



A Mother Son Camping Trip

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Incest | Mature

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Author's Note: With the blessing of the author I have created this revised version of their excellent story. If you haven't read Sethp's story I highly recommend it. All characters in sexual activities are 18 or older. Nitpickers, please accept that the narrative occasionally is first person from the POV of the main character and that the grammar is how I intended it to be. Thank you and I hope that you enjoy this story. Let me know what you think.

Bryan stuffed the last of the camping gear into the back of the family's silver Tahoe. He wasn't particularly looking forward to this holiday weekend anymore. It had started off as a grand multi-family adventure, with all of their neighborhood friends going along, but life, as it will, intervened. There were all kinds of last-minute business and family emergencies. Bryan and his best friend, Richard Jones, had made plans for jet skiing, rock climbing, portable video games, and all kinds of other stuff. It was supposed to be an epic last big weekend before his friend left for college. They had both just turned eighteen. Richard's family had to go out of town to attend to a death in the family. Their other neighbors, The Smiths, all came down with food poisoning While the Robinson's truck was totaled the night before by a drunk driver. Ironically it was already loaded and ready to go before the accident.

The final person to back out was actually Bryan's dad, Ralph Miller, who had gotten called in to work at the last moment. He was the head of human resources at an emerging tech firm. They had been the victims of a huge electronic security breach that required his immediate presence, probably for the entire weekend.

"Let's make the best of it, Bryan," his mother said, coming out of the house with several bags of food.

Bryan knew better than to argue with his mother but he liked camping and always enjoyed her company so really, what was the point? Sure, he could have just said no and walked away. He was eighteen after all, but that would have been bad. He had heard his mother that morning, nearly in tears, arguing with his father about having to go to work. His parents haven't been getting along for what seemed to Bryan, like years. He noted that as time went by it was only getting worse. Bryan had hoped the weekend would fix things between his parents, but now it was going to be a long weekend alone with his mother. He figured he could get some reading done and go

on some hikes by himself. Resigning himself to have fun Bryan climbed into the driver's seat to give his mom a chance to relax and hopefully cool off.

His mother started the Tahoe and off they went. "I'm sorry that it's just you and me, Bryan."

"It's okay," he said, meaning it. "I'm going to make the best of it, and you should too."

"We already paid for the camping site. I need to get away even if it's just with my son. You can still do all the things that you wanted to, I promise that won't bother you at all. Okay?"

"I promise mom, we're going to have a great time," Bryan said, looking out the window at the passing scenery.

A few hours later they reached the camping site. My group reserved two spots right next to each other; with one big enough to park the neighbor's RV and plenty of room for

several tents. It had a huge picnic table, a large shaded tree and was close to the restrooms and shower facility.

"Oh, this is nice right?" Bryan's mom said happily. "Look how close to the lake we are! This will be great. There will be plenty of privacy in this little corner of the woods too. You start setting up the tents and I'll go check-in and get us some firewood." She hurried off to the ranger's office.

Bryan started unloading their equipment and setting everything up. He just about had both tents up when his mother came back. "Okay, we're good to go."

Bryan and his mother set up the camp together. When they were done it was well past lunchtime and Bryan's mother fired up the grill and cooked up some hot dogs.

"Thanks again for going camping with your old mother," she said as they finished eating.

"You are not old. To prove it let's go rent a canoe this afternoon."

"Okay, that's a deal. I'll make us up some cheeseburgers tonight after we get back."

Bryan was surprised, but he had a great time out on the lake paddling all over the place and exploring the little coves and beaches with his mom. They found one beach that was almost completely hidden from view until you were almost on it. It was there that they stopped for a break. Bryan laid out the blanket while Michelle pulled out the cooler with some snacks and Gatorade.

"Are you doing okay, Mom?" Bryan asks. He can tell his mother is a bit flushed from the trip.

"Yes, I just forgot how much hard work this can be," she replied before taking a big drink.

She was still a little out of breath, even though Bryan was trying to do all the work in the canoe. Bryan worried about his mother and her health. She had gained a lot of weight in the last couple of years. Most of the weight had gone to her bust but she had rounded out a bit in her tummy, hips, and ass. The dockmaster even had a hard time finding a life vest big enough to fit over her enormous breasts. She had taken it off as they took their break. Bryan caught himself glancing at her massive, heaving chest and turned away before she could see it.

"You okay, dear? Your face is so red."

"Yeah," he said, getting up. "It's just a little hot. Whenever you're ready we can start heading back."

"I'm ready. Can you help me up please," she said, holding up her hand for him.

Bryan helped her to her feet. As he readied the canoe for the return trip to the dock, he looked over at his mother. She was

having a hard time with the clasps on her vest again, and he couldn't help but stare as she wiggled and jiggled and grunted and mashed her breasts together; squeezing the vest over her mountainous chest. It was a mesmerizing spectacle.

"Shit," he muttered as he turned away. For the first time in his life (second time in the last hour), he had been perving on his own mother.

"All ready," she said a moment later. "Let's get back, I'm famished."

They made it back to the dock in good time. Bryan looked back at the western sky and saw some black clouds heading their way. Usually, it was his father's job to ready the campsite for any incoming storms, but it would be up to him this time. When they got back to the campsite, Bryan set about making sure the car windows were up, picking up anything that might blow or float away, and rechecking that their tents were set up on the good high ground. Satisfied, he went over to help finish setting up for dinner.

"Wow! Just last year we would have been yelling and looking all over for you to help and now you're doing everything on your own. I didn't even notice the clouds over there till after you started putting everything up. Thank you," said his mom.

"Oh. Well, you know. Dad's not here and I figure I have to take care of all his duties on this trip."

Bryan's mother looked down at the ground for a moment before continuing her preparations. It was quick and she recovered well, but Bryan could see that his talking about his father had upset her. He didn't know what to do. They ate in silence and afterward, he helped clear everything away. His mother went to the car to grab a couple of bags and Bryan went to work on starting the fire. He had it roaring in no time and was playing a game on his phone when his mom came over. She had changed into sweat pants and a long white T-shirt. "My camping PJs," she said, handing him a soda from the cooler.

"Thanks," he said, looking over at the large cup his mother was holding.

"I hope you don't mind, but we still had all that tequila and whisky and mixers in the car, and I need to unwind."

"Of course, I don't mind," Bryan said, although he did, a little. His mom was prone to drinking when she was upset, usually ending up sloppy drunk and stumbling around. He figured she'd be okay here and he wasn't tired in the least, so he'd stay up playing on his phone and keep an eye on her. She would probably pass out early.

She took a big drink and then looked at him lovingly. "You're so grown up. You know I'm very proud of you." She took another big drink. She wasn't going slowly tonight.

"Thanks, Mom. Are you okay?"

"Yes. I had so much fun today. Tomorrow, I'd like to hike up to Stone Peak together."

"Are you sure that you can handle that?" Bryan joked.

"What? I can handle anything you've got," she replied, laughing. Then she drained her glass and made to stand up. "I guess I'll..."

"Not on your life," Bryan interrupted. One of his father's responsibilities was getting fresh drinks for his wife while they were camping. Well, at least that's how it went in happier times, Bryan thought.

"I've got this. Remember that I'm handling all of his work on this camping trip!"

"His? Who... oh yes!" She laughed. "He, who shall not be named! Do you...?"

"Yes, I know what you're having and I'll be right back."

A few minutes later, Bryan returned with a fresh drink for his mother and another soda for himself.

"Will you be able to sleep with all that caffeine?" she asked, draining half her cup. "Oh, this is good! Much better than when I made it."

"Thank you!" he said, proud of himself. "And yes, I will be able to sleep. Don't worry about me." He was even more proud of himself for making her drink twice as strong as usual. She'd be asleep soon and he wouldn't have to deal with her drunken stupor. He smiled.

