

Marooned Christmas

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

"We're snowed in." Mom read the texts on her phone, frowning.

"What about Dad? Everyone else?" I watched her carefully. I loved Mom, that was no secret. But I was also madly, secretly *in* love with her. What better way to spend Christmas than alone with my smart, beautiful mother? I pretended to be just as worried as her. "How bad is the storm?"

"It's bad. It's supposed to snow for days." She looked around our three-bedroom cabin. "At least we have power."

The power went out not two seconds later. She jinxed us!

It was the middle of the day, but the light was dim inside. Snow swirled and caressed the westward windows. Mom's eyes widened. I didn't know if she was adjusting to the gloom or freaking the fuck out. "Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit! We have to drive out." Okay, so she *was* freaking out. She never swore in front of me. She stood, her frown deepening. "We can't stay here, sweetie." She raced to the front door, opened it, and stood looking out. Snow swirled in around her.

"There's already two feet of snow. We can't drive out." I joined her at the door. "We have to ride out the storm." I put my hand on the door and gently pushed it closed. "You're letting snow in, Mom."

"Oh ... no." Mom turned and hugged me, pressing her face into my shoulder. I put my arms around her, my hands feeling the outline of her bra. I knew the brassiere was putting in a yeoman's effort by containing her boobs. They were huge and pressing into

my chest. If I could just see them, that would be enough. We had plenty of booze. Tomorrow was Christmas. I swore to myself I'd make it happen.

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"What a man you've become." Mom warmed her hands by the roaring fire I'd stoked. "Sometimes, I still think of you as my little man. But you've really grown up."

"Thanks, Mom." My cheeks grew hot from the compliment and the flames. I sat on the hearth and picked up one of the bottles of white wine she'd packed. "Something to pass the time before bed?" My stomach was full from our cold dinner. A different kind of hunger gnawed at me. I needed to get her drunk if I was going to have any chance.

"You're not old enough to drink, Logan." She cocked her head at me. There was some leeway here. I could tell she was thinking it over.

"I'll be twenty-one in three months. You know I drink with my friends." I pulled the cork and looked over at Mom. She was wearing a tight sweater, and I couldn't help staring at her boobs. When I met her gaze, it was obvious that she'd caught me peeking. I quickly looked away.

"I mean ... I suspected ... but you never said anything." Mom shrugged. "I wish we didn't have secrets, sweetie."

"Me too, Mom." I poured the wine and handed her a glass. Over the course of an hour, we drank the bottle. I opened another one and steered us into a game of Truth or Dare. As we drank the second bottle, I waited for her to ask me about my love life. She was always pestering me about who I was dating, so I knew she'd bring it up on her own.

"Truth," I said.

"Okay ... okay." She sipped her wine, her motions languid and sloppy. Her words weren't slurred yet, but she was clearly drunk. We both were. "Who's your biggest crush right now?" Mom blushed and glanced toward the fire.

"Well ... um ... you are." I wanted to turn away, but I didn't. I sat up straighter, ready to face the music.

"Um ... what? I must have misunderstood you." She gulped down the rest of her glass.

"You are the most gorgeous woman on the planet. I'd give anything just to see your boobs." I did my best to keep my breathing even, pushing panic away. If I didn't go for it now, I never would. This was my moment. "You're the woman I have a crush on. It's always been you, Mom."

“What ... are you saying?” She carelessly put the empty glass on the coffee table, it rolled on its side and tumbled to the carpet, unbroken.

“You asked for the truth.” I shrugged and slumped in my seat. It could see she was going to reject me.

“I’ve ... I’ve seen the way you look at me. I just thought ... all boys your age ... do that.” She shook her head. “Thank you for being honest.” She stood and put the cork in the bottle. “Now let’s forget this ever happened. We’re going to wake up tomorrow and ... make the best of things.” She fled toward the master bedroom, turning back in the doorway. “I’ll take this room. You can sleep in either of the other rooms. Get that fire roaring before you go to bed. It’s going to be cold tonight.” She closed the door and disappeared.

I did as she asked, and the fire was roaring when I finally went to bed. I’d been shot down. I felt gut shot. With a sigh, I curled up and tried to sleep. Even with a mountain of blankets on top of me, it was a bitterly cold night. After much tossing and turning, I stripped naked, hoping that the radiant heat between me and the blanket might warm me better. It was something I’d read once. It turned out to be bullshit. It was a rough, frigid night.

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“Sweetie? Sweetie?” Mom hovered over me, shaking my shoulder. I blinked my eyes awake. “The fire’s out. And it’s soooooooo cold.” I could see her breath hanging in the air.

“Okay.” I jumped out of bed, forgetting that I was naked. My dick was in full morning wood mode and flopped around as I crossed the room for my pants.

“Oh ... my.” Mom blushed and turned away. “Do you always ... sleep naked?”

“I was trying something last night.” I quickly dressed. “Something about heat radiating at a greater distance between the body and blanket.”

“Did it work?” She was hugging herself from the cold.

“Yeah, it was really warm,” I lied. I didn’t want her thinking I was a complete fuckup after the night before. The snow was over six feet high when I opened the front door. I dug a path to the wood pile on the side of the cabin, carried in the logs, and got a new fire going. The power was out, there was no reception, and no Wi-Fi. We didn’t know how much longer the snow would keep piling up outside, so I brought most of the logs

into the cabin. I didn't want to dig a new trench tomorrow. I was sweating by the time I sat down, panting from my hard labor.

"Well, this is a terrible Christmas." Mom rubbed her hands, sitting on the edge of the hearth. She caught me staring at her boobs again. They were poorly hidden under a Christmas sweater. I could see a bemused frown on her face before I looked away.

"At least we're together." I shrugged.

"That's the spirit." She went over to the kitchen and retrieved a bottle of wine. She held it up. "Perfectly chilled."

"Isn't it a little early?" I watched her uncork it. She poured two glasses and brought them back to the fire.

"I have a lot on my mind. We're stuck in the middle of nowhere. The rest of the family isn't coming. And your dad has all the presents in his car." She handed me a glass and sipped hers. "Like I said, I have a lot on my mind. I need something to take the edge off."

"Okay, sure, Mom." I wondered why she hadn't mentioned the truth I'd shared the night before. That was probably at the top of her mountain of problems that she was trying to forget. "Let's break out the fancy cheese and crackers. We can make this the best worst Christmas ever." I got her to smile with that. We clinked our glasses together and got out the good stuff.

Neither of us got plastered, but we did spend the day buzzed. We played cards. We played Chutes and Ladders. We talked. Mostly we stayed huddled by the fire. It was late afternoon when we finished a heated round of Twenty Questions. She always knew what I was thinking, never needing more than twelve questions. I had a harder time getting inside her head. We sat in silence as the light faded, sipping our wine and staring at the fire.

"Your whole life, I've wanted to make you happy." Mom's voice was low and contemplative. "That's always been my Achilles heel with you and your sisters. I just want to see you happy. Your father would say I'm a pushover."

"Mom, I—" I started, but she cut me off by raising a finger.

"Let me finish." She sipped her wine and turned her eyes from the fire to me. "I'll show them to you. If that will *really* make you happy."

My pulse quickened and my dick hardened. I thought she'd shot me down, but she'd been thinking about what I said the whole time. I nodded enthusiastically.

"I can tell by your enormous grin that it *would* make you happy." Mom didn't return my smile. Her face was filled with doubt. "I'll only show them to you if you promise me you'll find a girlfriend. Not someone to date like you usually do. I mean ... you know ...

someone you'll bring home to meet me and your dad. I don't want you fixated on me. It's not healthy. Promise me you'll find a smart, pretty girl that will make you happy."

"I promise, Mom." I put the wineglass down. My hand was shaking so much I was afraid I'd spill it everywhere.

"This is a binding deal, Logan. I'll hold you to it. You'll find yourself a girlfriend." She put her wineglass down, too, and nodded like she'd made a decision. She stood, reached down, and held the hem of her sweater. "I can't believe I'm doing this." Slowly, she pulled the sweater up her body, wiggling slightly. I was on the edge of my seat, ready to see her bra, but she had on more layers underneath. I nearly laughed out loud, I was so nervous. But I held it in. I didn't want her to think I was laughing at her. She wiggled out of the other layers, put them down on the armchair behind her, and stood in front of me wearing only her jeans, wool socks, and bra. I stared with my mouth hanging open. It was a boring bra, but it exposed a milky white expanse of cleavage.

"Wow ... Mom ... you're beautiful." I adjusted my cock as it uncomfortably pushed at the confines of my underwear.

"Once upon a time, you loved these." She put her hands under her boobs and hefted them, causing her cleavage to shake. "It seems we've come full circle."

"Can you take off the bra, too? Please?" My breath caught in my throat when she nodded and reached behind her back. She unclasped the bra and pulled it off unceremoniously.

"Here you go. I hope you like them." She put her hands by her sides and stood in front of me. Even with the fire going, it was cold in the cabin. Her nipples looked stiff.

"Best ... tits ... ever." My gaze roved over her bare skin. Her shoulders and arms were thin and delicate. Her breasts sloped dramatically out to large pink nipples and areolae. A lattice of blue veins was evident under her pale skin, making her seem all the more vulnerable bared for me.

"Watch your language, Logan." She didn't look mad. She still looked confused and maybe a bit patronizing.

"Sorry, Mom." My gaze fell back to her tits. "You've really made me happy today. This is the best Christmas present ever. I wish you didn't ever have to put them away."

"I'll tell you what. Since this is the only Christmas present you're getting, I won't put my bra back on." She picked up her underlayers. "You can look all you want for the rest of the night, and you don't have to look away embarrassed like you always do when I catch you sneaking a peek." She put her clothes back on. Her nipples were more than evident pushing at her Christmas sweater.

"Best ... Mom ... ever." I couldn't wipe the grin off my face.

“I’m glad you think so.” She went back into the kitchen to fetch us some more wine. “It fills my heart to see you so happy, sweetie.” She came back and refilled our glasses. “More Chutes and Ladders?”

I was on cloud nine the rest of the night. We played games and talked, and I stared at her headlights unapologetically. Eventually, it was time for bed. But that’s a story for another Christmas. Maybe I’ll tell you about it next year. If you’re lucky.

Chapter 2

“So, I’ll be warm if I sleep naked?” Mom stood in the doorway to her bedroom. Her nipples pushed valiantly at all the layers she was wearing, forming the most mesmerizing headlights on her sweater.

“Sure, Mom. It worked great for me,” I lied. It was stupid, but I still didn’t want to admit my mistake. I shrugged like it was no big deal and openly stared at her tits. They *were* my Christmas present, after all.

“I’m glad you’re so happy with my gift.” Mom frowned at me. She seemed a little buzzed, but not drunk. The wind howled as the snow piled up outside. She was clearly thinking about something, so I stayed silent in my spot by the fire. “Logan ... I ... um ...” She hugged herself and rubbed her arms. It got colder in that cabin exponentially as one moved away from the fire, and she was across the room.

“Don’t worry, Mom, I’ll build up the fire before going to bed.” I nodded earnestly at her, my attention drawn to her troubled face now that her arms were covering her boobs.

“Your father would call me such a pushover. I said I was only going to show you the once.” Mom looked over at the dark Christmas tree. “But he’s not here. He’s with your sisters and all of our presents. And we’re here. You and me.”

I held my breath, my body going completely still. I didn’t want to ruin whatever she was building herself up to.

“You’re supposed to say, ‘No, Mom, you’re not a pushover.’” The briefest flicker of a smile touched her lips and disappeared. She glanced at me.

“No, Mom, you’re not a pushover.” I repeated the words like I was in a trance.

“That’s my sweet son.” She sighed, rolled her eyes, and her frown deepened. “You’ve been great today. I appreciate you taking care of the cabin and your mother. I suppose you earned this.” She reached down to the hem of her sweater and slowly pulled it over her head. She turned her back to me as she removed the other layers she had on top. Her perfect, pale arching back was almost as beautiful as her tits. I stared at the graceful curve of it, and the flare from her waist out to her jean covered hips. And then ... I heard her zipper.

My eyes bugged out when she slowly wiggled her mom-jeans down her long legs. Her ass came into view. Two round, pale panty-covered globes shook with her movements. The firelight danced shadows across her curves from left to right. “Oh ... my ... God.”

“Stop, sweetie. You’re going to make me self-conscious.” She looked over her shoulder as she stepped out of her jeans. Her cheeks were crimson. Wearing only her wool socks,

bra, and panties, she straightened and kept her back to me. “Your father likes my backside.”

“I like it, too,” I whispered.

The wind howled, and the fire crackled as she reached behind her. I watched her wedding ring sparkle as her fingers unclasped the bra. “It’s freezing in here. I hope this sleeping naked thing works.”

“Me ... too.” My dick was so hard it hurt. My mouth started going before I knew what words would come out of it. “Mom ... could I touch –?”

“No way.” She wagged a finger at me, and turned around, her face full of disappointment. She shook her head. She was so gorgeous I could barely process what was happening. There seemed to be the ringing of deafening sleigh bells in my ears. Her nipples were hard and dark in the cold. Her tits were pale and jiggled ever so slightly as she made more disapproving gestures. “Logan ... Logan ... are you even listening?”

“What ... Mom?” I continued to stare at her tits, only taking a quick detour to check out her hips, and the panty-covered V between her legs.

“I swear ... men. Even with your own mother.” She held out her hands as if to present herself. “Get a good, long look, but never ask to touch me in that way again. Got it, mister?”

“Yeah ... Mom ... sorry.” It felt like time and space were collapsing. If only she’d take off her panties. “Maybe you could take off the rest –?”

“Good night, Logan.” She covered her tits with her arms. “I’ll see you in the morning.” She bent over to pick up her clothes, giving me a wonderful, ephemeral view of her dangling boobs, and then disappeared into her room.

The slamming door jarred me out of my stupor. That was it. Christmas was over. She’d never show me the goods again. I knew for a fact Dad didn’t appreciate her hotness. It was so unfair. Rather than being happy with what I’d gotten, my thoughts turned sour as I built up the fire and went to my own bedroom. Since I’d told her to sleep naked, I couldn’t very well sleep in all my clothes like I wanted. I stripped, hopped into bed, and tried to dream of sugarplums while I froze my ass off.

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The next morning, I woke in a funk. I wasn’t so much hungover from the wine as I was from the high of seeing my mother naked. I had thrown myself out there about my

crush on her. And it had worked in a twisted, monkey-paw sort of way. She hadn't enjoyed it. And now I had to prepare myself for a lifetime of not ever seeing my mother naked again.

I got out of bed before her and built the fire back up. I pulled an armchair near the hearth and watched the flames dance. Despite the time, it was dark in the cabin. At first, I thought that was just because of the storm. But it was actually because the cabin's windows were buried in snow. That wasn't good. I stood, put on my boots and jacket, grabbed the snow shovel, and opened the door. Sure enough, I couldn't see the sky. Slowly, I dug a path for us just so we wouldn't suffocate in the cabin.

When I reached the open air, I found that it was still snowing. I looked around, and the world looked like a different place. I couldn't see our car. It was buried not very far to the east. And the cabin was basically just a roof among white drifts. I was glad we'd brought enough food for the whole family. It was quite possible we'd have an extended stay.

When I got back into the cabin, I found my mother warming her hands by the fire. She was bundled up again. She smiled at me when I came in.

"What news of the world beyond?" She said. Even though Mom was trying to make light of things, I could see she was nervous. Her smile was combined with a furrowed brow, and she gnawed on her bottom lip.

"The car's buried in snow. Everything's buried in snow." I took off my jacket. "And it's still snowing." I took off my boots. My pants were wet from the melt, so I took them off and hung them up to dry. I looked over my shoulder and saw that Mom was gazing at my butt. Or maybe she was just trying to see what brand of underwear I was wearing. Probably not that, since she bought most of my clothes for me. "Would you like to see me naked, Mom? You know, to return the favor."

"Please, I've seen you naked a million times, Logan." She held out her hand, palm forward.

"You know it's different now." I turned around. My sweater wasn't wet, but I started to take it off.

"Clothes on, mister." She changed gestures to a finger wag. "You had your present yesterday. Now, let's move on."

"Sure, no problem." I tried not to let my disappointment show. I glanced over my shoulder as I went into my bedroom for pants, and it did seem like she was watching my butt. But I was probably imagining things.

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We ate breakfast, but didn't do much afterward other than sip coffee and sit by the fire. I think we were both a bit grumpy. Mom and I were in armchairs next to the hearth. The cabin was silent except for the roar and crackle of the fire. I kept thinking about how my life had peaked the day before. I'd somehow laid my feelings bare and talked her into showing me her boobs. And ... that was it. Now it was behind us. I sighed and held my mug with both hands. I suppose it could have been worse. She could have disowned me. And then she probably would have shown me exactly zero boobies. Silver linings and all that.

"I nearly froze to death last night." Finally, Mom broke the silence. "Your naked-sleeping thing didn't work."

"I must run hotter than you or something." I shrugged. "Maybe we should sleep in the same bed tonight and –"

"Come on, Logan. It's time to let it go. I'm your mother for fuck's sake." My mother hardly ever swore in front of me. I sunk into my armchair as she continued, counting on her fingers, "And I'm married. I made promises to your father, and I intend to keep them. Also, I'm an old lady. You can't possibly want me. Not really. You're a teenager, you see a woman and your hormones take over. Did I mention that I'm your mother? You can't see me that way. Just drop it. Drop it!" She'd worked herself up to the point where her voice was a strident scream. She took several deep breaths, calming down as she watched me closely. "Drop it. Okay, sweetie?"

"Sure, Mom. Sorry."

"Put all that energy ..." She pointed at my crotch. "... into finding a girlfriend. You're my only boy, so you owe it to me to find a nice girl who will want to be friends with me." Her smile was tentative. "Won't that be nice?"

"It's only us here. How am I going to find a girlfriend?" I sipped my coffee.

"You know what I mean." She stood and stretched. We were both aware of my eyes on the front of her sweater. She looked away from me into the fire. "We've both had a big shock. We're stuck here without Dad and the girls. We had an ... odd Christmas. Now, let's just have some normal mother-son time."

"Sure, Mom." I nodded. I didn't know what normal stuff we were going to do, but at least she wanted to hang out with me after everything that had happened.

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We raided the cabin's board game cabinet, playing several different games before settling on Clue. At lunch, Mom uncorked another bottle of wine. By the early afternoon, we opened another. The frostiness between us had thawed. We were laughing again, telling jokes, and she was asking me about school, friends, and girls.

"What do you do with all those girls you date? You see them a few times, and then you're onto the next one." Mom moved a piece on the gameboard carefully and then put it back, thinking about her next move. We were playing Stratego now.

"Are you asking me if I use a condom? Because I always do. I promise." I crossed my heart for her.

"You ... have sex with all those girls?" Mom's eyes got very round. She forgot about the board and stared at me.

"Not all of them. But ... you know ... I guess I have a talent for it." I shrugged.

"Why don't you make one of them your girlfriend?" She whispered.

"I'm sort of hung up on somebody else. So, I guess ... I get bored with them quickly." I frowned.

"You need to forget about me. Focus on the girls at school." Mom rubbed her chin. She didn't look angry with me now. She looked a little drunk to tell you the truth.

"How?" I cocked my head at her. I was a bit drunk too, so I plunged right back into the thick of it, risking her wrath. "Maybe if you showed me your boobs a whole bunch while we're stuck here, I'd get you out of my system?"

"Logan ... I ... um ..." Her lip curled in disgust, she gulped down the last of her wine, but she didn't shoot me down. "Let's just play our game." She turned her attention back to the board and made her move. I could tell she knew where one of my mines was hidden.

"Sure, Mom." I made a counter-move and changed the subject to what my dad and sisters were probably doing at that moment. Soon, it was lighthearted in the cabin again.

Chapter 3

Mom stared at the Stratego board for a long while. She was drunk, but I didn't think that was the reason she was taking so long to move. I could see the wheels in her head spinning. With the snow covering our windows, it was dark in our cabin. We were lit only by the roaring fire. I sipped my wine, hoping that she was thinking about showing me her tits again.

"So ... Mom ... are you going to move your piece ... or are you going to take off your sweater?" I was drunk, too. I probably shouldn't have said that.

"Logan." She glanced at me, rolling her eyes in disgust. "You had your Christmas present. I'm not going to keep showing them to you." She turned her attention back to the board and moved her piece.

"It would help me get this crush thing out of my system." I pressed my lips together and studied the board.

"I know how boys work, mister. Showing them to you would only make you want more." Mom shook her head.

"No, it wouldn't." I sipped my wine.

"I let you look at my boobs yesterday and look how greedy you are." Mom scowled and gulped down the rest of her glass.

"Look, Mom, you already showed them to me. You have the most beautiful ... breasts in the world." I was drunk enough that I almost said 'tits.' "There's no real downside if you continue to show them while we're stuck here. If it doesn't work, and I'm still 'greedy' when we get home, you're no worse off than you are now. If seeing them a whole bunch gets it out of my system, you're way ahead. I'll finally move on and settle down with a girlfriend."

"I don't know." She wasn't slurring her words, but her movements were clumsy as she refilled her glass. Glancing back at me, she caught me peeking at the front of her sweater. "Your father always says I'm a pushover." She shook her head slowly.

"You love me, that's all." I shrugged. "Look, I wasn't even going to tell you about all this. You asked who I had a crush on. You raised me not to lie."

"I can't believe I'm even contemplating this." Mom took another gulp of wine. "Okay." She nodded her head like she'd made a decision. "It's warm enough by the fire. I'm going to give you all the boobs your eyes can handle. At least while we're hanging out near the hearth. If you don't get sick of them by the end of the night, then it's a lost cause anyway." She put down her glass, lifted the hem of her sweater, and wiggled it off.

I stared with wide eyes as she took off layer after layer. And suddenly, I was in the presence of perfection again. I admired her thin, delicate shoulders and arms. Her breasts sloped dramatically out to large pink nipples and areolae. A lattice of blue veins meandered wonderfully under her pale skin. I leaned forward, staring.

“Oh, my gosh. You’re like a lion with his eyes on a gazelle.” She frowned at me and drank the rest of her glass. She was quick to refill it.

“I ... um ... I ... what?” I was having a hard time processing her words.

“Oh, for Pete’s sake.” She leaned forward, resting her elbow on her thigh. That wonderful movement made her breasts dangle ever so slightly.

I ogled the little trembles and shakes her tits made as they found a new position.

“Was it my turn?” Mom moved her piece. It was clear that she was going to try and act normal with her tits out in the open. I was in heaven.

“I’m sorry, did you move?” I blinked, barely able to turn my focus down to my pieces.

Mom let out a short, chiming laugh. “Well, now I know how to beat you at any game. Take out my breasts, and you turn into a zombie.” She pointed at her piece. “Yes, I moved that one.”

“Oh ... okay.” I looked up at her beautiful face. I didn’t remember her smiling at all the last time she had her tits out. Seeing her topless with a grin on her face was stunning. I moved my legs to adjust a painfully hard boner.

We played Stratego for another hour.

The wheels came off for me, and she easily beat me three times. When we were done, I was afraid that she’d cover herself again, but she stayed dressed only in her jeans and wool socks. Mom leaned back in her armchair and stretched her arms over her head absentmindedly.

I gaped at her, my eyes nearly bugging out of my head.

She saw me and let out a little exclamation of surprise “Oh ... I forgot for a second that I was ...” Her face brightened. Mom giggled. “You look like someone just dropped an anvil on your head.” She put her arms on the armrests and grinned at me.

“I feel like that.” I nodded.

“I’m hungry. And I’m not walking over to the cold kitchen dressed like this.” She shimmied her shoulders. I was agog. My mother just made her tits dance for me!

“Hmmmmmm?” I said.

“Goodness, Logan, you’re practically drooling.” She shook her head, but she was still smiling. “Is it bad that I’m getting used to being like this around you?”

“HmMMMM?” I said.

“Food, Logan. I’m hungry. Go to the kitchen and get us some food.” Mom spoke slowly like I was developmentally disabled.

“HmMMMM.” I stared at her tits. “Okay ... okay ... food.” A long time ago, I had gotten all my food from those amazing mammaries. I licked my lips.

“You’re being ridiculous.” Mom giggled again. Her high tittering carried just a hint of tension. “Go get us cheese and crackers, or I’ll put these two suckers away.”

Like a shot, I got up and raced into the kitchen. “Cheese ... you wanted cheese?” I put a board of cheese together. It was cold enough in this part of the cabin that we didn’t have to use the refrigerator. Which was good, because the fridge had gone out with the rest of the power.

“And crackers, Logan.” Mom called over to me.

“Right ... right ... we’re having wine ... and cheese ... and crackers.” I added the crackers, fumbling in the gloom and my drunkenness. “Hey, Mom. We’re sort of eating like it’s a date night.”

“Oh, stop.” Her voice carried none of her recent joviality. I got the message and let that drop.

“Here you go. Food for the beautiful lady.” I returned to our spot by the fire, moved the board game aside, and set out our meal.

We made small talk while we ate. I had to look at the fire for long stretches, because when I looked in her direction my mouth stopped working. That’s not to say that I didn’t take some long, lingering glances. Seeing her daintily spreading cheese on crackers with her tits jiggling was something I was sure I’d never forget. The sight of her boobs would have been stupefying regardless, but when that was combined with a normal, everyday thing I’d seen her do for years, it full-on melted my brain.

After we finished our meal, we sat in our chairs by the fire, trying to guess what my sisters had gotten us for Christmas. Mom sipped her wine more slowly. I tried to pace myself, too. I did catch her stealing glances at the front of my pants a few times. I guess she finally noticed my erection.

“I’m getting cold.” Mom shivered and rubbed her arms. She had goosebumps. “I think I’ll cover up.”

I sprang up out of my chair like I was shot from a cannon. "I'll bring in more wood! Sorry, I let the fire die down."

She laughed, watching me run off to the front door like a maniac.

There was a little more shoveling to do, but the snow had stopped falling. Maybe tomorrow we could see if the road had been plowed. If so, I could shovel our car to freedom. That meant tonight could be the last night of magic. As I carried wood back to the front door, I promised myself that I would enjoy every minute of it.

Once inside, I brushed the snow off my clothes. "My pants are wet."

"They'll dry by the fire," Mom said.

I took them off, and took off my top layers, too. Dressed only in my boxers and socks, I went over and laid out my clothes on the hearth. Then, I carried some wood over and fed the fire.

"What on Earth are you doing, Logan?" Mom stared at the front of my boxers with a horrified expression. Of course, I was still hard. I sure hoped that the 'erections lasting longer than four hours' thing wasn't going to be a problem. There was no way to seek medical attention.

"I'm drying my clothes like you said." I shrugged and went back to working on the fire, praying that she was checking out my butt.

"I ... um ... I see why you can date so many girls. You have a nice body, sweetie," Mom said. "I mean ... you're also smart and funny, but ..."

"Thanks, Mom. Our campus has a great gym. I go down there a bunch." I moved some of the coals around with the poker and placed some logs so that air had room to flow. Soon, the fire was roaring again. "It stopped snowing."

"Oh, thank goodness." I could hear my mom take a big gulp of wine behind me. "Will we be able to leave tomorrow?"

"If they plow the road. I'll check tomorrow morning." I stepped away from the fire, grabbed my wine glass, and sat on my mom's lap.

She let out a surprised, stifled shriek. "What are you doing?" She didn't push me away. I think she was too shocked.

"I was cold." I grabbed a blanket from the sofa and threw it over us. "Just for a minute until we warm up."

"The days where you can sit on my lap are long over." Mom started to push my back with her hands. "You're too big."

“Special circumstances, Mom.” I pushed my back into her. Suddenly, my spine was pressing into her right boob. It squished into me in the most delightful way. “Remember what I said about sleeping naked? The heat waves can bounce off the blanket better. This is the same thing.”

She stopped pushing. “Okay, but you need to move over. You’re crushing my thigh.”

“Sorry.” I scooted on her lap until both her tits were smushed against my back. “Better?” I prayed she’d say yes, because this was heaven.

“Just for a few minutes.” She sighed. “You aren’t crushing me there.” Her hands came to rest on my sides. Her touch was cool on my skin, which I hoped meant that I felt warm to her.

“I love you, Mom.” I snuggled up a little tighter into her and pulled the blanket up to my chin.

