she turned and saw that I

was awake. She padded over to me, leant down and gave me a big kiss on my forehead, and then, to my shock, directly on my mouth.

But she acted as if nothing was out of order. "Hey, sleepyhead, it's about time. Dad's been up for hours. He couldn't wait so I told him to go on ahead. Get up and eat while I saddle the horses."

Mom grabbed her boots and put them on, then strode out the front door. I got up, pulled my jeans on and ate. Just as I finished, she came back in, grabbed a riding skirt out of her pack and pulled it on over her boots, tucking the t-shirt into it. She rolled her sleeping bag up, grabbed her pack and told me to hurry up. Then she laughed and said, "There's clean sleeping bag liners in the cupboard over there."

Shocked and embarrassed, I nonetheless did as she said and then rushed out after her. She must have known what I was up last night. She couldn't have been sleeping. But she'd let it happen. Holy shit!

Mom was already down the trail. I got on my horse and took off after her. We rode for several hours before Dad came up behind us. He'd gone on a little adventure on a side trail loop. About half an hour later we stopped for a short lunch. Dad was eager to get going because he wanted us to take another side trail loop because the one he'd just done had been so cool. And so we did. It was a longer loop with an overnight stay at a more remote cabin halfway around the loop. An hour after lunch, Mom's horse came up lame.

Dad looked at the horse, picking her foot up, examining its hoof, and so on. "Well, we can't do anything here," he said. "You two will have to double up. You have to take things in stride out here," he said, "You can't whine about things, you just have to handle them." He seemed almost happy at the opportunity to 'rise to the challenge'.

So Mom got up ahead of me and we tied a lead for her horse to follow behind. Dad led the way. Doubling up soon became uncomfortable for me. Mom's ass was right against my dick, moving back against it with each swaying step of the horse. I couldn't help but get an enormous hardon. After a while, she leaned forward over the horse's neck, grasping its mane to steady her self, as she had

done the day before. This raised her ass allowing me to fit even tighter under her, closer to her pussy.

Soon, unable to stop myself, I started rocking my crotch forward into her, thinking I could blame it on the horse's movement. Mom didn't call me to task, so I became bolder until I was rocking into her hard enough to shove her forward a little along the horse's neck. She turned her head to look back at me. Oh, oh, I thought, I'm going to get it now. But she only said, "'Grab hold of me so I don't fall off."

I put my hands loosely around her waist to steady her but she put her hands over my wrists and pulled them forward, higher up above her waist until my hands were grasping the sides of her chest, right beside the swell of her breasts. Mom turned her head back down onto the horse's neck and grasped its mane in her hands again. I slipped my hands further in and slid my fingers around the front of her breasts, splaying my fingers on either side of the nipple of each tit. I pushed my cock into her. She squeezed her legs on the horse's shoulders and lifted her ass higher, providing even greater access for my bulging jeans. The lump there matched up with the rear of her pussy, and I pushed it in hard to make contact. I stood in the stirrups and started pushing against her, rocking her forward. There was no question about horse movements now, I was dry humping my Mom and she was letting me do it. I leaned forward, resting my head on her back, increasing the tempo of my thrusts, grasping her tits in my hands. Panting wildly, I finally came, pulling her back hard on my jean-covered cock.

I pulled back. Dad was further ahead. As far as I know, he never looked back. Mom lay as she was, still grasping the horse's mane, breathing heavily. She hadn't come, I'd left her hanging.

Dad stayed with us for a while longer but soon quickened his pace, pulling ever farther ahead. I looked down at Mom, leaning ahead, still breathing heavily. I grabbed the back of her riding skirt and pulled on it until it came free from under her. I lifted it up and looked down at her ass, at the line of her panty as it disappeared into the crack of her ass. The saddle below was slippery with her juice. I slid my right hand down, cupping it and pushing it up against her ass, slipping forward with my fingers along the bottom of her pussy.

"No, oh no!" She tried to get up but I kept her down with my left hand pressing into her back.

"No, Roger, don't!" I ignored her, sliding my fingers back and forth from her asshole to her pussy, pushing ever further forward until soon I was rutting right through the crevice between her lips up to her clit. Back and forth I rubbed, back and forth, ending when my thumb pressed between her cheeks onto her little rosebud. I grasped her hair and tugged her back. She clenched her knees and pushed her ass higher up, giving me more room to savage her pussy with my hand, I stopped moving, holding my finger on her clit and mashing the bridge of my palm against her cunt lips, moving in a very small circle but pushing firmly against her. She was grunting. She started to fuck my hand. "oh, oh, oh, unngghhhh, unngghhhh, unngggghhhh, unngghhhh" until she was constantly moaning.

She got so wild, I thought she was going to throw herself off the horse. Christ, Dad must not have fucked her for ages. I knew he was older than her but had he stopped doing her altogether? How long for her to be this horny?