"Oh, very proud of yourself, aren't you?" she said, slightly slurring her words and draining the rest of her drink. "It's time to perform your duty, good sir," she thrust her cup in his direction.

Bryan laughed. He had forgotten that his mother and father fell into this mock-pseudo-Medieval dialogue when they were drinking. It used to be cute. He was their little page, back in the day. Now he wasn't sure what he was. "Yes indeed, my fair, uh, Queen? I'm your..."

"Knight! You're my handsome Knight!" she laughed hysterically. "And yes, I am the queen!"

"Uh... yes... um... well, your handsome knight will fetch a liquid refreshment suitable for thy great beauty," he stuttered and went to get her another, stronger drink. He sucked at being a knight and he wasn't sure if he had said something wrong. His mother was quiet over there. He was embarrassed and glad that she wouldn't remember anything in the morning.

"Here you go fair maiden," he said, kneeling down and offering her the cup as though it was a chalice.

He wondered if fair maiden was an appropriate title for a queen or if that was reserved for princesses?

She laughed. "Verily, I am pleased by thy great servitude," she stumbled on her words, laughed again, and took a deep drink.

She took a little longer to finish this one and Bryan enjoyed the peace and quiet of the darkness and the relaxing sounds of the crackling fire. Every once in a while they could hear another camper or children playing off in the distance but overall it was very quiet.

Bryan lost himself thinking about his mother while staring into the fire. He loved her and hated to see her like this: drinking herself into oblivion. It had bothered him that she was out of breath during their canoeing session earlier, and he vowed to help her start a training regimen when they got back home. He didn't consider her fat by any means. But she needed to lose a bit of weight for her benefit.

"Hey, young knight!" his mother called over to him. She was leaning way back in her chair smiling at him and holding out her cup to him. "It's time to perform your duty, good sir."

Bryan popped up and smiled. "Of course, fair lady," he said, taking her cup and heading back over to the picnic table and cooler. He decided to make this the strongest one yet.

He hadn't been paying close attention to how much alcohol he'd been putting in her drinks. He knew it had been a lot, at least double of what his father usually made for her. He brought the fresh concoction over to her, hoping this one would do the trick and knock her out. "Here we are, fair lady," he said, remaining in character.

"Such a lovely young lord, thine are," she said. Her eyes were glassy. It was starting to get chilly out and Bryan's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he realized for the first time that night that his mother wasn't wearing a bra. Her large nipples were poking out against her shirt. He glanced away quickly

and retreated to his seat by the fire and back to the games on his phone.

Bryan was almost to the next level in his game when his mother's chair fell sideways, with her in it! He rushed over to his mother. She was laughing hysterically. She still had her cup in her hand. It was empty. "I can't... shit... baby... I think you bether... bet her..." she slurred as she giggled.

"I think I better help you to your tent," Bryan said.

"Yesh!" Michelle slurred between fits of laughter.

Bryan took his mother's hand and pulled her up to her feet. She stumbled into him, nearly knocking them both into the fire. It took all of his strength to keep them both on their feet. He was supporting nearly all of her weight.

"Come on... we're almost there," he said helping her across the clearing to her tent. He had his arms around her. She shifted

against him, stumbling over a rock, and in his effort to keep her up, he grabbed one of her large breasts. Her thick nipple was poking hard against his hand. He involuntary squeezed her boob.

His mother sighed and mumbled something into his shoulder. He was devastatingly embarrassed, and to his horror, a little turned on. His cock twitched in his pants. "Shit!" he said too loudly, hurrying his mother along.

"Whatsit... whatsit, baby," she slurred incoherently against his shoulder, as they neared the tent. She never called him baby. In her drunken stupor, she must be thinking that he was his father. Then she grasped his hand in hers holding it firmly against her breast. "I know... I know what you need."

Bryan only knew that he needed to get her inside the tent so she could sleep it off. They finally reached the front of the tent and Bryan, somehow, managed to get her safely inside. She sprawled out on her sleeping bag and was snoring in seconds.

"Shit," Bryan said aloud as he walked back over to the fire.
"That was crazy."

He thought he heard thunder off in the distance. He knew it was going to rain, but thought they still had a pretty safe spot. He took one last walk around the campsite, making sure everything was secure and safe, and then he went into his tent. It was a nice summer evening, so he stripped down to his shorts and put his phone into his bag, and turned off his flashlight. As he lay in his sleeping bag thinking about Judy Summers from biology class he began to get hard. She wasn't really his type, or to put it into proper perspective, he probably wasn't her type.

Judy was very popular and was the head cheerleader. She had long flowing blonde hair, ice-blue eyes, and a creamy complexion. She stood about 5 feet 7 inches tall and had enormous boobs and the cutest smile he had ever seen. The more he thought about her in her cheerleading outfit the harder he got. Soon he was reaching into his shorts and started to stroke himself. Oh, how he had dreamed of Judy

and what he would do to her if he had the nerve to ask her out. He imagined them making out in the front seat of the family Tahoe, and then crawling to the backseat, where he unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her amazing, round, young, firm tits. As he thought about molesting Judy's tits, they suddenly morphed into his mother's bigger, heavier ones. "Shit," he said quietly, but he never stopped stroking his cock. Those were the only tits he had ever touched and he had to admit that they were wonderfully heavy and full. He tried to imagine what that hard, amazing nipple looked like. It had felt impossibly long and thick against the palm of his hand.

Just then a raindrop splattered on his forehead. "What the...?" Another raindrop hit his forehead and then another one, and another and another. He rolled out of the way, grabbed his flashlight, and pointed it at the roof of his tent. There was a big Grand Canyon-sized rip, running halfway down the seam that he hadn't noticed earlier.

"Damn it," he yelled. Before he had a chance to figure out his next step, the deluge started. Sheets of rain came down and his tent rapidly filled with water. His sleeping bag was soaked

within seconds. Bryan quickly grabbed the essentials and sprinted over to his mother's tent. He fumbled with the zipper and flap but managed to make it inside. It was nice and warm and dry in here. His shorts were soaked and he peeled them off, threw them outside, and toweled himself dry.

His mother was still passed out but had rolled onto her back. He turned on his flashlight and looked around for her bag of clothes. He needed something to wear but, she must have stashed it back in the Tahoe. All he had were the t-shirts in his bag.

"Fuck," he muttered. "Fuck, Fuck, Fuck!"

The tent was big enough to accommodate them both though, and his mother was sprawled out on a blanket. Her sleeping bag was unzipped on her sleeping mat off to her side, and one of her pillows was there. She always slept with two pillows. In addition, his mother always brought a sheet for those nights it was very warm. Bryan figured that he could spread out the sleeping bag and pull out the sheet and they could just snuggle

up together. Bryan would then explain things to his mother in the morning.

At some point in time after bringing her to the tent, his mother must have made herself more comfortable as she was still in her long nightshirt but had discarded her sweatpants. Bryan lay on his back and despite the calamity of the weather, he fell asleep a short while later to the hypnotic sound of the rain, while dreaming of Judy Summers.

Sometime in the early morning, Bryan awoke from an amazing dream, featuring Judy, of course. He didn't know where he was at first. Everything was pitch-black and someone was snuggled up against him. It was his mother. Her warm full-figured body was snuggled against his in her sleep. He still had a raging hard-on from his dream with Judy and then he realized something was off.

During the night his mother must have gotten hot as she was now naked. Her extremely large and heavy breasts were pressed against his arm and chest, and her leg was snaked over

his. She had one hand on his lower stomach, dangerously close to touching the tip of his throbbing cock and her head was resting on his shoulder.

