



Home for the Holidays

A son risks a blizzard to return to his mommy

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He was six hours into a three hour trip when he hit the snowbank.

Peter cursed and slammed his hands ineffectually against the steering wheel. He looked out the windshield into the sea of white outside the car. Several feet of snow on the ground, with more inches piling up by the minute, as the blizzard howled through the western half of the state. He had hoped to be home before the worst of it hit, but the weather did not cooperate with his plans.

The drive had been slow going since the midway point. Too late to turn back, Peter had decided. He had soldiered on, into the wind and snow and darkness. It wasn't too long before he was the only car on the road, his only companions the occasional plow that loomed out of the night and rumbled past him on the uneven road, sending waves of snow and grit onto his ten year old Subaru.

Peter assessed the situation. He checked his phone for the twelfth time, unsurprised to see the "no signal" message. He hadn't been able to get anything for hours now. He also hadn't seen a plow or emergency vehicle for a while, and this far from the highway, he didn't expect to see one any time soon. The municipal road workers would be waiting for the storm to subside before they started digging out the town.

Peter guessed he was four, maybe five miles from his mother's house. If he could dig out the car, he should be able to make it. With a sigh, he pulled on his gloves and wedged the door open. Peter stumbled out into the snow, slipping immediately and crashing onto his face, covering himself from head to toe in the white stuff. He wiped snow off his beard as he lurched upright. It's pretty fucking cold out, he decided.

Using his arms as shovels, he swept snow away from the wheel wells and the front and back of the car. He climbed back into the driver's seat, shivering and coated in snow, and tried to back up. The wheels spun. Peter swore again.

Clambering through the snow once more, he popped the trunk and dug through his camping gear to find a flashlight. With that, he examined the ground around the car. There was ice under the wheels, under the two feet of snow all around him. He had no traction. And wedged against the snowbank like he was, he had no leverage or power to pull himself out, either.

If there were someone else here with him to give it some gas while he pushed, he might be able to get out of this. But he probably wouldn't have made the attempt if he had someone else to drive with in the first place. On his own, he was just dumb enough to take the risk. Peter shook his head. He threw the flashlight into the trunk and was just about the

slam it closed when he saw his snowshoes peeking out from under a dufflebag.

Five miles - tops, he thought.

Ten minutes later, Peter had his mother's Christmas presents and a few other necessities shoved into a backpack, his snowshoes strapped to his boots, flashlight in hand, and he was hiking across the snowy landscape, heading home.

The world turned white. The wind was brutal, knifing through several layers of clothing and straight into his bones. Moving helped, keeping his muscles and breath warmed, but if he got himself too worked up, he was easily in danger of having the sweat freeze on his body. Peter had to move quickly but economically. Thank God for the snowshoes in his trunk, and thank God for a stepfather who loved to hunt in winter. Although he was less inclined towards charitable thoughts in his stepfather's direction of late, he had to admit, the man had given Peter the training necessary to salvage this misbegotten trip.

But before long his thighs were numb and his legs felt like lead weights. Peter put his head down and focused on putting one foot in front of the other. He leaned into the wind. He punched his thighs with gloved hands, trying to keep the circulation going, and kept having to readjust the

hood of his parka which was continually being swept off his head by the howling wind.

Telephone poles kept him oriented on the road, and with the flashlight he was able to check street signs whenever he found one, which was not often. Damn his stepfather for buying a house in the middle of nowhere, and damn his mother for keeping that house in the divorce.

Holding the flashlight became tricky, because his fingers were becoming numb lumps too. There was ice forming on his beard, even under his muffler. Why did he have to go to his stepfather's place for Thanksgiving? If he had spent Thanksgiving with his mom, he wouldn't have to see her for Christmas.

That was stupid, Peter mentally admonished himself. Christmas was his mother's favorite holiday. This was her first Christmas alone, and he hadn't been home to see her in months. Spending Thanksgiving with Greg and his girlfriend had been rough on his mom, he knew. He wanted to be there for her for Christmas. Which is why he was dumb enough to force the drive and put himself in this situation in the first place. He couldn't blame her. It was his own damn fault.

He started to see lights through the trees and snow. Houses, lit up for the holidays. Warm and cozy places, away from the snow and wind. Peter briefly thought about slogging up to some stranger's front door and begging to spend the night. But he steeled himself. He thought of his Russian ancestors, and forced himself to keep going. He could do this. He had made it this far. He just needed to make it a little bit further. He was probably more than a little mad at that point.

Peter wanted to check his phone, but he was afraid that if he let go of the flashlight, he would lose it. Also that his fingers wouldn't be able to find the phone in his parka pocket or be able to make it work if they did. It felt like he had been walking for an hour, and he wanted to check the time. I should have asked for a watch for Christmas, he thought inanely.

And then the flashlight fell upon the familiar mailbox, with the polar bear wearing reindeer antlers that his mother always hung on it at this time of year. It was nearly buried in the snow, just the hump of the bear's back and antlers visible, but he knew it at a glance. With a sound that was half sigh and half sob, Peter made his body turn up the long drive towards the house.

It stood back a half mile from the road, at the end of a winding drive. He could just make out the house itself through the dark spires of trees caked with snow. The lights

were a beacon, warm and inviting. The first floor was lit up, but there were candles in the second floor windows, and a string of colorful lights along the top of the porch.

It took Peter ten excruciating minutes to navigate his way up the driveway, across the yard and up onto the porch. His arms were leaden, his legs half-frozen. He couldn't dig his keys out or even press the doorbell. He hammered his fists against the door instead.

Almost instantly the big red door, decorated with a wreath and holly, swung open. Light spilled out onto the porch, almost blinding Peter, but he saw his mother framed within it. His relief was a palpable thing. He lurched backward so she could open the glass outer door.

"So sorry Peter, I didn't hear the car," she was saying, but when she got a good look at him and noticed the snowshoes she fairly screeched at him.

"What are you thinking? Is this how I raised you?" Other motherly invectives were laid upon him, but she had also reached out to grab him immediately and pull him bodily into the house. Snow and ice fell from Peter onto the floor of the foyer. His snowshoes scraped against the floor.

His mother slammed the door against the cold and paused, taking a deep breath as she looked at her son. Her dark eyes widened as she examined him. Then she went to work. She bent down and disengaged his snowshoes first. Then she pushed him backwards, deeper into the house, and began to pulling off his backpack, coat, and shoes. Peter let her guide him. His brain was fogged and his body was numb and he was shivering.

The ice on his beard was beginning to melt, but it was thick and clumped along his cheeks and chin. He could barely form words. "Merry Christmas," he tried to say, but it came out as a shivering mumble. His teeth wouldn't stop clicking together.

"My God, Peter," Tanya said, shaking her head, her long brown hair pulled back from her pale, pretty face into a ponytail. "I've been calling you for hours. Your phone kept going to voicemail. I was worried sick. I kept hoping you went to ground somewhere to wait out the storm."

"Had to come," Peter said, or tried to say. It was hard to form words.

His mother's features crumpled, as if she might cry. She put a hand against his cheek, and the touch of her skin was so warm he groaned in appreciation. "You're freezing," she

said. "We need to get you warm." She grabbed his hand and led him, shuffling, up the stairs to the darkened second floor.

Peter let himself be pulled into the bathroom and almost flinched when his mother flicked on the light. She scurried over to the shower and turned it on. Testing the water, she muttered that it was too hot and adjusted it. Whirling around, she grabbed Peter again and guided him further into the bathroom.

She tugged at his sweater and managed with some difficulty to pull it off. Next came his Oxford shirt, button by button, and the ribbed tank-top beneath. His nearly hairless chest, smoothly muscled from long hours on the swim team, was covered in red and yellow blotches. Tanya shivered herself, but in fear.

She wrestled with his belt and the clasp of his jeans and then managed to wrench them down his legs. Peter almost fell over, his muscles were so stiff. The flesh of his thighs were pale and splotchy, cold as ice. Tanya fairly ripped the thick woolen socks from his feet, desperate to make sure he didn't have any black toes.

Satisfied, she stood up, steadied her nearly naked son, clad only in a pair of flannel boxers, and realized he was too dazed and shivering to step into the shower on his own.

Tanya didn't hesitate. She kicked off her slippers, already soaked through themselves by the snow that had cascaded off of Peter on entry to the house. She pulled off her red sweater and shimmied her khakis to the floor. Clad only in bra and panties, she wrapped her warm body around his frigid one from behind and guided him into the shower and under the warm spray of water.

Peter groaned as the water hit him. Hot needles erupted across every inch of his body. He locked up, but Tanya steadied him. She could feel her own warmth being leeched away, sucked up by him, and held him tighter.

Slowly, Peter began to come back to himself. The pain helped to wake him up from the frost induced brain cloud. The warm softness of his mother against his back also seemed to focus him sharply on the present.

"Peter?" her voice seemed far away, even though it was just over his shoulder. "Are you okay?"

He groaned. He tried to form words, but they weren't really coming.

Her arms, wrapped around his midsection, tightened, and he felt her full breasts pressing against his back. "Your back is warmer," she said, "but it feels like even with the water, your chest is still cold."

She tugged at him. "Turn around."

Peter grunted.

"Skin to skin, it's the best way," Tanya said. She managed to maneuver him around in the narrow confines of the shower. The warm spray now striking his back, he dumbly opened his arms and embraced his mother. She pulled him close, chest to chest, thighs to thighs, belly to belly. The bulk of Peter's body largely protected her from the water, but she was getting a bit of the spray. She hoped her clothes wouldn't be ruined, but it could hardly be helped.

Gently, Tanya began to move her hands along Peter's broad shoulders. Squeezing and rubbing, she massaged his frozen skin and muscles, urging warmth and life into them. She worked her way down his muscular arms, unable to keep from admiring the definition he had built up over the last ten years on various swim teams.

