GOLDILOCKS & HER SONS' THREE COCKS

Author's Note

Greetings all, I am The Naughty Narrator. No, of course that's not my real name, but I do love how it rolls off the tongue! Speaking of tongues and other body parts, I am here to reveal that everything you know about fairy tales is wrong. And yes, I mean both the sugared-up versions read to small kids at bedtime, and even those that claim to be the 'unfiltered' accounts geared toward an older audience.

For you see, fairy tales were not originally told merely to entertain or impart some sort of moral lesson, but to celebrate the wondrous nature of love. And not just any run-of-the-mill love, but the intimate, sensual affection that can only bloom between family members.

And it just so happened that a higher-than average number of inhabitants of a certain but long-forgotten realm experienced this intense, fulfilling, and yes even magical passion so deeply, that they recorded their experiences to share the joys of such relationships with future generations. Unfortunately, over the years they became mangled and distorted beyond recognition, all in an effort to conform to what society at large deems 'acceptable'.

Fortunately, a few remain who remember the stories as they originally were, passed down to them down through the generations, and I was one such lucky recipient of this knowledge. And now, I have decided it is finally time to use the magic of the Internet to share them with the wider world once more, using my own spicy flair and vernacular to make them even more tantalizing for today's readers, all without diminishing their amorous spirt.

And make no mistake, these stories are strictly for adults due to the erotic and, perhaps to some, scandalous nature of the writing. So, if you don't like graphic descriptions of family members getting physical with each other, seeing your

beloved childhood memories given the XXX treatment, or fairy tales in general, then this may not be your favorite story.

However, for those with the fortitude and a predilection for the perverse (like myself), these stories can provide a window into the shadowed corners of human nature and sexuality that few dare to explore, let alone acknowledge, even though such so-called taboo desires lurk in the hearts of all who draw breath.

There, I think that's enough of an introduction. For those of you bold enough to still be reading, we'll begin with the tale of Goldilocks, as you've never heard it before.

And now, let the story begin!

PART 1

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Ferringdale, there was a woman named Orelia Bearback, that everyone just called Goldilocks because of her long, lustrous, and golden hair that was the envy of the realm.

In her youth she'd been known as the hottest babe in the land, and it'd been rumored that she'd even been bedded by royalty. Even now, after many years of marriage and three children, she was nothing to sneeze at, still in possession of her beautiful trademark hair, which she'd had patented, along with a body that just wouldn't quit. Speaking of which, it was that very fact that set off the following story.

"Give it to me, baby!" Goldilocks cried out as she rode General Eveready, commander of the kingdom's army, her hips bouncing up and down, loving the feel of his cock sliding in and out of her as her generous breasts flopped wildly in the air. "Give me all that yummy cum!"

"But I've already been giving it to you all damned night!" The mighty warrior groaned in protest, his body sheened in sweat from the exertion of keeping up with her through the wee hours. It was only his extreme endurance built from years in the field, not to mention the sight of her exquisite naked form astride

him, that kept his 'sword' in fighting shape, so to speak. "I'm not sure I have any left!"

"You do, I just know it!" she shouted out, a greedy glint in her eye as she picked up her pace, bouncing up and down on his cock like a crazed kangaroo that'd somehow made its way into the town's coffee supply. All the while she diddled with her slick clit, triggering another of her own climaxes. Not the best she'd ever had, but better than any she'd yanked out of herself lately using the curious instruments she'd purchased at Ye Olde Sex Shoppe downtown, she considered as the wave swept through her, making her shudder slightly. "And I'm gonna have it!"

A few moments later she was proven correct as, with a grunt she'd come to know heralded the general's climax, Goldilocks, with the speed and agility of a cat, deftly lifted off of him and positioned herself so that her head was between his legs, slipping his cock in her mouth just as it began to sputter out its seed. He'd been right, there wasn't much of it, but that didn't matter. She loved the taste of cum, the feel of it between her fingers, of rubbing it into her skin. As such, she'd take every last drop she could.

And that's exactly what she did, suckling his flailing cock until she'd siphoned it dry, continuing to do so long after just to ascertain if it had any life left in it. When it failed to respond to even her expert attentions after several minutes, she gave up. Trying to appear sated but feeling nowhere near that, she lifted herself to lay down next to the panting general with a feigned satisfied sigh, rubbing her hand along his chest. "Well, I guess that's enough for now, baby."

"No...that's enough...period," he gasped out as, with an effort, he mustered the last of his strength, slipped out of her grip and lifted himself out of bed, gathering his scattered clothes. "I'm sorry...but you and I...fuck...we're through."

"What?" she exclaimed, jolting bolt upright in bed. "But I thought you were gonna take me along on your next campaign as your...companion," she pouted. "I thought we really had something special."

"So did I, he grunted as he slipped his breeches on, recovering his breath enough to speak without pauses. "Until tonight that is. I know you warned me about your elevated need for sex, but damn woman, you make a lust-mad

succubus look like a chaste nun! If I brought you with me, I'd be dead long before we ever engaged the enemy. No hard feelings, I trust?"

She let out a long breath, more disappointed than sad, since she'd only been seeing him for a few weeks. And it's not like she hadn't heard that line, or one like it, many times before. "I guess not. Thanks for at least telling me yourself, instead of just sending an underling or something."

"Wouldn't be much of a man if I didn't," he replied as he buttoned his shirt, seeming to consider something. "Say, have you ever thought of enlisting in the military? You could be our secret weapon. We could send you into the enemy camp the night before a battle, and you could wear out the officers and probably most of the enlisted men before the fighting even started," he joked.

As might be expected, Goldilocks was quite put out by this remark, even if it was said in jest. For just because she happened to enjoy sex immensely, and craved it as much as air, that did not, in her eyes, make her a slut who would hump every man that came along. She did have some standards, after all.

But in the interest of parting on good terms, since one never knew when one might have need of such prominent contacts in the future, she accepted the comment in stride and simply chuckled. "Perhaps, but I don't think the king could afford what I'd charge for my services."

"Perhaps not," he chuckled as he tapped his boots and gave a slight tug on his fancy overcoat, before heading for the bedroom door. "Besides, I fail to see how anyone outside your bloodline could keep up with you. Farewell, Goldie, perhaps we'll meet again."

She bristled at him calling her Goldie, since she only permitted a select few to call her by that moniker, but again let it slide. "Yeah, see ya," she mumbled as she bent her knees up to her chest, resting her arms and head on them, listening to the opening and shutting of her front door that signaled his exit. Well, so much for the legendary stamina of General Eveready, she thought resignedly.

She'd sought him out for that very reason when he'd arrived in town, having heard tales of his prowess, hoping he might be the one that was just right for her, as her dear departed husband Bernard had been.

He'd been gone nearly three years now, and so far her efforts to find someone that might bring her at least a fraction of the satisfaction he'd supplied her with had met with abject failure, Eveready being the latest. All had said a variation of his parting words, that she was too much for them to handle. Over a year of looking, and nothing to show for it but a trail of weary ex-lovers, a dearth of pleasant but hardly earth-shattering orgasms, and a growing reputation as an unsatisfiable cougar on the prowl.

Oh well, she thought as she slinked out of bed and began getting dressed herself, just now noticing the sun was already up. She'd been so focused on squeezing as much satisfaction out of the general as possible she hadn't even noticed. Well, back to square one, she told herself.

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And square one for Goldilocks meant only one thing - a visit to the Golden Cock, a rather prominent tavern just outside of town, often frequented not only by locals but by travelling merchants and dignitaries passing through, conveniently located near her house (and bed). It'd been where she'd met most of her latest prospects, since they were mostly unaware of her questionable reputation in town. This included the general, who'd been in town to confer with the local lord on some important matter that he'd been very tight-lipped about.

But now Eveready was gone, and Goldilocks was back, nursing a goblet of wine. Sure, it was only ten in the morning, but she'd been too keyed up after her lackluster coupling with the general to sleep, and so decided to stop by here for a quick drink and maybe bump into her future 'Mr. Just Right,' as she'd come to think of her potential new mate. And besides, wine is made from grape juice, which makes it sort of a healthy way to start the day, right? She reasoned.

Unfortunately for her 'fishing' plans, it was the time of day after the breakfast rush was over, and most of the lodgers had already departed or were about their business in town. This left the common room mostly empty, save for a few drunks at the bar attempting to shield their eyes from the bright sunlight filtering in through the windows, as well as a few late-rising locals looking for a bite of breakfast.

So, Goldilocks just sat there at a corner table, sulking as she ran a finger along the rim of her cup, wondering if she'd ever find a man like Bernard again, or if she'd be doomed to a lifetime of brief, unsatisfying affairs. She was just draining the last of her wine, thinking she should probably head home and get some sleep so she could try again later that evening, when she heard a familiar woman's voice calling out her name.

"Hey, Goldilocks! Is that you?"

Goldie lowered her cup to see a woman about her age with a bright, smiling face and coppery red hair approaching that she recognized as Ivy, who ran an herbal remedies and tinctures shop in town. She'd frequented Ivy's store many times over the years for treatments when her sons or husband were ill, the products working remarkably well. So, it was only natural that the two became friends, their children becoming close as well.

Speaking of which, she spotted Jack, Ivy's only son, accompanying her. A good foot taller than his mom, he wore a big grin on his face, looking happier than she'd ever seen him. Come to think of it, Goldilocks considered, Ivy looks pretty happy herself. Which was strange, considering the last time she'd seen Ivy a few weeks ago, she'd been as despondent as Goldilocks was feeling right now, if not more so, ever since her own husband had run off with some flamboyant floozy that called herself Pussy in Boots several months ago.

But not anymore, she reflected, noting how the shopkeeper was practically glowing with happiness, beaming from ear to ear as if she'd just been made queen of the land. And her clothing, normally modest to reflect her status as supposedly modest housewife, had become more daring. Ivy's top now featured an incredible plunging neckline that showed off a pair of breasts that, while not as big as Goldie's, were still quite impressive, her colorful skirts barely reaching below her knees.

But it wasn't just her clothes, Goldie realized, Ivy herself looked different, younger even, as if she'd somehow dropped years off her age and pounds off her body overnight. Some sort of new oil or beauty cream she'd discovered? Goldilocks wondered, resolving to ask her friend about it later.

But for now she simply put down her drink as she stood up from her chair, spreading her arms wide in greeting, happy to see a friendly face after being dumped. "Ivy? How's it going? You look simply fabulous!"