He had to admit that it felt amazing to be cuddled up against a real naked woman. It was just too bad that it was his mother. Bryan had to think. He had to disengage himself from her without waking her. How could he ever explain why he was snuggled against her, naked in her tent in the middle of the night? "Fuck," he muttered as he slowly pulled away, trying to disentangle from her. As he did so, her hand slid down his stomach and touched his cock. He stopped breathing and froze.

Her breathing hadn't changed. She was still asleep, he thought. Then she did something astounding and truly terrible. She moved her hand down further and firmly grabbed his cock. "Where... you... where r... you going, baby," she whispered, as she started to stroke his cock. "So hard for me... mmmm... country air good... doing you good, Hunny."

Bryan was paralyzed with fear and horror. He couldn't move and he couldn't talk. He could barely breathe. His mother thought she was stroking his father. They had similar builds and she had to still be drunk with as much alcohol as she had consumed just hours ago. Then, thankfully, she pulled away from him. Bryan started to sit up so he could run to the Tahoe, but before he could move, he felt her hot breath on his cock. She had maneuvered around so that her head was in his lap.

"I think baby found something she likes," she said, giggling just before inhaling his cock into her mouth. "Mmmm," she purred around his shaft as she bobbed her head on his cock, obscenely drooling all over it.

"Oh... My... God!" Bryan groaned a little too loudly. This was the most intense, incredible sensation he had ever felt. His hands come up and grasp her head and he helps set the pace of their oral lovemaking.

His mother pulled her mouth off of his cock. "Keep it down, Hunny, or you'll wake up Bryan." Then she sucked his steel-hard, throbbing cock back into her mouth.

"P... play with my balls..." Bryan tells his mother. He can feel her grin and her hand comes up and cups his balls. She gently fondles them as she sucks his cock deep into her mouth and down her throat. Bryan hissed his approval of how she was working him over with her hand and mouth. Bryan felt the tip of his cock touching the back of her throat. She was making obscene slurping noises as she bobbed her head on his shaft. It was way too much for Bryan and without warning, he grunted and flooded her mouth with his cum. "Oh... uh..."

His mother gagged for the first time taking a cock. Spurt after spurt of thick, rich, creamy sperm flew into her mouth and down her throat. Her lover held her head down and she almost had to tap out for lack of oxygen. Still, she kept the suction on his cock as he emptied his balls into her mouth. She pulled off of his cock when he was finally done, gasping for air.

"God, baby," she said while trying to control her gag reflex, "You almost drowned me with that load! Next time... give me some warning." She still had one hand on his cock.

"Wow... you're still rock hard, Hunny! Think you can keep going? Baby needs it." Bryan's mother says as she pushes a strand of cum back into her mouth.

Bryan was paralyzed on the sleeping bag. He had never had an orgasm so intense. This was nothing compared to his hand. He was trying to come to terms with the fact that he had just cum in his mother's mouth. She rolled over onto her back beside him.

"Come on, baby, while it's still hard," she yanked hard on his cock, forcing him to roll over onto her. He found himself on top of her with his cock head at the entrance to her pussy. "Fuck me, baby," she hissed at him. "Love me like you used to."

God help him, but Bryan pushed his hips forward into the warm folds of his mother's pussy. It slowly enveloped the tip of his cock and drew in his length. The feeling of being inside

of her warm pussy was even more amazing than her mouth. He froze there a moment realizing what he was about to do.

"I need to cum baby," she whined, reaching for his hips, and trying to urge him inside her.

Bryan slowly pressed forward until his cock was balls deep inside his mother. "Oh... my... god... uh..."

Bryan had been a virgin until this point in his life. His body knew instinctively what to do though. He thrust forward and backward sliding his cock in and out of his mother's hot, wet pussy, building up to a strong, quick tempo. Bryan's mother lifted her legs up against his sides and pulled him against her soft, pleasantly plump body, pulling his head down towards hers and kissing him hard. He was fairly inexperienced with kissing, but his mother did all the work, mashing her full lips against his and sucking his tongue into her mouth. It was another new amazing sensation and he paused a beat. In the back of his mind, the one thing he wondered was how did his mother not know it was him and not his father.

She broke away from the kiss, breathing hard. "Don't stop... DON'T YOU DARE STOP!" his mother ordered. "Fuck me! Keep fucking me until I go limp!" she demanded, and Bryan obliged.

Bryan got into a rhythm again, plunging his cock deep inside his mother again and again, as they sucked on each other's tongues. She had her legs locked around him now and she was grunting into his mouth with each powerful thrust. He loved the feel of their naked bodies pressed together. They broke the kiss for some much-needed air. She was writhing beneath him as he continued to plunge his cock into her.

"Oh god, your baby needed this... uh... uh... I'm... uh... I'm cumming," she squealed. Her body quivered beneath him and she rolled her head back taking in a huge lungful of air. Her orgasm lasted for several minutes and Bryan never stopped fucking her.

He felt his own orgasm approaching. He knew that he couldn't cum inside his mother. She had relaxed her legs and had only a gentle grip on his arms now.

"That's it... uh... can you cum again? cum for me."

With a great effort, Bryan pulled his throbbing cock out of her pussy and aiming it up a bit shoots his second load of the night onto her belly. He pumped several streams of semen onto her with some of it splattering against the underside of one of her big tits. He finally stopped cumming, knowing that his mother was covered with his seed.

She giggled in the darkness and told him to find her a towel. He reached around him, finding one of her white washcloths that she never traveled without, and handed it to her. She wiped herself clean, in the darkness, as he kneeled there in the tent trying to wrap his mind around what had just happened and what he would say to her. He needn't have worried, as she was snoring contentedly seconds later. Once she was unconscious again Bryan covered her up with the sheet, and

as he was as sweaty as she was just put his back to her as he climbed under the cover with her. Exhaustion soon overcame him and he was asleep too.

The next morning Bryan awoke with a start. Looking around quickly he saw that it was daylight, and thankfully his mother was still sleeping peacefully under her blanket. Bryan quickly got up and peaked out of the tent. It was very early in the morning and no one on this side of the campgrounds was up and about yet. Bryan grabbed his big towel, wrapped it around his waist, and ran over to the car. He found his bag of clothes and toiletries and headed over to the shower facility. The rain hadn't caused much in the way of damage or flooding. In fact, the only thing ruined was his tent and the soaked contents inside.

When Bryan got back to the campsite, his mother was up stoking the fire and working on breakfast. She stopped what she was doing when he approached, looking at him in a panic and running over to him. Bryan nearly choked on his own saliva and dropped his bag on the road. He broke out in a cold sweat. Why was she looking at him that way? Did she know?

Her tits were flopping almost obscenely as she ran towards him. He looked down at the ground, quickly.

She reached him and grasped his wrist. Bryan nearly ran the other way, but as his legs tensed up her hand lifted up his chin. "Oh god, Bryan," she said pulling him over to the fire. "I'm so sorry! What happened to your tent? My god, I slept right through everything! What happened?"

Bryan inwardly heaved an enormous sigh of relief. He almost cried he was so relieved. She didn't know anything or she would have said something. His mother handed him a mug of coffee. "This will warm you up," she said. She didn't know. His secret was safe.

"Thanks," Bryan said, recovering and giving her a G-rated version of last night. "After we went to bed, we got a downpour. I hadn't noticed, but there was a huge gash in the top of my tent. It's a lake in there, still." He took a big sip of coffee.

"What did you do?" she said, serving them both up a plate of the breakfast she had been working on.

"Well, I grabbed my stuff and ran into your tent. You were sleeping soundly that I just snuggled up to you and passed out beside you."

"I'm so sorry, Bryan," she said, taking a drink of her coffee. "I guess there's no way you can repair it?"

"I can't, I'm sorry," he said, digging into their breakfast. They finished eating in silence. Bryan wandered all the while if his mother suspected anything. He felt like he had to ask something but couldn't find the right question. He was so confused. His mother had taken his virginity last night and he couldn't share that fact with anyone else in the whole world, especially not her!