“Oh, my gosh.” I could feel her relaxing behind me. “This does feel warm. I was getting pretty cold going topless with the fire dying down.”

“I know. Your nipples are like rocks digging into my back.” I laughed.

“Logan!” She slapped my shoulder playfully, but didn’t otherwise scold me. We sat in silence for a while. “What would your father say if he saw us now?”

My dick throbbed with my pulse. “That you’re a pushover,” I said. “But you’re not,” I quickly added. More silence stretched out. Her skin didn’t feel cool anymore. The fire crackled, its light dancing around the room. “This is nice, isn’t it?”

“Yes, sweetie. It’s been a strange Christmas. But ... this feels special.” She wrapped her hands around me, her palms on my abs. She gave me a hug. I couldn’t tell if there was a grope in there, too. I was hopeful, but maybe it was only my imagination. She withdrew her hands. “Okay, time to get off. My legs are going to sleep.” Mom pushed me again.

I got up and went to my armchair, tossing the blanket back on the sofa. The fire was giving off a good amount of heat now. “What’s next?”

“How about another bottle of wine and some chess?” Mom smiled, and my heart melted. She stood, and her boobs danced beautifully. “I’ll get the chess set.” She walked over to the game cupboard.

“I’ll get the wine.” I stood and headed to the kitchen. The tent in my boxers was ridiculous, but she didn’t ask me to put pants on, so I wasn’t about to get dressed.

We reconvened in front of the hearth and got the board set up. Usually, I’m pretty good at chess, but watching her tits wobble and dangle with each move knocked about 100 IQ points out of my head. I got crushed several times, but I’d never enjoyed chess more.

Chapter 4

“I won!” I was shocked. Despite the massive distraction my mother’s boobs posed, I finally beat her at chess. I suppose all the wine she’d gulped down might have had something to do with it. Earlier in the evening, when we were less drunk, she had been defeating my boob-addled brain handily. “I won ... I won ... I won.” I knocked over and mounted her king with my queen. I then bounced my piece on top of hers.

“Oh ... gosh ... you’re making them ...” Mom burst out laughing. “Stop ... that’s not right.” Her high, tittering giggle filled the gloomy cabin with life.

“Where do you think princes and princesses come from?” I continued my queen’s humping action.

“You can be so juvenile.” Still chuckling, Mom leaned back, stretched, and yawned.

I dropped the queen and stared at my mother’s bare tits. I would never get tired of them.

She saw my gaze, stopped stretching, and silence fell over us. After a while, she nodded like she’d decided something. “These ladies really are like magic to you.” She shook her shoulders, making her tits dance. She laughed at my expression. “You look catatonic, Logan. I think you just got hit by that anvil again.”

“Yeah ... I think so.” I nodded without looking up to meet her gaze.

“I could be saying anything right now, and you’d agree with me, right?” She sighed.

“Yep, sure, Mom.”

“You have the stinkiest feet in the family, don’t you think?” Mom said.

“Cassie has the stinkiest feet.” I smiled and winked at Mom’s boobs. My oldest sister did have stinky feet. That was just facts. “My feet smell like fresh-cut flowers.”

“Oh, so you *can* hear me.” She shivered and covered her boobs with her arms. “I think it’s time to put the ladies away. I hope you enjoyed them, Logan.” She pulled on a long-sleeved top, and then added layers to it.

“Best Christmas ever.” I sipped my wine, got up, and added more logs to the fire.

“Being stranded with me in a cabin without power cannot be your best Christmas ever.” She got up and moved next to me, warming her hands. Her wedding ring glittered in the firelight. “What about the Christmas when I got you that Lego set you’d been dying to have? You were so happy.” She smiled at the memory.

“That was a long time ago. And ... I thought that was from Santa.” I looked over at her in mock surprise.

“Oh ... shoot ...” She put a hand to her mouth. “The secret’s out.” She laughed with much more enthusiasm than the joke warranted. “I hope you’ll forgive me, Logan. After all, your mother *is* drunk.” She looked toward her room, and her laughter died away. “And sleepy. But last night it was so cold in there.”

“I’ve got a plan.” I finished poking the fire and stood proudly by the blaze.

My mother waited for my plan, biting her bottom lip with anxiety.

“We can pull a mattress out here and sleep in front of the fire. When it dies down, I’ll feed it.” I started to push furniture out of the way.

“Oh ... ohhhhhh ... okay.” My mother’s shoulders relaxed, and she laughed. “I thought you were going to say that we should get naked under the same blanket. You know, because of the bouncing heat waves you were talking about.”

“Not naked, Mom. We’ll wear our underwear. Naked would be weird, right?” I smiled at her. I really hoped my words were coming across casually. “It’s the best way to stay warm.”

“But ... the fire.” She looked at me with wide eyes. I caught her quickly glance at my crotch. It wasn’t lust in her eyes. It was the same expression she’d had when she’d found a snake in our car five years earlier. She wasn’t terrified, but she didn’t want to be anywhere near that snake.

“The fire will help, for sure. But this place is cold, Mom. We’re snowed in.” I shrugged. “This is what people do in these situations.”

“People use body heat for hypothermia. I’ve read about that.” She pressed her lips into a thin line. “People don’t do this just for a cold cabin.”

“If we’re not smart, we might *get* hypothermia, Mom.” I went into my room and started unmaking the bed. “Think about it.”

She did think about it.

A while later, our bed was neatly made in front of the fire. I was in my boxers and socks, tending to the fire. I wanted it roaring before we turned in. Mom was in her room, changing. I heard the door open, and she came out with a blanket wrapped around her. I turned and smiled at her modesty. “You’ve been naked all day, you don’t need to cover up.”

She stuck out her tongue at me. I was really enjoying having a drunk mom. She was so cute. “I’m not covering for you,” she said. “It’s like a freezer in that room. It’s even chilly in here. Aren’t you cold?” She looked at the outline of my hard dick in my boxers. “I thought your thingamajig was supposed to shrink when it’s cold?” She hustled over to

the bed, unwrapped the blanket, and quickly slipped under the covers. “Ohhhhh ... it’s chilly in bed, too!” She kicked her feet.

“Mom ... you’re not wearing anything on top,” I said. She was only wearing panties and socks. The way her tits had rocked and swayed as she’d leapt into bed tugged at the primal parts of my mind.

“You told me not to, Logan.” She looked up, her brows furrowed in annoyance. “You didn’t want me to wear a shirt, and I can’t sleep in a bra. It’s really ... uncomfortable.”

“Oh, I didn’t know. I thought bras were ... soft.” Even with the heat of the fire on my skin, I had goosebumps.

“Some bras are more comfortable than others. I didn’t pack any that I can sleep in.” She beckoned me over. “The fire’s good. I can see you shivering. Get in here, Logan.”

I did as commanded and slid into bed next to her. “Yikes, the sheets *are* cold!” I snuggled up next to her, her heavy boobs pressing into my chest, her knees touching mine. Our eyes were inches apart. “Hi ... Mom,” I whispered. She was breathtakingly beautiful in the low, dancing firelight.

“Um ... turn around ... sweetie.” Her eyes looked a little dreamy. “Put your back to me, I think that would be more ... appropriate.”

“Sure, Mom.” I rolled over and wiggled my butt back into her hips. Her boobs, as they got sandwiched to my back, were cool to the touch and her nipples were hard. I hoped that meant that I felt warm to her. “Wake me up if you get cold. I can feed the fire or ... we can change positions.”

“Okay, sweetie.” She was trembling against me. She circled her arm around me. “I know I showed you the goods today. I know I’m drunk. I know how you feel about me. Regardless, I expect you to behave. I love your father and ... well ... you’re my sweet, Logan. So ... just ...” She paused for a while. I could hear her breathing moving more quickly. “So, just behave tonight.”

“Sure, Mom.” I nodded into my pillow. “I’ll behave.”

I did behave. I was warm, drunk, and exhausted. That was the single most cozy moment in my life. With the room gently spinning, I drifted off to sleep.

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Waking up in the very early morning, I found myself shivering. Even with Mom snuggled up behind me, I was cold. The fire was only embers now, so I jumped out of

bed, still wearing only my boxers and socks, and went about rebuilding the fire as quickly as possible.

“Logan? What’s going on?” My mother sounded like she was still halfway in a dream.

“Working on the fire, Mom.” I tossed on another log and created some gaps for airflow with the poker.

“It’s cold, sweetie,” Mom was huddled under the covers.

“Working on it.” By the time I finished, I was shaking so badly from the frigid air that I had trouble aiming the poker. Satisfied that the blaze was going again, I practically dove back into bed, letting her curves nestle into my back again.

“Oh ... goodness ... you’re so cold!” Mom hugged me tightly and rubbed my chest.

“You’re ... really ... warm.” My teeth chattered.

“Ohhhh, sweetie. You’re such a good boy, taking care of us.” She wrapped her legs around mine for added skin-to-skin contact. “Let’s get some more sleep, okay?”

“Okay.” Eventually, I stopped shivering and drifted back to sleep.

I woke in the morning before Mom. I wanted to stay in the warm bed forever, but I needed to get more wood for the fire. I could just make out daylight through the snow that covered our windows. The fire wasn’t as low as it had been in the middle of the night, but it couldn’t wait. Carefully, so as not to wake Mom, I slipped out of bed and dressed. Then I went out for the wood. It hadn’t snowed overnight, so there wasn’t much shoveling needed. Our car was still buried, and the road had completely vanished under all that snow.

Once the fire was set, I went about boiling some water on the hearth for coffee. My head throbbed from all the drinking the night before. I figured some caffeine would do us both some good. Mom woke just as I was pouring myself a mug.

“Good morning, sweetie.” She stretched under the covers. I imagined what her awesome tits looked like with that movement. I could credibly picture her tits now that I had committed them to memory. She blinked up at me. “You have the silliest smile. What’s so funny?”

“Nothing, Mom.” I shrugged. “I made us coffee.”

“Just what I need.” She sat up and rubbed her temples, keeping the blanket up over her chest. “Did they plow the road?”

“Not yet. We’re still stuck here.” I watched her slip out of bed and quickly dress. She turned her back to me, but that was just as mesmerizing. I stared as she wiggled into her pants, taking in the round globes of her butt, and the glimpses of her fantastic, dancing

side-boobs. We drank coffee, ate breakfast, brushed our teeth, and I warmed up enough water for us to give ourselves shallow baths.

In the late morning, we convened by the roaring fire. I was inclined to try and get her drunk again, but I think we were both recovering from all that wine. So instead, I gave us refills on coffee.

“Want to play some chess?” Mom put her mug down on the hearth and removed her sweater. She continued removing her remaining layers while my cock strained in my pants.

“What ... um ... are you doing, Mom?” I ogled her wonderfully sloping tits, paying special attention to her meandering blue veins. They made her seem so vulnerable and unguarded.

“I figure you’d want to see them, and it’s warm enough next to the fire. If you’ll help me move the bed, we can play some chess.” She bent over and started to pull the covers off our bed. Her tits were hanging straight down, bouncing off her arms as she worked. I thought my eyes might pop out of my head.

“Yeah ... sure ... let’s play chess.” I wasn’t sure what her reasoning was for being topless, but she hadn’t waited for me to ask, beg, and argue. She was just ... going to hang out, tits in the open. Maybe this would be our thing now. I prayed this would be our thing now.

We moved the bedding and mattress over by the Christmas tree and set up our game in front of the hearth. I was back to staring at perfection while trying to beat her at chess. She was sober, and I was distracted, so it didn’t go well for me. I didn’t have another chance to hump her king with my queen. But I didn’t mind. I was in heaven. If they didn’t plow the road for a week, that would have been fine by me.

Chapter 5

“Should I get us more wine?” I smiled hopefully across the chessboard at Mom.

“Hmmmmm.” My topless mother rubbed her chin and frowned at me. Her movements made her tits wobble in the most delightful way. “Are you ... trying to get me drunk?”

“No ... I just thought ... it’s afternoon, we might switch from coffee and ...” My cheeks heated up as she stared into my soul. “Yeah, I thought I could more openly stare if you were drunk.”

“You can stare while we’re sober, Logan.” Mom sighed and stuck out her chest. Her frown lightened and lightened until it turned itself upside down. “Oh ... my gosh ... look at you, mister. You’re practically drooling.” Mom’s high-pitched giggle filled the lodge and jiggled her boobs. “You know what?”

“What?” I said breathlessly.

“When we get home, I should whip out the ladies whenever you’re reluctant to do something I ask.” Seeing my hungry expression, she laughed even more. “Like last month, when you didn’t want to come home for Thanksgiving ... I could have just told you that you needed to come home to see these.”

“Yes, please.” I nodded.

“Well, then. I have a request.” She folded her arms over her tits and looked at me in a more serious manner, her brow furrowed. “No ... eyes up here. You don’t get to see my boobs until you make a promise.”

I gulped. I wasn’t sure I liked where this was going. “Um ... sure?” I met her gaze.

“I’d like you to get a girlfriend.” She kept her arms folded and made a humphing noise when I glanced at her chest.

“I have girlfriends, Mom. Lots of them.” I smiled. “Can I see your boobs again?” I waited. When her arms didn’t move, I added, “Please?”

“You know what I mean.” She cocked her head and gave me her stern, mom’s-in-charge stare. “A real girlfriend. A girl you’ll bring home to meet your father and me.”

“I brought home that one girl ... um ... Betsy something.” It was my turn to frown.

“One time. We never saw her again.” Mom shook her head.

“Alison Becker!” I said.

“That was high school. And your poor dad is still traumatized from finding Alison naked in your room. That was just a fling for you.” Mom stood, picked up her bra, and turned her back to me. She put it on, looking at me over her shoulder. “I’m starting to think that showing you my boobs wasn’t a good idea. You talk women out of their clothes, and then you grow tired of them. Even your own mother! That’s not healthy, Logan. As your mother, I’m telling you that’s not healthy.”

“I’ll never get tired of your tits, Mom,” I mumbled.

“What did you say?” She turned toward me and held up an angry finger. “Did you use a bad word about my body?”

“I just meant, you’re so beautiful, I could look at you forever.” Even though I was far enough away from the fire to feel the room’s chill, I realized I was sweating. My heart thundered in my chest.

“Well, if you can’t get a girlfriend, these beauties are going away ... forever.” She pulled on an undershirt. And then another layer.

“Wait ... Mom.” My heart sank. I watched her pull a sweater on and pull down the hem to her waist with finality. I studied her face. Her lips were pressed together. Her eyebrows were arched. She was serious. “Okay, I’ll get a girlfriend. I promise.”

“Really?” Mom’s smile returned, glowing brighter than the roaring fire. Had she been bluffing me? “That’s wonderful. So, you’ll stop chasing after girls and settle down with one?”

“Not if my new girlfriend is cool with me chasing girls.” I blew out a long exhale. Crisis averted. I didn’t know how I was going to settle on just one woman, but that was a problem for future Logan.

“Good luck finding that unicorn girlfriend, mister smartypants.” Mom laughed and shook her head. She walked over to the front door, grabbed her coat, and put it on.

“I thought you were going to take them out again?” I stood and walked over to her. When she tossed me my coat, I caught it.

“After that little tiff, we need some air. Come on, I haven’t been out of this cabin since we arrived.” She put on her boots.

We bundled up and headed out. It was a beautiful afternoon. Clouds were moving in from the east, but the sun was brilliant on the deep snow as we trudged around the cabin. We had to guess at where our car was buried. Mom dug a little for it, but gave up. Instead, she rolled up some snow and hit me square in the chest with a snowball. Shocked, I rocketed my own snowball attack back at her. Laughing, we played in the snow for a long while.

Our noses and cheeks were bright pink when we reentered the cabin. We took off our outer layers. I remade the fire. As I did that, Mom removed the rest of her top layers. She sat in an armchair next to the fire, watching me closely.

“Thanks for bringing out the ladies again.” I was having trouble concentrating on building the fire with her tits hanging not three feet away. But I wasn’t about to complain about it.

“Watch what you’re doing. Don’t burn yourself, Logan. I can’t very well take you to the hospital.” She covered her boobs with her arms until I was done with the fire and then uncovered them again. “That was fun. Outside, I mean. I like spending time with you, sweetie.”

“Me, too.” I sat down, sighed, and took in the view.

“These really do make you happy, don’t they?” My mother had a playful smile on her face as she hefted her tits for me and made them drop a few times.

“Yes.” I stared, mesmerized by all that jiggling and shaking.

“You know, I’m surprised you didn’t try to negotiate with me about a girlfriend.” Mom arched one eyebrow. “When you were little, you were always trying to talk your way into or out of trouble.”

“Negotiate?” My ears perked up.

“I know what I’m asking you is a big deal, sweetie. Monogamy and all that. So, you know, you could have asked for something a little extra in return.” My mother seemed to be enjoying the power she had over me. I had a moment of hope, but she wasn’t looking at me like a sexual partner. She was looking at me like we were still playing games.

“Like ... rub snowballs on your boobs?”

“Oh ... my gosh. Ouch!” She cupped her hands protectively over her thick nipples. “Can you imagine?” She scrunched up her face at me. “Oh ... you are imagining.”

I laughed. “So ... about that negotiation ...”

“Too late.” She waved a finger at me. “You had your chance to play hardball. But you already agreed to get a girlfriend.” She cocked her head. “Don’t give me the long face. Okay, fine. If you had negotiated, you could have asked for ... I don’t know ... a shimmy.” She shook her shoulders back and forth, making her tits dance. “You like that one?”

“Yeah.” I felt dazed, trying to follow all that jiggling flesh with my eyes.

“Or, you could have asked me to juggle them.” My mother hefted her tits from underneath, and then bounced them in an alternating rhythm.

“Yes, please,” I whispered.

“Or, if you were really striking a hard bargain, you could have asked me to kiss my own nipple.” She stopped juggling them and gave me a shy smile. “I can do that, you know.”

“No, you can’t.” I was pretty sure she could. I mean, her tits were huge. But I figured it would be best to challenge her. My mom always liked to rise to a challenge.

“Sure, I can. Your father loves when I do this.” She cupped her left boob, lifted it, and turned the nipple upward. She bent her head and placed a friendly little kiss on her nipple. She dropped the boob and then cupped the right one. She lifted it the same way.

“Can you ... um ... lick your nipple?” My mind swam. I was feeling a little too giddy.

“Yes, and I would have done it too, if you’d negotiated a little harder.” Mom gave her right nipple a dainty kiss and dropped her tit. No licks. I was crestfallen.

“Is it hot in here? I feel like it’s hot in here.” I picked up the instructions to Stratego, which were lying nearby, and fanned my face.

“It’s freezing in here, dummy.” Mom stuck out her tongue and crossed her eyes at me. She giggled. She was having fun with me.

I tried to remind myself that this was a very different moment for the two of us. “So ... um ... next time I can negotiate?”

“If I want something, you’re reluctant, and I offer my breasts as a tool to get that thing, yeah.” She nodded, rubbed her chin, and thought. “You know, my feet are tense from the cold. I could use a good foot massage.”

Eager to touch her in any way possible, I almost blurted out my assent. “Well, I have really strong hands. I could sit on the hearth, hold your soles up to the fire, and relax those feet. But I don’t know if I want to. Maybe if I could see you lick your nipple.” I wanted to ask her to suck it, but that seemed like it might be going too far.

“Well ... um ...” Mom lifted her left boob, angling her nipple upward. She started to lower her head but paused. I held my breath. A moment passed, and she dropped her boob without a lick. “That feels too weird, Logan.” She gave me a tight smile. “Ask me something else.”

“Can I ... touch them?” I thought it was a fair question. But when I saw her dark reaction, I winced. “I mean your feet, Mom. For the massage.”

“Nice save.” My mom stood, turning her back to me. I watched her jean-clad ass wiggle as she moved her armchair closer to the fire. She looked over her shoulder at me and

caught me staring at her butt. Her smile was still tight and contained. “How about you massage my feet, and then I can think up a suitable reward depending on how well you do? That gives you incentive to give it your best.” She sat back on the chair and removed her socks.

“Yeah, fair.” I sat on the hearth, put her feet on my lap angled so the fire would keep them warm, and started massaging her soles with my thumbs. “How’s that?”

Mom winced. “Not so hard on those ... aaaahhhh ... old feet.” Her face softened. “Yeah ... that’s good ... sweetie.” She slouched in the chair, her tits lolling to the sides a little. I wondered if she could feel how hard my cock was. It was pressed by my pants sideways, but her heels were definitely touching it. If she noticed, she didn’t let on.

I massaged her feet in silence for a while, really working on the soles, and then spending a little time on her toes. I hadn’t much thought about her toes before, but they were all so tiny and cute. I would have sucked on them if she’d asked. But she wasn’t saying much other than the occasional satisfied sigh, so I kept on with the massage. Her eyes eventually closed, and she melted further into the chair.

After almost fifteen minutes, my fingers started to cramp. “Okay, Mom.” I gave her feet one last playful rub and then stretched out my hands. “How was that?”

Her eyelids opened halfway, and she dreamily gazed at me. “I feel drunk, sweetie. That was wonderful.” Slowly, she sat up and put her socks on. “I’m going to have to think up a really nice reward for you. You certainly earned it.”

“Oh, yeah?” I grinned ear to ear. I couldn’t imagine what the prize was going to be. But she knew how much I loved her tits, so I figured it was going to be awesome.

Chapter 6

“Would it change things between us if I let you touch them?” Mom’s sudden voice startled me. Ever since the foot massage, we had both been sitting in our armchairs by the fire, staring into the crackling flames. Okay, I had been trying to stare into the fire, but my eyes had often traveled sideways to take in my mother’s heavy boobs as firelight danced over her curves. But Mom *had* been staring into the fire. Now, I realized, she was staring at me. I worked hard to lift my gaze to meet hers.

“Um ... what?” I was stalling, looking for a clever answer that would end with my hands on her tits.

“Your foot rub was really nice, so I want to reward you. I want to make you happy. But ...” Mom furrowed her brow. “... but I don’t want to mess up, sweetie. I know you’ve enjoyed my ladies. But showing them to you, and letting you touch ... never mind.” She shook her head. “I’ll think of something else.”

“I love your boobs so much, Mom. Touching them would be the best thing that ever happened to me!” I blurted, terrified the moment had already passed.

Mom pressed her lips together and turned her gaze back to the fire. “I can’t believe I’m even considering this. What about your father?”

“I don’t know about Dad. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind,” I said. With her watchful eyes back on the fire, I felt free to stare at her tits again. I would never get tired of them. “It would make *me* ecstatic. Over the moon, Mom.”

“Pfft.” She rolled her eyes. “Your father would indeed mind. And rightly so.” She inhaled deeply, held it, and then let her breath slowly out. I watched her tits rise and fall with the long breath. “Why do men have to be like this?”

“I’ve always loved your boobs, Mom.”

“Yeah, I gathered that. I mean, I always saw you staring at them. But I just thought ... you were a boy and ... boys will be boys.” She shook her head with resignation. “Okay.”

“What? Okay? What’s ‘okay’?” Suddenly, there was ringing in my ears and my mind was cloudy. I think I was in shock.

“I mean, as a reward for the excellent foot rub, you can touch my breasts with your hands. But only for five minutes.” She turned her focus back to me and held up her finger. She set her jaw, making a Mom’s-in-charge face. “You can *not* tell anyone about this. If your sisters found out ... or your father ... I wouldn’t be able to explain it to them. I’m doing this because it makes you happy, and I want you to know that this new reward system has real benefits. I intend to use the ladies to keep you in line when we

get home.” I could see her frankly evaluating my giddy expression. This was all music to my ears, but it was a silly just game to her. She had discovered some leverage, and she was going to press her advantage. But her motivation didn’t matter that much, I was about to touch her tits. An icy current of anticipation ran down my spine. My dick strained mightily at my underwear and pants.

“How ... um ... how are we ... um ...?” I rose from the chair but didn’t move toward her.

Mom laughed in a good-natured way and shook her head. “You can’t even get out a coherent sentence. There’s not enough blood in your brain right now.” She rose from the chair and stood next to the fire, her arms at her sides. “Remember, I’m still your mom. Don’t do anything ... weird.”

“Yeah ... of course ... I ...” In a trance, I walked up and stood right in front of her, staring down at the way her blue veins meandered just under the alabaster skin of her breasts. I lifted my hands, but stopped. “Um ... really?”

“Come on, Logan. They’re just boobs. Half the world has them.” She took my hands and roughly placed them on her tits. She winced. “Oh, that’s too cold.” She pulled my hands off her tits and rubbed my hands with her hands one at a time, warming them with friction. I stood dumbfounded this whole time, watching her tits jiggle and shake with her rapid arm movements. There was no better definition of perfection. “There.” She stopped rubbing my hands and put them back on her tits, one for each breast. “Go ahead and collect your reward. You have five minutes.” She glanced at the clock on the wall.

Fireworks were going off in my brain. This was it! Everything I’d ever wanted. Getting snowed in had turned out to be the best Christmas gift ever. The first thing I did was heft them from the bottom, feeling the substantial weight of each boob. I nearly came in my pants as I dealt with the soft, pliable gravity that pushed back at my hands.

“I feel like I’m a cow at a weigh-in.” Mom watched me with detached amusement. “Is this what you do with all your dates?”

“You’re better than all my dates,” I whispered. I let her tits hang and ran my fingertips along the slopes and curves of them, going from the underboobs, all the way up her chest, and back down. Goosebumps appeared on her flesh.

“Don’t say that. I’m not a date.” Her voice was more subdued. I spared a quick glance up to her face. Her expression had turned more serious as I switched to gently kneading her boobs. “Okay, Logan. That’s enough.” Her voice was husky now.

“You said ... five minutes.” I carefully worked my fingers toward her wide, pink nipples. I knew that some women really enjoyed having their nipples played with, and others didn’t. I prayed my mother was in the former camp.

“Okay ... you have three minutes.” She gave an involuntary shudder when I rolled each nipple between my fingers. “Logan ... don’t ... do that.” She put a hand on my shoulder, but didn’t move to stop me.

“Don’t do what, Mom?” Mom’s nipples grew hard as ice. I had an instinct to lower my face and suck a nipple into my mouth, warming them. But thankfully I caught myself. I’m sure that would have gone over like a lead balloon. Instead, I used my fingers on her nipples. My technique relied on the feedback of numerous girlfriends and a few internet pointers. She seemed to like it, because when I looked up at her face again, her jaw was hanging open, and her eyes were vacantly staring down at my handiwork. Her hand on my shoulder squeezed tightly.

“Logan ... that’s ... too much.” Mom arched her back, her body getting stiff. “Logan ... sweetie ... I ...” Another shudder wracked her body. Her tits would have shaken wonderfully with the force of it, but I was holding them in place.

I continued with her nipples for a long time, varying the gentle pinches, pulls, and rolling motions so I wouldn’t overly stimulate her.

Eventually, Mom glanced at the clock on the wall and gave a start. She pushed my hands away. “It’s been more than fifteen minutes, Logan.” Doubt and surprise settled on her face. She crossed her arms over her boobs. She tried to smile, but it was stiff and strained. “I hope that made you happy.”

“Yeah, Mom.” I grinned at her like an idiot.

“Worth a foot rub?” She rolled her eyes and forced her smile a little harder in an *it’s-no-big-deal* expression.

“More than a foot rub,” I said with reverence.

“Okay ... well, I’ll keep that in mind for the future.” She sat back down on her chair, still covering her boobs with her arms. “I’m only letting you touch them for special rewards, okay? Not everyday stuff.”

“So, I get to touch them again?” I almost came in my pants again at the thought of her magnificent tits being a part of our lives going forward.

“I’ll let you know.” She looked over toward the Christmas tree, her lips pressed together in thought.

“I have to go to my room for a while.” I turned and headed across the cabin.

“But it’s freezing in there. And you don’t have a mattress anymore.” She gestured at the bedding from the night before laying off to the side.

“Yeah, you’re right.” I changed directions. “I have to go to the bathroom.” I closed and locked the door, dropped my pants, and went right to fapping. It was chilly in there, but I wasn’t going to take long. I closed my eyes and remembered the weight and feel of my mother’s tits. I came while she was sitting by the fire on the other side of the bathroom door.