Finally, she came. She clutched my hand tightly, squeezing it in random, involuntary pulses, while she continued little fuck moves, slowly subsiding until she was still. She tried to get up but I stopped her. Leaning over, I whispered into her ear, "You're beautiful, you're so beautiful."

I pulled back and tugged her up with me. I leaned back in the saddle, pulling her with me, my arm around her waist. Her head fell back against my shoulder, turning off to the side.

"Isn't it gorgeous, Mom? Don't you just love it out here?"

She was quiet for a moment, then she answered me, "Yes, I do, I do love it."

Up ahead I could see Dad had dismounted for our afternoon break. Mounting. Dismounting. The words echoed in my head. I had some ideas for tonight.

Mom showed no discomfort or embarrassment during our afternoon snack. Her face was flushed, making her seem more beautiful than ever. Dad mentioned that the outdoor air was really seeming to agree with her. She laughed a genuine,

throaty burst of humor. "Maybe," she said, "I think I'm just enjoying being alone with my men," she laughed again, getting up and dancing away toward the trees.

"You're doing a great job, son. You're really making your Mother happy. Keep it up."

"Oh, I will Dad. I like seeing Mom so happy."

I stood up and went to my saddle bag. "I've got to put some shorts on, Dad, it's so hot."

"Well, let's get going," he said as Mom sauntered back. I was just pulling my shorts up.

She smiled at me as she walked up, a little gleam in her eye. "Pant's tightening up from all this horsing around? Getting a little stiff, are we?" She laughed as she stepped in the stirrup and swung her leg over the saddle. As Dad started off, she said, "Come on; get up in front of me."

I stopped and stared. She laughed, "I'm just kidding. Get in behind me, where you belong. But you behave yourself, you little rascal." She laughed again.

As I fit myself in behind her, Mom casually reached back to pull the back of her skirt up from underneath her and let it fall to the sides of the saddle over her legs and mine. Taking the reins, she started us off. She leaned back in against me, turning her head up and giving me a kiss on my jaw, then nibbled it with her lips and teeth.

"We've got at least two more hours of riding, tiger. What ARE we going to do?" Then she laughed again. "Giddy up," she cried, "Giddy up."

I reached around her waist, sliding my hands up to take the weight of her breasts. I grasped a tit in each hand, squeezing them gently, pinching her nipples, tugging those outwards.

"Stop it," she chided me gently, "your Dad could turn around any time."

I pulled my hands away, reached down and slid both of them under her skirt, out of sight, over her hips and onto her the front of her thighs. I pulled them back

toward me, letting my fingers push down in between her legs, which were opened wide over the saddle. She wasn't wearing panties any longer. I pushed deep in and covered each pussy lip with the fingers of my hands, then pulled them gently apart, spreading her cunt wide.

"We've got at least two hours. Don't be in such a hurry."

I didn't respond. My breathing was dragged into the hollow of her neck.

"You really need it, don't you?" she asked. I said nothing again. "Well, I know what that's like. Ok, baby, ok."

I pushed my fingers back in, dipping into her wide, wet hole. Then I pulled them slowly out, dragging on her slippery lips. Then back in, and out, and in, and out, again and again. My breathing was hoarse, and her's started to match mine. I pushed two fingers of each hand into her and held them there, tugging her cunt wider. She got very excited. I whispered hoarsely into her ear, "I need to fuck you!" I started to push her forward.

"No, Dad's right there. He could turn around." She kept upright, pushing on the horse's neck.

"Stand up in the stirrups," I said. She did. Reaching down, I unbuttoned my shorts, pulling my very hard cock out with great difficulty. I reached under her skirt again, sliding my hands up to grasp her by the hips. I scrunched forward under her, my cock bursting up like a little flagpole. I pulled her down on me.

"No, Roger, oh no," she cried, somewhat unconvincingly since I'd just told her I needed to fuck her. I kept her pulled down while I poked by cock around. Finally, the head found its slot and shoved its ugly face into her beautiful, steamy wet pussy. I slid all the way into her, right to the hilt. It seemed like a long slide, she was so hot and wet, and exquisite!

"Ohhhhh, Roger, ohhhhh, Rog, ohhhhhhh." That was the best sound I'd heard in these mountains, as far as I was concerned. She continued to make her little sounds. I kept myself fully plugged into her, content to let the motion of the horse do our fucking. I peered around at my Dad, riding ahead, and way up there. If he did look back, there was nothing to see except me sitting behind Mom.

I slid my hand around and grasped the front of her pussy under her skirt. We rode along, rocking together, pussy and cock, pussy and cock. Time slowed to align itself with our gentle yet intense little fuck. It was all friction, rocking and friction. I was fully in her, and I never pulled back. She never rose up. We stayed plugged to the hilt the whole time. I don't know how long it took, but it was a long time. It was probably the longest fuck of my life. We just rode along, my cock in her cunt, my finger circling slowly on her clit. She got wetter and wetter, soaking me and the saddle.