When they finished eating, they both went over to inspect the tent and see what could be salvaged. They hung his sleeping bag over a tree branch to dry and then dismantled the tent

and set that aside to dry before stowing it in the car. His mother gave him a few contemplative glances as they sat down with another cup of coffee.

"Well, here's the question, honey," his mother said as they set about straightening up the campsite. "I'd still like to stay up here, at least one more night, but that would mean sharing my tent together... if you don't mind."

She looked at him hopefully, flashing Bryan her best smile. She had her hands on her hips, causing her chest to thrust out towards him. She wasn't doing it on purpose, Bryan knew, but he had to fight to not stare at her massive boobs.

All Bryan could think about was that he had been thrusting his cock between those wide hips last night and that he had cum between those white teeth, smiling at him now. His cock twitched involuntarily in his pants. He wanted to tell her that they needed to get home, but the dark side of his mind was wondering if he could get his mother drunk enough for another round tonight. She would never know.

"Bryan?" she said walking close to him and grabbing his hand.
"Want to try it?"

"Yes," he said without thinking. "We can stay another night. How did you sleep?" he blurted the question out, without thinking about the consequences.

"Okay, I think I had a bit too much to drink and I had some wild dreams. I need to take a shower though. I'm all sticky and sweaty. I'll be back in fifteen minutes and then we'll go on that hike we were talking about."

Bryan set about putting some water and snacks in his little bag for the hike. He knew why she was sticky and she hadn't acted like she suspected anything. He took a deep breath and started to relax.

"Hello," said a soft, high voice from behind him.

Bryan spun around. "Hi there," Bryan replied with a smile.

There was a young girl, not much older than Bryan standing there holding two gallons of water. "I'm Jenny... Jenny Bradford," she said. "We just pulled into the campsite next to yours."

Oh, great, Bryan thought. All he needed now were neighbors. "I'm Bryan... Bryan Miller," he said.

"Camping alone?" she asked looking at his lone tent.

"No," he said and then paused. What was he going to say next? I'm sharing a tent with my mother?

Jenny looked at him expectantly; waiting for his answer.

"Uh... I'm camping with my girlfriend," he blurted. Fuck, fuck, fuck! Why did he say that? How was he going to explain that to his mother?

"Oh! I'm here with my fiancé!" she said cheerfully. "We'll have to have drinks later. It's very romantic up here, isn't it? See you." She briskly walked over to her campsite. Bryan saw that they had forgone tents in favor of a giant RV. He absently wondered what it looked like inside.

Bryan's mother came back a short while later looking refreshed. She had on khaki shorts and a tight green t-shirt that put the accent on her large breasts. He found himself stealing glances at her bust... Her thick, curly hair was loose and flowing over her shoulders. She caught Bryan looking at her and gave him a quizzical look. He snapped his head away.

"Are we ready?" she asked, grabbing her small daypack.

"Yes!" Bryan said, too enthusiastically.

"Okay. Let me just put my rings in the car so I don't damage them or lose them on the trail."

They took off for the Stone Peak trail. It was a fairly steep, winding trail and they were hard-pressed to make it to the first overlook by lunchtime, but they did. Bryan's mother was a bit out of shape so she was breathing hard when she sat down on a log beside the trail.

"I think we pushed it too much," Bryan said, handing his mother some water.

"No, I'm glad we did. I'm okay. Lord knows, I can use the exercise!" she said, patting her soft belly.

They stood there together gazing out at the beautiful valley until Bryan's mother got her breath back. Then she pulled out the lunches she had made them. They ate together at the edge of the clearing.

Bryan sat very close to his mother and their knees were touching. Bryan saw a smile creep up on his mother's face which brought one out to his as well.

"Oh! Hi, there, Bryan!" said a familiar voice rounding the corner. Bryan and his mother both turned to see Jenny walking up to them with an older man following close behind her.

"Hi," Bryan and his mother both called out.

Jenny and the older man reached them and stood there holding hands, smiling at them. She looked over at Bryan's mom. "I'm Jenny Bradford and this is my fiancé John Owens. We're neighbors at the campsite!"

Bryan and his mom stood up. Bryan was inwardly cringing at how this was going to play out, but Jenny took care of that for him.

"You must be the girlfriend that Bryan said he was camping with," she said walking over to Bryan's mother and holding out her hand. Bryan's eyes locked on his mother's as she shook Jenny's hand. He was afraid of what she was going to say, but she played along.

"Yes," she said shaking the younger woman's hand. "I'm Michelle... Michelle Rogers. It's so nice to meet you. Why don't you join us?"

They all exchanged pleasantries and handshakes and sat down together, enjoying the view and eating lunch. Bryan was flustered and uncomfortable the entire time. When they had a moment together, as John and Jenny walked to the edge of the bluff, Bryan's mother leaned close to him.

"What was all that about? I'm your girlfriend?"

"Well... Jenny came over this morning while you were showering and she asked who I was camping with and I looked over at the one tent and..."

"God, I'm so sorry Bryan! I didn't even think about that." she giggled.

Bryan chuckled with her. "You see why I said that, right?"

"Yes."

"I didn't think we'd see them again, you know?"

"Yeah. Okay, so I'm your girlfriend today, right?"

"If you're willing to play along... yes."

"Yes, but did you notice how old John is? He's old enough to be her father."

"I guess couples with big age differences are the norm these days," Bryan said, regretting it.

His mother laughed and smacked him playfully. "Stop it, I'm not that old."

"I never said you were. You could easily pass for a woman of 24." Bryan informs his mother. Despite her figure changing after he was born (wider hips, bigger tits). In his honest opinion, her curves are definitely show-stopping. Most of his friends have mentioned to him how hot she was even with the excess weight (or because of it).

"Thank you... it's nice to know someone notices." A depressed sigh followed Michelle's statement to her son.

Before Bryan had a chance to respond, Jenny and John came back over. "Hey, you two!" Jenny said, cheerfully. She seemed to always be in a constant state of excitement. "Let's go up to the lover's leap. It's so romantic up there. Come on."

Bryan and his mom gathered up their stuff and then followed them up the trail. Thirty minutes later they were at the lookout and it was a spectacular view.

"I don't think I've ever been here," Bryan's mother said, walking to the edge with Bryan following.

"You know the legend, right?" Jenny asked, raising her eyebrows.

"No," Bryan and his mother answered in unison.

Jenny clasped John's hand and pulled him tight to her side. "The legend says that if lovers kiss up here they will be together forever." Jenny looked over at Bryan and Michelle frowning a little. Then she nodded as if she had made a decision.

"That's cute," Bryan's mom said, absently.

"There's more, though!" said Jenny, giggling.

Bryan and his mother both gave Jenny their full attention.

"The legend continues, that if two lovers come up here and consummate their love, you know?" She said giving them an intense look. "If they do that, the seed that they plant will blossom into a blessed harvest. They say it always happens. Legend has it that this was an ancient fertility temple or something."

"What do you mean," Bryan said, stupidly.

"It means if you have sex here the two of you will make a baby," Jenny giggled.

At the thought of fucking his mother Bryan quickly turned beat red.

Jenny called them both over to the edge. "You two have never been up here?"

"No," Bryan and his mother both said at the same time.

"Then you have to kiss if you want to be together forever," she said, turning towards John and kissing him passionately before the mother and son.

Bryan and his mother stood there stupidly until Jenny pulled her lips away from John. She marched over to the couple and proceeded to poke Michelle in the ribs. "Come on you two," she said, "get busy!"