"Not as good as you, but thanks for the compliment," Ivy replied as the two friends hugged tightly. "Oh, and you remember Jack, don't you?" she said, gesturing to the jolly young man behind her after they'd broken away.

"Of course," Goldilocks said, nodding to the young man, although he didn't notice, what with his gaze locked strangely on his mom. "My, don't you look pleased with yourself, Jack," she said, deciding to playfully tease him a little for his inattentiveness. "And I know that look, there's only one thing in the world that could put a smile that big on a man's face. So, tell me, who's the lucky girl?"

For the first time Jack tore his gaze off his mom to stare right at the golden-haired woman, looking like a deer who's just spotted a hunter. "It's...uhh..."

"What he's trying to say is it's a long story, and we'll talk about it later," Ivy interrupted, flushing a bit as she sat down in the chair beside Goldie, directing her son to sit in the one opposite her. "For now, why don't we talk about you a bit, Goldie? How are those three strapping sons of yours?"

"Fine, just fine," she replied, a smile coming to her lips at the mention of her boys Bayar, Torben, and Arthur, whom she fondly called Art because he shared her love of painting. "They're away from town right now, working on a project."

"Glad to hear it," Ivy said. "So, the last time we talked, you were getting ready to put the moves on General Whatshisface. So, how's that going?

Odd, Goldilocks thought as she sat back down in her own seat, Ivy wasn't one to get embarrassed easily. Maybe Jack's new love interest wasn't one that she approved of, since moms could be pretty exacting when it came to who dated their children. But she let the matter drop for now, figuring that Ivy would tell her about it in her own good time. "Funny you should mention him, because he just dumped me this morning."

Some of the joy slipped from Ivy's face. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, taking Goldie's hand. "So, I assume he doled out the same old excuse?"

Goldilocks nodded. "Yep, I was too much in bed," she said with a sigh. "I don't know, Ivy, I wish you had something in that shop of yours for this raging, insatiable libido of mine. I swear, it's almost like a curse."

"I wouldn't give it to you, or anyone else, even if I did," Ivy said adamantly. "I mean seriously, Goldie, do you know how many customers I get coming into my shop looking for something to boost their sex drive, who would kill to have half of what you've got?

"It's not a curse, it's a gift to have such a bountiful potential for pleasure, all you need to do is find the right man to share it with you. To that end," she continued, a wicked gleam in her eye, "have you ever considered, you know, younger men?" she asked.

The question surprised Goldie so much she missed the hungry way Ivy's eyes flicked to Jack for a second before flicking back to her. "I don't know," she responded at last to her friend, biting her lower lip. "Isn't that, you know, a sign of desperation?"

"Not at all," Ivy said smoothly, "it's a sign that you've awoken to the vast benefits such a match can offer. For just as there are multiple advantages to an older man seeing a younger woman, the same is true in reverse, maybe even more so. Think about this - a young man can offer an older woman the stamina she craves, and in turn she can offer the benefit of her vast experience to teach him, to mold him into her perfect lover. And that's just for starters."

"I see," Goldie said, understanding dawning inside her mind as a sly smile slid across her lips. "You seem to have a great deal of insight on this topic. Could it be that you're not just advocating this idea, but maybe living it as well?" The smile widened. "If so, it seems that you have a juicy little secret, just like Jack here."

It was Ivy's turn to smile, although hers was much more devilish, like the cat who'd drank all the cream and was pleased she'd done so. "You have no idea, my dear friend, but I'd love to tell you all about it. If that's okay?" she asked, looking to Jack, who gave a curt nod.

Goldie was confused by that. Why does she need her son's permission? My goodness, was it one of Jacks' friends that she was banging? She thought with some consternation, mulling over the possible ramifications. Although, she had to admit, the idea excited her for some reason, as naughty things always seemed to do.

Ivy looked around to make sure no one was nearby, but besides them the room had almost completely emptied out, save for a young serving girl named Gretel wiping some glasses at the bar, and a few customers seated on the far side near the stairs. Ivy then leaned close to Goldie, voice barely more than a whisper. "This has to stay strictly between us, understand?"

"I swear," Goldie replied in the same low voice, now certain it had to be one of Jack's friends, and Ivy didn't want this guy's parents finding out about their affair. Heavens only know what they'd do if they did.

"Alright," Ivy continued. "You're right, Goldie, both Jack and I do have a secret. But the thing is, well, it's the same secret, if you catch my meaning."

"Huh?" Goldie asked, a bit perplexed by this statement, until her wine-sloshed brain was able to pull itself together enough to decipher it, and when it did she almost jumped out of her seat. "Oh my goodness!" She cried aloud in surprise as her gaze darted back and forth between them, "You and Jack are fu--"

That was as far as she got before Ivy's hand clamped over her mouth, shushing her. "Shhhh!" her friend hissed urgently, looking back at the bar, but Gretel hadn't even looked up, seeming lost in her own world as she went about her monotonous task. With a sigh of relief Ivy removed her hand from Goldie's mouth. "Keep it down, okay? We don't want the whole world to know!"

"Sorry," Goldie said, lowering her voice, her eyes so saucered they threatened to pop out of her head and into her cup, fingers fiddling with her hair as she tried to come to grips with what she'd just heard. "So, you and Jack, are..."

"That's right," Ivy said with quiet pride, taking Jack's hand in hers. "We've been lovers for over two weeks now."

Goldie could only think of one thing to say, pulling it out of the tangle of words bouncing around on her tongue. "How?"

"If you're asking how did this happen, it's a long story that involves magic beans, a huge beanstalk, and a rather uncouth giant that I don't have the inclination to get into now. Suffice it to say, it was a grand adventure that made us realize how much we loved each other, that we were perfect for one another," Ivy said, squeezing her son's hand. "Including in bed."

"That's all very interesting," Goldie replied, regaining the ability to speak complete sentences as she adjusted to this new and odd reality. "But what I meant was, how can you do this? I mean, he's your son. Isn't it, you know, weird?"

Ivy shrugged. "At first it was, both of us feeling something there, but neither of us quite able to take the plunge. Until, that is, we were given what you might call a 'nudge' in the right direction," she said cryptically. "And soon things just snowballed and got so hot, you know, what with both of us doing things moms and sons are told they are never supposed to do together, that in the end we just said what the fuck and, well, fucked."

"Best decision I ever made," Jack said, earning a warm smile from Ivy.

"But what about the law?" Goldie protested weakly, even as her shock and repulsion were being replaced by curiosity, as well as warmth and tingling in her nethers. "If they catch you--"

"They won't," Ivy said firmly. "In town, during business hours, we maintain ourselves in the manner expected of good mothers and sons," she said with feigned piety, before adopting a naughty tone. "But back at our herb farm, all bets, and clothes, are off. Tell me, Goldie, have you ever gotten laid in a barn before? "It's so hot, wild, and dirty, made me feel like a filthy animal and I loved every second of it!"

"It's no one's business who and how we love, anyway," Jack added, seeming unhappy about the rule about no fun in town. "We both care about each other, and that's all that matters!"

Ivy nodded in agreement. "As I said, you're the first one I've told, because I'm burstin' with so much happiness I just had to tell someone. So, be honest, Goldie, what do you think? Do you see me as some sort of freak now?"

In response, Goldie let out a long breath, releasing all the tension she'd built up since the stunning revelation. "I'll admit, it's hard wrapping my head around all this. But seeing you two look at each other with such tenderness, speaking up for your relationship with such passion, who am I to judge you? However," she added, "there is one more thing I'd like to know."

"Which is?" Ivy asked.

Goldie's grin grew and extended until it tickled her ears. "Tell me more about the sex!"

Ivy giggled, blushing a bit. "The most amazing I've ever had, and the most I've ever had, period."

"How much we talking, exactly?" Goldie asked, really curious now.

Ivy shook her head. "To be honest, I've lost track, but if I had to guess I'd say we spend a good four or five hours a day shagging, and more on weekends. Why, last Saturday, we barely even got out of bed!"

Goldie's eyes bulged again as she regarded Jack, who had straightened with pride, with a newfound respect. "Are you serious?"

"As a serpent," Ivy assured her. "I don't know if it's just his youth, inherent talent, or just the fact that the whole thing is so deliciously taboo, but these past few weeks have been the most satisfying and wonderful time of my life. Not to mention we know each other better, love each other better than anyone else ever could, making the whole thing all the more intimate and pleasurable."

"Wow," was all Goldie could think of to say in response to that declaration. "Well, congratulations you two, I wish you all possible happiness," she said as she

rubbed her slippery thighs together, all this incestuous talk stoking her arousal. "Now, if you're excuse me, there's something I need to take care of at home."

"Ah," Ivy said with a knowing smile, familiar enough with her friend to know exactly what she meant. "I can see that what Jack and I are doing interests you. Enough so to try it with three strong young lads you're quite familiar with?"

"What?" Goldie asked, again flabbergasted. True, the imagery she was conjuring in her mind about Jack and Ivy was making her pussy as juicy as an overripe peach, but never, until this very moment, had she entertained thoughts of participating in such questionable activities herself. "You mean, my three boys?"

Ivy laughed. "No, I mean the three billy goats gruff. Of course I mean your sons. "We've already discussed the benefits of young men as lovers, what fun it can be for all involved. And if they just happened to have sprang from your body, it just makes it doubly delicious for them to go back into it, right?

"Just try it once, and I promise you'll never even think about any other cock ever again, especially in your circumstances," the comely shopkeeper assured her.

"What do you mean, my circumstances?" Goldie asked.

Ivy shrugged. "Think about it - your kids have both Bernard's and your blood, and both of your are renowned for your skill and stamina in bed. Who knows? Maybe you'll find your 'just right' who can keep up with you, and give you what you want."

Goldie was quiet a moment as she considered this, amazed at the sense this supposedly insane line of reasoning was making, surprised she'd never thought of all this herself. It was then something General Eveready had remarked, that she hadn't really paid attention to at the time, sprang to mind:

I fail to see how anyone outside your bloodline could keep up with you.

That's it! She realized gleefully, at last grasping the solution to her dilemma. After all, if anyone could match Bernard's prowess, it had to be one of his offspring,

right? And with her attributes mixed in as well... "You know, I've never even thought about it that way, Ivy," she replied, trying to contain her giddiness. "But you know something? You're absolutely right!"

"So, you gonna try it?" Ivy asked eagerly, her eyes shining. "It'd be wonderful if we had this to share, as well. You know, our dirty little secret."

