

## Caught In An Autumn Storm

by Susscrofa

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It was Harry's favorite time of year in the Catskills - late September, when the last breaths of summer warmth give way reluctantly to upstate New York autumn in a prelude to the first real chills. The vast acreage past the house where he grew up had belonged to a recently deceased farmer named Bill Meisler who, several years before his death, sold his land to a logging company with the stipulation that it would be managed by his nephew and maintained as a wildlife management area, open to hunters and campers and logged selectively.

Harry had recently turned 25. He was three years out of college and after some false starts, he finally secured a job position fitting his education as an industrial engineer at a medium-sized paper products plant just north of Philadelphia. He was back in his hometown to visit his mother Claire, as well as his uncle Frank and cousin Mark who lived at the other end of the small town. Harry's late father was nearly two decades Claire's senior and had died of a heart attack more than ten years ago, when Frank was a high school freshman. His mother's brother Frank had become like a second father, and his cousin Mark like the brother he never had. Mark - a strange young man really. Obsessed with his studies and with his hobbies, never dated in high school except for an awkward post-graduation tryst with the easiest girl of the entire school, and then went off on who knows what tangents in college. Still, Harry learned everything he knew about the woods and waters from his eccentric uncle and cousin and was happy for that, for all of their odd quirks.

After an early lunch, Harry gestured out towards the window and suggested, "Hey mom, I'm off for a walk on Bill Meisler's old place, do you want to go?"

"Sure...but the forecast didn't look so great."

"What are you talking about, the sky is clear, the breeze is fresh, what is there not to like? When's the last time the weathermen were right, especially in the spring and fall around here?"

Claire agreed to go along with her son, after all, she was going to see less and less of him during the course of the year with his new career and all, and she enjoyed the surrounding woods and fields nearly as much as he did. Harry filled a backpack with some bottles of water and some other emergency essentials and they were on their way across the road, over the boardwalk creek bridge, and onto the Meisler property's main trail that eventually forked into two overgrown logging roads.

The woods were beautiful, thanks to the mix of green on the oaks, elms, birch and beech that hadn't realized it was fall combined with the somber reds, yellows and browns of the patches of leaves that the season had already caught up to. As Harry and his mother passed under dense clusters of trees along the trail and then back into little clearings, the dappled sunlight seemed to give both Harry's light brown hair and his mother's shoulder-length red hair a unique glow.

The animals were in transition too, some of the summer birds were still there for their last insect-catching hurrah while others were already gone. To amuse himself, Harry kept kicking up clusters of brush with the hope of flushing a ruffed grouse for the entertainment value of watching it "explode" into the air, an old strategy Mark had taught him. Claire loved the sound they made as they took off, like a distant engine being revved. No luck, though a flock of wild turkeys made a great cameo appearance, proud tom turkeys with their long beards and no interest in strutting or breeding in the fall - peacefully clucking rather than strutting or gobbling as they ambled off back into the brush.

Admiring the turkeys, she said "Something about wild turkeys is almost out of place, like they belonged in some tropical far-away land, like the hummingbirds." Claire smiled dreamily, looking at the metallic sheen coming off the feathers of the birds as they marched with purpose out of sight. Pushing fifty, Claire had approached her middle age well, her un-dyed red hair having a few small streaks of gray, and the few lines and crow's feet along her face showing maturity but not aging. Her sweater and jeans accommodated a thick yet toned and strong body with unassuming grace.

Harry himself had lost interest in playing sports between high school and his last years in college, but he was still lean and fairly muscular - something he was proud of when contrasted to his slightly older cousin who seemed to go from skinny to paunchy over the course of half a decade. Whereas his cousin was morose and eccentric, Harry was well-liked and popular, with a new girlfriend every few months. His current dry spell was unusual, perhaps meeting women in the real world was different from parties and hook-ups in college, or maybe he just needed a break to focus on work and getting his life in order.

Pointing up a hill, Harry said, "Let's cut up to this ridge over here, I've always liked the view there."

"So did.." Claire spoke, her words interrupted by a jumped herd of deer, all does. The deer made their way up the ridge straight ahead of them in a quick, un-panicked trot. Watching the deer rather than the rough logging road, Claire stumbled a bit over a wet mossy log and fell into a clump of ferns, her son dutifully helped her up and walked on.