Bryan's mother turned to him, grasping his hand. "Well, we have to play along, right," she whispered, and then pressed her lips against Bryan's. Bryan put his arms around her waist as they began their kiss. It started out closed mouth but then, for reasons he didn't understand, Bryan felt compelled to explore his mother's mouth. He opened his mouth and extended his tongue and his mother gasped, then moaned as she parted her

lips and accepted his tongue. As their tongues dueled Bryan's hands fell on his mother's ample ass and he squeezed her ass flesh. This earned him another moan of approval and Bryan realized that he loved the feel of her huge ass. His mother's arms slid under his and she closed the gap between them. Bryan loved the feel of his mother's breasts mashed against his chest.

"Much better," Jenny said from behind them.

Bryan and his mother broke off their kiss, eyes locked on each other, breathing heavily. "Wow," Michelle mouthed. His mother quickly grabbed his hand in hers and squeezed it.

"I told you there was something magical about this clearing," Jenny said, happily. "I just knew there was a reason that we met up here today."

"I'm feeling a bit tired," Bryan's mother said. "I think we'd better head back."

"Sure," Jenny said. "You two go ahead, I think we're going to the top of the trail. See you too love birds later." They headed up the trail, leaving Bryan and his mother behind.

Michelle held her son's hand all the way down the trail. Bryan gently caressed her hand with his thumb as they made their way back to camp. When they got to the campsite, she excused herself to go to the restrooms and Bryan took out his phone to play a game. His mother came back a short while later.

Bryan stood up clumsily, dropping his phone and picking it up. "I..."

"Shh... you don't have to say anything." She went over and started making herself a drink. "I need a strong one after that though."

"Uh, John invited us over for burgers and beers later. I think he thinks I'm like twenty-one or something."

"Hmmm," Michelle mused, looking up from her drink preparations. "I think one beer will be okay. Don't tell anyone, especially you know who."

Bryan laughed, not believing his luck. "Really?"

"Yeah." She looked over at Bryan, smiling at him. "Can't have my boyfriend being a killjoy at parties."

They both laughed and then Michelle sat on her camping chair, took her hiking boots off, and took a big sip of her drink. "I've got to take a load of these feet and relax for a bit."

Bryan decided to do what lovers were supposed to do and be attentive and caring. Moving in front of his mother who had momentarily closed her eyes. Bryan lifts her right foot first. Michelle is off balance for just a moment and then her

"boyfriend's" hands begin kneading her foot. While feeling a bit ticklish she manages to contain her laugh and just enjoy the massage.

"Mmmm... you have a gift," Michelle says enjoying her son's affectionate caresses.

Bryan says nothing he just goes about caressing his mother's feet. Bryan is doing such a good job Michelle is initially very relaxed but as her son's hands travel up her calves another feeling begins to overtake her. She begins to get warm, very, very warm, and then very, very, wet.

Once it started to get a little dark out Michelle returned to her tent and changed into a summer dress and flip-flops. As she was well into her third drink Bryan takes her hand just as Jenny popped into the campsite.

"Hey!"

"Hey," Bryan and his mother said at the same time.

Jenny laughed. "You too do that a lot. You say things at the same time. I think you were destined to be together. Either way, it's too late now! You kissed in the clearing." She laughed again. "John's got the burgers on the grill and the beer is ice cold. Come over if you're ready." Then she left as quickly as she had appeared.

Bryan was getting extremely hungry and excited to have his first beer. "Shall we Hunny?" he asked his mother.

"Yeah," she said putting her cup away.

Bryan put his phone away and changed his shirt. When he came out his mother hooked her arm in his. "I'll try to be more affectionate this evening so that Jenny leaves us alone and doesn't suspect anything."

"Good idea," Bryan said, relishing the feeling of his mother's arm in his and her heavenly body pressed against his side. "Shall we?"

"Lead the way, good sir," she said, and off they went.

John was busy at the grill when they got there and Jenny handed them both a cold beer. Bryan took a quick sip before anyone could take it away from him again. He didn't like the taste but that was beside the point. Jenny pulled Michelle to the side to show her something in the camper and Bryan walked over to help John.

"Hey, champ." John was pulling burgers off the grill.

"Hey," Bryan said, taking another sip of his beer. He was a real man now, drinking and hanging with other men at the grill. Life was good.

"I don't mean to be forward but do you mind if I give you a little tip about women?" John asked.

"What's that?"

"Michelle is really into you, but you're too uptight, man. You need to relax and loosen up. You were so stiff when the two of you first kissed, but when you let yourself go... you could have stripped her naked right there and taken her despite the fact we were standing five feet away."

Bryan let the older man's words sink in for a moment. He thought back to the kiss and realized that his mother could have stopped him from feeling up her ass or deepening the kiss but she didn't. She actually gave in to his advances.

"Yeah, you're right, but I..." he stammered.

John put his hand on Bryan's shoulder. "Older women want romance. Okay?"

"Romance..." Bryan said, trying to sound manly. "Got it!"

"My advice, you and Michelle should do it in the clearing. "

"Yeah," Bryan said, not really knowing and not really knowing what he wanted to do. He was having second thoughts about tonight in his mother's tent.

"We'll be up there. Oh, you can count on that. I'm giving Jenny a baby this weekend."

"I know she wants one so I hope everything works out for you," Bryan says and then proceeds to down a large portion of his beer hoping to divert away from the topic.

"The burgers are ready... let's eat!" John shouted, and Michelle and Jenny emerged from the RV.

The burgers were grilled to perfection and absolutely delicious. They ate together and then John got their campfire rolling, and the four of them sat around drinking more beer.

Bryan was already feeling a bit of a buzz off of his first one. He couldn't imagine what it would be like to drink as much as his mother did. True to her word, his mother was snuggled right next to him and Bryan had his arm around her. He didn't know if it was the buzz from the beer or John's words but Bryan found the courage to pull his mother onto his lap. The move took her by surprise but she let out a playful giggle and gave Bryan a kiss before resting her head against his as they returned to the conversation with their companions.

"So, what do you two do for work, Michelle?" Jenny asked.

Bryan wondered what his mother would say to that. She put her hand on his leg and his cock twitched.

"I'm actually between jobs. Bryan just got hired at his uncle's tech firm. He's starting soon so this is our big celebration

before settling down and life starts to get too busy." She squeezed Bryan's leg and smiled at him.

"Who needs another beer?" Jenny interrupted, going over to the cooler.

"I do!" Bryan and his mother said in unison, again.

Jenny laughed. "See.. you just did it again! You're so in sync with each other. The sex must be amazing."

Bryan nearly choked on his beer when Jenny said that. Michelle chuckled but replied, "It is," Then she snuggled even closer leaning her head against his shoulder.

Jenny got them all another beer and Bryan was feeling buzzed after his third one. He was sure his mother was feeling it too. She was practically melted against him. He loved the feeling of her against him. It was almost like having a real girlfriend. Something he'd never known.

Jenny stood up and pulled John to his feet and pulled her man inside their RV. "Excuse us for a moment," Jenny says and the two disappear. They left the door open. Bryan and his mother sat there for a while.

"Where did they go?" Bryan asked her.

"Probably making out," his mother said. "I need something a little stronger than this. Let's say goodbye and head back to camp."

"Sure," Bryan said. He stood up trying to adjust his erection as he did; hoping that his mother was so buzzed that she hadn't noticed it pressed against her bottom. Mother and son walked over to the RV and stepped in with Bryan's mother in the lead.

"Oh!" she gasped stopping suddenly, just inside. Bryan stumbled against her grabbing her hips to keep his balance, his cock slammed against her large, round ass.

"Oh!" Bryan gasped too, now that he could see what had stopped his mother in her tracks.

John was standing in the kitchenette with his shorts down to his ankles and Jenny was kneeling in front of him, sucking his cock for all she was worth. She had most of it in her mouth and was noisily slurping around it.