She rubbed his sides and kneaded his abdomen. She bent down on one knee to run her hands up and down his raw

thighs and then his calves. His boxers were soaked and clinging to him. But at least they were warm.

Tanya stood up and embraced Peter again. He was still shivering, but less violently now. Her warm brown eyes looked into his, the same shade, and saw recognition and growing awareness there.

"Are you okay?" she asked again. She reached up to cup his bearded chin.

He blinked, focusing on her. "Mom?"

"Yes, Bun-Bun," she said, smiling, feeling sudden tears at the edges of her eyes.

Peter rolled his eyes. When he was two years old he used to hop around the living room. His mother started calling him Bunny, gradually shortened to Bun or Bun-Bun. At least she never called him that in public. He looked down between them, seeming to notice for the first time his mother's large, bra clad breasts pressed hard against his chest. The long dark line of cleavage drew his eyes like a magnet. Unbidden, Peter felt a shifting between his legs. His penis, which he thought had been sucked back up into his abdomen from the cold, began to unfurl and expand. It didn't seem to care that the warm, plush, wet female body against him was his mother.

A pink blush spread across her chest. It took Peter's frost-fuddled brain a long moment to realize she hadn't noticed his growing erection yet, just the way he was staring at her breasts.

"You scared me, Peter," Tanya admonished. He forced himself to meet her gaze.

His mother was a tall woman, only a few inches shorter than his own six foot frame. She was also extraordinarily beautiful, something which had alternately frustrated and excited Peter, and had always made him proud. Now it was complicating things. He had never been this close to his mother before, or at the very least this close and this naked. Because of her bust, her swimwear tended towards the conservative, and she never showed this much flesh if it could be helped.

"Sorry Mom," Peter forced himself to say through chattering lips and teeth. He tried to smile. "Merry Christmas."

She hugged him tighter, which just emphasized the size and softness of her bosom. The wiring of the bra was almost painful as it pressed into his skin, but he barely noticed. Peter found his hands at the small of her back and resisted the urge to slide lower.

"I think you're ready to raise the temperature." Tanya shifted in Peter's arms, and for a moment, he wasn't sure he heard her correctly. Then he felt her reach around him and adjust the shower knob. The water went from warm to hot very quickly, almost uncomfortably so. Peter felt the needles come back.

Peter leaned his head back into the spray and felt the hot water soak into his short hair and slide down his back. As he did, though, his boxers shifted and his thickening prick started to peek out of the flap. Before he could say anything, his mother straightened, wrapping her arms around him again. His hardening prick was nudged upward, trapped between her belly and his.

Her eyes widened and the pink blush expanded to her cheeks.

"Sorry," Peter said meekly. He should have been wilting under shame and embarrassment, but instead the warm bare skin of his mother's smooth belly against the bare skin of his hardening dick served only to stiffen him more.

"It's okay," Tanya stammered. "Almost flattering, actually." Her own body was responding to her son's accidental arousal. She felt a fluttering in her stomach and a heat

between her legs that was anything but maternal. The last time she had been this close to solid maleness was five years, three months ago. Her ex-husband had grown emotionally and physically distant long before the divorce. And although there had been offers, Tanya hadn't felt comfortable getting back in "the game" just yet.

But here she was, in soaked bra and panties, clutching close to her the well-muscled frame of a twenty year old athlete. Her body didn't seem to care that the athlete's frame belonged to her son. Her nipples were hardening in the cups of her bra. A mix of shame and arousal threatened to add moisture between her legs that had nothing to do with the shower.

"You are the prettiest mom around," Peter said with a forced laugh. "It would be weird if this didn't happen, right?"

Tanya forced a chuckle of her own. She looked anywhere but in her son's face. "Sure," she said. On sudden impulse, she released his shoulders and reached between them. Her long slim fingers found the silky smoothness of her son's penis. She allowed herself a moment of appraisal, enjoying the solid feel of him and his apparent girth, just long enough for Peter's shock to settle into wonder, and then she deftly tucked him away behind the flap of his boxers once more.

As if emboldened by her touch, Peter heard himself ask, "What happened to 'skin to skin'?"

"I think someone is feeling much better," Tanya said. She gently disengaged herself from her son's embrace. "Finish your shower. Scrub up, get yourself toasty warm." She turned and stepped around the curtain, choosing to ignore the sharp intake of breath behind her as she did so.

Peter felt a lump in his throat as his mother pulled away. He had gone too far. He hoped he would be able to pass it off as momentary insanity, or a symptom of nearly freezing to death. But as she pulled away, he had a moment to admire her shapely form. The full bust, straining at the soaked bra and showing the hint of hardened nipples. The smooth belly and narrow waist, flaring out to wide hips atop long legs. And then she turned to step out of the shower, and he saw the plump roundness of her backside. He couldn't suppress a gasp of appreciation.

From the other side of the mostly opaque curtain, he heard his mother picking up discarded clothes. "Will you be hungry when you're done?"

At the mention of food, his stomach rumbled. He hadn't realized how hungry he was until she brought it up. "Yes," he said, raising his voice over the sound of the water.

"Okay, Bunny. I think I can find some carrots for you," she said in a teasing tone. The bathroom door opened and shut and Peter was alone.

He sagged against the wall. That was intense, he decided. Intense and inappropriate.

Still, after he removed his soaked boxers and tossed them onto the bathroom floor, he gripped his hard cock and felt astonishingly little guilt as he recalled the gossamer touch of his mother's fingers on his hardness. He pretended things had gone much, much further, and before long exploded against the wall.

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Tanya hurried to her room. She shivered herself. She normally kept the house relatively warm, requiring only a sweater to remain comfortable, but she was now padding barefoot down the hall in nothing more than a wet bra and panties.

Once safely in her room, she shut the door with a click and quickly pulled off her wet things. She stretched luxuriantly, almost but not quite embarrassed by the hardness of the big

dark pink nipples at the end of her pendulous breasts. Self-consciously she gave each nipple a little tweak between thumb and forefinger. She felt a corresponding twinge between her legs.

She found it difficult not to think about Peter's hardness, and how good it felt in her hand, however brief the touch had been. She shook her head. She was really far gone if her own son's penis was getting her hot and bothered. It had been a long time, but had it really been that long?

Tanya dragged fingers through her long damp locks and pulled the tie out of her hair. She grabbed a brush off her dresser and, still naked, furiously pulled at her hair. As if that would settle the warm flutter in her belly or the empty ache between her legs. As she brushed, she looked at herself in the mirror. She could barely recognize who she saw.

As a buxom, vivacious teenager she had gotten into "trouble," but that trouble ended up giving her Peter, so she had no regrets. Her older sister Tracy got married around the same time, and soon she had a son of her own. Peter and Andrew grew up together, almost as close as siblings.

She met Greg when Peter was three. He was ten years older, assured, and didn't seem to care that she had a child or that the father was not in the picture at all. They married quickly,

and for a time, it was bliss. Her body excited Greg, and Greg's experience and skill in bed excited her. Tanya was also reassured that Peter took to Greg as well, and the boys bonded over hiking and fishing and eventually hunting.

When Greg was promoted at work and relocated to the Midwest, Peter and Tanya followed with him. It was hard at first. Tracy had just lost her husband around the same time, and Tanya wanted to be there for her sister the way Tracy had been there for her. But she also had her own family to look after, and so she ended up here in the north end of nowhere, mistress of a drafty farmhouse. It was only after the move that things started to fall apart. Greg's wandering eye became apparent, as well as his taste for younger women. Apparently Tanya had aged out of his demographic.

Still, she tried gamely to make it work, and for a little while Greg met her halfway. Tanya wanted to wait until Peter graduated college for the divorce, but Greg didn't share her patience. A year ago he had served papers and moved out, shacking up with a blonde that was only a little older than Peter.

The only silver lining was that Peter still managed to maintain a relationship with his dad. He had spent Thanksgiving with Greg and Greg's girlfriend, and although that had been tough for Tanya, she took it in stride. A boy

should have a father. That was the primary reason she married Greg in the first place. She had never really loved him, or his betrayal would have stung more.

Still, her confidence in her physical charms had been shaken. She looked into the mirror, seeing a 37 year old mother of a 20 year old athlete, wondering where all the time had gone. Where all the weight had come from. She worked out and watched what she ate, but the march of time just could not be halted. Her big breasts, source of back pain and other discomforts, had bewitched men for decades, but now they sagged on her chest. Her once thin belly pooched out over every pair of panties she wore. The less said about her enormous ass the better. She threaded a few fingers through her copious bush. No gray hairs yet at least, but she definitely looked like a middle-aged cow whose best years were long behind her.

Strange to think that Peter's unconscious erection had given her a slight boost, to think that anyone would find her attractive. That it was the last man on earth who should find her physically attractive was a big part of that initial heady feeling. She cupped her breasts, the nipples still hard, albeit more from the chill in the air than any sense of arousal. That had died during her self-examination.

With a sigh, Tanya pulled on a change of clothes, starting with a utilitarian bra and panty set, a pair of jeans, a white t-

shirt, and a different red sweater. Then she went to the kitchen to make Peter something to eat.

She passed the bathroom on the way, pleased to hear the water still running. She hoped he felt better. He was a sweet boy to rush home for the holidays. A sweet, stupid boy, to risk so much just to be here with her. Smiling to herself, feeling suddenly a little silly for no particular reason, she hummed a Christmas carol as she capered down the stairs.

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Clad in blue sweatpants adorned with his high school team logo and a thermal top, Peter entered the kitchen carefully. He wasn't sure what kind of mood his mother might be in, but he needn't have worried. She was humming to herself at the stove and her full lips formed one of her huge smiles for him when he stepped into the room.

"How are you doing, Bunny?"

"Better," Peter said. "I still feel cold, but not as bad as before." He paused, eyeing the big pot on the stove. "Is that chicken soup?"

She laughed. "I had some leftover chicken in the fridge, and the rest of the ingredients are usually close to hand. I figured you would need some of momma's home cooking after your ordeal."