I started pulsing my cock, tensing my muscles and bulging into her cunt. She loved it, and so did I. Finally, I felt her trying to clench my cock, but her legs were too wide. I could feel her buttocks tightening in cheeky little muscle spasms. She started to really soak me. I began spurting into her, again and again and again. I had never come so much. We both relaxed, still riding along, my cock periodically twitching inside her. Eventually I softened up and fell out of her, but we kept our soaking wet, sticky crotches firmly together.

After a while, Mom turned up and kissed me again. She laughed, "Well, I guess you fucked me. Is that what you call a Rogering," and she laughed, loudly. Dad turned and looked at us, smiled and continued riding.

"I'll show you a real rogering tomorrow, Mom, or tonight. Whenever we get the chance."

"Is that a threat? I can hardly wait," she laughed again.

"Neither can I," I replied, but with more serious intent. I don't think Mom knew what a rogering really was, but now that she'd mentioned it I was intent on showing her.

That night, Dad threw his sleeping bag onto the same bunk as Mom's, his on the inside. He was the first to sleep, as usual, facing the wall and snoring softly. After Mom had washed herself and got ready for bed, she motioned me over for a hug goodnight, standing there in the middle of the room in the moonlight, wearing only a long t-shirt that barely covered her ass, with my father laying behind her. I took her into my arms, sliding my arms over her body, engaging her in long, leisurely French kiss. My cock rose and lodged in her crotch, between her legs. She stood up on tippy toe, accommodating my rod and pinching my ear lobe

between her teeth, she whispered teasingly, "Roger wants to fuck me, doesn't he?"

I nodded into her.

"Oh, you bad boy. That's soooo naughty."

She stepped back, grasped my cock through my shorts and tugged it as she pulled away. She turned to her bed and bent over to get into her bag. Pausing, she turned to look back at me, pulling her t-shirt over her hips, baring her cheeks, swaying from side to side, thighs tight together.

"I'm not sure I can ride tomorrow," she said, I'm so sore from rubbing on that saddle, I guess." She flashed a big smile at me and slipped into her bag.

I sat down on my bunk, facing her, slid down my boxers, and sat with my cock standing up like a pole. I grasped, it and waved it at her, smiling away.

Not to be outdone, Mom sat up, and pulled her t-shirt over her head, tossing it onto the bunk, arched her back and thrust her tits out and up, her stiff nipples poking up into the night.

OK, you win, I mouthed at her. She laughed, made a face, and lay down to sleep. Facing her, I was sure that I could see her eyes sparkling in the fading light. I fell asleep.

I awoke to the smell of eggs and bacon. Mom was cooking breakfast again and Dad, as usual, was nowhere to be seen. Perfect. Even more perfect, Mom wasn't wearing her t-shirt, but she wasn't naked. She was wearing one of Dad's white undershirts, not the t-shirt type, but the kind with no sleeves at all. Her breasts literally jutted out in this thing, the nipples threatening to rip right through the thin cotton material that clung to her sides, swept over the swell of her belly and buttocks until it ended just below her ass. I couldn't believe she was wearing this in front of me with Dad nearby.

"Come on, sit up, it's ready now. Come on, get up."

I pulled myself out of my bag and stumbled to the table where a plate and a coffee cup were waiting. I wore only boxers, and as I sat down I realized that I

had a huge boner. I thanked God that Dad hadn't come in and tucked myself under the table, hiding my errant prick. My eyes strayed back to Mom, gluing onto the crack of her ass which drew a line from between the dimples below the small of her back to the bottom of her cheeks, visible through the cotton undershirt. Her legs were tanned and lightly muscled, reflecting the morning sun filtering through the window and open doorway, and her feet were bare.

Mom brought a large black frying pan over to the table and filled my plate with eggs and bacon. She returned with a pot of coffee after putting the empty frying pan back on the stove and filled my cup and hers.

"Aren't you eating?" I asked.

"I ate with Dad, sleepyhead," she answered. "Eat up while it's hot."

I guess she didn't want to talk, so I did as I was told. Mom sipped her coffee and gazed out the door. I let my eyes dwell on her chest, her tits sloping down toward her belly, perfectly outlined by the tight undershirt. My eyes followed down to the bottom of the shirt which just barely covered her pussy.

"Do you find me attractive?"

Startled, I looked up to find her looking right into my eyes. "Yes," I replied, quietly.

"Do you like looking at me?"

"Yes," quietly again.

"You can't let Dad see you. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Mom."

"You took a big risk yesterday. You could have ruined everything for all of us. Don't do it again. Understand?"

"Yes, Mom, I understand."