Bryan's mother backed up to get away but only succeeded in pressing her wide ass against the bulge in his pants. "Oh!" she gasps as it lands squarely between her ass cheeks.

Jenny and John noticed them and Jenny pulled her mouth off of her lover's cock, saliva running down her chin. "It's okay. I wanted you to watch," she said. Then she opened her mouth wide and inhaled John's cock again, this time bobbing her head on it and making obscene noises. If it was possible, Bryan got even harder. He heard his mother whimper and then she reached a hand behind her and grabbed Bryan's crotch.

"M..."

"Shh..." his mother cut him off and turned her face towards his. "Kiss me."

Bryan did, and his mother moaned into his mouth as they mashed their lips together. She squeezed his hardness through his pants. Bryan gasped, moving his hands up from his mother's hips, along her sides until they were cupping her huge boobs and loving how squishy they felt in his hands.

"Yes," she moaned into his mouth, as he roughly squeezed her boobs. "You've been looking at them all day, uh..."

Bryan was mildly embarrassed. He hadn't thought his quick, little glances had been noticeable. He pulled his hands away backing up a little. The reality was setting in again. This was his mother. This was not right. He turned and nearly jumped out of the RV's door.

John was leaning back against the counter and Jenny had taken her mouth off of his cock again, slowly jerking him. "Michelle," Jenny says.

Michelle was immobile. She stared open-mouthed at the lovers in front of her.

"Michelle," Jenny said again, continuing to stroke John's cock. "You need to go to him. Tell him how you feel and then prove it!" Jenny says. "Go, show him how you feel or you're going to lose him." Michelle hears her words and she feels her heart freeze at the notion of losing Bryan.

"No..." Michelle says without even thinking. "I can't lose him!"

"Then go to him," Jenny said. "Suck him like this. Show him how much you love him. Tell him you love him. Then let him be a man and let him fuck you all night long."

To make her point Jenny lifts her top and throws it towards the bedroom. Her modest breasts are perky and hanging free. She then shucks off her shorts (she had kicked off her boots when they walked into the camper) and Michelle watches as the naked young woman leaps into her lover's embrace. John lifts her light, little body up and then deposits her on his shaft in one swift movement. Jenny groans as the two make their way to the back of the camper. As soon as it starts to shake Michelle leaves them and makes her way back to the campsite. After several drinks, she stumbled quite a bit but manages to make it there relatively quickly. When she opens the tent Bryan is in the process of taking his sleeping bag and backpack over to the Tahoe.

"I'm sorry mom, I think it's best if I go sleep in the Tahoe."

"You can't. I..."

"What? Why? We..."

Michelle knew what she had to do. Without another word, she reaches down and pulls her sundress over her head. She opted not to wear any underwear as it was still very warm out and the fire was going so there really wasn't a point. Now, naked before her son save for her flip-flops (which she promptly removes), Michelle pulls her son against her body. "I love you, Bryan!" Michelle declares, "Jenny told me... she told me I had to tell you. I had to love you and prove how much I love you or I was going to lose you." She says. Bryan can see the fear in her eyes as she said those words. "I don't want to lose you."

Then Michelle kissed him, shoving her tongue into his mouth where Bryan quickly began dueling for dominance with his mother. While they moaned into one another's mouths Michelle reached around and grabbed his ass, pulling his hardness against her pelvis where she ground it into her soaked sex.

"Mom," Bryan weakly protested, as she pulled her lips away from him.

"No... Michelle... my name is Michelle!" she declares.

"Michelle..." Bryan says holding his mother at arm's length.

"Yes?" She says she was worried because there is so much space between them.

"You are... soooo... BEAUTIFUL! And so... BIG!"

Michelle giggled, hefting a giant boob in each hand. "You mean up top right?" Bryan nods enthusiastically realizing his statement didn't quite come out as he intended. "I know what you mean. You mean these; they are big and... you're overdressed."

Bryan peeled his shirt off and then pulled off his shorts and boxers. They were both sitting there, naked, breathing heavily, and looking at each other.

"Jenny told me what I needed to do," she said, crawling over to him. "Lie on your back."

Bryan did. His hard cock pointed straight up at the ceiling. "Mo... Mooom, you're drunk."

"Nuuuuh uhhh. You call me Michelle, or baby from now on. I'm your girlfriend... your lover. Right here and now, and I'm gonna suck that big cock of yours all the way down my throat and drink your cum. How does that sound?"

"It... it sounds... oh my god!" he stammered and gasped as she bent her head over his cock and then sucked his entire length into her mouth and throat in one glorious movement. He was in his mother's throat! "Oh my god!" he cried out again as she bobbed her head up and down his shaft.

Michelle took her son's thick, hard cock into her throat, again and again, and again. She slurped on him noisily, drooling around his shaft. She came up for air. "I need some relief too. So wet. Eat me too, Hunny?"

"I don't know how to Michelle," Bryan mumbled, embarrassed.

"Just lick me," his mother gasped, moving her leg over him and straddling his face. Then she leaned forward, sucking his cock back into her mouth again as she pushed her sex against his face.

Bryan knew he was in a sixty-nine position. He had seen it in porno movies before but never dreamed in a million years that his first time in this position would be with his mother. Her heavy, breasts were molded against his torso, and she ground her wet pussy against his face. He instantly loved the smell of her. He loved the feel of her soft, fat belly against his body. He loved the weight of her on him. He reached up to her ass, pulling her closer and he licked her.

"Yes!" his mother shrieked, pulling her mouth off of his cock. "Like that!" Then she sucked his cock into her mouth again.

Bryan proceeded with gusto, loving that he was pleasing her; feeling proud; loving the way she tasted.

"Oh yes!" she shrieked again, grinding her pussy against his face. "That's it! You're a natural!"

Bryan lapped at her pussy like a man possessed, moaning against his mother's wet, hot sex with his cock buried in her throat. The two lovers ate each other for a long while, grunting and moaning against each other, pleasing each other. Suddenly Bryan felt his mother convulse when his tongue hit a spot at the top of her pussy. Seeing her reaction he focused all of his efforts there and suddenly his mother stopped sucking on his cock and began moaning and groaning until she let out a scream followed by flooding his mouth with what he hoped was cum.

Bryan's mother rolled off of him. "Gawd..." she was breathless. "Oh... MY... GOD! I... I've never done that before." Michelle informs her son. She slowly turns around and snuggles up to her lover.

"I'm... I'm almost 40 years old and in all my years... my husband never... NEVER made me do that."

Bryan didn't say anything, his mother's praise was enough for him. He held her in his arms, leaned down, and kissed her mouth even though it had just been on his cock.

"I was close to flooding your mouth... if you hadn't stopped I would have popped," Bryan chimed in.

"I know Hunny," she said, laying back. "I was going to stop anyways." Michelle states. "I know I said I wanted to swallow your cum but what I really want is to feel this in my pussy. I want your cum flooding my insides."

Bryan looks at his mother who is being very sincere with him. "Please... love me. Make love to me like I know you want to." Michelle pleads with her son.

Bryan released his hold on his mother and watched as she moves to the center of the sleeping bag. Once in position, she spread her thick thighs as wide as she can, inviting him inside of her. Bryan crawled over and on top of her. She pulled him down towards her face, but he hesitated. "Your, um, it's on my face..."

She giggled. "I have so much to teach you. It's called pussy juice, and I love to taste myself on my man's lips and tongue... Please kiss me."

Bryan stiffened in pride. He was her man. All weekend, it had been about him becoming a real man, he thought. He wasn't about to disappoint his mother... no, his woman. He leaned forward kissing his lover passionately as he sank his thick cock inside her. The feeling was unbelievable.

"Oh, my fucking God, baby," she moaned as he slid his length in and out of her. "Where have you been all my life? Uh! That's it. Fuck me!"

