

Forever, here



Chapter 1 – Welcome Back

The gravel cracked under Jamie's tires as he turned off the narrow road and onto the long drive that led through trees toward the lakehouse. The sun was starting to sink, bathing everything in that honey-gold summer light that made the whole world look softer than it really was. His hands flexed on the wheel, stomach tight. He hadn't been here in two years, maybe three, but it still felt like the house had been waiting for him. Like it remembered.

The trees broke open at the edge of the clearing, and there it was: all wood and stone and wraparound porch, nestled in overgrown wildness like it had grown out of the earth instead of being built. Same crooked wind chimes. Same uneven steps. Same feeling of stepping outside of time.

And then—there she was.

His Mother, Mara stepped out onto the porch, barefoot, hips swaying just a little as she moved into the sun. She was five-foot-five and curved like sin—not the exaggerated curves of glossy magazines, but the kind that invited touch, warmth, surrender. Her breasts were full and natural, her waist soft, her thighs thick and strong. She had that kind of hourglass body that didn't ask for attention—it *commanded* it. The pale blue cotton dress she wore clung to the underside of her breasts and flowed loose over her hips, catching the breeze and pressing against her nipples just enough to make Jamie forget how to breathe.

No bra—he could tell right away. The way the fabric moved over her body, the gentle bounce as she stepped down onto the stone path, the unmistakable outline of softness beneath that dress—it was all right there.

Her skin was sunkissed, golden-brown and smooth. Her long black hair was pulled up into a loose, messy bun, a few strands sticking to the side of her neck with the humidity. She looked like summer itself: lush, warm, untamed. And when she saw him, her lips curved into a smile that made something low in his stomach clench.

She smiled like it had been days, not years, since he last saw her.

Jamie put the car in park and got out. Before he could even say anything, she was walking toward him with that slow, grounded grace that used to drive him crazy back when he was too young to name what he felt.

“You made it,” she said, voice warm and low and a little breathless.

“Wouldn’t miss it,” he replied, and it came out rougher than he meant.

She wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into a hug that was soft and firm and full of quiet knowing. Her body pressed to his, the curve of her breasts flattening lightly against his chest. She smelled like lemon and sun lotion and something sweeter, deeper, something that made his blood thrum in his ears.

She held him longer than she needed to. Or maybe it was him who didn’t pull away.

When she did, her hands lingered on his arms for a beat too long. Her eyes scanned his face, lips parting just slightly, like she was about to say something else—but didn’t. Instead, she just smiled, and turned toward the house.

“Come on in. He’s inside,” she said, glancing back over her shoulder. The dress swayed with her hips, catching the light.

Jamie exhaled slowly and followed.

The screen door creaked as Jamie stepped into the house behind her. The air inside was warm, heavy with the scent of old pine, lemon oil, and something faintly herbal—Mara’s perfume, maybe. Nothing had changed. The same old bookshelf stuffed with paperbacks, the sun-faded rug, the wide windows spilling light onto the worn wood floors. It was like walking into a memory.

“Jamie,” came a voice from around the corner—low, easy, familiar.

Then his father, Daniel appeared, barefoot, wearing linen pants and a loose white tee, hair mussed, a beer already in hand. He looked older, sure—silver streaks at his temples, crow’s feet etched deep from years of sun and laughter—but still strong, still magnetic. The kind of man who didn’t shrink with age, just settled deeper into himself. He had spent the last three decades building an empire—businesses, investments, creative ventures—and now, after

carving out a legacy, he wore his success like he wore everything else: lightly. Unbothered. Like a man who'd already proven everything he needed to, and had nothing left to chase except peace, beauty, and love

"Dad," Jamie said with a smile, stepping forward.

They embraced tightly, a real hug. Not the quick slap-on-the-back kind. Daniel clapped a broad hand on Jamie's shoulder, then pulled back to look at him.

"Damn, you've grown into yourself. All sharp edges back then, now look at you." He handed him a cold bottle from the counter. "Beer?"

Jamie nodded. "God, yeah."

Mara moved through the kitchen behind them, opening drawers, slicing fruit, humming something soft. Jamie watched her out of the corner of his eye—watched the way the thin dress clung to her hips when she reached up into a cabinet. She stood on tiptoes, the line of her calves tightening, and the hem of her dress lifted just enough to show a flash of bare thigh. No underwear, or at least not any that showed.

His cock twitched—sharp and fast. He turned back to his father too quickly.

"You two settled in already?"

Daniel took a long drink, leaning back against the counter. "A few days ago. We've been lazy as hell, which is exactly the point. Long mornings, late nights. Barely any clothes. You'll fit right in."

Jamie laughed awkwardly, unsure if that was a joke or a warning.

Mara turned around with a bowl of cut mangoes and set them on the table. "You hungry, baby?"

Jamie flinched at the word—*baby*—but nodded. "Starving."

Mara smiled, her tongue just barely brushing her lower lip. "Let me fix you something."

She bent at the waist to grab a plate from the lower cabinet, ass tipping up, dress riding high. Jamie's eyes locked on the curve of her, the soft press of fabric against her skin. He swallowed hard, cock stiffening against the inside of his jeans.

Then—he felt it. A glance. He turned.

Daniel was watching him. Not disapproving. Not surprised. Just *watching*—calm, knowing, a faint smirk playing at the corner of his mouth.

Jamie looked away fast, cheeks hot.

"Still like mangoes?" Mara asked without looking up.

“Yeah,” he managed.

She straightened slowly, glancing over her shoulder as she turned, catching him watching again. This time, her smile deepened—just a fraction. Enough.

“Why don’t we eat outside?” Daniel said, grabbing a bottle of wine from the fridge. “Sun’s perfect right now.”

Mara grabbed the glasses. “I’ll grab the cushions.”

Jamie followed them both out to the deck, heart pounding, half-hard already, and more confused than he wanted to admit. The wine would help. Maybe. Or maybe not.

The deck stretched out over the lake like a stage, worn wooden planks dappled with golden light filtering through the trees. The water below glistened like glass, unmoving except for the occasional flick of a fish at the surface. Crickets had already started their evening song, low and rhythmic, syncing with the quiet clink of silverware and glasses.

The table was long, handmade, covered with a simple linen runner and mismatched plates. Mara moved with fluid ease, barefoot, pouring wine like she wasn’t even thinking about it. Her dress swayed with her, drifting just high enough to tease when she leaned across the table.

Jamie sat across from her, trying not to stare. Failing. He wasn’t even hungry anymore—at least not for the food. His knee bounced under the table until his father’s hand landed gently on his shoulder.

“Relax,” Daniel said, smiling. “You’re home.”

Jamie took a deep breath. Nodded. Took a long sip of wine.

The food was light—grilled vegetables, cold pasta with olive oil and basil, that sweet mango cut into chunks. His mother ate slowly, sensually, licking juice off her fingers now and then like she didn’t notice what it did to him. Her breasts shifted under the thin fabric each time she reached forward, nipples just barely outlined when the wind hit right.

“So,” Daniel said, leaning back in his chair, stretching, his voice casual but firm. “You seeing anyone?”

Jamie shook his head. “Nah. No time. Med School’s been intense.”

Mara raised an eyebrow, her voice teasing. “Not even a quick hookup or two?”

Jamie flushed and grinned. “Maybe one. Didn’t stick.”

“What happened?” she asked, eyes glinting.

He hesitated. "She wasn't..." His gaze flicked to his mom, then quickly down. "I don't know. Just wasn't the right fit."

Mara held his eyes now. Didn't look away. Didn't smile, either. Just let the moment sit there. Jamie's pulse thundered in his ears.

Under the table, something brushed his shin.

He twitched. Then froze.

Her leg.

It slid slowly, deliberately along his, her calf brushing up to his knee. She didn't move it away. Just left it there—warm, bare skin against his.

Jamie stayed completely still, his fork suspended halfway to his mouth, not breathing.

Daniel raised his glass. "To summer," he said.

Mara echoed him softly. "To us."

Jamie finally raised his own, and they clinked glasses across the candlelit table.

The wine was strong. Or maybe it was just her leg, still pressing against his. He could feel every inch of her touch through his jeans, feel the blood pooling low in his body.

His mom laughed at something his dad said, head tilted back, throat exposed. She looked wild and soft at the same time, like some kind of forest goddess in a dress that clung to her tits like a second skin. Her hair had come loose, tendrils falling across her cheeks, and when she reached up to fix it, Jamie caught a flash of underboob that made him shift in his seat.

Still her leg didn't move.

Daniel was watching them both now. Casually. Like he was watching a fire he'd already set.

"You're quiet tonight, Son" he said to Jamie, pouring him more wine.

Jamie tried to steady his voice. "Just taking it all in."

Mara smiled at him. "There's a lot to take in."

That fucking leg. Jaime thought.

The night settled around them, warm and thick, and when Mara finally stood to clear the plates, her hand brushed Jamie's shoulder—barely a touch, but enough to light him up all over again.

He watched her walk away, that dress clinging to her ass, and when she disappeared into the house, Daniel leaned in, voice quiet and even.

"She missed you, you know."

Jamie swallowed hard. “Yeah?”

Daniel nodded. “We both did.”

Then he stood and followed her inside, leaving Jamie alone on the deck, half-drunk, half-hard, and absolutely fucked—because this wasn’t innocent. And it sure as hell wasn’t over.

The crickets had taken over the night, a steady hum rising from the trees and the tall grass beyond the deck. Fireflies blinked lazily near the edge of the woods. The wine bottle was empty now, and a second one stood open beside it, half-finished. The three of them sat in a kind of half-sprawl—His dad with his feet up on another chair, Jamie leaning back with his head tilted to the stars, and his mom curled sideways in hers, legs folded under her, dress riding dangerously high on her thighs.

The conversation had slowed to a comfortable murmur. Talk of travel, old stories, a shared memory or two that made his mom laugh loud and clear, the kind of laugh Jamie used to hear from down the hallway when she was tipsy and happy.

Now he sat closer to her than he probably should’ve. Or maybe it just felt that way. His thigh hovered inches from hers. He could feel the body heat radiating off her skin, the bare length of her legs catching the candlelight in soft highlights.

She sipped her wine slowly, then set the glass down and stretched out her leg.

Just one.

It brushed his under the table—light at first. Just skin grazing denim.

Jamie blinked, heart jerking in his chest.

She didn’t look at him. Just adjusted her seat, casually. Her bare calf slid along his shin. Not an accident.

She left it there.

Pressed against him. Not teasing. Not testing.

Claiming.

Jamie didn’t move. Couldn’t.

From across the table, His Dad said nothing. Just watched the stars. Or pretended to.

Jamie shifted slightly in his chair, giving her leg more room. His jeans were tight now, cock hard and straining, heartbeat slamming in his ears.

His mom leaned over and poured the last splash of wine into his glass.

“You’re quiet again,” she said, voice softer now. Low.

“I’m... tired,” he said, badly.

“The road got you?” she asked, like they were anywhere else in the world.

He nodded. Swallowed. Tried not to stare at the swell of her breasts where her dress gaped just slightly open. Her nipple was so close to slipping out it was fucking torture.

His Dad stood suddenly and stretched, arms high, shirt riding up to show his solid, lightly furred stomach.

“I’m calling it early,” he said with a yawn. “Long week catching up with being lazy.”

Mara tilted her head. “You sure?”

His Dad gave her a look Jamie couldn’t quite read. Warm. Intimate. Then turned to Jamie.

“You two don’t stay up too late,” he said.

Jamie nodded, throat dry. “Night, Dad.”

“Night, kid.”

The door creaked, screen slapping shut behind him.

His mom didn’t move her leg.

Instead, she turned to Jamie slowly, glass in hand, her eyes darker now. Lidded. Heavy with something else.

“Been a long time,” she said.

He nodded. “Yeah.”

“You look good,” she said. “Different. More grown.”

Jamie shifted in his chair again, trying to relieve some of the pressure in his jeans. It didn’t help. Not with her leg pressed against his. Not with her voice sounding like smoke and honey. Not with her eyes locked on his like she could see the hard-on through his pants.

“You always say the right thing,” he murmured.

“I always *mean* it.”

Then, quietly—so quiet he almost thought he imagined it—she said:

“He sees it, you know.”

Jamie looked at her. “Sees what?”

Her smile curved slow and secret.

“How you look at me. How you always have.”

He didn't answer.

Didn't have to.

His mom stood up slowly, and for a second he thought she was leaving too. But then—she stepped closer. Behind his chair. Her fingers brushed through his hair, soft and brief, and her lips came close to his ear.

"He wants this for us," she whispered, barely audible. "So do I."

She kissed his cheek.

Soft. Lingering. Just shy of his mouth.

Then she was gone, the sound of her bare feet retreating across the deck, the scent of her skin still clinging to him like heat.

Jamie sat there alone, hard as steel, blood pounding, mouth dry, every part of him screaming for something he could finally, almost taste.

This wasn't tension anymore.

It was permission.

Chapter 2 – Familiar and New

Jamie woke slowly, blinking into the bright morning light pouring through the sheer curtains. The lake outside was still, glassy. A bird called once, then silence. The house smelled like coffee and something buttery—toast or eggs—and that pulled him the rest of the way up.

He rolled out of bed, stretching, half-hard and not bothering to fix it. He found a t-shirt and pulled it on over his boxers, rubbing sleep from his eyes as he padded barefoot down the hall toward the kitchen.

The moment he stepped into the doorway, the air changed.

His mom stood at the stove, barefoot on the cool tile, cooking like some kind of soft-core domestic dream. Her back was to him, her thick, dark hair falling in loose waves down her back. She wore nothing but a thin, white tank top and a pair of pink cotton panties—boyshort style, hugging her ass with obscene perfection. The tank clung to her like a second skin, translucent in the back from the heat. Her nipples pressed visibly against the front, high and dark and full through the fabric, swaying with every gentle movement.

She was humming to herself, some old jazz tune playing quietly on the speaker behind her. A spatula in one hand, hips moving subtly with the rhythm.

Jamie froze. His breath caught.

She glanced over her shoulder, eyes half-lidded from sleep or wine or just being comfortable in her own skin.

“Morning, baby” she said, voice like silk.

Jamie cleared his throat. “Hey Mom”

He crossed to the counter and sat on a stool, trying to position himself to hide the obvious bulge already forming in his boxers. He kept his eyes on the countertop, but every nerve in his body was locked onto her—her bare legs, her ass, the way her tits shifted under that whisper-thin shirt every time she flipped a piece of toast.

Coffee. Right. That was safe.

He reached for the pot and poured a cup, hands slightly shaky.

His Mom set a plate down in front of him—eggs, toast, avocado. “Eat before it gets cold,” she said, brushing her fingers across his wrist as she passed.

That single touch burned through him.

He tried to play it cool, picked up his fork, acted like this was just another morning in any other kitchen.

The screen door creaked.

“Morning,” came his dad’s voice, casual and half-asleep.

Jamie flinched like a guilty teenager. Turned to see him strolling in barefoot, pajama pants hanging low on his hips, chest bare. He scratched his ribs absently, then leaned over to kiss His mom’s shoulder.

His mom wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her back against his chest, burying his face in her neck. “God, you’re so fucking hot like this,” he murmured, voice low but not whispering. “Barefoot. Tank top. Cooking like a dream.”

Jamie went still.

His mom smiled and tilted her head, letting him kiss her neck. “You’re just saying that because I made you food.”

“I’m saying it because I’m hard,” Daniel replied without shame.

Jamie’s mouth went dry. He stared down at his eggs, fork frozen mid-air. His cock throbbed under the counter.

Daniel let Mara go and grabbed a mug, poured himself coffee, then dropped onto the stool beside Jamie like nothing happened.

“You sleep okay?”

Jamie forced a breath. “Yeah. Like a rock.”

Daniel grinned. “Get used to it. Something about this place knocks the noise out of your head.”

His mom hummed as she moved back to the stove. When she bent to check something in the oven, the hem of her tank lifted just enough to show the curve where her lower back dipped into the start of her ass. Jamie stared before he could stop himself.

And when he finally looked up, His mom was watching him in the reflection of the microwave door—smirking, just a little, like she’d caught him. Like she *wanted* to.

Jamie shifted in his seat again, pulse racing, jaw tight. He was hard as fuck, hiding it badly, and no one in the room seemed to mind.

Jamie shut the bathroom door behind him and leaned over the sink, gripping the porcelain until his knuckles went white. His reflection stared back at him—flushed cheeks, messy hair, jaw tight. He splashed cold water on his face, but it didn’t help. His cock was still rock hard, tenting the front of his boxers, aching with every pulse of his heartbeat.

Eight inches of thick, veiny fuck-meat straining against cotton. The kind of dick that always got attention when it came out—but right now, it felt like a curse. Because the only person he wanted to give it to was standing barefoot in the kitchen with no bra, making eggs, bending over like she didn’t know exactly what she was doing.

Fuck.

His hand slipped under the waistband and wrapped around himself. Just for a second. Just to take the edge off. He groaned, quiet, breath hitching.

It wasn’t like this was new.

He’d been jerking off to his mom since he was sixteen. Maybe earlier. Late nights in his dorm, headphones on, scrolling through porn that never hit right—because no matter how hot the scene, none of them looked like *her*.

None of them had her curves. Her voice. That softness that made his chest hurt.

He’d close his eyes and remember summer mornings just like this—her in a bikini too small for her tits, sweat glistening on her skin, humming as she gardened or hung towels on the line. The way she’d bend, ass jiggling under tight shorts, hair in a messy bun, sunglasses slipping down her nose.

That was the real porn. Burned into his brain.

The way she used to call him baby. The way she’d hug him, soft and full-bodied, her breasts pressing into his chest and her scent wrapping around his face.

Back then, he'd jerk off to the memory, hips thrusting into his own fist, coming hard with her name caught behind his teeth. Guilt always followed, thick and sickly—but it never stopped him.

And now?

Now she was touching him under the table.

Now she was watching him look at her ass.

Now her husband was making *zero fucking effort* to hide the fact that he knew—and *wanted it*.

Jamie gripped the edge of the sink again and stared at himself.

This wasn't some innocent crush.

This was obsession. Long-term, bone-deep, cock-hardening obsession.

And if he didn't come soon, he was going to lose his fucking mind.

He turned on the faucet full blast, splashed water over his neck and chest, trying to shake it off. His dick throbbed angrily, red at the tip, still leaking.

Not yet.

Not here.

He took a deep breath and adjusted himself, tucking his length up under the waistband—an old trick. It didn't help much. He still looked hung and horny, and his balls ached from the tension.

But he'd make it through breakfast.

Somehow.

Even if she kept looking at him like that.

Even if his dad kept *smiling* like he already knew how this story ended.