"Good," she smiled, a big generous smile, and her eyes softened. "Look," she said, her eyes dropping to her lap. I followed her gaze down to her beautiful

thighs. "Look what you did to me." She opened her legs a little. She looked up to me, querying. I furrowed my brow. She looked back down, spreading her legs wider. The undershirt slid up as her legs parted, further and further until she was spread wide open, her pussy bared to my eyes. "See?"

I just stared. My mother was sitting there, legs wide open, showing me her pussy. I didn't know what she was wanting me to see but I said, "I'm sorry, mom, did I make it sore?" remembering her comment the night before.

"Sore? No. Look harder."

I stared. Yes, I could see her pussy, lightly covered by a glistening strip of brown hair, her pussy lips shining as well.

Exasperated, she said, "I'm wet, silly. See what you do to me. It's so wrong but I can't help myself. I've never felt so alive. My whole body tingles when you're looking at me. I've been wet for three days."

I reached out to touch her but she stood up quickly and backed away. "No. You finish eating and then come help me with the dishes."

I brought my dishes to the sink when I finished. Reaching around her, I dumped them in the sink. Picking up a towel, I reached for a cup to dry.

"No. Just leave them. Stand behind me and watch out the window for your Dad."

I did as she asked. She swirled the water around but she was really wasn't washing. She'd done only one cup and a plate the whole time she'd been standing there. Clearly, doing dishes wasn't on her mind.

I threw the towel onto the counter beside the dish rack. She turned her head slightly to look at it, then back to the sink. I did nothing. Her hands stopped swirling. She just stood there. I reached forward to grasp the sides of the undershirt and slid it up over her hips, baring her ass and leaving the shirt bunched at her waist. I waited again, just taking in her gorgeous butt.

Finally, I said, "Do you like it when I look at you?"

"Yes."

"Lean forward a little." She did, stretching her hands to the far side of the sink, still in the water.

"Open your legs. Just a little." She shuffled her bare feet a little to the side.

"Why did you do that at the table? Did you want me to look at it?"

"Yes."

"Look at what?"

"My pussy."

"No," I said, grasping her hair and gently tugging her head back. "When you open your legs like that, it's not a pussy anymore, is it?"

"No."

"What is it?"

"A cunt."

"That's right. You wanted to show it to me, didn't you? You wanted to show it to your son, didn't you?"

"Yes. I wanted to show it to you, to show my cunt to my son. I can't help it."

"You're a very naughty woman, Mom. You let me fuck you yesterday. You waved your ass in front of me. You knew what you were doing. And you let me fuck you. Didn't you?"

"Yes," she hissed.

"You're going to do more naughty things with me, aren't you?"

"Yes."

I hadn't touched her but her breathing had become rapid and deep while we talked. So had mine. I placed the back of my hand on the counter beside her, cupping my palm upwards.

"Squirt some of that into my hand," I said in a firm, commanding voice, nodding my head toward the plastic squeeze bottle of Mazola oil she'd used in the frying pan. She didn't question me. She lifted her right hand and squeezed some into my palm.

"More," I said.

She squeezed more. I pulled my hand back, careful not to spill it, and turned it over onto the top of her right cheek, spreading it down over her butt, cupping the bottom and squeezing it, pushing the Mazola into the flesh as I pressed it back up. I returned my hand to the counter. Still holding the bottle, she filled my hand again without waiting for me to tell her. I brought it back and covered her left cheek with the slippery oil. After spreading it around, I moved to her other cheek and fondled it for a minute before returning for another handful. I let this drip slowly into the crack at the top of her ass, then, using the edge of my hand on the thumb side, I pressed between her cheeks, sliding it up and down, making sure the knuckle of my thumb grazed and even dug into her anus.

"Give me a big handful, then push back and open your legs more." Again, she did as she was told.

I shoved the whole handful into the crack of her ass then quickly shoved my hand between her cheeks, pressing the slippery goo against her rosebud, and then moved my hand under her ass, cupping it and catching the extra fluid. I pushed it back up against her ass and rubbed forward along the bottom of her pussy. Oil was dripping down the inside of her thighs. I started massaging her pussy, back and forth, rubbing not quickly, but firmly sliding through her slick crevice. I started pushing my fingers farther in, and when my hand was fully forward, I stretched my thumb up to her little rear whole and pressed it in. I did this again and again.

I still held her hair in my left hand, keeping her head back, her face looking up at the ceiling. She was breathing very hard. She looked so awesome! I was now getting three fingers into her and pushing my thumb up to the knuckle on every

pass. She was incredibly slippery. She grunted a little each time my thumb pushed into her little hole.

"That's right, Mom. Grunt. I like the sound of that." I pushed forward again but this time I didn't stop my thumb at the first knuckle, I slid it in all the way, and held it there. She rewarded me with a longer grunt. Keeping my thumb completely in her, I started moving it around in a small circle. I pushed all four of my fingers into her, and started pushing into her, pulling back but never out because her ass followed my hand as had it withdrawn. She really wanted it, at least her body did.

