

Jason and his Mommy Issues

Autumn 1982

After being released from the mental hospital at the age of eighteen, he had been watching her for a good week. She was supposed to come pick him up upon his release. She promised him, over and over again, she would be there. And then she stopping coming to visit, but still he believed, despite what his father had told him, in the end, she would be there to greet him upon his release. No one showed and now he was hurt and angry. Apparently, his father had not been lying like he assumed.

After striking out at his original address, he went to the address he found in the phone book and watched. After a half a day's discreet wait he struck gold: she lived there. There was no sign of him. What followed was more waiting, more watching as he studied her every move.

It was mid-October and the weather was starting to get cool, although it had been a glorious week's run of Indian summer in Michigan.

Tuesday. Late afternoon. He watched her packing for a camping trip. She would pack now, and leave first thing in the morning. He was sure of this.

The memories came back of a cabin someplace up north. The name came to him: Petoskey. Yes, he was sure of it while also being sure he could find the cabin again by the lake. His plan set, he hurried off to the bus depot.

He was in luck. There was a bus leaving in two and half hours scheduled to go to Petoskey. From there he would hike to the cabin. After paying for his bus fare, he hurried off to the sporting goods store, to get everything he would need for his upcoming trip before heading over to the local grocery store. From there, after buying enough food to last a few days anyways, he hurried off to the local Halloween store to buy a costume/disguise.

The bus trip to Petoskey was uneventful and after a few false starts he was able to locate the cabin. It was a good eleven

miles out of town but he was young, and in shape, so he covered the distance quite easily on foot. After settling himself down behind a copse of trees a short distance from the cabin, he waited, resting, saving his energy for the next day.

She arrived a bit after noon the next day. He was still in place, hunched down behind a stand of pine trees to the left of the cabin. Watching and waiting. She looked happy as she came bouncing out of the car wearing a pair of daisy dukes and a tight tee shirt that accented her large boobs nicely.

An hour or so later, he heard the audible sound of the back door closing. Sounds carried nicely here in the quiet desolation surrounding the lonely cabin. It was Wednesday. Mid-week. The neighboring cabins, there was only a few, the closest being a good eight miles away, would be doubtlessly deserted. Most people only traveled up north in the summer or on the weekends. It was neither. The kids were back in school. Yeah, they would be alone: of this he was sure.

He circled around to the back of the cabin. Behind it there was a small grassy backyard. He stayed behind the cover of the trees, moving slowly, patiently until he found a small break in them affording a nice view of the backyard.

He was in luck. While she was not back there, there was a blanket spread out on the grass. Sitting on the blanket was a bottle of water, a small paperback book, and another smaller bottle of what might be sun tan lotion. He pulled his binoculars out. Sure enough it was sun tan lotion. He smiled, knowing, more than likely, if she was planning on catching some rays on this gloriously warm Indian summer afternoon, she just might be showing off some skin.

The extremely fit Amber, she stood five foot, seven and weighed one hundred and thirty four pounds, with agreeable measurements of 38-27-37, came out of the cabin, heading to the backyard and an afternoon of sun bathing.

To Jason, she looked rather carefree and much younger than her actual mid-thirties age, while also managing to look both

pretty and innocent all at once, with her dark chestnut hair falling to just past her shoulders in a tumble of fashionable beauty. Her gorgeous mane of hair framed a perfectly angelic and kind face that could have been used as a model for divine beauty. Possessing a witty and jocular personality, she was blessed with the unshakable ability to take worst case scenarios and flip them upside down.

This afternoon for her little solo sun bathing session she was wearing a sexy white string bikini showing off all of her ample curves rather nicely--to the watching trees. Amber would have never dreamed of wearing such a revealing swimsuit in public but alone at the cabin--no problem.

After stretching out on the blanket, she picked up the bottle of sun tan lotion. Dumping a liberal amount of the lotion on her hands, she patiently spent the next few minutes rubbing the lotion all over her nearly perfect, glowing skin.

He watched, his immense cock coming alive as she rubbed the lotion all over her body. He thought of masturbating while

watching her, dreaming of it being him rubbing the lotion all over her body, but thought it might be better not to. No, he would save himself--for later on--when the moment was right, like tonight before going to sleep. Instead of whacking off, he busied himself by eating a couple sandwiches he packed away in his back pack.

Even as he ate, his eyes never left her, allowing his desire for her, despite his best efforts to keep it in check, to grow stronger.

Later on that evening, waiting until he was sure she was about ready to retire for the evening, he carefully made his way up toward the cabin. After squatting behind the trees for most of the day, being up and moving was a welcome relief.

The only light on in the small cabin was in the bedroom. Creeping up close to the bedroom window, it was just as he remembered: sparsely furnished with only the queen size four poster bed, a single nightstand next to the bed, and a single chest of drawers over in the corner.

She came into the bedroom wearing a white checkered button up cotton night gown. After fussing with the covers on the bed, she turned around and stripped off the nightgown. Sadly, her back was to him, depriving him of a chance to get a glimpse of her breasts. Reaching over, she quickly turned off the lamp, before crawling into the bed.

The brief glimpse of her heavenly body, she was utterly naked under her gown, was enough to make his cock spring to attention and give him a case of the butterflies.

He watched until he was sure she was asleep. It took a mighty effort on his part-- not to stealthily slip into the house and crawl into bed with her-- but he managed to keep his inner demons at bay long enough to retreat to the relative safety of his own makeshift campsite, behind the grove of trees about a good forty yards from the cabin.

The morning dawned cool and crisp. Despite sleeping on the hard ground with only a thin blanket to keep him warm, he

slept good--dreaming of his revenge and what he was going to do to her tomorrow.

Around nine she emerged from the cabin looking free and easy. She was wearing a pair of dark green hiking shorts and a white, loose fitting short sleeved blouse. Strapped to her back, was a good sized backpack.

Apparently, they would be going on a hiking trip. He spent the morning following her from a safe distance. As the morning turned to afternoon and she made no attempt to turn around, but instead kept going deeper into the quiet forest, he started to think this maybe was going to be an overnight trip.

Catching up to her around three in the afternoon, from a safe distance he was just in time to observe her setting up camp for the evening.

He continued to spy on her as she went about the business of preparing her campsite. Deciding it might be best to wait until

dusk to "introduce" himself, he settled down to wait and watch.

As it turned out, watching wasn't half bad thanks to a couple of things. The first was the way her dark green hiking shorts showed off a pair of muscular, well-tanned legs and the second, and more importantly, her nice legs paled in comparison to her real pride and joy: a pair of ample sized breasts shown off quite nicely when, at some point during the hike, she removed the tee shirt underneath her short sleeved blouse.

Better yet, as she was setting up her camp she took the liberty of tying her blouse off under her nice boobs allowing her flat toned tummy to be shown off. Training the binoculars on her, he couldn't help but to let them wander down to her chest. With the blouse now tightened up a bit, her ample braless tits were straining nicely against the material of her blouse. It was, indeed, a good look for her.

Just as it was starting to get dark, he watched her go wandering off to the left of the campsite. He assumed she was either going to go potty or was going to collect firewood, either way now was the time.

His excitement grew to a fever pitch as he pulled the realistic looking hockey mask out of his backpack. It was a replica of the one Jason Voorhees wore in the Friday 13th Part 3. Not wanting to reveal his true identity to her until the time was right, he had purchased it earlier at the Halloween store.

Gripping the large hunting knife, he advanced quietly toward her campsite. The campsite was still deserted but would not be for long. He could hear her humming a happy tune as she approached.

He slipped behind a large tree, positioning himself perfectly for the attack. When he noticed she was carrying a load of firewood, he smiled. Her hands would not be free to fend off the coming attack.

Stepping out from behind the tree as she passed, he struck swiftly and decisively. He grabbed her right wrist, twisting it painfully behind her back while using his other arm to crush her against his body in a vise like grip.

She immediately let out a small yelp as she dropped the firewood. "Don't scream . . . no hurt!" he hissed harshly in her ear.

He was strong, and catching her totally off guard as it were, Amber quickly decided her best course of action, considering the way there was now a sizable hunting knife pointed directly at her throat, was to obey. Besides, screaming would have done precious little good as she had not met a soul all day in this part of the thick forest. Not so surprising, considering it was mid-week in the off season.

She went limp in her arms, trusting if he wanted to kill her she would already be dead.

Any chance of escape dropped to nil in the next few seconds when she felt a pair of handcuffs being slipped around one wrist.

"Other . . . behind . . . back," he hissed again in a grating, hesitant voice.

She immediately obeyed. With her wrists now secured by the handcuffs behind her back, a shiver of fright crawled up her spine. She was utterly helpless now to this obviously deranged stranger in the woods.

His next move was to thrust an open flask at her mouth.

"Drink."

She paused. What if whatever he wanted her to drink was poisoned? The knife tickling her throat, a bit more serious now, made her decide she didn't have much of a choice.

She opened her mouth allowing him to pour a small amount of whatever was in the flask into her mouth. She nearly choked on, what she assumed to be, some kind of whiskey.

"One more . . . bigger," he whispered in her ear. "Promise . . . no hurt."

Amber closed her eyes and opened her mouth, steeling herself to down the harsh tasting whiskey. After he poured a much more generous amount into her mouth, she gamely managed to swallow it without choking.

Amber very rarely drank whiskey so the pair of drinks produced the desired outcome for her attacker as he half carried, half dragged the now docile Amber over to a large tree just to the left of the campsite.

After pushing her against the tree, he quickly reached behind her and unfastened the cuffs. Pushing her wrists behind the tree, as he leaned heavily against her, he rapidly reattached the handcuffs.

He came around now to the front of her, allowing for her first real good look at him. He was short and stocky, with powerful arms and broad shoulders. The mask, of course, obscured the majority of his face but she could see tufts of long black hair sticking out from around the mask. His arms, a pale white, looked to be thick and powerful.

He brought the knife up slowly before pushing it against her bare tummy. Patiently, he used it to carefully trace small circles along her well-toned belly.

He is just trying to scare me, Amber told herself while the knife scratched lightly along her skin.

Amber closed her eyes. Holding her breath, she forced herself to count slowly to ten. She would not panic.

As she reached four, he was now dragging the knife up one of her perfectly tanned arms.

At seven, the knife was at her face, the sharp point stroking her cheek softly. Then just before she reached ten, she heard him whisper, just barely loud enough for her to hear the single word, "Pretty."

Taking a deep breath, after she reached ten, she finally found her voice just as a plan of action began to form in her mind.

Making her voice both calm and sweet as possible, Amber whispered, "Please you don't need that knife. Wouldn't it be better to touch my nice skin with your own hand? Can't you put it away . . . pretty please?"

She let out a long, shuddering breath when he turned, throwing the knife, sharp end first, so it stuck in the soft earth just to the left of the tree.

Moving slowly, he brought his hands up both her arms. After reaching her shoulders, he moved his hands to her face. Using

the tips of his fingers, he tickled her cheeks lightly as he whispered two words this time, again just barely loud enough for her to catch. "Very pretty."

This fit neatly into the plan Amber was forming in her mind to stay alive. She sensed this young stranger was attracted to her. Yes, maybe she could use this to her advantage. "You think me pretty, sweetheart. Hmm, why don't you kiss me then?"

When he pulled back, staring at her she doubled down on the suggestion. "Please kiss me. I bet I would like it . . . but, of course, you'll have to take off your mask. I bet you are handsome under it."

His reaction was quick and unexpected, although maybe it should not have been so unexpected once she realized her mistake.

He reached down, grabbing the knife. His hand holding it twitched before he brought the knife up in a wide arc burying it deep into the trunk of the tree just over her head.

"You . . . description . . . police," he said his voice raspy with apparent anger. He yanked the knife out of the tree and brought it down to her throat. "Trick me!"

"No, no, no. I just wanted to be kissed. No police. I won't tell. Look . . . I have an idea. Put a blindfold on me and that way I can't see you and you can still kiss me."

He drew back. He seemed to be, at least, considering her idea, before whispering. "No blindfold. Don't have."

Thinking quickly, Amber replied. "I have in my backpack a sweatshirt. In case I got cold tonight. You could tear a strip off material off of that. Its dark blue. It would work as a nice blindfold you know if you tied it around my head to cover my eyes."