The sun was high by the time they made it down the trail toward the dock, the kind of August heat that made clothes feel optional. Jamie carried two towels over his shoulder and tried not to look directly at his mother as she walked in front of him, her hips swaying, flip-flops slapping the dirt, her red bikini cutting into her curves like it had been designed to wreck him.

It was even smaller than he remembered—tight across her thick ass, barely covering the tops of her cheeks, and the straps of the top fighting to contain her tits with every bounce.

Jamie's mouth was dry. His cock was already starting to stiffen again, still sore from this morning's torture.

His Mom glanced back, caught him looking. She didn't say a word.

Just smiled.

The lake shimmered ahead, calm and blue, the dock bleached white by years of sun. His Dad was nowhere to be seen—probably still inside, reading or napping or just giving them space. Too much fucking space.

Mara turned to him at the edge of the dock. "You coming in?"

Jamie nodded and dropped the towels. "Hell yeah."

She didn't wait. She stepped out of her flip-flops, reached both hands behind her back to untie her top—slowly—and let it fall into her palm. Her breasts bounced free, full and heavy, nipples dark and tight from the breeze. She didn't even look at him. Just slipped into the water like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Jamie stood there frozen, his swim trunks tenting fast.

Jesus fucking Christ.

He adjusted himself, hard and aching again, and dove in after her.

The water was shockingly cold—instant relief, his skin tightening, breath sucked from his lungs. When he surfaced, His Mom was already floating a few feet away, her wet hair slicked back, tits bobbing just beneath the surface. Her skin shone, droplets clinging to her collarbones, the top of her chest.

"You always used to beat me in races," she said, splashing water toward him.

Jamie smirked. "You always used to cheat."

His mom laughed and swam toward him, slow and lazy, her legs kicking under the surface. Her body glided closer. He could see the shape of her through the ripples—round breasts, soft belly, wide hips. She circled him like a shark, teasing.

"Race me now," she challenged, voice husky.

Jamie raised an eyebrow. "What do I win?"

She tilted her head, floating backward. "Depends how hard you try."

Don't say hard, fuck.

They pushed off together, racing toward the far buoy and back. She still cheated—kicked off a rock when he wasn't looking—but he didn't care. Watching her move through the water was enough to make losing feel like winning.

By the time they drifted near the dock again, both panting and flushed, the tension between them was no longer subtle.

His mom swam close, right up beside him, their legs bumping under the surface. Her chest brushed his arm—soft and slippery—and when she tilted her head toward his, her lips were just inches away.

Then she moved even closer.

Her hand dipped beneath the water—and slid across the front of his swim trunks.

Jamie went completely still.

Her fingers brushed along the shape of his cock, slow and deliberate. Her eyes didn't leave his.

“Still cheating,” he whispered, voice rough.

Her palm pressed more firmly against the outline of his cock. He was hard as steel, straining against the wet fabric.

“Maybe,” she murmured. “But you don't seem to mind.”

He didn't. Couldn't. His whole body was locked on that one spot—her hand on his cock, stroking him slowly through the water, fingers gliding up and down the thick length of him like she'd been waiting years to do it.

He let out a shaky breath. “Fuck, Mom...”

She leaned in and kissed his cheek—wet lips, soft and hot.

Then pulled away like nothing happened.

“You coming out?” she asked, already swimming toward the dock, ass bobbing just below the surface.

Jamie stayed right where he was, hard, stunned, the cold water doing *nothing* to bring him down.

She was already climbing the ladder, her thick, wet ass on full display, the bikini bottoms riding deep between her cheeks. She reached the top, stood, and pulled her towel around her slowly.

Then—without turning—she looked back at him over her shoulder and smiled.

It wasn't sweet.

It was a promise.

Jamie climbed the dock ladder slowly, every step dragging his body back into gravity—his hard cock pressing painfully against the clingy mesh of his soaked swim trunks. The cold water had done nothing to tame it. Not after the way she touched him. Not after the look she gave him.

His Mom stood at the edge of the dock, towel slung low around her hips, water glistening on her skin like she'd been dipped in oil. She was watching the horizon like nothing had happened, like she hadn't just stroked his cock under the water with a lazy, practiced hand.

He stepped onto the dock and reached for a towel, trying to position it fast enough to hide the obscene bulge between his legs. His cock was thick and curved upward, soaked fabric suctioned around it, every vein visible. His balls were drawn up tight, aching. It was fucking ridiculous how hard he was.

And she wasn't helping.

His Mom turned toward him slowly and began to dry herself off—*slowly*. She started at her hair, squeezing the water out, letting it fall over her shoulders in thick black ropes. Then she worked the towel down her arms, across her shoulders, over her tits.

Her bikini top was back on now—but barely. The red fabric clung to her nipples, darker now from the cold and arousal, stiff little peaks poking straight through. The way she rubbed the towel across them wasn't accidental. Not even close.

Jamie pretended to be busy with his own towel. It didn't help. He could still see her in the corner of his eye.

Then she turned.

Bent at the waist.

Nice and slow.

And started drying off her legs.

Her ass—*fuck, that ass*—arched up in front of him, the bikini riding up between her cheeks, water still running down the back of her thighs. She moved side to side as she towelled off, each shift giving him a deeper view, a tighter squeeze, a more obscene curve.

His cock throbbed, a drop of precum soaking through the front of his trunks.

He didn't even realize he was staring until she looked back at him—over her shoulder, eyes low, mouth curved in a half-smile that told him *she knew*.

She stood slowly, turned fully toward him, and draped the towel over her neck. Her hands hung at either end, drawing the fabric tight across her cleavage. Her tits jiggled gently with every breath.

"You didn't dry off," she said softly.

Jamie blinked, throat dry. “I—I’m getting to it.”

His mom stepped closer. Her voice dropped. “You’re still dripping.”

Jamie glanced down. She wasn’t wrong. Water was still sliding down his chest, down his stomach—and pooling at the tip of his cock, where the wet fabric clung to every detail.

“You should take care of that,” she said, not breaking eye contact.

He didn’t move.

Couldn’t.

His mom took a half-step closer, just enough to close the gap between them. Her fingers brushed his side—light, just under his ribs.

“Don’t want you catching cold,” she added, voice a purr.

Then she walked past him, slow and sure, the towel falling down to cover just the bottom of her ass.

Jamie turned to watch her go, his cock twitching with every step she took.

This was no longer a game.

She wasn’t just teasing him.

She was *training* him. Breaking him down one look, one brush, one slow fucking smile at a time.

And he was falling—fast.

Chapter 3 – The Pact

The bedroom was quiet, bathed in the soft orange light of late afternoon. The windows were open, the sheer curtains drifting in the breeze. Outside, the lake was calm and golden, and the house had gone still for a moment—like it was holding its breath.

Mara lay on her back, legs still parted slightly, her skin flushed and damp. Daniel rested beside her, propped up on one elbow, tracing idle lines along the curve of her waist. They were both still naked, tangled in the wreckage of freshly rumpled sheets and the fading heat of a slow, deep fuck.

Her inner thighs still trembled. His chest still glistened with sweat.

“God,” she murmured, eyes closed. “You always know how to wreck me.”

Daniel leaned down and kissed her collarbone. “You make it easy.”

She smiled, slow and soft.

But after a long silence, her expression shifted.

She turned toward him fully, reached up, and cupped his jaw. Her voice dropped.

“I’m ready,” she said.

Daniel blinked, but he didn’t look surprised. Just quiet. “Yeah?”

“I’ve been thinking about it for months,” she whispered. “Years, maybe. Watching him grow up. Watching the way he looks at me. The way he tries not to.”

Daniel stayed still. Just listening.

“I want him,” Mara said. “Not just to tease. Not to flirt. I want to feel him. I want to open myself to my own son. Completely.”

She bit her lip.

“And I know he wants me too. He always has. He just needed to know it was safe and okay.”

Daniel didn’t answer right away.

He reached for her hand instead, brought it to his lips, and kissed her fingers slowly.

Then he leaned in and kissed her—deep, slow, and full of something weightier than lust.

When he pulled back, he nodded once.

“I’ll talk to him tonight,” he said. “At dinner.”

Mara’s eyes softened with gratitude. “You’re sure?”

“I’ve never been more sure of anything,” Daniel replied. “He’s not just a boy with a crush on his mom anymore. He’s a man. And if this is what you want—really want—then I want it too.”

She touched his face again, heart thudding.

“I want both of you.”

Daniel smiled, leaned down, and kissed between her breasts.

“Then we’ll give you everything.”

The deck was glowing.

Long strands of warm string lights framed the railing, and fat candles flickered along the length of the table, their flames swaying in the slow, humid breeze. The lake below was dark and still, like glass, reflecting the moon in shimmering patches. It was quiet—too quiet. Like the world had gone still just to listen in.

Mara sat across from Jamie, a glass of white wine in one hand, the other resting lightly on the table. She wore a buttery yellow sundress, the fabric soft and thin and low-cut enough to make conversation difficult. Her cleavage dipped deep between her breasts, the dress pulling snug against her curves, clinging like it had been sewn onto her skin. No bra again. Her nipples pressed lightly against the fabric each time she leaned forward to laugh or sip.

And she laughed a lot.

Soft, warm, eyes sparkling in the candlelight. Her foot brushed his under the table. Once. Then again. She didn't move it.

Jamie had barely spoken. He sat with his wine untouched, trying not to stare at his mom's tits, trying not to shift in his seat too much. His cock was already hard, pulsing steadily behind the zipper of his jeans. Every glance at his mom's tits made it worse. Every time she licked her lips or tilted her head and let her hair fall to one side, his self-control cracked a little more.

His Dad sat at the head of the table, relaxed, smiling, sipping his wine with the calm of someone who already knew where the night was going. He watched them both—not intrusively, not with judgment. Just... present. A man who had already said yes before anyone else dared to ask.

They ate slowly. Roasted chicken, grilled peaches, fresh bread with soft cheese. His mom made a show of licking butter off her fingers at one point. Jamie almost dropped his fork.

Then the conversation faded.

Silence settled in.

And Daniel set down his glass.

"I want to say something," he said.

Mara glanced at him and nodded once, like she already knew. Jamie's stomach tightened. The air shifted.

Daniel looked at Jamie first. Then Mara. Then back to Jamie.

"There are no rules this summer."

Jamie blinked. "What?"

Daniel's voice didn't rise. It didn't need to.

“I trust both of you,” he said calmly. “I’ve been watching. I know what’s been brewing. And I’m not threatened by it.”

Jamie felt his heart slam against his ribs.

Mara didn’t look surprised. Not at all.

Daniel leaned back in his chair, fingers trailing the stem of his wine glass.

“What you feel for her? That’s not wrong. You’ve tried to hide it, out of respect. I see that. But you don’t have to anymore.”

Jamie’s throat was dry. “I—I didn’t mean to—”

“I know, Kid” Daniel said, cutting him off gently. “You didn’t act on anything. But it’s been in your eyes for years.”

His Mom’s hand slid under the table.

Jamie froze.

Then he felt her fingers on his thigh—warm, soft, slow. She found his hand and took it, lacing her fingers between his.

“I see how you look at your mom,” Daniel continued. “And I see how she looks at you. You think I’d stop something that beautiful from happening just because it doesn’t fit some old idea of how love is supposed to work?”

Jamie stared at him, stunned.

Mara squeezed his hand.

“I love her,” Daniel said. “I trust her. And I trust you.”

He leaned forward slightly now, eyes locked with Jamie’s.

“I’m not giving you permission,” he said. “I’m *inviting* you. To stop hiding. To stop pretending. If this is something you both want—take it.”

The world tilted.

Jamie couldn’t breathe.

His Mom’s hand was still wrapped around his under the table. Her thumb stroked slowly across his knuckles.

His dad smiled.

“I’ll go clean up,” he said, standing and collecting the plates. “You two finish your wine.”

He disappeared into the house.

The silence that followed was thick and hot and electric.

Jamie turned to his mom.

She didn't speak.

She just looked at him like she had been waiting a long, long time.

Then she smiled.

And didn't let go of his hand.

The candles flickered behind them as they stepped off the deck, their glasses in hand, the night thick and humid, wrapping around them like a second skin.

Jamie followed her down the path toward the dock, barely breathing. His legs felt like they weren't quite attached to the rest of him. He still felt her hand from earlier—soft, firm, electric around his. He still heard his dad's voice in his head.

No rules.

No pretending.

Take it.

The wooden dock groaned softly beneath their bare feet. The lake was moonlit and silent, black velvet with silver ripples. Somewhere across the water, a bullfrog croaked once, deep and low. The world felt distant, unreal—like a dream you didn't want to wake from.

His mother sat on the edge of the dock and dangled her legs over the side, her sundress riding up her thighs. She took a sip of wine, tilted her head back, and closed her eyes.

Jamie sat beside her, careful not to sit too close.

"Still with me?" she asked, not opening her eyes.

He nodded. "Barely."

She smiled.

"I know that was a lot," she said. "But it's real."

He looked at her then. Really looked. The slope of her shoulder. The way her collarbone caught the moonlight. The heavy curve of her breasts under the sundress, swaying slightly with each breath.

"I don't get it," he said quietly. "He just... *lets this happen?*"

She opened her eyes and turned toward him. "Your dad doesn't *let* anything. He *chooses*. And so do I."

Jamie's heart beat hard in his chest.

"You've wanted this for a long time," she said softly.

He didn't answer.

Didn't have to.

His mom shifted onto her knees and moved closer, the wood creaking beneath her. Her dress fell open slightly as she moved—just enough for Jamie to see the inner swell of one breast. She was so close now he could feel the heat of her skin.

"I used to wonder," she whispered, "what it would feel like... to finally kiss you. To kiss my own son, if it would feel wrong. If I'd feel guilty."

Her hand found his jaw, fingers soft against the roughness of his stubble.

"But I don't."

She leaned in and kissed him.

Not tentative. Not testing.

It was *slow*—but full, and warm, and *hungry*. Her lips opened against his, soft and wet, and her tongue brushed his, delicate but eager. Her hand held his face, guiding him, pulling him in. Jamie melted into it, into her, his hands going instinctively to her hips, fingers curling into the fabric of her dress.

Her tits pressed into his chest, bare under the cotton, nipples stiff against his shirt. Her body moulded into him like she belonged there. Like she'd always known it.

Jamie groaned into her mouth, the sound caught between arousal and disbelief. He pulled her closer, kissed her deeper, and felt her sigh—like a breath she'd been holding for years.

When they finally broke apart, both panting, His mom rested her forehead against his.

Her voice was barely audible.

"Your dad wants this for us."

She kissed him again—softer this time, but no less real.

"So do I."

Jamie's hands were shaking. His cock strained hard inside his jeans, twitching with every heartbeat. But it wasn't just the arousal—it was *everything*. The weight of the moment. The permission from his own dad. The fucking *need*.

He looked into her eyes and knew—*this was happening*.

Not someday. Not maybe.

Now.

Chapter 4 – Electric Air

Jamie walked into the kitchen barefoot, still half-asleep, scratching his chest and blinking against the morning light pouring through the windows. His body ached—*literally ached*—with unsatisfied need. His cock had been stiff all night, his sleep broken and sweat-slick, haunted by the taste of her mouth and the sound of her breathy moan on the dock.

He needed coffee. Or a cold shower. Or both.

Then he saw her.

His mom was already at the counter, humming softly to herself, barefoot, legs bare, wearing nothing but an oversized white t-shirt that hung low off one shoulder and just barely skimmed the tops of her thighs.

No bra. No shorts. No panties.

And when she leaned forward to grab a plate, the hem lifted.

Jamie froze.

From where he stood, he had a full, perfect view of the round swell of her ass—bare, smooth, glowing in the soft morning light. The shirt clung slightly to the top of her cheeks, clinging from the heat, leaving *nothing* to the imagination.

His cock went from half-hard to painfully stiff in a heartbeat.

She stood up slowly, holding the plate with two hands, and turned toward him like she didn't just give him the hottest fucking thing he'd ever seen before coffee.

"Hungry?" she asked, eyes warm.

He swallowed. "Starving."

She smiled and walked over, hips swaying subtly under the shirt, her bare legs moving in that slow, sensual rhythm he was starting to recognize as a weapon. She placed the plate in front of him—eggs, toast, avocado again—and leaned forward just slightly as she set the fork beside it.

The shirt gaped at the collar, giving him a clear look down her top—the soft swells of her tits, the dark tips of her nipples barely hidden in the shadows of the fabric.

She looked up and caught him staring.

Didn't blink.

Just smiled.

"Coffee's fresh."

Jamie pulled his eyes away and sat down hard, dragging the chair in to hide the bulge straining in his boxers. He was already sweating.

The screen door creaked behind them.

"Morning," His dad said, stepping in, his voice low and lazy.

Jamie didn't turn. He couldn't. Not with his dick pressed full and twitching against the waistband of his shorts. Not with his mom still standing right there, pretending to be the perfect host while flashing him every inch of skin he couldn't stop dreaming about.

His Dad walked over, kissed his mom on the cheek, then grabbed a mug from the counter.

He turned toward the table, glanced at Jamie—who was sitting very still, staring at his plate—and smirked.

"Looks like someone had a dream or two last night."

Jamie choked on his coffee.

His mom laughed softly and brushed her fingers through her hair, tucking it behind one ear. "Maybe he just needs more sleep," she said, voice dripping sweet innocence.

His dad chuckled and walked off toward the living room, sipping his coffee, leaving his mom and Jamie alone again.

Jamie exhaled slowly, forcing himself to pick up the fork, trying to act like breakfast was food and not *foreplay*.

His mom took the seat across from him, one leg folded up under her on the chair, the shirt riding up high again.

And when she took a bite of toast, she licked her lips slow and steady—*watching him the whole time*.

It was just after lunch when his mom asked if Jamie wanted to walk the trail behind the house. The sky was still bright, the heat heavy, cicadas humming loud in the trees. Jamie didn't trust himself to be alone with her again—not after the morning she served him breakfast with no panties and looked him in the eye while licking butter off her fingers—but he said yes anyway.

Of course he said yes.

They walked in silence at first, the dirt trail soft underfoot, the trees casting long shadows across their path. Mara wore a light cotton dress this time—white, thin, swaying with every step—and Jamie couldn't stop thinking about what was (or *wasn't*) under it. He walked beside her, hands in his pockets, trying to calm the pounding in his chest, the ache in his cock that had been growing stronger with every hour she didn't touch him.

They stopped near a small clearing, the sun leaking through the trees in golden beams, and Jamie turned to say something—but his mom was already watching him.

Already close.

She stepped in, her body brushing his, soft tits pressing lightly against his chest, breath warm on his neck.

Then she grabbed his head in both hands and kissed him hard.

No hesitation. No teasing.