I pulled her upright, sliding my left hand around to the front of her throat. I rasped into her ear, "If Dad wasn't here, I fuck this right now," wiggling my thumb in her ass to emphasize my meaning.

"He's gone," she gasped, "He went to get help because your horse was lame this morning, too."

"What? He's not here?" I almost shouted. So that's why I was treated to the undershirt display. Well, I guess things were going a little beyond what Mom had expected. I turned her and steered her over to the bunk, Dad's bunk. I saw that he'd actually rolled the mattress and placed it neatly in the middle of the bunk.

Standing before the bunk, mother in front of me, I told her, "Grab the rails."

She leaned forward to bend over for me.

"No, on the top bunk."

She stood back up and did as I said. I pushed her legs wider apart, kneeled down slightly and brought my cock up into her pussy from behind. I stood, shoving her up with me. Grasping her hips, I pulled her a step away from the bunk, and started fucking her in slow, hard thrusts. Within a minute the thrusts turned into lunges, and a minute later I was jack hammering into her. Then I stopped, ordering her to hang on to the bunk, I pulled her back farther until her feet left the floor. Holding her thighs, I held her splayed out and started lunging into her again. I didn't speed up but I really slammed into her. On each plunge I stood up on my toes, tensing the muscles in my legs as I bulged my cock in her cunt. We were both grunting like animals. I didn't stop until her muscles spasmed on my cock and I felt her drench my balls with her juice.

I walked her forward, set her feet on the ground, and then pushed her onto the bunk and over the rolled up mattress. I grasped her ankles and spread her legs widely apart, then pushed her cheeks apart with the thumbs of both hands. I pressed the head of my cock against her little hole, which was still open the size of a quarter from the action of my thumb, and twisted her head to its side.

"What's my name, Mom?"

"Roger."

"That's right, Roger," I said as I pressed harder, slipping my cock into her hole. I kept up a steady, gentle pressure until my cock slid all the way in and my pelvis was pressing firmly against her butt. She let out a long grunt all the way in. I stayed pressed into her, glorying in the moment. Then I started to move back and forth, just a little, slowly. Every few times, I suddenly thrust hard into her, and then rolled around in a circle while fully plugged into her. I kept repeating this. As her grunting became louder, I reached down and grabbed her hair in both hands, pulling her head back. I really started grinding my cock in her ass. This was absolutely incredible. Mom may not have known it, but I had never fucked anyone in the ass before. I loved it. It was such a power trip, to hear her grunting and moaning, right out of control.

I suddenly stopped moving, staying still. I pulled out of her very slowly, then pushed back in, then out, completely. Her ass was pulsing, opening and closing, her thighs quivering.

"Please, don't stop. Please."

I pushed my cock into her, slowly until her cheeks were once again against my pelvis. I held her tight against me and started to shove back and forth in a big circle, then pushed her down onto the rolled up mattress and really started pounding on her. Every time I pounded down on her she released a loud, long grunt. Our fuck became frenzied. Finally, she let out a loud wail just as I gushed into, not spurting, but almost like a steady hose of cum.

I fell forward onto her back, gasping for breath. "Oh, god, oh god, oh god."

I don't know if I fell asleep or if I passed out. But I was aware of opening my eyes and realizing I was still on top of my Mom. I got up, stripped off my boxers and put a kettle of water on. Mom appeared to be sleeping, still splayed lewdly over the mattress. When the water boiled I brought a cloth and some soap over and started to clean her. She opened her eyes and smiled at me.

"So, I'm guessing that was a real Rogering. You seem to really like doing that."

"It was fantastic, Mom. I'm sorry if I got carried away. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me. But it isn't the gentlest thing for a woman."

"I'm sorry, Mom."

"It's alright. I might let you do it again, if you're a good boy."

"If I'm good?"

"That's right." She stood up, pulled the undershirt over her arms and threw it to the floor, then walked over to the table and sat down in the same chair where she'd shown me her pussy that morning. "Come here," she said.

I went and stood before her. She opened her legs wide again. "See."

I knelt down in front of her. She reached out and cupped my head in her hands, her fingers playing with my hair. She tilted my head forward forcing my eyes to look directly at her pussy.

"Kiss it," she commanded.