Goldie twirled a strand of her hair, pondering the matter. "But there's a problem - it's easy for you, since you only have one son, but how am I supposed to pick among three? If it's true and they have inherited their father's sexual vigor, along with my own, then even with my drive there's no way I could keep up with satisfying three Bearbacks." Although it might be fun to try, she thought wickedly, imagining incestuous cocks in all three of her holes as they pummeled her toward orgasm after screaming orgasm.

"I see your dilemma," Ivy said, going quiet for a moment as she tapped her temple with her finger, mulling over the problem. "I've got it," she said at last, snapping her fingers. "Why not give all three a try? Develop some criteria for what's most important to you in a lover, then give all three a test run to see which one comes closest to your 'just right'."

Ivy had always possessed an active imagination, especially in sexual matters. But even so, Goldie was still taken aback by just how far her friend could delve with her depraved creativity. "You're so bad!" Goldie exclaimed, feeling her face redden. "But at the same time, so fucking clever!"

"What can I say, my Jack here inspires me," she said as the two lovers shared another heated glance.

"But what if I suggest this, and my boys are repulsed by it?" Goldie asked. "What if they hate me for it, and never want to see me again?" Goldie loved her boys more than anything, and the mere thought of extending that love to the physical dimension soaked her pussy like never before. But the possibility of not having them in her life, the only real family she had left, frightened her even more.

"You worry too much," Jack commented. "Because deep down, all boys are in love with their mothers, or at least in lust with them. They might be reluctant at first, you know, to keep up appearances of what society expects them to do.

"But trust me, in the end, they'll be eager to rip your clothes off and fuck you. After all, you can't tell me that none of your, shall we say, private garments didn't mysteriously disappear over the years, can you? About the time your boys were growing into men?"

"Wait, are you telling me my boys are the ones that took my underthings?" Goldie asked in disbelief. "I'd always assumed it'd been the work of the Panty Pixies, known for their lewd, mischievous antics throughout the land, like stealing underwear. After all, my boys had things go missing as well."

Jack laughed. "I'd bet both my magic beans that Bayar, Torben, and Art just said that to throw off suspicion from themselves. After all, I did the same thing with my mom," he said, wagging his eyes. "Meanwhile, can you imagine how many times they must've unloaded their seed in your delicates? Gallons upon gallons of their spunk, all while thinking of their gorgeous, oblivious mother."

Goldie was shocked at hearing Jack talk so blatantly about this issue, since he'd always been a sweet and rather reserved boy, a lot like her youngest son Arthur. But the idea of them in their rooms, pleasuring themselves under the blankets and spewing untold amounts of gooey, creamy, delicious cum in fabric that had once touched her pussy, why, the mere thought of it made her light-headed.

"My boy, or should I say my man, has the right of it, even if he was rather crude in his explanation," the Ivy agreed, giving her son a playfully chiding look.

"But if you're really worried, I have something here that can all but guarantee that they'll be more than cooperative," she continued, digging around in her bag before taking out a small wooden box she used for transporting fragile glass vials and bottles. She held it out to Goldie, who took it, carefully lifting up the lid. The inside was cushioned with velvet, and in the middle, cradled in the soft material, was what looked like a golden egg.

"What is it?" Goldie asked, studying but not touching the object, for fear of breaking it.

"A golden egg, courtesy of a kind and generous goose we met on our little adventure," Ivy explained. "The shell is pure gold, if your were wondering, quite

valuable in its own right. But the real treasure is what lays inside. Tonight, crack the egg, whip up the innards until they're nice and frothy, then spread them all over your body, and let them dry before going to bed.

"When you wake up, you're gonna look and feel ten years younger, and be even more dazzling than you are now. It also has a few other, shall we say, tasty side effects, but I'll let you discover those on your own."

"So, that's your secret," Goldie said, once again admiring Ivy's rejuvenated face. "But I couldn't possible accept this, it's too valuable. You could sell it to a noble, or even the queen herself, and make a fortune."

"Nobles and queens aren't my friends," Ivy said. "You are. You're my best friend, Goldie, always there when I've needed you, so I insist you have it. And like I said earlier, it'll be nice to know Jack and I aren't alone in our…choice of partners. So, what do you say? Are you gonna take a bite of the forbidden fruit, and let the juices dribble down your chin?"

"I'll…think about it," Goldie promised, closing the box and putting it gently in her own bag.

Ivy smirked as she looked at Jack. "It sounds like Goldie isn't quite sold on the idea of our alternative lifestyle, my dear boy. I wonder if there's any way we could convince her, once and for all. Any ideas?"

"Hmm," Jack said rubbing his chin as he appeared to give the matter some thought. "Perhaps a demonstration of how much fun it can be is in order," he suggested.

Ivy beamed and pressed her palms together. "What a splendid notion! That's another reason I love you so damned much, my lovely child, you have the best, dirtiest ideas."

"What can I say? You bring out the best in me," Jack replied with a wink. "Or should I say, the worst?"

And before Goldie knew what was happening, Ivy had grabbed the table's candleholder, unlit during the day, and dropped it under the table. "Oops, clumsy me. I guess I'll have to retrieve it now." And with that, she slipped out of her seat and underneath the table cover.

Now, our Goldilocks was hardly an innocent in sexual matters, even so she believed such affairs should be carried out in the privacy of one's home, or at least in a secure closet. As such, the possibility of sex in a public setting, and the ensuing risk of being seen, had never even entered her mind. That's why when she heard sucking sounds emanating from under the table, and soft groans from Jack's lips, she was a tad confused.

That is, until she lifted the tablecloth and peered underneath.

And what a wondrous, unexpected, and lewdly lurid sight awaited her eyes! For there, crouched on her knees was Ivy, who was most definitely not retrieving the fallen candleholder. Instead, she had yanked down Jack's trousers around his ankles, her tongue currently sliding up the underside of her son's hardened beanpole, its surface coated in her saliva as her breasts, spilled out of their confines, bobbled gently in the open air.

Immediately Goldilocks slapped a hand over her mouth to prevent a startled yelp from escaping it, panic filling her. For even though the tablecloth was long enough to conceal the lascivious activities of the incestuous pair from a distance, if the serving girl Gretel or anyone else happened to approach the table, there was no way they wouldn't notice its slight rocking, the wet slurping sounds coming from underneath, or Jack's expression of a man lost in ecstasy, his eyes rolling back into his head as his mom serviced his cock with an overabundance of maternal enthusiasm.

"What are you doing?" Goldie hissed to her friend under the table. "Do you know how much trouble you could get into, that I could get into, if someone discovers you?"

"I have a pretty good idea," Ivy said nonchalantly, removing her mouth from the tip of Jack's cock and turning her head towards her friend. But that didn't stop her from continuing to stimulate her son's pulsing, lubricated staff with her hand, using slow, squishing strokes that ripped even more happy, albeit subdued, sounds from Jack's mouth. "But don't you see? That's part of what makes it so

exciting, the prospect of getting caught doing something so deliciously devilish. Are you going to tell me it doesn't turn you on?"

Goldilocks was absolutely not going to tell her friend that, because the exact opposite was true. So much so, in fact, that a wet triangle was forming over her crotch. "That's not the point," Goldie countered, her voice getting husky with lust. "I thought you said you didn't do this kind of thing in town!"

Ivy gave her a sheepish grin as she continued to pump Jack's cock, causing her tits to wiggle. "Yeah, well, I might not have been exactly truthful about that. You see, my boy and I are so hot for each other we just can't go all day without a good romp. So, sometimes when we close the shop at noon we usually just skip lunch, if you catch my drift," she said with a mischievous wink. "And now, being here talking to you about all we've been doing, I guess my horniness just kicked in a little early and I needed a snack to tide me over till then. And speaking of which..."

And with that she turned her attention back to the cock in front of her, engulfing the length in almost one gulp, humming merrily as she slid her lips up and down it, Goldilocks watching in appalled yet enraptured fascination. She'd sucked lots of cocks, but never with the gusto Ivy was putting into her performance, she considered as her friend's head bobbed up and down the shaft, her wavy red locks trickling down around his balls, mingling with his pubic hairs.

I should get up, leave, and never speak to Ivy again for engaging in such depraved behavior, Goldie resolved to herself. But try as she might, she just couldn't get her legs to work, as if they were being held down by some unseen power that insisted she witness the incestuous scene before her in its entirety, and all the the licking, slurping, and sucking that went with it.

And it wasn't just her legs betraying her, she thought as she felt something slinking across her stomach. She looked down to see her hand sliding down toward her groin region of its own accord, Goldie unable to think of a reason to stop it as it made its way downward and grabbed hold of her skirts, clumping them up around her waist until she could see her flaxen pussy poking out from the edge, the hairs matted and glistening with moisture.

Without hesitation she plunged a finger into the liquid heat of her cleft, then two, as the index finger and thumb of her other hand sought out her clit, and even

though she couldn't see it she could tell her pearl was more swollen than she could ever remember it being, like one of the large grapes in the market.

Was this the power of incest? she wondered as she began pumping her fingers rhythmically in and out of her pussy in timing with the bobbing of Ivy's head on Jack's rod, both of them now seemingly oblivious to her presence as they engaged in one of the most taboo of all sexual acts. The fingers on her clit began to move over and around it, applying just the right amount of pressure she preferred.

Through a lusty haze her eyes scanned the room to see if anyone had noticed the obscene ways in which the corner table was being abused. Thankfully no one had, the few customers seated on the other side of the establishment absorbed in their own conversation, the serving girl Gretel now cleaning off tables near them.

Not that it would've mattered if they had, she considered as she turned her attention back to pleasing her body. She was now so horny, so needing of release, the whole town could've been watching and she wouldn't have stopped, her juices now coating the seat of the chair as well as her hand, staining her sleeve.

And then she felt it, the slight twinges within the approach of an orgasm. This is so wrong, but fuck if it doesn't look like fun, a voice in her head said as she continued to frig while watching the buxom shopkeeper go down on her son. Ivy's sucking had gotten more frantic, as had Goldie's fingers in her pussy and along her bud, as the churning in her roiled and roiled, until before she knew she'd gone over the edge. With a sharp cry she fell back in her chair, her whole body shaking in a paroxysm of pleasure...

The next thing she remembered was looking up into the concerned face of Gretel. "Are you alright?" the serving girl asked as Goldie slowly lifted her head, rubbing at it gingerly. "Ivy said you had fits sometimes and it was nothing to fret over, but I was still a bit concerned. I was about to fetch a doctor."