Just hunger.

Jamie groaned into her mouth, hands flying to her hips, yanking her closer. She tasted like heat and mint and something sweeter—something *hers*.

She kissed him deeper, her teeth grazing his lip, her tongue exploring his like she'd been dying to devour him for years.

Then she broke the kiss just long enough to breathe:

“Touch me. Explore me, My son.”

His brain short-circuited.

Then her hand grabbed his wrist and guided it—under her dress, up the soft inside of her thigh, higher, higher—

And then he felt it.

Smooth. Bare. Soft as silk.

She was completely hairless.

His fingers grazed the warm lips of her pussy, already wet and dripping. She gasped into his mouth and pressed her hips into his hand.

Jamie groaned. “Fuck...”

He slid his middle finger through her slit, slow and reverent, parting the folds, stroking her clit in tight, careful circles. Her body trembled.

Then he pushed inside—just one finger at first.

Tight. Hot. Slick.

She moaned in his ear, one hand gripping the back of his neck, the other curling around his wrist.

“You feel that?” she whispered, voice raw. “That’s all for you. You are fingering your own mom’s pussy.”

He added a second finger, fucking her slowly, palm pressing against her clit. Her hips rolled against his hand, her breath hitching, moans soft and broken.

Jamie was rock hard, cock pulsing in his jeans, desperate to be inside her—but he didn’t rush. He watched her face, watched the way her mouth parted, the way her eyelids fluttered, the way her pussy clenched around his fingers like she was begging to come.

She was close. He could feel it.

So he pushed deeper, curled his fingers, rubbed harder—

And she grabbed his wrist.

Hard.

Pulled him out.

Jamie blinked, panting. “What—”

She stepped back, dress falling back into place, thighs shining where his fingers had been.

Her chest rose and fell, nipples hard under the fabric.

Then she smiled.

“Not yet,” she said, breath still catching.

“You’re not ready for all of me. My baby”

She leaned in and kissed his cheek, then turned and walked back down the trail like her pussy *wasn’t still soaked* and his fingers *weren’t still wet with her*.

Jamie stood there, cock throbbing, hand still slick, pulse hammering in his throat.

Not yet?

Jamie stood there, cock throbbing, hand still slick, pulse hammering in his throat.

She was already halfway down the trail again, walking slow, like she knew exactly what kind of hell she’d left him in.

He looked down at his hand—his fingers still wet, shining with her pussy juices.

Her scent was thick, musky and sweet and completely fucking addictive.

Without thinking, he brought two fingers to his mouth.

Slid them between his lips.

Sucked.

Slow. Deep. Like it was the only thing that mattered.

Her taste hit his tongue like lightning—salty, warm, soaked in the heat of her body.

His knees almost buckled.

She tasted like sex and sin and home.

He was going to die.

Or beg.

Or both.

The house had gone quiet.

Crickets thrummed through the open windows, and a fan clicked rhythmically in the corner of the room, pushing hot air that did nothing to cool him down. Jamie lay on his back, alone in bed, a thin sheet tangled around his legs, his bare chest slick with sweat.

He couldn't sleep.

He didn't even try.

His mind was a reel on loop—her breath in his ear, the way she gasped when his fingers slid inside, her soaked folds, her voice—low, wrecked—saying *you're not ready for all of me*.

He stared at the ceiling, jaw tight, cock hard as steel and pulsing against the waistband of his briefs.

Every nerve in his body still buzzed from the afternoon. He could still feel her heat on his hand, smell her when he exhaled. He swore he'd never forget how she tasted.

He closed his eyes and slid his hand under the sheet.

Fingers wrapped around his cock—already leaking, sensitive, twitching from hours of frustration.

He stroked slow.

Deliberate.

The kind of stroke that wasn't just about getting off—it was *worship*.

He pictured her in the woods. Hair mussed. Dress bunched around her waist. Legs parted, back against the tree.

Her pussy open for him. Bare. Wet. His fingers knuckle-deep inside her, and her hips grinding down, like she needed him to fill her.

He moaned under his breath.

His hand moved faster.

He imagined her whispering his name again, her lips brushing his neck, her tits pressed tight against his chest as she came all over his hand—*if she'd let herself*. If she hadn't stopped.

"Not yet."

Fuck, that killed him.

She had been close. So fucking close.

And she'd walked away soaked and smiling, like she knew he'd lie awake stroking himself, whispering her name, *losing his fucking mind*.

His breath quickened. His abs tightened. The fan barely masked the slick sound of skin on skin.

He squeezed harder. Faster.

"You're not ready for all of me."

He came with a low, broken groan, hips jerking off the bed, cock spilling into his palm, across his stomach, through his fingers. His eyes squeezed shut, chest heaving.

He laid there for a long time afterward, hand still wrapped around his cock, her name echoing in his head like a prayer.

It wasn't enough.

Not even close.

Because this wasn't just lust anymore.

He wanted all of her.

And she knew it.

Chapter 5 – Thresholds

The sauna creaked as the door shut behind them, sealing in the thick, wet heat. Inside, the cedar walls glowed under low orange light, the air dense with the scent of wood, salt, and

skin. A stone basin hissed softly as steam rose from the rocks, curling through the narrow space like breath.

They sat in a triangle.

Jamie on the left bench, His Dad across from him, and His Mom in the centre, towel knotted lazily around her chest. She'd twisted her long black hair up off her neck, leaving her collarbones and shoulders bare. Sweat glistened on her skin, rolling in slow beads down the line of her throat, the slope of her breasts, disappearing between the deep valley of her cleavage.

And fuck, that cleavage.

Her towel clung to her chest, the white fabric slightly sheer with moisture now, stretched tight over her Double D tits—round, heavy, *mouthwatering*. They shifted with every slow breath she took. Her nipples were hard underneath, visible through the damp cotton. The knot between her breasts looked like it could come undone with the slightest tug.

Jamie sat stiffly, legs apart, towel across his lap doing a poor job of hiding the fact that he was already half-hard. The heat didn't help. Neither did his mom's scent—clean sweat, her natural sweetness, and a faint trace of something musky that made his mouth water.

She leaned forward to ladle water onto the rocks, steam erupting in a sharp hiss.

Her towel slipped.

Just slightly.

Enough to expose the upper curve of her left breast—*areola* and all.

Jamie's eyes snapped to it before he could stop himself.

Full. Brown. Perfect.

A single bead of sweat rolled across the exposed swell, trailing down toward the shadowed underside of her tit.

His cock twitched hard beneath the towel.

His mom leaned back, making no move to fix the slip.

Jamie risked a glance at his dad.

His Dad saw it.

And smiled.

Not smug. Not mocking.

Just... calm. Present. Like this was exactly what he expected.

He didn't say a word.

Just sipped from his water bottle, watching Jamie—*not* Mara—with a faint glint of something deeper behind his eyes.

Jamie swallowed, pulse hammering in his throat.

The heat pressed against his skin, sticky and electric. Sweat trickled down his back. His towel was already soaked, sticking to his thighs, his cock swelling thicker by the second.

And his mom? She closed her eyes and tilted her head back, exposing her neck, her throat working as she swallowed, her chest rising high—that full, glistening breast still bare.

The room said nothing.

But everything was loud.

After a few minutes, The silence in the sauna had shifted.

It wasn't peaceful anymore.

It was charged.

His mom shifted slightly on the bench, her towel still dangerously low. Her nipple was fully out now, glistening and proud, the soft undercurve of her other breast barely contained. She didn't cover herself. She didn't even look down.

She looked at Jamie.

And Jamie? He couldn't take his eyes off her.

He was rock-hard under his towel, his cock pressing upward, twitching visibly. Every beat of his heart made it worse. Sweat trickled down his temples, his chest, pooling in the crease between his thighs.

Then his mother moved.

No warning. No hesitation.

She reached across the short distance between them, lifted his towel, and grabbed his cock.

Jamie sucked in a sharp breath.

Her fingers curled around his shaft—thick, hot, heavy in her palm. She stroked once, slow and firm, her grip confident. Jamie's hips jolted forward instinctively. He groaned.

Then she did it again.

She was jerking him off.

In front of his dad.

Jamie's mind blanked. His cock throbbed in her hand, leaking already, twitching with every stroke. He glanced at his dad, shame and arousal crashing together in a dizzying rush.

But his dad wasn't angry.

He was watching.

Calm. Present. Unshaken.

And then he spoke.

"It's okay, Kid" he said quietly, his voice low and smooth, like heat itself.

"You don't have to hide anything from me."

Jamie couldn't breathe.

His mom kept stroking him—slow, steady, her eyes on Jamie's face the whole time. Her thumb swirled around his leaking tip, gathering his precum and slicking it down his shaft, making it easier, messier, better.

"Fuck," Jamie muttered, hips rocking into her hand. "Fuck, Mom..."

She didn't say a word. She just kept going. Her other hand pulled at the towel across her chest, and it fell completely, exposing both of her tits—full, sweat-slicked Double Ds, nipples hard and dark and begging to be sucked.

Daniel leaned back against the bench, his towel tented slightly, but his hands were still. Watching them. Letting it happen. Loving it.

Jamie's thighs tensed. His hands fisted the wood beneath him. His cock jerked hard in his mom's hand as the orgasm built—fast, blinding, overwhelming.

But just before he came—she stopped.

Fingers still wrapped around the base of his shaft, just holding him there—*on the edge*.

Jamie's breath came in gasps, chest rising and falling, cock throbbing furiously in her grip.

"Not yet," his mom whispered.

And she smiled.

The same fucking smile she wore when she left him with wet fingers in the woods.

She released him slowly, wiping her palm on her own thigh like nothing had happened. Then she stood, completely naked, towel forgotten on the bench.

She walked out of the sauna without looking back.

Jamie sat there stunned, hard, leaking, still twitching in the air. Every muscle in his body begged to finish. Every part of his brain was fried.

His dad finally looked at him.

Smirked.

“Told you. No need to hide.”

Then he closed his eyes again, sweat rolling down his chest, and said nothing more.

Just then came his Mom’s voice “Jaime, come with me.”

Jaime got up and walked outside of the sauna.

Jamie didn’t even remember walking from the sauna to her room.

He only remembered his mom’s hand on his hard cock, the sweat on her tits, the way she whispered “*Not yet*” like a curse, and the way his dad just sat there—letting it happen.

He was still hard when she opened his parent’s bedroom door and pulled him inside.

The room was dim and warm, the window cracked open, the breeze barely cutting the heat. A candle burned low on the nightstand, throwing flickering shadows over the unmade bed. Her scent was everywhere—faint vanilla, sweat, and something deeper. Sex. Permission. Heat.

She closed the door with her back, then let the towel slide off her hand.

Naked. Fully. Finally.

Jamie’s breath left his chest in a single, stunned exhale.

She was perfect.

Thick, full Double Ds, the weight of them real, heavy, moving as she walked. Her nipples were still hard, glistening from the sauna. Her waist dipped into wide hips, the slope of her thighs smooth and firm. And between her legs—hairless, pink, soft and bare—her pussy glistened, still wet, lips puffy, waiting.

His mom didn’t say a word. She stepped toward him, unfastened the towel still hanging around his hips, and let it drop.

His cock sprang free—thick, long, flushed with need, precum shining at the tip.

She looked at it like she already owned it.

Then kissed him.

Not teasing. Claiming.

Her mouth crashed into his, tongues tangling, her bare tits pressing against his chest. Jamie wrapped his arms around her, palms on the small of her back, pulling her in like he needed to fuse them together.

She pulled back and whispered, "Touch me. Touch your mom baby boy."

He didn't hesitate.

He cupped her tits first, palms wide, thumbs brushing over her hard nipples. She gasped, grinding against his thigh. Then he dropped his hands lower, fingers sliding along her stomach, across her hips, and down between her legs.

So wet. So warm. So open.

His fingers slipped between her lips, and she moaned, hips rolling forward, head tipping back.

He dropped to his knees.

"Mom..." His voice cracked. "Let me taste you."

Her answer was a low, breathy, "Yes."

She stepped back toward the bed and sat on the edge, spreading her legs wide.

Her pussy was soaked. Glowing in the candlelight. Smooth, pink, and aching for his mouth.

Jamie knelt between her thighs and kissed the inside of one, then the other, working slow.

Then he dove in.

His tongue traced her lips, licking softly up the length of her slit. She shivered. He lapped again, then wrapped his mouth around her clit and sucked—gentle but hungry. Her thighs tensed around his head. She moaned deep and low.

"Fuck, Jamie..."

He flicked his tongue in tight circles, teasing the swollen bud, then slid two fingers inside her again, curling up, stroking her from the inside. Her breath hitched. Her back arched.

She tangled her fingers in his hair and started grinding on his face.

"Yes. Just like that baby. Don't stop."

He didn't.

He kept licking, deeper, faster, her taste filling his mouth. She was everything—salt and sweat and sweetness, soft and powerful, feminine and filthy.

She cried out when she came.

Body shaking. Thighs clamped around his head. Pussy pulsing on his tongue.

He didn't stop until she let go of his hair and collapsed back against the bed, chest heaving, sweat shining on her skin.

Jamie wiped his mouth, climbed up beside her, and she pulled him in without a word—skin to skin, breath to breath.

She kissed him hard, tasting herself on his lips.

They didn't speak.

They just lay there—naked, raw, open, his arm under her neck, her thigh slung over his waist, the air between them thick with something more than just sex.

They didn't need to say it.

This was *everything* now.

Chapter 6 – First Night

The day had been normal. That was the worst part.

Almost painfully, *achingly* normal.

They'd spent it cleaning—windows open, music low, dust rising from old corners of the house that hadn't been touched since last summer. Daniel had tackled the backyard with overgrown grass, Jamie swept out the screened porch, and his mom, as always, floated between them like sunlight in motion. She dusted shelves, folded laundry, and reorganized the kitchen—barefoot, in a loose tank and shorts that rode up every time she bent over.

Jamie couldn't focus.

Every time she passed him, she touched his shoulder. Every time she reached up, her shirt rose. Every time she laughed, he swore she was doing it for him. There was no mistaking it now. Every glance was a dare. Every movement was a message.

And his dad? As always, he noticed. And said nothing.

They had dinner together on the deck—grilled chicken, roasted vegetables, a bottle of wine between the three of them. The tension was electric. Jamie could barely eat. His mom sat cross-legged across from him, no bra, nipples brushing against the inside of her shirt, her eyes locked on his like she could *taste him already*.

After dinner, Jamie helped his dad with the dishes while Mara disappeared down the hallway, humming to herself.

When he came back out, she was waiting.

She leaned in the doorway of her bedroom, hair damp from a shower, a silk robe tied loosely around her waist, cleavage barely contained.

“Come to me tonight,” she said softly.

Just that.

No smile. No teasing.

Just a command.

Jamie nodded. His voice caught in his throat. “Okay, Mom.”

Then she stepped back into the room, the door clicking softly behind her.

And just like that—he knew.

This wasn’t a tease.

This wasn’t a game.

Tonight, he was going to fuck her.

His heart quickened at the thought.

He was going to fuck his own mom tonight.

Later that evening. The hallway was quiet.

Only the soft creak of the old floorboards under Jamie’s bare feet as he made his way toward his parent’s bedroom. The house had gone still—The door was closed, the wine buzz still warm in Jamie’s chest, but his nerves burned hotter.

He reached at door and paused.

Heart pounding. Cock already hard, pressing insistently against the front of his boxers.

He knocked once.

Soft.

The door eased open.

The candlelight hit him first—low, golden, flickering across the wooden floor. The window was cracked, the warm night breeze fluttering the sheer curtain like breath. The room

smelled like her. Lemon and shampoo. Wax and sweat. Something soft and womanly that made his knees weak.

And then he saw her.

His mom, His Goddess.

She was waiting on the bed—completely naked.

Legs tucked to the side. One arm resting behind her, supporting her weight, the other draped casually across her lap. Her tits were full and bare, nipples tight and flushed, rising and falling with each slow breath. Her thighs glowed in the candlelight. The curve of her hips, the soft plane of her belly, the perfect slick bare pussy between her legs—all of her was on display.

But it was her eyes that got him.

Soft. Steady. Open.

She looked at him like she'd been waiting her whole life for this.

“Close the door, Baby Boy” she said.

Jamie stepped in and shut it behind him. The click sounded louder than it should have.

He turned back toward her.

“I want you tonight,” she said softly.

“All of you.”

He nodded once. He didn't trust his voice.

She held out a hand.

He crossed the room and took it, and she pulled him gently to the bed. Her lips met his as he leaned down, and the moment they kissed—everything else disappeared.

The kiss was slow. Deep. Wet. Hungry.

Not a tease. Not a question.

A claim.

Her lips parted for him, tongue stroking his, her hand sliding into his hair. He kissed her back without hesitation now, like he finally understood who he was here. What she was offering him. What she *needed* from him.

His hands slid over her skin—her waist, her hips, her ribs. No more shaking. No more doubt.

He was ready.

And she was already wet for him.

Mara pulled back from the kiss and let her fingers trail down his chest, slow and deliberate. Then she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of his boxers and slid them down, freeing his cock.

He was already hard, flushed deep red, thick and twitching at the base.

Her eyes dropped to it, and she let out a soft, almost reverent breath.

“Goddamn,” she murmured. “You’ve been hiding this from me baby boy?”

Jamie’s heart pounded. “Only barely, Mom”

She smiled and pushed him gently backward until he was sitting at the edge of the bed. She climbed into his lap, knees straddling his thighs, her skin hot and slick against his. His cock pressed between them, trapped between her soft stomach and his abs.

She leaned in to kiss him again—slow, wet, lips parting around his tongue—while she reached down between their bodies and took him in her hand.

Jamie gasped against her mouth.

She rubbed his tip against her slick folds, coating him in her wetness. Then, with one long, smooth motion, she sank down onto him.

Tight. Hot. Wet.

Her pussy swallowed him slow—inch by inch, her pussy stretching to take him fully.

Jamie’s head dropped back. “Fuck... Mom...”

She exhaled through clenched teeth, sitting all the way down, his cock buried deep inside her. Her hands were on his shoulders. Her tits pressed to his chest, her breath warm on his neck.

Then she moved.

She started to ride him—slow, deep rolls of her hips, her thighs tightening as she ground down on him, her clit rubbing perfectly against his pelvis.

“Just like that,” she whispered in his ear.

“Let me feel you. Let me feel the cock that I birthed.”

Jamie grabbed her waist, holding on like he was drowning. Every inch of her gripped him, squeezed him, melted around him.

“You’re so big, Bigger than your dad” she moaned.

“So fucking deep, baby. You feel so good inside me.”

He rocked up into her, matching her rhythm. Her tits bounced in his face. He leaned forward and took one nipple into his mouth—wet, hot, tongue swirling—and she gasped.