I leaned forward, bracing myself with both hands on the floor between her legs, and covered her pussy with my mouth. I started licking her, pushing my tongue in and dragging it up and down in her slit. After a few minutes, she pulled my head in hard, and started to fuck my face. She became very agitated, pushing forward more and more, thrusting harder on my mouth glued to her pussy, fucking my tongue held stiff in her quim. Suddenly, she rocked forward too far pushing me over onto my back, my shoulders rolling against the hard floor. Her legs clenched my head tightly in a vice-like grip, her pussy never breaking contact. My head on the floor, she continued pounding on my face, her clit rubbing against my nose as

she hunched again and again against my lips. Finally, she held still, her thighs shuddering on my face, and then she relaxed. A moment later, she stood, walked over to the counter and picked up a dish towel. Calmly walking by me on the return, she casually threw the towel down on my face, "Clean yourself up," she said. She stooped to pick up her tennis shoes and walked out the door, stark naked, turning left from the trail up the mountain.

Scrambling to get my running shoes on, I grabbed my shorts from the floor and ran out the door. I could see Mom, beautifully naked, striding up the grassy meadow a hundred yards away. I ran up the hill after her, naked myself.

Cresting the hill I looked frantically about for her. I couldn't see her, even though the meadow flattened out for quite a ways. She couldn't have moved fast enough to get out of my sight.

"Lose something?"

She was lying in the grass, off to my far left, braced up by an elbow, wearing only a cocky smile. I went over and laid down beside her on the grass, on my back. I didn't say anything and for the longest time, neither did she. Finally, she said, "Well, we've certainly fucked each other. What's next?"

"I don't know, Mom, I don't know," I replied, thinking about all the complications we now faced in our lives.

"Well, I do," she said, quietly.

When she didn't expand, I asked, "What?"

She rose up on her elbow and looked down at me. "Now you can make love to me," and then she laid back.

I got up on my elbow and looked down at her. Her eyes were closed, a slight smile on her face. I leaned down and brushed my lips against hers. I kissed her. Then again, and again, until she parted her lips and started to kiss me back. She put her arm around me and we started really kissing. When I pulled up, she said, "That's more like it," and pulled me back down. We kissed for several more minutes before she pushed my head away. "You know, son, you haven't sucked my breasts for 20 years."

She arched her back, thrusting her tits up. Her nipples, I could now see, were standing up hard. I leaned down and took one in my mouth, sucking it up and then pushing my closed lips down around it, then swirling it around in my mouth before dragging my teeth gently back along it.

"Ohhh, that's nice. That's it. Suck them. Yeah. Slowly. Yeah, like that. Do it that for a long time."

I did as she asked. I sucked and pulled on her hard nipples until I thought they'd come off. She didn't seem to tire of it. She continually moaned, murmured, and arched her back, lifting off the ground to push her tit into my mouth as I tugged on her nipple. Eventually, I parted her legs and shoved my cock into her again. We had a long, slow fuck in the meadow on the side of that mountain, blissfully unaware of anything else in the entire world, mother and son. I came close to coming many times. Her pussy was magic. It massaged, pinched, squeezed, milked, twisted and scraped me. Just when I was about to burst in her, she'd do something to stop me, squeezing my balls really hard, biting my ear, and so on. Then her pussy would start working on me again. When we finally finished, I lay on her, my cock still in her, kissing her, squeezing her nipples. We didn't talk, we just enjoyed being close.

At last, I rolled off and sat up. Mom sat up beside me and I put my arm around her. Something made us turn and look behind us at the same time. There, about a hundred feet away, looking down at us, was a bear with two cubs playing about her. As we watched, frozen into inaction, she turned and ambled away, her frolicking entourage tagging along behind.

It was late afternoon when we headed back to the cabin.

"I guess help with arrive tomorrow afternoon," Mom conjectured. "I'm starving."

I smiled as I followed Mom down the hill, staring at her pear-shaped cheeks, my cock already hardening. "Me too," I replied. "Let's drink the rest of the wine and really have a little party."

Mom put on a flannel nightie (she'd been expecting the nights to be cold on the trail) and started rustling up some grub as soon as we reached the cabin. I put on my boxers, fetched some wood and started a fire. Then I scrounged all the extra

pillows, blankets and a comforter and spread them in front of the fire. That done, I went to see if I could give Mom a hand.

"No," she said, laughing, "I don't think I can use the kind of help you have to offer." She took a big sip, finishing her first glass of wine.

"Hey, no fair. You've got a head start," I complained.

"And I'm going to keep it too. I'm going to get a good sleep tonight, so don't get any ideas. So fill up my glass before you get yours, young man," and she held her glass out to me.

"Yes, ma'am," I saluted, and poured two large glasses of wine. Standing behind her, I held her glass ahead of her. When she reached for it, I leaned forward, pulling it away.

"Oh, you tease," she grumbled, not yet realizing that my crotch had pressed against her ass, nestling my cock lightly in the valley between her cheeks. She made a grab for the wine and I spilled a little but was compensated by her action which also parted her cheeks, allowing my now stiffening member to lodge securely, still pointing down but pressing up with vigorous anticipation.