Bryan did fuck her. The tent was filled with the wet sounds of their sex and their grunting. They fucked forever it seemed. Bryan was proud of how long he lasted. His mother squeezed her legs tightly around him as she came. He couldn't breathe as she squeezed the air out of him.

"Oh Bryan." she whimpered as she came down from her orgasm, at last releasing her legs.

When he could breathe again, Bryan told her that he was going to cum. Michelle felt Bryan start to pull out of her pussy and she yelled, "Don't you dare!" she hissed at him. "Fill me with your seed. Cum deep inside me, baby. Flood my womb with your seed!"

Bryan thrust his cock inside his mother, shooting his load deep inside her, filling her with his seed at her request. This was much better than shooting on her belly, although that was pretty hot too, he had to admit. Once empty Bryan rolled off of his mother. She moved against him pulling the blankets and comforter over them. "I love you," she said, kissing his

cheek and drifting off to sleep. Bryan passed out a short time later, loving the feeling of his naked mother's body against his. She really was the woman of his dreams. Judy Summers can go to hell for all he cared.

Bryan woke up the next morning alone in the tent. He dressed quickly and went outside. His mother wasn't there. It was a little chilly this morning, so he got some jeans and a sweater out of the Tahoe, grabbed his toiletries, and headed over to the bathrooms. After brushing his teeth and changing his clothes, he went back to the campsite. There was still no sign of his mother. He grabbed a protein bar and some juice and sat there wondering if she was angry at him for last night. Would she still love him? He tried to make sense of it, but his thoughts were soon interrupted.

"Hey Bryan," Jenny said, coming over to where he was sitting. She had two cups of coffee in her hand and offered him one.

"Thanks," he said as she sat down next to him. "Have you seen Mo... chelle?"

Jenny put her hand on Bryan's leg. "Yes. I saw her this morning. We talked. She said that she needed some time to herself."

"Why? What did she say?"

"Listen. When I was finished with John last night, I came over and looked in the tent."

"You saw?"

"And heard. Everything."

Bryan turned so red, that he felt like the skin was going to melt off of his face. "You... I..."

Jenny giggled. "It's okay, it was really hot. I could have watched you two fuck all night, but..."

Bryan started to get up, but Jenny pulled him back down. "Wait. As I said, I heard you guys talking so I know that Michelle's your mother."

Reality hit hard and Bryan felt like a freak. He hadn't thought any of this through. He felt like he was going to burst into tears. Jenny scooted closer to him putting her arm around him. "You're so uptight. Relax. It's okay. I'm not judging you and I still believe that the two of you were made to be together. Michelle went up to the clearing we were at yesterday to sort things out. You need to go to her now, though; right now."

"I don't know what to do. I don't know what to say. What if she doesn't... What if..."

"She loves you. Are you scared?"

"Yes."

"Let's go up together. Come on. Finish your coffee and let's go."

Bryan drained his barely warm coffee in one big swig, and let Jenny lead him up the trail to his mother... to his doom. They found her sitting on a log, looking out over the valley, still and lost in thought. Bryan started to back away, but Jenny gripped his arm. "Come on," she whispered in his ear, pulling him along behind her as she walked over to Michelle.

Michelle stiffened as she heard their footsteps, turning around suddenly. Her eyes were wet. "Please, go," she said, almost inaudibly.

"No," Jenny said firmly. "Bryan, sit down."

Bryan did as he was told and sat down next to his mother. They both looked up at Jenny as she moved in front of them. She pulled two necklaces with some kind of Native American

talisman hanging on the worn leather. She leaned forward and put one over each of their heads and around their necks. Bryan and his mother sat there stupidly, looking up at Jenny. The realization of what had happened this weekend had hit them both hard. They were embarrassed, confused, and full of regret.

"You two," Jenny giggled as she looked at their shocked faces. "You overthink everything. You're so programmed, so uptight, so utterly clueless and hopeless. I just knew I was up here for a reason. You're under the spell of this place and you're resisting it and it's hurting your hearts; your souls; your spirits."

"I don't believe in..." Michelle started, but Jenny cut her off with a loud shush."

"Quiet. Be quiet and listen to me. I don't care what you believe or don't believe, but there is one thing that I know. I know that you two were made for each other and despite any social stigmas or any of that shit; you two are here, now for one reason. You love each other, you made love to each other and that's that. You have two choices. You can go insane with

regret and guilt and embarrassment, which will ruin your lives forever, or you can give in to true love and be happy. That's really all there is to it." Jenny knelt in front of them. "Now Kiss," she whispered.

Michelle and Bryan turned towards each other. Bryan started to say something but Jenny shushed him again and put her hands on the backs of each of their heads, pushing them closer together. "You have to do this, or it will tear you apart."

"But it's..." Bryan protested.

"It never..." Michelle started.

"Listen... I'm not some flake or hypocrite! Who do you think John is?" Jenny giggled. "As soon as I was legal I seduced him. Shortly after we declared our love for one another I gave him my cherry. As soon as my dad divorced my mother he proposed to me and we've been together ever since. We came here because we believe in the magic of this place and god

willing I will have a baby in my womb before we leave here."
An exasperated Jenny declares. "Now... SHUT UP AND KISS!"

Bryan and his mother decided to throw caution to the wind and holding hands, the two looked one another in the eye before they moved together. Jenny watched as their lips collided and as if they were magnetically drawn to one another. As soon as their lips touched, their passion erupted.

"Yes," Jenny exclaimed as Bryan and Michelle kissed, open-mouthed.

They were sucking on each other's tongues in seconds and Bryan placed one hand on the back of her neck to hold her face to his and the other on his mother's massive boobs, kneading them roughly. She moaned in appreciation. After several long minutes passed the pair pulled away from each other to catch their breath.

"You have to consummate your love, here and now." Jenny reminded the pair.

"What if someone comes up and...?" Bryan started.

"Let me worry about that," Jenny insisted. "Now... you're overdressed."

Whether it was uncontrolled lust or the sacred necklaces they wore, it was as if they were under a spell. Bryan and his mother peeled off their clothes, exposing their naked bodies to Jenny and the warm morning sun.

Michelle turned around and lowered herself down to her hands and knees. She arched herself up, offering her plump ass to her son. "I love you, Bryan... I'm already hot, wet, and ready for you. My body is on fire, and only you can extinguish the flame! Take me, Bryan... breed me like a mare."

Bryan moved up behind his mother and hesitated. Jenny gave a frustrated sigh and moved closer and grabbed his cock firmly, pulling it against his mother's pussy. Michelle grunted

as she felt the tip of his cock against her. Jenny guided his cock where it belonged and stepped back. Bryan plunged inside of Michelle.

"Oh God, baby!" Michelle shrieked as Bryan's cock filled her in this new angle. She panted like a bitch in heat as she couldn't believe how full she felt. She swore that he was even larger now than he had been last night. Bryan slowly started to fuck his mother. As soon as his cock bottomed out in Michelle he emptied his mind of doubt. This was perfect, his mother felt perfect. She was made for him and he was going to make sure that she was loved and she knew that he would always love her. In a short time, the clearing was filled with the sound of their lovemaking.

Bryan had a good firm grip on his mother's thick thighs as he thrust inside her. He reached one hand around to grab one of her heavy, swinging breasts.

"Yes," she shrieked at him. "I'm almost there! Keep... yes, keep fucking me. I'm... ahhh!"

"I'm going to cum too, Michelle," Bryan stammered as his mother convulsed on the ground in front of him, slamming her hips back against him.

"Give it to her Bryan," Jenny said. "Give her your child. Fill her womb with your seed."

Bryan did. He shot the biggest load of his life deep inside his mother, pumping her full of his seed. His mother had collapsed forward onto her forearms, her face pressed into the grass as she struggled to catch her breath.