He looked at her for a moment before abruptly turning. Her backpack was in plain sight, right there leaning against the long, thick fallen log she planned on using as a makeshift bench to sit on in front of her small fire pit.

Moving quickly, he pulled the sweatshirt out from the top of her backpack. She watched as he used his knife to cut a hole in the middle of the thick cotton shirt before using his powerful hands to rip the thing in half. A minute later, he was holding a long, thin strip of the sweatshirt in his hands.

He moved over to her and with surprising gentleness, wrapped the strip of cloth around her head before tying it off in the back. Pulling it down, he adjusted it to cut off her vision.

"Still . . . want . . . kisses?" he whispered to her.

Not wanting to give him a reason to doubt her sincerity, she answered without hesitation, "Yes, of course, you can have some."

He responded by leaning forward and giving her a pair of delicate kisses, his gentleness surprised her again, on each cheek before giving her one more in the middle of her forehead.

Apparently my deranged kidnapper is the shy type, Amber mused to herself while wondering if she might be able to somehow use this little fact to her advantage.

"Don't you wanna kiss me on the lips, huh?"

There was a long pause. She sensed him drawing nearer, his lips lingering close, before, just barely, his lips brushed against hers.

The feeling of his gentle kiss caught her wholly off guard, leaving her almost stunned.

She was to become even more stunned when he abruptly pulled away.

"Hungry . . . we . . . eat."

His continued reticence toward her left Amber feeling unbalanced, or maybe it was the whiskey, but regardless she counted this as a good thing.

"I have some food in my backpack. I have instant mac and cheese, just like add water and some instant rice sides, a couple apples and an orange. Hmm . . . some protein bars, crackers, beef jerky."

His only response was a grunt as he moved away. Amber could hear the sound of him moving about making their

dinner. Concentrating on this sole fact, him making them dinner, helped to calm her nerves.

A few minutes later he was at her side removing the blindfold. She blinked her eyes, it was full dark out now, and once more the hockey mask was covering his face.

"Open," he said to her quietly.

They spent the next few minutes with him patiently feeding her the mac and cheese, and then one of the apples. After she was done with the apple, deciding to push the envelope a bit, she spoke up. "I'm in the mood for something sweet. Could you maybe, if you want, give me one of the Snicker bars I have packed away? It's in one of the zip pouches of my backpack near the top."

He fed her the candy bar, nice and patient, allowing her a glimmer of hope maybe she could get out of this in one piece yet.

After sensing he moved away from her, she was quiet for a moment, trying to hear what he was doing. She heard the soft scrap of the spoon hitting the cookpot so she rightly assumed he was finishing off the mac and cheese.

Raising her voice, she called out. "Hey . . . can . . . can we talk when you are done eating maybe. Please."

There was a brief moment of silence, and then he was next to her. "Talk . . . later . . . first close eyes."

She closed her eyes hoping he wouldn't . . . no, she would think positive.

Her positive thoughts were rewarded when he told her to open her eyes. He was holding a black eyed Susan.

"Oh wow, for me," Amber gushed. "How sweet."

He reached out, carefully tucking the pretty yellow flower behind her ear. "Pretty. Now . . . talk."

"Hmm, well especially after that sweet gesture, I just wanna get to know you better. I don't want nothing to tell anyone . . . I just want to talk, personal like, everything will be just between us. Promise."

After a brief moment he answered simply. "Talk."

"OK, what is your name? If you don't wanna tell me your real name . . . just make something up for me to call you. I don't like just saying 'hey you'. My name is Amber by the way."

"Miss Amber."

"Yes, well, just Amber . . . but, I mean, Miss Amber would be OK too I suppose."

"My name is Jason."

"Oh I get it. The hockey mask. Hmm . . . funny, but I hope you are nicer than the mean Jason in the movie."

"Both . . . real name and I . . . nicer."

"OK, then, well that is good to know." She wondered if she should ask him what he wanted of her, why he was doing this, that sort of thing, but after considering it briefly, Amber thought it was probably best to steer away from such things like the crimes he was committing. Best to keep things light hearted . . . if that was even possible.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Eighteen, wow . . . ahh I have a son, had a son, who was eighteen but it's . . . well, it's complicated."

She heard him take a loud bite of an apple before he said quietly, "Had?"

"Ahh, had, yeah, his father told me he . . . he got killed in a fight with some other boys. He was like in the mental hospital. My Jackson had issues. His middle name was Jason actually. I called him J. J. sometimes . . . but look, it's complicated . . . like I said. I can't talk about that. What about you . . . mother, father. Are they around?"

"Father, no good, Mom . . ."

She heard him sigh deeply before he said, his voice deeply bitter, "She abandon me. No . . . more . . . visits."

"Really. That is so sad. You . . . you wanna talk about it maybe."

After a long drawn out moment of silence he shook his head whispering, "Complicated . . . can't . . . talk."

"OK," she answered. Initially, the simple no was all she planned on saying, but then for some reason she added, "My son, my Jackson would have been eighteen, like you, we have that in common anyways and . . . people who have things in common can become friends. Maybe we can become friends?"

There was another long moment of silence before she heard the large hunting knife, once again, being buried in the trunk of the tree. This time mere inches about her head causing her to let out a small yelp.

"Don't want friends . . . want mommy," he hissed bitterly.

Caught off guard by this sudden turn, Amber took a moment to compose her answer.

She heard him walking away. Feeling she needed to say something, she called out impulsively. "I could be your mommy."

She heard him turn, his heavy footsteps stomping back toward her as she prayed she just didn't just make a huge mistake.

The footsteps stopped before her. There was a brief moment of silence before she heard the sound of him wrenching his knife out of the tree.

Amber let out a small whimper when she felt the sharp point of the knife scrapping along her right cheek.

"You . . . try . . . to trick Jason. Don't . . . really mean . . . t-that."

"No, no . . . I meant it. I mean, why not. You need a mommy . . . I . . . I miss my son, he was your age remember. I miss him terribly. We could . . . I don't know . . . try it."

"Pretend."

She was about to say "yes, pretend," but then snapped her mouth shut after making the decision agreeing on the "pretend" principal might just get her killed.

"No, not pretend. That is not a good word."

What are some good words then genius, her inner voice snapped sarcastically at her?

Spurred on by her inner voice's sarcasm the words just came pouring out of Amber. "It's hard to describe, Jason, but I feel . . . something . . . in my heart for you. Like we were fated to meet. Like this was supposed to happen . . . because you need a mommy and I need a son. God knows this and . . . well when you are out in nature like this . . . out in the wilderness you are closer to God than ever and He knows what I need . . . He knows what you want . . . what we both want and . . ." She paused, shrugging her shoulders. "He sent you to me . . . for me to take care of you . . . just like a good mommy would."

There was now a long drawn out moment of silence. Amber held her breath. She could practically feel his eyes boring a hole through her.

As the silence grew heavier, the tension mounted in her heart. Did she just over play her hand with that little overly dramatic statement of hers?

Her inner voice spoke up, this time devoid of its usual sarcasm. Overly dramatic girl. I think not. I think you spoke the truth. You do feel something for him. You do feel closer to God out here and . . . maybe He did sent you this broken boy . . . to fix . . . both of your hearts.

A chilly breeze ruffled her hair. With the darkness came a precipitous drop in the temperature. Amber shivered as she waited for his response to her dramatic, but yet, her inner voice never lied, truthful statement.

Finally he broke the silence with two simple words that caused a deep stirring of excitement within her. "Mommy's cold."

She felt him first unlock the handcuffs, and then felt his flannel button up shirt being wrapped around her body as she carefully rubbed her wrists. Next, he removed the makeshift blindfold from around her head, allowing her to see once again.

Not surprisingly, his mask was in place once more.

Giving him only a passing glance, she was afraid to look too long as it might raise his suspicions, she noticed he was wearing a thin tee shirt only under his flannel hunting shirt. Without even having to think about it, her motherly instincts kicked in.

"You will be cold without your shirt, hon," she whispered quietly to him.

"Tee shirt . . . OK."

"Hmm . . ." Now free of both the hand cuffs and the blindfold, her mind was whirling with the possibilities, but before she could even think about doing anything remotely stupid, Amber made a suggestion to him when once again, without really thinking, the words just came pouring out.

"Listen, even with your shirt on I'm still a bit cold. Could we maybe build a fire and sit in front of it. I mean, I could let you cuddle me. It would help keep me warm and keeping your mommy warm is something any good son should do . . . right?"

After a moment of silence, he responded, "Sounds nice . . . but . . . no tricks."

"You still don't trust me fully. I have an idea that might help you feel secure."

"Tell."

"How about this, first, you remove my hiking boots and then my shorts. Just leave me my socks. I mean do you really think I would go running off into the woods without any pants on and nothing on my feet but socks. Besides I promise to be good, really good, and a good mother, which I am . . ." She reached out, taking his hand in hers. "Would never lie to her baby boy. I promise not to abandon you."

He stood there saying nothing for a good long moment before finally responding, "Help make fire . . . think about it."

It took a while but Amber was actually growing used to the stilted, hesitant way Jason talked to her. It was almost as if he was too shy to speak to her, meaning one thing in a young man his age: he was attracted to her. Advantage Amber.

Working together, they quickly got a nice fire going. She noticed he basically never took his eyes off of her as they worked on getting the fire started, but was that because he did not wholly trust her? Or better yet, because of something else-like he thought she was pretty and pleasant to look at?

Probably a bit of both, her inner voice assured Amber as the fire was now all set. Also all set was a fresh, new plan in Amber's mind. She came up with it while helping him build the fire and thought it was fairly sound . . . if not a bit daring, and maybe even a little naughty.

"So I was thinking before I take off my shorts and boots maybe you could give me another small drink from that flask of yours."

"You want . . . more whiskey."

"Please and well, just so you know, whiskey tends to make your mom real loose and friendly. I mean, you do want to see my friendly side right hon?"

She stepped up closer to him. Reaching out she touched his hand. "It will be better this time . . . you not forcing me to drink."

"Flask . . . in my pack . . . over there."

"I'll get it . . . if you don't mind, so you can keep your eye on me."

Not waiting for her "son's" usual hesitation answer one way or the other, Amber boldly strode across the clearing to his bag. Turning when she reached his backpack, she gave him a fetching smile. "I hope there is enough for a couple big drinks anyways. Enough for you to have some too. In here . . ." She pointed to the main compartment of his backpack.

He nodded his head yes.

She unzipped the compartment, and when the flask was not readily in sight she started digging around to find it. He had several things in his backpack: a flashlight, protein bars, a tee shirt and some socks, chewing gum, a pair of dark boxers, a box of matches, and then just before she found the small silver flask: a pair of panties.

And not just any pair of panties, but one of the two extra pairs of the hip hugger panties she packed for the trip. Predictably, he elected to steal the brighter of the two: her neon green ones.

Resisting the urge to smile, knowing why he must have went through her stuff to pull these out, she filed this little fact away for future use. She discreetly did a half turn, he appeared to be staring down at the ground so hopefully he didn't notice her naughty discovery. She stuffed the panties back into his bag, before straightening up, flask in hand.

Crossing over to him, a warm smile on her face, she asked, "You wanna go first or me."

He pointed at her. She tipped the flask to him before raising it to her lips. Bracing herself, Amber took a hearty swig of the whiskey before trying to hand it to him.

"You again . . . if . . . you want."

Feeling maybe just a little reckless from the previous drink, Amber brought the flask to her mouth again and took a second nice sized drink.

This one did the trick as she staggered slightly while reaching out to hand him the flask.

He quickly stepped forward, grabbing the flask with one hand while using his other on her shoulder to steady her. He helped her over to the log serving as the makeshift bench and then even helped her sit down.

"Boy that stuff is potent."

"Kentucky bourbon. One hundred proof."

She smiled. He seemed to be relaxing around her. That little five word sentence he just rattled off, without hesitating, and without pausing to think, might have been both his quickest and longest response yet.

"One more small sip, and then you help your mom take off her boots and . . ." She paused, giving him an enticing smile before she finished, "Then her shorts."

He held the flask out to her but as she reached for it he pulled it back. "Sure?"

"Yes, I want to . . . you know get tipsy so . . . so we can have fun tonight. Remember I told you drinking whiskey, especially Kentucky bourbon, makes your mommy get real friendly."