Upon reaching the top and looking down onto the fields below, Claire caught her breath and repeated, "I'm so happy you took this time off to visit, it's getting more quiet and lonely with each day. Nobody to go walking with for one thing."

"Come on, mom, uncle Frank is right down the road, your friend Mary comes by to talk your ear off more than you can take, and you're busy with work..."

"I know, but it's not the same. I guess, well...I don't know what's important to me now, with your father gone for more than ten years, and now you're a few years out of college but just as far away now as before."

"You know I'll visit, like I am now. Philly isn't that far away, and I have a flexible schedule. After all, how can I leave all this behind...my home, you, where I grew up. Even this. I love these woods, lots of fun and fond memories."

"Even more for me - I've had more time for it to grow on me!"

Meanwhile, fall and summer were having their last wrestling match, where the warm, humid air of end summer was getting pushed back by a sudden strong cold front. The moist, stagnant air in the mid 70's was going back and forth with air gusts that were at least 20 degrees colder, as the sky grew steadily grayer and darker. The forecast had in fact been accurate after all.

"Do you think we should head back, Harry?"

"Don't worry, just a breeze, let's head on."

As Harry and Claire hiked on, the wind gusts picked up, stirring up fallen leaves in waves and spirals, and the forest seemed to realize that the front was strong and serious. In the clearings, the butterflies and grasshoppers suddenly stopped flying, and the calls of songbirds were now silenced. Then, after a calm pause in the wind, the sky opened up with a thunderclap, and the rain came down in torrents.

Soaked through by the rain within less than a minute, Claire said with exasperation, "Is this your idea of fun, son? What do we do now?"

Worse than the rain was the wind and drop in temperature. The previous pleasant warmth was pushed out and the air was probably under 50, on top of all the wind and rain.

"Look - you know that abandoned storage shed where old man Meisler had his hoard of newspapers going back about half a century? It's right down the hill there. Let's go and get out of the rain."

Harry and Claire made a quick dash down the hill, running through a clear-cut and wading through the swampy muck of an alder grove along the way to get there, adding insult to injury. The shed itself was in a sorry state, not only dilapidated on the exterior, but trashed on the inside. During hunting season, it was generally treated respectfully by the sportsmen who took a break there, but not such much during the summer months when everyone from drunken and stoned teenagers to vagrants used it as a stopover. The two lawn chairs were about the only places anyone of sound mind would be willing to sit, the mattress in the corner looked like it needed someone with a hazmat suit to take it out for burning.

Claire looked around and started by shaking and squeezing the water out of her thick red wavy hair. She was already shivering. Harry took off his backpack and pulled out a long beach towel. He was about to apply it to his own face and hair but thought it right to offer it to his mother first.

"Thanks. I'm glad one of us came prepared!" she laughed, shaking and pale.

"Mom, your face is turning blue...let me see if I can get a fire going under the roof or something...or maybe..." Harry was fumbling with matches and looking for scraps of newspaper and kindling to use inside a rusty cast-iron skillet that was left on the floor.

"Are you nuts? You'll burn the place down or suffocate us. I'll be fine," said Claire, her teeth chattering.

Harry pulled a couple of rags out of his backpack as well, saying "I guess I thought to bring everything but ponchos.."

Noticing that his mother was shivering harder from the cold and dampness, he said, "Come here..." and put his arms around her, to little effect since his clothes were as soaked and cold as Claire's.

"Just a minute..." said Harry, taking off his shirt and t-shirt underneath and wiping down to dry off with his rags, and adding "here, use the towel."

Claire wasn't shy around her son, she had no problem taking off her sweater to wring it out, then taking the towel and wiping the rest dry around her white lace bra. Harry turned away out of politeness and respect, meanwhile getting into a corner to take off his jeans and wring them, along with flannel shirt and his socks. Now the cold was getting to him as well, the hair on his arms and legs was standing on end over gooseflesh.

His mother took his cue to do the same, kicking off her wet sneakers and stripping down to her panties, getting as much as she could out of the towel. She draped her pants and sweater on one of the lawn chairs just as Harry had done. Handing over the towel, she asked, "You want this, it's already wet?"

"So are these rags...hell mom, you're almost turning blue..."

"This was your bright idea!" she said with sarcasm, though with affection rather than anger.