~~

It was quiet and awkward in the cabin that afternoon. I offered her another foot rub, but she declined. I tried to make small talk, but she gave me mostly one-word answers. To her credit, she did stay topless while we were by the fire. I was more than thankful for that. Eventually, she put her layers back on, and we bundled up for a walk around the cabin.

There were no snowballs this time. Mostly we trudged in the woods nearby, commenting on how pretty it was, or wondering when we’d ever see our buried car again. The afternoon sun slanted through the trees, and the air wasn’t too cold. I thought I saw a large, brown animal lumbering behind some trees, but I didn’t mention it to her. Instead, I turned us around. It was slow going treading back along our own path in the deep snow. When we reentered the cabin, Mom seemed to be in a better mood. She gave me a few genuine smiles as I built up the fire again.

“You’re so strong, Logan. Sometimes, I marvel that you’re the same kid that used to get picked on by your older sister.” She stripped off her top layers, obviously aware of my not-so-covert glances as her tits came back into view. “You’re not even a teenager anymore. Sometimes, it’s hard for a mother to adjust.”

“I like how we get along.” Satisfied with the fire, I grinned at her and got us two glasses of wine. She didn’t refuse. “Stratego?”

“But you still like games.” She helped me set up the board in front of the fire.

“You like them, too. What else are we going to do while we’re stuck here?” I could think of a few things, but I knew she didn’t want to hear any of that.

“Well, if I have to be stuck anywhere, I’m glad it’s with you, sweetie.” She sipped her wine. The board was set, and we were ready to play. “You’re staring again.”

“I thought you said it was okay?” I sat across the little table from her, not hiding my gaze.

“You probably felt how hard my ... um ... my ... nipples got earlier today.” Mom grimaced and took a bigger gulp of wine. “That was because of the cold.”

“Oh, yeah. I knew that.” I nodded.

“You’re a good son, Logan.” She sighed. “Here’s a little reward.” She put her wine down, sat up straight, and shimmied her shoulders.

I grinned as I watched her tits dance. “Spectacular.”

She stopped shaking her boobs and shook her head. “When I do that, you look like you’re seeing the face of God or something.”

“It *is* something like that.” I laughed.

She gave me a long, quizzical look and picked her wine back up. After a moment, she exhaled. “Okay, let’s play some Stratego. I’ve got some bombs for you to discover.”

“I bet you do.” I moved first. We played board games until the sun set, laughing and chatting about small things. It was wonderful, but nothing could beat the moment earlier in the day when I had my hands on her heavy tits, just about touching the face of a goddess.

Chapter 7

“Well ...” Mom yawned and stretched. My gaze, of course, never lingered from her bare tits as they moved proudly with her movements. “Oh, my gosh. You look like you’re worshipping them.” Mom stood and began clearing our game from the coffee table. She bent toward me, and her boobs swung ponderously below her. “Well, it’s time for bed. Are you going to help me or what?”

“Yeah ... yeah ...” I nodded and got to my feet. We cleaned up and set up our bed the same as the night before, right in front of the fire. After brushing teeth, I turned off the water and drained the pipes for the night, and we settled in.

Mom got into bed first while I was still building the fire to a blaze. She had the covers up to her neck, her head on the pillow. Her eyes reflected the dancing flames. “You look so strong working on the fire, sweetie. I really appreciate all that you’re doing for us.”

“Of course.” Finished with the fire, I undressed, stripping down to my underwear. I slipped under the covers before the cold could find me. My mother’s soft, warm body was more inviting than anything I could remember.

“Careful, mister. Don’t grope me.” My mother pushed my hand away from her butt. “We can be close for warmth but nothing weird.” I heard her mutter something about “grabby men.”

“Nothing weird,” I agreed. My dick raged against the confines of my underwear.

“Turn around, Logan. I’ll spoon you.” Mom stared into my eyes. Our faces were only inches apart. I could have kissed her if I wanted. But I couldn’t risk ruining things, so I remained in control.

“Sure, Mom.” I rolled over and scooted my butt back into her hips. Her heavy tits rested wonderfully on my back. Her nipples didn’t feel hard to me. She must have warmed up under the covers nicely. “We good?”

“Yes, good night, sweetie.” She rested her hand on my hip.

“Good night, Mom.” I closed my eyes and luxuriated in the closeness. Despite my erection, I quickly drifted off to blissful slumber.

~~

I was ripped from sleep by a loud thump. I heard my mother shriek, and I reached out for her. She was still next to me in bed. "What is it?" I sat up. The fire had died down, but flames were still flickering. It hadn't been that long since we'd gone to bed.

"Someone's at the door," Mom squeaked.

The front door rattled with a loud thump. There was what sounded like a roar outside. The door rattled again.

"Not someone. It's an animal." I stood, picked up a log from the pile by the hearth, and put the end in the fire.

"What are you doing?" My mother retreated further under the blanket.

"Animals don't like fire." I remembered something. "They don't like people. It can probably smell our food and feel the warmth coming from the cabin. It should be hibernating. If it's awake, it's probably hungry. We just need to scare it. If we yell, it'll go away."

Without any pause, my mother and I both started screaming nonsense at the creature at the top of our lungs. I was just yelling for it to take a hike when the door burst inward, the frame splintering.

The bear took two steps into the cabin and stopped. Its brown eyes stared into mine. There was a long pause. Then, it rose to its hind legs, lifting itself far above my height. Its roar shook the cabin. Some part of my mind heard my mother's frenzied screaming. Some other part of my mind was getting ready to die without even touching her boobs again. But most of my mind was directing my arm to reach for the log I'd put in the fire. It came out in my hand with the far end ablaze. I screamed and charged the bear, swinging the flaming log at it.

I guess the warmth of our cabin wasn't worth it for the beast. The bear turned and ran out of the cabin, partially caving in the snow tunnel I had dug. I stood staring at the open doorway, looking at the snow that had slid into our cabin. My mind was a complete blank.

"Logan ... Logan?" Mom was by my side, naked but for her panties. "Are you hurt?" I felt her hands on my chest. I looked into her wide, frightened eyes.

"Mom ... I chased away a bear." I stepped over to the fire and tossed my makeshift weapon back onto the flames.

"Are you okay?" The lines on my mother's face were etched with worry.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Come help me bar the door. It's getting colder in here." I went to the front door and closed it. Thankfully, it still hung plumb, although the lock wouldn't

catch anymore. I tossed away some broken wood, and we pulled the sofa in front of the door. That seemed to hold it securely.

Mom went back to bed and waited for me while I got the fire blazing again. "You were so brave, Logan." Her voice was brimming with pride. The sound filled me with warmth. I returned to bed.

"You're shaking, Logan. Are you okay?" Mom's voice moved from pride to concern.

I listened to the fire crackle and pop for a few seconds, shivering the whole time. "I guess I'm cold."

"You're in shock, honey." Mom pulled me into an embrace, our foreheads touching. She wrapped her legs around mine. If she noticed my monster erection bumping up against her hip, she didn't say anything about it. "Shh ... Mommy's here. You were so brave. You saved us."

"Thanks, Mom," I mumbled. I was very glad the bear hadn't eaten us. If he had, I would never have felt my mom's soft tits press up against my chest as they were. I let her comfort me until, eventually, we both drifted off to sleep.

~~

I woke in the early morning. The fire had died down to embers. My mother's warm, perfect body was pressed against mine. I thought about getting up to build the fire again, but opted instead for the warmth of our bed.

Suddenly, the memory of the bear hit me. I stopped breathing and looked at the front door. It was dark, but I could tell the sofa was still in place. Of course, if the bear had come back, I'm sure I would have noticed when it started eating me in my sleep. I shivered and snuggled closer to my mother, letting her boobs shift and settle against my chest.

I was alive, nearly naked, and pressed against my mother. The bear hadn't ruined anything but the lock on the door. As the fright passed, I focused on my mother's soft curves. My dick sprang to life. I shifted a bit until the head of it was above the waistband of my underwear. I moved a little more and suddenly my glans was touching my mother's warm, bare belly. An electric shock went through me. I didn't dare move. I stayed perfectly still, feeling that skin-to-skin contact acutely. Her eyes were closed, and her breathing stayed slow and even. She looked pretty sleeping in the faint glow coming from the embers. I was completely enchanted. Eventually, I drifted back off to sleep.

~~

“Wake up, Logan.” Mom was already up and dressed. She was wearing her outside gear, and I could see why. It was freezing in the cabin. “We need to restart the fire.”

I crawled out of bed and immediately felt the cold bite into my exposed skin. “Why is it so much colder in here this morning?” I dressed quickly, shivering as I pulled my clothes on.

“The door.” She pointed to where light was peeking in through the broken frame. “We’ve gotten drafty.”

“We’ll have to do something about that. But first, let’s get warm.” I settled in at the hearth and built the fire back up until it was roaring. After that, we had breakfast, turned on the water, and washed up as best we could. When we were ready to face the day, we moved the sofa and inspected the door.

“Dad could fix this.” I moved some long pieces of splintered wood out of the way.

“Even your father would need his tools. And probably some new lumber, too.” Mom was still wearing her hat and jacket. She put her hands on her hips and frowned. “Obviously if the bear comes back, we’re not stopping it from getting through the door. I mean, it came right in when the door was fully functional.” She nodded at the pile of splinters I was making. “But we need to stay warm. We can’t let a draft in here.”

“Well, I guess we need to insulate the gap.” I nodded. Using a spare blanket, scissors, and a needle and thread, we managed to make something that was easy to insert into the gap when the door was closed. It only took us a couple hours to complete the task. When we were finished, we both stared at our handiwork, smiling.

“I’m very proud of you, Logan.” Mom walked back over by the fire. “Help me move the bed, we can play some games or something.”

“Sure.” I helped her drag the mattress out of the way and set up. “What game do you want to play?” I was reviewing the shelf of board games. “Chess?” She didn’t respond. “Mom?” I turned to see her standing backlit by the roaring fire. She had removed her top while I had my back turned. I marveled at her tits as if I was seeing them for the first time. Her shoulders and arms were thin and delicate. Her breasts sloped dramatically out to large pink nipples and areolae. A lattice of blue veins was evident under her pale skin. My heart sung, and my dick raged at the sight.

“Um ... Logan ...” Mom was chewing on her bottom lip. Her shoulders were slumped with indecision. “You were very brave last night. I thought ... I thought the most

horrible things were about to happen. And then you ... my shining knight ... you chased that thing away. I'm in awe of you." She put a hand on her belly like she was feeling queasy.

"Thanks, Mom." I shrugged and gave her a tight smile. "I was just protecting you."

Her eyes lit up at that. A broad smile slowly built its way to brilliance on her face. "You ... um ... you deserve ..." She cleared her throat and put her hands on her tits, hefting them as if to show me their weight. I realized she was purposely mimicking what I had done with them when she first let me touch them. "Logan ... I said that the ladies wouldn't be available for normal, everyday things that you would do anyway. But for fighting a bear ... well ... you deserve to be happy, Logan. What would you -?"

I didn't let her finish the question, interrupting her, "I would love to see you suck on your nipple. You said that you do it for Dad sometimes."

"Well ... if you really want to see that." She looked away from me as she lifted her boob up and turned her nipple upward. She dropped her chin, paused, sighed, and stared at her nipple.

"Mom?"

"Yes, Logan. Just give me a second. This is a big ask." She kept her focus on her tit, staring down at it. After what seemed like an eternity, she lowered her lips and sucked her nipple into her mouth.

I was hoping she would moan or something, but she was mostly silent as she worked her nipple with her mouth. My whole body was rigid, especially my cock. I could faintly hear the soft, wet sounds of her lips working over the crackle of the fire. After about thirty seconds, she seemed to relax. I won't say she looked like she was enjoying it, but she didn't seem as uptight. I worked hard to remember every detail, from the way her fingers depressed the flesh of her tits, to the way her full lips gently suckled.

Eventually, she removed her mouth from her tit, let her breast fall with a shake, and glanced at me. "I suppose you need to use the bathroom now."

"Yeah, you're right." I bolted for the bathroom.

She let out a happy, little laugh. "Enjoy yourself, sweetie. You earned it."

"Thanks, Mom." I slammed the bathroom door, stripped, and went right to fapping.

Chapter 8

“You were in there for a long time.” Mom sat in an armchair. She was topless, and clearly enjoying the heat of the fire on her skin.

“Yeah ... um ...” My cheeks heated up. I wasn’t sure what to say, so I told her the truth. “I was worked up. I had to do it twice.”

“Oh, my gosh.” Mom’s eyes widened, and she glanced at my crotch. There wasn’t much to see, my dick was slumbering again. “Logan ... I can’t know that.”

“I just thought ...” My cheeks grew redder. “Sorry.”

Mom let out an awkward laugh. “Well, I’m just glad that you were happy with your reward. You saved our lives. You deserved it.”

“Mom ... I ...” I thought about pressing my luck. But the moment didn’t feel right. There was discomfort in the air. Which was, of course, my fault.

“Yeah?” She lifted an inquisitive eyebrow.

“Nothing. I just love you, that’s all.” I walked over to our game table and sat down. “Stratego?”

“Sure, Logan. But I’m going to beat you. You’re too aggressive with your high-ranking pieces.” She made a motion like an explosion with her hands.

“What can I say? You make me explode.” I was pushing it.

“Logan ...” Her voice was stern. It was odd to see her narrow her eyes and shake a finger at me while her boobs jiggled happily with the motion. “... don’t push it.”

“Sorry.” I gave a chagrined grin, which seemed to settle her down. We played several rounds of Stratego, then took a break for lunch. Mom dressed for that, since we ate in the kitchen, a little farther away from the hearth. She put on her top layers, sans a bra.

“I’d like to go for a walk.” She glanced at me. “I can tell from your reaction that you think that’s a bad idea.” She daintily munched a cracker and sighed. “It *is* a bad idea. That bear could still be out there.”

“If it’s not hibernating, it’s desperate.” I nodded. “The thing really wants to eat us. Best not to make easy targets out of ourselves.”

Mom shuddered. “It was desperate, wasn’t it?” Her face softened as she looked into my eyes. “But you drove it away. How did I raise such a hero?” The fear left her, pushed out by beaming pride. “That was special. You know, I don’t think your father ever saved my life.” She let out an easy laugh.

“It was a special moment.” I was going to go for it. The moment seemed ripe. “We should celebrate it some more.”

“Wine?” She grabbed a bottle and the opener, poured us a couple glasses, and we clinked them together.

I sipped from my glass. “This wine *is* good. But I was thinking of something else. Since I went above and beyond, and you know what makes me happy ...”

“Logan ...” Mom narrowed her eyes and took a gulp of wine. “Be careful.”

“I only want to touch them, Mom. That would make me ecstatic.” I grinned hopefully. “We did it earlier. It wasn’t a big deal.” I watched her close her eyes. She had to steady her wineglass as her body spasmed with a sudden shiver.

“I suppose ... it’s only fair.” She opened her eyes, looked down at my pants, and raised an eyebrow in a startled expression. “Really, Logan? You just relieved yourself.” She pointed to the way my hard cock strained against my pants.

“I’m already getting ecstatic thinking about it.”

“Well, hold your horses.” Her smile was tight and contained. “We’re going to finish our lunch, and enjoy each other’s company first.”

“Right, of course!” I buzzed my way through the rest of lunch. It wasn’t the wine. I was high on anticipation. My mother’s perfect tits were about to be in my hands again. Somehow, I managed to engage her in small talk, mostly about my sisters.

When we finished lunch, Mom took her glass of wine over to the fire. She set it on the hearth, and slowly removed her upper layers. I was busy cleaning up in the kitchen, but I kept darting my gaze her way as more and more of her alabaster skin came into view. I finished my chores and quickly joined her by the fire.

“Okay.” Mom was topless now, standing in front of the hearth. Despite the fire’s heat, I think she was cold. Her nipples were quite obviously hard. Arms by her side, she waited. Her forehead creased with confusion. “Let me take another sip, then we can start.” She picked up her wineglass, drained it in uncharacteristic fashion, and put it on a side table. She fiddled with her hands, standing and waiting for me. “Five minutes, okay? Only five minutes.”

“Sure, Mom.” I remembered what she’d liked the last time. If I pushed her buttons, could I go longer than five minutes? I thought that was possible. I took a deep breath and tried to think confident thoughts. *You’re the guy that chased a bear out of the cabin last night. You can do anything.* I stepped up to her, gently pushed her hands out of the way, and took hold of her tits.

“You’re doing the weigh-in again?” Mom gave a sardonic snort.

"I just love how heavy they are." I stared at the way my hands deformed her spongy flesh.

"Right." She rolled her eyes in what I hoped was *mock* disgust. "Well, keep bouncing them like udders. You've got four minutes left."

That was a fast minute! "Okay, I'll try something else." I've slept with a lot of women. I paid close attention every time, and I think I've picked up a thing or two. Using that knowledge, and what I learned the last time I had hands on Mom's magnificent mammaries, I turned my attention to her nipples.

Suddenly, my mother got very quiet. I couldn't even hear her breathing for a little while, then her lips parted, and she let out a sibilant exhale. I looked up quickly. Her eyes were glassy. She looked dazed and a little bewildered. The expression on her face was as erotic as her magnificent boobs. I gazed at her full lips. *What would it be like to kiss her?* I didn't risk finding out.

Time passed. Her breathing got shallower. I'm happy to report that the five-minute deadline was quickly forgotten. When I looked up at the clock, I found that I'd been playing with her nipples for twelve minutes. "Mom?"

"Hmmmmm?" Her left eyelid was fluttering. She didn't make eye contact. Instead, she stared blankly into the middle distance. "Logan?" My name came out of her mouth as hardly more than a whisper.

"Can I ...?" I rolled her nipples in a way that she seemed to particularly enjoy. Her eyelid fluttered faster, and she shook with a sudden shiver. "Can I suck on them?" I said.

"Oooohhhhh ... Logan ..." Her gaze slowly shifted to meet mine. "Noooooo." "

"Please, Mom? Think of me charging that bear." I smiled serenely.

Her gaze grew more distant again. Her chin gave the slightest nod. I took it as her approbation. Without giving her time to reconsider, I removed my left hand from her tit and closed my lips on her nipple. Even though I had been doing the protecting on this trip, I immediately felt safe and secure suckling at her breast. It was like she'd dropped some sort of motherly protective shield around me. I rolled her large nipple with my tongue, closed my eyes, and gave myself totally to the moment. When her hand cupped the back of my head, I thought I might faint from pleasure.

"Logan ... Logannnnn ... Looooogggannnn," she whispered. "My ... sweet ... Looogggannnn." She gently stroked my hair, holding my head to her breast.

My cock raged against my pants. I made sure to keep it from pressing up against her. I didn't want anything to break the spell that had fallen over us. Each second that passed

was time spent in heaven. But, unfortunately, we live on Earth. And the moment had to end. Eventually, she tenderly pushed on my shoulders, dislodging me from her breast.

“Okay ... okay ... that’s enough.” Mom picked up her top. I thought she was going to put it back on, but she just used it to wipe the saliva off her breast. Then she folded it and put it back down. “Well, that was a lot more than five minutes.” The smile on her face was thin and unsure of itself. She glanced at the clock. “Oh, my gosh. Forty-five minutes? I feel so ...”

“That was awesome, Mom. I felt so close to you just now.” I worked hard to maintain eye contact and not let my gaze settle on her boobs.

“You’re grinning like an idiot, Logan.” She pressed her lips together, trying to compose herself. “Do you need to use the bathroom again?” She glanced at the tent in my pants and blushed.

“Yeah.” I nodded, but didn’t go. I couldn’t bear to leave her presence just yet.

“Well, then. Go take care of it, buster. We can play some more Stratego when you get back.” She dismissed me with a wave.

“Right ... okay ...” I started to head to the bathroom, but paused, and turned toward her. “You don’t mind that I’m fapping in there?”

She curled her lip in disgust. “I don’t mind as long as we don’t talk about it. I’ve been married a long time, Logan. I know about a man’s needs. Just ... go ... okay?”

“Okay.” I left her for the bathroom. I fapped while replaying the protected feeling I’d captured at her breast. Even though it was the third time that day, my orgasm was huge. I ended up having to clean cum off the bathroom mirror when I was done.

When I returned to the living room, I refilled our wine glasses, and we played games. Mom stayed topless. I spent a good deal of my time watching the small jiggles that shook her boobs every time she moved a piece on the board. We didn’t discuss what had happened with the bear or her tits. We kept things to game-related banter and some family small-talk. We got up and stretched our legs in the evening. Somehow, we’d polished off two bottles of wine. We were both a little tipsy, so I decided to try again. “Can I have another suck, Mom?”

“That was enough for one day, Logan.” She glanced at my crotch. There was no tent in my pants. A look of relief passed over her eyes. “The next time you save my life, I’ll let you do that again.” She followed that up with an awkward laugh.

She put on her top layers without a bra, and we went to the kitchen. We cobbled together some dinner that was mostly vegetables. When she went to open another

bottle of wine, her inebriated hands lost their grip. The bottle banged on the counter and bounced toward the floor. I reached down and caught it before it hit.

“Wow, thanks, Logan. You’re a lifesaver.” She stared at me with wide eyes, a hand over her heart.

I handed her the bottle. “Life saver? Does that mean ...?” I smiled hopefully, not thinking she’d go for it. Saving a bottle of wine wasn’t the same as charging a bear.

“What ... because of what I said about saving my life? I ...” Mom let out a nervous giggle. “I ... um ... okay ... fine,” she squeaked. “But ... after dinner, okay?”

“Um ... yeah ...” My head nearly exploded. I was going to suck on her tits again. I wanted to jump up and down and pump my fist. Instead, I nodded with decorum and smiled. “That sounds wonderful.”

Mom blushed profusely. “Okay, help me cut this celery.” Mom glanced nervously at my crotch again. I think she saw the tent there, because she quickly looked away.

The conversation over dinner was stilted. I was too excited to focus on small talk. And mom was ... feeling whatever she was feeling. It looked like trepidation to me, but she didn’t try to back out. When we were done eating, we cleaned up together. My whole body buzzed from alcohol and anticipation. It was almost time for dessert.

Chapter 9

Dinner came to a close, and the small talk died down. Eventually, eager to get to dessert, I got up and started cleaning our dishes. Mom sat, resting her chin on her hands. When she spoke, her words were quiet and hesitant. "When you saved us ... you were so brave. That was special. And ..." She looked over at me and cleared her throat. Her smile was thin and unsure. "And when you ... were back at my breast earlier, I think we both know that felt special." She didn't say anything more.

"Yeah?" I went back to the table and sat in my chair, looking her in the eyes. "You're right. I felt close to you. Like you were surrounding me with love." Honesty seemed the best policy. I was hoping she was about to open herself to even more stuff, but her face tightened. I could tell she was having some inner turmoil.

"Logan, what I'm saying is that we've bumped up against some powerful moments here and we ..." She pressed her lips into a tight line as she thought. "We have to be careful. We have to stay in control. I'm doing these things for you ... because they make you happy. But ... I'm not some girl you're dating. Your end goal can't be to get into my pants."

"I would never. I—" I started.

"One minute, I'm not done." She held up a finger to silence me. "What I'm saying is that we have to be careful with you ... touching me. We can't get carried away. I love your father and you ... well, I've known you for twenty years. You came out of me, for goodness sakes. You're grown up now, so we have to be ..." Her voice died away.

"Careful', I know." I nodded. "We won't get carried away, Mom."

"I'm glad you understand, Logan." Her smile looked more natural.

Ten minutes later, she was topless, standing in front of the fire. My tongue was running circles around her right nipple, while my right hand reflexively squeezed her left tit. She had her hands cupping my head, running her fingers through my hair. I felt warm and protected, and she felt ... I wasn't sure what she was feeling exactly, but she was cooing a lot and saying my name under her breath.

My left hand was unoccupied. Without thinking, it went to her bare waist, right above her pant line. She didn't say anything about it, so slowly, I crept my hand around her, until I was holding the delightful curve at the small of her back. I had been with many women, but it's quite possible that my mother was the sexiest of all of them. Or maybe that was just because she was such an awesome mom.

“Logan ... the way you’re holding me ... you’re so strong ... and brave. I ... uuuuggghhhh ...” She shuddered and never finished that thought.

“Mmmmm ... mmmmm ...” I hummed contentedly into her tit. There was a brief moment when I considered lowering my left hand to her ass. It was so close, and I was curious what those round globes would feel like. But I jettisoned the idea. There was no reason to push her boundaries any further. I had the small of her back. I had her tits. What more could a son want? We continued like that for a long time.

The fire was dying down by the time she pushed me away. “Okay ... okay ... Logan ... that was ... good.” Her cheeks flushed. “Good for you, I mean.” She didn’t wipe the saliva off her tits this time. Instead, she turned her breasts toward the heat of the embers and let them air-dry. “It’s late. Let’s set up the bed and build up the fire.”

We went through what was becoming our normal bedtime routine. At this point, I hoped they never plowed the road. Well, maybe not never. We would run out of food eventually. With only our lower underwear on, we shivered under the covers for a few minutes, our bodies pressed front to front. I had fapped in the bathroom before bed, but I was still hard. My dick pressed into her hip. She didn’t say anything about it. She put her forehead to my chin, and we lay in silence for a while.

“Are you uncomfortable?” My mom was the first to break the silence. “I mean, with it still being so hard.”

“A little, but ...” I shrugged in her arms. “It’s okay.”

“We can’t do anything more than what we’ve already done, Logan.” Her voice was just barely above a whisper.

“I wasn’t asking for anything, Mom.” My top hand was on her back. I gave her a squeeze.

“We just can’t. I may have already let things get too far.” Her grip on my back tightened, her fingers pressing into my flesh.

“I didn’t –”

“Turn around, Logan, before we do something we regret. Let’s go to sleep.” Mom loosened her grip as I rolled over so that she could spoon me. Her hand tightened on my chest when we were settled. “I love you, sweetie.”

“I love you too, Mom,” I said.

After about five minutes, I heard her breathing change. She was asleep. It took me a long time to follow her into dreamland.

~~

The fire had died down when I woke. It was still night. Mom was still spooning me. From her tight grip on my chest, I thought she was awake. "Mom?"

"Shh ... I think it's back," Mom hissed.

"What is ...?" I stopped talking and listened. I heard heavy huffing and the sound of digging snow coming from beyond the front door. The bear had caved in my path from the front door, and it sounded like it was now digging back down to us. In a flash, I was out of bed on my feet.

"Quiet, Logan!" Mom's whisper was urgent. Her round eyes glowed in the fire's embers. She sat up, covering her breasts with an arm.

"No, we need to be loud. We need to scare it away. Awwwwoooooooooo!" I screamed and stomped my feet, dancing around the cabin like a madman. "Awwwwoooooooooo!"

My mother took a few seconds to understand, but she got it. She stood up, forgetting to cover her breasts, and stomped around the cabin in her panties. "Awwwwoooooooooo ... awwwwoooooooooo!" Her high-pitched howls almost harmonized with my lower ones.

We carried on for several minutes, then I held up my hand for silence. We stopped howling. Cautiously, I walked toward our barricaded door. I couldn't hear anything. No digging. No predatory snuffling. Tentatively, I pressed my ear to the door. I could see my mom biting her nails near the Christmas tree. Her eyes were still wide with fright. I tried to give her a reassuring smile.

If this was a horror story, the pregnant pause that followed would be the moment when the bear smashed through the door and devoured us whole. Thankfully, it's not that kind of story. It seems we'd scared the bear away. It was hungry, but it wasn't hungry enough to deal with crazed humans.

"Is he gone?" My mother took a couple steps in my direction. Even with the grave circumstances, I found my gaze laser-focused on her jiggling boobs.

"We scared him away. He's gone." I left the door and confidently strolled toward her.

"Oh ... my gosh! You saved us again." Mom closed the distance between us, put her arms around my shoulders, and hugged me tightly. Her soft tits mashed against my lean chest. "I was going to stay quiet, and that would have practically invited that beast in. But you ... you ... saved ..." She pressed her lips to mine.

I was shocked. I stood stiffly in her embrace. She pecked my lips several times. Of course, there wasn't any tongue. When my own tongue tried to automatically fill that void by darting into her mouth, she pulled back.

“Oh ... Logan ... I’m sorry ... I didn’t ...” She pulled away from me and covered her boobs with an arm again. “I didn’t mean to lead you on. I ... was just so grateful ... I’m so sorry.” Quickly, she retreated to bed and dove under the covers.