She was about to take another drink when she paused. Making her smile disappear and her voice stern, Amber told him, "But I only get real friendly with guys that are super nice to me. Can you be super nice to your mommy sweetheart?"

"Y-yes," he said.

"I hope so . . . coz I wanna get super friendly with you." She tilted the flask to her lips, taking a yet another decent sized swallow.

After taking the flask from her and taking a quick sip or two, he set it aside. Turning to her, he did nothing, seemingly awaiting further instructions. A good sign.

"First my boots." She turned, holding her right leg out to him, not very steadily. The three quick drinks left her feeling a bit dizzy, making it a good thing she was sitting down.

Showing patience, he untied her hiking boots, one at a time, before pulling each off.

Amber climbed to her feet. Reaching out, she placed her hands on his shoulders to steady herself as she stood before him. "Now unzip your mom's shorts hon and pull them down for me."

He looked up at her from his sitting position on the log, seemingly unsure if he should follow her instructions.

"Go ahead, it's alright baby. Remember, we are doing this so you can feel sure I won't go running off."

Showing patience, he carefully unbuttoned, and then unzipped her shorts. After pulling them down to around her knees, Amber struggled out of them the rest of the way. She was wearing a pair of comfortable white briefs, leaving her almost disappointed she wasn't wearing something sexier for his viewing pleasure.

Pushing ahead with her plan, she told him, "Look I want you to be comfortable when we are sitting in front of the fire and I think with your mask on you won't be so I think I just need to put my little blindfold back on."

Not waiting for an answer, Amber grabbed the makeshift blindfold from where she left it on the log. "You better do it. I am a bit too tipsy to get the thing in place properly."

He said nothing as he quickly wrapped the torn piece of her sweatshirt back around her head. After getting the blindfold in place they sat down on the log side by side.

Within a minute or two Amber was already starting to get annoyed. Her plan to make him become deeply attracted to her, thus making it more unlikely he would harm her, was failing. Instead of cuddling her sweetly as they sat on the log in front of the fire, he was just sitting there with his arm stiffly thrown over her shoulder. Worse still, when she tried to scoot a little closer to him, she could feel him tensing up before

moving away, just enough, so they would not be tightly cuddling like she wanted.

Desperate for a new plan, Amber finally came up with something wholly reckless and if she wasn't feeling so loose and carefree from the whiskey she wouldn't possessed the courage to suggest such a thing. "Hey Jason, honey, I hate to ask but I have a small favor I was wondering if you could do for your mom."

When he said nothing she charged ahead with her bold plan.

"I got bit up some when I was . . . ahh . . . ahh." She didn't want to exactly bring up how he handcuffed her to the tree so she was searching for another way of saying it. Finally, she came up with something. "As I was resting against the tree earlier the stupid bugs got to me something awful honey. Now I'm kind of itching all over. I have something in my bag that would help though. I always bring a bottle of baby oil with a few drops of lavender in it to help soothe and protect against

bug bites. Would you mind very much rubbing some where the bugs got to your mother, honey."

After a long pause, he said quietly, "Maybe . . . better you."

"I . . . well I would but I am a bit tipsy and would probably just make a mess and end up wasting most of it. Besides I have the blindfold on remember. And actually I . . . don't laugh . . . but I just want to see if you would be willing to be a good son that pampers his mom by doing such a thing for her?"

There was again the usual pause before he responded. "Jason will do it . . . for mom."

"Good. The bottle of oil is in my backpack. The small zipper compartment on the left OK."

When she heard him moving toward her backpack she stripped off his flannel button up shirt.

Bottle in hand, Jason moved back toward her. Seeing she took off his shirt he said, "No . . . more . . . cold."

"No, not really, sitting in front of the fire warmed me up. Beside your shirt will just be in the way."

Throwing one leg over the log, straddling it, Amber patted the log behind her. "Here sit like this . . . here. It will be easier I think."

Once she felt him settle himself down beside her, she leaned back against him. "Now just pour a little of the oil out on both your hands Jason and then I will tell you where to rub the oil on me."

"OK . . . ready," he told her after dumping a decent amount of the oil on both of his hands.

"Now why don't you start with your mom's arms sweetie, using both hands?"

He patiently rubbed up and down her bare arms several times as she closed her eyes and relaxed against him. The careful, gentle, and almost shy way he was rubbing the lotion in, gave her the confidence her plan might bear fruit.

After allowing him several swipes up and down her arms she spoke up. "Time to move on baby. Do your mommy's tummy next . . . all over."

Again, he moved his hands both gently and nervously all around her taunt belly. She liked how he shyly veered away from going too high-- near her breasts-- which played perfectly into the scenario she was playing out in her mind.

The scenario the imaginative Amber was playing in her mind was simple and innocent: he was really her son--her sweet, innocent son--and would never so much as consider harming her. This little fantasy scenario of hers, helped relax her and made her feel as if she was in control.

"Do mommy's thighs next, Jason, but first hand me the bottle of baby oil," she whispered. After taking the bottle from him, she carefully dumped, with his help, some more of the blended baby oil on the palms of both of his hands.

He slowly let his hands slip down across her hips, and onto her thighs, one hand on each. Amber, ready to push things up to the next level, allowed him a few tentative, nervous swipes up and down the middle of her thighs before she decided to take charge of things. Reaching down, she covered both of his hands with hers as she whispered, "Let Mommy help hon."

Using a pair of firm hands over his, she guided them up and down, moving in small circles, making sure to cover the entirety of her nice, firm thighs. As she slowly pushed his hands north toward the very edge of her panties she felt him beginning to squirm nervously--just as she hoped.

She spread her legs just a bit wider while pushing his hands up higher on her inner thighs until they were bumping up

against the edge of her panties. His squirming increased. Tenfold.

Wrapping her hands around his, she pushed them up onto her tummy and toward her beckoning hills, knowing it was the whiskey talking, she whispered a little white lie to him.

"Hmm, honey, you know those stupid bugs . . . a couple of them got under your mommy's shirt and kind of bit her there . . . on her chest. Can you rub some lotion there . . . please honey. It really itches."

He said nothing but didn't resist as she continued to guide his hands up. Pausing before her blouse she whispered further instructions, "Can you unbutton your mom's shirt Jason a bit more . . . it will be easier that way for you to rub the oil on the itchy spots."

Amber leaned back, concentrating not on the dangerous game she was playing, but instead on the shy, tentative way he was undoing the first two of the four buttons she planned

on having him undo. Oh yes, she was going all the way when it came to having him undo the buttons on her white blouse: all the way to where the shirt was knotted/tied in the center just below her prodigious breasts.

"Go on baby, undo the other two buttons . . . otherwise you won't be able to get at where the bugs were nipping at my chest."

She sighed as the other two buttons came undone. "Here . . . let's get a little more oil on the tips of your fingers first before we start. Put the bottle in my hand and then hold out both your index finger and your middle finger on both your hands, baby. Now mommy is going to lift her blindfold for just a minute. Just so she can see to pour the oil on your fingers sweetie. I won't turn around and try to look at you. Is that OK?"

"Yes," he replied after a long pause. "Promise?"

"Yes, yes, no looking," she said impatiently as she lifted the blindfold up.

She quickly dumped a small amount of the oil on both sets of his fingers before she hurriedly adjusted the blindfold back in place.

"Now let me guide the tips of your fingers where they need to apply the oil honey . . . so just relax and hold those two fingers out straight."

Gripping his hands tightly, she guided them to the center of her chest, just below her collar bone.

With her hands as guides, Jason slowly slipped his extended fingers down ever so slowly, ever so patiently, directly down and across her chest until they were in between the twin peaks of her breasts.

"You're doing good hon," she whispered, her excitement growing as she continued-- it had to be the whiskey-- with her unbelievably wicked plan to seduce him.

Simultaneously, she gently prodded his fingers outward from the center of her chest until they slipped under her open blouse and bumped up against the sides of her breasts.

"Just a bit further now," she said quietly as his fingers on both hands patiently climbed the sides of her breasts.

Nudging his fingers further under her open blouse, she continued to ever so gently guide his fingers to their ultimate goal: her waiting nipples.

She could feel his breathing becoming ragged as his fingers finally bumped up against her twin nipples.

"Right there hon," she whispered, "Yes, right there, really needs some attention."

Despite having the blindfold on, Amber closed her eyes, resting her head back against his shoulder as she carefully shepherded his fingers in soft circles around her nipples.

Amber felt them becoming fully erect in a mere matter of seconds, they were incredibly sensitive, as his fingers lightly brushed the blended baby oil all over them.

A soft moan involuntarily escaped from her lips as he flickered his fingers tenderly across her fully erect nipples.

Pressing her body back against him allowed her to feel how very big and hard he was getting-- down there-- as his breath was now coming in shallow gasps. She imagined him being a totally wholesome virgin with this being the very first time he ever touched a woman's breasts. Again, it helped ease her mind thinking such a thing. If it was true or not, at this point anyways, really didn't matter.

"You are doing so good baby . . . don't stop . . . my poor nipples . . . they need lots of attention and care hon."

"A-tten-tion," he whispered in a hoarse voice as he continued to flick his fingers delicately across her nipples.

"Oh God that feels so good, sweetie" she whispered to him. Wondering what he would do if she let go of his hands, she slipped her hands away, dropping them down so they were resting on his thighs.

She was not at all surprised when instead of stopping, he continued to slip and slide his two fingers on each hand oh so delicately, just the way she loved, across her nipples.

She could feel him squirming something awful now as her hands slowly moved to his crotch. Her inner voice was once more whispering to her: Are you really going to do this, Amber?

Apparently the answer was yes as she was not stopping. Indeed, thanks to the way he was so delicately playing with her nipples there would be no stopping; she simply lacked the will power.

In her mind, she was already imagined exactly what he would feel like: big and hard.

But then, mere inches from pushing her hands up against him down there, he abruptly stopped.

Yanking his hands away he whispered harshly, "No . . . touching with Mommy . . . like this . . . Wrong!"

Before she even knew what was happening, he was on his feet. He reached down and using one hand, gripped her tightly around her upper arm before pulling her roughly to her feet.

She started to protest, "Honey, why di--"

Shaking her like a rag doll, he barked at her, "No talk."

Amber abruptly feel silent as he propelled her toward the tent. "Sleep now . . . you there . . ." He ripped the blindfold off of her.

He was pointing at the open flap to her small tent.

"Go . . ."

She started to bend over to enter the tent when he pulled her back to him. His mask was down once more as he twisted her around. Once again, she felt the cold steel of the handcuffs being clamped around her wrists.

"No escape . . . while Jason sleep."

"No, no, never," she whispered while he pushed her toward the tent, barking "Go inside sleep."

He followed her inside, helping her get inside her sleeping bag. Just before heading out, she spoke up. "Honey, I don't

much care for the dark. Can you turn the lantern on for me? It's right there, sitting on the ground, in the corner by the flap."

His only response was a grunt, but he did abide to her request, turning the lantern on low.

She planned on asking him for a goodnight kiss but when his only response to her quiet "good night" to him was another low grunt before quickly ducking out of the tent, Amber knew she would have to think of some alternative plan. Apparently, it was not going to be so easy to seduce her morally uptight "son".

A minute later he was back inside the tent raising her hopes maybe he changed his mind and was going to sleep besides her. Her hopes were further fueled when she spotted the heavy quilt blanket he was holding in his arms.

Any hopes were quickly dashed though when he bent over, arranging the blanket around her before disappearing out of the tent without a word.

After a minute or two, she dozed off while still turning a couple ideas over in her head on just how she might go about seducing him. She awoke sometime later. How long she had been asleep she was unsure. The tent was dark though as the batteries in her lantern must have gave out.

Amber shivered. Despite the sleeping bag and quilt she was cold and very uncomfortable. Sleeping with handcuffs on was not at all ideal. Neither was the tent being dark ideal. She needed to do something.

Climbing to her feet, she made her way quietly out of the tent, hoping he would not get angry if she was to wake him up.

After poking her head out of the tent, she received a bit of a surprise. He was sitting on the ground, his back up against the log, not facing her. It sounded as if he was quietly moaning a

single word--"mommy". Hmm, no worries about him sleeping apparently. Unless he was sleeping sitting up and maybe dreaming--of her.