"Don't make it so dramatic, Mom," Peter said with a laugh. "I just hiked five miles through a blizzard in order to be home for Christmas on time. Y'know, no big deal."

She smiled again, eyes bright. "And don't think that I don't appreciate it. Now, the soup is almost ready. But before you sit down, you should probably give the police department a call and let them know where your car is."

"Oh, yeah, probably." A sudden vision of a plow totaling his car appeared in his head. "Um, where's my phone?"

Tanya pointed with a long-handled spoon at the counter, and Peter hurried over to grab it. He had voicemail, he noticed, and looked up at his mother. "How many times did you call me?"

She looked away. "Only a dozen or so. I didn't leave a message each time."

Peter smiled. "Oh, I don't know. I might listen to them anyway. I like hearing your voice."

Tanya looked at him sharply, brow furrowed, but when she saw that he was sincere, her look softened. "Thank you. That's sweet of you."

Peter shrugged and called the police department. Five minutes later, he was sitting down to a big steaming bowl of his mother's homemade chicken soup. This delicacy had sustained him through several years of swim practices, and never failed to cheer him up or fill him up. He dug into it with gusto.

Tanya sat with him while he ate. Mostly just watching. "It's nice to be able to cook for someone besides myself," she said.

"Sorry about Thanksgiving," Peter said between slurps. "I thought I owed Greg a visit."

"No, I'm glad you went. You should spend time with your father."

"Stepfather."

"Peter..." Tanya began, a dangerous note in her voice.

"Anyway," he quickly interrupted, "the food was barely adequate. The turkey was dry, and nobody made pirozhkis."

"Is that so?" Tanya said. The tone said that she accepted his change of topic, but was not going to forget what necessitated it. "I suppose if you're a good boy, you might convince me to make some for you over the Christmas break. Which reminds me, how long are you here again?"

"I have to be back on campus by the 8th. We're flying down to Florida for winter practice that Friday night."

"Barely two weeks," Tanya said, unable to hide the frown.

Peter just dug into his soup. He felt bad, leaving his mom alone, but what could he do? His team needed him. His spoon scraped the bottom of the bowl. "Is there more?"

Tanya chuckled. "'Is there more?' There is plenty. Eat as much as you want." She stood up and filled his bowl, even though she normally would have sent him to get it himself. It was just so good to have him home, and she really enjoyed cooking for him. He so obviously appreciated her cooking, too.

Greg had always taken her culinary skill for granted. For him, it was just something women did. But Peter knew how much she enjoyed it, and when he was little he used to help her bake and make holiday dinners and the like. Eventually he grew out of it, but for a while there, he was having almost as much fun as she did shopping at the local Williams & Sonoma.

Peter admired his mother's shapely form while she stood at the stove, ladling soup into his bowl. The sweater was loose, hanging on her to de-emphasize her bosom and her narrow waist, but the jeans were pretty tight, and her ass looked amazing in them. He quickly looked away when she turned back with the full bowl. But the image stayed with him a good while.

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Tanya wouldn't let him clean up his dishes, instead escorting him into the living room. It was lit up with the tree and other decorations, with a liberal spread of presents beneath. Peter noticed a box next to the tree with "his" ornaments inside, presumably waiting for him to hang up.

"Jeez, Mom, you didn't have to wait for me," he said, gesturing at the box.

Tanya blinked, willing herself not to frown. "I just thought you would like to hang them yourself."

Well, this is the season, after all, Peter thought to himself. "Ok," he said out loud. "But I am a little bushed. Can it wait until tomorrow?"

Another one of those dazzling smiles lit Tanya's face. "Sure," she said. "That's a great idea, Bunny. Did you want to go to bed? It's selfish, I know, but now that you're home, I was kind of hoping we could stay up a little and talk." She faltered. "I've missed having you around, kid."

Peter leaned over and wrapped an arm around his mother. "I've missed you too, Mom." He liked the feel of her lush body against his, but he didn't dare go for the full hug so soon after the scene in the shower. "But honestly, I am wiped out. It's been a long day, and now my belly is full and I just want to hibernate."

"Of course," Tanya said, patting her son on the chest. Her hand lingered a moment longer than it should, and she pulled it away suddenly. "Go to bed. I'll make a big breakfast in the morning, and we can finish decorating the tree afterward. You can tell me about your semester then."

"Thanks, Mom." He went to kiss her on the cheek, but she shifted, and his lips settled on hers. They froze for a moment, looking into one another's eyes, and then Peter stepped back.

Tanya loosed a nervous laugh. "Good night, Bun-Bun. Sweet dreams."

"Good night, Mom. Love you." Peter turned to go.

Tanya watched him leave, admiring the breadth of his shoulders and the way the muscles in his backside worked beneath the fabric of his sweatpants. Shivering, but not from cold, she wrapped her arms around her body beneath her breasts.

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Peter settled into his familiar old room and climbed under the covers, his eyes heavy lidded and his limbs achey. He turned the light out and burrowed under the comforter.

He was exhausted. Thoroughly wiped, like he just swam a 400 meter medley in three minutes. But sleep eluded him.

Outside, the wind continued to howl. The blinds were pulled, but in his mind he could still see the snowflakes swirling around him, blinding him, clinging to his beard. He scratched his face, remembering the ice. Suddenly he felt cold despite being buried under layers of blankets.

He rolled over, frustrated and exhausted and uncomfortable. He just needed to fall asleep.

He heard his mother pass by in the hall, on the way to bed herself. Peter sat up and laid his head against the cool wall. He suppressed a shiver, hugging himself.

This is stupid, he thought. Beyond stupid. I'm twenty years old. I shouldn't need... He sighed. He listened closely, as his mother brushed her teeth and prepared for bed. She walked down the hall, and he heard her bedroom door close. He waited another ten minutes, then slid out of bed, wincing as his feet touched the floor.

He saw a light on under her door and knocked lightly. "Bunny?" she said.

Peter pushed the door open. She was sitting up in bed with a book, wearing green silk pajamas and her reading glasses. Her long brown hair was tied into a loose pile at the back of her head. "Mom," Peter said, "I can't sleep."

"Oh. I'm sorry, sweetie. Do you need some warm milk or something?"

Peter shook his head. "Would it be... would it be alright if I slept in here with you?" He coughed awkwardly and shifted on his feet. "I can't get warm, and I thought the shared body heat would, um..." He trailed off.

She wore a look of motherly concern when he finally dared to look up. "Of course, Peter." She patted the empty space beside her. With a self-conscious grin, Peter ambled into the room and slid under the covers beside her.

"Will it bother you if I have the light on to read?"

"Honestly, Mom, I'm not sure I will even notice."

"Ok." She reached over and ruffled his short hair. Then she leaned over to brush her lips against his forehead. He felt a stray curl of her hair against his brow. He saw her pajama top gape open a few inches, hinting at the cleavage hidden behind it, even as her heavy breasts shifted under the fabric. She sat back. "Good night, Peter. Love you."

"Love you too," Peter mumbled. He rolled over, sliding deeper under the covers, and slipped into oblivion.

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Tanya read for a little while, but when her own eyes started to droop and she realized she'd read the same sentence five times, she put the book on the nightstand, laid her glasses beside it, and was just about to turn off the light when her eyes fell on Peter lying beside her.

Her heart melted. He was such a good boy. She didn't know what she had done to deserve him, and she felt a sudden surge of love for him. He had forced his way home to be here, suffering some level of trauma to the point that he needed to sleep in mommy's bed for the first time in approximately sixteen years. He was so cute and precious, even now, fully grown into a gorgeous young man.

She couldn't resist leaning across him and kissing the top of his head. Then she lay down, shut off the light, and faded slowly into slumber. It was nice, she decided, to have someone else in the bed beside her. She had just started to get used to the emptiness at night, but as she drifted off, it occurred to her that she could get used to this again.

Tanya's sleep was deep and dreamless. At some point in the middle of the night, she was roused to near wakefulness when Greg wrapped his arm around her and snuggled tight against her back. She curled her own arm around his, holding him tight to her bosom. Tanya smiled to herself and sank bank into unconsciousness, feeling strangely elated.

An hour later she suddenly snapped awake with the realization that it was not Greg with his arm wrapped around her, but Peter. A secret, sensuous thrill ran through her body as she realized she was holding her son's arm tightly against her full breasts. He was sound asleep, of course, no doubt dreaming of his latest girlfriend or something.

That thought brought the further realization that there was something long and hard pressing against her bottom. Tanya bit her lip and in the darkness blushed fiercely. She shifted in her son's arms, suddenly aware of a heat flaring to life in her midsection, and the tips of her breasts finding sudden stiffness. Peter started to move in response to her, and she froze. Slowly he settled back down, settling against her once more, his firm hardness coming to rest in the cleft between her buttocks.

Tanya wasn't sure what to do. Her brain told her to escape Peter's hold, even if it woke him. But her loins screamed at her to stay, to enjoy this brief moment of illicit contact. She

fought an internal battle while her bedside clock ticked off long glowing red minutes, her body rigid in her sleeping son's arms. And then, with a frustrated sigh, she yielded, relaxing into his arms, subtly pushing her butt against his stiffness.

Tanya slowly eased an arm free of Peter's embrace and slid it down her smooth belly. Her hand slipped under the waistband of her pajamas. Her fingertips skated across the front of her panties. Nostrils flaring, lower lip trapped under her teeth, she began to gently tease herself with her fingers. She traced the line of her labial lips beneath her panties, feeling them quickly flush with arousal. Almost too quickly. She began a circular motion, pressing her fingertips into her yielding flesh. She imagined Peter's penis, his cock, flexing between her cheeks. Throbbing hungrily.

Her juices soaked her panties. Her fingers made squelching sounds. She hoped she was being quiet enough not to bother Peter, but she wasn't sure she would stop even if he did wake. Her arm shook with suppressed passion and need. Somehow her fingers found their way under her panties, sliding through the thick curls adorning her pubic mound, and finding her clitoris.