"Well, there's no need for that now," Goldilocks heard Ivy's voice say. "Best thing for her now might be a bit of food in her belly, since the fits only seem to come on when she's hungry."

"Coming right up," Gretel said, giving all those at the table a slightly curious look before rushing off. "I'll have those stews right out, just don't go fainting on me again."

Goldie looked blankly at her friend, her addled mind trying to piece together what had been going on before, what had led to her current state, wondering why Ivy had made up that bizarre story about fits...

And then it hit her - the stunning news Ivy had dropped about her and Jack, what she had done to her son under the table, what it had compelled Goldie to do to herself. And that's when she remembered the state of her cloths, looking down frantically expecting to see her dress still hiked up, her pussy peeking out from beneath, only to let out a sigh of relief to see them once again around her ankles.

"Relax," Ivy soothed as she patted her friend's hand, "I made sure she had no idea what you were doing. Or what we were doing, for that matter. One thing we've learned during our time together, is to have a plausible excuse ready, just in case we get interrupted at an inconvenient moment. Hence, your sudden fit."

Goldie looked back to her perky friend, for the first time noting that besides a slight flush in her cheeks, there was absolutely no indication of the frisky activity she'd been so actively engaged in only moments before. Her tits were back within their fabric confines, her hair back in place, and not a single stain or splotch of cum anywhere. Had her orgasm and subsequent noise interrupted them before they could finish? Goldie wondered guiltily.

As if reading her thoughts, Ivy smiled and rubbed her belly. "Oh, don't worry, it's all safe and sound in here. Jack came right before you did, and what an impressive load it was! That's another thing we've learned, how to keep our happy times quiet when we're out and about, and to finish quickly when necessary."

Holy shit, Goldie thought to herself. As much as she loved cum, she'd never been able to swallow it all at once, some always escaping down the side of her mouth to enjoy later. But Ivy had swallowed it all, and all that cum was now swimming around in her belly. Her son's cum, she considered, licking her lips as she wondered how that felt, how it would feel to have her own sons' seed swimming around inside her...

Fuck, I'm getting horny again! she thought as she squirmed in her chair. And so soon after she'd just come harder than she had since her husband passed, she marveled, which begged an interesting question:

If she had such an intense orgasm just watching another mom and son go down on each other, then what would her own climaxes be like if she actually did it herself, with her own sons? She quivered at the thought.

"So," Ivy said, flinging her hair back behind her head, grinning like a devil who'd just snagged another soul, "ready to try that forbidden fruit yet?"

Goldie grinned wickedly. "Absolutely. In fact, I think I'll have a triple portion!"

*

When Goldilocks finally parted ways with Ivy and Jack, she was more elated than she'd been in, well, as long as she could remember. At last, an answer to her stamina problem, and it'd been right under her nose. Well, technically above it, since all three of her sons were taller than her. She thought back to what Ivy had said about her and Jack going at it so hot and heavy, even at his best Bernard hadn't been capable of such marathon sessions. And she hadn't specified, but who knows how many orgasms Ivy had while impaled on her son's cock, each one made more intense by the forbidden, incestuous nature of their fucking?

Just then Goldie had an image of herself riding a cock all day, practically nonstop, having climax after climax until she couldn't take it anymore and...

The mere thought made her swoon, forcing her to lean against the building she was passing for support as she recovered herself, breathing heavily, wondering if she'd just had a mini orgasm just at the thought of getting it on with her sons. Fuck, she had to get home and work out how to get them on board with incest, or rather in bed with it, before she exploded with pent-up desire.

Once back in her house, she stripped off her clothes and studied herself carefully in front of the mirror. Sure, she took relatively good care of herself (such as always hurrying by the sweets shop without even looking), and was obviously

still lovely enough to attract men around her own age with ease, but did she still have what it took to draw the attention of younger men?

Her hair remained as full, flowing, and sunny as it had twenty years ago, her long legs still smooth and relatively free of blemishes, so those were two big points in her favor. However, she couldn't ignore the tiny but perceptible crow's feet beginning to form around her eyes, her generous but oh-so-slightly sagging tits, the minutest whispers of love handles emerging around her sides, marring an otherwise flat, if not exactly taut, stomach.

She sighed, cradling the egg that Ivy had given her in her hand, wondering if she should use it, knowing that if she did, she wouldn't have any trouble turning anyone's head, including her sons. When you came right down to it, they were just men after all, young men with raging hormones that would respond without fail to a perfect female body, even if it did belong to their mother.

She stood there stroking the egg as she considered the matter for a few more moments, before finally putting it back in its box, and stowing it in a secure place with her other valuables. While it would be wonderful to feel and look younger, if this whole thing was going to work out with her son, whichever one ended up being the 'just right' one, she had to be sure he wanted her for her, not just because of some magic egg.

Satisfied with her decision, she sat down at her desk (still naked, deciding she liked the feeling) and began to plan. Ivy had had a good idea about developing criteria to judge her sons on, not that she would tell them of course, wanting whatever happened between them to be a completely natural reaction.

Quickly, she jotted down her ideas, dividing them into three main categories, which she dubbed style, cock, and passion. Style, to her, included things like foreplay (not that she needed much these days) and how they warmed her up for the event, as well as their post-coital response, and their general approach to the act of love. Was it hard and fast, or slow and tender?

And when it came to cocks it wasn't just about size, which was definitely a factor, but what they did with it. Did they wield their rod with skill to please her, or just blindly swing and thrust it around? And their cum, how much and what quality did they produce?

And as for passion, to Goldie it referred how committed they were to the act itself. Were they actively engaged and making sure she was enjoying herself as much as they were, or were they just focused on fucking? Were they making love to her whole body, striving to maximize her pleasure along with their own, or were they just intent on pounding her cunt as hard as possible? For while orgasms were almost assured just by the nature of who she'd be having sex with, this factor would greatly determine their quality, and whether or not she'd reach the highs she had during her married life.

And once those boxes had been checked, then she'd administer the stamina test, to see just how long they could go without stopping, dreaming of days of nothing but nonstop sex and endless, volcanic climaxes that would leave her sweating, panting, and breathless.

Goldie leaned back in her seat and put down the quill, pleased with the three categories she'd worked out, knowing they would help her decide which among her three sons would be the ideal mate. Her body already tingled with anticipation, no longer having any doubts as to her ability to entice them into her arms, no longer giving a second thought to her slight imperfections.

"After all," she said aloud to the empty house, "who needs a perfect body when you've got a wicked imagination?" It was true, even back in her swinging youth there'd been, believe or not, some guys who just weren't that into her. For some reason she'd been drawn to them, getting a greater rush in winning over a challenge than someone who just threw themselves at her. And she'd bagged every one of them, no matter how reluctant they'd been, and not a single one of them had expressed regret afterwards.

It would be the same with her sons, she told herself, more and more convinced that Jack was right, that no matter how much they might deny it, all sons had a thing for their mothers, to become one with them again in both body and soul. All she had to do was coax it out of them, that inner yearning to ravish the one who had given them life.

She smiled to herself, realizing that instead of a challenge, this might actually be fun, feeling that familiar thrill of the hunt rising up in her. For as their mother, the woman they'd been closest to for the first eighteen years of their lives, the one with whom they shared everything, she knew them better than anyone else alive - their personalities, likes and dislikes, the type of women they preferred, everything.

And to top it all off, they'd been secluded with their work for quite a while now, with no female companionship (all three were, for various reasons, single at the moment) with only their hands for relief. They were most likely feeling very pent-up, ready to pounce on the first woman who presented herself, even if it just happened to be the one they were least expecting. Oh yes, this is going to be much easier than I thought, she considered, plans already beginning to coalesce in her head.

By the time she went to bed that night, she had it all worked out.

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The next morning, Goldilocks pranced her way along the trail that wound its way through the forest, on her way to see her sons, who were deep in the woods that surrounded the town, a knapsack on her back and a picnic basket in her hand. What's that, you want to know why her boys were so deep in the forest? Glad you asked!

You see, after Goldie's husband passed, her sons pleasantly surprised her when, instead of selling their father's building business, decided instead to band together to rebrand it as a new entity, called Three Bears Erections, a play on their family name of Bearback. And with their mesh of talents it was doing quite well, despite the occasional clash she had to mediate.

Currently, they were working on a large project in the wilderness for a prominent merchant in town and his burgeoning family, who was tired of urban life and wanted to get away from it all, hence her little woodland excursion.

It was a lovely day, the heat from the bright sun overhead tempered by the thick canopy of leaves and branches that extended over the trail. She hummed as she made her way along, doling out enthusiastic greetings to any other travelers she happened to cross paths with. She flashed a wide grin to them along with her salutations, noting that many of them, especially the men, were giving her rather odd, lingering looks. Maybe it has to do with the fact that I'm a woman travelling alone, or my overly chipper demeanor, she thought to herself.

Why was she so happy? Well, you see, since last night, she'd decided to set her plan in motion with her oldest son, named Bayar, and work her way down the line from there. And it wasn't just a chronological thing, either.

For in terms of build and stature, he was the one who most physically resembled his father, with his broad chest and what seemed like layers upon layers of muscle, honed by years of chopping trees and performing other heavy manual labor with his dad. It seems silly, but at the time she associated sheer physical power with sexual prowess, most likely since one had equaled the other in his father. So, in her eyes, Bayar was the son mostly likely to be her 'Mr. Just Right', and provide her with the soaring satisfaction she was yearning for.

And so, she'd set about setting up the seduction of her eldest son, who'd now seen nearly 24 summers, a man in every respect. His dominating stature gave him a personality to match, and even among his brothers he'd always sought to be the one in charge, which was why he was now the general manager of their enterprise. In terms of women, she'd been able to glean from the girls, or rather girl that he'd been seeing until recently, that he liked them on the slutty and submissive side, with just a dash of questionable innocence thrown in.

Put all that together, and Goldie had the perfect scheme for bagging Bayar, which included the outfit she was skipping along in at the moment. You want details, you say? What naughty readers you are! Very well, if you insist, but it really was nothing more than a simple cotton top, skirt, and sturdy, low-cut leather boots. The outfit was pale yellow, Bayar's favorite color, complementing her hair. There, you see? Nothing to write home about here.

Unless, of course, you count the alterations Goldie had made to make it more appealing to Bayar and his tastes.