Making sure to be extra quiet, she took a small step forward to get a better look. In the dying light of the fire, she was just able to make out what he was doing: it appeared his hand was in his lap and was moving up and down while holding something green, something neon green.

Yes, oh God, it was her panties and he was whacking off. Although she could not see his manhood, and did not want to risk coming any closer, she could imagine his jeans unzipped and his cock out. Even more vivid in her wicked imagination was how big and hard his cock must have been with her neon green panties wrapped around it.

Seeing him whacking off with her panties, caused a smile to cross her face as this just might be the missing piece of the puzzle she would need for later. Knowing it would not be at

all good to surprise him at this point, Amber quietly stepped backwards, ducking back inside the tent.

Praying he had not blown a load yet, she called out to him loudly, "Jason, honey, can you come in here please. Your mother needs you. Hurry."

Not surprisingly, she heard some mad scrambling taking place out there before he popped his head inside the dark tent.

Making sure to add some extra "whine" to her voice, Amber told him, "Honey, sorry if I woke you up but your mom woke up and now I can't get back to sleep. And the stupid lantern went out. I guess the batteries are dead. And I am really uncomfortable with these handcuffs on. I don't think I will be able to get back to sleep but you wanna know what is really bothering me."

After a long drawn out moment where she was wondering if he was hearing her at all, or if he was going to respond in any way, he finally answered, "Tell what bother you."

"It's my worry about you. I mean I have the sleeping bag in here, I have your nice quilt blanket in here, while you are out there, in the cold and dark, with just the clothes on your back to keep you warm."

"I have . . . the fire."

"Hmm, surely it's out, or almost out by now and as I recall we used all of the firewood to get that fire started earlier and I am sure you would not have went wandering off from the campsite in search of wood leaving your mom all alone in these woods."

"Never," he said moving deeper inside the tent.

Taking a deep breath, Amber launched into all the reasons why he needed to be in here with her. "Hey just listen to me for a sec. I think you can solve all my problems if you just come in here and lay down next to me . . . after taking off my handcuffs. You can wrap your big strong arms around me. I . . . I bet you are a light sleeper and if I tried to . . . you know . . . you would wake up. Also we can keep each other warm snuggling under the sleeping bag and your blanket. The night is getting only colder you know. And finally I will just feel better knowing you are next to your mommy instead of being out there in the cold and the dark. Plus, with you inside with me I won't be afraid of the dark so it won't matter the lantern died."

When he said nothing. She whispered, "Please baby . . . for me. Pretty please."

After a long drawn out moment, he finally whispered, "Jason . . . sleep in tent . . . next to mommy . . . if she wants."

"She does baby, she does."

He hunched down beside her and undid the handcuffs before standing back up.

"I go. Put fire out. Be back."

She stood up, stretching her muscles as he started out of the tent. "Oh wait one more thing hon. Bring a flashlight back with you, yours if you got one or mine. It's in the big compartment of my backpack. I need it for a nightlight to fall asleep. Oh and your mom's bottle of oil, bring that too."

He was gone just long enough for Amber to come up with a plan. It was both daring and naughty and its chances for success all hinged on one thing: would he totally buy into her being his mother.

Jason ducked back into the tent a minute later. In his one hand was the bottle of oil she requested but his other hand was empty.

"You didn't grab a flashlight hon?"

If he hadn't pushed his hockey mask back in place before entering the tent she would have witnessed what passed for a smile on the shy, young man's face.

He thrust out a clenched hand to her. Opening it up, he said, "Better than flashlight."

In the palm of his hands were four D batteries. "Oh perfect, Jason. Just put the oil down and can you put the batteries in while I go outside? I gotta go pee. I am just going behind that big rock over there so maybe you could just step outside the tent as you are putting the batteries in so you can keep an eye on me." Reaching out she touched his hand, "I don't want a bear to steal your mother you know."

"No bear . . . touch mommy," he said while pulling the large hunting knife out of its protective sheath attached to one of his belt loops.

"Protective as ever. Nice," she said as they headed out of the tent.

After taking care of her business, she crossed the small clearing back to him where he was waiting with the lantern already lit.

Once they were back inside the tent, she turned to him, her heart thundering in her chest. Her plan would fail or succeed here in the next few seconds. If it succeeded she was pretty sure her safety would be assured--at least for the foreseeable future.

She moved up close to him. "Can you set the lantern over in the far corner and turn it down to its lowest setting. I don't want it too bright in here."

He quickly obeyed before returning to her. Reaching out she took both hands in his. "Look Jason, I have a very serious question to ask you and I want the truth. Can you do that for me?"

He nodded his head yes.

"Do you really want me to be your mommy? Is that what your heart is telling you or maybe . . . or maybe I'm just not good enough to be your mom?"

"No . . . no." He squeezed her hands tight. "You . . . good enough." He paused for a long moment before adding in a fierce whisper, "I want you . . . to be my mom . . . please."

"I want you too baby," she said. She took a deep breath before letting his hands go. Reaching up, she ran her fingers lightly through a wild tuft of his coal black hair sticking out from behind the mask around his left ear.

"Then you have to do something for me . . . for us. You have to recognize your mom's authority over you . . . I mean . . . just in some matters anyways. What I am trying to say is there might be a couple things I ask you to do and since I am your mother you should feel compelled to do what I ask . . . that is if you really recognize me as your mother like I recognize you as my son, as my cute, adorable little Jason."

When his only response, after his usual long pause, was a soft nod of his head she whispered, "So does that mean you understand and agree?"

Again he nodded.

"Good then the first thing I want you to let your mommy do is . . ." She paused, smiling at her sweetly before whispering the punch line. "Undress you before we lay down. I know you are old enough to get undressed yourself hon, but I wanna pamper my little boy by letting him just relax while I do all the work of undressing him."

Reaching out, she started by slowly unbuttoning his shirt as she continued to whisper to him. "You know good boys who are obedient to their mommy's get nice treats . . . and sometimes even nicer rewards."

As she patiently continued to unbutton his shirt he finally answered with a quiet statement giving her a much needed boost of confidence things were heading in the right direction. "Jason . . . likes treats . . . especially . . . Mommy's treats."

"Hmm, that is nice and like I said . . ." She finished unbuttoning the shirt all the way as she circled around him, whispering in his ear, "You be good and you shall get your treats Jason sweetheart. I promise and maybe even a nice reward."

After tossing the shirt off to the side, she helped him peel off his navy blue tee shirt. She also tossed the tee shirt casually off to the side before reaching out to start to undo his belt and

that's when he stopped her. "Jason . . . leave pants on . . . Mommy."

"No honey," she said with a sigh. "You have been hiking all day and your jeans are pretty filthy and your mom's sleeping bag, which she is being kind enough to share with you, is all nice and clean. You understand what I'm saying?"

After a brief pause he nodded his head yes before he whispered, "Wait."

Reaching out, he quickly unhooked the sheath holding the knife from his belt. Bending down, he put the knife just to the left of the sleeping bag up toward one of the two pillows.

"Yes, that is better," she whispered while reaching out to undo his belt again. This time he didn't stop her.

Showing a patience which only increased both of their desires, Amber first undid his belt, and then unbuttoned his

jeans, before slowly pulling them down. He was wearing a pair of simple white briefs, and although she only allowed herself a cursory glance down there, even in the dim light of the lantern she could see her "son" was rather well endowed --and maybe more than a little excited based on the bulge he was sporting.

"Now step out of your jeans baby and then Mommy needs to take off your underwear too for the same reason as the jeans."

She knew this was pushing things but if her daring plan was to carry the night, then him being totally naked would make things a whole lot easier.

"Underwear . . . dirty . . . too."

"That's right, hon."

Deciding it might be best not to push things too far and too fast, Amber quickly added, "I know how shy you are baby so

your mom will just turn around and let you take off your own underwear and then just hurry up and crawl under the safety of the sleeping bag."

"OK," he said quietly.

She gave him a few seconds to take off his underwear before she called out, "Are you safe and sound inside the sleeping bag hon?"

"Yes."

Turning around, she gave him a warm smile before she dropped to her knees and crawled inside the sleeping bag next to him.

As he reclined on his back, Amber cuddled up next to him, resting her head on his powerful chest. She would give it a minute, allowing him time to get used to her being next to him like this, before pushing things further along.

After a minute or two, just as she was considering just how to proceed with the next step in her naughty plan he gave her an inspiration when he quietly said, "Treats."

Raising up on one arm, she stared down at him. "If you want your mommy's treats honey you are going to have to take off that silly mask of yours."

Almost immediately, he shook his head no.

"Please, baby," she cooed to him.

Again he shook his head no.

Leaning down, she brought her mouth to his ear whispering, "Pretty please for mommy take it off baby."

She twirled her fingers in the tufts of hair sticking out from under the mask making him sigh. "I promise you will really like Mommy's treats and beside it's really dim in here to begin with so I won't really be able to see you."

"Not . . . dim . . . enough."

"We can fix that." Reaching over she grabbed his discarded tee shirt and took it over to the lantern. After carefully draping the dark tee shirt over the lantern, cutting the light down inside the tent significantly, she moved back over to him.

"See now it's really dark in here, Jason honey so . . ."

Without waiting for him to answer, Amber boldly started to undo his mask, fully expecting he would stop her. He didn't.

After carefully pulling the mask off of him, she tossed it aside into a far corner of the tent.

She turned back to him. Inside the darkness of the tent she could barely see his face, but what she could observe broke her heart. Moving her face down closer to his, staring intently, she understood now why he was reluctant to remove the mask.

Running in a jagged, zig zag pattern up his right cheek was an ugly looking thin scar. In the diffused light of the tent she could just barely make out the contours of his nose which appeared to be a mashed in and bent to one side.

Yes, it truly was only a face a mother could love and that is maybe why her heart was breaking for him. Using one finger, she lightly traced the jagged scar staining his right cheek. "What happened here baby . . . if you don't mind me asking?"

After a long pause he said quietly, "They mean . . . to Jason." Amber noticed how he was rapidly blinking his eyes as his voice hitched. Was he on the verge of tears?

"Who mean to you baby?"

"Others . . . mean to Jason. Lots . . . of . . . fights."

She stroked his face lightly with one hand. She wanted to know more but decided having him relive what was obviously some tragic events of his past might not be such a good idea.

"Hmm, Mommy is here now baby. It's OK. Time Jason got his treats and just so you know . . . I still think you are adorably cute."

He smiled, almost, before he whispered back, "Mommy . . . tell . . . fib."

"Close your eyes honey and Mommy will give you your treats and maybe convince you she is not fibbing."

He closed his eyes as Amber continued to run her fingers lightly through his hair. Slowly, she brought her lips down to

his right cheek where she patiently applied a series of small kisses all up and down the jagged scar.

Moving up to his forehead, she sprayed it with a good half dozen kisses before moving down to his other cheek, giving it the same treatment. Raising up, she whispered to him, "You like your Mommy's treats baby?"

"Yes . . . more."

"Of course baby. I always have more for you."

She kissed him lightly on the nose once, before giving each of his cheeks several more kisses.

"Is that enough treats for little Jason?"

He shook his head no.

"Show mommy where you want more of her treats baby. Use your finger."

Slowly, he brought his hand up to his face before using his index finger to tap his lips.

"I was hoping you would say that," she whispered as she slowly dropped her lips to his.

She kissed him several times, sweetly, before pulling back. "More," he whispered.

Again, she dropped her lips to his, letting her kisses, this time, linger a bit longer.

When she raised up again he almost immediately whispered. "Want more."

"Well baby, if you want more of your Mommy's sweet kisses you are going to have to show her you really like them by kissing her back."

Amber closed her eyes as he brought her lips down to his. The moment of truth was at hand: would he kiss her back?

Initially the answer was no as she showered his lips with several light kisses, but as she persisted, pressing her lips firmly against his, he finally relented and kissed her back.

They exchanged several dainty, almost innocent kisses, before Amber went for broke. Letting her tongue go, she slid it along his lips before letting it dip into his mouth. She felt his whole body stiffen as her tongue worked its magic, swirling inside the warm recesses of his mouth. After several breathless swirls of her tongue, she felt his own tongue slip inside her mouth.