“I’m sorry, too.” I went over to the fire. I was shivering from cold and shock. I threw some more logs onto the embers and moved them around with the poker. When it was roaring again, I returned to bed. “Sorry, Mom.”

“It’s my fault, I shouldn’t have kissed you on the lips. After everything, I should have known that would confuse you.” She reached out and hugged me. We were face to face again. “I was just really excited about you ... us ... chasing that bear away. I forgot myself for a minute.” She stared at me, inches away in the firelight. “Don’t look so gloomy, I’m not mad. Look ...” She wiggled herself up, until her boobs were now staring at me instead of her eyes. “You can suck again if you want. I think you’ve earned it.”

I was confused, but I wasn’t going to say no to that. I latched my mouth to her proffered nipple and sucked to my heart’s content. The awkwardness of the kiss and its aftermath faded. Once again, I was inside the warm envelope of maternal grace. I heard my mother let out a little moan, and her breathing got shallower.

Without thinking, my hand slid over her hip and took a handful of her panty clad ass. It was every bit as inviting and delightful as I’d imagined. She didn’t stop me, so I explored her butt with roving squeezes while I sucked and lapped her tits. This went on for some time.

Eventually, Mom pulled away and got out of bed. “This is confusing.” She walked toward the room where she’d spent the first couple nights.

“Where are you going?” I was concerned the ass-grabbing was too much for her, and she’d decided to freeze the night in her room.

“I need to change.” She didn’t look back.

“You’re only wearing panties.” I watched her ass rotate with each step.

“I need to change, Logan.” She went into her room, closed the door, and came back out a couple minutes later, wearing different colored panties. She hustled back to bed, and climbed in. “Roll over, I’ll spoon you again.”

“Okay.” I was disappointed that our face-to-face time, or face-to-boob time, was over. But all good things had to end. I think I was exhausted by the rollercoaster emotions related to the whole bear-part-two episode. I was asleep before I knew it.

~~

When I woke, it was morning, and I was alone in the bed. “Mom?” I sat up. She was sitting on the hearth, her back to a rebuilt fire. She was leaning forward, looking contemplative. She’d put pants and socks back on, but her top was still blessedly bare. I was enamored of the way her boobs hung forward with her posture. They looked so heavy and full. “Mom?”

“Good morning, Logan.” She blinked, looked over at me, and smiled. Her expression carried warmth, but also some unease. “We’ve had an eventful twenty-four hours, haven’t we?”

Still in my underwear, I got out of bed and sat next to her on the hearth. “Everything okay?” I didn’t worry about how poorly my underwear concealed my erection.

“I mean ... I’m not sure.” Her smile weakened. “I thought I had a handle on life ... on motherhood. And now ... things have gotten complicated.”

“By ‘things’, you mean me?” I put a comforting hand on her thigh.

“Yes. I never had these issues with your sisters.” She let out a nervous laugh. “What’s going to happen today? I feel like if I toss a coin, heads will be Stratego, wine, and small talk.”

“And tails?” I squeezed her thigh gently.

“I don’t want to say what tails is out loud.” She sighed and studied my eyes. “I meant what I said last night. We need to be careful about this.”

“We will, Mom.” I said it earnestly, even though I didn’t know how careful I could actually be.

“You’re a good boy, Logan.” She reached out and caressed my cheek. “How about we get dressed and put together breakfast?”

“Sounds good.” I stood and went over to my clothes.

“Thanks for saving us again.” She watched my body closely as I pulled my pants on. I think her eyes were mostly on the tent made by my morning wood. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” I pulled on my shirt, and saw her do the same with her sweater.

Once dressed, she looked over at me with unusually shy eyes. “Okay, let’s see what sort of day it is.”

Chapter 10

After breakfast, the lights turned on for a few seconds. But the power didn't stay on. We were both excited by the thought of electricity.

"If the power comes back, the phone tower will work again, right?" Mom glanced at her purse by the front door. We had powered down our phones when we didn't get any reception.

"If the power goes back on at the cell tower, yeah." I hated to suggest the next part, because I didn't want to hasten our leaving. But I loved my mother, and I know she was worried about Dad not knowing if she was safe. "You know, maybe the power is already back on at the cell tower. Its power source isn't necessarily the same as ours."

"You're right!" Mom was up in an instant. She had her sweater on, as she normally did while we were eating at the table. I watched her tits bounce in unison. Even under a sweater, they were mesmerizing.

"Please ... please ..." Mom got her phone and hit the power button. While waiting for it to cycle on, she chewed her lip nervously and stared at the screen.

"Anything?" I figured there was no reason to get my phone. If hers worked, mine would work. If not ... then not.

"Still loading ... wait ..." Her eyes brightened and then quickly dimmed. "No reception." She turned off the phone. And put on her jacket.

"Where are you going?" I stood.

"I want to see if they plowed the road. We haven't been outside for two days." Mom pulled on her boots.

"Okay ... but you stay here. I'll dig out and have a look. The bear could still be hanging around." I dressed for the cold and grabbed the shovel.

"I'll be right behind you, sweetie." She gave me a nervous smile. "You're so brave."

"All in a day's work, ma'am." I saluted her, which made her giggle. With the tension somewhat broken, we moved our barricade, opened the door, and I shoveled. The bear had indeed caved in my tunnel, but it didn't take me too long to make another one.

Carefully, I peeked my head out and looked toward the road. "No bear. No road."

Mom came up the tunnel behind me and put her hand on my shoulder. Her hip pressed into my butt and her boob into my back in the most perfect way. Even with our jackets on, I loved being in contact with her. She looked out at the white expanse around our

cabin. "I guess it's just you and me for another day." She squeezed my shoulder and went back to the cabin.

I followed her and we reinsulated and barricaded the door. After that, it was Stratego time.

~~

Mom was sitting closest to the fire. I was sitting across from her, trying and failing to concentrate on the game. She had just shifted in her seat, and her boobs wobbled almost imperceptibly. I stared at them, mesmerized.

"Earth to Logan." Mom waved a hand over the board. When I looked up into her eyes, she smiled. "There he is. I thought I'd lost you for a minute."

"What?" I stared at her pretty face, dumbfounded.

"I asked if you're going to move sometime this year. But I don't think you heard me." She giggled at my stunned expression. "You only have eyes for these, huh?" She shook her shoulders a little, making her tits dance. "Well, this game was getting boring anyway." To my utter amazement, she hefted her tits in her hands, leaned forward, and dropped them on the board, scattering our pieces. "Ow!" She quickly lifted her tits back up. "Those pieces are sharp." Wincing, she rubbed the bottom of her boobs. "That was so stupid. I just got carried away."

"I got this." I stood, pulled her to her feet, and I lowered my face to her boobs. Lifting her tits carefully, I kissed the undersides. I could see little red marks where the pieces had gotten her.

"Ooohhhh ... Logan ... thank you. That feels ... better." She ran her fingers through my hair as I kissed my way across the undersides of her boobs. "Okay, they're better now. Ooohhhhh. I said they're better. Logan?"

I wasn't about to let up. "Nipple ... time ... Mom." I said between kisses.

"I'm not sure ... it's time for another reward ... we just ... ooohhhhhh ... Logan." She arched her back as I sucked her nipple into my mouth. "It's so ... confusing ... when you do that."

I slid my left hand around her hip and cupped her ass through her jeans. She didn't stop me, just like she hadn't the day before. That made me bold. Using my grip on her ass, I spun her around so that she was facing away from me. I brushed her hair over her shoulder and kissed my way down the sublime arc of her spine. "Mom ... the small of

your back ... is amazing." I kneaded her butt through her jeans with both hands as I kissed, licked, and sucked on the soft skin of her back.

"Logan ... this is ... too much." Some hair fell back over her shoulder. She lifted her hair and held it up with both hands, to keep it out of my way. "Do you really ... like my back ... too?"

"Your back ... your butt ... your boobs ... I like every part of you." I straightened and reached around to hold her tits. My fingers found her nipples, and I could feel the muscles in her back tense. Since she was holding her hair up, her long, delicate neck was exposed. I kissed it slowly and tenderly.

"Loooooggaaannnnnn," she hissed. She pressed her butt back into me. I don't know if she felt my hardness, but suddenly she was moving away from me. She took a few steps, turned, and stared at me. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly. I was pleased that at least she didn't move to cover her boobs. "Remember ... what I said ... about being careful."

"We didn't do anything, Mom. It's fine." I tried to give her a reassuring smile. I was shocked when it seemed to work. I saw her shoulders sag as the tension left her.

"This is so confusing." She shook her head slowly. "I ... um ... I let you kiss my back and neck ... and touch my butt ... as a reward for chasing the bear away last night. Nothing more, okay."

"Does that mean I can do that again?" I raised my eyebrows hopefully.

"Maybe ... if you earn it." She pointed to the bathroom. "It's obvious you need to go take care of it."

I stood, smiling at my mother like an idiot.

"So, go take care of it. Do it twice if you have to. I want it soft when you come back out." She managed to put some authority into her voice.

I gave her a mock salute and hustled to the bathroom. I was worked up. I thought I might have to fap three times.

~~

After I finished in the bathroom, we had lunch. We were both fully dressed for it. I tried to get Mom talking about my sisters and their boyfriends, but she didn't seem in the mood for small talk. As we ate, she kept giving me odd, quizzical looks. By the time I was clearing the dishes, I was starting to worry that I'd pushed her too far. She sat at the

table as I washed dishes in the sink. She looked lost in thought. When I was finished cleaning, I walked back over to our gameboard by the fire and started cleaning the pieces she'd knocked on the floor. "I've dated a lot of girls, Mom, and I've never seen anyone use her boobs to bomb a board game before."

Mom snorted a laugh and looked over at me. "A lot of girls, huh? How did I raise such a Casanova?"

I kept cleaning the pieces and shrugged.

"You keep telling me about all the girls you date. And now I have the tools to make you settle down with one. How do you feel about that?"

"Honestly ..." I looked over at her and grinned. "As long as I get to have your boobs, I don't think I'd even need to date someone my age."

She frowned. "Logan, don't joke about that. I'm not a substitute for a real girlfriend. I'm your mom. I'm only offering you my breasts because they make you happy."

"I know." I nodded. "Sorry." I finished cleaning up the game and put it away on the board game shelf. "What now?"

"I know that look. You want another reward?" She narrowed her eyes. "This is getting to be too much." She stood and walked over to the fire. She made no move to take off her sweater.

"I only said 'what now?', Mom." My gaze fell to her bust. She wasn't wearing a bra, and the way her tits hung under her sweater was so wonderful I almost didn't need her to be topless.

"Fine." She pressed her lips together and put her fists on her hips.

"'Fine', what?" I raised my eyebrows, still keeping my gaze mostly focused on the slope of her sweater.

"You want to see my butt, too. I can tell." She turned around and began removing her jeans. "So ... fine ... you can see that, too. You saved us twice, so I suppose you've earned it."

I stayed absolutely silent, not wanting to mess up the moment. The way she shimmied out of her pants was something I wanted to commit to memory for all time. Her sweater hung over her ass, but I watched her long, pale legs come into view. My heart soared. She kept her panties on, but stepped out of her pants, butt still facing me.

"This is so strange." She lifted her sweater above her waist and bent forward. "There, now you've seen it." Silence filled the room. The fire crackled and popped merrily. "Not that impressive, right? I'm an old lady, Logan. Not one of your girlfriends." She stayed

posed for me as another long moment of silence stretched out. “Say something, sweetie.”

“I’m speechless, Mom. You have the best butt I’ve ever seen. It’s so round ... and white. I love it.” My words carried real enthusiasm.

“Oh.” When she looked over her shoulder at me, I could see she was blushing. “So, this makes you happy?”

“I mean ... can I touch it?” I walked over to her like I was in a trance and dropped to my knees behind her, waiting for the go-ahead.

“Just ... don’t get carried away, Logan.” She stayed leaning over and wiggled her butt a little, which I took as an invitation.

Tentatively, I reached my hands out and ran my fingertips along the curves of each globe. I could see her shiver at my touch, and I could hear her suck in her breath sharply. That encouraged me. I know she was expecting another weigh-in like what I’d done with her boobs, but instinct told me it was time to mix things up. I continued to gently caress her soft skin and pulled her panties inward to expose her right cheek. Then, I leaned forward and panted a soft kiss on her warm, supple flesh.

“Oh ... Logan ... I wasn’t ...” Her words trailed away as I planted more kisses and licks on her right cheek, while continuing to caress and massage the left one. “Logan ... Logan ... I ... mmmmm.”

It was a magical moment, and I could feel it leading to more. Unfortunately, the power picked the worst time to come back on. The lights in the cabin were suddenly blazing. The Christmas tree sparkled with colored lights. I could hear the refrigerator kick on. A few seconds later, the furnace clunked into action.

My mother stepped away from me and lowered her sweater. I saw her use the hem to wipe off the spit I’d left on her right cheek. She pulled her panties back into place. “Well, Logan. The power’s back.” She looked around at the electric lights with wide eyes. “I guess things are going to change around here.”

I thought that would mean her pants were about to go back on, but they didn’t. Instead, I watched her slender legs as she walked over to her phone and picked it up. There was silence as she powered it on. Then she gave a little yelp of surprise. “We’ve got reception!”

Chapter 11

“Your father says the plowing service is having trouble with their vehicles. He says he’s been calling them three times a day, asking when our road will get cleared. They keep telling him, ‘soon’.” Mom, wearing her sweater, panties, and socks, sat by the fire, typing on her phone.

Relief flooded through me. It might be a while until the plow showed up. I needed that time. “Okay, hopefully they’ll plow soon. That’s great that Dad has been on it.”

“He says he really misses us and that you should text him.” Mom had been filling me in for more than twenty minutes now that the power was on, and our phones had reception. I hadn’t retrieved my phone yet. It was a tie to the real world that I resented. At least for the moment.

“I’ll text him when I check my phone.” I was sitting in one of the chairs by the fire, my eyes moving between the flames and my mother hunched over her phone. Her braless breasts hung and tugged at her sweater wonderfully. But I felt like I shouldn’t stare while she was texting with Dad. That would somehow be crossing a line. I caught my gaze drifting down her long, alabaster legs. I pressed my lips together and looked back into the fire. “The cabin’s heating up,” I said. We wouldn’t have to huddle by the fire anymore. And we’d surely be in our separate rooms at bedtime. I did my very best to ignore the pit forming in my stomach.

“It’s so wonderful to talk to your father again. And your sisters, too.” Mom was smiling ear to ear. “They all wish you a Merry Christmas, by the way.”

“Cool.” I nodded. I wanted to get her off the phone, but didn’t want to be selfish. I let her enjoy the moment and continue to fill me in on things she was learning from the family.

~~

“Goodness, it’s dinner time.” Mom looked up from her phone, stood, and stretched. “We should reorganize our food now that it’s warm in here and the fridge is working.” Mom plugged her phone into a charger in the living room and turned to find me in the kitchen.

“Already taken care of.” I smiled at her and made a big show of dusting off my hands. “I also reinforced our barricade in case the light and heat bring that bear back.” I pointed to the front door.

“Wow, you’re amazing, Logan.” Mom beamed at me.

I raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, you only did that stuff for a reward?” She didn’t stop smiling, but she raised her eyebrows back at me in challenge.

“I did that stuff because I love you. And it needed to be done.” I turned to the fridge and started removing ingredients. “We get to cook tonight. Isn’t that exciting?”

“Oh ... I hadn’t thought of that. A hot meal sounds divine!” Mom, still pantless, hustled into the kitchen. She bumped her hip against mine. “Let’s make some yummy dinner, buster.”

“Yes, ma’am.” I saluted her.

Cooking was fun. Mom did most of the talking as we worked. She was so excited to be in contact with the rest of our family. I listened and laughed at her jokes. She brought out a bottle of wine when dinner was served. We ate at the table, savoring every bite. When dinner was done, we cleaned together. As much as I disliked the power coming back on, I had to admit that it was wonderful to use the dishwasher finally.

Chores done, we took our wine to our spot by the fire. We didn’t need to sit by the heat the hearth provided anymore, but it was still a habit. I suppose it was cozy, too.

“You didn’t ask for a reward for your kitchen work. Is it because ... um ... are you uncomfortable about us being in contact with your father?” Mom crossed her bare legs and gave me a serious look over the rim of her wineglass. Her cheeks were rosy. I couldn’t tell if she was blushing from the wine or the question.

“You said you’d continue to reward me once we get home. If I settled down with a girlfriend, that is. So, texting Dad doesn’t seem worse than seeing your boobs at home.” I smiled serenely. “Dad’s not an issue for me.”

My mother’s blush deepened. “Good. Good. I just want you to know ... that I think it’s fine that he doesn’t know. It’s something only the two of us share.” She pointed her finger at me and then to her own chest to make the point.

“Yeah ... I get it.” I nodded.

“You’re staring at my legs, Logan.” Almost imperceptibly, her voice pitched higher. “I think you want a reward for being so thoughtful this afternoon. Butt or boobs?” She raised one eyebrow in question.

“Why not both?” I shrugged.

Mom gulped down the rest of her wine and put the glass on the hearth. "Don't get greedy, sweetie." She stood, pulled off her sweater, and tossed it aside. I stared in wonder at my mother as she struck a nervous pose in only panties and socks.

"I love you so much." I stood and moved over to her. I saw that her gaze was glued to my crotch. Yes, of course, I was hard and tenting big time.

"I love you, too." It sounded like she was holding her breath. "Front or back?"

"Both. I told you." I stopped in front of her, lowered my face, and sucked in her supple nipple. While I reached around to grip her ass with both hands, I felt her shiver. Her butt was wonderfully pliable. I squeezed and hefted it.

"It's so strange ..." Mom exhaled and breathed deeply. "... so strange being naked in this cabin without any chill. I almost miss the pre-power cabin. I didn't like it at the time. But now ... oooohhhhhh ... I remember it as exciting." She cupped my head and played with my hair.

I spit out her nipple and kissed her underboob. "This is ... still ... exciting." I said between kisses. I couldn't see any trace of the red marks the game pieces had left on her tits.

"Exciting ... for you ... yes ... hhhmmmmmm." She shuddered when my lips returned to her nipple. "I wonder what you'd look like if I gave you everything you wanted. I bet ... uuuummmmm ... you'd have the silliest expression. Like ... Christmas morning ... times a thousand."

My ears perked up at those words. *What in the heck is she talking about!?!*

"Mmmpphhhh?" I said around her nipple.

"Of course, we'll never know. I won't ever behave like one of those trampy girls you take out." She ruffled my hair like I was a little boy. Sometimes she forgot I was twenty.

"Okay, that's enough for now. Logan. I said that's enough. Logan?" She didn't stop cupping my head as I continued to suck on her boob. "Logan ... oooooohhhh ... Logan." I realized that as I was massaging her ass, her hips had started gyrating in little circles.

Letting go of her nipple, I used her ass to spin her around. I sank to my knees, and quickly pulled down her panties. I could see that there was a large wet spot on the cotton fabric.

"We should keep my panties on, Logan. I was only joking about giving you everything you wanted." She closed her legs, putting her feet together on the floor. I stared at her perfect ass, gently running my fingertips over her curves. Goosebumps appeared on her skin. "Logan?"

“It’s okay, Mom. I’m not going to do anything crazy. I just wanted to see your butt without underwear.” I kissed her right cheek reverently. Then the left one.

“Okay ... okay ... but remember ... we can’t get carried away.” Her body seemed to relax. After a few minutes of my caresses and kisses, she spoke again, “Do you really like my butt that much, sweetie? I feel like ... men don’t pay attention to me the way they used to.”

“If I were Dad, I’d be doing this every day.” I kissed the upper crack of her butt, careful not to go much lower. I didn’t want to freak her out.

“It’s ... not his fault ... ooohhhhhh.” She shivered again. “People grow tired of their spouses. It’s natural.”

“I’ll never ... grow tired of you ... Mom.” I reached around her and gripped her pelvis, pulling her butt back toward my face. I gave her ass cheeks several loud raspberries.

Mom burst out laughing. “Logan ... no one ... has ever done that to me before.”

It was silly that she said that over some raspberries, but those words were impossibly sweet to hear. “I like holding your hips like this.” I squeezed those perfect handholds. “Makes me feel like I could do anything.”

Her laughter died down. “Well, you can’t.”

“I know.” I licked the upper part of her crack, delving my tongue between her cheeks. I went upward to where the crack ends and continued up her perfect spine.

“Don’t kiss me ... in the crack. It’s ... dirty.” Mom half-heartedly tried to pull away, but my grip on her hips wouldn’t be denied.

“We have hot showers now. You need to wash up?” As soon as I said it, I knew it was the wrong thing to say. She tried harder to pull away, and I let go.

“Yes ... yes ... I need a hot shower after all those freezing towel baths.” My mother quickly strode across the floor, leaving her panties behind. I watched every shake and jiggle, committing them all to memory.

We both showered, dressed, and met back by the dying fire. She was in pajamas; I was in a t-shirt and jeans.

“I guess I don’t have to keep the fire going all night.” I sat on the hearth. My smile was thin. Her flannel pajamas were a poor omen for things to come.

“So ... about our sleeping arrangement.” She folded her arms and looked down at me contemplatively. “We should really sleep in our own rooms.”

“Mom, I –” I said.

My mother cut me off with a raised finger. “*But ...* I know you really like the way we’ve been sleeping. And ... I think you deserve to have that at least one more night.”

“Oh, I thought because of the pajamas ...” I frowned at the flannel.

“Well, your body-heat hack isn’t really needed now. So ... I thought I’d wear ...” She cocked her head at me. “Don’t make that face, Logan. We still get to cuddle.” She matched my frown. “Okay, fine.” She slowly unbuttoned her top. “But you have to keep behaving yourself, okay?”

“Okay.” I grinned, eagerly staring at the opening top.

“Honestly, I would have thought you’d be tired of them by now.” Mom giggled, finished unbuttoning, and removed her top.

“I told you. I’ll never get tired of your tits, Mom.”

“Watch your language.” She paused for a moment, gave me a hard glance, and then pulled her bottoms down. “They are my *breasts*, or *boobs*. Okay?”

“Sorry. I’ll never get tired of your boobs, Mom.” I got up and started moving things around to make space for our mattress by the fire. We pulled the mattress into place and made the bed. I kept stealing glances of her butt and boobs as she bent over to deal with the sheets. In my mind, a refrain played: *Don’t get greedy. Don’t get greedy. Don’t get greedy.*

We brushed our teeth together. I spent the whole time watching her boobs shake in the mirror with the motion of her arm. After that, she got in bed, and I turned off the lights. The colored lights on the Christmas tree still shone, making the cabin feel cozy.

“After everything we’ve been through, it’s weird to let the fire die down.” I undressed while staring at the glowing embers in the hearth. When I was down to my underwear, I turned toward my mother. She had the covers up to her chin, staring at my crotch again.

“It’s hard again, isn’t it?” Her voice was just above a whisper. “Do you need to take care of it before coming to bed?”

“No, it’s okay. Even if I did, I’d be hard again when I got in bed with you.” I shrugged, watching her gaze come up to the muscles in my abdomen and chest, and then fall back down to the lump in my underwear.

“I bet you’d give anything for me to touch it.” She let out a nervous laugh.

“What? I mean ... yeah ... I would.” I nodded enthusiastically.

“I was only joking, Logan. I’d never ...” Her voice trailed away, and she bit her bottom lip. “I mean, that would have to be one heck of a reward, am I right?” She let out another nervous chuckle.

“Yeah, like saving you from a hungry bear or something.” I slipped into bed and snuggled up next to her. Our eyes were inches apart. Her heavy, warm breasts were pressed into my chest. I know she was aware of my erection pushed up against her thigh. Her pupils dilated, and her lips parted. For a second, I thought she was going to kiss me.

“Turn around, sweetie. I’ll spoon you.” Her smile looked almost regretful.

“Sure, Mom.” I rolled over and melted as she hugged me, digging her fingers into my chest.

I guess the excitement of returned electricity and contact with the family had exhausted us, because we fell asleep without another word.

Chapter 12

I woke when it was still dark out. My mother wasn't curled up next to me. She wasn't even in bed with me. I sat up to find her face illuminated by her phone, sitting in an armchair by the hearth. The fire had died down so much I could barely make out the glowing embers. "What's going on, Mom?"

"Oh, it's still early, sweetie. You can go back to bed." She glanced at me and smiled. Her face went dark when she shut off her phone.

"Everything okay?" I put my head back on the pillow. I was still sleepy.

"I was just looking at old photos. You've grown up so much." She sighed.

"What's wrong?" My eyelids fell to half-mast. I struggled to stay awake.

"I just have a lot on my mind. Go back to sleep. Everything's fine," she said.

That was all the encouragement I needed. Quickly, I was back in my dreams, digging a tunnel in the snow toward buried treasure.

~~

I woke for the second time that morning to the smell of sizzling bacon. "Oh ... my ... God that smells good." I sat up and spotted my mother working in the kitchen. She was wearing jeans and a sweater, with an apron tied to her front to protect from splattering oil.

When she saw me get out of bed, Mom gave me a warm, wide smile. "Good morning, sleepyhead. We brought enough bacon for the family. We're going to have to work through our stash now that we can cook."

"I guess we can indulge for a few days." I pulled on my socks and pants.

"Um ... don't put on your shirt." She eyed my chest speculatively.

I paused with my shirt in my hands. "Why?"

Her eyes went down to the tent in my pants. "Never mind. You need to take care of your morning monster. Go to the bathroom, and when you're done, breakfast should be ready."

"Yeah, okay." I put on my shirt and went to the bathroom. It was fantastic not to have to freeze my ass off while I fapped.

After I came in the sink, I washed up, making sure to get all the splatter off the mirror. When I returned to the main part of the cabin, Mom was just finishing setting the table. It wasn't a healthy breakfast, but we had big smiles on our faces. Mom led the small talk, mostly filling me in on the latest updates from the family. They were all home and missing us. Dad said that the plow people were still struggling with their equipment. And to make matters worse (better?), there was a chance of more snow tomorrow. "He's really worried about us." Mom's smile faded.

"I'm taking care of you. He doesn't need to worry." I leaned back in the chair, happily stuffed. "When I turn on my phone today, I'll tell him that I've got two eyes on you."

"Oh, Logan. Don't be weird." Mom barked out a nervous laugh.

"What was that shirt thing when I woke up? Why didn't you want me to put it on?" I stood and started clearing the table.

"Oh, that." Mom helped me clear the table, not making eye contact. Her cheeks turned rosy. She mumbled something I couldn't hear.

"What?" I loaded up the dishwasher.

"I just thought ... about how brave and strong you were facing down that bear with only a flaming log. And ... well ... I thought you might want to show off your strength." We finished cleaning and finally her eyes found mine. "You know ... you don't have giant muscles. But you have ... a very nice body. Most guys would be jealous. I thought ... it might make you proud to go shirtless with me. Sort of a low-key reward for everything you've done around the cabin. You know ... taking care of me."

Slowly, I pulled off my shirt. "You're right, Mom. It would be fun to show off a little." I made a silly face and flexed for her, moving through several poses.

My mother burst out laughing. "My big, strong man, huh?" She slapped my shoulder playfully, her fingers lingering on my skin for an extra moment. "Okay, what are we going to do today? We haven't played chess in a while." She walked over to our bed and started pulling off the sheets.

"Chess sounds good." I helped her put away our mattress for the day, and we set up our game table. After that was done, I got the fire going again. I kept glancing at her. I think I caught her stealing peeks of my lean torso, but I wasn't sure. Dad was a little pudgy, so I knew my body contrasted with what she was used to. "Um ... Mom ... aren't you going to take off your sweater?" With the fire roaring behind me, I sat down and set up the chess pieces.

Still not removing her sweater, my mother sat opposite me and set up her half of the board. As she leaned forward, I could plainly see her nipples poking through the wool of

her sweater. She hadn't worn a bra in a while. "I thought it might be nice to have our roles reversed this morning. Let's see how much *you* like being ogled."

"You plan to ogle me? This really is a reward." I leaned back and flexed again, this time without the silly face.