“Yes. Fuck—keep doing that. Suck Mommy’s tits”

She rode him harder now, hips snapping, wet slaps echoing through the room. Her nails dug into his shoulders. His cock throbbed inside her, and still she kept guiding him. Teaching him. Claiming him.

“You’re learning me fast,” she whispered, kissing the corner of his mouth.

“You’re already mine.”

Her pussy clenched around him again—tight, pulsing, close—and she ground down on him, chasing her orgasm.

Jamie held back, barely.

“Mom—fuck—I’m gonna—”

She kissed him hard. “Not yet. Switch. I want more.”

She lifted off him with a slick sound and rolled onto her back, spreading her legs wide.

Her cunt was pink, dripping, lips swollen and open for him.

“Now get back in me,” she said. “And fuck me slow.”

Mara was already breathing hard as she laid back on the bed, legs spread, skin slick with sweat and candlelight. Her chest rose and fell, her nipples dark and wet from his mouth. Her pussy glistened—red, swollen, stretched from riding him.

She looked up at him, completely open, completely his.

Jamie climbed over her, body tight with need. His cock throbbed—thick, soaked in her, hard enough it hurt. He lined himself up and slid in deep, both of them moaning the moment their bodies met again.

She wrapped her legs around his waist, arms around his shoulders, kissing him like she needed his mouth as much as his cock.

“God, baby,” she whispered, grinding up into him.

“You fill me so good. Fuck... you feel perfect.”

He thrust slowly at first—long, deep strokes, letting her feel every inch. Her fingers clawed at his back. Her breath stuttered in his ear. She arched under him, chest pressing into his, hips lifting with each slow slam.

But then his mom leaned up, voice husky like he have never heard before.

“Turn me over.”

Jamie pulled out, and she rolled onto her hands and knees—ass high, legs spread wide, her bare pussy on full display, slick and ready. She looked back over her shoulder and gave him a look that nearly made him lose it.

“I want to feel you, take me Baby.”

He gripped her hips and lined up again.

One smooth thrust.

And he was balls deep in his mother.

They both groaned.

He started fucking her—slow and heavy, letting his hips slap against her ass, the sound obscene in the quiet room. Her back arched, her ass bouncing, the slide of him in and out wet and loud.

“Yes,” she moaned, pushing back against him.

“Fuck me, Baby Boy. Just like that. Don’t stop.”

He reached forward and grabbed a handful of her thick hair, pulling gently as he slammed into her harder. Her moans turned to cries, breath ragged, her whole body tightening around his cock.

Instinct took over.

He slapped her ass once, the sharp sound echoing.

His mom gasped—and came hard.

Her pussy clenched tight around him, spasming with waves of pleasure as her thighs shook beneath him. She cried out, raw and beautiful, hips jerking as she rode out every pulse of her orgasm on his cock.

Jamie held her there, watching her fall apart, body flexing against his. He didn’t move. Just stayed deep inside her while she finished.

When her moans finally faded, she looked back at him again—fucked-out, smiling.

“You really are ready,” she whispered.

Jamie leaned forward and kissed the back of her neck.

“I’m just getting started mom.”

She was still on her hands and knees, chest heaving, thighs trembling from her orgasm, when Jamie leaned forward and kissed her bare shoulder. Slowly. Gently. One hand cupped her hip, the other slid up her back.

“Lie down, Mom” he whispered.

Mara turned, her body boneless and warm, and lay on her back. Hair tousled across the pillow. Skin flushed. Eyes soft.

Jamie climbed over her, his cock still slick and hard, and positioned himself between her legs. She opened them without hesitation, knees bent, feet braced, hands sliding up his arms.

This time, when he entered her, it was slow. Deep. Intentional.

She gasped softly, her fingers curling around his biceps.

Jamie looked down at her.

Really looked.

Her eyes were wide, lips parted, her breath catching with each inch he pushed into her. He filled her completely, his hips flush against hers, his cock buried to the hilt in her pussy.

He didn't move right away.

He just stayed there—inside her, forehead pressed to hers, their chests rising and falling in sync.

“You okay mom?” he whispered.

She nodded, eyes glassy. “More than okay, Baby boy. You just go ahead and fuck me.”

He kissed her.

Soft. Lingering. Lips parting, tongues brushing.

Then he began to move.

Slow thrusts, deep and steady, their bodies locked together, skin slick with sweat and candlelight. Her hands slid down his back, pulling him closer with every motion. Her legs wrapped around his waist.

“God, you feel so good,” she breathed.

Jamie kissed her neck, her jaw, her mouth. He couldn't stop. He didn't want to. She was everything—warm, wet, alive beneath him. Her body opened to him like it had been waiting for this exact rhythm. Her pussy clenched around him with each stroke.

But it was her eyes that broke him.

Every time he looked down, she was staring right back—unflinching, open, completely there.

“You're so deep,” she whispered.

“I feel you in my chest.”

He pushed harder, kissed her again, lost in the softness of her moans and the tension in her thighs as she wrapped tighter around him.

Her hands framed his face now.

“Come with me,” she whispered.

“I want to feel your cock in me when I let go.”

He nodded, hips rolling, his cock pulsing inside her, her pussy fluttering again as another orgasm began to build.

And then it happened—her eyes locked with his, her body tightening, mouth parting in a silent gasp—

She came again.

Hard.

Trembling under him, hands gripping his arms, legs wrapped tight as her pussy pulsed and clenched around his cock.

Jamie groaned.

And held back.

But Barely.

Jamie slid lower down the bed, trailing his lips from his mom’s collarbone to the curve of her belly, tasting sweat and skin and the warmth of her. She opened for him without a word, knees falling apart like she’d been waiting for this moment her whole life.

He kissed her thighs first—slow, reverent. Sucked at the soft flesh where her pulse beat loudest. She arched when his tongue flicked out, just brushing her clit, and her fingers tangled in his hair.

“You don’t have to be gentle, Baby Boy” she whispered, breath shaky. “Not anymore.”

Jamie looked up at her, his eyes dark and full. Then he buried his face between her legs and gave her everything. He sucked her clit in slow pulses, dragged his tongue in circles, then flattened it against her until she trembled. One hand slipped under her ass, the other slid inside—two fingers curling, fucking her slow while he moaned against her.

She bucked, grinding into his face, the wet slap of it loud in the room. Her thighs clamped around his head and she came with a sound halfway between a sob and a growl.

But she wasn’t done.

“Lie back, Baby Boy” she said, her voice thick and low.

Jamie obeyed instantly, breathless, lips wet with her juices.

His Mom climbed up his chest and straddled his face, one knee on either side of his head. She didn't ease into it. She just sat—pussy flushed and dripping—right down on his mouth, gasping as his tongue met her again.

“Fuck, yes—just like that...”

She rode him, slow at first, rolling her hips. Then harder, faster, grinding down like she needed to own him. Her hands braced on the headboard, her Double D tits bouncing above him, her breath ragged.

He moaned into her, hands gripping her thighs, eyes half-lidded with hunger.

She came again—hard. Her whole body clenched and shivered, her knees locking as her orgasm rolled through her. She slid off, legs shaking, and kissed his soaked face, laughing softly against his lips.

Then it was her turn.

She kissed down his chest, nuzzled the line of his stomach, and when she reached his cock, she paused—just to look.

He was so hard it looked painful. Veins thick, tip flushed, already slick.

She spat on it.

Jamie twitched, groaning.

Mara grinned and wrapped her lips around the head, sucking him deep all at once, slow and messy and without mercy. She made sounds—wet, filthy, deliberate. Let spit drip down his shaft, stroked it with both hands, kept eye contact the entire time.

“You taste like you've been holding this in for years,” she whispered, licking the underside, dragging her tongue up to the crown. “You've been such a good boy for me.”

“Fuck, Mom—please—” His head thrashed against the pillow, fists knotted in the sheets.

She swallowed him again. Deep. Gagged on it, eyes watering. Then smiled through it.

She didn't stop until he begged.

After sucking his cock long and hard.

Mara wiped her mouth, climbed up his body, and straddled him again—this time slow, steady, deliberate.

Her pussy hovered just over his cock, dripping wet and swollen.

“You ready Baby Boy?” she asked, voice soft.

Jamie nodded, eyes wild. “Please Mom, I want to be inside your pussy.”

She sank down onto him in one long, slow motion, her mouth falling open with a low moan. He filled her completely, bottoming out until her hips met his.

“Oh my god,” she breathed, leaning forward, forehead to his. “You feel so fucking good.”

She rode him slowly, hips circling, grinding, drawing out every inch.

He cupped her ass, thrusting up into her when she paused. Their rhythm built—push, pull, moan, pant. Her tits brushed his chest. Her fingers curled in his hair. He grabbed her hips hard, holding her down, thrusting up like he couldn’t hold back anymore.

“It’s okay,” she whispered in his ear, biting gently. “Come inside me, Baby Boy. Fill your Mom’s pussy.”

That broke him.

He slammed up into her, once, twice, and then he came with a deep, desperate groan, his whole body tensing under her. She held him, feeling every pulse of him spilling inside her, her own body trembling again from the closeness.

He didn’t say her name—he moaned it, like it was a prayer.

She didn’t move right away.

She stayed on top of him, still joined, her head resting on his chest. Their bodies were slick with sweat, their skin humming.

His arms wrapped around her waist. One hand slowly stroked her back. She kissed his collarbone, then his jaw, then just breathed in his scent like it was all she needed.

Neither of them spoke.

The silence wasn’t empty. It was full.

Then, finally, Mara lifted her head and looked him in the eyes.

She smiled. Not teasing, not wild—just full.

“Now you’re mine fully Baby Boy.”

Chapter 7 – Morning After

Jamie woke slowly, the kind of slow that comes after your body's been used right. Muscles heavy. Hips sore. Cock already half-hard again from the memory of everything his mom gave him last night.

Sunlight spilled through the gauzy curtains, washing the room in a soft gold haze. The sheets were tangled around his legs. His mom was sprawled across his chest, skin warm and bare, her breath slow and even against his neck.

Her thigh draped over his waist. One of her arms stretched lazily across his chest. Her full tits—Double D, heavy and soft—were pressed against his side, warm as fresh bread. He could feel the swell of them with every breath she took.

And below, nothing. Not a single hair. Just the memory of her slick, bare pussy riding his face and cock like it was hers by right.

He shifted slightly, and her hand moved in her sleep—fingers sliding across his stomach, then lower, brushing the length of him.

He was hard now. All eight inches of him, twitching against her thigh like it knew exactly where it wanted to be again.

Mara stirred.

Her eyes opened slowly, lips curving into a lazy, post-fuck smile.

“Mmm...” she purred, pressing a soft kiss to his jaw, then his mouth. “Good morning, gorgeous.”

Jamie groaned softly. “I think you broke me, Mom.”

“No,” she whispered, tracing a finger down his chest. “I broke you in.”

She kissed him again—slower this time, tongue just brushing his. Then she slid the sheet down and looked at his cock, still full and eager.

Her eyes lit up.

“Still hard? After all that?”

Jamie swallowed. “Apparently, yeah.”

His mom grinned and climbed over him, straddling his hips without even caring that the sheets slipped away. Her tits swayed slightly as she moved, nipples still a little sensitive. She kissed him again, biting his lower lip this time.

“Come on,” she said, licking his ear. “Let’s rinse the night off.”

She climbed out of bed, not bothering to cover herself. Jamie watched her ass sway as she walked naked toward the bathroom, her bare skin glowing in the morning light.

He dragged himself up, every muscle aching—and he loved it.

He followed her in.

The bathroom was warm. Mara turned on the water without a word, stepping under the rainfall showerhead as steam bloomed around her.

Jamie stood at the doorway for a moment, just watching.

She was fucking unreal.

Water poured over her dark hair, plastering it down her back. Her skin gleamed. Those Double D tits—full, heavy, and perfect—lifted with each breath. Her waist curved in, then flared out into the kind of ass that begged to be grabbed with both hands. Her pussy, bare and smooth, glistened as droplets ran down her thighs.

She looked over her shoulder.

“You gonna just stare or join me?”

Jamie stepped in behind her, letting the water hit his chest. His cock—still thick, still hard—brushed her ass as he pulled her back against him.

She gasped a little, smiling. “God, you really are eighteen all over again.”

“Twenty-one,” he corrected, wrapping his arms around her waist.

“Same stamina.”

She reached back, her fingers curling around the base of his shaft. Even in the hot spray, even after a full night of being inside her, he felt rock solid in her grip. Her hand moved slowly, and she leaned her head back against his shoulder.

“I want you, Baby Boy.” she said simply. “Like this. Right now.”

Jamie spun her gently, pushing her back against the slick tile. The kiss that followed was wetter than the water—mouths open, tongues tangled, her hands pulling at his hair as she moaned into him.

She lifted one leg around his hip. He reached down, ran the head of his cock along her soaked slit, felt her already clenching in anticipation.

Her pussy lips were swollen. Still tender from the night before. But her body opened for him like it belonged to him.

He slid his cock inside her slowly, both of them groaning at once.

“Ohh... fuck,” Mara gasped, holding tight to his shoulders. “Still so deep. Still so full.”

He moved slowly at first—controlled, letting her feel every inch. But the water made everything hotter, messier, more desperate. Her body slapped against the tile with every thrust. She clawed at his back, her moans growing louder, echoing in the bathroom.

“Harder,” she begged. “Please, Jamie... harder.”

He grabbed her ass and gave it to her—fast, deep strokes that made her cry out with every push.

“Right there—yes—don’t stop—”

Her nails dug into him as she came, pussy tightening around his cock like a fist. Jamie growled, buried his face in her neck, and kept thrusting through it.

He wasn’t far behind.

“I’m close, Mom” he groaned.

“Come in me,” she whispered, licking the sweat off his jaw. “Again. Fill me. Filly my pussy Baby Boy”

That was all it took.

He slammed into her one last time and came hard, cock pulsing deep inside her, mouth open against her neck, gasping her name.

They stayed like that for a moment—bodies tangled, breath heavy, water washing over them both.

Then his mom smiled and kissed him, slow and lazy.

“Well,” she said, stroking his hair, “I guess you really were ready.”

Jamie laughed softly against her shoulder. “You’re dangerous, Mom.”

She grinned. “And you love it, Don’t you Baby Boy.”

Jamie followed his mom down the stairs, a towel slung low on his hips, skin still damp from the shower. His legs felt like rubber. His cock—finally soft for the first time in hours—still twitched at the memory of how she’d just wrung him dry against the tile wall.

His mom didn’t bother with the towel. She wore a long, loose T-shirt that hit just below her ass and left her legs bare. No bra, of course. The swell of her Double D tits moved freely beneath the thin cotton, nipples brushing the fabric like they were still hard from the water and his tongue.

The kitchen smelled like coffee and eggs. The kind of smell that screamed comfort and home.

Dad stood at the stove, bare-chested, wearing only pajama pants and a relaxed grin. He flipped an omelette with one hand and took a sip of black coffee with the other.

When he turned and saw them—Jamie towel-wrapped and walking gingerly, Mara glowing like she'd been properly claimed—his eyebrows went up.

Then he smirked.

“Someone got broken in.”

Jamie froze, half-amused, half-mortified.

His Mom didn't miss a beat. She walked straight over to the counter, poured herself a mug of coffee, and leaned against it like she'd just come back from yoga, not from riding her own son's eight-inch cock until she saw stars.

She took a long sip, looked at Dad over the rim of her mug, and said, “He kept up just fine.”

Dad chuckled, flipping the omelette onto a plate. “That's what I like to hear.”

Jamie rubbed the back of his neck, trying not to grin. “It was... a long night.”

“It was a loud night,” Dad corrected, handing him a plate. “You hungry, or too sore to chew?”

Mara giggled. Jamie took the plate.

“I'll manage.”

Dad winked. “You'll get used to it.”

Jamie had barely taken two bites when Mara padded towards him, this time without even the pretense of a shirt. She removed the shirt and was now Just bare skin, long dark hair slightly damp, and those Double D tits swaying freely with each step. Her nipples were still hard. Her skin still flushed.

She walked straight over to him like he was a piece of furniture she owned.

“Move back,” she said softly, already pushing his plate to the side.

Jamie blinked. “What are you—?”

She climbed into his lap, straddling him with no hesitation, her warm thighs wrapping around his. Her pussy—still wet, still swollen from the morning's shower—settled right against the towel over his lap. He hissed softly at the contact, not quite ready, not even close to over it.

His mom kissed his neck, then nuzzled into his jaw with a satisfied little hum.

“Better,” she whispered.

His Dad leaned against the counter, sipping his coffee like this was just another Sunday.

Jamie glanced at him, uncertain, but his Dad just gave him that calm, amused smile.

“You’re hers now,” he said. “Let her eat.”

His mom grabbed Jamie’s fork and stole a bite of his eggs, chewing slowly while she rocked her hips against him—just enough pressure to remind him who was in charge. The towel tightened under her, and Jamie groaned, head tipping back.

She kissed his throat, swallowed another bite, then sucked softly just beneath his jawline.

“I like my spot,” she said, voice low. “Think I’ll stay here a while.”

“You’re gonna kill me, Mom” Jamie muttered.

His Dad snorted. “Kid, if that’s how you go, it’s a hell of a way to die.”

His Mom licked Jamie’s ear, then whispered, “Eat up, baby. We’re not done yet.”

Chapter 8 – Around the House

After Breakfast was done, Daniel went outside to take a nap outside, His mother went to her room and Jaime went for another shower in his room. After shower he came back to kitchen.

The fridge door clicked shut behind him, and Jamie leaned back against it with a sigh. The morning light cut through the windows, spilling across the wood floor in long golden lines. He wore nothing but low-hanging boxers, his chest still damp from sweat and shower steam. His cock—because of course—was already half hard again. Being in this house with his mom made arousal feel like breathing.

He didn’t even see her coming.

One second, he was sipping lukewarm coffee and trying to find the energy to function. The next, his mom was on her knees in front of him, hands on his thighs, looking up at him like she’d just found her favourite meal.

“Jesus, Mom” Jamie muttered.

She didn't answer. Just smiled.

Then she pulled his boxers down, slow and steady, until his eight-inch cock sprang free, thick and flushed and already leaking at the tip. Her smile deepened.

"Didn't even touch you," she said, her voice low, pleased.

"Do you even have to?"

"Nope."

She leaned in and kissed the head—just once—then licked slowly down the underside, tongue flat and warm. Jamie hissed, head tipping back against the fridge with a dull thunk.

Then she opened her mouth and took him in deep. No teasing this time. Just full suction, wet and hungry. Her lips slid all the way down the shaft, throat working to take as much as she could. She held the base with one hand, the other stroking his thigh, her rhythm patient but filthy—like she had nowhere else to be and wanted to take her time ruining him.