Soon the small tent was filled with the soft smacking sound of their lips coming together, over and over again. Warming to the task, Jason became a bit more aggressive with his mommy

as he reached up, snaking a hand through her gorgeous mane of chestnut brown hair, not allowing her to escape.

Without really thinking about what she was doing, Amber felt her hand slipping down across her son's muscular chest, and then down further, across his belly.

Was she actually going to touch it or would she chicken out at the last moment? She never got an answer as he decided the question himself when he stopped her just short of her touching him down there when he pushed her hand away while shaking his head no.

The fact he stopped her, seemed almost unbelievable to her. Most guys would have been more than happy to allow such a thing, in fact, most guys probably would have been the one pushing her hand down there, but her little Jason, she was quickly finding out, was not most guys.

The truth was simple: the fact he stopped her made her want it all the more.

"Honey besides your treats, remember Mommy offered you a nice reward."

He shook his head yes.

"Well don't you want your reward baby?"

After a short pause he whispered, "Yes."

"OK, but first you have to do something for me. You have to answer, very truthfully, a couple questions that you may think is . . . well, too embarrassing to tell the truth about, but you must . . . otherwise, no reward. Do you understand?"

"Understand . . . be . . . honest."

"Yes. OK . . . so anyways." Amber raised herself up, leaning down on her elbow she started to trace small outlines on his

chest as she dropped her voice to a sultry whisper. "Sometimes it's hard to hide things from moms. Sometimes they are all knowing, all seeing."

She paused, letting her words sink in as he started to fidget.

"Like your mommy knows you stole a pair of her panties out of her backpack and she has a pretty good idea what you did with those panties. Now if you can be a brave little boy and tell your mommy exactly what you did with her panties she will give you a real, real nice reward, honey."

He looked away for several seconds, fidgeting something awful as she stroked his hand with one finger. "C'mon baby, you can tell me. Please . . . you see your mother thought she saw something earlier tonight but it was dark, the fire was almost out so . . . This happened earlier when I called out to you from the tent. C'mon tell the truth and get your reward. Did your mommy see what she thought she saw?"

He said nothing, instead he stared up at her, all wide eyed and innocent like, for a long drawn out moment before finally he quietly spoke his confession. "Jason . . . master--bate . . . with . . . Mommy's . . . panties . . . but didn't finish."

Amber smiled at him, trying to work up the courage to finish the naughty plan she had in mind.

"Mommy . . . mad?" he asked sweetly. So sweetly it broke her heart.

"No, no, no, baby. Mommy is not mad at all. In fact, Mommy feels bad she stopped you before . . . well . . . you know. So . . . Hmm . . . I suppose my panties are out there in your bag still."

"Y-yes," he answered nervously.

"Well, no worries I guess I can just use the ones I have on." Reaching down, before she could lose her nerve, Amber quickly removed her white cotton panties as Jason lay still,

staring at her silently with a look of hungry anticipation on his scar ridden face.

"Just lay your head back hon and close your eyes and let your mom give you a real nice reward."

He started to tilt his head back before first hesitating then stopping. "What . . . is . . . reward?"

She touched his face lightly, dragging one finger along the long jagged scar. Leaning down, she brought her mouth to his ear, "Mommy is going to finish what you started earlier baby. You know when you were using her panties to stroke yourself out there by the fire. I bet that felt good huh? But you know . . . letting Mommy do it will feel even better."

Jason sighed before reclining his head back as he shut his eyes.

Amber, after wrapping the panties around her right hand, slipped them down under the sleeping bag covering her son's

naked body. Slowly, her hand slipped down closer and closer until finally she bumped up against his penis.

Surprisingly, he was both soft and small down there.

Pulling her hand back, she paused wondering just how to proceed.

Opening his eyes, Jason found his mom staring down at him, making him even more nervous.

"Jason . . . not . . . ready, Mommy."

"Hmm, that is OK, hon . . . we have all night." Stroking the side of his face with one hand, she leaned down giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

Amber was quickly figuring out Jason probably possessed more than a few hang ups with sex. Probably from whatever deep dark secrets the boy was hiding in his past. Also, maybe

it was simply because he was deeply attracted to his "Mommy" while at the same time knowing it was wrong to be so attracted to her in that way.

Thinking if she was going to seduce him, and thus secure a place in his heart making it, she hoped, improbable he would harm her, she would have to couch her seduction in the most innocent way possible.

It didn't take long for the imaginative Amber to figure out a plan.

Dropping her voice to a low whisper as she pulled the quilt around the naked lower part of her body, she told him, "I think you are probably just real nervous about being a little bit naughty with your mommy huh hon and that's why . . . you know . . ."

"Yes," he replied in his own whisper, "Naughty with Mommy makes . . . me nervous."

"So let's not be naughty then . . . let's maybe just go to sleep baby."

Even in the dark shadows of the tent, she could observe a discernable look of disappointment cross over his face.

Seizing on this, Amber whispered, "But first before we go to sleep I think my sweet little Jason deserves a bit of playtime . . . before bedtime. I mean you have been such a good boy all day long, you got mommy flowers, you fed her nicely, you gave her those sweet little kisses earlier, you very gently applied her oil all over her body like she asked you . . ."

She again tangled her fingers in his hair, before finishing up.
"So you definitely deserve a bit of playtime."

"What . . . can . . . Jason . . . play with Mommy?"

"That's a good question hon. I didn't pack any games or toys for you to play with baby. So . . . hmm . . ." Twirling the tie on her blouse around, wanting to draw attention to her chest, Amber closed her eyes pretending to be trying to come up with something for him to play with.

When she opened her eyes he was staring at her chest . . . just as she hoped.

"Hmm, I have an idea. It's both practical and playful all at once. Practical for me and playful for you . . . if you are willing to go along."

"What is idea?" he asked-- almost eagerly--she happily noted.

Reaching over, she grabbed the bottle of oil. "Well I was thinking before we go to sleep maybe you could apply a bit more oil to your mom's body. I mean the bugs do come out at night and I wanna be protected so that is the practical part."

"What is . . . playful part?"

She smiled at him before raising up on her knees.

"The playful part is I think you might have a bit of fun applying the oil to where mommy needs it most, honey."

"Where is that?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"To your Mommy's boobies hon. I'm afraid I didn't pack a bra and they will be vulnerable to all kind of nasty bug bites once I fall asleep so . . ." Not waiting for an answer, she twisted the cap off the bottle before whispering, "Now hold your hands out honey . . ."

He slowly held both of his hands out to her.

As she poured a generous amount of the oil out onto his palms she told him, "I was hoping you could gently apply the oil for her . . . all over her big boobies and well . . ."

She dropped her mouth to his ear whispering, "I know all little boys dream of playing with their mommy's boobies hon so you could . . ."

She rose back up, fixing him with a sly look, "You know, play with them a bit while rubbing the oil all over them like I need. Sound like fun hon? I mean you have been dreaming of playing with your mommy's boobies right little boy?"

After a long moment, Jason finally shook his head yes.

Reaching down, Amber found the knotted tie holding her blouse shut as she whispered, "Of course, Mommy is going to have to take her shirt off though for you to have your playtime."

She noticed him watching with rapt attention as she slowly untied her blouse before patiently stripping it off.

Taking his hands into hers, Amber carefully guided them up to her tits as she leaned on one arm staring down at him. "Now take your time baby and play with your Mommy's boobies real nice OK hon, while rubbing the oil all over them."

Amber sighed contentedly as Jason slide his hands all over her nicely sized 36 DD breasts. His fingers found her nipples, tweaking them playfully as she let out a soft moan.

"Oh that feels good honey . . . don't stop," she whispered as he continued to use his thumbs to playfully bat her now fully erect nipples back and forth.

Her hand slipped once more under the sleeping bag, heading south in search of what she hoped to be a much firmer landscape down there. "Now Mommy deserves some playtime too, honey, so can you show me just how big and hard you can get for her down there . . . please baby . . . so she has something nice to play with herself."

Bringing her lips to his, she showered him with a plethora of sweet kisses as she continued to beg as her hand continued to slip downward.

"Show me baby you can do that for her. Please . . . pretty please."

When her hand bumped up against something nice and firm she knew the battle was hers. Indeed, he is more than a little firm down there, Amber mused with growing excitement as his cock was no longer soft, but rather nice and firm . . . and by God when she was able to get him fully erect, she could tell by the size he was already, he was going to be a real big boy.

Jason let out a small moan of his own as she felt his mommy's soft cotton panties being wrapped around his growing manhood. His moan was cut off as his mother deftly punched her tongue deep inside his mouth, swirling it around effectively as she used both hands, one cupping his balls and the other working the panties up and down his nearly fully erect shaft.

In a desperate attempt to make him fully hard, Amber went to work down there in earnest. After a minute of caressing him gently --while he continued to fondle her tits sweetly-- she needed to witness firsthand the results. Pulling her mouth away from his, she sat up on her knees, turning slightly to face him as she brushed his hands away from her tits.

"Take a break for a minute hon as your mommy wants to check on something down there. Just close your eyes and relax while putting your head back."

After Jason got comfortable like she requested, Amber carefully peeled the sleeping bag slowly down, revealing the biggest, hardest cock she had ever had the pleasure of witnessing.

"My God Jason," she hissed, "Did Mommy do that to you?" The growing need between her legs was beginning to trump all else as she stared in awe at her son's giant eight and half inch hard, throbbing monster of a cock.

He mumbled something incoherently as Amber grabbed the bottle of oil, quickly splashing a bit out onto the hand not holding her panties.

Using one well-oiled hand, Amber worked it up and down quickly on his rock hard shaft while she slipped the other hand holding the panties under his testicles.

Jason let out a loud moan as she felt his balls being jiggled gently by his mommy's hand holding her panties. It felt incredible as did the way her oiled hand was slipping up and down the erect shaft of his raging hardon.

Amber knew he would not last long as she peered intently at his cock, knowing it was about to erupt. When he started to hammer his legs up and down, while his moans became increasingly louder she knew it was a mere manner of seconds before he exploded.

She was, of course, right as Jason grunted once just before his cock erupted, shooting a geyser of sticky cum all over Amber's hand and his own belly. Much to his fascination, Amber used her tongue to clean the cum off of her hand, and her panties to clean the cum off of her son's belly.

Jason, now properly satisfied, fell asleep in his mommy's arms. Amber too was quite satisfied he would want more and more of his mommy's pampering thus keeping her safe for the time being. So far she was not really thinking too far into the future, figuring there were simply too many unknowns at this point.

The next day, after a quick breakfast, Jason agreed with her suggestion they should hike back to her cabin. It was another warm Indian summer day when they started on their way back. It was a hike very much uneventful until suddenly it was not.

They stopped around noon for a break in a small group of trees providing some shade from the sun. Amber was

determined to try and talk to him. Jason had been sullen and uncommunicative for the better part of the trip going as far as to roughly push her hand away several times when she tried to take it.

She surmised he was feeling some sort of guilt for what happened last night, and if that was truly the case she would have to find a way for him to get over it.

Leaning against a tree, she took a drink of water from her canteen watching him as she decided how exactly to approach things.

He turned away from her while lifting his mask to take a drink from his own canteen. When he turned back, mask back in place she made her move after deciding it might just be best to use the direct approach.

"Jason, you don't have to feel any guilt for how good your mommy made you feel last night."

His only response was a gruff. "Gotta go pee."

After he turned away from her, moving a few feet away behind a large tree, she made her move.

First, she quickly stripped off her tan button up shirt. The crop top tee shirt she was wearing underneath the shirt was both snug and a bit short on her coming down to just a bare few inches below her tits. Next, she struggled out of her shorts. Leaning back against the tree, she waited to see what his reaction might be when he observed her like this.

Jason emerged from behind the tree and stopped. He said nothing at first as he stood there staring at her.

"Your mom was hot sweetheart. Plus, I thought since we had been hiking all morning her little Jason might be in a mood for some playtime . . . you know, like last night."

He stood there for a full three seconds, saying nothing, doing nothing, before the storm broke.

As he strove toward her purposefully, he withdrew the homemade blindfold from his jeans pocket.

The storm, later in her mind she would dub it Hurricane Jason, was upon her before she could even think to react.