She gritted her teeth, squeezed her eyes shut, and thought of how strong and smooth and large Peter's cock had felt in the shower, when she had gripped it and forced it back under

his boxers. She wished she had dropped to her knees and swallowed him whole right then and there. She moaned quietly, unable to keep silent.

Her fingers sank into her folds, slick and ready to be filled by something thick and hard, curving them against the familiar ridges of flesh inside her. Her toes curled. With practiced ease, her thumb found her nubbin and flicked it mercilessly.

Tanya shook and shivered, her breasts straining against Peter's arm, as she orgasmed as quietly as she could with her son's hard cock wedged between her buttocks. She slumped against him, breath rattling in her chest, tits heaving like rolling tanks, sucking in deep draughts of air through her nose.

Slowly Tanya opened her eyes, half expecting to find Peter awake and staring at her, but he had slumbered through the whole thing. Maybe she didn't make as much noise as she feared. More likely, he was still recuperating from his long, stressful drive and hike through the blizzard.

Sudden and crushing guilt overwhelmed her. The sweet boy had tried his hardest to get home to her for Christmas, and here she was perving on him like some horrible degenerate. She withdrew her hand gingerly from her sodden pussy,

wiped her digits ineffectually against her pajamas, and tried to fall asleep.

It was easier than she would have expected. Her orgasm had taken more out of her than she assumed. She was asleep again in moments.

*

Tanya woke before Peter, when the first rays of dawn filtered through the blinds and started their slow crawl across the bedroom floor. She shut her alarm off fifteen minutes before it would have triggered, and gently disengaged herself from Peter's embrace. That had not flagged at all during the night. Nor, apparently, had Peter's erection. Tanya wondered idly if he had left a permanent mark on her ass. And then the guilt hit her again.

She slipped out of the bedroom, straight into the bathroom. Within five minutes, she had a warm shower started and she had peeled her pajamas off. She looked at her full bush and eyed the fuzz on her legs. Past time to shave, she decided.

She started with her legs, making them smooth and sleek as possible. She fluffed the soaking matt of her pubic hair and started trimming that as well. She found herself wondering what young men preferred when it came to pubic hair. And

that led her to wonder what Peter, specifically, preferred. It was difficult to stand in the shower and not think about him, about pressing her body against his and wondering what might have happened if she had stayed with him instead of fleeing.

When she was done, she had a thin strip of very short hair in a line directly north of her clit. But even that, she decided, looked like too much, and before she knew it, she was completely shorn. She hadn't intended to go that far, but now that she had, she decided to enjoy it. Her hand glided across her smooth skin. Her fingers descended further, teasing her sleeping clit and engorged pussy lips.

With a start, Tanya pulled her hand away. "What am I doing?" she muttered. Hadn't she done enough during the night? Besides, she had already been in the shower far too long, and Peter would need hot water for his own. Quickly, Tanya finished washing, wrapped her body and her hair in towels, and headed for her bedroom.

Peter lay awake in the bed. He was propped up on an elbow, reading her book, when she entered the room. "Bathroom's free," she said lightly. She felt awkward and uncertain for no good reason. This was her room and her son. She shouldn't have so much trouble being normal.

"About time," Peter grumbled sleepily, putting her book on the nightstand. "What took you so long?"

"I was shaving," Tanya said without thinking. The last word came out as a kind of squeak. She cleared her throat.

Peter looked at her, his face unreadable. When had that happened? She always understood him at a glance before.

He scratched at his chin. "That's a good idea," he said. He clambered out of the bed and headed for his morning ablutions. Tanya waited until he entered the bathroom to close her bedroom door. She wavered for a moment before turning the lock and getting dressed.

*

Peter came down the stairs to the smells of breakfast. Gingerbread pancakes, turkey bacon, scrambled eggs, wheat toast, fresh fruit, and coffee. He grinned, admiring his mother in her red apron laying food on the table. Tanya wore jeans and a pale blue blouse underneath. She looked up, smiling self-consciously for some reason, and her eyes widened in shock.

"Your beard!"

Peter massaged his bare chin. "I was going to cut it before winter practice anyway. Plus, it seemed like the thing to do this morning."

Tanya's cheeks turned pink. "Well, I made a big breakfast, as promised."

"I see that." Peter settled down at the table. He reached for the carafe of orange juice and poured himself a glass. "This looks awesome, Mom." He looked up. "I can't help but think I'm being fattened up to go do some manual labor, though."

"The storm is over," she said, looking out the window. It was still cloudy, but the sun was peeking through the cover. Enough to make the world outside glow, buried as everything was under five feet or so of snow. "There's a service that takes care of the driveway, but I am a little worried about all the snow on the roof. And the walkways will have to be cleared, of course."

"Say no more, Mom," Peter said as he forked a pancake and dropped it on his plate. "I will take care of it."

"Thanks, Bunny." She brightened. "After that, we can decorate the tree!"

"Great," Peter said weakly. His mother punched him lightly in the arm.

"Cheer up, kid. It's Christmas Eve! Are you telling me that you're too old to decorate the tree with your mother on Christmas Eve?"

Peter smiled. "No, I guess not." He shoved food into his mouth. It might be fun, he decided. He wasn't thrilled about having to go out into the cold again, but at least he would be armed with a shovel this time. And anything that made his mother smile was probably worth it.

After Peter and Tanya had eaten their fill, Peter cleared the plates and filled the dishwasher. Tanya tried to intervene but he shoed her away.

She watched him for a few moments. "I found some presents in your bag. I set them under the tree."

"Oh, shit, thanks Mom. I had completely forgotten about them."

"No problem. Nice of you to pack them for the hike. They were a little squashed and the paper was a little soggy, but it's still nice to see you thought of me."

Peter looked at her in horror. But she started laughing. "They're fine," she said. "That backpack of yours could survive on a glacier. Your father knows his camping gear."

"Stepfather," Peter corrected under his breath. "You had me scared there, Mom. I was afraid your presents were ruined."

She stepped up to him and kissed him on the cheek, with his hands in the sink. "Sweet boy." She turned away, heading for the living room.

Peter watched her swaying hips and shook his head. With the dishes done, he pulled on his winter gear and clambered outside. The wind was biting, but he worked up a good sweat digging his way to the garage. Once he had the snowblower running and the roof rakes to hand, he really went to work. A few hours later, he clomped back onto the porch. He looked back, noting that no one had approached the driveway to plow it yet. There wasn't much sign of travel on the road either, barely visible as it was through the screen of trees in the yard. It might take a day or two for the roads to get cleared. He worried about his abandoned car, and silently thanking his Mom for having him call the police.

Inside, Christmas music blared from the stereo, and sweet scents emanated from the kitchen. Tanya was baking.

Peter pulled his winter gear off and went to find his mother. She had pirozhkis cooling on racks, and sugar cookies in the oven. The kitchen was a mess of mixing bowls and spoons and ingredients.

"I'm not cleaning this mess up," Peter said by way of greeting.

Tanya looked over her shoulder and batted her eyelashes. "What if I ask nicely?"

Peter groaned, but his irritation was completely feigned. "I guess I would have to."

Tanya smiled. "Well don't worry, I won't ask you. You did a great job with the yard and the roof. Do you want some hot chocolate or coffee? Can I make you something for lunch?"

"Lunch would be great. But coffee first."

Tanya nodded and set to work. She turned on the Keurig, and cleaned up her work station on the counter quickly and economically. She looked up twice, noticing Peter watching her, and both times ducked her head, blushing. "What are you doing?" she asked eventually. "You don't have to stand there waiting. I'll call you when it's ready."

"I'm not waiting. I'm watching." Peter took a deep breath. "I missed you, Mom. It's just nice to be here with you."

"Oh, Bunny, such a sweetheart." She lifted up her hands, dirty from baking, and gestured at him to come close. She half wrapped her arms around him, keeping her hands carefully clear, and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Peter responded by wrapping his arms around her tightly, pulling her close, reveling in the feel of her heavy bra-clad breasts against his chest.

They held this pose for long moments, neither one of them moving, just holding one another close. When the Keurig signaled it was ready, Tanya found her voice. "Ok," she said, pulling away slightly. "Pick out a flavor. I'll clean up and make you a sandwich or something."

As they parted, on impulse Peter leaned forward suddenly and pressed his lips against hers. "Love you," he said, stepping back.

Her cheeks red, but a dazzling smile lighting up her features, Tanya said, "Love you too."

*

After lunch, despite Peter's diffidence, they finished decorating the tree. Actually, Peter finished decorating the tree. Tanya sat on the couch drinking a hot chocolate while Peter picked through the last box of ornaments and found places for them on the tree. These were "his" ornaments, and they were mostly kid's stuff. But he didn't mind amusing his mother, and at the very least, it was nice to spend time with her.

"So, how is the semester going?"

"Good. I had some trouble with my math final, but I'm pretty sure I passed."

"And is there a lady in your life?"

"Mom."

"I'm just asking. I don't think I've met one of your girlfriends since high school."

That's because they're usually intimidated by you, Peter thought. Most of the girls he had brought home had trouble believing his mother was old enough to be his mother, much like so many of his friends growing up had not-so secret crushes on her.

"I don't have a lot of time, between classes, practice, and community service," Peter said.

"That's too bad," Tanya said. "A young man should have a young woman in his life. Especially such a handsome, thoughtful young man like you."

Peter looked askance at his mother. She was beaming at him, legs crossed with the top foot bouncing. He wondered what was in the hot chocolate, and whether he was old enough to drink it. "Thanks," he said automatically. He thought for a moment. "I do have a friend on the swim team who I mess around with from time to time."

Absolute silence. Peter looked over his shoulder. His mother was no longer smiling, and the foot wasn't bouncing any longer. "I'm not sure I follow," she said.

"The women's swim team," Peter clarified, and almost laughed at the way his mother relaxed.