"Fuck, Mom—" Jamie groaned, his hips jerking involuntarily.

She pulled back slowly, saliva stringing from her lips to his cock, then spat on the head and swallowed him again. His hands found her hair, not to push—just to hold. *Mom.. Mom..* was a constant prayer on his tongue.

She bobbed her head with smooth, practiced grace. Every time he twitched, she moaned around him. Every time he started to shake, she sucked harder, tongue flicking under the tip.

His thighs began to tremble.

"I'm gonna—fuck—" he gasped.

She looked up at him then, eyes locked with his, and kept going. Deeper. Sloppier. Her mouth full of him.

He came with a deep groan, cock pulsing between her lips, hips bucking once, twice, before he sagged back against the fridge like he'd been shot.

Mara swallowed every drop. Then licked him clean with slow, kittenish strokes that made him twitch even harder from overstimulation.

When she finally stood, she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and smirked.

"Now I can make the tea. You want some tea Baby Boy?" She smirked as he looked at him

Jamie was still catching his breath, his knees weak, when his mom turned away like nothing had happened. Her bare ass swayed as she reached up to grab the kettle, hips rocking with

casual sensuality. She didn't say anything—just filled it at the sink and placed it on the stove like they were a regular mom and son starting their morning routine.

Only they weren't regular mom and son. Not anymore.

She was still naked. Her thighs were still sticky. And his cock, despite having just emptied every drop into her throat, was already starting to thicken again.

"Are you trying to kill me Mom?" he asked, voice low and shaky.

His Mom glanced over her shoulder, that smug little smirk back on her lips. "Just keeping you warm."

The burner clicked on. The low hum of gas filled the room.

She leaned forward slightly, reaching for two mugs in the cabinet, and that was it—Jamie lost the last bit of control he'd been clinging to.

He came up behind her, wrapped an arm around her waist, and slid his hand between her legs.

His mom gasped as his fingers slipped through her folds—bare, swollen, still wet.

"Jamie..."

"You said I could have you anytime," he murmured into her neck, pressing a kiss just below her ear.

She nodded, bracing herself on the counter as his fingers pushed inside her.

"I did," she breathed. "God, yes. I meant it."

He fucked her slowly with his fingers at first—deep, curling strokes while his other hand cupped one heavy tit, rolling her nipple between his fingers.

The kettle started to heat. Steam hissed softly. The room got warmer.

Mara arched back against him, panting now, hips grinding against his hand.

Then Jamie pulled back and lined his cock up with her entrance.

She didn't stop him.

He grabbed her hips, nudged forward, and slid inside her—bare, thick, still sensitive, but hard again because he couldn't *not* want her.

Mara let out a low, wrecked sound as he filled her.

"Oh fuck, Jamie... yes..."

He held her tight and fucked her hard, skin slapping against skin, her tits bouncing with every thrust. The counter rattled beneath her hands. The mugs clinked. Steam coiled from the kettle as the first soft whistle began.

Jamie grunted into her shoulder, cock pistoning into her wet heat, pace ragged now.

“You feel—so fucking—tight— Mom”

“Don’t stop,” she gasped, pushing back into him. “Don’t you dare stop—”

The kettle screamed.

Jamie buried himself deep, teeth clenched, and came again—less explosive than before, but raw and intense, like it cost him something to give it up. He gasped “Mom”, forehead pressed to her back.

Mara was shaking, arms trembling on the counter, grinning like she’d just won something.

Jamie pulled out, his cum sliding down the inside of her thighs, and leaned against the counter next to her.

“Your tea’s ready, Mom” he said, dazed.

She looked over her shoulder, cheeks flushed, lips swollen from moaning.

“Not the only thing that boiled over.”

A few hours passed like a dream.

The late morning had blurred into early afternoon. The sun had risen higher, casting warm beams across the lakehouse floor. Jamie had dozed for a bit on the couch, legs stretched out, a blanket lazily tossed over his hips. He was barely dressed—just a pair of soft shorts now, no shirt, skin still carrying the faint scent of his mom and sweat and sex.

Mara padded into the living room with a bowl of grapes and no clothes at all.

Still naked.

Still glowing.

She didn’t say anything—didn’t have to. She set the bowl down on the coffee table, then turned and climbed over him slowly, straddling his lap like she was sliding into her rightful seat.

Jamie stirred beneath her, blinking sleepily.

“Mmmph... what time is it Mom?”

“Don’t care,” she whispered, leaning down to kiss him.

Her lips were soft, but her tongue was hungry. She kissed him until he was fully awake—and fully hard again, his cock stiffening quickly beneath her, pressing up against the inside of his shorts.

Mara grinned, rocked her hips once.

“Still works,” she said, dragging his waistband down just enough to free him.

Her fingers wrapped around him, stroking lazily as she looked into his eyes. Then she lifted her hips and guided him in, sinking down onto him with a slow, wet sigh.

Jamie groaned deep in his chest, hands grabbing her waist, her tits brushing against his face as she settled on top of him.

“I missed this,” she whispered, already grinding in small circles. “Missed having you inside me My Baby Boy”

“You had me like—ten minutes ago, Mom” he muttered, breathless.

She smiled. “Still missed it.”

They didn’t move fast. There was no pounding, no desperate need to chase climax. Just his mom slowly rolling her hips, fucking him like it was background noise. Her body slick and warm, her pussy hugging him tight as she rode him with lazy, confident rhythm.

On the TV, some nature documentary droned on about whales migrating.

Jamie’s hands slid up her stomach to cup her tits. He squeezed them gently, thumbs brushing her nipples as she moaned softly and leaned into the touch.

She took a grape from the bowl, popped it into her mouth, then kissed him again—feeding him juice and breath in the same movement.

“You’re getting addicted,” he whispered against her lips.

She kissed him again. “Good.”

They were mid-thrust, her moaning quietly, when footsteps approached.

When his dad walked by the open archway, coffee mug in hand. He glanced over casually, clocking the scene—Mara naked, hips moving, Jamie half-buried under her—then smirked.

He didn’t say a word. Just tossed a folded towel in their direction and kept walking.

“Cushions,” he said, without looking back.

Mara snorted a laugh, still moving on Jamie’s cock. “God, I love him.”

Jamie couldn’t speak. His jaw was slack, his hands now squeezing her ass, his body so deep in her that he didn’t know where she ended and he began.

“You gonna come again for me Baby Boy?” she asked sweetly, grinding slower, deeper.

“Yeah,” he gasped. “Fuck, yeah Mom—don’t stop—”

She didn’t.

He filled her again, moaning into her mouth, as she kissed him through it—never once lifting off his cock.

Jamie’s breath came in ragged pulses as the orgasm faded, but he didn’t pull out.

He couldn’t.

Mara stayed on top of her son, her hips still faintly rolling, her body swallowing every twitch of his cock. Her pussy was so full of him now—his cum, his cock, his presence—it felt like the most natural thing in the world.

The blanket had slid to the floor. The nature show had long since ended. Outside, birds chirped lazily. Inside, they were nothing but skin on skin, breath on breath.

Mara traced his jawline with her finger, studying him.

“You’re soft,” she murmured. “But you’re still inside me.”

Jamie nodded. “I don’t wanna leave.”

She smiled, kissed the corner of his mouth. “Then don’t.”

They lay like that for a while. Still joined. Her weight warm on his chest, his arms wrapped around her back.

He looked up at her, eyes wide, voice soft but sure.

“I want to be inside you all the time Mom.”

Mara’s breath hitched just a little. The smile she gave him wasn’t playful this time—it was something deeper. Something that said *I feel that too*.

She ran her fingers through his messy hair, leaned in close, and kissed him slow—tongue soft, lips wet, like she was pouring something sacred into him.

“Then be,” she whispered against his mouth. “I’m not stopping you My Baby Boy.”

She ground her hips again, slow and steady, and he gasped—already hardening again, still inside her.

Mara smiled wickedly.

“Oh, baby,” she whispered. “You really meant that.”

Chapter 9 – Into the Wild

The sun had just cleared the tops of the trees, warming the edge of the lake with soft morning light. Mist still curled off the water, and the world felt hushed—like it was holding its breath just for them.

Jamie stepped out onto the small dock, barefoot, still tugging off his shirt. His was already there, standing at the edge, completely naked and unbothered, her hair in a messy bun and her skin catching the light like honey.

She looked back at him, smiled, and dove in.

The splash echoed, then faded into ripples.

Jamie stripped the rest of the way, his eight inches already starting to stir at the sight of his mother's sleek body disappearing beneath the surface. He jumped in after her, the water cold enough to shock but not enough to matter.

She surfaced right beside him, laughing as she wiped water from her eyes.

"Morning," she said, voice playful.

"Best one of my life," Jamie answered.

They swam slowly, no rush, letting their bodies brush—hips grazing, thighs sliding past. His Mom dove under, swam beneath him, then popped up behind him, arms looping around his chest as her full, wet Double D tits pressed to his back.

He turned in the water and kissed her.

It started slow—just lips, wet skin, mouths parting in soft gasps—but quickly deepened. Her legs wrapped around his waist. His hands cupped her ass underwater, pulling her against his hardening cock.

She moaned into his mouth, breath catching.

Jamie pulled back and whispered, "Come with me."

They waded toward the edge of the lake, where a wide, flat rock jutted out into the shallows—sun-warmed and dry. Jamie climbed up first, then helped his mom out of the water, watching beads drip down her bare skin like they'd been painted there.

He kissed her as she laid back on the rock, arms stretched above her head, legs falling open without hesitation.

Her pussy glistened in the sunlight, still wet from both lake and lust.

Jamie knelt between her thighs and kissed her inner knee first, then lower. Slow. Worshipful. His hands slid under her ass, lifting her slightly as he lowered his mouth to her.

Mara gasped when his tongue touched her—hot and soft and confident.

He licked long and slow at first, savouring the taste of her in the open air. Then he flicked faster, mouth sealing over her clit, sucking gently. She cried out, loud, no one to hear but birds and trees and sky.

“Ohh fuck, Jamie—yes—right there—”

His fingers joined in, sliding inside her as his tongue worked in circles. Her back arched off the rock. Her heels dug into his shoulders.

He moaned into her, hungry, greedy, needing to feel her fall apart again.

She did.

Mara came hard, legs trembling, her hands grabbing at his hair as her orgasm washed over her in waves. She shook, breathless, tits heaving, sunlight kissing every inch of her skin.

Jamie didn't move. He just held her there, licking her through it, eyes closed like he was tasting divinity.

When she finally came down, she looked at him—messy-haired, glistening with her, grinning like a man who had no interest in stopping.

She pulled him up by the neck and kissed him deep, moaning against his tongue as she tasted herself on him.

“Still want more Baby?” she whispered.

“Always.”

Mara was still catching her breath when she slid back down off the rock and into the water, her skin flushed, thighs still twitching from the aftershocks. Jamie followed, his body already burning again, cock hard and aching just from watching her fall apart like that under the open sky.

The lake lapped against their waists as they waded into the shallows, just deep enough to hide nothing, just shallow enough to hold each other up.

Mara turned around without a word and braced her hands on a mossy log half-submerged in the water. Her back arched, her ass rising out of the lake like a fucking offering.

She looked back over her shoulder, her voice low and rough-

“Come take it.”

Jamie didn't need to be told twice.

He stepped in close, his hands gripping her hips, thumbs pressing into the soft flesh. He dragged the head of his cock through her slick folds, already soaked from lake and arousal, and then pushed in—slow, steady, deep.

Both of them moaned at once.

Mara's head dropped forward, mouth open.

"Fuck... Jamie... yes... Fuck your mommy."

The water churned around them as he started to move, thrusting into her with firm, wet slaps, each one echoed by the soft splash of their bodies. Her ass met his hips perfectly, the curve of her back exaggerated as she braced harder against the log, legs wide, taking him deep.

He couldn't look away.

Her Double D mommy milkers bounced gently with each stroke, droplets flying off her skin in the light. Her back muscles flexed. Her pussy gripped him like it had never let him go.

Jamie growled behind her, voice tight with pleasure.

"You feel unreal Mom..."

She laughed—a breathless, gasping sound.

"So fuck me hard.. Fuck the pussy you once came out of.."

He answered with harder strokes. Deeper. More punishing. The log creaked under her grip. Waves slapped against their thighs. Birds scattered from the trees as Mara cried out again and again.

"Jamie—Jamie—I'm gonna—fuck, don't stop—"

He didn't. He couldn't.

She came first, body shaking violently as her climax tore through her, making her collapse forward slightly. Jamie held her up, wrapped a hand around her waist, and kept thrusting as she spasmed around his cock.

Then he followed—grinding deep, groaning her name into the back of her neck as he spilled inside her, filling her up again in the middle of the lake, under the sky, like it was the only place that made sense.

They stood there for a moment, still joined, both panting, the world around them calm again. Water lapped at their knees, their bodies trembling with afterglow.

Mara looked back at him, flushed and glowing.

“We are so not done.”

Jamie kissed her shoulder, still inside her, still hardening again.

“Not even close, Mom”

The trail into the woods behind the lake twisted like something half-remembered—narrow, earthy, shaded in green. Jamie and Mara walked it barefoot, the little clothes they have bought with them forgotten back on the dock, their skin still damp and kissed by sun.

Birdsong echoed through the trees. A breeze stirred the branches overhead. The ground was soft with moss and fallen leaves.

Mara looked back at him as they walked, her ass swaying with every step, her smile smug.

“You keep looking at me like you’re about to pounce,” she teased.

Jamie’s cock twitched, already rising again. “Because I am going to pounce on you mom.”

She laughed and broke into a run—barefoot, naked, wild. He chased her without thinking.

They ran like kids. Like animals. Like something old and unfiltered had broken loose inside both of them.

When she stopped, it wasn’t because she was tired. It was because she’d found the spot.

A wide tree, thick and rough-barked, stood in the middle of a small clearing, dappled light pouring through the canopy above.

Mara stepped up to it, placed her palms against the trunk, and bent over. No looking back. No hesitation. Her legs spread, her ass raised high, her pussy—still full of his cum—dripping down her thighs.

She looked back over her shoulder and said it, clear and hard-

“Take me like you mean it, Baby Boy.”

Jamie’s whole body responded.

He stepped behind her and grabbed her hips, dragging her back into place. One hand reached forward and tangled in her hair. The other gripped her waist.

He slammed into her in one hard thrust, burying his entire length in a single, hungry stroke.

Mara let out a raw cry, her body jerking forward, only to be pulled back again.

He fucked her like he was claiming her. No rhythm, no buildup—just force and need and possession. The sound of it—wet, rhythmic, loud—filled the woods.

“God, Jamie—fuck, just like that—”

He yanked her head back, kissed her shoulder, bit at her skin as he drove into her over and over again. Her tits bounced beneath her. Her breath came in ragged sobs. She clawed at the bark, moaning like she didn't care who or what heard her.

His thrusts grew rougher, deeper. He bent over her back, one arm wrapping around her to grip her tits as he fucked her harder than he ever had.

"You wanted this, Mom" he growled into her ear. "You said it. Say it again."

"I want it—I *need* it—fuck me my son—Jamie—don't stop—"

She came violently, her entire body shuddering, legs nearly buckling beneath her. Her walls clenched around his cock, milking him, dragging him toward his own release.

Jamie grunted and came with a force that made his vision blur, hips jerking wildly as he filled her for the third time that day, burying himself to the hilt, cock throbbing with every pulse.

They collapsed together, tangled, sweaty, scratched and breathless.

For a long moment, the only sound was wind and breath.

They lay tangled in a patch of soft moss, side by side on the forest floor. Dirt smeared across Mara's thighs. Tiny scratches along Jamie's shoulders. Leaves in their hair. Her skin sticky with sweat and his cum.

And still, somehow, it felt like peace.

Jamie rested on his back, one arm curled behind his head, the other wrapped around his mom's waist. She pressed into his side, a hand resting on his chest, her body warm and soft against his.

They didn't speak right away. The silence between them wasn't heavy. It was full. Satisfied.

Birds chirped. Somewhere in the distance, the lake lapped against rocks. Jamie closed his eyes, exhaled, and felt the world settle around her touch.

Mara shifted slightly, propped herself up on one elbow, and looked down at her son.

Her fingers traced lazy lines across his chest. Over old scars. Fresh scratches. Down to the faint thump of his heart.

He looked up at her—messy hair, dirt on her cheek, pupils still blown wide—and smiled.

"What?" he asked.

She didn't answer right away.

Then, softly

“I love you, Jamie. My Baby Boy.”

The words weren't tentative. They weren't shy. They landed like fact—quiet and complete.

Jamie blinked up at her, the air catching in his throat. For a second, the world blurred around the edges. He sat up, pushed a leaf from her shoulder, and took her face in both hands.

“I love you too, Mom.” he said. “I think I always have.”

Mara exhaled, eyes glinting with heat and something softer.

Then he kissed her.

It wasn't like the kisses they'd shared before. This one wasn't about hunger. It wasn't about claiming. It was just *theirs*. Slow. Full of everything unsaid, now finally spoken.

When they pulled apart, she leaned her forehead against his.

“So what now?” she whispered.

Jamie grinned, dirt-smudged and glowing.

“Now,” he said, “we go home scratched, muddy, and stupid in love.”

They emerged from the woods like something out of a dream—naked, scratched up, barefoot, and absolutely glowing.

Mara walked a little ahead, her dark hair tangled, her thighs streaked with dirt and dried cum. A few leaves clung to her hip. There were faint bite marks along her shoulder, and a fresh scratch just below one breast.

Jamie followed, shirt slung over one shoulder, cock swinging as he walked, grinning like an idiot. His knees were scuffed. His chest was smeared with mud. There was sap on his fingers and a bite on his neck.

They looked like they'd been dragged backward through the forest—and maybe they had been—but neither of them gave a single fuck.

They were laughing.

Hard.

Mara stopped halfway up the gravel path and turned around, covering her face.

“Oh my *god*, we look like feral animals.”

Jamie caught up with her, pulled her close, and kissed her neck.

“Mom, We *are* feral animals.”

She shoved him playfully. “You're disgusting.”

He bit her shoulder, gently. “You love it.”

“I do,” she said, smiling. “I really fucking do, My Baby Boy.”

They walked the rest of the way back to the lakehouse hand in hand, not bothering to cover up. Their bodies were already claimed, already seen. There was no shame in it now—just the slow, golden kind of satisfaction that lingers after every line has been crossed, and all that's left is truth.

When they stepped up onto the deck, Mara paused.

“What are we even going to say to your Dad?”

Jamie shrugged. “Maybe nothing.”