He grabbed her wrist with one hand before spinning her around. Hissing in her ear, he said, "Mommy . . . a . . . tease."

"She is?" was her lame response as she felt her vision cut off when he wrapped the blindfold around her head.

He next secured the handcuffs around one of her wrists as he propelled her backwards until she was roughly pushed up against a large tree. Pushing her hands behind the tree, he secured the other end of the handcuffs around her opposite wrist leaving her helplessly bound to the tree.

Twisting his fingers in her hair, he turned her face up towards his. Hurricane Jason first hit landfall around her face as she felt her mouth being assaulted by a series of increasingly passionate kisses when he crudely shoved his tongue deep inside her mouth before almost violently swirling it around several times.

Meanwhile, his hands, as he rained kisses now down upon her mouth, were pawing at her braless tits through the thin protective covering of her tee shirt. The storm started to slip down as he rained several fierce kisses all over her vulnerable neck and throat.

Amber was thrilled at her son's impassioned reaction to her while knowing she was maybe in just a bit of danger. What if . . . No, she dare not think that as she struggled against the storm of passion being unleashed upon her.

Pulling back, he whispered in her ear, "Stay . . . still."

The storm abated for a quiet moment as she forced her body to go limp against the tree. Hearing the unmistakable sound of his knife being pulled from its sheath, Amber held her breath.

Taking her little crop top with one hand at the bottom edge, Jason held it taut before bringing the sharp edge of the knife up and neatly slicing it open straight down the middle.

Amber first heard the rip of her tee shirt being torn open, and then felt her bare tits being exposed to the cool air of the shaded clearing. Her overly sensitive nipples became instantly erect from both the cool air and the thought of how Hurricane Jason was now about to head inland toward the hills.

The hurricane washed over now with contrasting styles. Up high, toward her face, the force of the hurricane was wild and wicked as it assailed her mouth with a series of rough, almost brutal kisses. Down lower, upon her vulnerable exposed hills, it was as if a gentle light rain fell as he used his hands to caress

her tits with unfathomable tender loving care which stood out in total stark contrast to what was transpiring up north.

Finding the contrast in styles to be a total turn on, Amber squirmed against the tree, wanting more.

The eye of the storm was slipping south now, heading for her beckoning hills. The hurricane picked up in intensity as it traveled south with a storm of kisses falling away from her mouth, and on down to her neck, before landing on her throat.

There was a brief pause in the storm as Hurricane Jason pulled back, pausing to admire its handy work.

She looked utterly beautiful to him, handcuffed and helpless as she was bound to the tree. As his hands slipped down, tenderly stroking her thighs now, he watched while she struggled and squirmed against the tree. The effect of her struggles made her sizable tits bounce up and down with an appetizing appeal causing his cock to become instantly hard.

He counted slowly to five, while staring at her tits, allowing the cataclysmic forces driving Hurricane Jason to build to its peak. Once he reached five, the tempest swept over Amber's poor tits leaving her breathless.

Jason smashed his face down between her jiggling tits, assaulting them with succession of furious kisses. He tongue lashed over her erect nipples, making her shudder, before his mouth opened wide to suck wildly on her tits.

Meanwhile the contrast of the storm, one part wild, one part tender, continued as the gentle rain, earlier falling upon her hills, now moved down to the soft lush valley between her legs when she felt him slip one finger inside her panties.

Amber let out a soft moan as his finger slid neatly up inside of her wet pussy. Carefully, he worked it in and out of her while he continued to assail her tits with a savage pummeling from his eager young mouth.

Giving in completely to the forces assaulting her, Amber let out a loud moan as she thrust her chest out, offering her tits up as sacrificial lambs to the violent storm.

Jason continued to suck uncontrollably on her tits, his mouth flying from one ample peak to the other, while he continued to work his finger in and out of her pussy in a soft, rhythmic manner.

Amber was growing desperate to have an orgasm as she prayed the storm would move further south and assault her between the legs.

Her prayers were answered when the hungry mouth of Hurricane Jason began to slide down. He wanted to taste his mommy, taste her forbidden fruit. The storm, if anything, picked up in intensity, as his wet sloppy kisses slipped across the flat, tanned plain of her tummy and toward the lush moist valley between her legs.

With pure primitive lust propelling the storm southward, Amber felt the tempest sweep downwards, destroying

everything in its path, including her panties as they were ripped off of her body savagely and then tossed aside. Next, the fury of the storm forced her legs to be spread wide exposing the lush fertile valley in between to be wholly vulnerable to the storm's fury.

A wet, sloppy rain of kisses, fell first upon her lush mane of golden brown jungle of pubic hair. After floundering about a bit, maybe lost in the jungle protecting her now vulnerable treasure box buried at the very depths of this lush valley, Hurricane Jason fell upon said treasure box when his wild, uncontrollable kisses finally stumbled across, more by accident than anything else, the sweet nectar.

One taste of the sweetness was all it took to send the cyclone of kisses into a mad, frenzied passion. His hands, aka the gentle rain, moved around to her backside, falling upon the twin cheeks of her delicious ass, caressing it with infinite sweetness. Again, in a sharp contract which wholly turned her on, the sweetness falling upon her ass, was matched with equal and opposite intensity by a wicked and wild lashing tongue assaulting the twin lips of her moist pussy.

What the hurricane lacked in experience was made up by its youthful exuberance in eating her out. His vigorous tongue circled, dipped and lashed about all around down there before it finally found the nub of her treasure box: her swollen clit.

It was by sheer accident, rather than by design, the torrent of kisses falling upon her valley found the most sacred of her treasures. He knew he found some sort of treasure trove when she started to shake and moan with an unabated intensity he had yet to witness.

With her secret treasure found, and its location duly noted for future explorations, the intensity of the hurricane abated for the moment, pulling back from the valley, being replaced by a gentle precipitation of his fingers dipping into the lush jungle of pubic hair.

At first, there was five young, naïve explorers, i.e. fingers, blundering their way through the sumptuous bush of this

fertile valley in search of the treasure box the tempest of the storm had accidentally discovered. The explorers, virgins each and every one of them, this was their initial foray into exploring the jungles of that previously uncharted territory known as Woman, combed the tangle of soft, golden brown hair, searching desperately for the small nub of treasure.

Initially, the combined efforts of their explorations were frustrated, mainly due to their sheer inexperience, but then, the most eager and energetic of the explorers, the thumb, floundered upon a diagonal river of moistness, the banks of this short river were like a pair of soft lips, and following it north he was richly rewarded when he found the golden gem of their search: Mommy's clitoris.

Carefully, and with immeasurable tenderness, the leader swirled itself around and around the small gem. He knew he was maybe doing well when the whole valley seemed to shiver and shake and from above, past the flatland that led to this valley, and even beyond those majestic hills rising up north of the plain, came a soft moaning. It sounded like the cry of

an angel from the heavens exhorting the leader to, "Please, oh God, don't stop . . . pleaaaseeee."

The leader, Mr. Thumb, being all generous, allowed his four other compatriots, Mr. Index, Mr. Middle, Mr. Ring, and Mr. Pinkie, all to take their turns stroking the gem with gentle eagerness, producing more cries from above, from that angel in the heavens they called Mommy.

"Oh God baby, you . . . you have discovered Mommy's secret spot."

Mr. Thumb took over once more as he swirled and circled the treasure with uncompromising tenderness while at the same time, he sent his most trusted comrade, Mr. Index down to explore that shallow river of moistness more thoroughly.

Dipping slowly down into the depths of the short river, Mr. Index was rewarded when he found a nice, wet cave of fleshly softness. Probing deeper into it brought more desperate cries

from the heavens, this time in the form of some unintelligible moans.

Needing help exploring the newly found cave, the leader directed a second explorer to join in. Sending in the tallest of the five explorers, Mr. Middle, would allow the moist cave to be explored to the fullest extent possible.

Working in tandem, the three explorers found if the leader rotated itself around the nub, while the other two dipped in and out, in and out of the cave, slowly and with infinite tenderness, the cries from the heavens became louder and more desperate.

"Oh God baby, that . . . feels sooo good. Don't stop . . . pleaseeee."

Gaining confidence by the second in their initial studies of this once unknown cave, the eager young pioneers doubled their efforts to please the beautiful goddess in the heaven above them when a second team of five voyagers, replicating

the team exploring the valley below exactly in makeup, was sent northward to try and find further treasures to plunder.

The five members of this eager, young team quickly crawled across the flat plain just to the north of the fertile valley in search of Mt. Saint Amber's legendary hills. Their efforts were duly rewarded when they bumped up against the base of one of the twin peaks of these hills.

Eagerly clamoring up the side of one of the hills, the five of them crawled all over the conical hill, stroking and caressing as they went, thus causing more soft moans from the heavens.

The hill, all at once was both soft and firm. Reaching the peak of the knoll, the explorers were justly compensated when they found a ripened jewel sitting upon the very peak.

When the leader of this team, aptly called Mr. Thumb like his counterpart down in the valley, began batting playfully at the mature jewel, eliciting more cries of unabashed pleasure to

escape from the heavens above, the others quickly lined up behind him, eagerly awaiting their turn.

One by one, the four other members of the team, flickered across the ripened gem causing it to seemingly grow both more firm and more erect.

Delighted by their find, the second team of explorers sent a hurried message off to the first to come join them in plundering these ripe, luscious mountains.

The team below, at first reluctant to depart from the valley, soon received word a fresh, new storm was brewing just above them and moving in fast. The team heeded the warning and in a mad scramble departed from the valley. Hurriedly, they traveled north scampering across the tanned steppe, heading for the hills.

No sooner had they departed than the typhoon arrived in the depths of the valley. The storm, remembering where it earlier found the buried treasure, struck them once more. The storm

began mildly in the form of a moderate sprinkle of light kisses landing all along, up and down, the soft banks of the short, moist river.

The sprinkle though soon gave way to a shower of kisses, and then a virtual deluge as the wind, taking the form of a flickering tongue, began to gust and lash out, sweeping down through the entirety of the valley.

The wind's wild, lashing fury attacked the short river, striking it with such force as to cause the moans from the goddess in heaven to resonate loudly throughout the quiet forest.

Up north, the two teams of explorers, each assigned their own lovely twin peak, worked in tandem in lavishing such attentions, especially upon the ripen crown jewels sitting atop the twin mountains, as to cause further moans of pleasure to come from the beautiful angel in the heavens above.

Back in the valley the tempest now was centered on the nub of the valley's buried treasure. The wind alternated between

flickering gently upon the treasure and then lashing at it aggressively, over and over again, causing even louder cries from the angel above.

"OH GOD BABY . . . you . . . you are going to . . . made Mommy come," the angel shrieked to the blue sky above.

Just as the two teams of explorers began to fondle more aggressively their assigned hills, the monsoon down in the valley reached its zenith.

The wind, gale force now, jabbed at the nub of Amber's engorged clit, before the storm opened wide and literally sucked the treasure into its eager young mouth before assailing it again with a series of short, firm strokes.

Finding its treasure box being first suckled on, and then set upon with more adoring lashes from the wind, sent the angel in the heavens above shrieking to a wild, shuddering climax. Hurricane Jason, its energy spent, retreated.

The storm, a real one this time, had been building all afternoon and just as they reached the safety of the cabin the wind, previously quiet began to stir as the sky began to darken with a gathering of angry, purplish gray rain clouds.

Once inside, Amber propelled the masked Jason to the bathroom. "You need a shower hon and while you are doing that I will prepare us a bit of dinner . . . OK?"

He simply nodded his head yes but as she started to depart from the bathroom he reached out snagging her hand.

"Bring . . . me . . . keys . . . to car."

She sighed. He still did not trust her.

By the time he was out of the shower and dressed again a simple dinner was prepared for them: chicken tenders and fries. Wanting to add a bit of atmosphere, while allowing him

to take off his mask and be comfortable, she turned off all the lights in the cabin after lighting a pair of large pillar candles on their small dining table.

Adding to the atmosphere she was striving to create was a bottle of red wine and two glasses. Unfortunately, Amber did not pack anything overly sexy to wear to dinner so she kept things simple by wearing a pair of jean shorts and a snug tee shirt, sans a bra.