"I'll ... um ... pretend to ogle for your sake. But I'm an old lady, I don't stare at twenty-year-olds anymore. And also, you're ... well ... you're Logan ... so ..." She shrugged and gave me a half-hearted smile.

"Well, if we're going to do this, I'd like to be naked." I wasn't sure what she was doing, but her body language and words gave me confidence to push things a little. I stood up and unbuttoned my pants.

"Wait ... Logan ... that's ..." Mom's words died away when I pulled my pants and underwear down, stepping out of them. My dick is fairly large, even when soft, and I could see her eyes following it as it bounced with my movements. I folded my clothes and put them on the hearth. Wearing only socks, I returned to our game. The game table was low, so she still had a view of my cock. I made sure to keep my legs slightly spread as I sat. "Should we start?"

"Um ..." Her gaze lingered on my dick, went up to my chest, then descended back down between my legs. "... what?"

"Should we start the game, Mom?" I grinned.

"Oh ... right, yes." She moved her first pawn.

The tables really had turned. She was so distracted that I beat her two out of three games. On our fourth game, my cock started to get hard. As it happened, Mom valiantly tried to look away. I could see a sheen of sweat on her forehead. She muttered to herself, making several terrible choices with her bishops. When my dick was fully engorged, she leaned back and fanned her face with a nearby book. "Logan ... I think you need to take care of yourself again." Despite her best efforts, her eyes kept coming back to my cock. When I didn't say anything or move, she made a little, plaintive noise. Her left eyelid started fluttering. "I ... um ... haven't seen one like that. A ... you know ... a little commander. I haven't seen a little commander with so many veins. And the head ... is really fat. I don't mean that in a bad way. It's just ... I've ..."

I stood up for her so she could get a good look. I rotated my hips one-hundred-eighty degrees, displaying my cock from profile to profile. "This is a really great reward, Mom. You're doing an excellent job of pretending to ogle. Thanks so much." I wasn't going to push it further than this. Standing in front of my mother with a full-on erection was already one of the peaks of my lifetime. I didn't want to get greedy.

“It’s bobbing up and down with your pulse.” My mother was slack-jawed. “You should ... go take care of it.”

“I’m good.” I sat back down and moved my knight.

“For heaven’s sake, Logan, it’s leaking now. You need to go take care of it.” She pointed an authoritative finger at the bathroom.

“Okay, fine.” I got up and walked to the bathroom, leaving the door open a crack. I started fapping and grunting, not trying to keep quiet at all.

“Close the door, Logan.” My mother called.

“Busy ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom.” I pumped with both hands.

Thirty seconds later, Mom slammed the door from the outside. I tried to grunt out my pleasure loud enough for her to hear regardless.

When I stepped out of the bathroom, I was still hard. But I had cleaned up after my orgasms.

“I thought you were going to take care of it.” Mom stared at my erection with wide eyes.

“I did. Twice. But, I don’t know, I guess I really like being naked for you.” I walked over and sat in front of the chessboard. “Can we keep playing?”

My mother had the silliest, stunned expression on her face. She was still looking at my dick, her mouth hanging open. “Logan ... I think you taking your clothes off was a mistake. Get dressed, please.”

“I’m living my dream life here, Mom. Let me enjoy this, okay?” My smile faded. “Is there something wrong with my body? Is it hard to look at?”

“No ... no ...” She shook her head slowly. “The opposite, really. You’re so strong ... and vigorous ... and full of life. Old women like me aren’t supposed to look at men like you.” She sat down in her seat, facing the chessboard, her gaze now running over my abs and chest. “I wasn’t expecting ... I ... um ... never mind.”

“Never mind to putting my clothes back on?” I crossed my ankle over my thigh and leaned forward, pressing my dick into my belly.

“Sure.” Mom looked over my shoulder into the fire. “It will get soft at some point, right? I remember hearing that we should see a doctor for erections lasting longer than four hours. And ... we won’t be able to take you to the doctor.”

“It should probably go down. I’m just really enjoying my reward.”

She muttered something I couldn’t hear.

“What?” I raised my eyebrows.

“Nothing. Let’s play chess.” She moved a pawn.

I took that game from her and the next two as well. She was finding it hard to concentrate. Before we knew it, it was lunchtime. I stood and stretched. Thrusting my hips forward.

“It’s been almost three hours, and it’s still hard. You should really go take care of it again.” Mom frowned at my cock. She looked at the thing like it might actually be a threat to my health.

I shrugged. “Even if I did, I’d still be hard. My body’s just riled up.” I wasn’t worried. I’d had plenty of boners that lasted longer than four hours. I was pretty sure that was just something to worry about when on medication. But I didn’t tell her that. I wanted to see where this would go.

“Okay, well you really need to put your clothes back on then. And we need to calm you down.” She put her hands on her hips and frowned at my erection. “I don’t want to be responsible for your little commander exploding or something. You’re going to need it for that new girlfriend you promised me.”

“Okay, okay.” I collected my clothes from the hearth and slowly put them on. When I was done, the tent in my pants was obvious.

“Right. You sit by the fire and think about baseball or something. I’ll make us lunch.” Mom looked like she was about to peck my cheek, but changed her mind and ruffled my hair. “Think calm thoughts.”

“Sure, Mom.” I turned my chair toward the fire and sat down.

“It’ll be okay, Logan.” Mom called on her way to the kitchen. “We’ve got plenty of time to make it shrink. Baseball, baseball, baseball.”

“Okay, Mom.” I watched her move around the kitchen, her braless boobs wobbling under her sweater. I was pretty sure that my cock wasn’t going down anytime soon. I wondered what she’d do as we got closer and closer to the four-hour mark.

Chapter 13

“It’s been over four hours.” Mom was starting to panic. I could hear it in her voice and see it in her eyes. We had just finished lunch, and she was staring at the tent in my pants as I cleared the table. “We have to do something, Logan. You need to try again. Go to the bathroom.”

“It’ll still be hard if I do. I’d rather not.” I scraped plates and put them in the dishwasher.

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...” She waved her fingers in the air with worry. “Do I ... do I ... have to touch it for you?”

I stopped what I was doing and studied my mother’s face. It was creased with anxiety. This was terrible. I didn’t want to trick her into touching me. If it ever happened, I wanted her to want it. “It’s okay, Mom. I know what to do.” I went to the door and moved the barricade. Without a doorknob, the door swung right open. Stepping outside, I lowered my pants and underwear, took a handful of snow, and rubbed it on my dick. I grimaced. It felt like getting punched by Mr. Frost.

“What on Earth?” Mom stood in the doorway behind me, staring as I got a second fistful of snow.

“This ... doesn’t ... feel ... good.” It only took about thirty seconds for my erection to retreat. I turned around, showing her my wet, flaccid cock. “There, all better.”

“Oh ... you’re so brave ... again!” She grabbed my shoulder and pulled me inside. I stood shivering with my pants down while she retrieved a kitchen towel and dried off my penis, careful not to touch it with her fingers. “There now.” Her smile was back. She looked much less panicked. “Pants up, mister. Time to put the little commander to sleep.”

“Thanks, Mom.” I pulled up my pants, put on my jacket, and got my boots on.

“Going somewhere?” Mom went to get her own jacket.

“We need more firewood. Also, we should check the road just in case.” I stepped back out into the cold, but it didn’t hurt this time.

“Your father said the plows still aren’t running. But you’re right, we should check.” Her boots now on, Mom followed me out. “Keep an eye out for that bear.”

“I am.” I was peering from the end of the tunnel I’d dug out from our front door. There were large animal tracks in the snow, but no sign of the actual beast. “We’re good.” I stepped out and walked around the house to the woodpile. With an armful, I returned to

the cabin and stacked by the fire. I made several more trips while Mom stood out surveying the horizon.

“I can’t even see where the roads are supposed to be,” she said. “And those clouds look ominous.” She pointed west.

“Might snow earlier than the weather report said.” I passed her with my last haul of wood.

She patted me on the back. “You’re so strong, Logan. You take such good care of me.”

“Of course, Mom. Let’s get inside before the bear decides to visit.” I stacked the wood by the hearth.

Mom followed me in, and we rebuilt our barricade. Afterward, she removed her jacket. Then, her sweater came off. Even after all the times I’d seen her boobs, my heart skipped a beat. She glanced over at me and blushed. “I guess you’re not tired of them yet. You’re staring like they’re rockstars or something.”

“Your boobs are better than rockstars, Mom.” My grin was a bit hungry.

“Yes. Not the same thing. You don’t get to suck on rockstars, right?” It took her a moment for her words to hit her. Her eyes went round, and her crimson cheeks intensified. “Oh, my. I didn’t mean it like that. Sucking on a ... I just meant ... as a reward ... you can ... suck ... on them. Not rockstars ... that’s gross. I’m so sorry. That was weird.”

“I thought it was funny.” I shrugged and pulled off my shirt.

“What are you doing?” Mom’s eyes were on my abs.

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep my pants on. I don’t want another snow scrub.” I laughed. “I just thought it would be fun for both of us to be shirtless, together.” I flexed for her and made a goofy face. “After I get the fire going again, I thought maybe I deserved a reward for hauling all that wood.”

“Yes ... you do deserve a reward. You’re a good boy, Logan.” She watched me carefully place logs onto the embers in the hearth.

“I’m twenty, Mom,” I said without looking back.

“You’re still my good boy.” Mom stood behind me.

When the fire was going again, I turned around. My mother was waiting for me, holding her boobs from underneath in a position of offering. “Your reward, Logan.”

I stepped over to her, lowered my face, and sucked in her left nipple. I could feel her tense and tremble as I rolled it with my tongue. One of my hands held her tit, the other

wandered around back and grabbed her ass through her jeans. It was wonderfully round and pliant.

“Logan ... Logan ... Logan,” she whispered. Her fingers laced into my hair. She pulled my face toward her tit.

I kissed my way up her breast. My hand slipped from her ass to the wonderful curve of her lower back. My lips ended up on her slender neck. At first, she shied away from my kisses there, lowering her chin to deny me access. But she didn't tell me to stop, so I persisted. After a few seconds, she raised her chin, extending her neck for me.

“Okay ... you can kiss me there. But no marks ... and don't even think about ... kissing my lips.” She was shivering with delight.

“Sure ... Mom ... I ... love ... you.” I said between kisses. I pressed my chest to hers. For the first time, we had skin-on-skin contact while not in bed. Her nipples felt like diamonds mashed against me. I swear, even my nipples were hardening. I continued to kiss her neck.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Logan ... I ...” Suddenly, she pushed me away. She stared down in horror at the tent in my pants. “I ... felt your ... your commander poking my hip. You got carried away. You shouldn't be hard again. That four-hour thing. And I don't want you to have to take another snow bath.”

“It's okay, Mom. I was soft for a while, so the time reset.” I tried to move back to her neck, but she pushed me away again.

“I think ... that was enough reward for now.” She looked around the cabin. “I need a drink. You get the wine, and I'm going to text your father.”

“What are you going to tell him?” I was a little worried that we'd gone too far, but I did as she said and went into the kitchen for wine.

“I want to tell him that I love him. He ... wouldn't understand your rewards. Don't worry, I won't spill the beans.” Still topless, she fetched her phone. It was magnificent to watch her texting Dad while her boobs were jiggling with typing.

“Tell him 'hi' for me.” I opened a bottle and carried two wineglasses to our game table. “Stratego?”

“What ...?” She glanced at my chest and stared for a moment, before turning her gaze to the fire. “Yes ... Stratego is good.”

And so, we played.

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I think we were both staring at each others' chests often enough to be distracted. We played a couple very slow games of Stratego. When the second one finished with more of a whimper than a bang, Mom leaned back in her chair and brought her gaze up to my eyes. I smiled back at her.

"You can't ever kiss me on the lips like you did that one time." Her face was suddenly serious. "I'm not your girlfriend."

"I know." I nodded.

Her gaze turned thoughtful. "Do you ... enjoy your rewards because you're just not picky about women? Or ... do you ... like older women?" She held up her finger to silence me when I was about to speak. "Or ... is it because you love me as your mom and you're young and sort of ... getting your love wires crossed?"

"Um ..." I blinked at her, trying to form a response. "Well ... I do love all women. And I've dated some older women. But –" I was quickly cut off.

"When you get a girlfriend as part of our deal, she can't be that much older than you. I want you to be ... normal, Logan," she said.

"I like all women, Mom. I love them. But that's not what this is about with you. I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met," I said, watching her eyebrows raise with surprise. I paused a moment and continued, "I think you are so beautiful. And part of that is physical. You have amazing curves. But like you said, I also love you like no other woman. You're my mom. My perfect mom. Maybe my love wires are crossed. Or maybe they're right where they should be, worshipping you as a goddess."

"Your wires ... worship me?" Her voice squeaked.

"I find you so beautiful." My smile was genuine and warm.

"Do you ... feel this way about your sisters?" Worry creased her forehead.

"No, Mom. Just you." I nodded reassuringly.

"Okay. Okay." She picked up a book and used it to fan her face. "This is a lot to take in. I mean, I was sort of getting that picture. I just ..." She took a deep breath. "Logan, I want to thank you for being so open with me. You know that I see you only as a son, and not ... with crossed wires. But ... I don't mind doing these rewards because they make you so happy. And ... I suppose ... your interest isn't that strange. I have read about the Oedipus Complex. I just never thought ..." She shook her head and stood up. "For being so open with me, you deserve another reward." She stretched out her neck for me.

"Would you like to finish what you started earlier?"

“Yeah!” I was so eager that I knocked over our gameboard as I stood. The sound of her giggles as she pulled me toward her was a siren’s call. Soon, I was kissing and gently nibbling on her slender neck, working down to her delicate collarbone, and then working up the other side of her neck. I made sure not to suck or bite hard enough to leave a mark. Both of my hands found her ass, and I pulled her hips into mine, rubbing my hard dick on her belly. It wasn’t quite making out, but it was close. Damn close. She whimpered, shivered, and squirmed in my arms. One of my hands made its way to the front of her jeans.

“No ... Logan,” her voice was breathless. She reached down and tried to stop me from unbuttoning her pants.

“I just want to see your butt again. Maybe give it a kiss,” I purred into her ear.

“Okay.” She moved her hand out of the way. When I lowered her pants and panties, she stepped out of them. There was a clear, sopping spot where she’d gushed into her underwear. I didn’t mention it.

“Turn around.” I pirouetted her one and a half times and dropped to my knees, facing her ass. I spread her legs a little, and she let me. I pushed on her back, and she bent forward. I could clearly see her pussy glistening in the firelight. There were little droplets clinging to her pubes. It was glorious. Without thinking, I grabbed her hips to hold her still, leaned forward, and planted my tongue on her pussy. She tasted tangy, sweet, and sultry.

“Ooohhhh ... nnnoooooo ... Logan.” Mom’s hips made a few involuntary jerks, but she didn’t try to pull away.

I had now tasted from the fount of all my pent-up desires. Without instructions to stop, I wasn’t going to hesitate. She had said I couldn’t kiss her on the lips. But I don’t think she’d meant her netherlips. I began eating her out for the first time.

Chapter 14

“Logan ... ooohhhh ... Logan ... maybe we should ... ooohhhh ... you can't ... but ...” My mother's whole body was trembling.

“Mmmmm.” I moved my grip from her hips to her ass cheeks, spreading them so I could have greater lapping access. Her pussy lips were large enough that I could nibble and suck on each.

“Wait ... wait ... if you do that ... if you ...” Mom put her hands on her knees, trying to support herself. I'm sure her legs felt weak. “This is ... what I was ... I was ... afraid ... Logan.”

I let go of her ass with one hand and reached around to her clit. It was swollen and quite easy to find. A salient thought hit me. *Holy shit, I'm strumming Mom's clit!* I kept topping previous peaks with her. I doubted anything could surpass hearing the whimpering, animal sounds she made when I found her clit though. I continued to slurp on her pussy lips and lap the tanginess between them while I played her clit with an expert technique I'd honed through my years of dating.

“Oh ... gosh ... what's happening?” Mom's legs were quaking like a tree in a storm. “What's ... ooohhhhhh ... oh ... my gosh ... Logan ... we have to ... Logan ... we have to ... uuuggghhhhhh ... nnggggeeiiaiii.” She made the strangest keening sound and convulsed so much that I lost my grip on her. Shuddering, she fell to her hands and knees. “Gggghhheeeiii.” I could tell she was cumming, trying to stifle the natural sounds that went along with it.

“You look beautiful, Mom.” I put a reassuring hand on her ass and held on as she worked her way through her orgasm. When she was done, she collapsed on her belly.

“What ... just ... happened?” Mom's hair covered her face.

“Well ... I mean ... do you want the technical explanation?” I patted her butt affectionately, watching the small ripples I made.

Mom pulled her hair out of her face and looked over at me with wide, dazed eyes. “I think that was ... an orgasm. I'm so sorry I let that happen, Logan. You should never see your mother like that.” Her brow furrowed. “Oh, gosh, you had your eyes practically on my ... you know ... my backside hole. I can't ... believe I ... we ...”

“That was the best reward ever, Mom. To make you happy like that, to have you let me see you at your most vulnerable. That was ... perfect.” I smiled.

“Oh ... my ... your face is so shiny. Is that all my ...?” She stared at my lips.

“Best reward ever.” I laughed. “If I ever do something really great again, I hope that’s on the table. I mean, I’d do whatever you wanted if that was on the table.”

“You *liked* that?” She stared at me with disbelieving eyes, sitting up and covering her breasts with one arm. “Your father ... I mean nobody ... has ever ...” With her free hand she rubbed her forehead. “I didn’t think men actually liked that sort of thing. So, you’re not disgusted?”

“You’re a goddess, Mom. I worship at your feet.” I couldn’t wipe the grin off my face.

“You’re interested in my feet now?” She held up her finger to silence me before I could speak. “I don’t need to know about my son’s kinks. I can’t believe I even had to say that. What are we doing? I mean, you were just down there on me. The last time you were down there was when you were being born. Oh, gosh. Oh, gosh. What have we done?”

“We don’t have to do that again. I’m happy with your boobs and your butt as a reward.” I got up, walked into the kitchen, and washed my face in the sink. Drying my face with a dish towel, I sighed. “I thought you’d like it. It won’t happen again.”

“We’re doing these things for *you*, Logan. Not for *me!*” Mom picked up her panties and examined them. “I need to change in my room. We need to put the brakes on this thing. This was crazy. I ... I ... don’t even want to talk about it right now.” She stomped to her room, her heavy steps making her ass quiver and shake.

When her door slammed, I let out a louder sigh and did as she asked. I even put my jacket on, since it had occurred to me that we’d need more wood before the next storm hit. My boots went on next, and then I dismantled the front door barricade.

“What are you doing?” Mom walked out of her room, wearing jeans and a new sweater. I could see from the way her boobs moved that she was wearing a bra for the first time in a while.

“With the storm coming in, we should stock up on firewood. Just in case.” I opened the door. “You can stay here. I won’t be long.”

“I’m not leaving you alone with that bear out there.” Mom quickly put on her boots and jacket.

“Thanks, Mom.” I waited for her, and together we headed out. Feeling more confident, I did a cursory check for the bear. The stretch of snow around our house was *Ursus free*. I trudged around the house and picked up the first load of wood.

“Logan, those clouds look really dark.” Mom’s hair whipped around her face. I could hear the wind’s eerie whistle as it caught on parts of the roof and depressions in the snow.

“Yeah, the storm should be here soon.” I passed her and went into the house, dropped the wood, and came back out for more. I took two more trips while Mom stood sentinel at the top of our front door snow-tunnel.

“Um ... what’s that?” Mom said.

I was around the corner of the house at the woodpile, so I couldn’t see her. With half a stack in my arms, I hustled back to her. She was pointing to the tree line beyond where our car was buried.

“It’s him, isn’t it?” She clutched at my shoulder.

“Yeah, that’s him.” My blood ran cold. The bear lumbered slowly through the trees, heading our way. “Get back inside. I’ll scare him off.”

“I’m not leaving you. Let’s go and barricade the door.” She pulled on me.

“If you’re going to stay, I want you to scream really loud and wave your hands above your head.” I dropped the half-stack of wood and did exactly what I’d instructed her to do. Together, we screamed as the bear slowly approached and stopped about sixty yards away, staring at us.

Mom stopped screaming and clutched my arm again. “It’s looking at us, Logan. It’s not scared. We need to go back into the cabin.”

“I’ll make it scared.” I pulled her hands off my jacket and took several aggressive steps toward the bear, waving my arms in a way I hoped would be threatening. I screamed at the top of my lungs.

“Logan ... don’t go toward it!” Mom’s words were pitched in her own primal yell.

The bear, hungry as it was, decided it had had enough of us. It turned and lumbered off. I hoped it would finally decide to hibernate.

I continued to scream until I lost sight of it in the woods. Then I turned back to my mother. “Okay ... he’s gone.” My voice was hoarse. I walked back and picked up the wood I’d dropped.

“Oh ... my gosh ... that was so scary. Come inside. That’s enough firewood for now.” Mom led the way back into the cabin.

“Okay.” I followed her in, dropped off the wood, and closed the door. I put the barricade back together by myself. I didn’t notice that something was wrong with my mother until I finished and turned toward her. “Mom?”

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...” Mom was breathing hard, her face was beet red, and there was a sheen of sweat on her forehead. Her eyes looked a little glassy.

“Mom ... it’s okay. He’s gone.” I moved swiftly over to her and pulled her into a big hug. Her body went stiff for a few seconds. Then, her arms circled around my shoulders, holding me tight. Her breasts heaved against my chest as she continued her rapid breathing. She trembled in my arms.

“It’s too much ... today was too much ... first that crazy thing ... then the bear.” She started sobbing. “And I can’t tell your father about ... any of it. He wouldn’t understand the first thing. And he would ... be so worried ... if I told him about the bear. I feel so ... alone ... Logan.”

“I’m here, Mom. I’m right here.” I held her tightly, my hands pressing her back. We rocked a little as we hugged. Eventually, she stopped crying, and her breathing returned to normal.

Gently, Mom pushed me away and looked into my eyes. “You’re such a good kid.”

I smiled. “I’m –”

“Twenty, I know. You’re a big man. But you’re also a good kid.” Her smile was thin and tight. “What am I going to do with you? Today was ludicrous. Where did you learn to ...? Never mind.” She shook her head. “Do you do that with all your ...? Never mind.” She frowned. “This is really confusing.” She looked at the tentless front of my pants. “You’re soft?”

I nodded an affirmative. “I was worried about you.”

“Logan ... I’m glad your love wires aren’t *that* crossed.” She looked around the living room. She took a deep breath and walked to the kitchen. “You were really brave with the bear outside. I think you saved us again. I can’t believe we squared up with a maniacal bear and lived to tell about it. Someday, I’ll tell your father and sisters all about how you handled the bear. They’ll be so proud of you. Like how I’m proud of you.” She started getting ingredients out of the fridge, signaling dinner time.

“Proud enough for a reward?” I walked into the kitchen and helped her put dinner together.

“We’ll see about that. Maybe later. I’ve been through a lot today. I’m just happy that your little commander is getting some rest. I was worried about him with the four-hour thing. But I feel good about him sleeping for a while.” When she flashed me a smile, it was a little brighter than it had been. It was odd having her refer to my penis as a *him*. I’d heard the little commander thing before, but this was the first time she’d gendered my junk. As I thought it over, I was just happy she was thinking about my dick.

We finished preparing dinner, reverting to small talk about the family. I heard a lot about my mother’s feelings on my older sister’s engagement. I’ll sum it up by saying she

had her reservations about the fiancé. This was news to me, which made me feel like I was in her confidence. That had to be good, right?

As we served and ate dinner, our conversation switched gears. She peppered me with questions about the girls I'd been dating. This wasn't a new topic for us, but usually when she interrogated me it was to see if the latest girl was going to be "the one." This time, she seemed interested in the girls themselves. Asking me about their interests, their personalities, and their appearances. The topic carried us through dinner. There was no shortage of girls to talk about. When we finished, we cleared the table in silence. I did the dishes while she went and sat by the fire, staring into the flames.

"The wind is getting loud. Do you think it's snowing again?" Mom called over to me.

"Probably." I washed my hands one last time, dried them, and listened to the wind whistle and the fire crackle. "But I don't suppose it will make much difference to the plows when they're fixed. We'll be fine."

"I know we will. You'll take care of us, won't you?" Mom saw that I was finished. "How about some wine and a game? If you think your little commander won't get too excited, we could go back to ... um ... topless again. But nothing more, okay?"

"Sure, Mom." I quickly pulled off my top and got the wine. As I joined her by the fire, I regarded her tits with awe and admiration.

When she caught me staring, she smiled. "What do you want to play, Logan?"

"Let's just talk. I want to sit by the fire and spend time with you." I gave her a friendly wink.

"Aww. Okay." She took her glass of wine and settled into her armchair. I was happy to see that she was getting over the shocks of the day, and I was looking forward to seeing where the evening would go.

Chapter 15

“No, Mom, really. Tell me about your first time. I told you about mine.” We had been sitting in front of the fire, drinking wine, for hours. We were both still topless and a little drunk.

“I couldn’t possibly.” Mom wasn’t quite slurring her words, but her speech was slower than normal.

“There’s nothing wrong with it. I assume Dad wasn’t your first.” I listened to the wind howl as my mother thought things over. The storm raged outside. Inside the cabin, my mother’s bare breasts looked perfect in the flickering light of the fire. We still had electricity, but had turned off all the lights other than the cheery Christmas tree.

“Your father wasn’t the first. He was the fifth.” My mother gave me a guilty look, gulped the rest of her wine, and refilled her glass. “When I was young, I ... um ... was a little boy-crazy. But I settled down with your father. And I’m happy with him.”

“All those guys and none of them went down on you?” I knew I was on perilous ground, but the alcohol made me bold.

“Stop it, Logan!” Mom waved a scandalized hand in my direction, but she had a smile on her face. “So, you really want to know about my first time? I have to warn you, it’s boring.”

“I love imagining you as a teenager grappling with your first boy.” I laughed.

“Oh, you’re too much! And who said I was a teenager for my first time?” She laughed with me. Then she told me the story of her first time, with the more graphic parts of the story redacted. She was right, it was boring. But I didn’t tell her so.

“Did you love him?” I asked when she’d gone silent.

“I thought I did at the time. But I think it was just a crush.” She sighed. “Your father was the first man I loved. And you were the second, I guess.”

“Are you getting your love-wires crossed, Mom?” I raised my eyebrows provocatively.

“Oh, stop. You know what I mean.” Her cheeks turned rosy, and she took another gulp of wine. “I said I would think about your reward for your bravery with the bear today.”

“And?” I sat up, my dick engorging at the mere mention of a reward.

She cleared her throat. “You really liked touching my ... um ... kitty with your mouth? And you didn’t mind doing that from behind?” She chewed her lip with nervous energy.

“Best reward in the universe.” I nodded enthusiastically.

“Why do you think the other men I’ve been with wouldn’t ...?” Mom fidgeted with her wedding ring, spinning it around her finger, making it sparkle in the firelight.

“Wouldn’t give you an orgasm like that?” I forced solemnity on my face. Now was not a time to smile. “I think it’s difficult for guys to think about pleasing women, sometimes. But for me, that’s the joy of it. I get such a rush from making women happy. I meet them, and they’re reserved with me, and often closed off. Before long, I’m showing them new highs. That’s why I date so often. It’s amazing.”

“I see.” Mom frowned. “So that’s why it’s such a reward. Because ... what? You feel powerful making a woman orgasm? So, you studied it to learn how ...?” She shook her head. “This is all so crazy. But I do feel like I’m getting to know you better.”

“I wouldn’t say ‘powerful’, but it is a thrill, for sure.” I nodded.

There was silence between us for a long while. Mom drained the rest of her glass. I sipped my wine.

“If I were to ... let you go down there again. It wouldn’t be about me. It would be about giving you what you enjoy as a reward.” She stared into the fire. “I’m only doing this for you. My pleasure doesn’t matter.”

“I mean, it matters because your pleasure makes me happy.” An eager smile returned to my face.

“Yes, if I have another orgasm, it’s only because it makes you happy.” She took a long inhale, held it, then slowly let it out. She placed her hands on the armrests. I could see her fingers trembling. “And only for really special things, like saving us from a bear.”

“How about when I find a girlfriend?”