"OHHH, YOU! You bad boy," she berated me, trying to push me off, but finding that this simply worsened her situation (or improved it, depending on your point of view). She stopped, submitting to my pressure forcing her against the counter, but said, "No way, Roger. I have to eat, and I don't think I'm up to any more tonight. Maybe in the morning, ok, hon.?"

Not to be deterred, I responded, keeping it lighthearted, "Ok, dear lady, but I demand a kiss in reparation." I set her wine down and pulled her face back and to the right so I could kiss her from behind. I put all my effort into the longest, sexiest kiss I could muster, all the while swaying my hard cock gently from side to side in her cheeks.

When the kiss ended Mom whispered, "That's very nice but I just don't have your youthful stamina."

I kissed her mouth quickly several times, slipping my tongue just a little inside. "You might find that you do if you just let something get started," I whispered

back. I plunged my tongue down into her mouth before she could answer. After a minute, I slid my hands slowly up her sides, cupping her breasts and squeezing them a little, then bringing my fingers up to squeeze, roll and tug her nipples. Ending the kiss prematurely, I said, "But let's eat first anyway." And turned away. "I'll get extra wood for the fire."

We ate our meal and drank our wine in front of the fire, talking about many things. Mom and Dad's life before I came, me when I was little, and various worldly issues that revolved around relationships between people, nothing about politics or the war or sports. I offered to get another bottle of wine, our third, while taking the plates to the sink. When I returned, Mom was stretched out on her tummy, holding her empty wine glass in front of her. She looked gorgeous with the firelight playing over the backs of her legs, her hair lying back over her shoulders. Kneeling down to fill her glass, I casually pulled her nightie up over her ass, and stroked her cheeks.

"Hey, buster."

"You have to pay to get your fill, lady," I laughed back at her. When her glass was full, I said, "Oh, I forgot my glass," and returned to the counter. While I was there, I asked her if she'd like me to put some skin lotion on her, to which she replied, "Yes, but you better be good." I assured her I would and came back carrying her lotion and something else I'd picked up from the counter.

I started applying the lotion on her feet, working my way up her calves and then her thighs. I took my time. By the time I was ready to do her back, she had emptied her glass again. I hadn't remembered to fill mine.

"You'll have to take your nightie off, Mom, for me to do your back."

"Just push it up, honey."

"Nope, if you want the backrub and wine special, you have to follow instructions. Come on, up you go." I helped mom get up to her knees, leaning back into me as I pulled her flannel nightie over her head. She was a little dozy from the wine and the heat of the fire. I ran my hands over her tits, pressing them and tugging on her nipples.

"Roger."

"I'm just helping your circulation before you lay down again," and gently pushed her forward, naked, onto the comforter. I filled her glass again, squirted a generous portion of lotion between her shoulder blades, and started rubbing it into her back, working in large circles, pushing down more firmly whenever I was directly behind where her nipples would be pressing into the floor below. I kept applying more lotion, squirting it on in little puddles. Every once in a while, Mom would raise her head and take a sip of wine, then flop back down, more heavily each time. I never touched her ass.

"That's lovely," she slurred, when she took her last gulp.

That's when I pulled my hands back to the small of her back and started scratching the little dimples she had just above the rise to her cheeks.

"I have to do your bottom now, Mom. It's the only part left. It has to be done," I whispered gently but firmly, trying not to intrude on the crackling of the dying fire. I squirted some fluid on her left cheek and then some on her right, I started slowly massaging her prominent, pear-like globes, gently squeezing them as I pushed them around, and pulled them apart to apply a spreading pressure. I squirted more on and slowly worked that around as well. Then, I squirted some directly into her ass crack, let it soak in, then squirted in more. "Oops," I cried as I pressed my fingers in a cupping motion between her cheeks at the bottom of her buttocks, catching the extra fluid and pushing it back up against her little hole. Holding my fingers there, I squirted more fluid in, letting it pool over her rosebud and soak in.

"Roger," she burst out, hoarsely, her voice betraying a hidden excitement.

"Just relax, Mom. I'm almost finished. Just rest now." I pressed my middle finger in, laying it along her rosebud, and slid it gently back and forth, then pulling it up and swirling its tip around her little hole. She hadn't yet realized that I'd been soaking her butt and her little hole in the mazola oil I'd grabbed from the counter. It wasn't the best thing to use, but it was all I had. As I pushed my finger tip into her, she protested again. "It's just part of the massage, Mom, just let me finish."

When I slid my finger all the way in and started slowly working it in and out of her ass, part of the massage routine lost its value. "No, Roger, don't, don't."

"Mom, remember what I said about giving things a chance? Just give it a minute."

I squeezed even more Mazola around her hole and pushed two fingers in. She dug her pelvis into the floor, away from my merciless intruders, grunting. I kept pushing in, loving the sound of her grunts, "I can't," she cried, "I can't!"

"You can," I whispered back harshly, "and you will!"

"No, no, don't, Roger, don't."