You see, Goldie had taken inspiration from Ivy's sexy new look, and made changes to the outfit last night. She'd then stashed it in her satchel full of various surprises for her three sons, intending only to don it once she was close to where her sons were working. But she'd spent a restless, fitful night, her sleep drenched in sensuous, vivid dreams of being taken by her sons. The result being that when she woke up in the morning, in a bed soaked in sweat and smelling of heady arousal, she was a roiling mass of sexual fire.

So, not wanting to waste a second of time changing clothes later that could be better used getting into her son's trousers, she decided to change into Bayar's outfit, as she had dubbed it, right then and there. That's why she was now traipsing along the road in an getup that would be considered scandalous, even in a land infamous among other kingdoms for its lax fashion standards.

For her attire could barely, even by the broadest definition, be considered clothing after Goldie had finished with it. It had a bodice covering her top half, with a neckline so low the straining fabric could barely cover the nipples of her ample tits, which threatened to flop out of their confines altogether with each bouncing step she took. Not only that, but the blouse she usually wore under such a garment was absent, exposing even more of her alabaster skin.

If she had taken liberties with her top, she'd gone absolutely wild with her skirt, cutting and trimming so that the hem barely reached her thighs, putting her gorgeous legs on full display. As a result, if any passersby were looking at the right place when a random breeze happened to brush against the airy material, they might just have gotten an eyeful of yummy. For you see, in her highly aroused state, she had foregone the use of any sort of concealing undergarments whatsoever that day.

As it turns out, quite a few were treated to this marvelous spectacle as she made her way towards her destination, which was the real reason for the lingering stares of men and the angry glares of women as she skipped past them. But Goldilocks, in her lusty stupor, was totally oblivious to all this, what was left of her rational thought focused on her plans for Bayar.

He's going to go crazy over this outfit, she mused, having seen his previous girlfriend Ingrid wearing something similar at one point. It screamed take me now and take me hard, I'm your plaything to use however you want. And for a touch of innocence, she'd worked her hair into twin braids, capped off with little white ribbons at the tips. All in all, the look gave her the feel of a schoolgirl coming into the full bloom of her sexuality, in the mood for mischief yet still with an air of naiveté in carnal matters, looking for the right man to claim her virtue and initiate her thoroughly in the ways of the flesh.

Perfect! Just what I was going for, she concluded, smiling smugly to herself as she pranced along, completely unaware of the hapless fellow behind her getting slapped by his female companion for letting his gaze remain on Goldie's perfectly round backside a bit too long.

"There oughta be a law about such strumpets cavorting about in broad daylight, flouncing their naughty bits around like they were wares on display in the market," the young woman, who was named Rapunzel, huffed, dragging her dazed partner behind her with one hand, trying to keep a handle on her copious bundle of hair with the other. "Now come along, my dear, pervy brother, we haven't got much time!"

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Shortly before the sun reached its highest point in the sky, Goldilocks arrived at her destination. It was nearly-completed, two story structure in the midst of a small clearing, set atop a small hill overlooking a small lake to her left. Flowers and blooming shrubs grew in carefully tended beds along the front and sides of the house, Art's work no doubt, she thought, fondly remembering all the times he'd helped her in her garden.

This is so beautiful, she thought to herself as she took a deep breath of the crisp air, listening to the cheery twitter of birdsong, admiring the tall trees that ringed the hill around the structure like a protective barrier against the outside world. She suddenly felt a pang of envy toward the merchant, for it was the sort of idyllic home she'd always dreamed of having.

But enough daydreaming, she admonished herself, pushing those thoughts away as she looked around. I'm here to get laid, not admire the scenery. No one was in sight, and no one appeared to greet her. Which wasn't a surprise, since she hadn't told her sons she was coming today, hopefully in more ways than one.

So that meant that Bayar, Torben, and Arthur would be about their work, completely unaware of the exhilarating plans she had in store for them. "Now, if I were Bayar, where would I be?" she murmured to herself, tapping the tip of her boot as she thought, when suddenly a faint but sharp hacking sound reached her ears from the woods to her right, a smile curling her lips upward.

It was the sound of someone chopping wood, and no one loved chopping wood more than Bayar.

She headed off in the direction of the noise, following a gently sloping path downward through the trees. She hadn't gone far when the sound of flowing water mingled with the steady hacking, meaning there must be a small river or stream nearby, the sound getting louder and louder and mingling with a louder tumbling noise, almost sounding like a...

But before she could finish the thought, she emerged from the tree line to find herself on the banks of a rather large stream, which as far she could tell ran around the hill the cabin was situated on, toward the lake on the other side. But what really caught her eye was the nearby waterfall, its waters plummeting over a rockface around ten yards high into a basin before emptying out into the stream. So, that'd been the tumbling noise she heard.

But as beautiful as it was, her eyes were drawn to a tall, brawny figure several yards upstream, near where the basin and stream merged, his back to her. He was hacking away furiously at the trunk of a felled tree, so focused on his task he hadn't yet noticed Goldilocks. He had stripped down to his trousers, his well-defined back muscles flexing and straining with each stroke, his skin sheened with sweat. Even without seeing his face, she'd know him anywhere - it was Bayar, her eldest son.

For a moment she just stood there watching him, admiring his perfect physical form, as solid and proud as a bear, more confident than ever that she'd made the right choice in starting with him. She had sweated a bit herself from her walk, and was working up even more as she took in the sight of her manly son at work. She reached in her bag and took out a bottle of the floral scent that she knew Bayar loved, dabbing a bit on her neck, under her arms, and between her legs. She then set down her bag and satchel, before clearing her throat quite loudly.

Suddenly Bayar stopped what he was doing and swung around, holding his axe in both hands like a weapon. "Who's there?" he called out, looking around before his eyes finally settled on Goldie, the axe falling to the ground as his eyes went wide with shock. "Ingrid, is that you?" he asked, a tentative hope in his voice.

Ingrid, that'd been the name of his last girlfriend, Goldie realized, the one he'd broken up with just before starting this job, she recalled, wondering why he'd mistaken her for his former lover. It was only then she realized she was standing in the shade of a Weeping Willow, meaning that he couldn't see her shadowed face, only her figure and her braided hair, which now that she thought on it was the way Ingrid, being from another land, had always worn her own golden locks.

She cursed her stupidity, hoping her resemblance to his ex would do more good than harm.

"No sweetie, it's me," she said, stepping out into the sunlight and making her identity clear.

She didn't think it was possible for her son to look any more surprised than he did when he first laid eyes on her, but she was wrong, watching as his eyes widened to the point she expected them to fly out and float down the stream, his jaw hanging so low she thought it might hit the ground, much more so than should have been warranted by the unexpected appearance of his mother. However, this can be easily understood, if one understands the circumstances leading up to this moment.

You see, unbeknownst to his mother, things had gotten very serious with Ingrid, more than his mother knew. Consequently, he'd taken their breakup hard, dreaming of her almost every night, where they were together in each other's arms. Nothing odd about that.

But his dream last night had been markedly different from the others, for as he made love to Ingrid her face would every now and then shift to that of his mother. However, when this happened, instead of pushing away from her as he knew a good son ought to do, this bizarre occurrence had only intensified the efforts of his dream self with his partner.

Why had this occurred, now of all times? I cannot say for sure, but speculation leads me to believe that Goldilocks, her yearning for her sons filling her own dreams so abundantly the previous night, had, through the maternal connection all mothers share with their children, spilled her incestuous desires over into Bayar's own dreams, reigniting and feeding his buried Oedipal desires.

In any case, before this lurid nocturnal fantasy could play out to its climax, Bayar had woken up, shaft so hard it nearly pierced through his sheets. Normally this was a problem easily solved with his hand and a little effort, but in this particular instance there were several impediments to this solution.

One was that, since they were on a project far from town, he was currently sharing a sleeping space with his brothers, and even though Bayar wasn't what you would call shy, there were certain things you just didn't do with your siblings nearby.

He could have snuck off into the woods, of course, if it wasn't for the shame his awakened self was burning with at having such indecent thoughts about his mother, deciding at last to get straight to work and push the whole matter from his mind. Needless to say, it was a task he was having limited success with when his mother popped in out of the blue, looking almost exactly as she had in his dream.

However, Goldilocks was of course completely unaware of all these factors, attributing his astonishment completely to her surprise appearance. So, let us now see if this particular set of circumstances, like the particular look she had gone with, would work out to her advantage, or no...

"M..Mom?" He finally managed to splutter out, giving his head a good rub to verify that he was indeed awake and not still dreaming. "Is that you? What are you doing here?"

She giggled, enjoying his discomfiture and even a bit aroused by it. "Does a mother need a reason to visit her big, handsome, studly sons? It's just I haven't seen you in a while, and I missed you, so I thought I'd just drop by and see how you were doing out here."

"Oh, okay," Bayar mumbled, still rubbing at his hair, having never heard his mother refer to him or his brothers as 'studly', wondering if she'd been partaking of her wine a bit early today. "And what's with that outfit? You trying to impress a man or something?"

She laughed in that high, musical tone of hers. "I certainly hope so," she said cryptically, twirling around in her outfit, Bayar swearing he caught a glimpse of her bare ass cheek as she spun. "So, what do you think of it?"

"If you're trying to snag a man, I think that'll do the trick quite nicely," he said, thinking it was a miracle she hadn't been waylaid by some randy scoundrel or two on her way here in that skimpy getup, what with the way it showed off so much supple flesh, trying desperately not to stare at her bountiful, hardly concealed breasts, feeling his unrelieved cock starting to stir again at the sight...

But with an effort, he pushed that all away, forcing himself to stare at her face, her lovely face that, framed by those braids, looked like only a slightly more mature version of Ingrid's...Stop it, he admonished himself before continuing. "In any case, it's great to see you. I, uh, just wish you'd let us know, so we could've been ready to welcome you."

Another giggle from her, his furtive glances at her body not escaping her notice. "That would've ruined the surprise, silly," she said teasingly.

"Surprise? What surprise?" He asked, feeling very strange in ways he knew he probably shouldn't be around his mother, but with her getup and his unrelieved frustration it was quite impossible not to. Unbeknownst to him, the strangeness was only getting started.

"I'll get to that in a minute," she replied, spreading out her arms and grinning wide. "But now, come here and give your mama bear a hug."