“Maybe ... or ... I think just my breasts would be good enough for that.” Mom stood up and unbuttoned her jeans. I watched in awe as she shimmied them down her legs.

“What about when I get engaged?”

“You won’t want your old mom anymore when that happens.” She stepped out of her jeans, folded them neatly, and placed them on the hearth. She bent over as she did this, giving me a great view of her perfect, round ass.

“I won’t ever get married if there’s no reward in it.” I stood up, too. But I didn’t move over to her. I wanted to see what she’d do next.

“Don’t say things like that, Logan. That’s not reasonable.” She pulled her panties down, stepped out of them, and put them on top of her jeans. Wearing only socks, she walked into the kitchen, grabbed a dishtowel, and came back. “I don’t know if I can keep giving you these sorts of rewards. Especially when you’re engaged. But I promise I’ll make you

very happy when that big moment happens.” She put the towel down on the armchair, sat, and scooted her hips so her butt was right on the edge of the seat. She spread her legs. “Go on. Take your reward for the bear before I change my mind.” Her gaze was on my chest. Her expression was all nerves and drunk excitement. She shut her eyes tightly, and pressed her lips together.

“You’re not going to watch?” My heart thundered in my chest as I moved over to her and knelt on the floor between her legs. The last time I’d gone down on her, I’d been on the opposite side of her and hadn’t seen much of her pussy. Now, I could see it flowering in all its firelit glory. Her pussylips were fat and spread open a little, showing me the pink inside.

“I can’t watch ... Logan. This is all ... eek!” She jumped when I gently ran my finger down her sopping crevasse. She scrunched her eyes tighter and winced. “I probably shouldn’t have had all that wine. This is crazy.”

“Crazy awesome.” I slipped a finger inside her. My whole body sung with happiness at getting to feel the little ridges on her pussy wall.

“Oooohhh ... gosh ... ooohhhh ... gosh ... I thought you were only going ... to taste it.” My mother’s legs trembled.

“Fingers are an important part of this, Mom.” I added a second finger and saw her body spasm.

“You ... ooohhhh ... you ... didn’t do that ... last time.”

“It’s harder to put fingers inside from that angle. But I did find your clit.” I kissed the inside of her milky-white thighs. My fingers went to the roof of her pussy, looking for that magic spot.

“Okay ... stop talking about it ... now. It’s too much. I ... I ... uuuggghhhhhh ... Logan ... Logan ... what are you doing?” Mom’s eyes shot open, but they weren’t looking at anything in particular. Her gaze was stunned and distant. “You’re touching me ... in a place that ... ooohhhhhh ... my gosh ... what is this?” Her face twisted, and her hips lifted off the chair and gyrated. “Looogggaaaannnnnnnnn!” She screamed.

“Yeah, Mom?” I pulled my fingers out just in time to see her squirt. I laughed at the beauty of the moment. Most of her juice shot onto the floor, my pants, and some hit my chest. Her high, keening scream was a thing of magnificence. The last time she’d cum, she’d tried to stifle it. There was no smothering this orgasm.

“Eeeiiiiii ... eeeiiiiii ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” She tossed her head side to side, her tits jiggling and bouncing wildly on her chest. Her screams turned into odd sounds. “Nnnnnggghhh ... gggghhaaaaa ...” I realized she had gotten to the point of her orgasm where she had the wherewithal to try to stifle her response. She was no longer squirting, but still

trembling. Her butt dropped back to her seat, and her hips went quiet. “Logan ... Logan ... Logan ... what ... was that?”

“You squirted, Mom.” I grinned up at her. Her eyes still didn’t have any focus. Her expression was one of stunned confusion.

“No way. I’ve never done anything ...” Intelligence returned to my mother’s eyes, and she looked at my stomach where the evidence of her squirting was unmistakable. “Oh ... no ... I’m so sorry, Logan. I didn’t mean ... mean to.”

“Are you kidding me?” My laugh was good-natured and unrestrained. “I’m living my dream life here. I’d save you from a million bears for this.”

Mom cocked her head and gave me a look like she thought I was a moron. She closed her legs and put an arm over her boobs. “Okay, that’s enough for now. We need to clean up after ... that.”

“But I didn’t get to do anything else with you.” I put my hands on her knees and spread her legs again. “That would be like stopping Stratego before someone finds the flag. That’s a no-go.” Before she could argue, I leaned my face in, smelled her amazing, fruity fragrance, and worked my tongue into her slit.

“Ooohhhh ... noooooooo ...” Her legs shot up when my tongue hit its target. She then hooked the back of her knees over my shoulders, pressing her heels into my back. Her hands ran through my hair. “I’m ... ooohhhhhh ... doing this ... for you ... Logan.”

“Mmmmmppphhhhh.” I agreed.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Logan ... I didn’t know ... I ... ooohhhhhh.” She cupped my head with her left hand, pulling me toward her pussy.

“Nnnommm ... nnomm ... nnnoommmm.” I moved my tongue upward and found her clit. I could feel her legs tense on my shoulders.

“Logan ... I ... I ... feel funny ... maybe we should ... oooohhhh ... Logan ... maybe we ...” Her grip tightened on the back of my head. “This is so ... strange ... I ... I ... Logan ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” And just like that, she was cumming again. Although, no squirting this time, her body jerked and convulsed in the chair. I reached up and fondled one of her tits, rolling her nipple with my fingers.

I ate my mother out for thirty glorious minutes. She had seven shuddering climaxes. It was the best half-hour of my life to date. The way she babbled, the way she trembled, the wonderful animal noises she made, it was so close to perfection that at one point I was almost convinced it was a dream. But eventually she pushed me away and meant it, so I knew it was real life.

Panting, my mother stared at me. The wind howled around the cabin. The fire crackled and popped. The Christmas tree glowed merrily. Mom continued to gaze at me with what looked like disbelief.

When I started to speak, she raised a finger to silence me. "If you're ... going to ask me to ... return the favor, I want to ... nip that right in the bud. I'm not ... touching ... your little commander ... okay? Only you ... touch him." She looked down at my pants, stained as they were with her juices. She focused her eyes on the tent there. "And ... I want you ... to either take care of it ... in the bathroom ... or douse it ... with snow. I don't want us ... getting anywhere near the ... four-hour mark."

"Sure, Mom." I stood. "I need to take a shower. I'll take care of it in there."

"Will it go down?" She continued to gaze at the front of my pants.

"I hope so." I gave her a reassuring smile, watching her stand, pick up the saturated towel, and use it to gently mop up between her legs. It was just another perfect sight to add to all the memories we were making in that cabin. "Thanks for the reward, Mom. Love you." I walked toward the bathroom.

"Love you too, Logan." Mom's voice was a little shaky. She was drunk and still buzzing from those orgasms. I suspected she'd be buzzing all night.

Chapter 16

Despite telling my mother that I would yank one out in the shower, I abstained. The sexual energy was too good to focus anywhere but on her. I washed her cum off me, brushed my teeth, and dried off. I looked at my stained pants and thought this might be an opportunity. Wrapping a towel around my waist, I admired the bulge my still-hard cock made, pushed as it was, over to the left.

When I exited the bathroom, I found my mother sitting by the fire. She was still naked but for her socks, sitting on the soaked dish towel. She looked my way and arched an eyebrow. "Your little commander is still standing at attention."

"No, he's off to the side, see?" I pointed out the obvious profile of my dick.

"You know what I mean. This is serious. The four-hour thing." She shook her head slowly. "I can't keep giving you rewards if your health is at risk. And ... why are you only wearing a towel?" Her gaze moved up to my abs and lingered.

"I need to clean my clothes in the sink after ... what happened." I took my pants and underwear into the kitchen.

"But you have other ... never mind." She stood, looking a bit wobbly. I wasn't sure if her unsteady feet were from the post-orgasmic buzz or the alcohol working on her. "It's my turn in the shower. I want you dressed when I get out."

"It's getting late. I could just fix up the bed while you're in the shower and ... you know ... stay naked for heat." I gave her an innocent smile.

For a second, her face went stern. I thought she might pull back and have us sleep in our separate rooms. But her expression quickly softened as she studied my bare chest. "Fine, but put on some clean underwear." She picked up the dishtowel she'd been sitting on, held it up, and frowned at the large wet spot she'd left on it. "I'm going to wash this in the shower. I can't believe ..." She shook her head, turned, and marched to the bathroom, her ass jiggling the whole way.

When she had disappeared into the bathroom, I cleaned my pants, put our wine glasses away, and converted the space in front of the hearth into our bedroom. Thinking about it as our bedroom made my cock even harder. The bed was made, and she still wasn't out of the shower. I grabbed a pair of underwear, pulled them on, and got into bed.

"Don't you look cozy. I'll be right there." Mom walked from the bathroom to her room, wearing only a towel wrapped around her boobs. She came back out of her room a minute later, wearing only panties. Mesmerized, I watched her boobs jiggle and nod as she walked toward me. She caught the direction of my gaze and gave me a drunken

smile. "Are you still hard?" She pressed her lips together. "What a question. Of course you are, you love my girls too much." She frowned.

"I'm still hard." I nodded.

"Hmmm. I don't want to make you take a snow bath again. The bear could be out there. And it's dark." She turned and went into the kitchen to fetch her phone.

"What are you doing?" I leaned on my elbow and watched her. It was surreal to see her in such a normal state, standing in her panties, looking at her phone, her dark, wet hair drooping over her shoulders. *Did I really eat her out? Twice?* The memories were surreal, like looking through the surface of a lake at the cunnilingus below.

"I'm texting your father about the four-hour thing. I want to know if it's really a danger." Her fingers swiped the keyboard.

"You're telling him that I have a hard cock that lasts hours?" That was even more surreal.

"No, silly. I'm telling him that we were having an argument about it, and I want his opinion. And don't use the C word, please." She stared at her phone. "He says that it *is* a serious issue and could cause erectile dysfunction. Oh, my. He says a man should go to the hospital if it won't go down."

"It'll go down when I sleep, Mom. Don't worry, come to bed." I beckoned her over.

"Maybe a cold shower?" She swiped a good night to my father, put the phone down, and walked over to the bed. She hesitated.

I took the opportunity and angle to study the perfection of her underboobs. "I *did* take a cold shower." I shrugged.

"Okay ... okay ... well ... I'm going to put something on so that I don't add fuel to the fire." She strode back into her room, coming out a minute later wearing an oversized t-shirt. I assume she still had panties on underneath, but the shirt's hem went down to mid-thigh. She turned off the lights, climbed into bed, and settled next to me. "No spooning tonight. You need to cool off."

"Sure thing." I rolled onto my side, facing away from her. I was content from an amazing day. No need to push things when she was freaking out. "What if Dad figures out that you were asking about *my* penis?"

"He won't, Logan. He would never think I'd be insane enough to do all the stuff we've done this Christmas. He knows me too well." She rolled on her side, facing away, her butt barely touching mine. It seemed to me that Dad *didn't* know her well enough, not the other way around. I was content to ponder the fact that I now understood my

mother better than my father did in some ways. Those pleasant thoughts carried me off to sleep.

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“Logan ... Logan ...” My mother shook me awake.

“What time is it?” I blinked my eyes open. The fire had died down, but the Christmas tree lights were still shining merrily.

“It’s after midnight. And I ... um ... I woke up and was worried about you, so I checked your penis.” She lowered her voice to a hiss. “It’s still hard. If we break your penis, Logan, you won’t be able to get a girlfriend or a wife.”

“It’s okay, Mom.” I turned to face her. Her eyes were wide in the gloom. There was a vertical crease of worry on her forehead. I tried to give her a reassuring smile. “It often gets hard at night on its own.”

“Your father said it was dangerous. Who should I trust, a doctor who’s been practicing for twenty years, or someone just shy of their twenty-first birthday?” She put trembling fingers on my arm. I could feel her clammy palm press against my skin. “I trust him on health issues, Logan. Which means we have to do something. It’s my fault for getting carried away with your rewards. I’m so sorry.”

“There’s nothing to do. You said it yourself, it’s too dangerous to open the door for a snow bath at night. A cold shower won’t work. Fapping won’t work. I’m just really wound up. I love you, and I’m living my dreams.” I tried out a confident laugh. “I think a long-lasting hard-on is perfectly natural.”

“God forgive me!” She squeezed my arm tighter.

“For what? You’ve just been rewarding me for ...” My mind spun away when I felt her hand leave my arm and worm its way under the waistband of my underwear.

“This isn’t a reward. Just so we’re clear. I wouldn’t do this as a reward.” Tentatively, her fingers explored my cock. “This is ... clinical intervention.”

“Ugh ... okay.” I grunted as her fingers massaged under my foreskin. I let her explore and work on me, but she was having trouble with her wrist under my waistband. I pulled the covers down and slid my underwear down to my ankles. “Now you have room to work.” I glanced at her face, which was still full of worry, and then back down to my cock. She wasn’t pumping me with a steady rhythm. I think she was still exploring it. “Is this what you do with ... Dad?”

"I know it doesn't feel good yet. You're different than him, or those other men I dated. Give me a sec to figure it out." She sat up and stared at my penis as she moved her hand around it.

The air was a little chilly, but I didn't mind laying naked in front of my mother. Mesmerized, I watched her experiment with different strokes and touches. Eventually, I thought maybe I should give her some pointers. "It would work better with lube."

"Well, your father and I weren't planning on being intimate on this trip, so we left our bottle at home." She gave me a quick frown and turned her attention back to my dick.

They need lube when they have sex. She must have been really shocked when she squirted. "Spit would work."

"Absolutely not, Logan. I'm not one of your hussies. I'm just trying to get you soft." She shook her head and kept experimenting.

"Body lotion?"

"I have some of that." She got up, hustled to her room, and came back with a plastic bottle. She squirted some into her hands. "This will be cold."

"I can manage ... aaahhhhhh ... that's better." I watched her work the lotion into the head first, then massage her way down the shaft. "Uggghhhhh."

"Try not to make those sounds. It's distracting." She used two hands for a moment, but went back to one hand. She still hadn't picked a steady rhythm.

"I'll try." I thought girls generally liked my happy grunts. But maybe that was the point. Mom didn't want to like this.

"Thank you." She continued with her awkward handjob. "Is this ... good?"

"You're getting there. Try ... two hands. Going from the top ... all the way down the shaft." I pushed her hand away and showed her what I meant with my hands. "You'll want to squeeze a bit, like you're milking it."

"It's really weird ... watching you do that. I've never seen a man ..." The worry was gone from my mother's face. Her eyes were wide, and her lips parted in what looked like surprise or wonder. "Okay ... I think I've got it." She shooed my hands away, squeezed some more lotion onto her palms, and applied both her hands to my cock. "Squeeze ... like this?" She pumped with a steady rhythm now.

"A little ... tighter." I was valiantly trying not to grunt. Her hands felt wonderful. Her tits were bouncing with the effort of her pumping arms. I stared at her t-shirt for a while, watching them jiggle.

“If this ... is what happens when we ... well ... I’m not going to be able ... to do any more rewards with you.” She bit her bottom lip, staring at the head of my cock. “We can’t do this. Not more than once. Don’t expect this from me.”

“No ... rewards ... no ... girlfriend ... Mom.”

My mother glanced at my face, her eyes full of annoyance. “Well ... that’s a problem. You need reverse Viagra or something. Can’t you just ... will it to be soft?”

“After ... I cum ... it’ll probably go down.” I gripped the sheet with clenched fists. The end was near.

“That’s another C word I don’t want to hear. I ...” Mom’s eyes got wider. “Your hole is flaring. You mean ... you’re going to finish soon?”

“Yes.” I gritted my teeth. “Get ... ready.”

“Okay ... good ... finish and we’ll be done with ... oh ... my ... Logan ... oh ... my ... gosh!” She shrieked a little when the first eruption sprang forth. To her credit, she didn’t let go even as my hot cum came splashing down on her arms and hands. She continued milking me through the orgasm. “Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...”

“Mom ... Mom ... ugh ... Mom ... uuuuggghhhh.” I finally let some grunts slip out. Sperm landed on the bed and on my belly, hips, and legs.

When my climax had passed, my mother slowly withdrew her hands, holding them out in front of her like they’d been contaminated. “I knew young men made a lot ... but this is ridiculous.” Her nostrils flared as she breathed in the scent. “I’m going to wash my hands in the sink. You’re going to take another cold shower. I’ll change the sheets.” She stood up and headed to the kitchen. “When you come back to bed, your little commander better be soft.”

“Okay,” I said weakly. My mind reeling, I stood and headed toward the bathroom. There was so much bliss from the handjob that I wasn’t even worried about all her talk of ending the rewards. That was a problem for future Logan. Right now, I was going to luxuriate in the moment.

Chapter 17

My cock did deflate by the time I was out of the shower, back in my underwear, and walking back to bed. My mother was already in bed watching me. She got one look at my mostly hidden smaller penis and rolled onto her side, gazing into the embers of the fire. "Thank goodness your little commander finally stood down. My goodness." She sighed. "Never again."

"Yep," I agreed. I got into bed and rolled onto my side, facing away from her. I could feel the tension emanating off her in waves. Now was not a time to push her in any way. "Thanks for helping me. Even though ... I don't think we need to worry about the four-hour thing."

"Your father disagrees. When you get a medical degree, the two of you can debate it. Until then, I'm going with his word on penis health." She scooted a little farther away from me in the bed. "Go to sleep. We can figure this stuff out tomorrow morning."

"Goodnight, Mom," I said.

"Goodnight, Logan," she said.

Soon, we both went back to sleep.

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I woke up first in the morning. I was hard again, what with my ever-dependable morning wood. So, I was glad Mom wasn't awake to see it and freak out. I had no idea how to thread the needle with her rewards and her worry about those four-hour erections. It was clear, however, that the less she freaked out, the better. Maybe there was a way to ease her worried mind.

Quietly, I rose, dressed, and tended to the fire. Wanting to start the day off on the right foot, I went to the kitchen and made breakfast.

Twenty minutes later, Mom stretched her arms in bed. "Mmmmmm ... what smells so good?" She sat up and smiled at me.

"Hash browns." I met her smile. But as I watched, her face fell, and worry etched lines into her forehead. "Don't worry, I'm not hard right now," I said, working hard to keep my own smile from fading.

"I'm that transparent, huh?" Her face didn't brighten at the news. She was clearly worried about something else. It didn't take a genius to figure it was that magical handjob. She crawled out of bed and went into her room. A few minutes later she came out in a sweater and jeans. By the time she got to the kitchen, I was already serving.

"Coffee?" I poured her some without waiting for an answer.

"Thank you." She didn't smile. Her lips were pressed into a grim, thin line.

We sat and ate in silence. I had hoped the breakfast would have put us in the right direction, but that didn't seem to be in the cards. Eventually, we finished eating. I sipped my coffee. I could handle a good long silence, but this was too much. "So?"

"So?" She shrugged.

"So, what's bothering you?" I tried and failed to ask the question with a smile.

"I gave your little commander a handshake last night, Logan. And he threw up all over me." While her words were objectively hilarious, neither of us laughed. There was genuine disgust on her face. "If we'd never started your rewards, I wouldn't know what your thing feels like. But now ... how am I ever going to forget that?"

I was speechless for a moment. I tried to recover, knowing that I needed to course-correct our conversation before things got worse. "I ... um ... I ..." I didn't know what to say. "I don't think the handjob is any different than the rewards, Mom."

"Of course it's different. Your hot stuff landed on my arms!" My mother raised her voice, scowling.

"You splashed me pretty good for a reward, too. Remember?" I nodded earnestly. "And just like the rewards, the handy wasn't for you, it was for me. I mean, you did it to help me. But while you didn't enjoy it, I did. I thought it was amazing. It was one of the kindest sacrifices you've made for me. And it felt so good. You made me so happy. That's what the rewards are all about, right? I make you happy by doing something like fighting a bear or bringing home a girlfriend, and you make me happy by satisfying my hormones. You touching me isn't really different than me touching you. Not in any meaningful way. It's just an extension of the same thing. And the reason you can stomach any of it is because you love me, and you know how much I adore you."

Mom's face softened. "I suppose you did make me ... spray stuff everywhere. And I was okay with that." Her cheeks turned bright crimson. "Oh, my gosh. I can't believe we're talking about this."

"You taught me to be honest and open with you." Finally, I was able to smile again. I could feel the tide turning.

“Just to be clear, I didn’t enjoy touching you. That was completely for you.” A shy grin touched her lips.

“Yeah, that’s what I just said. I know. You’re not interested in that stuff. But I am. And that’s what makes you such a great mom.” I stood and started clearing the table. “Thank you for going the extra mile for me.”

“So ...” She didn’t help me clear the table. She sat, resting her chin on her hands, watching me work. “So, if it’s basically the same as a reward ...”

I waited, but apparently she didn’t want to finish that thought out loud. I was going to have to help her. “If it’s the same as a reward, then we could just add it to the reward list. You know, for very special occasions.”

“Logan ...” A quick shiver shook her. “Okay.” She stood and removed her sweater and bra, taking her mug of coffee over by the fire. “Do you mind clearing the bed today? I just want to sit and think for a few minutes.” When I nodded, she gave me a warm smile. “Thanks, Logan. And thanks for breakfast.”

It wasn’t difficult to clean up after breakfast, especially with the dishwasher working again. I then dragged the mattress out of the way and set up our game table by the fire. Mom stared into the flames the whole time I worked. I stole glances of her lovely, heavy boobs, but otherwise left her alone.

I took off my own shirt and sat on one side of the game table, setting up Stratego. “You want to play?” I stood and beckoned her over.

My mother looked over at me with a gaze veiled by deep thought. “Oh, you took off your shirt.”

“I like when we’re both topless.” I flexed my arms as a joke, but saw her eyes linger on my lean muscles. “Let me get you more coffee, and then we can play a game.” I took her mug from her hands, went into the kitchen, got us both some more coffee, and came back to the hearth. Mom was now sitting at our game table, so I sat on the other side.

“Thanks for the coffee.” She eyed my crotch as I settled into place. “How’s your little soldier doing? Is he still soft?”

“Honestly, it’s at about half-mast right now. I think the midnight handjob really settled it down.” I wasn’t comfortable using he/him pronouns for my junk, even if I did think it was cute when she did. “But it’s never going to be completely soft when those are out in the open.” I nodded to her perfect tits.

Mom sipped her coffee. “Well, if he was all-the-way hard, I was going to offer a reward. You were so sweet this morning with breakfast, clearing the bed, and coffee. I thought –”

I raised my hand to interrupt her. "I have an update. It's hard now."

"Oh, my gosh." Mom burst out laughing. "I should have known."

I laughed right along with her. We hadn't even started our first game, and she was already offering me another reward. My speech after breakfast had been more effective than I'd thought. And it wasn't like I'd killed a bear. She was just rewarding me for hash browns. I was beyond giddy. Briefly, I thought about seizing that joyful moment and asking her for something more than a handjob. But then I reminded myself that a handjob was more than I'd ever hoped for from her, so there was no reason to get greedy. Also, I wasn't even sure if a handjob was on the table. We had just agreed that it was for special rewards. So, I didn't say anything, standing and quickly lowering my pants and underwear. My turgid dick flopped into the open and swayed side to side. This made us laugh even harder.

"This is so ... so weird ... Logan," Mom said between cackles. "I can't believe ... this is our ... Christmas." She wiped tears of joy from her eyes. Her laughter died away. "I needed a good chuckle. I've been so tense since it happened last night." She sighed. "But you're right, it's no different than the other stuff. And it's harmless ... unless you stain my clothes or something."

"There's an easy way to avoid stains." I took hold of my cock and pumped it a few times.

"Don't touch it like that in front of me. It makes my stomach queasy." She smiled when I stopped fapping. She stood and slowly shimmied her jeans down her legs. "You mean, your stuff won't get on my clothes if I'm naked, right?"

"Precisely." I nodded.

"Does your little commander always look like that when he's hard?" She stepped out of her jeans and nodded toward my cock.

"Like what?" I looked down at my dick. It looked normal.

"I don't know, it looks sort of like he lost his mild-mannered alter ego and Hulked out." Standing in only her panties and socks, she took a step toward me and hesitated. "Like ... you know ... you wouldn't like him when he's angry kind of vibe. He's so big, and the reddish color on the head, and all those veins. I've never seen one like that before."

"It's normal, Mom. I think most of the women I date like it." I stepped around the table and stood with my cock cantilevered in front of me, waiting for her to make the next move.

"Well, I don't like it," she whispered, staring holes through my cock. "I only have eyes for your father. His penis is perfect for me." She glanced up and met my gaze. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say there's anything wrong with yours. I'm sure you'll find a wife that

loves your penis.” Finally, she closed the distance between us, stood next to me, and tentatively put her hand on my dick. She let the weight of her hand press down, and of course, my cock held the hand easily. I’ve hung large towels from the thing before. A hand was nothing. “These rewards are completely one-sided, Logan. I don’t want you getting the wrong idea. Your penis isn’t for me.”

“We’ve been over this. I understand.” I reached behind her and took hold of her ass cheek, gently squeezing and massaging it through her panties. Her boobs pressed snugly against my arm. I was in heaven.

“You really like my butt, huh?” She whispered.

“It’s amazing.” I was grinning like an idiot. I couldn’t believe my luck. Or maybe it was my skill. Whatever it was, I couldn’t believe it.

“Well, I think you’ll like this, too.” Gently, she pulled down my foreskin and rubbed my glans. “Last night, I didn’t really know what to do with it at first. But I think I figured it out. You’re not *that* different from your father.” Carefully, she coiled her fingers around the shaft and moved toward the base. Soon, she was pumping. “Do you need me to get my lotion?”

I didn’t want to break the moment, so I shook my head.

“Oh, gosh. You want spit again, don’t you?” She was still whispering because her lips were right by my ear.

“I mean ... yes, please?”

“I suppose after everything else, why not, right?” She took her hand off my cock and daintily spit into her palm. “This doesn’t make me one of your hussies.” Mom put her hand back on my dick and pumped. It made a wonderful slick sound, and it felt marvelous.

“Don’t worry ... Mom ... I know ... this is ... special.” My whole body vibrated with pleasure. I stared down at her small, feminine hand. My cock made it look smaller than I was used to. I felt an orgasm hovering over the horizon. I willed it away. I wanted my second handjob to last as long as possible.

Chapter 18

“Maybe you should sit down, sweetie,” Mom said. She and I were standing next to each other, her tit pressed into my arm. I could feel it wobble with the effort of her arm’s jerking motion. Her technique wouldn’t put her in the top percentile of handjobs I’d had, but having *her* do it was way better than the skill from some other girl. “I thought maybe ... you’d have finished by now.” She removed her hand and daintily spit into her palm again.

“Sure, Mom.” I did as she asked and sat in the armchair. “I’m really enjoying this reward.”

“I’m glad.” My mother pressed her lips together with discomfort. She looked down at the spit in her hand, then she looked at my cock, then she looked at the floor between my legs. “I ... um ... don’t think it would be appropriate for me to kneel in front of you. I didn’t think this sitting thing through. Where should I ...?” She looked at the armrests of the chair like she was trying to figure out how best to proceed.

“You can sit on my lap.” I grinned.

“Never in a million years.” Her face went pale, and she shook her head.

“I’m not talking about sex.” I let out a harmless chuckle. “I just mean, you can sit sideways on my thighs. That way, you can do your thing, and I can see your breasts, and maybe touch them, too?”

“Yes, that sounds okay.” She rolled her eyes like she was thinking: *What have I gotten myself into?* But she did as I suggested, sitting sideways on my lap. Her hand returned to my dick.

“You’re so beautiful, Mom.” I played with the tit closest to me, bouncing it, massaging it, and eventually teasing her nipple. When I rolled it between my finger and thumb, her eyelids fluttered, and her hand fell out of rhythm. She continued the handjob but slower and with even less skill.

“Logan ... I hope ... you’re enjoying this.” After a few seconds, she arched her back and made soft grunting noises.

“Best Christmas ever.” I stopped playing with her nipple.

Mom’s hand sped back up to the rhythm we had before. “I’m glad you’re happy with it.” Her face sobered up. She looked down at the work she was doing with my cock in a serious manner. “It’s so ... strange.” She whispered to herself. At least, I thought she was talking to herself, so I didn’t answer. Instead, I slid my hands down to her belly, enjoying her womanly softness. When I moved my hands down further, she stiffened

and pressed her legs together to deny me access. “No, Logan, not while I’m doing the other thing.”