The slowly building storm held off just long enough for them to enjoy an uneventful dinner. Jason was, as usual, quiet, while Amber too concentrated mainly on her meal while only making a quiet comment or two along the way while downing a copious amount of wine. The wine was "just in case" she needed to be filled with liquid courage, allowing her to exploit any opportunity to seduce her "son" once again.

One thing she made certain not to do as Jason sat there quietly unmasked eating his dinner was to appear too interested in

him without his mask on, thus she gave him only the most superficial of glances.

After dinner, as darkness fell and the rain started to lightly splatter against the cabin's windows, he quickly slipped his mask back on before they headed over to the sofa. Apparently, the shy side of him was fully back in control as he gently rebuffed her attempts to snuggle up to him.

Finally, not wanting to press things too much, Amber sighed before saying, "Well I suppose it's time for bed."

"Yes . . . Jason tired . . . but . . ." When he paused, saying nothing more she knew what was on his mind.

"I know you still don't trust me. I suppose, you could always sleep next to me in my bed hon."

"Mommy should sleep alone . . . Jason out here."

Sighing at being rebuffed once again, Amber went to the bedroom to put on the same white nightgown he spied her wearing the other day before going to bed.

After emerging from the bedroom she noticed he moved the sofa, angling it across the hallway directly in front of the bedroom door.

After he got settled under a blanket on the sofa, Amber leaned over to kiss him goodnight, aiming her kiss at his lips, but at the last second he deftly turned his face allowing her kiss to fall on his cheek instead.

Guess the boy didn't want to be tempted by his mother's sweet kisses before trying to get some sleep, her inner voice chided her as Amber shut the bedroom door.

Two Hours Later:

Was the bad dream causing her to bolt upright from the bed with a loud scream the result of simple fate, or was it wishful thinking on her part knowing where it might lead? Regardless, the dream, in the end, achieved what she could not earlier: it got him in her arms.

Hearing his mother scream, Jason jumped from a restless sleep on the sofa and scampered into the bedroom.

In the dim light of the bedroom's nightlight, stuck over in the far corner of the bedroom, he could just make out her silhouette as she sat upright in the bed, clutching the bed's sheet around her naked body, shaking and sniffing.

"Oh honey, you Mom had just an awful dream. Can you hold me? Please . . . and this stupid storm is not helping. I hate thunderstorms."

As if on cue, the storm reinforced her fears when the room was momentarily lit up by a flash of lightning followed by the rolling boom of thunder.

He sat down on the bed next to her, stiffly putting his arms around her.

"You . . . are . . . shaking . . . Mom," he said softly in her ear.

"Yes, the dream . . . it was so bad. I . . . can I tell you. It might make me feel better . . . especially since you were in it."

She pulled back from him. Reaching up, she stroked the side of his face softly. He was wearing his stupid mask again as her hand bumped up against the hard plastic. "You were being mean to me . . . in my dream."

"How?" he asked quietly.

"We were arguing. I was upset because of your lack of trust in me and your lack of trust in the fate that brought us together. And I guess our arguing . . . well it upset you and you started to chase me around the cabin with a large knife."

"Jason . . . never . . . hurt . . . Mommy," he replied.

"That is not true, honey. Jason hurt mommy plenty by not trusting her still."

"I . . . I want to trust you but . . . don't know how."

"I think the problem is me and you have not yet had a chance to bond properly as a mother and her young son should. We need to bond honey . . . here tonight . . . now. It will help you to trust me and it will help me get over my bad dream and help me not be scared of the storm."

"How . . . we . . . bond."

"First we have to prepare things . . . out there in the living room . . . in front of a small fire. Can you prepare the fire, make it small so it just gives off a little bit of light as I want you to be comfortable when you take off your mask."

As soon as she mentioned taking off his mask he started to fidget causing Amber to quickly add, "Look honey this is important . . . us bonding and I can't bond with you through your mask. The only light in the whole cabin will be coming from the small fire you are going to make so you know--"

He cut her plea off before she could finish when he, thankfully, said, "OK . . . no mask."

"Good. OK so after you get the fire started move the sofa back in front of the fireplace. Place it just on the edge of the rug and get a blanket out from the closet for us. Oh and it's important you strip out of your clothes baby. I'll explain why when I join you but trust me it's important. You can wrap the blanket around your naked body so your mommy doesn't see anything naughty though."

After a longer than normal pause, causing Amber to wonder if he was going to protest somehow, Jason gave a slight nod of his head before hurrying out of the room.

Amber jumped out of the bed, threw her nightgown back on and hurried off to the bathroom to fix her hair and put on just a small bit of makeup for it was vitally important her baby found his mommy attractive.

Roughly ten minutes later, the storm, thankfully, seemed to be dissipating for the moment, Amber made her way out to the living room carrying the two pillows from the bedroom. A cozy fire was going as Jason sat on the sofa, the blanket wrapped around what she assumed to be his naked body. She dropped the pillows on the large white sheepskin rug before settling herself down on the sofa next to him.

After taking a quick moment to compose her thoughts, Amber began to speak.

"Our bonding hon is going to take place in three steps. Each step is important but number three, the last step is the most important of all. I don't want you to get uptight about step

three so I'm not going to tell you what it is until right before we are ready to try it."

"OK," he whispered. "Tell then . . . first two steps."

"The first step that will let us bond is simple. I call it kiss, kiss, kiss. It's simply where mommy showers her baby boy with dozens of kisses, unhurried, as a way of showing her love for him. In return, the baby, hopefully, will feel loving enough toward his mommy to return her kisses. I know we have kissed a bit already but this time . . . well this time it's going to be seriously important we take our time and don't rush things. Will this be OK with you?"

"Yes."

She took his hand in hers before beginning to speak again. "Now as mommy and her baby boy are enjoying step one, their little bonding and kissing session, they will, at the same time, be doing step two which is skin-to-skin contact. This is especially important for you hon, since you are an older baby,

a much older baby, so it's important we make up for the time we didn't have when you were younger to enjoy some skin-to-skin contact. So you see that is why I had you strip off your clothes as there can't be anything between your skin and mommy's skin to impede our bonding."

"Is Mommy . . . g-going . . . to be . . . n-naked too," Jason asked his voice trembling slightly.

"Of course sweetie. I will be stripping off my nightgown as soon as we are ready to begin our bonding session in front of the romantic fire you made for us."

She fixed him with a sly smile before dropping her voice to a whisper as she said, "So are you ready to begin bonding with your mommy little one?"

"Yes," he replied quickly.

"Good. Then move down to the rug with your blanket and get comfortable," Amber told him as she stood up. She paused, waiting for him to get settled. Once he was snuggled under his blanket, and looking up at her, she slowly stripped off her nightgown, hearing him let out a soft, barely audible, sigh as her naked body was revealed to him for just a brief moment before she dropped down, crawling under the blanket next to him.

"Now we can do some serious bonding, hon," she whispered. "Is little Jason ready?"

"Yes, Mommy," came his quiet reply.

She snuggled her naked body up next to him under the blanket as they both lay on their sides facing each other.

Wrapping her arms tight around him, she pulled his naked body flush against hers. Moving her mouth to his ear, she whispered, "This is nice huh, skin to skin bonding."

He murmured a quiet yes as she brought her lips up to his. "This will be even nicer," she murmured back.

They began to kiss, soft and sweet, exchanging literally dozens of light kisses, their lips barely touching before parting and then coming together again. The minutes stretched out as Amber, in no hurry, showered dozens of kisses down upon his lips, filling the cabin's small living room with the sound of their smacking lips as their kissing/bonding session started to pick up steam.

The gentle pitter patter of the rain falling upon the cabin's roof, now mixed with the soft smacking sounds of their lips, created an almost hypnotic effect inside the small living room.

Amber slipped her tongue across his lips, finding his open mouth warm and welcoming. Twirling her tongue expertly around several times, she felt his cock stiffen as she pressed her lower body against his.

After several more unhurried kisses, she carefully nudged him over, and onto his back. Whispering in his ear, she told him, "Relax and close your eyes sweetie as we are going to do some real serious skin to skin bonding now."

Once he was in position, Amber lifted herself up. Positioning herself on her hands and knees over him, she slowly sank down until her naked body was pressed firmly against his.

Slinking back and forth, she rubbed his body all over with her own. She could only imagine how Jason must have been liking the way his mommy's big, firm tits was brushing so seductively against his muscular chest. Moving down, she allowed her tits to bump merrily along his tummy, stopping just short of what she assumed must now be his raging hardon.

Patiently, she worked her way back up before their lips found each other's again. Once more, they exchanged an excess of sweet kisses while she continued to snuggle her naked body up tight against his.

Not wanting him to become overheated, not just yet anyways, she broke off their kisses and pulled back. After casting a furtive glance at the window, the rain was starting to come down harder again, Amber rose up into a sitting position. She carefully arranged the two pillows behind her against the sofa before sinking back against them.

"Here sit up baby. Lean back against the sofa next to your mom as she is going to tell you about the third and most important step of our bonding process."

Jason eagerly positioned himself next to her against the sofa and once he was in place, she began to whisper to him.

"Do you know honey one of the best ways for a mommy and her little boy to form a long lasting and unbreakable bond is through breastfeeding?"

She looked at him, waiting for a reaction. He turned away before quietly whispering, "Mommy . . . no . . . milk . . . for baby. Jason . . . too . . . old?"

Amber sighed before reaching out and carefully running her fingers through his hair. "Honey, of course you are too old for milk from mommy's breasts, but something else can flow from her breasts and do you know what that is?"

"No," he answered softly.

"Love . . . pure and innocent love. Studies show breastfeeding, while providing unbeatable nourishment to your baby also is, by far, the best way to strengthen the bond between a mother and her baby and that's because the mother is providing the comfort of skin-to-skin contact to her baby while showing him that you are there to care for them . . . no matter what, and no matter how old they are. Even big boys like yourself need the love as nourishment hon."

Turning slightly to face him, she pulled the blanket down to reveal her boobs to him. "Now relax and snuggle that adorable face of yours in the warm bosom of your mom's and let her provide you the love and nourishment we both so desperately need and want."

Not waiting for him to answer, Amber snaked a hand around the back of his head, pulling him down until his face was cradled in the nook of her one arm.

Feeling the need to further promote the wonderful effects of breast feeding, Amber began whispering to him again. "There are a number of benefits that accompany breastfeeding hon, but the bond that we will form tonight by doing so will last a lifetime. It's a psychological closeness that will help me show you that you can always find warmth and comfortable in your mommy's bosom."

Jason looked up at her whispering, "Mommy's . . . bosom . . . nice."

"Yes it is baby . . . and it's all yours . . . anytime . . . anyplace you want. Now close your eyes and open your mouth sweetie."

Amber ran her fingers through his hair as she leaned back and closed her own eyes. After feeling her fully erect nipple slip inside his warm mouth she let out a small sigh sure this bonding session of theirs would ensure her safety . . . for at least the near future anyways.

Jason eagerly suckled his mommy's nipples, first one, and then the other into his mouth. The next few minutes passed in a warm haze for Amber as she allowed Jason to patiently suckle on her boobs.

Of course, the pure, sweet innocence of the moment was not bound to last forever when, after a good two to three minutes, Amber found her son, in concert with the storm picking up in intensity once more, sucking more eagerly on her tits.

The sound of thunder was being accompanied by quick flashes of lightning just as she found herself being pushed back off the pillows and down onto the soft rug on her back.

She closed her eyes, thrusting her chest up for him, as he fell upon her breasts in an increasingly feral manner.

His tongue lashed at her distended nipples as he slurped passionately at her tits, while pressing his lower body against hers. The pressing of his body against hers down there quickly gave way to a straight out humping as she felt his massively hard cock being squashed down against her thighs.

Not wanting him to come, not like this anyways, Amber whispered to him, "Honey . . . you . . . you need to be inside Mommy so she can give you what you truly want."

Jason paused, pulling his mouth off of her tits. Raising up her stared down at her. "What . . . does . . . Jason . . . want?" he asked softly.

Amber paused before saying it. Reaching up, she stroked the side of his face softly. The small fire was almost out, leaving the living room in near darkness as she whispered the words there would be no turning back from.

"Jason wants what all little boys want when they grow up to be big boys . . . he wants to fuck his mommy."

He looked away before giving her a most reassuring response. "No fucking . . . Jason . . . wants to . . . make love to mommy."