I pulled my fingers back, and then shoved them in again, pressing deeply into her cheeks. "Yes's," I hissed. Suddenly, I pulled my fingers out of her, paused, then slid them down along her peritoneum and wiggled them into her cunt.

"Oh, my God, oh my god," she panted. I twisted my fingers around, loosening her up for a minute, and then started jamming them back and forth into her, increasing the tempo, pushing in harder, faster. Her panting became ragged. I stopped, twisting around again, and then started jamming in more slowly but more firmly. She started grunting again, moving her pussy back against my hand. I was very excited and breathing quite raggedly.

Pushing my hand in, I held it there while I twisted my body with my feet to the left, outside her widespread legs. I leaned my torso down, pressing her back flush to the floor as I aimed my cock and nudged it up against her little hole.

"No, Roger, don't. Wait, wait until tomorrow."

"I can't," I rasped back, and pushed the head in.

"OHHHHH, OHHHHH, UNNNGGHHHH," she wailed as I slid in. She was tight, but slippery, being very well oiled. I pushed all the way in, and fell to my chest lying across her. I stayed still, feeling her tight pucker gripping me, convulsing around the root of my cock. Slowly, I started moving. Out a little, and back. Again. Out and back, again and again. I started pressing in, grinding a little, just a little. Soon, I could hear little grunts with each grind into her cheeks. I started working my fingers in her pussy again, in time with my fucking of her ass. I pulled my fingers out and slid my long finger up to her clitoris and pressed it in there, swirling it about in tiny little circles. She began moving her ass back onto my cock, groaning, moaning and grunting all at once.

I pulled my hand quickly out from between her legs, around her hips and back onto her clit. Lifting myself, I straightened out behind her, between her legs. I moved my cock back between her cheeks, pressing it into to her opened hole. I let it hover there.

"Push your ass back on my cock, Mother."

"Come on. Push back. Fuck me with your ass."

I could feel the muscles in her thighs before she moved. And then I felt the exquisite feel of her round, puckered hole pushing back and enveloping the head of my cock. Suddenly, she shoved quickly upward, exhaling a loud grunt, "UNNNGGGHHH!" followed by many quick shoves in succession. She was going wild! I felt my hand on her clit brushed roughly aside as she replaced it with her own. I reached around and grabbed both her tits, squeezing them hard and pinching the nipples tightly as well. Each time she buried her ass around my cock, I tensed my thigh muscles as hard as I could, bulging my cock into her. We were in a frenzy. This was not tender lovemaking like we'd had that afternoon on the mountain. We were each stealing something from the other. Abruptly, I released my goo in her with explosive force. She began violently twisting her ass around on my cock, frigging herself frantically until I could feel her legs clenching and shuddering uncontrollably. We collapsed on the floor, panting raggedly.

After a long while, Mom blurted out, "You little bastard. What you make me do. You little bastard."

"Be honest, Mom," I countered. "You've had boring fucking all your life. I'm your son, and I know you. I know what you need, and I know what you really want."

A long pause followed.

"You're still a little bastard."

"I know. I'll leave you alone tonight, but I'm having you in the morning. Understand?"

No answer.

"Do you understand?" I repeated.

Quietly, "Yes, I understand."

"All morning," I insisted, "they can't get here until the afternoon."

"All morning," she acknowledged.

The next morning, both Mom and I learned how she could get her mouth down over my whole cock, using copious amounts of saliva generated while I held her head firmly down on me. I found that I could even continue fucking into her as I held her head tight, for a few thrusts, more and more each time. Eventually, I exploded in her face. I hadn't meant too but at the last minute, I couldn't help it, having never done it before. I immediately felt ashamed of myself but she didn't mind. She laughed at the huge amount of come dripping all over her, like it was a ridiculous joke that anything could be left after last night. I laughed too and then pushed the head of my cock back into her mouth. She slowly, sucked and licked it, milking the tip while looking into my eyes until I was soft. Unbelievable!

We cleaned up and had breakfast. Just as I was wondering if I had anything at all left and how I was ever going to live up to my manly demands of the previous evening, we saw riders coming around the bend in the trail, Dad at the lead. My ride with Mom was over.

As we rode back on fresh horses, I wondered about how things would go once we got back home. I no longer wanted to go away. Ever. I wanted to stay and have Mom again and again in all the ways I was starting to imagine.

And then the image of her rocking my head back into the floor popped into my mind, and the way she'd strode back across the room tossing the dish towel down into my face as she walked nonchalantly by, "Clean yourself up," she'd barked.

Maybe, this wasn't going to be so one-sided, I thought, just as Mom twisted around in her saddle to look back at me, the two of us again bringing up the rear. Keeping her eye on me, she smiled and leaned forward to grasp the horse's mane. She was still looking back, smiling, as she lifted her ass up to the edge of the saddle....