“It’s basically all one reward. I know you won’t enjoy it, but I will,” I said.

My mother raised her gaze from my cock and stared into my eyes like she was thinking things over. I met her gaze, but didn’t say anything. After what felt like an eternity, she sighed. “Okay, Logan. Go ahead.” She spread her legs enough to give me access. “I suppose I really did love that you made me breakfast. You deserve this.” Her lips parted and her gaze went distant when I slipped two fingers into her pussy. She was so perfectly warm and wet. As I took a leisurely exploration of my place of origin, she dropped her eyes back to my cock again, staring holes through it.

“I like the ridges you have inside. Touching a detail like that makes me feel close to you.” I dropped my voice low. “Like you’re showing me a cherished secret.”

“I’m so glad, sweetie.” She rolled her eyes, but her heart wasn’t in the sarcastic gesture. “I ... hhhmmmm ... I forgot what I ... was going to say.” Her eyelids went back to fluttering, and her back arched again. “I ... uuuggghhhhh ... forgot ... Logan ... what is that spot? Logan ... that spot ...? Yyeessssssss.” She shuddered. Her fapping hand fell out of rhythm again, but I didn’t care.

“I’m looking for your g-spot, Mom.”

“The ... g-spot ... is ... a ... it’s a ... oh ... my ... Logan ... I ... I ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and shrieked.

I’d found her hidden button on the roof of her pussy. I let her cum for a few seconds, then I removed my fingers, allowing her to squirt for the second time in her life. She lifted her butt off my thighs. Her body shook, and her hair whipped back and forth. She stopped squirting and settled back down to my lap, only to be hit with what looked like a massive after shock.

“Loogggaaannnnnnnn!” She thrust her hips into the air and squirted again.

“Oooohhhh ... gooosshhhhhh.” Her face turned toward me, and I could see her beauty twisted up in the most wonderfully alluring ugly way. All I could see were the whites of her eyes.

“Cum, Mom.” My voice was a whisper.

“Okaaaayyyy ... okkkaaayyyy ... swweeettie.” She stopped squirting, and her body quieted. As she settled back onto my lap, she had the most blissful smile on her lips. Her hand found my dick and went back to work, although I don’t think her mind was actually working well enough to tell it what to do yet. That she was automatically jerking me was a very good sign. Mom gazed at me through half-lidded eyes. “If you can

do ... that ... to any woman ... you should have ... no trouble ... finding a girlfriend ... to bring home.”

“You say that. But you still don’t like it?” I went back to playing with her boob.

“I mean ... I ...” Her gaze cleared. She eyed me closely, but her hand didn’t slow its pumping. “What you just did felt nice, but I don’t like it because it’s coming from you. How could I? But maybe I can teach your father how to touch me like that. He’s a doctor, I’m surprised he doesn’t already know about that ... g-spot.”

“But you don’t mind it as a reward?” I rolled her nipple and got her to wince with pleasure.

“This is getting ... too ... weird. Just ... finish up ... and we can clean up and ...” She looked at the arm of the chair where she’d sprayed. “Oh ... gosh ... I hope there’s stain remover here. Your father really likes this armchair. I hope I didn’t ... ruin it.” She reached over her body and put her other hand on my cock. She pumped with a technique that still wasn’t perfect, but showed real improvement.

“Don’t squeeze it ... so hard.” I gritted my teeth, staring at her parted lips. I desperately wanted to kiss her but knew that was a bright red line.

She eased her grip. “Like this?”

“Great ... uuugghhhh ... now ... more spit.” Ecstasy shot through my nerves.

“Okay.” She leaned her mouth toward my dick. The movement was awkward since she was sitting sideways and using both hands. For a moment I thought she was going to upgrade this reward to a blowjob. I almost came at the thought. But instead, she spit down onto my cockhead. The sweet squelching sound of her work got louder as her saliva slid down between her fingers. “Finish ... up ... Logan. My arms are getting tired.”

I wanted something more. Some high to finish on. I reached my hand down her back and found her ass. She didn’t react to my gripping her cheek. I had done it lots before. But her eyes went wide when my finger found her asshole and gently massaged it without going in.

“Logan!” To her credit, she still didn’t stop jerking my cock.

“Uuuggghhhhhh ... Mom ... I’m ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” I stared at her startled face as I came, shooting jets of cum into the air. By the time I was done, her arms were covered. As were her thighs, a few shots on her boobs, and a small splatter on the chair of the arm she’d already sprayed. My orgasm peaked and fell back to earth. Eventually, her hands slowed to a stop. I found that I was staring at her tits again. When my gaze traveled to her face, she was staring into my eyes with intensity. “Mom?”

“There now, that was more than enough reward for breakfast. I hope you enjoyed it.” Slowly, she got off my lap, moving like the cooling cum on her skin disgusted her, not wanting to touch it. “I still can’t believe how much ...” She shook her head. “I’m going to go take a shower. See if you can find a cleaner for the chair.” She glanced at my still standing cock. “And make the little commander go down. I don’t want him in the danger zone.”

“Sure, Mom.” I nodded but didn’t move. I was practically melting into the chair, all my nerves still sizzling from that orgasm. I watched her walk to the bathroom, wondering what her ass would look like covered in cum. It was pretty sweet as it was, jiggling and rolling with each step. But some sperm would be the perfect frosting on top. I watched her disappear behind the bathroom door. After a few minutes of sitting and staring into the fire, I got up and looked for some fabric cleaner.

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It was almost lunchtime, and we were playing Stratego. I was dressed. Mom was wearing a snug shirt with no bra and jeans. I didn’t mind the shirt. It was a good change of pace to watch her boobs shake through some fabric. Almost like old times. Except, of course, those same tits had recently been contaminated by my cum. I smirked, admiring the faint outline of her nipples.

“Don’t smile like that, you haven’t beat me yet.” Mom sipped some coffee and thought about her next move. She glanced at my crotch. “Is he still soft?”

“Yes, ma’am.” I saluted her.

She took hold of a piece and moved it on the board. “I want to talk to you about something.”

“Seems like we can talk about anything, Mom. As much as I like the rewards, I think I like how close we’ve gotten even more.” I gave her a warm smile.

My mother blushed and didn’t meet my gaze. “Sheesh, now I feel like a jerk for saying this ... but you can’t touch my butt anymore.”

I frowned. “I thought you said your butt was okay.”

“No ... you can still touch my butt. Just not ... you know ... the hole. That was too weird. Even your father never touched me there.” She gazed into the fire and sipped her coffee.

“But I really liked it. And we’re doing all sorts of stuff you and Dad don’t do. What’s one more thing?” I picked up my spy and moved it.

“It was ... a really intimate touch, Logan,” she whispered, still not looking at me. Her nipples were now fully visible through her shirt. Her high-beams were suddenly on.

“More intimate than the other stuff? I didn’t even put my finger inside.” I decided I wasn’t going to lose this argument. I wanted to touch her asshole again. I needed to. “I mean, I found your g-spot inside your ... you know. And that was okay.”

My mother’s cheeks turned an even brighter shade of crimson. She finally met my gaze. I wasn’t used to my mother looking shy, but she had an air of bashfulness about her. She moved her piece on the board.

I moved to take a different one of her pieces.

“It’s a bomb, Logan. Show me your piece.” She held out her hand and took my colonel from me. “Okay, then.” She took a deep breath and let the air out slowly. “You can touch it again. But you have to tell me beforehand so I can make sure I’m ready.”

“Sure,” I said eagerly, not caring anymore that she’d taken my colonel.

“And only as a special reward. Deal?” She put the captured piece with its brethren.

“Deal.” I nodded.

“I can’t believe ...” Her voice trailed off. She glanced at my crotch and then met my gaze. She took another deep breath. “Let’s finish this game and make some lunch together. Sound good?” The wind whistled outside. “Oh, gosh. We’ve been so busy this morning, I forgot about the storm. Do you think it’s here?”

I nodded more slowly this time. “I checked my phone before you got up. It said the storm was here.”

“Well, hopefully it won’t be too bad. Maybe we should check outside after lunch.” She looked over at our stack of firewood. We still had a good amount.

“Sounds like a plan.” I gave her a reassuring smile. I was more interested in what would happen after we had lunch and checked on the storm.

Chapter 19

“I’m going to have to dig us out again.” I was standing in front of the open door, met by a wall of snow. I had a sweater on, but not my jacket. I had a feeling I would be working up a sweat soon.

“Couldn’t we just leave it for now? What about the bear?” Mom wore her jacket and scarf, frowning at the snow. “This weather is crazy.”

“I suppose this is what climate scientists have been predicting. Bigger storms.” I shrugged. If true, I guess that meant I owed everything that had happened with my mother to global warming. Probably. That was an unforeseen silver lining to be sure.

“Right, I know, smarty pants. Who do you think taught you to think critically and sent you to college to learn that stuff?” Mom folded her arms.

“You and Dad, of course. I didn’t mean to mansplain. Just saying, maybe this will happen to us again someday. More strange weather.” I put on my boots.

“You want this to happen again? You like being stuck up here?” She raised an eyebrow and watched me closely. The lights from the Christmas tree danced in her eyes.

“It’s not the cabin I like enough to be trapped in. It’s the company. I feel close to you, Mom. The closest I ever have. Or at least the closest I remember. Maybe when I was a baby ...” I grabbed the shovel and started burrowing into the snow, trying not to throw too much into the cabin. I looked over my shoulder to see my mother staring at my backside. She had a deep blush going.

“I feel close to you too, Logan.” Her voice was just loud enough for me to hear. “Be careful with the bear out there.”

“I’m sure he’s hiding from the storm,” I called back to her. “Close the door after me to keep the heat in.” I made a small trench in the snow, just wide enough to move through. My goal was to get to the top and dig back down to the door. And that’s what I did. Soon, I was out in the storm. The snow swirled, and the wind howled. But I wasn’t cold in my sweater. The temperature was in the high twenties, and I was working hard. Indeed, as I dug back down to the house, a sheen of sweat formed on my brow. I was huffing and puffing by the time I got back to the door again. It was closed, and I knocked.

My mother opened the door with a smile. She looked at the wide tunnel I’d made. “Wow, that was fast. I’m impressed. You’re so strong.” She hugged me and kissed my cheek. She made a mock disgusted face. “And sweaty! There’s nothing like having to deal with a sweaty teenage boy.” She waved a hand in front of her nose playfully.

"I'm twenty, remember?" I grinned. I desperately wanted to kiss her full lips but engaged all the willpower I had to stay leaning on the shovel. "No sign of the bear, but it's really coming down out here."

"I don't suppose they plowed the road?" Mom didn't look particularly hopeful.

"No, it's a vast white expanse. Or at least it is for as far as I can see through the snow." I gestured up the tunnel. "Want to see?"

She put on her boots and followed me up the tunnel. At the top, she looked out, shielding her eyes against the driving snow. "This weather. My gosh." I think she needed some reassurance, because she reached out for me and put an arm around my waist, hugging me tightly to her side. "The storm's so powerful, isn't it?"

"Yeah, Mom. It is." I leaned into her and put my arm around her shoulders, giving her a squeeze. We stood staring at the snow for a few minutes.

"Let's go back inside." Mom released my waist. I released her shoulders. And we descended into the cabin.

We passed a quiet afternoon playing games and making small talk. Eventually, we made dinner together and ate. Afterward, we cleaned together, and went topless together, retiring to the fire with glasses of wine.

"You were impressed with my digging, huh?" I carefully watched the perfect slope of her heavy tits, enjoying the micro-wobbles when she moved her arm to sip her wine.

"Yeah. And I was impressed with how sweaty you got." She winked at me.

"I didn't shower yet. Do I stink?" I sniffed my armpit. I did stink.

"I was teasing you earlier. I like the way you smell. It's so different from when you were a kid. It's so manly. I ..." Her cheeks turned crimson, and she looked away, turning her gaze to the fire. "Sweat doesn't bother me, Logan."

"I guess I'll wait to shower then." I smiled at her even though she wouldn't meet my eyes.

"You've been soft all afternoon. I'm really glad your little commander has had some rest." She took a gulp of wine. "I'm worried about him."

"Well, it's hard now," I said. She couldn't see the tent over the arm of the chair I was sitting in.

"Oh, really?" Her cheek twitched. "Because ... I let the girls out in the open?"

"Yeah."

“Well, I suppose it’s okay after a long rest.” She sighed. “That *was* a really nice tunnel you dug, Logan.”

“What kind of reward were you thinking?” My grin went ear to ear.

“Can you wait a little while? I was thinking ... um ... it might be more comfortable if I rewarded you in bed.” Her voice barely squeaked out.

“Oh, sure. I’ll set up the bed in a few minutes.” I nodded enthusiastically.

“Well, with the heat working. We don’t really need to sleep out here, do we?” She gulped the rest of her wine. “You can take the mattress back to the bedroom.”

“We’re going back to our separate rooms?” A frown quickly displaced my smile. I didn’t understand why she was backtracking if she was talking about rewarding me for the tunnel.

“I didn’t say that. I just ... thought ... we could sleep in my room tonight. It would be cozier. And if that bear broke down our barricade, we wouldn’t be laid out for him like food on a platter.” She glanced at me with furtive eyes.

“You want to sleep with me in the room you share with Dad?” My eyes went wide.

“He wouldn’t mind.” She put a surprised hand to her mouth. “I mean ... he would mind. But ... we won’t tell him, right? And we’re only doing rewards and sleeping in there. Nothing ... that would really make him ...” Mom’s forehead furrowed with guilt.

“Yeah, it sounds great, Mom.” I tried to give her a reassuring smile.

“I need to call your father. I haven’t talked to him in a while. Why don’t you go get ready for bed while I do that?” Her smile was uncharacteristically shy. “And ... you don’t need to shower before bed. It’s okay.”

“Okay!” I got up, took our glasses into the kitchen, and begun hauling the mattress back to where it belonged.

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Mom had a phone conversation with my dad by the fire for a while. I eavesdropped. There was nothing about what we’d been doing. Mostly she talked about how responsible I’d been, how much she missed the rest of the family, and listened to him fill her in on what was going on at home. After she hung up, she found me making our bed in her room. “Do you think you’ll want to do that special touch tonight? You know ... back there?” She looked pale, with a nervous half-smile.

I nodded eagerly.

“Right. Okay. That’s no problem. You dug a really nice tunnel today. You deserve it.” She mirrored my nod. “I’m going to take a shower and brush my teeth.” She turned around and did just that.

I finished setting up the room. When she came back wrapped in a towel, I raced to the bathroom and brushed my teeth. She’d asked me not to shower, so I honored her request. I did strip though, dropping my clothes off in my room on my way back to her room. When I arrived in her doorway, I leaned on the frame and took in her beauty. She was dressed only in panties. She had pulled the blanket down, and was lying on her side on the top sheet. Her breasts hung one on top of the other, pressing into the mattress. The undulation from her waist to her hip was so powerful my breath caught in my throat. I realized she wasn’t making eye contact. Her distant gaze was focused on my hard cock.

“You’re naked,” she hissed.

“So are you. Almost.” I liked that she still had her panties on. They accentuated the shape of her hips and ... it was something to take off. “So ... what sort of reward is this going to be?”

“We’ve really been pushing the line, Logan. Maybe you could just play with my breasts and ...” She gulped. “And I’ll finish you into the towel.” She nodded to the towel from her shower, hanging on a chair. “Then we can sleep together.” Her eyes got wide. “I mean literally sleep! Not anything else. We’re never going to do that other stuff, of course.”

“Of course.” I moved into the room, closed the door behind me, and walked to the bed. It felt wonderful being enclosed in the room she always shared with Dad. It wasn’t their room now, it was our room. I didn’t want to freak her out by coming on too strong, so I crawled onto the bed next to her and rolled onto my back, my dick pointing straight at the ceiling. The wind howled outside as we lay in silence.

“You’re really handsome, Logan. And you’re so charming. I don’t love being naked with you, but I’m imagining a girl your age sharing your bed like this.” Mom chewed her bottom lip as she carefully ran her fingers along my abs. “I bet her mind will be spinning and her belly will be flipping. And her vagina ...” She gulped. “I bet you could have the smartest, funniest, most beautiful girl in the world as your girlfriend. I’m going to be so proud when you bring her home.” She leaned her face over my chest. I thought she was going to kiss me, but instead she inhaled deeply. “Wow ... you smell like a man.” She did it again and sighed on the exhale. “Your girlfriend is going to love the way you smell, sweetie.” This time she did drop her lips and tentatively kiss my chest. “Would it be a

reward for you if I ... kissed your nipple. I never tried that with your father. Do men like that?"

"I'd like that." I watched her stick out her tongue and roll it around my nipple. It wasn't a mind-blowing sensation like it seemed to be for her when I played with her nipples, but I liked it. I pulled her hair behind her shoulder so I could watch her lick and kiss my nipples and chest. Her tits hung perfectly under her, occasionally bumping into my side. Her panty-clad ass was up in the air. I reached for it and grabbed her cheek, massaging the supple flesh. She was still inhaling deeply as she kissed her way around my chest and abdomen. She *really* liked the smell of my sweat. That was something I would definitely use in the future. "Special reward time, Mom." I released her ass, brought my finger to my mouth, and wetted it.

"Okay, Logan." I don't think she knew what I meant, because she grabbed my dick while still kissing my stomach. She pumped it with a technique that was still improving. She didn't grip it as tight as last time.

"That feels great, but I meant this." My hand went back to her ass, slid under her panties, and my wet finger found her anus. She didn't complain, only releasing a little whimper when my finger pressed against her sphincter. "I won't go that far in," I said.

"Oh ... Logan ... I don't think ... eeeek!" She gave a little yelp of surprise when her butt stopped resisting and my finger slipped inside. I only went in to the second knuckle, gently massaging her hot, tight hole. She whimpered, and her hand lost its rhythm on my cock.

"How does it feel, Mom?" I expected her to say she didn't like it, even though her body was quite clearly sending another message.

"If your father did something ... ooohhhhhh ... like that ... I think I'd like it." She stopped kissing me and looked into my face. "I didn't think anyone ... would ever touch me like that ... but you ... you ... we're doing this only for you, Logan. Not me. I don't ... really like it." But even as she said it, her right eyelid was fluttering.

With my free hand, I reached under her and played with her closest nipple. "I love these rewards, Mom. If we keep doing stuff like this, you'll be able to get me to do anything. I'd dig you a million tunnels in the snow."

"Uuuuggghhhhh ..." She arched her back. "Yes ... sweetie." I think she was too far into her own blissful paradise to hear what I was saying. That was okay. I could tell her again later. The night was young, and we had a lot of reward left to go.

Chapter 20

“I ... uuuuggghhhh ... think that’s ... ooohhhh ... enough ... for my butt ... Logan.” My mother had stopped stroking my cock. Her hand was still on it though. I could feel little spasms of pleasure through the grip of her fingers. Her left eyelid was practically closed, and her right one was fluttering. Her jaw was loose, and her face slightly twisted.

“Sweetie ... I can’t concentrate ... with you wiggling ... back there ... and playing ... with my ... nipple. We need ... uuuuggghhhh ... to finish ... this reward ... sometime ... so we can sleep.” I had been fingering her buttocks and toying with her nipples for about fifteen minutes, and I guess that was enough.

“Sure, Mom.” I pulled my finger out of her ass and grabbed a hunk of her ass cheek instead. “You can keep going with my dick.”

“Penis,” she corrected. Her face slowly morphed back into a more normal, relaxed expression.

“Sorry, penis.” I nodded my agreement.

“Let me get the towel ... so I’m ready.” My mother took a deep breath to steady herself. Then, she rolled off the bed, making her tits do a gentle, delightful whiplash. She grabbed the towel she’d used after her shower and crawled back onto the bed, her boobs swaying under her. She settled by my hip and put both hands on my cock. “You’re really going to sweep some lucky girl off her feet. I can’t believe you came out of me. You’re so ... gifted at these rewards. And I’m not ... well ... I’m me.” Tentatively, she started pumping, staring at my cockhead as it oozed precum.

“I love you just the ... way you are ... Mom.” I gave her ass a reassuring squeeze. “Maybe you can teach Dad some of my ... uuuggghhhh ... techniques. It could ... spice up your marriage.”

“It’s so strange talking about these things with you.” Her voice was low and hushed. She leaned forward and spit on my cockhead without my asking. The squelching of her saliva between her fingers was sublime. “Yes ... I’m going to teach him ... some of this stuff. But I’ll have to go slow. He’ll think I’ve turned into a horndog.” She giggled. For a while, she fapped me in silence. I could hear her breathing getting shallower. “You dug a really nice tunnel. Would you like it if I tried something I only rarely do for your father? A really special reward.”

Suddenly, my heart was practically beating out of my chest. I prayed she was talking about a blowjob. My mouth was dry. My mind swam. I tried to say yes, but I only grunted in reply.

“Logan?” Mom took her eyes off my cock and gazed into my face. “I didn’t mean to freak you out. I was only ... well ... I just felt like it was the right thing to do. But, of course, that would be taking it too far. Sorry.”

“Oh ... okay ...” I’d blown it. I grunted again and nodded.

She turned her attention back to my cock, still pumping both hands with long strokes from base to head. “It’s really impressive. Your little commander feels like ... it was made to make a woman happy.” She giggled again. “I guess it was your father and I that made it so you could make women happy. But we did too good a job, huh? It’s so nice that you seduce all sorts of women and won’t settle down. But ... if I make you happy ... you *will* settle down, won’t you?”

“Uuughhh ... yeah ... Mom.” My whole body vibrated with pleasure. I flexed my legs and curled my toes.

“Yeah ... indeed.” She kept working my cock in silence. I think she was having some sort of reverie. After a while, she cleared her throat. “I know it makes you a little uncomfortable. But I really want to try something. That thing I sometimes do for your father. I feel like ... if I do that, I’ll really be able to get you to settle down, come home for the holidays, and generally, be a good son.”

“Go ... ahead ...” I was at least able to give my approbation this time. I didn’t bother to remind her that I was already a good son.

“If you don’t like this, just let me know, and I’ll stop.” For what seemed like forever, she continued to pump me without moving. Eventually, her head tilted forward. She got to the point where she would normally spit, but her lips continued to descend. Uncertainly, she gave my cockhead a little peck. She released her right hand from my shaft, but kept pumping with her left, her pace slowing. She pecked again. I think she knew I wanted to see because she used her free hand to pull her hair behind her shoulder and neck. She held it there while giving my dick little kisses.

I didn’t want to break the spell, so I stayed silent, hardly breathing. This was the most compelling thing I’d ever seen: my mother’s kind, pretty face meeting my ugly cock. They were the perfect match.

“Okay ... get ready,” she whispered. “Here goes nothing.” She stopped pumping and held my cock at the base. I could see her wedding ring twinkling. Opening her mouth wide, she lowered it, enveloping the top few inches of my dick. She let out a surprised gag, and her eyes went round and watered. She eased back and experimentally bobbed her head with her lips sealed just under my glans. “Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh ... hhhhhmmppphhh.” I wasn’t expecting her to make that telltale humming sound girls made when they were into it. But there it was. Nor was I expecting the little pops as

her mouth came off the head and slid back on. It seemed she was enthusiastic, even if she wasn't skilled.

"Wow ... Mom ... best reward ever." I didn't think that moment was the right time for constructive feedback. I lay back and enjoyed her awkward blowjob. The best blowjob of my life. I was so grateful for her pulling her hair back. The way her face was distorted by my size was more than half the pleasure. "I'm ... uuugghhhh ... getting close."

Like lightning, she popped off my cock. It was clear she wanted nothing to do with drinking cum. As I watched her frantically put the towel over my cock, I wondered if she might change her mind before we left the cabin. Even if she didn't, I'd just received a blowjob from my mother in the room she always slept in with my dad. And she was currently pumping me with both hands under the towel, biting her bottom lip and making soft whining sounds. Things were good.

"Cumming ... aaaahhhhhhhh." My butt lifted off the mattress, and I soiled my mother's towel with sperm. When my orgasm died down, we were both panting. "Wow ... Mom ... that was ..."

Mom held up a hand to stop me. "I don't want ... to talk about it. That was a special ... reward ... for ... you know ... digging that tunnel." I think we both knew that the tunnel wasn't really worth a blowjob. Heck, I hadn't even known blowjobs were on the table. "Anyway, I hope your little commander can shrink." Still holding my dick under the towel, she squeezed it. "I think we'll need to do laundry tomorrow." She let go of my cock, took the towel, and got off the bed. She squealed when I grabbed her and pulled her back onto the sheet. "Logan ... my hands are gross. I need to get cleaned."

"As part of my reward, I want to return the favor. We're not done yet." I pushed her onto her back and pulled her panties down her slender legs.

"Logan ... Logan ... what are you doing, Logan? I ... oooooohhhhhhhh." She spread her legs for me easily enough as I started lapping her pussy. I could hear that she was muffled, so I looked up. She had the towel pressed against her face. *Is she huffing the scent of my cum?* The thought thrilled me, but honestly, she could have just been hiding. She squirmed under me. "How did you get ... so good ... at that?" She shuddered as I sucked on her clit.

With a smack of my lips, I lifted off her pussy. "It's all those ice cream cones you gave me as a kid." With a quick laugh, I went back to lapping her pussy, inserting two fingers as I nibbled and sucked her clit. My fingers searched for her G-spot.

"Ohhhhhhh ... my gooosshhhhhh ... don't say that ... don't ... oooooohhhhhh ... Logan ... I think ... I think ... it's already happening." Her whole body trembled. "Eeeeeiiiiiii." She screamed, arched her back, and squirted. I removed my fingers and let her spray on

my face and the bed. “Looooogggaaaaannnnnnnn.” Her voice was still muffled by the towel.

As she writhed with pleasure, I thought of something. “I’ll be right back. Don’t move.” I leapt from the bed, my hard cock swaying ridiculously in front of me. Opening the door, I hustled to the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of olive oil, and ran back to our room. Mom was still on her back with her legs spread and the towel held up to her face. There was the most picturesque sopping stain on the sheet between her legs. I slathered two fingers with oil, put the bottle down, and got between her legs. “Hold on, Mom. We’re going to do that special backside reward again.”

“Uuuuggghhhh ... Logan ... I think we’re done for tonight. I ... Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She went rigid when my fingers worked into her ass. Last time, I hadn’t gone very deep, but this time I continued to press into her tight warmth. My tongue went back to her clit, and she trembled under me. “Looggggaaaaannnnn ... Logan ... Logan ... Logan ... Logan ... it feels ... strange ... but ...”

“Mmmpphhhhh.” I said as I alternated between nibbling on her nether lips and clit. My fingers pumped her ass with a steady rhythm. I had provided the first anal experience for lots of girls, so I thought I had a pretty good grasp on how to bring her along. She wasn’t asking me to stop, so that was a good thing.

“This is crazy ... Logan ... crazy ...” She tossed the towel on the floor and grabbed the sheet with clenched fists. “I didn’t ... know ... I didn’t ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” She looked down at me, and we made eye contact. I continued to lap at her pussy. The feeling was electric. There was a wildness in her gaze I hadn’t seen before. “Just ... don’t ... stop ...” She leaned her head back onto the mattress and started gyrating her hips.

I wasn’t about to stop. “Nnnmmpphhhhh.” I focused on her clit.

“Logan ... Logan ... Looogggaaaaannnnnn.” She came. And then five minutes later, she came again. After that, she *did* ask me to stop. Despite the oil, her butt was sore. So, I pulled my fingers out and left my spot between her legs. She lay panting on the mattress, not saying anything.

I took the towel to the laundry hamper and went to the bathroom. I washed my hands and took a quick cold shower. It worked well enough to put my dick back to sleep. I didn’t want her to worry about my ‘little commander.’

When I arrived back in our bedroom, she hadn’t moved more than to close her legs. “Come to bed, sweetie.” Looking up with half-lidded eyes and a lazy smile, beckoning me with a pretty hand that hadn’t been washed.

I thought about my cum drying on her wedding ring and smiled. I turned off the lights, put myself next to her, and pulled up the covers.

“Spoon,” she said.