She saw his expression and blushed. "That's not what I... I mean, if you did feel that way about boys I would be supportive, I just...uh..."

"S'okay, Mom. I don't swing that way." He smiled, and decided to test the waters. "I like boobs far too much."

The color on Tanya's cheeks deepened. She cleared her throat. "So you have a friend with benefits? Why don't you just date her?"

Peter shrugged, disappointed at the minimal reaction. "I don't know. Like I said, I'm busy. So is she. We help each other out from time to time. It's like being in a relationship, but without any of the complications." He paused, looking at the ornament in his hand. "Or some of the benefits."

"So you do want to date her?"

"Not exactly." Peter hung the ornament on the tree. "I think it would just be nice to have someone to spend time with, to be with. To wake up next to in the morning."

Silence again. Peter looked back at his mother. Her expression was thoughtful. She sipped her mug, noticed him looking at her, and met his eyes. "That is something very nice to have," she said at last. Peter's heart tumbled.

He turned back to the tree. "What about you, Mom? Have you started dating yet?"

"Oh God, no," Tanya said glibly, her voice suddenly stronger, as if this were a more comfortable topic to discuss. "I've had offers, mind you. Your mother isn't completely washed up. But I guess I'm just not ready." Tanya looked into the bottom of her mug. "Which is weird, considering," she said softly.

"What?"

"Nothing," Tanya said.

"You know, Mom, Greg was an idiot for leaving you. I still don't know how he could do it. You're beautiful, you're kind, you're funny. You are a great catch."

Tanya ducked her head. She was blushing a lot lately. But it made her feel warm and desirable to hear her son say these sorts of things. Or to get hard around her.

"Thank you, Peter. But don't badmouth Greg. I don't want you to do that. Like the way you keep calling him your 'stepfather.' He's more than that."

Peter shook his head. "He hurt you, Mom. He left you. I'm not sure I can forgive him for that."

Tanya took a deep breath. "I have."

Peter turned. "What?"

Tanya cleared her throat. "I have. I had to. You have to realize, Peter, that Greg leaving had nothing to do with him. He's a good man. He loves you very much, and he has been a good father to you. You should give him another chance."

"Mom, what are you talking about? He went and got a girlfriend, while you two were still married. Probably not even his first."

Tears formed at the corners of Tanya's eyes. "I never loved him, Peter." She took a deep breath. "That's not true. I grew to love him, but I was never in love with him. Seems silly, that idea, so close to 40, but it was important to him. He sensed it. I think he always kind of knew. There's a part of me that I kept separate from him, that I never shared with him. And it drove us apart. It is my fault that Greg left, not his."

Peter sat down next to her and hugged her closely. "Mom," he said. For a while that was all he said. Then, "Why did you marry him in the first place?"

"A boy needs a father. I believed it then, I believe it now. That's why I don't want you to be angry with him."

Peter sat still next to her. "I can't help it," he finally said.

Tanya patted his knee. "Maybe when you're older, you'll understand."

"I'm the same age now that you were when you married him."

That brought Tanya up short. "I forget that sometimes." She looked over at him and set her mug down. "Look, I was 20

years old, with a 3 year old son. I didn't have a lot of prospects, then. We were living with my parents, and using Aunt Tracy for daycare. Greg was... nice. He liked me. We had fun together. And he didn't mind that I had a kid. He even seemed to like dating a single mom.

"Then he proposed, and I saw a life for us, a stable life. Greg is a good man, a good provider, and as it turned out, he couldn't have kids of his own. Which is why you don't have any siblings, by the way. But anyway, as long as you were taken care of, I was happy. But I guess it wasn't enough for him.

"So I can't really be mad at him for going. Plus, you know, he appears to have a thing for younger women. Which I am not anymore."

"Mom," Peter said, "you didn't have to do that for me. I... it was better when it was just the two of us. I remember being happy, anyway, and things with Greg haven't been all sunshine and roses. You didn't have to settle for him just for me."

Tanya started to cry. She reached out to grab Peter's hands. "I'm so sorry, honey. The whole thing goes around and around in my head. Did I screw up back then? Did I ruin my life trying to make yours as safe and perfect as possible?"

Maybe that's why I want you to stay close to Greg. I don't want the last seventeen years to be a complete waste for both of us."

Peter pulled her closer to him. He could feel his own eyes misting in response to his mother's burst of emotion. "They haven't been a waste, Mom. As long as you and I have each other, nothing is ever a waste."

Tanya started crying harder. "I'm sorry," she said again.

On sudden impulse, Peter shifted, pulling his mother into his arms. He looked into her tear streaked face and kissed her on the lips. Not a chaste kiss like the one he gave her at breakfast, but the kiss of a man in love with a woman. He pressed his lips firmly against hers. Her lips parted, welcoming him. Her eyes closed and she leaned into the kiss, returning his passion with equal fervor.

For a split second, it was perfect.

Then she pushed him away and shot to her feet. Without a word she rushed from the room, hurrying up the stairs.

Peter slumped against the couch.

*

An hour later she came back downstairs. Peter had not moved.

"Oh," she said, as if surprised to see him.

"Mom," Peter said, his voice was a croak. He coughed, but before he could start again, she interrupted.

"I'm not mad," she said. She sighed. "I don't know what I am. I am your mother though, and that... that can't happen." She walked over to the couch and placed a hand on the backrest. "But - something else I know. Today is Christmas Eve. It is getting late. If we're going to have dinner, I need to start cooking."

She paused. Warm brown eyes found their mirror in her son's face. "Would you... would you want to help me in the kitchen?"

Peter swallowed whatever he might have said, knowing it wouldn't be enough. He should apologize, he supposed, but he didn't feel sorry. Instead, he simply nodded.

She took his hand and pulled him to his feet and led him into the kitchen. Lights went on. Food came out of the refrigerator and pantry. Knives flashed. The oven came to life. The only words that passed between them were Tanya's whispered instructions and Peter's occasional requests for clarification.

When dinner was ready, Peter set the table and Tanya laid out the food. He didn't blink when she added a wine glass to his setting, but he did frown slightly as she poured him a liberal amount.

She raised her own glass. "To us," she said. He clinked his glass against hers and they both drank. Dinner passed quietly as well, but it was a companionable quiet. None of the awkwardness that should be present seemed to affect them.

Peter finished his glass before his mother and without asking for permission poured both himself and his mother some more. It was his turn to raise a glass. "Merry Christmas," he said. Tanya smiled, clinked her glass with his, and took a healthy draught.

"Any plans for the rest of your vacation?" Tanya asked.

"Not really," Peter said. "I suppose it depends on how soon we can get dug out. I thought at least one of the guys would have called me by now."

And like that, they were talking again. If his mother wanted to ignore that kiss, pretend it never happened, then Peter would do the same. But he would keep it with him forever. His mother's were the sweetest lips he had ever tasted.

After dinner, Peter washed and Tanya dried. When the last dish clinked into place in the washer, they took their glasses of wine into the living room. Tanya turned off the lamps, allowing the room to be illuminated only by the tree.

Peter settled on to the couch, the scene of the crime, and his mother surprised him by sitting next to him and leaning into him. Her back nestled against his chest and she stretched out along the length of the sofa.

Gingerly, Peter put his arm around her, settling his hand on her belly, beneath those wonderful breasts. He could feel the heat of her body through the thin blouse. The scent of her shampoo filtered up into his nostrils.

"This is nice," she said. "Just the two of us. I'm almost glad the blizzard hit and we couldn't get together with anyone else."

"I don't know. I think I could have done without the blizzard."

Tanya held her wine glass out and swirled the liquid around. "Without the blizzard, we wouldn't have had that shower together."

Ah. Peter wished he wasn't talking to the back of her head, but it was possible she was only open to discussing this because she couldn't see him. "Do you think I kissed you because of that?"

Tanya sipped her wine. "The thought occurred to me," she said. Her voice was low.

"Mom. The shower was equal parts agonizing and wonderful. Just like sleeping beside you and holding you all night. But don't think that one thing leads to another. You are the most beautiful, wonderful, loving woman I have ever known. I would have kissed you anyway, even without the blizzard."

She sat in silence, leaning against him, breathing quietly. She sipped her glass of wine, finishing most of what remained, and then stood up. Peter could have held her in place, but he

let her go. He felt something inside him constrict as she turned, her beautiful face inscrutable, her eyes hooded in the dimness of the room.

"I'm going to bed," she said.

Peter stared into space for long minutes. Gradually his eyes focused, finding the Christmas tree and its bright lights. With a grunt, Peter levered himself to his feet. He brought the wine glasses into the kitchen and set them in the sink. He started shutting off lights and then climbed wearily up the stairs.

In the hall, he saw his mother's bedroom door was closed. But a light showed at the bottom, warming the hallway.

What does that mean?

Peter stumbled into his room and peeled off his clothes. He found the sweatpants and thermal top he'd worn to bed the night before and put them on. He was just about to turn the covers down when he paused, turning things over in his mind.

I had to try, don't I? Just one more time.

Peter stepped out in the hallway and lightly rapped on the door to his mother's room. "Mom?"

"Come in," she said. There was a flutter of something in her voice, something he didn't recognize. He eased the door open.

Peter froze in the doorway. His heart began to thunder in his chest.

His mother knelt in the middle of her bed. Her unbound hair tumbled down her back. A hint of blue eyeshadow lightened her eyes, and a fresh coat of red lipstick decorated her full lips. She wore only a matching pair of black floral print bra and panties. They emphasized the thrust of her bust, the narrowness of her waist, and the width of her hips. Her hands rested on her silky smooth thighs, folded beneath her. His mother's pale skin fairly glowed in the light from the lamp.

"Mom?" Peter said, absolutely stunned.

She beckoned him with a curled finger. "Come in," she said again. "What do you think?" she said, raising her arms and turning slightly. Her big breasts jiggled enticingly in her bra.