That was exactly what he didn't wan to do, he realized with a gulp. Not that he had anything against hugging his mom, having always enjoyed it in fact. But then again, she'd never been attired as she was now, looking as comely and lusty as any tavern wench he'd ever seen, practically oozing sex and begging to be bent over and fucked hard. That's what his animal side was telling him, urging him to respond, demanding that he disregard any familial relation and take the hot woman who was obviously offering herself to him, to satiate his growing need with her body.

The only thing keeping that primal yearning in check was the distance between them, and he feared that any contact might break the fragile barrier holding it in check, and then he might just do something quite unbecoming with her. Frantically, he rummaged through his brain looking for an excuse not to comply that wouldn't offend her, at last finding one. "I'd love to, mom, but I've been out here all morning chopping wood, and as such I'm all hot and sweaty, and I'd hate to mess up your, um, clothes," he explained, although what she wore could barely be called clothing, more like scant covering.

"Oh, okay," she said, not hiding the disappointment in her voice, knowing if she'd been able to get her son in her arms, she would have had him right then and there. But no matter, her mind was already working on other ways to draw him in. "So what's the wood for? The cabin?"

He shook his head, relieved that she'd seemingly given up on the hug. "No, that's pretty much finished, and you shouldn't use fresh wood when building a house anyway, since it can shrink or contract."

"Although fresh wood does have its uses," she interjected with a playful wink. "And I have ways of making sure it would never shrink, well, not for long, anyway."

"Um, yeah," he said, so caught up in his explanation (he did so love talking about wood!) that her innuendo flew straight over his head. "Well, in any case, our client asked us to clear some space around here at the waterfall, so he and his family would have some space to enjoy the scenic beauty of this spot."

"Mmm, a man after my own heart," she murmured, her voice lilting and dreamy as she looked around. "It's always so nice to get away from civilization and back to nature, to cast aside all those silly rules that society binds us with, and just respond to the raw, savage call of our baser instincts." She looked back to him, fire in her eyes. "Wouldn't you say so, sweetie?"

"Speaking of baser instincts," Bayar said with a chortle as he pointed out toward the falls, again completely missing (or ignoring, who can say?) his mother's increasingly amorous insinuations. "I think Mr. Cocksure has an ulterior motive for liking this site, besides quality family time. You see there, behind the waterfall? There's a small cave in the rockface, not too large, but big enough for two people to be comfortable in, if you know what I mean."

Oh yes, I know all too well, Goldie thought wickedly to herself, a new plan forming in her mind. "No," she said innocently, twirling one of her braids. "What do you mean?"

Shit, why does she have to twirl her braid so tantalizingly like that, just like Ingrid did when she wanted sex? He groaned inwardly, struggling to remember what he'd been talking about. Oh yeah, the cave. "Just that Mr. and Mrs. Cocksure might want to have a little, you know, alone time there."

"What, you mean like a picnic?" she asked, keeping up her naïve act, knowing that whether he knew it or not, Bayar was eating this up, each word bringing her

closer to what she craved, what she now needed to happen more than anything. Her loins were on fire, juices trickling down her thighs. Just a bit longer. "Seems like their food might get soggy there, though, although I understand some people like to munch on wet goodies."

Bayar gulped. If he didn't know better, he could've swore that his mother was playing games like the wenches in town did, coming onto him. But that couldn't be right, could it? Moms don't do that with their sons. No, it was just the heat and exertion, combined with his odd dreams, that were messing with his mind. "Well, uh, what I actually meant was, you know..."

"Sex?" She offered at last, relishing the furious red flush that spread across his face at that one simple but all-so-powerful word. "Somewhere Mr. Cocksure, or Halfcock as he used to be known, can bang his hot wife's brains out without his kids disturbing them?"

"Mom!" Bayar sputtered, trying to figure out what the hell was up with her, showing up here in that lewd outfit and spewing even lewder talk was having a powerful effect on him, his cock seeming to have completely disregarded their relationship as it continued to harden. He just hoped his pants were baggy enough to hide it. Take her, his raging member was screaming to him, she obviously wants it as much as you do, and it's been way too long since you've been with a woman. Do it! "You didn't have to put it that way."

Unfortunately for him, his pants were not quite baggy enough, Goldilocks covertly eyeing the twitching and bulging around his groin with keen interest, her heart rate quickening. There was no turning back now, she would have that man meat or she would explode with need. "Why not?" she purred, voice dripping with desire. "There's nothing wrong or dirty about it. After all, it's how I had you and your brothers, the three best people in my life.

"Or did you think that I just somehow magically conceived you, like in the stories I used to tell you when you were little, sitting in my lap?" she added with a playful smirk. "Though you're not so little anymore, are you? If we tried that now, I'd have to sit in your lap, wouldn't I?"

"No, of course not, he protested, "It's just that, well, the way you're acting, the things you're saying and the way you're saying them, well, it's weirding me out a

bit. Like that thing about sitting in my lap. Moms and sons aren't supposed to have conversations like this."

"Oh, I very much beg to differ, sweetie," she replied, seeing an opening and going for it. "But you win, I'll stop. On one condition - you take me over to see this cave of yours behind the waterfall."

He frowned. "What? Why?"

She shrugged, hoping the surging sexual heat coursing throughout her body wasn't showing. "Call it curiosity, but I'd like to see for myself if it really is big enough for a couple to...get comfortable in there," she said with a grin, hoping he approved of her 'cleaner' choice of words.

Apparently, he did, because he smiled, looking more relaxed than she'd seen him since her arrival, actually chuckling a bit. "I don't see any harm in that," he agreed, reaching for his shirt hanging on a nearby shrub, glad his mom was sounding more like herself again.

"No need for that," Goldie said as she came up to him, grabbing his hand and tugging him along before he could take hold of his top, seeming more than eager to get underway. "This won't take long," she assured when he looked at her questionably, "and besides, maybe you can wash off a bit in the falls before putting it back on."

It made sense, he told himself, having done that very thing before. But still, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off as she practically dragged him toward their destination.

"Yes, I suppose this would work," Goldilocks remarked as she took in the space, about the height and width of a small bedroom, minus the bed that is, and a bit narrower. "I suppose this place would be ideal for a tryst, with the right accoutrements that is. Or, if the woman was willing, she could be taken right against the wall. I know I would be," she said with a wicked grin, turning back to Bayar. "What do you think, sweetie?"

"I suppose," he said from a few feet away, not really comprehending what she had said, his breathing becoming heavy and ragged. For while it was a bit cooler in here, the mist and spray from the waterfall made it far more humid, almost sticky, even more uncomfortable than it'd been out in the open sun. As expected, such an environment supported a thick, mingling layer of moss and lichen along the stony floor and walls of the cave.

As can be imagined, breathing was difficult under such conditions, but that wasn't the main reason for Bayar's respiratory difficulties. For you see, another effect of the wet, heavy air on the human body was increased sweating, a condition his mother seemed to be particularly susceptible to. Bayar soon found himself unable to keep his eyes off the large heavy beads of perspiration trickling down her breasts to soak the thin fabric. And when combined with the water she'd been sprayed with coming in, it made the outlines of what he could now tell were dark pink nipples clearly visible. Fuck, he now knew the color of his mom's nipples, something no son should ever know. I have to get out of this situation, and fast, he told himself.

"Ready to go?" he asked urgently, which came out as more of a growl, not wanting to leave his mom alone to make her way back alone over the thin and slippery rock ledge they'd had to cross to get here, but as soon as they were clear he was jumping in the waterfall's basin, immersing himself in the cold waters until his mother was well out of sight, taking her scanty covering and teasing with her.

That, and only that, would save him from the unthinkable thoughts now swarming his hormone-soaked brain. He edged his way toward the cave's opening, as eager to leave as she'd been to come.

"Sure thing, sweetie," she said to his enormous relief, making her way towards him when suddenly she happened to step on a particularly wet and slick patch of lichen, letting out a sharp yelp as she slipped and began to fall backwards. Whether this was an accident or no, I'll let you decide.

Fortunately for her, despite Bayar's bulky build, he possessed amazingly quick reflexes. Before the cry was even out of her lips he'd reached her, Goldilocks feeling his strong arms locking around her back right before she hit the ground, pulling her up to him and into a tight hug, mashing her chest against his. "Are you...alright?" he panted, more from panic than exertion, now doing the very thing he'd been so desperate not to do.

"Better than alright," she murmured, wrapping her arms around his torso, noting how they didn't touch. Fuck he is big, as big as a bear, she thought. "I think you just saved my life, my big, beautiful bear of a man."

He chuckled. "I think you're being a bit too dramatic, mom. The fall might have thrown your back out, but I doubt it would've been fatal. Still," he added, tightening his embrace a bit, "I hate the thought of you hurt in any way, even a tiny scrape on your elbow. I love you, mom."

"And I love you too, sweetheart, more than you know," she whispered, rubbing her hands along the hard muscles that coated his body like living, pulsing armor, feeling the same heat emanating from his skin that was threatening to burn her alive. He wanted this to happen as much as she did, she was now sure of it, now all she had to do was help him see it. "And if you're willing, I'm ready to show you just how much you mean to me."

He could feel her hands exploring him as they never had before, sensed the sultry passion the dripped from her every word. Something dangerous, that had been simmering ever since she'd shown up, was about to boil over and consume them both. He needed to break away, to get away from her as fast as possible.

Only problem was, his body refused to respond, refused to break away from the wonderful sensation of her flimsily covered tits mashing into his chest, the smell of her sweat mingling with her floral scent. He saw no more reason to resist, since she was clearly offering herself to him. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

She broke away enough to look into his eyes, and he couldn't see an inkling of doubt or hesitation, only lust-fueled determination. "I am. I don't know the details of what happened with you and Ingrid, but I know it hurt you, and I can't stand to see my baby in pain," she cooed, rubbing her leg against his, feeling his steely staff pressing into her stomach. Damn, it feels like a monster, she thought, wondering if she'd be able to take it all.

"And if it helps, I need this as badly as you obviously do," she pressed, continuing to rub his cock against her abdomen. "So don't think of me as your mom, just think of me as a horny, eager woman presenting herself willingly to use as you please, and fuck the hell out of me, you big beautiful bear!"

And with those words the last of Bayar's resistance crumbled as he practically slammed his face down against hers, mashing his lips against hers as his tongue invaded her mouth before she even knew what was happening, even as she felt a thrill of triumph rushing through her at his sudden enthusiasm. She tried to bring her tongue up to meet his so that they might dance together, but his was so large, so forceful, that all she could do was let it explore her oral cavity, deriving pleasure from that and from the strong pressure on her tits.