"And that is exactly what mommy wants, what mommy needs, but first before the love we must satisfy your lust for me baby. You need to fuck me . . . good and hard, here and now . . . and then later on you will be able to last a good long time while you make love to mommy in her bed . . . for the rest of the night."

As if answering her, the storm outside, it was really rocking and rolling now, released its fury upon the small cabin. The whole cabin moaned and shook from a heavy gust of wind, followed quickly by the sky directly above being torn open with thunder and lightning.

Not waiting for an answer, Amber boldly twisted her body around so she was lying on her stomach before carefully raising her butt up in the air as she balanced herself on her elbows.

"Go on baby," she cooed to him, her words standing out in direct contrast to the sweet tone of her voice. "Rise up on your knees and put that big cock of yours inside of me. Your mommy needs it so bad."

The cabin shook again from another mighty gust of wind as the rain lashed against the windows.

Amber closed her eyes, imagining what it was going to feel like having that giant cock of his being shoved hard into her.

She felt him first sliding his hands gently all over her butt, before he gripped her hips with both hands.

There was a long pause as she could feel his hardness resting gently against the entrance to her wet pussy.

When the moment of him being at her doorstep drew out, and out, Amber turned to find out what he was waiting for, and maybe whisper some needed encouragement to him.

Just as she twisted her head around and was about to speak, the whole cabin was lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning, followed quickly by a loud clap of thunder shaking the cabin. Any words Amber was about to speak instantly died on her lips as the flash of lightning allowed Amber to see him-- unmasked and very clearly-- for the first time.

It was then Amber saw unmistakably what so far her heart had been telling her, but she had been denying all along: Jason was her son . . . for real.

Amber married young, sixteen, into an extremely wealthy and prominent family. Almost immediately, she had Jackson Jason, or J. J., as she affectionately called him.

Some years later, her marriage hit the skids with her husband Jack becoming both physically and verbally abusive to her. Jackson watched the abuse being heaped upon his mother growing up, causing a deep resentful anger to begin to grow in his heart. By the time he was ten he hated his father. By the time he was twelve he dreamed of hurting him real bad, maybe even killing him.

At the age of fourteen, one day while watching his father smack around his mother, again, he simply snapped. As Jackson watched, his parents were arguing at the top of the stairs. He waited for the opportune moment before striking, and when it came he impulsively took it. In a fit of rage, he rushed his father and with a hard two handed shove from behind, pushed him down the stairs, nearly killing him.

Jack suffered multiple injuries from his fall and blamed Amber for putting the boy up to it. Wanting his wife to suffer, and using his power and influence, Jack made sure his son was charged to the full extent the law would allow.

Jackson, suffering from anger issues already, and with multiple fights at school on his record, was sent away to a mental hospital for observation.

After Jack recovered he really got nasty with his now ex-wife. Knowing she was visiting Jackson on a regular basis, Jack told her if she continued her visits something bad might happen to him. He simply wanted to hurt his wife in any manner possible.

Amber dismissed his implied threats and continued to see her son on a weekly basis, but soon after she faced the consequences of her actions when Jackson started showing up at their weekly visits with multiple bruises all over both his face and body.

The doctor in charge of his case blandly told Amber, "The boy is troubled and gets in lots of fights. He doesn't speak well and the other boys tease him about it."

"Well he had a stuttering problem when he was younger and it's come back ever since he came to your stupid hospital doctor," Amber angrily told the man.

Amber suspected her ex-husband was behind the scenes pulling strings. She was right. Jack bribed several guards who, in turn, bribed three of the biggest, toughest inmates of the hospital to do a number on poor Jackson.

Jack happily told Amber if she went and visited her son again, the next time he would end up in the hospital's morgue. Knowing just how mean and vindictive her ex-husband could be, Amber believed him.

The two of them ended up striking a bargain. In exchange for Amber ceasing all contact with her son, no visits, no letters, no phone calls, Jack would make sure the boy was protected.

Furthermore, when he turned eighteen Jack promised he would use his influence with the doctor to have Jackson declared fit for release and only then could she start seeing him again.

Amber agreed. Jackson was fifteen now and ceasing total contact with her son for three years would be extremely difficult and painful but it was better than the alternative she reasoned.

The bargain struck there was nothing left for Karen to do but wait for Jackson's eighteenth birthday.

Unfortunately, the mean and vindictive Jack had other plans. After six months passed one day Amber received a phone call from the hospital. Her son was dead; killed in yet another fight with a fellow inmate. Then came the kicker. He had been dead for over a month.

Amber was naturally livid but her anger mattered little as the hospital told her they had been trying to get hold of her for weeks but she would not pick up the phone.

In the end, it was determined due to a simple clerical error the hospital did not have her correct phone number.

The grieving Amber received a copy of his death certificate and tried to move on with her life not knowing the strings Jack, using his money and influence, pulled behind the scenes.

The death certificate was a forgery. Jackson was alive but with the cover up orchestrated by Jack neatly in place Amber really was in the dark.

Just to add a bit of angst to the situation, Jack went and paid a visit to his son in the hospital for the first time since the incident. He told Jackson how he and his mother remarried and was moving out of the country. He told the boy all their problems were because of him, and now with him out of the

picture they were happy. He advised Jackson upon his release, on his eighteen birthday, he should just move on without bothering to try and find them. It would be best for all concerned.

Jackson was left confused and angry by his father's visit. He didn't want to believe what he father told him, but yet his mother did cease all contact with him so it must be true.

Upon being released on his eighteenth birthday, a distraught Jackson, not knowing what else to do, went to his old home in an attempt to verify if what his father told him was really true.

It was no longer his home. An old couple with three dogs lived at his house now. Apparently, his father had been telling the truth. Deciding he would take one last shot at finding his mother, Jackson did the simplest of things: he found a local phone book and looked her up. He got lucky after checking for both Amber Evans, her married name, and Amber Smithfield her maiden name, finding the latter name with an address across town. After locating the house, and finding her

living there, he started basically shadowing her while trying to figure out what to do next.

Even if there was no sign of his father, maybe he was away on business, an angry and unbalanced Jackson wanted revenge on his mother for abandoning him. He followed her up to the cabin with no real plan but to hurt her somehow, somehow, and then things started to take some wild and wacky twists, and some nice ones too, while he kept his true identity hidden.

Amber's mind was whirling a thousand miles an hour upon her discovery but before she could even think to formulate a response one way or the other, he grunted loudly while shoving his full eight and half inches inside of her.

The initial thrust took her breath away while his follow up thrusts, three of them, quick and hard, sealed her fate. He was off to the races-- so to speak-- and there was nothing she could do about it now.

He gripped her hips tightly as he plowed into his mother again and again, a good half dozen times with each successive thrust being harder than the last.

After the briefest of pauses, he began to fuck her again, at a more leisurely pace this time, finally allowing her the ability to speak.

"Jason . . . oh God . . ." He was now fucking her like she truly enjoyed, hard and slow, but still-- she had to stop it . . . right? In between panting, she tried as she whispered, "Don't. Stop."

Jason on the verge of a tremendous orgasm didn't hear "Don't. Stop." Instead what he heard, what he understood was, "Don't stop."

Meaning, of course, she wanted more . . . just as he did. With another loud grunt he drove his cock deep inside of her-- hard --three more times causing her whole body to shake before he spurted a huge load of cum deep inside of her.

Collapsing next to her, gasping for breath, Jason drew the blanket back over his naked body as he curled up in a ball, his back to her, the shame of fucking his mother so hard gave him a profuse amount of guilt.

Amber too collapsed from the intense fucking she just received. Her mind was still whirling with knowing his true identity. Deciding maybe it might be best to wait until they both calmed down before she hit him with what she now knew, Amber pulled him into her embrace.

Holding him tight, she said nothing. Instead, she contented herself with softly stroking his hair before she dropped her mouth to his ear. It wasn't planned but the words just came pouring out in a torrent of emotion. "Baby mommy loves you so so much. You have to understand that hon, just as you have to understand I will never leave you. Ever. Again."

He slowly turned around to face her. In the dim light of the dying fire she could just make out the tears streaming down

his face. It was then she knew, beyond a doubt, her son possessed a whole host of conflicting issues over what just transpired between them.

Deciding to concentrate solely on his tears for now, she didn't know what else to do but kiss them away. Her kisses, soft and sweet, landed amiably all over his tear stained cheeks, but it was her words to him, "Mommy loves you so much," cooed so quietly, so sweetly, over and over again, which left them both emotionally vulnerable.

With her fingers tangled deep in his long disheveled hair, Amber found herself involuntarily pushing him down into the inviting warmth and comfort of her bosom.

She let out a soft sigh when she felt her breasts pressing against his cheeks, and then another louder, more pronounced sigh, when he opened his mouth and began suckling so very tenderly on her breast.

"Oh baby," she whispered as she closed her eyes, allowing, yes her son, her real son, to suckle gently on her tits.

And this was the last thing she remembered before she, the wine finally getting the better of her, passed out with him still suckling on her breasts.

It was still dark, the rain having faded away to a quiet pitter patter on the cabin roof, when Amber woke up. Her back was to him now as at some point, while they slept, they maneuvered themselves into a tight spooning position.

Amber sighed deeply. His arms around her made her feel warm and safe and while she hated to disturb things as they were, it was time to talk.

"Honey, are you awake," she whispered.

When his only response was a gentle stirring under the blanket covering both their naked bodies, Amber tried again.

Reaching back, she snaked a hand around the back of his head. "Jason, sweetie, wake up, your mom needs to talk to you."

He mumbled something incoherent before beginning to nuzzle her neck. It might have been fate, or maybe he just knew, but his nuzzling landed on the exact spot of her neck which turned her to mush.

She wanted to talk but then she felt "it" coming alive down there. Involuntarily, Amber felt herself pushing her ass backwards against his growing hardness, just as the nuzzling of her neck became more serious.

They kissed. Slowly. Patiently. It didn't take long for his sweet, tender kisses to push her buttons making what happened next a foregone conclusion. Reaching down, she found his hands, guiding them up to her boobs. He gently cupped them just as his tongue first circled and then dipped into her ear, causing her to shiver.

He flickered his fingers across her nipples making her sigh with quiet contentment as once again, Amber found her world tilting out of control.

Down there, she could feel his incredible hardness nudging gently against her wet opening. "Hmm I do believe," she whispered as she reached behind her to find his cock, "mommy's little boy has a serious case of morning wood going on down there."

It wasn't difficult to find, considering how big and hard he was as he continued to play with her tits. A few quick strokes of her hand up and down only made him all the bigger and harder before she guided him inside of her.

"Be nice and gentle baby . . . make love to your mommy . . . OK."

"Love . . . mommy," he whispered back as he carefully nudged his hardness deeper inside of her. Rocking his hips slowly, Jason made compassionate love to his mother.

"Oh God baby . . . you feel so good inside of me," she whispered while pushing back against him wanting to meet his latest soft thrust.

"A little harder baby," she whispered before twisting her mouth around. They kissed, tongues slipping in and out, as he started to push into her by the softest of increments just a bit harder.

Amber closed her eyes, a quiet moan escaping her lips as he urged his cock into her at a more frantic pace. She was well on her way to a powerful orgasm already when he pushed her quickly to the very edge. Gripping her hips with both hands, Jason propelled his cock deeper into his mother as her moans increased in intensity.

He found her moaning to be a huge turn on. Wanting to make her moan even louder, Jason began to push into her harder and deeper with every thrust using an even measured pace that fell somewhere in between fucking and making love.

A good half dozen deep thrusts later, Amber felt him shudder as he came, just mere seconds before she tipped over the edge herself.

They held each other tight for what seemed to be an eternity before Amber moved her mouth to his ear whispering, "Welcome home baby. I know who you are, maybe I knew all along and please just give me a chance to explain everything to you . . . over breakfast. You want your mom to make you breakfast hon?"

"Yes," he replied. "Breakfast would . . . be . . . nice."

"I have a feeling, moving forward we are going to share a whole lot of nice things, sweetheart."

Amber climbed to her feet, heading off to the kitchen just as the morning's first rays were poking here and there into the cabin. Musing what the upcoming new day might bring, Amber began to hum quietly as she entered the kitchen.

THE END