"You look amazing," Peter said. "But I... I'm not sure if this is real. Is this - are you - what is this about, Mom?"

Tanya smiled at her confused son. She patted the bed beside her. "Come here, Bun-Bun."

Dumbly, moving somewhat on autopilot, Peter entered the room. The door clicked shut behind him. He approached the bed and sat down. Tanya's anatomy jiggled again as the bed shifted underneath him. Despite his shock, Peter was already half-hard, and too bewildered to try to hide it.

Tanya noticed the tenting in her son's sweatpants and her smile widened. She reached out and threaded her fingers through his.

"I don't want to pretend any longer that I don't want this. Or that I know that you want this too. But I want you to know, if we start this, I don't want to be some kind of 'mother with benefits.' I want someone I can wake up next to in the morning."

Peter's heart felt like it would explode. He felt all the blood drain from his face, rushing to another part of his body. He was suddenly dry-mouthed and trembling.

"Mom," he somehow managed to say, "that's what I want too. I think that's all I've ever wanted."

She beamed at him. "This is the part where you kiss me," she said.

Peter leaned forward and his lips met hers. They were moist and warm and yielding. They parted slightly. Peter sucked on her upper lip, relenting only when her agile tongue pushed against him, seeking entry. He opened his mouth and her tongue dove in, coiling around his own. Tanya moaned into his mouth.

Tentatively, Peter lifted his arms and embraced his mother. Her plush body folded against him. He felt her heavy breasts against his chest, and wished his shirt wasn't in the way. As if on cue, Tanya tugged at the hem of his thermal and began to pull it up his body. They broke away from their soul-stirring kiss just long enough for Tanya to wrestle Peter's shirt off of him and toss it to the floor. Then his arms were around her again, and they were kissing once more. She caressed his smooth cheek with one hand while the other roamed across his broad back, feeling his muscles as they bunched and shook out of sheer excitement.

Peter felt the bare skin of his mother's chest press against his own. He could hardly believe he was here, in her bed, doing this with her.

Tanya leaned backward and Peter followed. She landed on the bed with her son on top of her, both of them still kissing. Peter's hands roamed all over her body, sliding across her bra, her belly, her hips, along her smooth legs, which she raised up and pressed against his flanks.

Peter released her lips and pulled away slightly, looking his mother directly in the eyes. "Tatyana," he said. Hearing her full name in her son's voice, overcome with need and hunger and lust, made her shudder in response. "Mom," he said, and it held the same notes and made her close her eyes and thrust her panty clad pelvis up against him. She felt his rampant hardness, contained but not concealed, pressing into her.

Her hands dove under the waistband of his sweatpants and cradled the strong muscles of his backside momentarily, before pushing his pants down his legs. Peter assisted, clumsily escaping from his clothes. He knelt above her, his large cock swollen and throbbing, desperate for his mother.

"Mom," Peter gasped, "I feel like I'm close already. I never dreamed this was possible, but I have wanted it for so long. I'm not... I can't..."

"Shh, baby," Tanya said, placing a hand on his heaving pectorals. "It's okay Peter. I love you." She smiled a motherly smile. "Let me take care of you."

Tanya laid him down on the bed beside her and sat up. She shuffled on her knees towards the baseboard. Her hands caressed his chest and abdomen and glided across his hips. She looked down at the column of flesh between his legs. It was long and hard, thick at the base, with a great big swollen head, dark purple and weeping. A neatly trimmed patch of hair grew at the base, and his balls looked big and full of juice. He was beautiful and perfect, and just looking at him made her pussy twinge. Her own fluids began to flow, soaking into her underwear.

Tanya licked her lips and slid lower, straddling her son's legs. Peter watched her, eyes wide, mouth open. He looked so cute. She could remember him on Christmas' past, overcome with excitement as he opened presents. He looked like that now, like he might be overwhelmed at any moment.

Tanya dipped her head. Her long hair caressed his hips before her lips touched the crown of his cock. She gripped him by the base, her fingers just meeting around it, and levered it up away from his belly. Looking her son in the eyes, Tanya rubbed his length against her cheek. So smooth and strong. The pure male scent of him. She felt him throb in

her hand, and a jet of precum splattered against her skin, hot and creamy. She licked her lips again. Then, with a smile, she licked him.

Peter groaned. Tanya's agile tongue slid along his engorged length, from base to tip, and swirled around the head. She slurped and sucked. Precum splashed on her tongue and she scooped it up, swallowing eagerly. Salty and sweet at once. She shivered in anticipation. Eyes still locked, she held him, and licked him like a cat with a saucer of milk, lapping at his cockhead with her broad tongue, scooping up the nectar of his precum and devouring it.

"Mom," Peter said with a groan, "I can't believe this is happening. I can't believe how this feels. I love you so much."

Tanya's eyes were large as she sucked the head of Peter's cock between her full lips. His big prick throbbed with need. He was trying to hold back, fighting hard to keep from cumming. But he was so overwhelmed. Tanya felt a surge of motherly lust. Proud that she could do this to him, that his feelings were so intense, and yet eager to take care of him and make him feel better.

"Cum for me Peter," she said, her voice raspy with lust. "Let it out baby. It's okay." She lashed him with her tongue. "I want to taste you." She sucked the head of his cock into her

mouth again and bobbed her head a little, letting his throbbing, eager hardness slide further between her lips. Her tongue undulated along the underside. The big plum head pushed against the back of her mouth. She tightened her lips and sucked, cheeks hollowing from the effort.

Peter threw his head back, eyes squeezed shut, his arms and chest tightening as he tried to fight his impending orgasm. She felt his hardness swelling in her mouth, felt the frisson of muscular contraction with the fingertips wrapped around his base, and then the thick spray of his first eruption hitting the back of her throat. She almost choked, but old reflexes kicked in, and she swallowed quickly, marveling at the viscous warmth as it slid down her throat. It was like pudding.

Tanya slid her lips up the length of her son's throbbing cock until only the head was trapped between her lips. Holding his shuddering length with both hands, she felt him pulse repeatedly. Each pulse sent another thick coating of sperm laden semen across her tongue, which she quickly swept back into her throat, making unconscious mewling sounds as she did. Her son's cum was delicious; thick and creamy, warm and salty and sweet, but with a slightly bitter aftertaste. And he came a lot. Tanya's cheeks bulged with Peter's spend. She swallowed as quickly as she could, but each spasm followed close behind the other. She lost count of them, focusing instead on not losing a drop.

Her throat worked repeatedly, slurping down Peter's potent cum. She heard him moaning her name over and over, arms thrashing ineffectually as his hips made little thrusts and his cock spat its precious load into her waiting mouth.

She held him between her lips when the last spasm died down. Her mouth full of his cum, full of his taste, his essence, she closed her eyes and savored it. Her cum-laden tongue swirled around his sensitive cockhead before she swallowed the last of it. Sucking lightly, she pulled the final drops from his asshole, determined to get every bit of it.

Tanya released him. His cock slapped back against his pubis with a wet smack. She licked her full lips, seeking any stray bits of delicious cum.

Peter lay back, gasping, eyes now wide open and regarding her with new respect. "Jesus, Mom," he said. "I don't think I have ever come like that."

Tanya felt a surge of pride. She sat up, rubbing her belly. "Creamy and delicious," she said, licking her lips again. "I know I am going to be doing that to you a lot."

Peter groaned. He looked like he was still struggling to believe this was happening. Part of Tanya agreed with him. She should feel some kind of remorse or guilt for going down on her own son. But she felt nothing but joy. Almost exaltation. As if she had been waiting for this moment, what they were about to do, most of her life.

Tanya slid her way up the bed, crawling across her son's gorgeous nude body. That his hardness had barely lessened did not escape her. She dragged her bra clad breasts across his abdomen and chest. Her breath would smell of cum and her mouth would taste of it, but she wanted to kiss her man. Peter did not disappoint. He opened his mouth as her lips descended and met her kiss with the same intensity and ferocity that she poured into it.

His arms came around her and crushed her to his chest. Her breasts pushed against them. Suddenly she wanted out of her clothes. She wanted him to see her, in all her maternal imperfection. She knew he would adore her.

But she was surprised when he shifted on the bed, rolling them over, until he was on top of her. Still kissing her, he began to move along her body. He licked along her jawline, kissed an earlobe. He sucked lightly on her throat, like a teenager. He kissed her clavicle and dragged his tongue along the line of her cleavage, so clearly delineated by the

compression of her bra. He pressed his face against her right tit and then her left, inhaling deeply both times.

She watched him, curious at what game he was playing, intrigued and enjoying it enough not to stop him. She thought he would go for the hooks on her back immediately, but he surprised her by moving past her bra and licking his way across her smooth belly. He gave her little belly button a French kiss that tickled, and then she knew what he was doing. New juices soaked her flooded pussy in anticipation.

Peter pressed his cheek against the fabric of her panties, once again inhaling deeply. He kissed her pubis through the fabric. Tanya shuddered. But instead of peeling off her underwear and devouring her, he slid lower. Butterfly kisses along her right thigh. A long dragging lick from her left knee to the top of her hip. He kissed her knees, which again tickled a little, causing her to bend them, which brought her calves to his attention. He caressed them with both hands and rained kisses down her ankle to the top of her foot.

Tanya wiggled her toes, but before he could capture one with his mouth and start to suck, she reached down and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"No more teasing," she said, breathless. He grinned. Pleased with himself, pleased with her reaction to him. He moved up

on the bed, grasping her silky thighs. Tanya heard another unconscious mewl escape her lips as he finally hooked his fingers in the waistband of her soaked panties and tugged them downward. She lifted her legs and her big, round butt, allowing him to pull them off of her. He tossed them aside, his eyes riveted to her shaved pussy.

"Do you like it?" Tanya asked hesitatingly.

"Your pussy is gorgeous, Mom. The prettiest I have ever seen. I didn't expect you to be hairless. I usually, um, prefer a little bit, but this looks so hot."