She'd just closed her eyes to enjoy these sensations when, all of a sudden, she felt Bayar's tongue leave her mouth, his hands slipping away from her tits. For a moment she feared he'd changed his mind, that he could no longer stomach the thought of having sex with his mother.

But she needn't have feared, for faster than she could open her eyes she felt herself being flipped around by strong hands and shoved rather urgently against the back wall of the cave, her palms slapping against its cool wet surface as she stabilized herself. It was very dark back here, having to rely on her senses of touch and hearing to know what was happening. Behind her, she felt Bayar's hands on her waist, fingernails digging into her flesh as he pulled her midsection out from the wall and spread her legs, guttural growls emanating from his throat as he did so.

Damn, this really is going to be like being fucked by a bear, she thought, quivering with anticipation as she allowed him to position her as he pleased, wondering what lay ahead, although there was no sense in thinking about that now. After all, she'd wanted this, practically begged for it, and now she was going to enjoy it.

She heard a slight rustling behind her, knowing that he must be loosening his trousers. "Yeah, baby," she urged, wiggling her hips to further entice him. "Give me that big, fat cock!"

Bayar's only reply was to press his chiseled, sweating chest into her back, his hard nipples pressing into her soft skin, which she very much liked, although what came next she liked even more.

That's when she felt something rubbing between her ass cheeks, something long and hard and stiff, wrapped in a hot, fleshy coating. Holy shit, that's his cock! She realized as a jolt rushed through her, and from the feel of it the thing was

monstrous, far bigger than any she'd ever had before, unsure if she could even take it all. But who cares? Her sex-fogged brain was telling her. She had to have that cock in her, to know what it felt like, that was all that mattered.

She groaned as the gargantuan cock slid down her crack towards her waiting pussy, and even though she couldn't see it, she could feel the lips were engorged far beyond what they'd ever been before, drenched in juices to welcome her eldest son's cock home.

A small moan escaped her lips when she at last felt the massive, bulbous head brushing up against her well-moistened entrance, tickling her pubic hairs as it brushed along her nether lips, his hands kneading her ass as he gripped it, steadying himself. At first she thought he might be trying to tease her, or maybe was having doubts about going through with it, but all such thoughts exploded in a great, violent burst when she felt him push up into her canal with a sudden, jerking thrust, slipping into her as easily as a hand into a greased glove.

"Nngh!" she cried out as her back arched at the massive, imposing presence that had just entered into her private depths. Not only was it long, filling her up more than she'd ever been before, but its girth was a bit daunting to her as well, feeling the walls of her pussy expanding in a desperate bid to accommodate it. Fuck, she thought as she squirmed a bit, trying to get more comfortable, was that a cock, or an overgrown cucumber between his legs?

She hadn't expected him to put it all in at once, but maybe he was just caught off guard at how wet she was, as many of her former lovers had been. But it was done, and it was in, and she was reveling in the fact of finally having her son's cock in her pussy. Ivy was right, this is amazing, she thought to herself, almost cumming at the sheer sensory overload of that extraordinary fact. Sure, it may be a lot bigger than what she was used to dealing with, but it wasn't anything she couldn't handle.

At least, that is, until she found out that Bayar had more to contribute to the experience, much more.

Just when she thought she'd finally adjusted to the gargantuan cock in her, she felt a sliding movement between her legs, feeling his throbbing rod sliding up even further into her already overstuffed pussy. "Wait, there's more?" she squealed out, her voice tinged slightly with alarm. "Oh dear, I think I may have I bit off

more than I can chew, or fuck, as the case may be! Bayar, baby, where did you get such a huge fucking cock? Did a wizard exchange yours with an ogre's?!"

But her son didn't hear her, since there was one crucial piece of information Goldilocks didn't yet possess about her son (well, besides his huge cock). You see, when Bayar enters into, well, what we shall call here a sexual state of mind, the primal, pleasure-centered part of his psyche kicks his higher brain functions into a dark corner closet and locks them there until said pleasure is realized.

Couple that with his vivid nighttime imaginings, and that he hadn't been with a real woman in a long while, well, as you can imagine, the effect was even more pronounced. So, in summation, she had become in his eyes what she'd asked him to see her as - just a hot, sexy woman yearning to be fucked, her words nothing more than eager grunts to his ears as he pushed into her even further, continuing his quest to fill her completely with his cock as she had asked, to fuck her until they both came hard.

However, even in this frenzied condition, he retained a modicum of sensitivity, just enough to bear in mind that he had an above average cock that most women weren't used to, which was why despite his fervor to have just plunged it all the way in and be done with it, he'd just slipped it in halfway, and was now working the rest of it into this wonderful, willing pussy.

"Oh dear, oh my, oh holy fucking shit!" Goldilocks shouted when the almost mythical tool working its way into her finally stopped, knowing that it was at last the end by the feel of his pubic hairs tickling against her ass. But that did little to change the sensations currently wracking her body, for it felt all the world like this remarkable cock, besides cramming her pussy beyond any resemblance of its reasonable capacity, had pushed beyond her overworked canal and invaded her belly. It wasn't painful, far from it, but it was beyond anything she'd ever felt before, wondering what it'd feel like once Bayar actually began fucking her.

She didn't have to wait long to find out, for barely after he'd bottomed out she felt his cock slowly began to retreat out of her with a wet shlicking sound until he was about halfway out of her, before ramming back into her so hard his balls, which seemed larger that walnuts, slapped against her skin. Soon, he became quite settled into this steady, unwavering, and quite vigorous pattern of fucking.

You know, this isn't half bad, she thought to herself as her body adapted itself to this new but interesting experience, the walls of her pussy now gripping gently at his giant cock instead of simply attempting to make room for it. It wasn't her cup of tea, to be sure, but it was still an intensely erotic experience, and she expressed her growing enjoyment through satisfied grunts and moans that echoed off the walls of the cave and mingled with Bayar's, since he didn't seem very keen on talking during sex. A pity, because dirty talk was one part of the sexual process she thoroughly enjoyed.

As for Bayar, he was in heaven, his odd dreams finding fulfillment in this surreal, sensuous moment. He supposed he'd always had some sort of pent-up feelings for his mother, only now realizing how many of his girlfriends had resembled her. Especially sweet, lovely, and Ingrid, and how many times he'd idly thought of his mom while fucking her, what it'd be like to actually be with the still-sexy woman who'd bore him.

Wait, he thought confusedly, is it Ingrid who I'm fucking now, or is it mom? The heat and haze of sex made everything foggy, so he just focused on the fabulous feeling of his cock squishing around in this warm, wet pussy.

Slowly his hands moved away from her ass, moving up her back to her shoulders, seizing hold of her golden braids and wrapping his hands around them as he yanked on them, using them like reins on a horse to pull her even tighter against him as he slammed into her like a wild stallion taking a mare out on the open plains, forcing high-pitched shrieks and yelps of delight from her throat.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" she grunted out in rapid succession as he continued to plough her pussy with a thoroughness hitherto unknown to her, the tugging on her hair forcing her gaze upward. Not that it mattered where she looked, for all she could see anywhere was bright stars. Goldie had no idea how long this went on for, only knowing that she loved the sensation of her son's cock inside her, no matter how rough and gargantuan it may be.

After some time like this, Bayar settled on a new approach to his fucking. Adjusting his hold so that he now gripped both her braids in one hand, he used the other to push down the straps that held her bodice in place, allowing her tits to spill free from the fabric.

Such marvelous tits, he thought to himself as he pawed greedily at them. He had a sudden, strong desire to suckle them, although it was not strong enough to compel him to break away from pounding her cunt even for a second. Therefore, he merely contented himself with fondling them mercilessly from his current position.

Goldilocks let out an especially loud moan as he began working her mounds, and put together with the ever-increasing happiness she was receiving from his energetic, if rote, pounding, she felt the beginnings of a climax beginning to well inside her quite nicely, feeling it grow and grow until she felt herself on the edge of something big. However, even though she reached for it, she just couldn't quite get there, even with her son's efforts.

So, taking a hand off the wall, she snaked it down between her legs to her clit, which, though swollen and practically begging for attention, had been ignored until now. Well, time to fix that, she thought, beginning to diddle it with some enthusiasm, all the while picturing her situation - here she was, out here in the wilderness, pressed up against a rock as her son (Her son! She still couldn't quite believe it!) fucked her hard with his colossal cock, her pleasure growing as her body hummed with the thrill of it all.

"I'm going to...OH MY!" Was all she managed to say before her frigging pushed her over the edge into a powerful orgasm, stronger than she'd felt in years that rattled her body and tore screams of pleasure from her mouth, and if it wasn't for Bayar's strong hands, she would've collapsed to the floor of the cave.

"Where...do you want it?" she heard a hoarse, gruff voice ask as she came back down, her addled head taking a moment to figure out who it belonged to and what it meant. Bayar, Bayar is cumming, she finally managed to piece together. For a moment she about ordered him to cum in her pussy, wanting to feel what a massive cock erupting inside her would feel like. But then something inside her countermanded this yearning, whispering it wasn't the right time.

"My mouth," she murmured in a dreamy voice though her subsiding rapture, "cum in my mouth!"

She felt him release her. She swiveled around quickly, dropping to her knees, something of a relief after her peak. Her searching fingers found and wrapped around his cock, an easy task even in the dark. Fuck, it feels even bigger like this,

she thought in awe as the fingers of her small hands wrapped around it, barely touching as she slid them up and down the shaft, still slick with her pussy fluids. "Give it to me, my sweet darling!" She cooed in encouragement, brushing his glans against her lips, "give me all that yummy cream!"

And with those words, Bayar yielded to his own climax as with a grunt his body stiffened. Goldilocks quickly inserted the plum-sized tip into her mouth, feeling hot splashes of sticky fluid begin to impact against her tongue and the back of her mouth with great force, believing these first blasts to be heralds of a greater deluge that would flood her mouth with its sticky goodness.

Such an outpouring would leave enough to trickle out the corners of her mouth and onto her tits, and maybe even trigger another climax, she mused with eager anticipation. But to her slight disappointment, what followed was barely more than what a standard cock would release. She then reminded herself that cum was cum, made even more exquisite by whose cock it was coming from as she let the salty essence slide along her tongue before swallowing it greedily.