"Hey, come here." Harry took the towel and laid it over the filthy corner mattress. He made it halfway tolerable by pulling a decayed tarp over it first - the tarp was covered in dirt but not nearly as filthy as the mattress. Harry then tossed the wet rags above the towel before he sat down. Claire sat down next to him, shivering, her back facing him.

Harry put his arms around his mother's torso, holding her close, pressing her back against his stomach, as he angled himself so that the side of his hip was against the side of Claire's. As they shivered, he held Claire more closely - she seemed completely oblivious to the strangeness being nearly naked and soaking wet next to her son, she turned around to face him.

"You really are getting cold too, Harry."

"Yeah, it's starting to get to me too...hey, come here, let's try to warm each other up."

Harry pressed his mother more tightly toward him and she reciprocated. He rubbed his hands up and down her back forcefully, fast and strong with the hope of bringing back some warmth to her skin. Claire responded by snuggling up against her son's chest.

Claire and Harry could feel one another's breath against each another's necks. Harry glanced down at the hints of ruddy freckles scattered over his mother's fair skin, and tried his best not to stare at the ample cleavage overflowing from her wet bra, or the fact that the damp lace did little to hide her nipples. It was at that moment that he stopped thinking about the damp cold and realized that his briefs were sticking out like a tent, and that just about the only warmth in his body was concentrated around his crotch.

Harry and Claire had some ambiguous moments before. On one occasion his cousin was taken aback by the photo he took of Harry and his Claire, son standing behind his mother with his arms around her stomach, more like boyfriend and girlfriend than mother and son. Still, that was playful rather than lewd. Then again, the same year, there was the time when Claire needed a back-rub after a tiring day at work and her son graciously obliged, only to get rock-hard in his shorts. He told himself that she didn't notice, and explained his response to himself with the correct understanding that he was young and horny, and that those thoughts would go away as soon as one of his girlfriends in high school would put out. Obviously nothing "indecent" had ever happened between them - after all, Claire and Harry had a normal mother and son relationship with no underlying thread of sexual tension except at those few unintended moments when just the right (or wrong) mental buttons were pushed.

The question was what to do with about the embarrassing sight now, since as soon as Claire looked down, her son's arousal from the feel of her body was there in plain sight, there was no way to hide or deny it. She must have certainly seen and probably felt the warm hardness against her thigh through his briefs, but she said nothing and gave no hint of any reaction or discomfort. If anything, she just kept rubbing and caressing her son's back and encouraging him to do the same to keep away the cold.

Harry tried to distract from the awkwardness of the situation by remarking on how the heavy rain was still coming down strong on the roof of the shed, and how much water was leaking through the gaps between the slowly rotting planks. Somehow during that time he and his mother had progressed from a sitting position on the mattress to a reclining position, Harry on top of her, the two in each other's arms.

Claire wrapped her legs around her son's hips, convincing herself that this too was a necessary measure to evade the dampness and keep the chill away. Her mind returned to the after-work back rubs too, how she, unknown to her son, couldn't help getting warm and moist in her womanhood when her son's strong hands caressed the back of her neck and shoulders years ago, though of course acting on the response would be the last thing she would ever do. Just as he explained his reaction at the time away by telling himself he was a horny young teenager who'd respond to just about anything - human, animal, vegetable, or mineral with a hint of sexuality, she explained those feelings away by telling herself that years spent alone after the death of Harry's father had primed her in the wrong way to any intimate touch. And so mother and son kept up the pretense that what they were doing now was all about keeping warm. The bra was unsnapped and removed with the excuse that it too wet. Similarly, both the outside and inside of Claire's white thighs needed to have Harry's hands run slowly and sensually over them, often inches from her crotch, to help with the warmth and blood flow. Then there was the excuse of "drying off" - although the rags were wet, Claire got a good rub-down over most of her near-nude body with them. It didn't take very long for both Harry and Claire to realize that the pretense about keeping the chills away could not longer be taken seriously - not with his hands gradually encircling and cupping her soft but high C-cup breasts and certainly not when his fingers tenderly caressed her erect red nipples. The holding and hugging made way to aggressive sexual foreplay, Claire letting out encouraging sighs of pleasure while her son rubbed his neck and face up against her, and inevitably it all progressed to having Harry slide his mother's panties down her legs - without a hint of protest from her or reluctance on his part, and immediately after wriggling his long legs out of his briefs.