“Or maybe,” she said, reaching back to stroke his cock with a grin, “we tell him everything.”

Jamie groaned, cock twitching in her hand.

“You're going to kill me.”

Mara laughed, pulled him inside, and said over her shoulder:

“Then die happy.”

Chapter 10 – All In

It had been a week since the forest.

Seven days since Mara bent over that tree and told her son to take her like he meant it. Seven days since they said *I love you* with dirt under their nails and scratches on their skin.

And nothing had gone back to how it was.

The lakehouse had shifted. Not visibly—no furniture had moved, no new rules had been spoken—but the air had changed. The energy. The ease. The heat.

Jamie slept in his parent's bed now. Every night. Sometimes tangled with her, wrapped so tight in her body he forgot where he ended. Sometimes with his dad asleep in the room next door, the soft sounds of him moving through the house at night like a quiet blessing.

Clothes had become optional. Then unnecessary. Then forgotten.

Jamie barely remembered the last time he'd worn anything but a pair of shorts. Mara hadn't bothered with underwear since that first morning in the kitchen. Now she moved through

the house in nothing at all—naked as the day she was born, her full, heavy tits swaying freely, her bare, smooth pussy on display with zero self-consciousness.

And Jamie? Jamie had stopped flinching every time his cock got hard just from looking at his mom.

Which meant he was hard constantly. And loved it.

They fucked when they wanted. Wherever they wanted. But more than that—they touched. Constantly. A hand on a hip. A kiss on a shoulder. A lazy stroke under the table. It wasn't about getting off anymore.

It was about being close.

That morning, Jamie had woken up with his mom curled into his chest, one of her legs between his, her hand lightly cupping his cock like it belonged to her—which it did. She'd smiled against his neck and whispered, "You're not going anywhere today."

He hadn't argued.

Later, they'd eaten breakfast naked at the table while his dad sipped coffee, fully unbothered.

No one talked about what it all meant.

Because they already knew.

Later that evening, the lakehouse was bathed in soft gold, the last light of the day stretching long across the wooden floorboards. The sliding doors to the deck were open, letting in the warm breeze and the quiet hum of crickets just waking up.

Jamie sat in the middle of the living room, completely naked. His legs were spread wide, his back pressed into the couch, his cock already half hard just from the way his mom had been moving around the house for the past hour—like something in heat and absolutely unbothered by it.

Mara stepped in from the kitchen now, wearing the thinnest thing she owned—a long, sheer robe, so transparent it may as well have not existed. The soft fabric barely veiled her Double D tits, her nipples dark and stiff in the low light. Her pussy, still bare and swollen from their afternoon fuck on the deck, was framed by the tie of the robe, which she left hanging open.

She walked slowly.

Jamie swallowed hard. His hands twitched against his thighs.

His Dad sat off to the side, in the leather chair by the corner. Shirtless. Calm. A drink in hand. He watched them like it was a scene he'd already dreamed before it happened.

Mara said nothing.

She straddled Jamie's lap without asking. Without hesitation.

Her knees sank into the cushion. Her ass settled down just above his cock—not touching, not yet. Her arms draped around his shoulders. Her lips brushed his jaw, then his ear.

"You sit still, Baby. Let Mommy take care of you." she whispered.

Then the music started. Something low, bass-heavy, sensual.

His mom began to move.

Slowly, like a tide rolling in. Hips rolling in slow, lazy circles. Her breasts swayed just inches from Jamie's face, her eyes locked on his, daring him to touch.

He didn't.

He let her do what she wanted, let her take the lead.

She ground her hips forward, dragging her heat up his shaft without taking him in. Jamie exhaled hard through his nose, his jaw clenched, trying not to lose it.

From across the room, Jaime noticed that his dad shifted.

Jamie glanced his way—just for a second—and saw it- His Dad's hand sliding into the waistband of his pants, stroking himself slowly, openly, watching his wife ride his son's lap like it was the only seat she'd ever wanted.

His Mom caught the glance. She leaned into Jamie's ear, one hand wrapping gently around the base of his cock.

"Eyes on your father" she said. "Not me."

Jamie looked. His Dad's hand was moving in slow, steady strokes. His eyes were heavy-lidded, fixed on the scene in front of him—not jealous, not even possessive. Just pleased. Turned on by both of them.

His Mom began stroking Jamie now, slow and wet, her thumb teasing the head as she whispered-

"You feel how hard you are Baby? And I haven't even let you inside me yet."

Jamie groaned, hips lifting.

"Not yet," she said.

Then she looked straight at his Dad, still stroking Jamie's cock in rhythm with the music.

The room was thick with it—heat, breath, the quiet slick sound of her hand working him up while her husband watched without blinking.

Mara moaned softly, grinding down a little harder, not quite letting him slip inside.

“God, you both make me feel so fucking good,” she whispered.

And neither man looked away.

Mara’s hand kept moving—slow, slick strokes up Jamie’s cock as she stayed seated on his thighs, her body bare and gleaming in the low light. She didn’t rush. Didn’t speak. Just watched her husband from across the room while she worked at her son’s like she was tuning an instrument—pressing him to the edge, holding him there.

Jamie’s head was tipped back against the couch, his chest rising and falling like he’d run a mile. His hands were fists at his sides. His eyes fluttered open just long enough to meet his mom’s, then flick to his Dad.

Daniel’s hand was wrapped around his own cock now—hard and thick, stroking at the same rhythm his wife used on their son. He sat still, jaw tense, eyes locked not on her hand, but on her *face*—like he was watching something holy happen and didn’t dare look away.

“Don’t come yet,” Mara whispered to Jamie, her voice featherlight against his throat. “Not until your dad says it.”

“Says what?” Jamie panted.

Mara looked back at her husband, her hand never stopping, her body still moving in slow, teasing waves on Jamie’s lap.

Daniel held her gaze.

He stroked himself once. Twice. Then spoke, voice low but clear

“You’re in love.”

Jamie’s breath hitched.

“This isn’t just sex,” his Dad said. “I see it. In both of you.”

The words hung in the air like heat.

Mara didn’t flinch. She didn’t deny it.

Instead, she leaned in closer to Jamie and whispered

“He’s right.”

Then she moaned softly—*not from touch, but from being witnessed*—and stroked her son’s harder now, his cock throbbing in her hand as she locked eyes with her husband and said-

“You see how much he loves me?”

Daniel nodded, his breath unsteady, his hand stroking faster now.

Jamie was shaking.

“I can’t—fuck—I’m gonna—”

Mara kissed him before he could finish, deep and slow, her hand pumping faster, her body grinding into him just enough to make him twitch.

And she whispered one more thing against his mouth-

“Come for me. Let your dad watch how much you need me.”

Jamie exploded.

He came hard, thick ropes shooting across her belly, her tits, her hand. His whole body arched beneath her. He moaned “Mom” like it was the only word he knew.

Across the room, Daniel groaned, stroking faster—his own climax hitting just seconds later, hips lifting from the chair, breath caught in his throat.

Mara sat there in the centre of it, coated in love and come and heat, her eyes soft, her mouth curved in a slow, knowing smile.

Jamie’s chest rose and fell in deep, uneven waves. His skin was flushed, streaked with sweat and come. His mom still straddled him, her hand resting gently on his thigh, her fingers sticky and slow. Her body was a mess of arousal and affection, her breasts slick, her thighs trembling from the weight of holding everything together—and giving it away.

Across the room, His dad sat with his forearm draped over the arm of the chair, his other hand resting loose between his legs, cock still softening, his expression unreadable—but not distant.

He was present. Entirely. Like he always had been.

Jamie blinked at him, unsure of what to say, still panting from the release that felt less like coming and more like *letting go*.

His Dad broke the silence first.

“It’s not just sex anymore,” he said, not accusing. Not sad. Just honest.

Mara didn’t move. She nodded.

“I know.”

Jamie sat up slightly beneath her, brushing a hand down her side, grounding himself in her warmth.

Daniel met Jamie's eyes now—calm, steady.

"You love her."

Jamie held his gaze.

"Yeah, Dad" he said, quiet but sure. "I do."

Mara exhaled slowly, like hearing it out loud finally allowed her lungs to breathe fully again. She leaned in and kissed Jamie's shoulder, then the corner of his mouth, soft and full.

Daniel looked at them both—not from the outside, not as a third wheel—but as someone *included*. Witness, partner, anchor.

"And she loves you back," he said, eyes still on Jamie. Then to Mara, "Doesn't you?"

She turned to Daniel, her eyes glassy but full of fire.

"More than I ever thought I could."

Daniel nodded once.

No jealousy. No resentment. Just awe. Maybe even pride.

"You two found something in each other," he said, "and I'm not gonna stand in the way of that. I don't want to."

Mara slid her fingers down Jamie's arm, then reached out with her other hand—toward Daniel. He didn't hesitate. He took it.

Her eyes moved between both men.

"We're already in it," she said. "All of us."

No one argued.

Because it was true.

The room had quieted.

No one was rushing to clean up. No one was reaching for clothes. The windows were still open, letting in the sound of crickets and soft lake breeze, and the three of them sat in it—naked, raw, calm.

Jamie leaned back against the couch, body loose and spent, arms draped around his mom's waist. His cock was soft now, but she hadn't moved from his lap. Her legs were still wrapped around him, her breasts still slick from his release, her mouth brushing his neck every few minutes like she couldn't help but keep tasting him.

His Dad had moved from the chair to the couch beside them, not touching, just close. His thigh nearly touching Jamie's. His presence grounding.

His Mom looked between them, quiet, thinking.

Then she cupped Jamie's jaw, turned his face to hers, and kissed him slow.

No tongue. No hunger.

Just breath. Mouth to mouth. Warm and deep like a promise.

When she pulled back, her eyes searched his. Then Dad's. Then back again.

"I Love both of you."

No one spoke after that.

Because there was nothing left to say.

Chapter 11 – All the Time

Two days Later-

Mara had barely turned the corner when Jamie grabbed her.

One second she was walking toward the kitchen in nothing but a tank top and socks—the next, she was pinned against the hallway wall, her hands braced flat against the smooth wood, her breath caught in her throat.

Jamie's cock was already hard, pressing against her bare ass through his shorts. He didn't say anything. He didn't have to.

Mara smiled without looking back. "Really? The hallway?"

"Couldn't wait, Mom" Jamie murmured, pulling her tank top up over her tits in one quick, rough motion.

Her Double D breasts spilled free, bouncing slightly as she shifted her stance, spreading her legs just enough to let him in.

"No panties?" he asked, voice tight.

She looked over her shoulder and grinned. "I knew you'd find me Baby Boy."

He shoved his shorts down just enough to free himself, then grabbed her hips and slammed into her in one smooth, filthy thrust. She gasped, arching her back, forehead resting against the wall.

“Jesus, Jamie—”

“You like it, Mom” he growled, thrusting again, harder this time. The sound of their bodies colliding echoed down the hall—wet, fast, raw.

She moaned, hands sliding up the wall, her ass pressing back into him. He grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanked her head back gently, and bit the side of her neck.

“What if your dad walks in?” she panted.

Jamie didn’t stop. He *fucked her harder*.

“Then he sees what you do to me.”

Her laugh turned into a gasp as he hit just the right angle. Her pussy clenched around him, and he felt her getting wetter with every thrust.

He bent over her back, whispering against her ear, “I can’t stop wanting you Mom.”

“You don’t have to,” she moaned. “Fuck me, Jamie—just *use me*. Use your Mommy’s bare pussy.”

He did.

Fast. Relentless. The hallway blurred around them. All he knew was the way her body took him, gripped him, welcomed every inch.

When he came, it was sudden and deep. A groan ripped out of him as he buried himself to the hilt, cock throbbing inside her, hands gripping her hips like she was the only thing keeping him standing.

Mara moaned softly, still pressed to the wall, one hand reaching down between her legs to feel the mess leaking out of her.

“You’re gonna leave a trail, Baby” she teased, breathless.

Jamie kissed the back of her neck, still trembling. “Good. Let Dad find it.”

Later that day

The laundry room smelled like lavender detergent and warm cotton. The dryer rumbled softly beneath Jamie’s hand as he folded towels into neat stacks on the counter.

He didn’t hear her come in.

He just felt her—bare knees brushing against the backs of his legs, hands sliding around his waist. Then the heat of her breath as she kissed the middle of his back, slowly, softly.

“Mom,” he murmured, already smiling.

She didn't answer.

She sank to her knees behind him, tugged his waistband down, and freed his cock—already half-hard from the simple fact that his mom was near. He didn't need to turn around. He just closed his eyes and let her take.

Her mouth wrapped around the head first—wet, slow suction, her tongue swirling lazy circles. Then deeper, inch by inch, until her nose brushed the base and her throat flexed to hold him.

Jamie's knuckles turned white on the countertop.

"Fuck..."

She bobbed her head slow, deliberate, her hands pressed to his thighs, her bare tits swaying gently with each motion. Her moans vibrated through him, every sound adding to the tension building in his gut.

Then she pulled off with a soft *pop*, licking her lips.

"Sit."

He obeyed instantly.

He climbed on the running dryer—bare ass on warm metal, legs spread. Then she climbed up beside him, straddling him with her knees wide, pussy already slick and aching.

Jamie reached between them and lined himself up, and when he slid his cock inside her, they both gasped. She was so wet, so ready—like her body never stopped wanting him.

Mara rode him slowly. Not grinding. Not bouncing.

Just *sinking down* over and over again, like she needed every inch deep and deep again.

The machine hummed beneath them. The towels tumbled. Jamie's hands roamed her back, her hips, her ass—squeezing, guiding, reverent.

Mara kissed her son as she moved—soft, open-mouthed kisses between moans, her nails dragging light across his chest.

"You live in me now," she whispered. "You know that, right?"

Jamie nodded, his forehead pressed to hers.

"I'm not going anywhere Mom."

They came together—*quietly*, *breathlessly*, her body shaking around his as his cock pulsed inside her, slow release for a slow rhythm.

After, she slid off and stood barefoot on the tile, grabbing a clean towel to wipe herself before tossing it in the dirty bin.

Jamie grinned as he pulled his shorts back up. He looked over the washed blanket.

“You gonna fold that one Mom?”

Mara looked over her shoulder, smirking.

“Not until you fuck me on top of it first.”

Late afternoon.

The sun hung low over the lake, turning the sky a soft peach and gold. Crickets were starting to hum in the tall grass. The trees whispered in the breeze. And on a large woven blanket just off the dock, Mara was riding her son’s cock slow and steady, her thighs spread wide, her knees dug into the fabric, her skin glowing in the sun.

Jamie lay flat beneath her, hands on her hips, watching her move like she had nowhere to be but on top of her son’s cock. His cock slid in and out of her pussy with that perfect, lazy rhythm—just enough friction, just enough heat to keep them hovering in that sweet spot between pleasure and collapse.

Her tits bounced gently with every roll of her hips. Her head was tilted back, eyes closed, hair tumbling down her back in waves.

She looked like summer itself.

Like a goddess on her throne.

Jamie moaned softly, fingertips digging into her flesh.

“Mom...”

She looked down at him, breathless, lips parted.

“I know,” she whispered. “I feel it too.”

They didn’t fuck fast. They didn’t need to. This was worship.

Mara leaned forward, her palms pressed to his chest, her hips grinding deeper now, dragging every inch of his cock through her soaking wet pussy.

Behind them, just a few feet away on a reclining chair, Daniel watched.

Book in hand. Shirt off. Sunglasses on. Completely relaxed.

He didn’t touch himself. He didn’t interrupt. He just observed—quiet, calm, present. Like a man watching a masterpiece unfold in real time.

Mara noticed. She always did.

She kept her eyes on Daniel as she began to ride Jamie harder now—not faster, just deeper, tilting her hips to hit the spot that made her toes curl. Jamie groaned under her, eyes fluttering closed.

“You like being watched?” she asked softly, her voice barely above a moan.

Jamie nodded. “Yeah. I like it, when Dad see how much you need me.”

Daniel smirked behind his sunglasses, but said nothing.

Mara smiled and leaned down, her lips brushing Jamie’s ear.

“Say it again,” she whispered, hips grinding down until his cock throbbed inside her.

Jamie opened his eyes, locked onto hers.

“You’re mine.”

Mara kissed him, breath hitching.

“I always was Baby.”

She came on top of him like that—slow, trembling, body curling around his as she whispered his name again and again into his neck.

Jamie followed seconds later, his cock pulsing deep inside her, arms locked tight around her waist.

They didn’t move for a while.

Didn’t need to.

The kitchen smelled like garlic and roasted tomatoes. The windows were open. A soft breeze pushed through the white curtains. Somewhere in the distance, the lake lapped gently at the shore.

Jamie sat at the kitchen table, completely nude, a plate of food in front of him—grilled chicken, rice, fresh fruit. His cock was already half-hard just from *existing near her*. But he was trying to focus. Really.

Across from him, His mom popped a cherry tomato into her mouth and smirked.

She reached under the table without warning.

His fork paused halfway to his mouth.

“Mom...”

Her fingers wrapped around his cock—warm, wet from a bit of leftover oil still on her hands, and fully committed. She stroked him slow, base to tip, eyes never leaving his face.

Jamie groaned softly, jaw tightening.

“Mom, I’m trying to eat.”

“Then eat, Baby” she said, voice calm. Her hand didn’t stop. “Don’t mind me.”

He brought the fork to his lips, but his eyes were glassy now, distracted by the smooth, deliberate rhythm of her strokes. She watched his reaction like she was timing it to the chew—bite, stroke, swallow, moan.

His cock swelled fast in her grip, already thick and twitching.

“You’re gonna make me spill everything, Mom” he muttered, setting his fork down, his abs tightening.

“I like it messy,” she whispered.

She picked up a napkin, set it delicately in her lap, and then leaned closer under the table—her hand moving faster now. Wet, slick sounds filled the space between them.

Jamie’s breath caught.

“Fuck, I’m—shit—I’m gonna come—”

She smiled sweetly and said, “So come Baby.”

He did.

Right there at the table, moaning under his breath, cock pulsing in her hand as he spilled into the napkin she’d already prepared.

Mara wiped him off like it was part of cleanup, then went back to her plate and took a sip of water.

Jamie just stared at her, dazed, one hand limp on the table.

“You’re evil, Mom” he said.

She winked. “Eat your fruit, baby.”

The sun had dipped low, casting a golden haze through the lakehouse windows. Jamie, Mara, and Daniel sat around the living room coffee table, playing a lazy hand of cards.

They were all mostly naked—just a sheet loosely draped around Mara’s shoulders, Jamie in boxers, His Dad in soft linen pants. The air was still warm from the day, and the windows let in the scent of lake water and pine.