“Sure, Mom.” I rolled onto my side facing away from her. She snuggled in behind me, her breasts pressing perfectly against my back. I was hyped, so it took me a while to go to sleep. I listened to her soft, even breathing and the howling wind outside. Before my dreams found me, I decided I was the luckiest man on Earth.

Chapter 21

I woke in the middle of the night to the sound of my mother's even breathing. She was sound asleep, with a hand resting on my arm. The room smelled like our cum. It was intoxicating to lie there and feel her warmth next to me. I didn't want to go back to sleep, but I did.

When I woke again, it was morning. The window was, of course, blocked by snow, but I could see some daylight coming through. From the howl of the wind, I guessed the storm was ongoing. I reached for my mother, but found that she wasn't in bed. I sat up and looked around, but she wasn't in the room at all. I sighed and let my head fall to the pillow. It was fine, it wasn't like I'd earned a reward for sleeping soundly.

I got up, left my mother's room, and spotted her sitting by the smoldering fire. She was on her phone, with a mug of steaming coffee next to her.

"Morning, Mom." I stood and stretched. I was still naked, and my morning wood swayed with my movements.

She looked up from her phone, her startled eyes zeroing in on my cock. "You are so brazen!"

"I didn't have any clothes in your room. We slept naked, remember?" I smiled at her. She was wearing a sweater and yoga pants. Her feet looked snug in some wool socks. Her hair was wet. She'd clearly already showered.

"I remember." Her voice was so quiet I barely heard her.

"What are you doing on your phone?" I walked over to the fire and started placing logs on the embers. I know I was giving her a good look at my bare backside. I wondered what she thought of it.

"Texting with your father. He's up early, too."

"What're are you two talking about?" I stuffed some paper between logs to get things going.

"That's private between me and your father." She sounded annoyed. "Really, Logan, you couldn't put some clothes on before tending to the fire? You look ridiculous." When I looked over my shoulder, I could see her eyebrows were furrowed with irritation. "Our sheets are filthy. I'd like you to wash the bedding and that ... towel from last night. Maybe our dirty clothes, too. There's a pile of laundry in my closet."

I liked that she was calling them 'our' sheets.

“But ... you usually do the laundry at home.” The fire was crackling now, so I stepped away from it, warming my hands and dick as they reached out to the flames.

“I’d like some more time texting with your father. Please just do the laundry. It’s not difficult.” She sighed.

I eyed her phone, but couldn’t really read it upside down from a distance. “Sure.” I shrugged and went to go strip our bed. I found her laundry, and pulled together my dirty things. With the sheets, it was enough for two loads. I got the first one going, dressed, and went to the kitchen to make breakfast. My mother was still texting. I didn’t interrupt her. I made us the last of the bacon and some oatmeal. When I called her to breakfast, she put down her phone and came over. We sat at the kitchen table across from one another, eating in silence for a while.

Eventually, I initiated some small talk about the storm and asked about my sisters. She said the weather app expected the storm to end by noon. She told me about the latest news from home. Things felt awkward. As we finished breakfast, I sipped my coffee and watched her. She had a tick going near her right eye. She was either nervous or really peeved. “Everything okay with you?” I said, trying my most disarming smile.

“I ... well ... I ... suppose this is the *morning after*, isn’t it?” A nervous, half-smile flittered on her face. “I just can’t believe we ... I mean ... the rewards went further than I intended. I was so busy telling you not to get carried away, and I went ahead and ...” She frowned. “Do you think less of me because of what I did? I mean ... every time you look at your mother now, you can picture her with your ... um ... with your little commander in her mouth. That can’t be good for our relationship.” She wasn’t meeting my eyes, instead looking to the side toward the lit Christmas tree.

I got up, walked around the table, and put my hand on her shoulder. I squeezed gently. “This hasn’t changed how I feel about you at all. I love you as my perfect mom. Always have. Always will.” I squatted next to her so that my eyes would be level with hers. “I thought you looked as beautiful as ever when you were ...” I tried to get the words right. “... when you were making me happy. This is the morning after, and I’m thrilled to be here with you. I’ll do whatever you want, Mom. You have me wrapped around your finger.” I put my finger on her chin and slowly turned her face toward mine. She was worrying her bottom lip with her teeth, her expression twisted by uncertainty. “I love you, Mom.” I said the words with all the sincerity I felt in my heart.

“I love you too, sweetie.” Her smile reappeared, looking a little more confident now. “Just promise me we won’t get carried away. I wish the roads were plowed. I feel like ... I could get a better handle on your rewards back home. Here ...” She shrugged, but her smile didn’t fade, and her eyes didn’t wander from mine.

“I promise.” I was pretty sure that was a lie, but what did she expect?

“I don’t know whether to laugh or cry.” She rubbed her forehead with her palm. “I can’t believe you know what my blowjob face looks like, Logan.” She groaned.

“I can’t believe you said ‘blowjob face’, Mom.” I laughed. After several awkward seconds, she laughed with me. I stood and cleared the table, both of us chuckling as we cleaned up.

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After breakfast, we brushed our teeth. Usually, we did that on our own, but Mom joined me this time. I wasn’t sure why, but it felt strangely intimate to be in the bathroom together. After that, I bundled up and went out to widen the tunnel and bring in more firewood. Outside, I didn’t see anything but the driving snow, and I didn’t hear anything but the wind. I hoped that the hungry bear had found a deer or something and finally decided to hibernate.

By the time I had finished with the wood and barricaded the door again, Mom was sitting topless by the fire. She had her legs crossed, and her yoga pants hugged her thighs perfectly. She smiled at me and sipped her coffee as I took off my snowy coat. “Should we play a game?” She said.

“I have to keep that laundry going. Set something up, and I’ll be there.” I grinned at her, taking off my shirt as I crossed the cabin. I put the first load in the dryer, and put the second one in the wash. When the machines were happily whirring and thumping, I closed the door to their closet and returned to my mother, sitting opposite her. A chessboard was between us.

“You’ve been working hard. You’re shiny with sweat.” Mom’s gaze lingered on my abs.

“You want me to come over there so you can get a whiff?” I winked to let her know I was joking.

“Logan!” My mother blushed so deeply her cheeks were deep crimson. “I’m not ... I don’t ... I’m ... I won’t ... you’re ...” She was so flustered she couldn’t finish a thought. It was adorable.

“You’re adorable, Mom.” I grinned at her and moved my pawn so the focus wouldn’t be totally on her.

“And ... you’re incorrigible, Logan.” She shook her head, an embarrassed smile twisting her lips. “I do not want to sniff you. I’m not a pervert like some people in this room.” She moved her pawn to counter mine. When she reached forward her tits brushed against her thighs in a way that caught my breath.

“Guilty as charged.” I moved my knight.

“If you’re so girl crazy, will you really be able to settle down?” She leaned forward and stared into my eyes with intensity, her eyebrow arched in question.

“I’d settle down for you. I’d do anything for you.” The words came out more earnest than I intended. I guess I meant them.

“Yeah ... I believe you.” She moved another pawn, sliding her boobs along her yoga pants again. She caught me looking at her tits. “Because of my girls? It’s my breasts that have your loyalty, right?” She didn’t wait for me to respond. “It’s hilarious, really. All those books on parenting, all those conversations with other mothers, all those strategy sessions with your father, and all I ever had to do was harness your teenage hormones.”

“I’m not a teenager anymore.” I was still staring at her perfect, hanging tits.

“Just barely. You still have those hormones, that’s for sure. And you have ... other things teenage boys have.” She waited for me to say something, when I didn’t, she shook her head. “Your hungry little commander, I mean.”

“Speaking of which.” I looked down at my lap where my cock was now tenting my pants.

“Oh ... gosh ... it’s insatiable.” Mom stared at my pants. “If only your father knew what he was saying when he told me it was unsafe for an erection to go more than four hours.”

“What would happen if Dad knew?” I was curious.

Mom was holding her knight in her hand, dangling it over the board. It seemed like seeing my erection had distracted her from the game completely. “Oh ... I don’t know. It was just a figure of speech.” Finally, she put her knight down, making a poorly thought-out move. “Can he wait until after the game?”

“Who, Dad?” I moved a pawn.

“No, your little commander. Can he wait until after the game? I don’t want to ... you know ... have to drop everything for him all the time.” Her forehead creased with thought. She was still staring at my pants. “You did do a lot of chores this morning, so a reward is fine. But ... I just think we should have some normal mother-son time. You understand?”

“I think the rewards *are* normal for us, Mom.” I flashed an innocent smile. “It’s just another mom-son thing we do now.” I could see from her pinched expression that she didn’t like that. “But, of course, chess is a normal thing we do, too,” I quickly added. “And I love playing chess with you. He can wait until after I get you in checkmate.” Great, now I was gendering my cock, too.

“I’m glad he’s not impatient. I promise we’ll take care of him well before four hours.” She exhaled, and a faint, relieved smile brightened her face. “As for you checkmating me, you forgot who taught you chess, mister. I would beat you anyway, but with my girls distracting you, you don’t have a prayer.”

“That’s tough talk, Mom.” I moved a piece. “Let’s see you back it up.”

She laughed. I could see the tension ebb out of her shoulders. We bantered about the game and engaged in small talk for the next half hour. My nerves vibrated with joy and anticipation. I was happy she had made me wait. The expectation was certainly heightening the moment. As we played, I often gazed at her boobs, remembering their weight and give. I would feel them again soon enough. I wondered if she’d blow me again. I guessed probably not. I suspected she’d wait until night for that. It didn’t seem like a broad daylight sort of thing for her. But what did I know? She’d certainly surprised me with the first blowjob.

Eventually, the game ended. In the end, she did checkmate me. In my defense, my mind wasn’t really in it. I stood and stretched in a way that highlighted the tent in my pants. “So?”

“Let’s go to our room. I’ll take care of him in there.” She walked over to me, took my hand, and pulled me toward the room she usually shared with Dad. She had called it ‘our’ room. That had to be a good sign. I couldn’t wait to see how she was going to reward me this time.

Chapter 22

Sitting on Mom's bed – on *our* bed – I was completely naked. My mother still had her yoga pants on, which was only a modest disappointment. I didn't care so much about her pants because she was giving me a very earnest, somewhat awkward handjob, double fisting it.

Without asking, she leaned over and spit on my cockhead. "Your girlfriend isn't going to be able to keep her hands off you. You're so handsome ... and well put together." She stared at my dick like it was mesmerizing her. Her wedding ring sparkled in the light of the lone lamp in the room. "I'm just ... really impressed with your little commander." She gave my dick an extra squeeze so I'd know what she was talking about. "Maybe I should start calling him your *big* commander." She giggled. "Are you going to finish soon?" Finally, she looked up and met my gaze. Her left eyelid fluttered, her lips were parted, and there was wildness in her stare. "Logan?"

"Not ... yet ... Mom." I grabbed her hip and pulled it to the side so her pussy would be within reach. That put her up on all fours, which was glorious to behold.

"What are you doing?" She continued stroking me, even when I pulled her pants and panties down to her knees.

"I want us both to feel good." Delicately, I ran my fingers along the perfect curve of her ass.

"These rewards aren't for *me*." She gave me a look, a half eye roll, that said I shouldn't say anything for a moment. She stroked me while she thought about something. "But I know you like to touch me. Because ... of course you do." She stopped stroking me, pulled her clothes off the rest of the way, and rolled off the bed. Her tits swayed and whiplashed in the most majestic way. "You can have the back door if you want. You deserve it for ... um ... widening the tunnel. But I need to get oil." She jogged to the door, her ass jiggling, and disappeared. A few seconds later, she came running back into the room, her tits bouncing side-to-side in unison. She closed the door, held up the bottle of oil, and smiled shyly. "You ready?"

"Why don't you put it on yourself?" I returned her smile.

"What?" She cocked her head and furrowed her brow in confusion.

"I want to watch you lube your butt. Cool?" I winked at her. She continued to stare at me, dumbfounded. "It would be really hot. I mean, an awesome reward."

Mom looked around the room she normally shared with my dad like some piece of furniture was going to help her decide what to do next. "Um ... I'm not ..." She shook her

head. "I'm not sure. I wish we'd been drinking wine while playing chess. I'm too self-conscious."

"Sure, if you don't want to, that's fine. It'll be a bummer for me, but that's fine." I thought for a moment while she stood indecisively by the door. "And also, I think you're beautiful, Mom. Always. Your blowjob-face is beautiful. Your chess-concentration-face is beautiful. Your boobs are beautiful. The way you look first thing in the morning is beautiful. Your asshole is beautiful. Every bit of you is my perfect mother. I would be in awe if you lubed for me."

"I ... wow ... Logan ... I ... um ... my asshole? I never ..." She took a few steps toward the bed. "I guess you've already seen it." She inhaled deeply, held it in, and stared at my dick. After what seemed like forever, she exhaled and nodded. "Okay, but you have to promise me you actually like this, and it's not something you'll tease me about later."

I put my hand solemnly on my heart. "I will tease about beating you in chess and how you always forget Dad's birthday, but I'll never tease you about your butt. I swear."

"I believe you." She walked up to the edge of the bed, turned around, and bent at the waist.

"Breathtaking." It was the best view in the world. I couldn't believe she was going to do this. I watched her put some oil in her hand and set the bottle down on the nightstand. She reached back, opened her cheeks with one hand, and found her asshole with the other. Slowly, she massaged the oil onto her hole.

"Oh ... gosh ... I can't believe this." Tentatively, my mother sunk her index finger into her asshole. She pulled out, slid more oil onto the finger, and then pushed in again. "Do you ... like that ... Logan?"

"Yeah, Mom." I couldn't keep the reverence out of my voice. "I'm so happy right now."

"Oh ... good." She pulled her finger out, re-oiled it, and inserted again. She didn't pump her asshole or anything, but she didn't need to. Her awkward willingness to show me was more than enough. "Okay, it's ready." She pulled out her finger for the last time, turned, and wiped her oily hand on the sheet. "I have a feeling you'll be doing more laundry today."

"Yeah, sure." I nodded, staring at her swaying heavy tits as she crawled onto the bed. "Turn around like we were before. I mean, put your butt down in this direction." I patted the bed next to my shoulder.

"Okay ... it might be difficult to touch your penis in this position." She settled on her knees next to me and tried several different arm positions, from attempting to rest on her elbows, to lifting up entirely so she was almost kneeling.

“It might be easier to do with your mouth.” My suggestion was nothing but innocent helpfulness.

“Nice try, mister.” She glanced over at my face and blew me a raspberry. Eventually, she settled with one elbow on the bed, her other arm used to stroke my dick. “Are you going to put your finger in my ... ooooohhhhh ... yep ... there it goes.” When my finger entered her asshole, her stroking hand hitched. But after a few moments, she found an awkward rhythm again.

We didn’t say anything for a while. She stroked my dick, and I pumped her asshole with my index finger. I could hear her breathing getting shallower, her little mewls and grunts getting louder.

My mother was the first to break the silence. “Maybe you were right about it being easier with my mouth. You haven’t finished yet, and my arm is getting tired. Would you ... um ... like me to do that special thing again?”

“Yeah, Mom. I ...” I was going to say something encouraging, but I guess she didn’t need it. She had already slipped my bloated cockhead past her lips.

“Mmmppphh ... hhhhhffff ... mmmmmm.” She hummed on my dick, not taking more than the head into her mouth. I guess she didn’t want to gag.

I hated to do it, but I withdrew my finger from her ass. Then, carefully, I moved her hips closer to my head, and lifted her closest leg. She resisted a little, stiffening her leg.

With a pop, her mouth came off my cock. “What are you doing, Logan?” She didn’t look at me, just kept her face pressed against my cock while I maneuvered her into a sixty-nine.

“It’s not a big deal, Mom. I’ve already gone down on you as a reward. And you did the same to me. We’re just combining them.” I gave her ass a playful pat.

“Oh, gosh.” Her leg relaxed and she let me guide her pussy to my mouth. “You’re right. We’re not getting carried away. This is just a combo of regular rewards.” With those words, she put my cock back in her mouth and rolled her tongue around the head.

I returned the favor, starting out by licking and sucking on her pussy lips. She was soaking, her taste pungent and tangy. I put one hand on her ass cheek, and the other returned a finger to her asshole. Her hips rotated slightly to the same rhythm as the blowjob.

I think we were both submerged in a sea of pleasure, I know I was. After a few minutes, I turned my attention to her clit and sucked it into my mouth. Her body went rigid on top of me, but her head kept bobbing. I could feel her ass puckering on my finger.

“Mmmmmppphh ... hhhhmmppphhh ...” Her humming got louder. She shook on top of me, first small trembles that built to convulsions. Her mouth popped off my dick again, and she rubbed my cockhead on her face while she came. She didn’t say anything about the orgasm, but when she was done, she went back to sucking my dick. We continued like that for I don’t know how long. Mom clearly had three more climaxes.

Eventually, I was ready. “I’m going to ... ugh ... cum ... Mom.” My words were somewhat muffled by her pussy, but she heard me.

She quickly pulled her mouth off me and stroked my dick with both hands. “Finish for me, Logan. Just ... finish.” She hadn’t brought a towel this time, and she wasn’t running to get one. Maybe she thought I wasn’t going to shoot far enough to splash her face. If so, she was about to find out how wrong she was. “Finisshhhhhhhhh,” She hissed. Her pussy was still firmly planted on my face.

My balls contracted, and my cum launched into the air. I couldn’t see it, but from her surprised squeals, I was pretty sure I’d hit her right in the face. I wasn’t aware of much for a few seconds. Blinding ecstasy will do that. When my mind returned to the room, my mother was standing next to the bed looking at me with a scrunched, chagrined face.

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... ick ... ick ...” She was really covered. From her hair down to her boobs. Her hands and arms were also dripping with white splashes. She was holding her hands and arms away from her body like my cum was the most disgusting goo she could imagine. “I knew you made a lot ... but ... I didn’t know you sprayed with ... such force.” I could tell she wanted to wipe her eyes but felt her hands were contaminated.

“Just wipe off with the sheet. It’s dirty anyway.” I pointed to the cum that had missed her and landed next to me on the sheet.

“I need a shower. I need a shower. Oh ... my ... gosh.” Gingerly, she walked to the door, did her best to open it without getting cum on the knob, and headed to the bathroom.

I lay on the bed for several minutes basking in the moment. I replayed in my mind what it was like to have my face buried in her pussy while her mouth bobbed on my cock. Perfection. I had hit another pinnacle that I hadn’t expected or even thought was within reach. That thought made me consider what else might be possible. As I slowly climbed out of bed, I prayed the plows would give me at least two more days. I wanted to see where things would lead.

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We both showered, and I got another load of laundry going. Then, I made lunch while Mom sat by the fire and guiltily texted with Dad. She was fully clothed, and curled up in an armchair. Her body language was withdrawn. I could tell she was going to need another pep talk, but I wasn't sure what to say. As I put together sandwiches, I ran over probable conversations we might have.

When I served us lunch, she came to the table but stayed on her phone, not looking up at me. At home, there was a rule against phones at the table. I didn't push her. I ate my sandwich while she read her phone and picked at her food. Her shoulders were tense, and the lines had deepened on her face. I cleared my throat. It was time to say something.

Chapter 23

“Mom, I want to make it clear that –” I stopped talking when she held up a finger.

“I’m aware that you’re trying to seduce me like one of your women.” She put down her phone and frowned at me. “Save the pep talk.”

“No, I’m not. That’s not fair.” I put my hand on my chest. I wasn’t feigning the affront. I didn’t like her thinking that she was like the other girls. “I’m not treating you like them at all. I mean, I can’t. I don’t love them. And I love you more than anyone in the world.”

Her frown shifted from displeasure to confusion. “I guess ... I guess it’s different.” She took a bite of her sandwich and chewed. “I have a confession. It’s eating me up inside. I need to tell you ...” Her voice fell away, and she turned her gaze from me to the pretty Christmas tree.

“What is it, Mom?” I kept my voice low and gentle.

“I can’t tell you.” Mom’s voice was a hissing whisper. “I just can’t.”

“Okay, maybe later.” I took a sip of water and leaned back in my chair. Her tits looked lovely, even encased in her sweater. Whatever she was thinking about had made her nipples hard. The headlights were pointed right at me. “I need to bring in more firewood. Then, maybe, we can play a game and relax together. Sound good?”

Finally, her frown twisted into a faint smile. “Yeah, sweetie, that sounds good. It would be nice to laugh with you a little.” She stood. “I’ll put on my coat and come out with you. I want to see what the storm is looking like.”

“Great.” I cleaned up our lunch, leaving her half-eaten sandwich on the counter in case she wanted more later. Then, we moved aside our barricade, dressed in warm things, and headed up the snow tunnel to the outside world.

When we stood out in the open, we saw that the storm had mostly passed. The sky had some blue peeking in the west. It wasn’t snowing, and the wind had died down. I stretched. “Nice to have some fresh air.” I patted my mom’s butt gently. “Now for some firewood.”

“Logan!” She gripped my wrist with iron fingers.

“What?” I glanced at her and followed her stare. “Oh ... shit.” About a hundred yards away a bear was bounding through the deep snow toward us. Since every other bear was hibernating, I knew it had to be our old, murderous friend back for more. “Quick, back inside.”

My mother was frozen in place, so I picked her up and stumbled down the tunnel with her in my arms. I lost my footing as we got into the cabin, and we both went tumbling to the floor. That seemed to jar her awake.

“What do we do?!? What do we do?!?” Her voice was tight with panic.

“No time for the front door, into our room.” I scrambled to my feet and pulled her upright. At that point, I could hear the churning snow outside. The beast was close. My mother started to scream. So, I clamped my hand over her mouth, lifted her, and carried her into our room. Once inside the room, I slammed the door and stood with my back to it. My mother was in my arms, my hand still on her mouth. I set her down on her feet. She was trembling uncontrollably. Even with her ass backed up on me, I was as flaccid as could be. Behind us, there was a loud thump as the bear entered the cabin. A moment later, we heard the crash of a shattering plate. The motherfucker was eating my mom’s sandwich.

“Mmmpphh ... mmmmm,” my mother whimpered.

“Shh.” I held her tightly. “He’s eating our food. Maybe that means he won’t bother with us.” My voice was barely audible. I looked around the room. For a moment, I thought about pushing the dresser in front of the door. But it was better not to remind him that we were also in the cabin than to have a barricade he could break down. “Don’t make a sound ... don’t move ... and he’ll leave ... eventually.”

Mom nodded. Carefully, she pried my hand off her mouth and put it lower so that I was hugging her with both arms. I squeezed tightly, and her trembling lessened.

Loud snorting and snuffling noises came from the kitchen area. Occasionally, there was a crash of something breaking. I wondered if the fucker was going to leave us with any food at all. I thought about going out there and chasing him away, but decided I wanted us to stay alive.

It felt like an eternity, but I think it was only about twenty minutes until the sounds stopped. We waited another twenty minutes after that, standing in the same position in front of the bedroom door, before moving. Finally, I let go of my mother. “I think he’s gone. Go hide in the corner, I’m going to open the door and check.”

“If we die, we die together, Logan.” When my mother turned around, I could see she’d been silently crying. Her mascara had run down her cheeks. “Open the door.” She planted herself right next to me, held my hand, and waited.

“Okay.” Slowly, I turned the knob and swung the door open a crack. A burst of cold hit our faces. The front door was still open, and the place was trashed. But there wasn’t any sign of the bear. The kitchen was a disaster zone. Our table and chairs were on their sides. The Christmas tree was lying on the floor. “First thing’s first, let’s barricade the

front door. Then we can see how bad the damage is.” Carefully, I opened the bedroom door all the way and stepped out into the cabin.

“Okay, Logan.” Mom still had a death grip on my hand. She didn’t let go until we started moving furniture for our barricade.

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It took us a couple hours to clean and assess the damage. He had ripped several cabinet doors off their hinges, but hadn’t gotten into the fridge. There were broken dishes and glassware on the floor. But overall, the cabin wasn’t in terrible shape. The real kick to the gut was what he’d eaten. Almost all our dry goods were gone. We only had a few cans of food and what was left in the fridge. I could see the lines on my mother’s face deepen as we took inventory. We had a new worry. A few more days, and we would start to starve.

“Maybe we should start rationing food?” I leaned on the kitchen counter. The cabin was tidy again, the tree upright and shining. It was hard to believe I was standing in the same place that that murderous animal had been a few hours ago. I eyed the front door. We hadn’t heard anything from the bear since it had left.

“I hate to worry your father, but I’m going to tell him what happened.” Mom sat by the smoldering fire. We were low on firewood. I no longer felt like going out for more. She was typing on her phone, presumably texting with my father. “About the bear, I mean,” she added. “I won’t tell him about the other stuff. He wouldn’t understand.” Her cheeks flushed crimson.

“Yeah, I get it. But what can Dad do? He can’t plow his way up here. He’s already been calling those people.” I pressed my lips together and thought. It occurred to me that we should call the plow people and tell them we’d been attacked by a bear. That would probably get them off their asses. A call like that would be especially effective coming from my mother. But, did I want the roads plowed? I eyed the front door barricade again. I suppose I did. Better to go home alive than have my mom all to myself and get us eaten. “Get the number for the plow people and call them, Mom. Tell them about the bear. A woman in distress might get them to do their job.”

“Oh ... you’re right.” She glanced at me. I could see she liked the idea, but she wasn’t able to smile yet. Not so close to that attack. She nodded her approval. Her face was solemn with streaks of mascara down her cheeks. “I’m getting the number from your father now.” She typed into the phone.

A few minutes later, I listened to her tell the plow people about the bear. She broke down crying halfway through, which was probably more than helpful. When she hung up, she wiped tears off her cheeks with her hands and looked over at me. She put down the phone and sighed. "I know I'm a blubbering mess, but you full on saved my life today. It's the second time you've been a hero on this trip." She pulled off her sweater, folded it, and put it on the floor by her chair. She then took off her undershirts. Happily, she wasn't wearing a bra. "You also had the good idea about me calling the plow company directly. Your father should have thought of that. Anyway ..." She took a deep breath, stood, and posed with one hand on her hip. Her sloping tits caught the low light of the smoldering fire beautifully. "Anyway, I'm going to go wash my face, then you can have some rewards. I think if we do that stuff, it'll help you take your mind off the bear."

"Really? I thought we were going to play some games." I don't know why I said that. I'm an idiot sometimes.

Mom paused on her way to the bathroom. She turned and looked back at me with her eyebrow arched quizzically. "You'd rather play chess? I was going to give you big rewards. But if you'd rather ..." She spread out her hands, palms up. A frown pulled her lips down. She actually looked disappointed.

"Big rewards, please. You're right, it'll help us take our mind off the bear and the food situation." I smiled. "We can play chess later."

"Okay." She continued toward the bathroom. "But it won't take my mind off anything. It's only for you," she said over her shoulder.

My mother washed away her running mascara and came out of the bathroom fresh-faced. "Right, so you can do butt stuff if you want to. The oil is still in the bedroom. I guess it's lucky it's in there, or the bear would have gotten it, and we wouldn't be able to ..." She gave me a shy smile, her first since the bear attack. "Listen to me. I'm either the worst mother ever or the best."

"The best, for sure." I nodded enthusiastically. I pulled off my sweater and undershirt in one go, happy to see her eyes zero in on my six-pack. "When you say 'big rewards', are you talking about ... you know ... anything goes?"

"Oh, my gosh, Logan." She screwed up her face in exaggerated disgust and shook her head. "No, you obviously can't put your little commander in me. That's out of the question. But ... you know ... we can do whatever else. Try to imagine you're at home with your dream girl at the end of the second date. What would you do with her?" She headed to the bedroom, swaying her hips in an exaggerated fashion.

Her jean-clad ass looked amazing, and the curve of her bare back made my heart hurt. I spied a peek of bouncing sideboob, and it made my dick throb. I didn't want to tell my mother that I had sex with most girls by the second date.

"Okay, maybe some dry-humping then." I laughed to let her know it was sort of a joke, following her into the bedroom. I closed the door behind me, and pushed the dresser in front of it, just in case.

"Gosh ... Logan. You're too much." But she didn't say no. We didn't have any condoms. Mom wasn't planning on having sex with Dad during the trip, and I had no idea Christmas would go like this. But if we did have condoms, I was thinking I might have been able to talk her into actual sex. Of course, as it was, there was no chance. I doubted she'd even let Dad put it in her raw. I finished undressing, ready for my big reward.