"God, baby, I could feel it shooting all the way in me... I could feel it."

Bryan pulled his cock out and his mother turned to him, kissing him passionately.

Jenny clapped from beside them. "Oh, that was so hot! Bryan, you're going to be a wonderful father! I'm so happy for you two!"

Bryan's mouth dropped open and Jenny giggled. "The legend! Don't you listen to anything I say?"

"A father... I'm going to be a father." The two women watched realization wash over Bryan. But while some men would have turned tail and run at the thought, Bryan did not. Taking Michelle's naked body in his arms, Bryan collected her face in his hands and drew her in for another passionate kiss.

Michelle grasped Bryan's hands tightly when Bryan released her face. "I know I wasn't sure when I first woke up this morning but listening to Jenny I realized that I not only wanted to be a mother again but I wanted to be a mother to your children. I love you and I know that you will be a great father."

"Well, my work is done here," Jenny chimed in, beaming at them. "That was so fucking hot. I'm off to find my man. I've never been so horny in my life. I'll see you two later." Then she left.

Michelle lays back and lifts her legs to hopefully help the seed fertilize her egg. Once she is satisfied she sits up and says, "Let's get dressed, champ,"

"No!" Bryan states.

"No?" His mother inquires.

Michelle watches as her son moves in and claims her mouth with his and her tits with his hands. "We're not leaving here until I'm convinced that you have been properly bred."

Bryan forces her onto her back and Michelle's legs go up in the air as her son forces his cock back. Her son's cock is just as solid and ready to go as it was moments ago when he flooded

her womb. He thrusts his massive member into his lover once again and pummeling her pussy. Michelle's legs are in the air and her screams of joy let everyone in the surrounding area know what is going on atop the lover's leap.

It isn't long before the area is soon once again filled with the pleasurable screams of Michelle calling out her son's name and praying to the all mighty. As promised, Bryan deposited another strong load of his seed into Michelle's womb. Bryan gave her a short time to catch her breath and then he rolled her back onto her knees and took her from behind again.

Whether it was the first, the second, or the third time Bryan made love to his mother, all of his potent young sperm flooded Michelle's womb where as fate would have it, she was at her most fertile time and one of Bryan's little swimmers managed to break through the barrier and inseminate the egg. The egg divided into two and it would be some time before Michelle would discover that not only was she pregnant with her son's baby, but they would be having twins in nine months.

It was after 1 PM when Bryan and his mother finally got dressed and made their way back down the trail. Bryan had to help his poor mother as there was a long build-up from the time he ejaculated until his balls were again fully stocked with his virile little swimmers. He wore out his mother's pussy as he made love to her over and over again. As they walked past their neighbor's camper they could hear muffled squeals from Jenny's campsite as they passed it. "She wasn't kidding," Michelle laughed.

When they got to the tent, Michelle zipped it up behind them. "It's nearly lunch and I'm hungry."

Bryan looked at her funny and started toward the opening of the tent. "I'll get..."

"No," she said, pulling him back and pushing him down onto the sleeping bags. "I said momma's hungry. but you are what I'm hungry for you, lover. I'm going to suck your cock and swallow my lunch. Get used to it, baby."

She yanked down Bryan's shorts until his cock sprang up. "Ha, I knew you would be ready," she giggled and then leaned over and sucked him deep into her mouth. "Mmmmm."

Michelle sucked her son until he flooded her mouth with semen. She swallowed every last drop and then cuddled up against him. "I love you so much, Hunny."

"I love you too, baby?" Bryan responded.

"Yes," his mom giggled. "I am your baby. Just think, we've got two more nights up here together... if you're game that is," she said rubbing her hands on his chest.

"You couldn't make me leave early!" Bryan said.

"You know my big tits are going to become gigantic when I'm pregnant," Michelle giggled.

"I can't wait," Bryan said. "The baby gets first dibs but then... your tits belong to me." It was after dinner and Bryan and Michelle lay naked under their comforter looking up at the roof of their tent after another fabulous bout of sex.

"What's going to happen when we go home?"

"Shhh..." Michelle said, kissing Bryan on the cheek. "I don't have everything figured out yet but I think we'll get our own place and go from there." Bryan kissed her forehead. "We'll be okay." She says with a smile.

"Heck... we can always buy a camper." Bryan threw out there.

"Mmmmm... driving around and fucking where ever we, please... I like the sound of that." Michelle tells her son.

Bryan knew in his heart that everything would be okay. Once upon a time, his thoughts were focused solely on Judy Summers... Fuck Judy Summers. He thought to himself.

Bryan knew that he had found the woman of his dreams. The lovers fell asleep together.

Bryan and Michelle stayed at the campground for the next two nights. Bryan and Michelle ventured to the clearing every day and they spent quite a bit of time there hoping to conceive a child. The lovers exchanged contact information with John and Jenny who promised to send them a wedding invitation when they set a date. The two couples bid each other a fond farewell. When they returned home they found out that Ralph was dead. Apparently, the real reason he stayed behind was to fuck his barely legal personal assistant. The problem he encountered was she was already married and her husband was the gun-toting jealous type. The husband tracked his cheating spouse down, shot and killed his wife and Ralph before turning the gun on himself.

Michelle and Bryan sold their home, donated all of Ralph's clothes, and moved to the place they discovered their love for one another. The pair married immediately at the local Justice of the Peace and changed their last name to Forrester. The family built a house with the money from the sale of their

old house and Ralph's life insurance policy. Bryan worked for his uncle as a computer technician servicing the area and did telephone and video repair calls.

Michelle gave birth to a young boy and a beautiful girl nine months after the camping trip. The Forrester's named their son Ridge and their daughter Serenity. Michelle decided to open an outdoor sporting goods store in town and it was very profitable. Over the next ten years, the Forresters had four more children. After their sixth child, Michelle finally had a procedure to remove the chance of another pregnancy. Michelle and Bryan continued to love one another until their dying day just after their twentieth anniversary.

As it was, their four youngest children all ventured out into the world for higher educations and high-paying jobs. Ridge and Serenity however stayed put and took over their parent's businesses. Ridge was a natural outdoorsman, smarter than his parents (he earned a degree online in business), and expanded their store throughout the state. Serenity had a natural affinity for computers like her father and took over the business started by their great uncle. She moved their

corporate headquarters into the building beside her family's store.

A short time after their parent's death most of the locals decided to sell off their businesses and retire to Florida. Ridge and Serenity became the defacto elders as they knew everything about the area and were happy to help their new neighbors out as they wanted their hometown to thrive. Of course, none of these new neighbors knew that Ridge and Serenity Forrester weren't (initially) married. The neighbors all just assumed that because they had the same name and they were so affectionate that the pair were married.

The twins had long ago fallen in love and with the blessing of their parents consummated their love on the path where they themselves were conceived when they came of age. Ironically their spiritual cousin, Harmony Bradford, oversaw their joining much as her mother had done all those years ago. The Bradford family were very close to the Forresters with Harmony and her mother moving to the local after Jenny's husband (their spiritual uncle) died of a heart attack. Jenny only had one child despite wanting more but she never re-

married saying that she lost the love of her life and could never bring herself to try and replace him. Harmony would soon marry her spiritual cousin Tyler Forrester (the next oldest boy) thus bringing her into the actual family. The pair would go on to have many children.

On her wedding day, Serenity wore her mother's wedding ring given to her by her twin. Her belly was already starting to expand with triplets they conceived after their first time together. Every year afterward the twins would venture up to the spot of their conception and make love. The twins conceived a whopping eight children during their marriage, all as beautiful as could be with one boy and one girl more than likely destined to fall in love with one another and venture back to the spot they themselves were conceived.

THE END