Tanya heard herself say, "I was trying to trim it. For you. Like a college girl, I guess. I got a little carried away."

Peter looked up at her, eyes wide. "For me?"

She nodded. "I didn't think we would get this far," she said. "I wasn't sure if... but when I did it, I was thinking of you."

His face broke into a huge grin, one of those smiles she used to see on Christmas morning when he got exactly what he asked for from Santa. It made her heart swell in her chest and she found it hard to breathe.

One his knuckles, Peter climbed across her and kissed her. She felt his big cock, hard as diamond, glide across her shorn pubis, leaving a sticky trail. Her pussy lips spasmed. She was ready for him, so ready. She wanted her tall, handsome, lovely son inside her. But she was relieved when he pulled away, still grinning, and dropped down between her legs.

His strong hands gripped her sleek thighs and pushed them apart. Her son lowered his head. She felt his breath upon her sensitive skin. Then his lips against her lips, his tongue extended, burrowing into her, licking and twisting and swirling. He kissed her pussy as he had kissed her lips, with passion and love and just the right amount of force.

He licked up the length of her opening, slurping up her copious fluids with a satisfied smack of his lips. He teased the little button of her clit with the tip of his tongue. Tanya cupped her right tit, and with her left hand reached down to push against the back of Peter's head.

Her thighs settled on his broad shoulders. Her calves across his back, her feet dangling in space, toes curling as her orgasm fast approached.

Her son devoured her. He had more enthusiasm than technique, but that balance was more than enough for Tanya. He sucked and licked and nibbled. He pursed his lips and

suckled on her clit for a few seconds before nipping at it with his teeth, very lightly. His tongue drilled into her recesses, parting her pink folds and curling against the roof of her pussy, dancing along the ridges of flesh half-hidden inside her. He hummed as he worked, causing her body to shiver in reaction.

Tanya gripped the back of Peter's closely shorn head with a claw-like hand, too far gone to even be afraid her nails might leave marks. Her other hand gripped her breast and squeezed. She wanted to rip the bra off and tease her nipples, but she didn't have enough coordination.

When it arrived, her climax slammed into her like a wave assaulting the shore. It washed over her, inundated her, overwhelmed her. She loosed a wordless cry and pushed her hips up into Peter's face, just as he fastened his lips around her sensitive clit and suckled. Her legs pressed down against his back, her heels beating a tattoo along it.

Peter didn't halt his ministrations. Just as her climax began to flag, it started cresting again. Tanya threw her head back into the pillow, her throat constricted, and she shouted her joy to the room. Somehow she formed a coherent word, her son's name. "Peter, Peter, Peter," she chanted, almost rhythmically, as she orgasmed a second and a third time on his inexhaustible tongue. Or perhaps it was one long orgasm, drawn out, and stretching her taut as a rubber band.

Over five years of solo lovemaking had left her unprepared. She had almost forgotten what it was like when someone else was in the driver's seat, and Greg, for all his inventiveness and skill, had never made her feel this fulfilled, this loved, this sated.

Tanya sagged back against the bed, dark locks plastered to her forehead, her chest flushed and heaving. Peter sat up between her legs, licking his lips.

"I could get used to this," he said lightly. "I'm not picking hairs from my teeth."

"You... could... get... used to... this?" Tanya managed to gasp. She reached down for her son, feeling a pleasant ache in her arms that came from tensing her muscles too much.

Grinning, Peter slid upward across his mother's supine form. His powerful cock lay across her bare pubis once more, leaking precoital fluid onto her pale skin. He kissed her and she tasted herself on his lips.

"That was tremendous," Tanya said. Peter beamed, proud to have brought so much pleasure to his mother. "But I think I want that big cock of yours inside me. Do you?"

"Jesus, Mom, more than anything."

A sudden thought occurred to them both, as they looked down between them and saw his cock lying across her belly.

"Do I need-?"

"Do you have-?"

They spoke in unison. Then paused, laughing, until with a motherly look, Tanya indicated she had the floor. "Do you have any condoms?"

Peter frowned. "In the car," he said. "I left almost everything there." If he had looked like a child on Christmas morning before, he now looked like someone who had found nothing but coal in his stocking.

Tanya reached up and caressed her son's cheek. "Okay. Well, we will have to be careful, then. I'm not on anything. You can't cum in me."

Peter swallowed. "Mom, we don't... have to... tonight. It's okay." She was so proud of him in that moment, because he

was clearly stricken by the thought of not making love to his mother, but he was also putting aside his needs for hers.

He just didn't understand what her needs actually were. She pulled his face down to kiss him again. "That's very sweet of you, Bun-Bun," she said, "but I kind of need you to fuck me. We are not leaving either of us hanging like this."

Tanya reached down between them to grip his hardness, which pulsed in the palm of her hand. "This is going inside me. You are going inside me. We just need to be careful."

Peter nodded. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes wide. He shivered a little. "I'm going to fuck you," he said, his voice little more than a whisper.

Tanya nodded. She placed little kisses on his lips and cheeks and chin. "Oh yes, Peter, you are. But." She slid her hands to his flanks and nudged him, rolling him over so they were side to side. "First, I am going to fuck you." She sat up, threw a leg over him, and sat across his legs.

"You just let me know when you're ready to cum," she said, reaching down to grip him with both hands. Her left cupped his full balls, heavy with seed, and her right slid along his shaft, squeezing out a dollop of precum that dripped onto his abdomen.

Peter grabbed her by the hips and shifted his own, lifting his mother into the air. "Whatever you say, Mom."

"Don't be fresh, young man. You're not too old to ground, you know."

"Stuck at home with you is not a punishment, Mom."

"Mmm," she purred. "Consider yourself grounded, then. No television, no video games, restricted phone use. In fact, you are confined to bed for the duration of your vacation."

Peter grinned and lifted his hips once more. Tanya braced herself with both hands on his chest and shook her head. Her long hair swirled around her.

"Sounds good, Mom," Peter said. "I think someone here is still a little overdressed, though."

Tanya looked down at her bra-encased tits and raised an eyebrow in Peter's direction. "Oh? Did you want me to take this off? Did you want to see your mother's big titties?"

Peter groaned. He could hardly believe his mother was talking like this. Then again, she had also given him the best blowjob of his short life, so language was hardly the most shocking thing about this Christmas Eve.

"Okay, then," Tanya said. "Are you ready, Bun-Bun?" She reached behind her to fiddle with the hooks.

Peter nodded. "I've been ready since puberty, Mom."

Tanya paused. "Really? How long have you... thought about us like this?"

"I don't think I have ever not thought about this. When I was little, I wanted to marry you. When I got older, and understood what that meant, I still wanted it. I wanted to be here in this bed with you, loving you." He swallowed. "Inside you. Fucking you."

Tanya looked down at her son wonderingly. On some level, perhaps, she had known. Maybe that was why she had kept her emotional distance from Greg. Some part of her had been waiting for this moment as well. Something hidden, deep and dark inside her, something triggered just the day before, but no less powerful than her son's hunger. She realized that her need for him was more than physical, more than carnal, more than maternal.

She unhooked her bra and let the straps start to fall down her shoulders. She caught the cups before the garment fell away completely.

Peter's monologue hid another question in it, one that Tanya let settle into the back of her mind, but primarily served to further inflame the heat between her legs. The primal need to have him inside her, mating with her, fucking her. She threw the bra aside.

Peter gasped. He looked up in adoration at his mother's huge breasts. He always knew she was well endowed, and thought he was prepared for their absolute perfection, but he was not. Large, oblong, ghostly pale, they hung low on her chest due more to sheer weight than anything else. But they were perfectly formed, the right one slightly larger than the left, each one capped by a massive pink areola and a hardened nipple almost as thick around as the last digit on Peter's little finger.

His mouth actually began to drool as he looked up at his mother's breasts. They rose and fell as she breathed deeply, swaying enticingly on her chest, almost beckoning him.

With an animal moan of pure lust, Peter reached up and placed both hands one either side of Tanya's breasts. Gently

he squeezed them together, mimicking the support of her bra, creating a line of cleavage between them, and making her nipples puff out even more prominently.

Tanya sighed in delight. Her son's hands on her tits made her feel even more wild and sexy than before. She had irrationally worried that he would not be happy with them, that they sagged too much, or her nipples were too big, but the wide eyed look of pure delight and arousal that Peter wore put all her fears to rest. She put her hands over his and held them, pressing his palms and fingers into her smooth, soft skin. He looked up finally, into her eyes, and smiled.

"Magnificent," he breathed. His fingers closed over her breasts, caressing and squeezing them, feeling their heft and size. Peter marveled, even as his hips rose and fell, lifting his mother up and down slightly.

Tanya leaned down, her breasts falling away from her chest and swinging over Peter's face. Holding them in both hands, he kissed each nipple, sucking lightly, and dragged his tongue around the circumference of each areola. He pressed his face between them and inhaled her scent. His cock jumped and squirted precum onto his belly.

Tanya reached between them and grasped her son's hardness with both hands. Once more she levered him

upright, pointing straight, and this time she lifted her hips a little bit. She aimed his bulbous cockhead at the entrance of her pussy and slowly settled down.

Each of them were so completely lubricated that his big cockhead slid between her lips effortlessly. Both froze, gasping, as a shiver of ecstasy passed through them both simultaneously. Peter released her breasts and found her lips. He kissed her passionately as Tanya began to inch her hips downward, swallowing her son, feeling his thick powerful cock glide through her inner folds, driving inexorably into her very core.

Heat and moisture enveloped Peter. He found it hard to breathe. His mind focused on the sensations of his cock sliding into his mother's soaking wet pussy. He had never had unprotected sex before, never plunged without a condom into a woman. He wasn't sure he'd ever accept that limitation again. This was almost too much pleasure, too much sensation.