Mara sat between the two men, legs crossed demurely... until Jamie's hand slipped beneath the sheet and found its home between his mom's thighs.

She didn't flinch. Just drew her next card and kept her face perfectly composed.

Daniel raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

Jamie, sitting to her right, had a neutral expression on his face—but his fingers told a different story. Two of them were already inside his mother's pussy, slowly curling with every shuffle of the deck. His thumb circled her clit with practiced patience.

Mara bit her bottom lip. Her nipples were visibly hard under the thin fabric.

She played her next hand, almost steady.

"Poker face, huh?" his Dad said, not looking up.

Mara gave him a sideways glance and a half-smile. "Always."

But her breath was already stuttering.

Jamie leaned in and whispered, "You're so soaked Mom."

Her only reply was a shaky exhale.

Across the table, His Dad laid his cards down slowly.

"You two are insatiable," he said, chuckling as he picked up his glass. "I love it."

Jamie didn't stop moving his fingers.

Mara's thighs trembled under the sheet. She tried to hold her cards, but they slipped from her fingers.

His Dad raised his glass in mock salute.

"Carry on."

Chapter 12 – Crossing Over

The deck glowed in the last stretch of sunlight.

The wine was open, three glasses half full, condensation sliding lazily down the sides. A thick blanket was stretched across the wooden boards, still warm from the heat of the day. Somewhere beyond the trees, the lake shimmered, calm and dark, catching the soft orange of the sky.

Mara sat between them—Her Son on her right, Her Husband on her left. Bare feet tucked under her. Her long, loose robe hung open at the front, barely covering her thighs. Her bare breasts rose and fell slowly, skin still carrying the warmth of the sun, nipples slightly stiff in the cooling air.

Jamie sipped his wine. Daniel nursed his glass slower.

The silence between the three of them wasn't awkward—it was loaded. Thick. Expectant. Known.

Mara's hands rested gently on their thighs, her fingers brushing back and forth like she was keeping rhythm between them.

The hum in the air wasn't tension.

It was *invitation*.

Her Son leaned in first. Pressed a slow kiss to her shoulder, then lower, to the curve of her breast. His hand slid up her thigh, parting her robe just a little more.

Mara turned her head and looked at her husband—not for approval, not to ask.

Just to *include*.

Daniel's lips curled into a soft smile.

Then he leaned in and kissed her.

Mara moaned into his mouth. Softly. Not from surprise, not from guilt—but from *finally*.

Jamie moved behind her slightly, his hand wrapping around her waist, his lips finding her neck. He kissed just beneath her ear, slowly, possessively, as she kissed her husband deeper.

She wasn't being pulled between them.

She was *centred*.

Their mouths moved around her. Their hands drifted over her thighs, her hips, her ribs. She leaned into them both, breath quickening, eyes fluttering shut.

Daniel broke the kiss first, brushing Mara's hair from her face.

"You good?" he asked gently.

Mara looked between them. One hand on her son's cheek. One still on Daniel's thigh.

She nodded. Voice thick with emotion. "I've never been more sure of anything."

Daniel kissed her forehead. Jamie kissed her shoulder.

And the night opened around them like a promise.

The wine glasses sat untouched now, forgotten on the edge of the deck.

Mara stood between them, lit by the low glow of string lights and the last embers of sunset. Her robe hung open, caught on one shoulder, barely holding on. Her chest rose and fell, breath shallow, nipples stiff with arousal and anticipation.

Her Son stood behind her.

Her Husband stood in front.

Neither touched her yet.

They just looked.

Her body—soft, full, bare from the waist down—held their eyes like gravity. This wasn't about hunger anymore. They'd both had her. She'd had both of them. This was something *else*.

Jamie stepped in first.

He ran a single fingertip down the curve of her spine, from the nape of her neck to the dip just above her ass. Mara shivered. The robe slid slightly. She didn't fix it.

Daniel reached up and took hold of the loose shoulder seam, gently tugging it down. The fabric fell easily, revealing more of her breast. He watched her face the entire time—not asking, not waiting—just watching for that flicker of doubt.

It never came.

Mara let the robe fall.

She stood there completely naked, her skin glowing under the soft lights, the shadows playing along her curves. Her breasts full and heavy, her pussy bare and slightly swollen, her thighs still slick with want.

Her Son kissed her shoulder. Her Husband kissed her collarbone.

Then both men dropped to their knees.

Jamie's hands slid up the backs of her legs, kneading her ass as he kissed the small of her back. Daniel pressed kisses to her belly, her ribs, the underside of her breasts.

She gasped when Jamie licked the crease between her ass and thigh.

She moaned when her husband took one nipple into his mouth and sucked—slow and tender, no rush.

Hands moved everywhere now. Jamie kissed the inside of her knee, then higher. Danoel stood again and kissed her mouth, guiding her down with him, slowly, until she was kneeling too, between them.

Mara looked up.

One hand on her son's cock—already hard and pulsing. One hand on her husband's—smaller but equally veined, familiar.

She stroked both.

Smiling.

Breathing hard.

“God,” she whispered. “You both feel so different tonight.”

Jamie swallowed. “What do you want, Mom?”

She looked between them, eyes wide and wet and glowing.

“I want both of you.”

The night wrapped around them like silk.

The lake barely moved. The wind had quieted. The world itself seemed to hold its breath as Mara sank fully to her knees between them.

She looked up—one hand on her son's cock, the other on her husband's, stroking both with slow, steady reverence.

Jamie watched her like he still couldn't believe she was real. Daniel just smiled down at her, soft-eyed, breathing slowly through his nose.

Mara leaned forward and took her husband's into her mouth first.

She kissed the tip, let her tongue swirl over it, then opened wider and slid him in—inch by thick inch. Her lips wrapped tight. Her cheeks hollowed. She moaned softly, the vibration making Daniel groan deep in his chest.

Jamie moved behind her, crouching low, hands gripping her hips. He kissed the dip of her spine. Her ass. The backs of her thighs.

Then he parted her.

Her pussy was glistening, already wet and twitching, her folds swollen and begging.

Jamie dove in.

His tongue found her clit instantly, pressing in slow, tight circles, then dipping lower to taste her fully. He groaned into her—mouth full of her, hands squeezing her hips, guiding her back into him as he licked and sucked like he hadn't eaten in days.

Mara cried out around Daniel's cock, the sound muffled and desperate.

Daniel stroked her hair gently, watching her mouth work over him. "Good girl," he whispered. "You're perfect like this."

Jamie slid two fingers inside her as he licked, curling them slow, finding that spot that made her knees shake.

She moaned louder now, her rhythm on her husband faltering as her body tried to split in two—fucked by Jamie's mouth and hands, her throat filled with Daniel's cock, the pleasure so much she didn't know where to put it.

Jamie pulled back just enough to speak, his voice thick and low.

"She's dripping, Dad" he said. "Tastes like she's already come."

Daniel grunted. "She probably has."

Mara whimpered, overwhelmed, spit and slick coating her thighs and chin. Her hands trembled, but she kept stroking Jamie blindly behind her as she sucked Daniel's cock deeper.

Jamie didn't stop. He flicked her clit faster now, fingers still pumping deep.

Daniel groaned, pulling gently from her mouth before he lost control.

"Stop," he said, breathless. "Let him have you first."

Mara blinked up at him, eyes glassy, lips swollen and wet.

Then she turned and looked over her shoulder at her son.

"Fuck me, Baby Boy." she whispered.

Mara lay back on the thick blanket, her chest heaving, thighs trembling, lips still wet from sucking her husband, her pussy shining with slick and saliva from her son's mouth.

She looked wrecked already.

And she hadn't even been fucked yet.

Jamie hovered above her, one hand wrapped around his cock, guiding it to her centre. His eyes never left hers. He was breathing hard—from restraint, not hesitation.

She reached up and touched his face.

"I need you, Baby" she whispered. "Now."

He slid inside her pussy in one slow, deep thrust.

Mara cried out, her back arching, her eyes fluttering closed as she took every inch. Jamie gritted his teeth, hands gripping her hips as he buried himself in her—tight, wet, familiar pussy.

He moved slow at first, grinding into her, hips rolling deep.

She moaned with each stroke, her hands grasping the blanket, the tension in her body unravelling with every thrust.

Daniel knelt beside them, watching quietly, his cock still hard, his face unreadable—calm, steady, warm.

Mara reached for him.

She pulled Daniel down to her, kissed him with her mouth still full of moans, her fingers curling around his cock as Jamie fucked her deeper.

Jamie looked up—saw his parent’s kiss, saw his mom stroking his dad while his cock throbbed inside her—and it only made him thrust harder.

He grabbed her legs and pushed them back, spreading her wide, hips snapping against hers.

“You feel so fucking good, Mom.” Jamie groaned. “You’re perfect.”

“I’m yours, Baby.” she panted. “Both of you. God—I’m *yours*.”

She never stopped stroking Daniel, never stopped kissing him, even as Jamie drove into her with wild, hungry thrusts.

Then she came.

It hit her like a wave—her whole body shaking, pussy clenching tight around Jamie’s cock, her mouth breaking from Daniel’s to cry out.

“Jamie—oh *fuck*—Jamie—”

He came seconds later, slamming into her one last time, cock pulsing deep as he filled her up with a thick, desperate groan.

He collapsed on top of her, panting into her neck, his hands still gripping her thighs like they were the only thing anchoring him to earth.

Mara kept her arms around him, still stroking her husband’s cock lazily, lovingly, her mouth still kissing wherever she could reach.

And then—when Jamie slid off of her, chest heaving, face flushed—she turned to Daniel and heard as Jaime whispered.

“Your turn, Dad”

Jamie lay beside her, still catching his breath, chest rising and falling like he'd just run through a storm. His hand stayed on Mara's belly, grounding her, even as his cock softened, slick with everything they'd just shared.

Mara turned her head toward Daniel.

She was already a mess—flushed, sweaty, legs still twitching, lips parted in that way she only got when she was truly, *completely* undone.

She reached out for him again.

And her husband moved in.

No rush. No performance. Just quiet gravity.

He kissed her—slow, full-mouth, no pretence. Not because he needed to. Because he *wanted* to. Because it had always been them, and always would be—even now, even with their son lying right there, watching.

He kissed her like she was still his wife.

Because she was.

Jamie propped himself on one elbow, watching them. Not jealous. Not distant. Just *there*. With them.

Mara spread her legs again, eyes fluttering as Daniel's hand slid down her thigh.

"You're already full," he said softly, fingers brushing her entrance. His cock twitched at the heat pouring from her.

"I want more," she whispered.

He positioned himself between her legs, cock thick and glistening in his hand.

Jamie reached over and grabbed her hand, laced his fingers through hers.

"Take her, Dad" Jamie said, voice low. "She's still open."

Daniel pushed in slow.

Mara moaned—louder this time. Different. It wasn't about being taken. It was about being held. Filled. Loved.

Her pussy stretched around him, soaking, twitching, already sensitive and swollen, already wrecked from her son, and still greedy for more.

Daniel grunted softly as he bottomed out.

He didn't fuck her hard.

He fucked her deep.

Smooth, steady strokes. Her body rocked gently with the rhythm, breath catching with each pass over her most sensitive places. Her son held her hand, pressed kisses to her shoulder, whispering her name while her husband moved inside her.

“You feel so full,” she gasped. “It’s so much—I can’t—”

Daniel bent down and kissed her again, still moving, still giving.

“Let it happen,” he said.

Mara whimpered. Her eyes rolled back. Her other hand gripped her son’s arm. She was locked between them—one inside her, one beside her, and neither letting go.

Jamie whispered in her ear, “You’re so loved, Mom.”

Daniel groaned, hips starting to stutter.

“I’m close.”

“Come in me,” she begged. “Please—I want both of you in me. At once.”

That was it.

Daniel buried himself deep and came hard, cock twitching inside her, joining Jamie’s release in a slow, molten flood.

Mara came again.

Violently.

Her entire body arched, a scream trapped in her throat, tears springing to her eyes as the orgasm ripped through her, leaving her limp, shaking, *broken wide open*.

Mara was trembling.

Her body trembled. Her breath trembled. Even her lips trembled as Daniel lay down beside her, pulling her close, his cock still softening inside her, his release still warm and slowly dripping from between her thighs.

Her Son curled in behind her, spooning her from the other side, his hand on her belly, his chest pressed to her back. Her body was sandwiched between theirs, her skin flushed and damp, her thighs sticky, her face wet with tears she hadn’t even realized were falling.

She wasn’t sobbing.

She was just... open.

Shaken.

Raw.

Completely, utterly wanted.

Jamie pressed a soft kiss to her shoulder. Daniel stroked her cheek with the back of his hand.

They didn't say anything right away.

They just held her. Both of them. Their warmth sinking into her bones, their breath syncing with hers.

Finally, Mara opened her eyes, her voice a whisper, cracked but clear:

"I've never felt so wanted."

Jamie squeezed her tighter. Daniel kissed her forehead.

And neither man let go.

Chapter 13 – Ours

Sunlight poured through the gauzy curtains, stretching across the sheets like golden fingers.

The bed was a mess—pillows pushed to the edges, blankets twisted, three bodies draped over one another in a sprawl of sweat, skin, and silence. It didn't feel chaotic. It felt earned. Honest. Real.

Mara lay in the centre, head on her son's chest, one leg hooked lazily over her husband's thigh. Her breathing was slow, even, lips parted in the softest kind of sleep. She looked wrecked in the most beautiful way—messy hair, faint bite marks along her neck, thighs slightly sticky from the night before.

Jamie was awake but still half-dreaming, one hand stroking his mom's back in absent, lazy circles. His cock was soft, but warm against her hip. He could still feel the echo of how she'd squeezed around him hours ago, her breathless voice telling him to give it all to her.

His Dad rolled onto his side, facing them, one hand tucked under his head.

"You two kept me up," he said, voice rough with sleep and satisfaction.

Jamie grinned, eyes still closed. "Not sorry, Dad"

Mara made a low, contented hum without opening her eyes. "It was all worth it."

The room was quiet except for birdsong and the occasional shift of sheets. None of them were in a rush. The air smelled like sex and skin and morning.

Eventually, they moved as one—slow, fluid, like a tide rolling in.

Daniel got up first, tugging on loose linen pants, hair wild, body relaxed. He wandered to the kitchen to make breakfast, whistling softly.

Jamie pulled his mom closer, brushing her hair off her cheek, kissing the tip of her nose.

“You alive Mom?”

“Barely,” she whispered. “In the best way.”

They stayed like that for another fifteen minutes—naked, sticky, smiling like idiots—until the smell of fresh coffee and toasting bread pulled them upright.

In the kitchen, Daniel had laid out strawberries, eggs, warm toast with butter melting into the middle.

Jamie fed his mom strawberries by hand, watching juice dribble down her chin, then leaned in to lick it off.

She giggled and kissed him, her hand sliding up his thigh.

“No more today, my cock is sore.” he said, but his cock twitched anyway.

She smirked. “We’ll see, Baby Boy”

The late afternoon light slanted golden through the trees as they made their way down the path, skin flushed, laughter loose. No towels, no swimsuits, no more pretending. Just bare skin and bare smiles.

Mara was the first to reach the dock, hips swaying as she walked, her hair still damp from the earlier shower, dark and wavy down her back. She turned, playful. “Last one in gets no kisses.”

Jamie didn’t even wait. He sprinted, dove in with a splash that echoed across the still water.

Daniel followed with a loud whoop, cannonballing in and sending a wave up the dock. Mara squealed as water sprayed over her, then held her nose and jumped in, her tits bouncing as she took off into the air like a teenager.

The lake was warm from the long August sun, but still cool enough to send a jolt of pleasure through their bodies. They surfaced laughing, eyes bright, hair slicked back.

Jamie swam over and pulled his mom close, his hands sliding around her waist underwater. She looped her arms around his neck and kissed him lazily, her tongue soft and slow, the kind of kiss that said *we have all the time in the world*.

His Dad floated nearby, watching them with a small grin. "You two are disgusting," he said. "But I love it."

Mara let go of her son and splashed her husband right in the face. He blinked, wiped the water from his eyes, then lunged with a roar, grabbing his son in a bear hold and dragging him under.

Bubbles erupted as Jamie flailed, laughing too hard to fight back. Mara cackled so hard she swallowed water and came up coughing, tears streaming from her eyes.

"Jesus," she gasped, between laughs. "You almost killed him!"

Jamie surfaced, hair a dripping mess, blinking. "He's trying to drown the future of the family!"

Daniel shrugged. "Survival of the horniest."

They swam in lazy circles after that, bodies brushing casually, nipples grazing arms, thighs touching under the surface. There was no urgency, no pressure. Just the ease of skin and sunlight, of Mara's laughter bouncing across the water like a song they all knew by heart.

At one point, Jamie floated on his back, eyes closed, and Mara drifted over to rest her head on his chest, her breast flattened against his ribs. Daniel swam up beside them, pressing a kiss to the top of Mara's head before tucking her hair behind her ear.

For a while, they said nothing.

The lake was still. The world was quiet. Just breath, water, warmth, and a love so unashamed it didn't need to be spoken.

They weren't a couple. They weren't just a family now. They were something else now.

They were *us*.

The water clung to their skin in glistening rivulets as they climbed out of the lake, limbs loose and heavy from the swim. The dock radiated heat beneath their bare feet, baked smooth by the sun. No towels. No clothes. Just damp bodies and the lazy glow of late summer settling around them like a second skin.

Mara lay down first, spreading herself across the warm planks without a care in the world, arms stretched above her head. Her breasts lifted with every breath, nipples still peaked from the chill of the lake. A lazy smile curved her lips.

Her son lay beside her on one side, Her husband on the other. They didn't speak. Just the gentle creak of the dock, the chirp of birds somewhere in the trees, the occasional slosh of water against wood.

Mara's hand slid across her son's chest, damp and firm, fingers resting just over his heart. Her other hand reached blindly and found her husband's stomach, trailing down to the line of his hip before settling, possessive and soft.

They were a constellation—Mara the centre, both men drawn into her gravity, orbiting her with quiet reverence.

Jamie turned his head to look at her. She had her eyes closed, mouth slightly parted, the sun painting gold across her cheekbones. He couldn't help it—he reached out and traced slow circles on the soft curve of her stomach. Her skin jumped a little at first, then melted under his touch.

Daniek propped himself on an elbow and brushed a damp lock of hair from Mara's face, tucking it gently behind her ear. She didn't open her eyes, but smiled.

"You look like a painting," he murmured.

"She *is* a painting," Jamie said.

Mara let out a breathy laugh. "Keep that up and I'll start charging you boys to touch me."

"You already do," Daniel said. "Just not in money."

She opened her eyes at that, turning to look at them both. "And what do I charge in?"