Claire spent a second taking in the notion that she was now completely nude and well past the point of no return with the foreplay, and reacted devil-may-care by throwing her arms back around his neck and her thighs back around his waist. Harry's hands headed straight to Claire's hips, he leaned down slightly to kiss his mother between her cleavage before slowly, gently pushing Claire's thick, strong white thighs apart and maneuvering between them. He did this a little gingerly - a first and only questioning hesitation - watching his mother's face as she gasped and smiled to confirm that this was what she wanted too, accented with barely audible sighs of "Yes, yes". Harry ground his crotch against his mother's pubis, first feeling the coarse tickle of her dense pubic hair and then with a bit of a twist to his hips, the wet, soft thrill of his mother's labial folds enveloping him and guiding him deeper inside of her.

When he penetrated Claire, he thoughtlessly blurted out "warm at last" (they were indeed starting to work up a sweat), which oddly sent his mother into a short but uncontrollable fit of laughter as her own long suppressed, hormone-driven giddy passions surged. Having tensed up momentarily when her son's phallus worked its way in, Claire eased her mind and body into the situation, she moaned and gasped with pleasure, spreading her legs as far apart as they could go. For a split second, she went completely limp so that her son could guide his thick cock in as deep as it could go. Once they became comfortable with one another, as though by instinct they found a perfect, synchronized rhythm, Claire bucking upwards as her son pumped down into her, savoring the feeling of his mother around him while her engorged pussy lips engulfed him. For a few perfect, ecstatic minutes, it was as if every movement of their bodies was synced - they were locked in each other's eyes, the rhythm of their hips was ideally timed and matched, and even their deep breaths were synchronized as they gasped and sighed with unimagined, nearly intolerable pleasure.

For Claire, it was the first sexual encounter she had in a couple of years, and perhaps the first satisfying encounter since the death of her husband. For Harry, after dozens of trysts with girls for whom he had no genuine affection and often little attraction, it was so exhilarating that it almost scared him. It wasn't the fact that he was having sex with his own mother that shocked him, but that sex with his mother could be so intense and raw. Excited by the thought of a broken taboo, he reached down to the back of his mother's thighs and propped her legs up on his shoulders, pumping deeper and harder, his face alternating between being buried in her soft, ample round bosoms and rising up, teeth grated with instinctive, animal excitement. Suddenly Claire sighed and moaned much more loudly than before, she cried out "Oh my God!" once. Her body tensed up before she allowed herself take in the spasmic, moving waves of pleasure that radiated from her groin through the rest of her body. She arched back her neck and shoulders, taking it all in. Collecting herself, she now half-heartedly tried to keep up with her son's remaining intense pelvic thrusts, but she was somewhere in another plane, her eyes closed as though half in sleep. It was then that Harry found release, grunting something incomprehensible through clenched teeth as each throb and pulse of his cock shot another spurt of warm semen into Claire. Momentarily, his mind allowed the half-rational thought about the absurdity of it all, of coming inside the body where he was once nourished and from which he was born, but it didn't matter - nothing that felt so intensely good could possibly be wrong.

Before withdrawing, Claire tightened the grip of her thighs around Harry's hips one more time, to enjoy one last second of the connection, and then mother and son slowly uncoupled, Claire letting out a gasp as he gradually slid out. Harry gently turned his mother onto her side and pressed the front of his body onto her, spooning against her back and buttocks. In the semi-darkness of the cabin (it had one cracked, dirty window), Harry took some moments to explore his mother's body, since the sex had happened so suddenly he almost didn't have time to appreciate what he was getting. At 49, Claire would have been the envy of many a woman ten years younger - while never thin, she carried her weight well and was always toned and

firm rather than flabby. Her breasts were soft without sagging, her buttocks and thighs were firm, thick and wide in the right places with barely a hint of cellulite.

Harry turned his mother around so they could be face to face again. He gently and sensually ran his fingers through her wet hair and clasped the back of her head in the cup of his hands. As they pressed their bodies together, Harry kissed her tenderly on the lips, intensifying until the two engaged in a deep kiss before they both drew back, surprised and staring at each other.

"Sorry but, I don't know, that..."

"...felt weird?" Harry completed his mother's sentence for her.