"Skin to skin, it's the best way," Peter whispered into his mother's ear, just as she settled on to him completely, and her clit flattened against his pubis. The physical, psychological, and emotional impacts took their full toll at that moment, and Tanya climaxed immediately. Her pussy clamped down hard around her son's invading cock, as an explosion of light went off in her head and pelvis and her

body shook upon him. Her heavy tits swayed against his chest, her thighs convulsed against his hips, her hands tightened claw-like on his shoulders. And she howled in ecstasy.

"Peeeteerrrrr," she moaned, unable to contain herself. He held her, marveling at the lushness and fullness of her body, her soft yielding form going rigid in his arms as her climax tore through her.

Peter flexed his cock inside her, which made her howl some more, and then with a grin, he gripped her child-bearing hips and began to raise his own upward once again, driving into her spasming pussy. Tanya shook like a ragdoll atop him, but her hips quickly found the rhythm and responded in kind, fucking back to him as he fucked into her.

She felt full. Pleasantly full. Perfectly full, for the first time in perhaps ever. Sex with Greg had never been like this, had never been driven by the same insatiable need. Peter's cock fit her so divinely, as if he was made for her. Not too big, certainly not small, with just a slight curve that made his cockhead drag along her G-spot as it drove into her. She wasn't sure she would ever stop coming. She wasn't sure she wanted it to stop.

Tanya's long hair fell across Peter's face. He felt her sweat drip onto his own moistened brow. He grinned up at her, enjoying the glassy look of lust in her eyes. More than anything, his mother deserved to be happy, deserved to enjoy the physical pleasure she had been denied for so long. He was just proud to be the one privileged to deliver it. He wanted to make her come and come and come again, to enjoy this too much to ever give it up. Because he knew he could never give her up.

Still, in his heart of hearts, he had the fantasy of a six year old boy: to marry his mother, whom he loved above all.

But that was for later. Now he needed to give her the fucking of a lifetime. He just hoped he could hold on long enough. The blowjob had blunted his need for release, but he knew he couldn't last too much longer. He was inside his mother, bare flesh against bare flesh, driving his steely cock into her depths, realizing a dream that he had no business dreaming.

"Mom," Peter moaned into her throat. "You have to - I'm getting close, I'm going to-"

Tanya slammed her hips into Peter's one last time and then slid off of him, leaving his cock standing upright, slick with their combined juices, throbbing hungrily. Her pussy felt

empty, deprived. How she wished she could let him finish inside her.

Moving with lust-driven speed, Tanya rolled off of Peter and slid down the bed. She gripped the slickened base of Peter's cock with one hand and wrapped her full lips around the head, just as he cried out and climaxed again. Thick wads of sperm-rich semen jetted from his cockhead, coating her tonsils, painting her mouth white.

Tanya nearly choked, this time out of surprise. His second orgasm was just as thick and heavy as the first. She almost let him go to spray wildly, but she was determined to swallow every drop. Gamely she held on to his bucking, throbbing prick as it shot load after load into her mouth. She swallowed as quickly as she could, but her cheeks still swelled up as she fought to contain her son's jism. She slurped and sucked, moaning involuntarily with eyes closed and nostrils flaring as he emptied himself into her mouth for a second time.

"Mom, Mom, Mom, Mom," Peter gasped with each flex of his mighty cock, as another thick rope of sperm sprayed from his cockhead and down her throat.

He fell back, aftershocks shivering through his powerful frame, his cock still hard in Tanya's hands. The last few

spurts splattered across her tongue. She swallowed, proceeding to lick her juices off his still-rampant tool.

"You're going to spoil me," Tanya said, marveling at his stamina.

"I can't help it, Mom," Peter said, reaching out to grasp her hand. "You're the only woman who has ever done this to me." He sat up, hard dick bouncing between his legs, and pulled his mother to him, crushing her to his chest. He kissed her, passionately, fervently, ardently.

"I've lost track of how many times you've made me come," Tanya admitted.

"Let's go for a few more, then, what do you say?" Peter suggested with a salacious smile. He gently maneuvered her onto her back and nudged her legs apart with his knees.

This was a dangerous position, Tanya well knew. But she trusted Peter. Trusted him as she had never trusted another man, or ever would. She smiled up at him and reached out to embrace him as he slid between her legs. His long, thick cock slid across her belly.

His hips sawed back. He lowered his lips to hers and kissed her, just as his cockhead nudged against her pussy lips. He slid in easily. Just like that, she was full of Peter's cock again. With his mouth locked on hers, her upper lip captured between his lips, he began to savagely fuck her. He slammed into her, again and again. Deeper and deeper, driving into her.

His energy invigorated her. She could hardly believe he had this much in reserve, after ejaculating rivers of cum into her mouth twice in less than an hour. Tanya marveled at her son's stamina with a mixture of lust and pride. He felt so good inside her, so natural, sounding her depths, his thick cock a perfect fit for her matronly pussy.

Peter reached down to grip his mother's thighs and spread her legs further. She arched her back, pulling out of his kiss, and proved how flexible she still was. She folded her legs back and back until her knees were pressed against her tits and hooked her calves on Peter's broad shoulders. She reached backward to hold the headboard as Peter really began to fuck into her now.

He pummeled her with his cock. So many delicious feelings washed over her. Tanya felt as if every single nerve ending she possessed was alive and electrified. Her body shook with each impact as Peter slammed into her, grunting with the effort, his arms straining and sweat flying from his head.

She felt her crest begin to rise once more. Reaching between them, she found her clit and teased it with her fingertips. Her pussy clamped down hard on Peter's pistoning prick as she shivered and shook, nearly overcome by another toe-curling orgasm.

Through gritted teeth and tears of lust and joy, Tanya managed to say, "Love you, Peter."

"Love you, Mom," Peter said, voice straining, and then with a groan he pulled out of her spasming pussy, leaving her bereft once more.

Tanya dropped her legs, splitting them wide, suddenly inspired to do something deliciously naughty. "On my tits, baby!" she cried. "Cum on your mother's tits!"

Peter scrambled into position on the bed, half straddling Tanya, he grabbed his engorged cock and aimed it towards his mother as she sat up, cupping her huge breasts and looking adoringly at the thick hardness before her. The small eye winked, and a thick rope of pearly white jism spiraled from the opening, directly onto Tanya's upraised tits.

She watched, fascinated, as Peter crouched over her, moaning as his cock throbbed and bucked in his hand, emptying his balls on her chest. Thick sprays of sperm-laden semen splattered across her pale flesh, coating her in a fine layer of pearly white. A lake formed on her upper chest, while trails of the pudding-like substance dripped down each breast and pooled on her nipples. She counted to twelve as each beat of Peter's heart sent another impossibly potent rope of cum to splatter onto her. At thirteen, the last few drops fell upon her decorated chest, splashing obscenely.

Peter huffed, stood over her, admiring his handiwork. "Jesus, Mom, you look gorgeous. You look frosted with cum." He breathed heavily. "I didn't know I had it in me."

With a wicked gleam in her eye, Tanya reached out to grip her son's slowly softening phallus. She pulled him down closer and dragged the angry purple head through her sodden cleavage, until it was coated with his cum. Then she brought it to her lips and slurped every drop away.

Tanya licked her lips. She looked at the sea of semen on her chest, and thought about what her son had said earlier. And that she was only 37. But again, that could wait. She scooped up a fingerful of cum and fed it to herself.

"As soon as the roads clear," she said, using her other hand to clean her nipple, "I am seeing a doctor. Birth control pills, IUD, whatever." She sucked her cum laden finger between her full lips, shuddering at the sweet, salty tang of her son's cum. "As soon as possible, I want to feel that gorgeous cock of yours firing off inside me instead of on me."

Peter collapsed on her side, watching her feed on his jism. "I can't wait," Peter said. "In the meantime, though, this looks pretty damn hot."

Tanya turned bright pink, even after everything that had happened, with two fingers in her mouth and her other hand cupping a breast, scooping up more cum. She hadn't even realized what she was doing. Her actions had been completely automatic. "You don't think this is a bit slutty?" she said, removing her fingers from her mouth.

"Of course it is," Peter said, reaching out to trail a few fingers through her cleavage. He lifted them up to her lips, and she licked his cum from them. "That's what makes it so hot."

She smiled self-consciously, kissed his fingertips, and shifted in the bed. "I'm glad you like it. But right now I'm feeling a little embarrassed. I think I'll go clean up."

Peter sat back, slightly chagrined. "You don't have to, Mom. You look beautiful. Honest."

Tanya's answering smile was less hesitant than the last. "Thank you, Bub-Bun. But I'm still going to go clean up."

"Okay," he said. He settled back on the bed, naked and gorgeous, his cock already starting to wake up.

Tanya shook her head as she slid on to the floor. The resiliency of youth. She was looking forward to testing that to the fullest. She looked back once, over her shoulder, seeing him watching her with a look of utter admiration and adoration, and it made her giggle like a schoolgirl and scurry to the bathroom.

Tanya found a towel and wipe her chest down, then used a washcloth and some soap to clean herself up. She looked at herself in the mirror, noting the smudged mascara and lipstick, the lovebites everywhere, the puffiness of her nipples and the redness around her pussy. But she was also glowing, with the vitality of a woman who had been well fucked. She smiled at her reflection for the first time in years. Her son loved her, loved her body, loved to make love to her.

Heart swelling with emotion, Tanya hurried back to the bedroom, striking a dramatic and hopefully sexy pose in the doorway.

Only to find Peter sound asleep.

Tanya chuckled ruefully to herself. "Resiliency of youth, indeed," she muttered under her breath. He looked so young and peaceful lying in her bed, the covers pulled up to his waist, arms flung out along her side. She padded naked to the bed and slid under the covers, nuzzling her lush, long body against her son's hard, muscular one. She felt him stir slightly, one arm wrapping itself around her possessively.

Tanya kissed her son on the cheek. "Merry Christmas, Peter," she whispered. She turned out the light.

THE END