And immediately regretted her initial assessment. She didn't know if it was because he was her son or because of his fruit and honey-rich diet, but sweetness mingled with the saline flavor, producing a flavor more intoxicating than any she'd ever sampled before. This must be what ambrosia tastes like, she thought as she greedily suckled his seed out of his staff as quickly as it would yield it, feeling the salty sweet deliciousness slide down her throat towards her stomach.

Soon the shots subsided, the amount Goldilocks could coax out diminishing. Determined as always to have every last drop, she slid her lips more solidly around the flailing member, which in its current state fit into her mouth easily, and began to hoover the remaining globules of his seed from the tip, draining him dry.

"Fuck, that feels so damn good," Bayar said above her, stroking at her braids as she continued to suckle vigorously. "You really know how to suck a cock, Ingrid."

Very few things could ruin the post-coital magical mood Goldilocks was feeling at the moment, but hearing Bayar mutter another woman's name as she was sucking him was definitely at the top of the list. "What?" she asked as his member fell from her mouth with a plop, unable to believe that after what she'd just done for him, that he'd dare utter another woman's name. Unless…and then the truth hit her like

a falling tree. So that's why he'd taken her in the darkest part of the cave, why he'd taken her from behind...

She heard him swear under his breath as he realized his mistake. "Mom, I'm sorry," he said as she listened to him fidget in place, fearing her reaction. As well he might, were he any other man, and this any other situation.

"It's okay, sweetie," she said calmly ass she stood up and took his hand, smiling even though he probably couldn't see it. "I understand you didn't mean that as any form of insult to me. It's because you're still in love with Ingrid, right?"

"I...uhhh..."

"Yeah, I thought so," she said, a hint of resignation in her voice as she used her free hand to lift the straps of her bodice back over her shoulders, knowing that the fun was over for now. She knew Bayar had the fortitude to press on for hours, could practically feel his energy, but she would not be the one to benefit from it. "Come on, let's head back out, and have a little lunch while we talk."

Going out was a little trickier than going in, mainly because of the soreness between her legs, wondering if her pussy would ever be the same after the fucking Bayar had given it. But she shoved such thoughts away for the time being, soon reaching the spot where she'd first encountered her son, laying out a blanket under the Weeping Willow and laying out a bit of the food she'd brought with her, these particular items some of Bayar's favorites.

For a while they just ate in silence, both of them processing what had just happened between them, until Bayar broke the quiet with a bit of humor. "Sorry mom," he said sheepishly after swallowing a bite of cheese, "I guess I ended up ruining your outfit after all."

She looked down at her rumbled outfit, the bodice drenched in sweat and semen, the hem flecked with pussy cream, and covered all over with bits of moss and lichen from the cave. The sight, rather than upsetting her, caused her to laugh merrily. "Well, at least it died for a good cause," she noted, flicking away a piece of lichen before looking back at him lovingly. "It gave me a memory I'll always treasure."

"Me too," he agreed, returning her look.

"But," she added, flicking back one of her braids, "You have to know, sweetie, if I had known how you still felt about Ingrid..."

He silenced her with a wave of his hand. "Don't feel bad about something I didn't even realize myself, until now. But what's happened today, it's helped me put things in perspective. You see," he explained, scratching the back of his head, "I guess I've always had something of a crush on you, making me do things over the years that I'm not exactly proud of."

"Like stealing my panties?" she asked coyly, seeking to test Jack's theory.

Bayar flushed as red as the cherry pie he'd just eaten. "Yeah, but it wasn't just me. Anyway, that's not the point," he continued. "In any case, I thought those feelings had gone when I started dating, but after that bitter breakup with Ingrid I guess they all came flooding back. And then, today happened," he continued, perking up. "That was amazing, mom, I now see why you and dad went at it so hard and heavy all the time."

This time, it was Goldilocks' turn to blush. "Yeah, I guess we weren't exactly quiet, were we?"

"So...." He said after a moment of silence, "what happens now?"

"That depends," she replied. "You still have feelings for Ingrid, don't you?"

He nodded. "I think so, but I'm also curious about where this thing with us might lead. I mean, damn mom, that was the hottest sex I ever had!"

"It was great for me too, sweetie," she said, meaning it, for even though the peak she'd reached hadn't been the volcanic eruption she'd been hoping for, it was still far better than anything she'd had in the past few years. Ivy had been right, sex with family was amazing. And she was relieved to find that she didn't feel any of the guilt that a small part of her had feared she would afterward, and more importantly Bayar apparently didn't either. If anything, she felt even closer to her

son now than ever before. "But before we talk about us, I think we need to talk about Ingrid. You guys were tighter than I thought, weren't you?"

Another nod. "I'd actually been considering asking her to marry me, when she said she wanted to split."

Now that was a bigger piece of news than Goldie was expecting, having had no idea things had reached that point. But fortunately, she was able to hide her astonishment before speaking. "Tell me, why did you guys break up?" she asked as she reflected on the experience in the cave, already guessing the answer.

He shrugged, scratching at his hair. "I dunno, she said something about me being insensitive, especially in bed. I mean, where did that come from?"

Goldilocks nodded, trying to figure out the best way to phrase her reply. "Look, sweetie," she said, reaching out and taking his hand again. "When I said I loved our time together, I meant it. It means so much to me that you think I'm still hot enough to bang as thoroughly as you did.

"But," she said, holding up a finger before he could speak. "There are a few areas you might want to work on. For example, do you know what foreplay is?"

"Of course I do," he said, sounded a bit offended. "It's where you kiss a girl before you fuck her. I did that, remember?"

It took all the restraint Goldilocks had not to laugh, remembering all the times as a child he'd given the wrong answer to a question, but brazenly confident he was right. "It's a bit more than a single kiss, sweetie," she began, before going on to explain the concept in greater detail. "Wow, that sounds amazing," he said. "I gotta try all that, especially that oral thing that you said women like. Can I practice on you?" he asked, smacking his lips.

"Maybe later," she said quickly. Not that she didn't like a good eating out, it ranked high on her list of preferred sexual activities. But after his furious, overeager onslaught from earlier, she wasn't sure her recovering pussy could handle Bayar's version of cunnilingus. Which brought her to her next topic. "Next, I think we need to talk about your…enthusiasm level."

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking a little deflated, so she decided to boost him a bit.

"To begin with, my dear boy, you are extremely well-endowed. You have a fabulously huge cock," she explained when she saw his blank expression. "That many women would kill to have. But some, like me, might not be as able to, shall we say, accommodate it as well others, and may need some time to adjust before you gift us with your full presence. And remember, no matter how big your cock is, never ignore a woman's clit or other sensitive areas during sex."

He hung his head. "I'm sorry mom, I fucked up, didn't I? I guess I was still used to Ingrid, who could take it all and beg for more. I didn't hurt you, did I?" he asked, looking back to her with sad, puppy dog eyes. For as big as he was physically, his heart was even larger.

Wow, Ingrid must have the biggest, toughest pussy in the land, Goldilocks thought with more than a little awe as she patted the back of his hand. "Of course not, sweetie," she said soothingly. "I may walk funny for a while, but I'll be fine. Besides, it was partly my fault anyway, what with walking into this situation without knowing all the details about Ingrid, and getting you so worked up when I knew you'd been starved for company.

"As I said, overall the experience was terrific," she continued. "Just go a little slower, be a bit more attentive to your partner's needs, and you'll be on your way to being a wonderful lover. Oh, and a little dirty talk thrown in with the grunting wouldn't hurt either," she tacked on, and they both chuckled.

"Thanks mom," he said, gifting her with a wan smile. "I think that's the gist of what Ingrid was trying to tell me, but I was too pig-headed to listen. Too bad it's too late now."

"But it's not," Goldilocks protested. "Last I heard Ingrid was still available, and I'd be willing to bet she's been as confused and frustrated as you are. In fact, if you went to her right now and talked things out with her openly and honestly, I'm sure she'd take you back."

He really perked up at that. "Really? You think so?"

"Call it woman's intuition, but I do. Now go to her, right this moment."

"But what about Torben and Art?" he asked as he stood up, "I don't feel right abandoning them in the middle of the workday."

"Don't worry, I'll explain things when I see them," she promised him as she stood herself.

He gave me a funny look. "When you say you're gonna see them, do you mean in the way that you and I just saw each other?"

"That's between me and them, just like what happened here stays between you and me," she said with a wink. "Unless you decide otherwise, no one else needs to know the precise details of what happened here."

"Of course," he said, looking a little embarrassed for asking before giving her a hug, making sure to keep his hands off any sensitive areas. She did likewise. "Thanks, mom, for everything," he said as they broke apart. "I love you."

"I love you too, more than ever," she replied, giving his cheek a motherly peck. "Now go on, don't keep Ingrid waiting. Oh, and one more thing," she called out to him as he headed up the forest trail, him turning back to her. "If you do get back together with Ingrid, for the love of all that's sacred, don't call out my name when you're fucking her!"

"That's not a mistake a man makes twice!" He called back to her, waving and laughing before he vanished from sight.

When she was sure she was alone, Goldilocks let out a long wistful sigh. In a way she was disappointed that things hadn't worked out with Bayar, given his eagerness to be with her and real potential to become an excellent lover. But in another way she was relieved that Bayar was now on his way to Ingrid, that he had chosen apparently chosen his former girlfriend over her.

For despite the intensity of their coupling, and her firm belief that he would take her advice seriously, it just wouldn't work out in the long run. For between his

gimongous dick and overeager, somewhat dominating approach to sex, she just didn't think they'd ever be compatible. In other words, his style was too hard, his cock too big, his passion just too hot for her to handle on a regular basis, a thing she hadn't believed possible until now.

Not only that, but there was a niggling in her heart that whispered that while she loved him fiercely and had a great time, Bayar wasn't and never would be the 'just right' one for her. Ingrid was the one for him, she was now sure of that, and now that he'd gotten all of the lingering desire he may have had for his mom out of his system, Goldie knew they'd be very happy together. The thought pleased Goldilocks immensely, as well as the knowledge that she'd played a part in bringing them back together.

And speaking of happy, there was another important thing she'd learned from her time with Bayar, she considered wickedly as she slipped out of her sullied clothes, kicked off her boots and waded into the basin, feeling the chill waters both cleanse and charge her for what lay ahead. And that was she adored incest, unable to believe she'd gone this long without trying it, that she'd never be satisfied with another cock unless it had her own blood flowing through it. After all, she still had two sons left, surely one of them would turn out to be her 'just right'.

In any case, she thought as she traced her index finger around her bobbing breasts, it's going to be a whole lot of fun finding out!

To be continued…