She nodded, smiling gently while sliding her soft hand along her son's cheek and neck. "I don't know why - I mean, all we did now seemed like the most natural and beautiful thing in the world, but when you kiss me like that..."

"Yes, I know." Strange, how both mother and son found sharing a lover's kiss so disturbing when they had just shared so much more.

Not wanting to dwell on it, Harry moved his head down to kiss and nibble Claire's nipples instead. Now that did feel right for both of them, as it did as when he gradually worked his head and torso down further along her chest, kissing and licking her stomach along the way before his face and fingers found his mother's warm, inviting pubic mound and warm, engorged vagina - a moist, pink-petaled blossom with soft folds yawning wide open and surrounded by a dense red "V" of hair. Harry was now half-hard again, just minutes after their first coupling. It only took a few kisses along her inner thighs and a few slides of his tongue along her outer labia for him to be ready and to sense that she was too.

Harry mounted his mother again, but before he could get in her, she pulled away, turned around, and got on her elbows and knees in front of him, "I want it like this, do me from behind!"

Her son gratefully accepted the invitation by kneeling on his knees behind his mother, the tip of his hard cock brushing her buttocks. Putting his hands on her hips, he guided Claire's ass up and his cock back into her. She let out a moan of pleasure - it was a smooth, easy entry since her pussy was now absolutely soaked within. Harry pumped his hips, thrusting harder and deeper into his mother's body. "God Harry, you're in so deep!" Their maneuvering had pushed aside the towel, so Claire's elbows, forearms, and knees were now sliding back and forth slightly on the moldy tarp with each of her son's pelvic thrusts. She paid no attention to the dirt, especially not when one of Harry's hands left her hips to reach around and touch her breasts, and especially not when moved down to caress her clitoris. "Yes, there, there..." she begged.

During their second coupling, Harry lasted much longer. As they worked their way inexorably towards climax and release, Claire's face was down in the rags with her elbows soiled by the dirty tarp. She would sometimes raise her head up, alternating between screams and whimpers for two intense, consecutive orgasms before Harry finally came inside of her, gasping and closing his eyes in ecstasy. They then collapsed, both exhausted, son on top of mother, the crown of his not yet fully flaccid cock still lingering in her pussy lips before he had to pull out to get in a mutually comfortable position.

"Wow" was all Claire could say, but it was sufficient - the tone of her spontaneous exclamation once stating "that was the most amazing feeling I've had in years" and "I still can't believe that my son just fucked me twice and that I encouraged the whole thing." Harry picked up on this and just smiled bashfully, nodding his head in agreement. Wow indeed. In the meanwhile, the rain and wind had stopped long ago - through the dingy cracked window they could see that the storm had cleared.

"The sun's back up..."

"Come on Harry, I guess we should get dressed and go before someone catches us here in flagrante..."

"They'd be in for a sight to see." They both laughed nervously at each other, grinning playfully. Claire especially looked around the shed with disbelief. For some reason, the sight of one another's wet clothes draped over the chairs and their underwear lying at the end of the tarp seemed like an even stronger reminder of what had just happened than their own nakedness.

Harry and Claire stood up, wiped and brushed off the grime that had found its way from the tarp onto their bodies, and put on their underclothes. Harry stashed the wet and dirty towel and rag in his backpack and took out a couple of water bottles, offering one to his mother. Their little romp had dehydrated and exhausted them in the best possible way.

Claire and Harry half-reluctantly stepped outside to wring out their wet clothes as best they could for the last time and take in the warm sun again before getting dressed. While their shirts, jeans, and sweaters were soaking wet, they weren't cold as they made their way back home, the moist air was rising through the woods in a wispy fog illuminated by the sun's rays all around them. Neither said very much, except to point out how a rock ledge they used to sit on had eroded and collapsed or the sight of squirrels chasing each other in the treetops. Without having to say it, both were thinking the same thing - once the afterglow of the lust and passion had worn off, how would they feel about it?

Harry resisted the urge to say or do anything playful or suggestive on the way back or at home. Mother and son both realized that while it was possible that something like this would happen again, they had no intention of making it routine habit. If it didn't happen, then they'd both have a strange but fond memory of a stormy late fall afternoon of incestuous joy in the grimy, musty-smelling ruins of a storage shed turned makeshift hunting cabin - a memory without guilt or regrets.