Jamie leaned down and kissed her nipple, slow and soft. "Time."

Daniel leaned in and kissed her temple. "And love."

She sighed, the kind that comes from the deepest place in the body, and whispered, "Good. I've got enough of both to last forever."

No one replied. They didn't need to.

The sun moved slowly overhead. Mara's fingers curled. Jamie's hand found hers. Her husband's chest rose and fell beside them.

It didn't feel like a fling anymore.

It didn't feel like a summer secret.

It felt like something being built—not with hammers and nails, but with touch and trust and the kind of quiet that only comes when no one's pretending anymore.

This wasn't just heat. This wasn't just hunger.

It was *home*.

The sun was still high, the dock still warm, but Mara's eyes were already darting toward the old boathouse tucked just beyond the trees. She bit her lip, still stretched out between them, her body humming from the swim, the sun, the hands on her skin.

Jamie noticed the look.

So did Daniel.

Mara sat up suddenly, water glistening across her back, breasts swinging gently with the motion. She reached for Jamie's hand, tugged him to his feet. "Come on, Baby" she said, breathless and grinning. "I need you."

Jamie didn't ask where they were going.

He just followed.

They ran across the grass like kids sneaking out of class—naked, dripping, laughing. Mara's ass bounced with every step, and Jamie's cock was already starting to swell just watching his mom's ass. She pulled open the warped boathouse door and slipped inside, the air cool and thick with the scent of lake water, old wood, and summer secrets.

Inside, dust floated in shafts of sunlight slicing through the slats. The floor was stacked with old gear—oars, folded life vests, an overturned canoe. But in the corner, near the back wall, was a heap of faded boat cushions, soft and slightly moldy, piled like a forgotten bed.

Mara didn't hesitate. She grabbed one, dropped it on top, and leaned forward onto her elbows, arching her back, presenting herself with no shame, no hesitation.

"Here," she said. "Like this."

Jamie stepped behind her, heart pounding, cock thick and twitching. Her ass was round and slick with lake water, the crease between her cheeks tight and tempting. He knelt, spreading her open with both hands, admiring her.

"God, Mom you're—fuck," he muttered, and leaned in to kiss the small of her back, then lower, letting his tongue slide down until it brushed her puckered hole.

Mara gasped. "Yes. There. Eat my ass, baby."

Jamie moaned into her, licking slow circles, teasing, tasting her until her thighs trembled and her moans echoed off the walls. She pushed back against his mouth, hungry, demanding, grinding.

When he pulled away, she looked over her shoulder, eyes hooded. "I want it," she said. "I want you there. All the way. Do it."

Jamie's hands shook as he spat into his palm and stroked his cock, slicking it up. He pressed the head against her tight entrance, slow, cautious.

Mara reached back, guided her son. “You’re okay. I want it. Just go slow.”

He pushed—just the tip at first, and his mom inhaled sharply, her whole body tensing.

“You good Mom?” he asked, voice raw.

She nodded fast. “Keep going.”

He slid deeper, inch by inch, the tight heat around him nearly undoing him. Mara gripped the cushions, knuckles white, letting out a low, feral moan as he bottomed out.

“Holy fuck,” Jamie gasped, barely able to breathe. “You’re so—tight Mom.”

Mara just groaned. “Don’t stop. Fuck your mommy’s ass.”

He pulled back, then thrust slowly, building rhythm, letting her adjust. Her moans turned hungry, breathy, wild. She rocked back against him, taking more, demanding more.

The sound of skin against skin filled the boathouse—wet, obscene, desperate. His balls slapped her soaked folds as he drove into her ass, harder now, deeper, one hand gripping her waist, the other fisting her hair.

“Right there,” she choked out. “Fuck, Jamie, *right there*—don’t stop—”

She came suddenly, crying out, her whole body shuddering, clenching around him so tight he nearly lost it.

“Oh my god—fuck—Mom—” Jamie groaned, slamming into her twice more before spilling deep inside her with a strangled, guttural sound. His body collapsed over hers, chest heaving, cock still twitching inside her.

They stayed like that—sweaty, breathless, tangled in the musk of lakewater and sex.

Mara turned her head just enough to kiss his shoulder. “Told you I wanted it.”

Jamie laughed softly, pressing a kiss to her neck. “I’d give you anything Mom.”

The sun had dipped lower by the time they emerged from the boathouse.

Jamie’s hair was a mess, stuck to his forehead in damp clumps. His chest was still rising and falling a little too fast, like his body hadn’t fully come down. Mara’s thighs glistened, her cheeks flushed, a lazy grin on her face like she’d just finished a perfect meal and wanted to savor the aftertaste. Her hand was in her son’s, their fingers still damp, still a little shaky from what they’d just done.

They walked barefoot along the dock, slow, satisfied, their bodies humming from the inside out. They didn’t speak—there wasn’t much to say. Just grins they couldn’t suppress and the quiet thrum of something bigger than sex settling over them.

Halfway up the path, they saw him.

Daniel was sitting on the porch steps, shirtless, a cold bottle of beer in one hand, sunglasses perched low on his nose. He didn't look surprised. He didn't even pretend to be.

He watched them walk toward him, his mouth twitching like he was biting back something between a laugh and a sigh.

Mara let go of her husband's hand first, stepping forward, barefoot on the wooden planks. She leaned down and kissed her husband on the mouth—soft, warm, nothing hidden. When she pulled back, she pressed a hand to his chest.

Jamie stood just behind her, unsure for a second.

His Dad looked at him, then set his drink aside and stood up slowly. He was taller than Jamie, broader, but there wasn't an ounce of threat in his body. Just ease. Just calm. Just love.

He walked over, eyes locked on Jamie's, and then—without a word—pulled him into a hug.

A real one.

Chest to chest. Skin to skin.

Jamie stood there for a moment, stunned. Then he let his arms wrap around the man who had raised him. Who had given him permission to love without shame.

When they pulled apart, His Dad didn't look away.

He looked right at Jamie and said it plainly:

“You're her man now, Son. And part of us.”

Jamie's throat tightened.

His mom came up behind him, wrapped her arms around his waist from behind, resting her chin on his shoulder.

His Dad nodded, like he could see it all.

The bond. The trust. The wild, messy, beautiful truth of what they were becoming.

A family.

Not the kind anyone would understand.

But theirs.

Chapter 14 – No Goodbye

The night was warm, but Mara hugged herself anyway.

Daniel's shirt—soft cotton, oversized, worn from years of love and laundry—hung from her frame like a memory. It smelled like him. It made her ache.

She stood at the edge of the dock, barefoot, staring out at the lake. The surface was dark and glassy, moonlight silvering the ripples where a breeze touched the water. Crickets sang in the tall grass behind her. Somewhere far off, a loon called, low and lonely.

But it was the silence in her chest that felt loudest.

She didn't hear her son come up behind her. Not until his hands were on her hips, warm and firm, and his mouth brushed her shoulder.

"You okay Mom?" he murmured.

She nodded, but didn't speak.

He waited.

Finally, she whispered, "What happens when summer ends?"

Jamie frowned, pulling her closer. Her back met his chest. He wrapped his arms around her middle and pressed his cheek against her temple. "What do you mean?"

"I mean..." she trailed off, voice trembling. "This. Us. It's beautiful and wild and perfect, but is it just—this summer? What happens when real life calls again? When phones ring and emails pile up and the world expects us to put our clothes back on and pretend none of this ever happened?"

Jamie held her tighter. "Mom..."

She turned in his arms then, blinking up at him. Her eyes were wet. Her lips trembled. "You know what happens to perfect summers, Jamie. They end. People pack up. Go back to jobs and cities and rules. I don't want to go back."

He kissed his mom.

Not hard. Not hungry. Just full of that aching kind of love that sits behind the ribcage and waits to be let out.

When he pulled back, he rested his forehead against hers. "Then we don't go back."

She blinked.

He took her hands in his. "We stay. We don't pack up, we don't drive away, we don't pretend this was just a fantasy we wanted to indulge in. We build something here. Our own life. Our own rules."

Mara exhaled, but her lip still quivered.

Jamie looked into her eyes, steady and sure. "With you. With Dad. With us."

Mara closed her eyes, a tear sliding down her cheek.

"I love you Baby" she said, voice cracking.

Jamie kissed her again, slow and certain.

"I know," he said. "I love you too Mom. And I'm not going anywhere."

They didn't go back to bed.

After the dock, after the fear and the promises whispered into the night air, Jamie and Mara walked up the hill hand in hand, barefoot through dew-soaked grass, quiet as ghosts.

The cabin windows glowed softly. His Dad was awake—of course he was. He always knew when something shifted.

He stood on the porch, a blanket wrapped around his waist, sipping tea like a monk waiting for a vision. When he saw them, he set the mug down without a word.

His Mom walked straight to him and buried her face in his chest.

He wrapped her in his arms, kissed the top of her head, and murmured, "Tell me."

Jamie stepped closer, voice steady. "Mom is scared it'll end. That this was just... summer."

Daniel looked at Mara, brushing hair from her cheek. "And what do you want it to be?"

She looked up, eyes glassy. "Real. Ours. Not just stolen time."

Daniel smiled, the kind of smile that knew everything already.

"Come with me."

He took their hands—hers in one, his son's in the other—and led them across the lawn, under the trees, down the slight slope to the clearing just beyond the sauna. The moon was full, pale and glowing above the trees, painting everything in blue-silver light. The grass was thick and soft under their feet.

Daniel let go and unwrapped the blanket from his waist, letting it fall.

Then Mara pulled the shirt over her head and let it drop, standing nude in the moonlight, full and unafraid.

Jamie followed his parents, stripping without hesitation, his cock already stiffening, not just from desire—but reverence.

They met in the centre of the clearing, the three of them, bare bodies and bare hearts.

Daniel stepped behind Mara, kissed her shoulder. Jamie stepped in front of his mom, hands on her hips. She reached out and touched both of them—fingertips against chest, against cheek.

She whispered, “I need both of you.”

His Dad knelt first, easing his mom back against Jamie, and lowered his mouth to her cunt. She gasped, arching against Jamie’s chest as Daniel licked her slowly, like worship, like ritual. Jamie held his mom, one hand on her breast, the other stroking her hair as she moaned softly, her legs trembling.

Jamie kissed her neck. “You taste like lakewater and sin Mom.”

She laughed breathlessly, and Daniel groaned against her, the vibrations making her knees buckle.

When she was soaked and pulsing, Daniel stood and kissed her, mouth slick with her juices. Then Jamie kissed her too, tasting both of them.

Mara sank to her knees, hands stroking both cocks, her mouth open, eyes glazed.

She took Jamie in first, slow and deep, her lips stretched wide. Daniel stood behind her, running his hand over her back, whispering, “Good girl. Just like that. Suck your son’s cock”

After a moment, they helped her lie back in the grass, and Jamie slid into her pussy, slow and deep. Her moan was long and low, her body arching.

Daniel knelt beside them, kissing her, stroking her hair, while Jamie moved inside her, steady and sure.

“I want you both,” she gasped. “Touch me—don’t stop touching me—”

Jamie held her hips and fucked her with a rhythm that matched the pulse in her neck. Daniel leaned over and kissed Mara’s mouth—brief, electric—then moved down to Mara’s breasts, licking, sucking, making her writhe.

And when Mara started to tremble, right on the edge, Daniel slid behind her, his hand between her thighs, stroking where Jamie’s cock slid in and out.

She broke.

Her orgasm hit with a choked cry, her body shaking, muscles clenched around Jamie as he groaned and came deep inside her. He collapsed over her, chest heaving.

But it wasn’t over.

Daniel lifted Jamie gently off of her, kissed his forehead, and then took his place, sliding into her still-twitching body with one long thrust. Her eyes rolled back. She clutched Jamie's hand, panting, overstimulated and desperate.

Daniel fucked her slow, deep, his hand on her cheek, his eyes never leaving hers.

"You're not ours for the summer," he said, voice thick. "You're ours. *Forever.*"

Mara came again just from the words, the heat, the fullness. Her sobs were broken pleasure, her hands gripping both of them like lifelines.

When Daniel came, it was with a shudder and a quiet groan, burying his face in her neck, whispering her name like prayer.

They lay there after—Mara in the middle, her body limp, covered in sweat and cum and grass and moonlight. Jamie kissed her fingertips. Daniel stroked her thigh.

No one said anything for a while.

Because nothing needed to be said.

The pact had been made.

Morning came slow, the kind that stretches like honey. The light was pale gold, filtering through the trees and spilling across the deck in long slanted rays.

Mara stood barefoot in the kitchen, hair a wild halo around her head, Daniel's old mug in her hands. No bra, just a loose tank top, her nipples visible through the thin fabric. Jamie sat at the table, shirtless, his legs stretched out under the chair, still a little sore from the night before.

Daniel was at the stove, whistling tunelessly, flipping pancakes like it was any other morning in any other house.

But it wasn't.

It was the first morning *after*.

After the dock.

After the moonlit pact in the grass.

After saying *fuck normal* out loud with their bodies.

Jamie watched his mom as she sip her coffee, her eyes distant, still waking up. He reached out and touched her thigh under the table, his thumb brushing circles against her soft skin. She looked at him, and something in her face shifted.

This wasn't just infatuation anymore.

It was belonging.

“I don’t want to leave,” she said softly.

Daniel turned off the stove and set the pan aside.

“Then don’t,” he said simply, like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

Jamie leaned forward, elbows on the table. “We can make this work. I can study remotely. I’ve got this mom. I don’t need the city.”

Mara smiled. “What about you, Daniel?”

Daniel walked over and set a plate of pancakes in front of them, then sat down and poured himself a cup of coffee.

“I’m done with the world,” he said. “It’s loud. It’s needy. I have enough money, I don’t need more. I’ve got everything I want right here.”

Mara’s smile wobbled. “You mean that?”

He reached across the table and took her hand. “I’ve spent my whole life collecting things. Businesses. Friends. Stories. But this—” he looked at both of them, “—this is the only thing I’ve ever *built*.”

Jamie nodded slowly. “So we stay.”

Mara let out a breath, like she’d been holding it all summer.

“We stay,” she echoed.

They ate in silence for a while, letting it settle. The sun got warmer. The breeze picked up. A hummingbird zipped past the window.

There were no papers to sign. No moving trucks. No big declarations.

Just three people at a breakfast table, barefoot and bare-hearted, saying yes to something the world would never understand—and not giving a single fuck.

“Then this isn’t goodbye,” Mara whispered. “It never was.”

Chapter 15 – Forever, Here

The smell of coffee was the first thing to rise with the sun.

It drifted through the old house like it always had—soft, steady, grounding. A scent that meant comfort, routine, home. Daniel stood at the stove, barefoot as ever, wearing nothing but loose cotton pants and a faded T-shirt that hugged his shoulders and clung to the years he still wore well.

His beard had gone fully silver now, and his hair had thinned a bit at the temples, but his body was still strong—leathery, sun-browned, solid. He moved with the same calm grace he always had, like a man completely at peace in his skin.

Outside the window, the lake glowed in early morning light, still and endless. Mist curled over the water. Birds chirped softly. The world hadn't changed much—but Daniel had. They all had. Just not in the ways people expect.

The screen door creaked.

He didn't have to look to know it was her.

Mara walked in wrapped in one of Jaime's old button-ups—bare legs, bed-tousled hair, a sleepy smile on her face. She held the hand of a girl no taller than the counter, her dark curls a wild halo around a face full of bright curiosity.

Mia.

Nine years old, barefoot, and already too clever for her own good. She had Mara's mouth—but her eyes? Jamie's. The same intense dark, always watching, always questioning.

"I caught a butterfly Grandpa!" Mia shouted, lifting her closed fist like a prize.

Daniel turned, eyebrows up, pretending to be shocked. "You don't say."

Mia stepped forward and opened her hand carefully, revealing a trembling monarch, its wings orange and perfect. It sat there for a second, then fluttered away through the open doorway.

Mia gasped. "It left!"

Daniel smiled and crouched down, kissing the top of her head. "That means you caught it right. You let it go."

"Can I still have pancakes?" she asked, not missing a beat.

"You *definitely* still get pancakes," he said, standing up and turning back to the stove.

Mara walked over and ran a hand along Daniel's back. She looked softer now, fuller in the hips, her body rounded by time and love. But her eyes still glowed that same wild gold when she looked at him.

"Where's Jamie?" she asked quietly.

Daniel flipped a pancake and gave her a look that was somewhere between amused and knowing. "Still in our room. Said he didn't sleep much last night."

Mara smirked, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "Wonder why."

Daniel handed Mia a bowl and gestured to the counter. "Go stir that, sweetheart. Make sure it's all mixed."

As Mia skipped to her station, humming to herself, Mara leaned in, kissed Daniel on the cheek, and turned toward the hall.

"I'll go wake him."

Daniel didn't stop her.

He just kept flipping pancakes, smiling to himself as the woman he loved disappeared down the hall, toward the man who had loved her just as long.

Mara moved down the hallway slowly, the familiar creak of the floor under her feet, sunlight pouring through the windows.

She opened the bedroom door—and barely got a step inside before Jamie grabbed her around the waist, spun her up with a growl, and tossed her onto the bed like she weighed nothing.

She shrieked, laughing, landing on the soft mattress in a sprawl.

"Jesus, Jamie!"

He was on top of her in a second—shirtless, lean and hard like always, hair messy from sleep, eyes heavy with heat. He pinned her wrists gently above her head and kissed her like he hadn't just kissed her two hours ago.

"You do realize your daughter is in the next room?" she said, breathless, laughing against his mouth.

Jamie grinned. "Let her hear."

Mara rolled her eyes, but the smile on her lips didn't fade. "You're insane."

"Ten years," he whispered, trailing kisses down her neck. "Ten years of fucking you Mom and I'm still not done."

He moved lower, tugged the front of her shirt open, and took her right tit into his mouth—sucking slow, then biting just enough to make her gasp.

"Still insatiable," she muttered, her voice breaking as his tongue circled her nipple.

"Always," he said, voice muffled by her skin.

She moaned as he moved lower, parting her shirt, kissing the curve of her stomach, then lower still. His hands slid under her thighs, spreading her open. His mouth found her like it always did—like he was home.

She arched, gripping the sheets. “Make it quick, Baby ” she breathed. “Before pancakes.”

Jamie glanced up, grinning. “Quick isn’t what you’ll get Mom.”

And it wasn’t.

Later, as Mia ate pancakes shaped like butterflies and Daniel sipped his coffee on the deck, Mara and Jamie rejoined them—her cheeks flushed, his shirt inside-out.

No one said a word.

This was their life.

Wild. Quiet. Messy. Perfect.

They didn’t go back to the world.

They stayed here.

In love. In heat. In forever.
