Marooned Christmas

By Rawly Rawls © 2022-2026

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read lots more stuff, vote on new stories, or support my writing, please visit: https://rawlyrawls.com

Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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.

~~

"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.

~~

“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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

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. "Its 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.

“Hmmmm.” 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 snugged 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.

~~

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 … aaaahhhhh … 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 worshiping 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 chagrinned 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. “Noooooooo.”

“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 … Logannnnnn … Looooogggannnnn,” 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. Awwwwooooooooo!” I screamed and stomped my feet, dancing around the cabin like a madman. “Awwwooooooo!”

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. “Awwwooooooooo … awwwwooooooo!” 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 mushed 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. Oooohhhhh. 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.

"Looooggaaannnnnn," 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 … mmmmmm.”

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 … oooohhhhhhh … 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 … hhhmmmmmmmm.” 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 … uuuummmmmm … 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!?!*
“Mmmmpphhhh?” 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 … ooooooohhhhh … 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 … ooohhhhhhh.” 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.

~~

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 … nnnooooooooo … 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 … oooohhhh … 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 … oooohhhhhh … oh … my gosh … Logan … we have to … Logan … we have to … uuuuggghhhhhhh … nnnggggeeiiiiii.” 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. “Ggggghhheeeeiiii.” 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 kneeled 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 … oooohhhhh … 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.

"Eeeiiiii … eeeiiii … eeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!" 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 … nooooooooo …” 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 … ooohhhhh … doing this … for you … Logan.”

“Mmmmmppphhhhh.” I agreed.

“Ooooohhhhhh … Logan … I didn’t know … I … ooohhhhhhh.” 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 … ooooohhhh … Logan … maybe we …” Her grip tightened on the back of my head. “This is so … strange … I … I … Logan … I … eeeeiiiiiiiii.” 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.

~~

"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 … uuuuggghhhhh.” 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.

~~

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 … hhhhmmmmm … I forgot what I … was going to say.” Her eyelids went back to fluttering, and her back arched again. “I … uuuggghhhhhh … forgot … Logan … what is that spot? Logan … that spot …? Yyeesssssssss.” 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 … eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiii.” 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.

“Loogggaaannnnnnnnn!” She thrust her hips into the air and squirted again. “Ooooohhhh … goooossshhhhhh.” 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 … okkkaaayyyyy … swwweeetttie.” 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.

~~

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.

~~

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 butthole 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 … uuuggghhh … 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 … hhhhhmmmppphhhh.” 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 … aaaahhhhhhhhh." 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 … ooooooohhhhhhhh." 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 goooossshhhhhh … don't say that … don't … ooooohhhhhh … Logan … I think … I think … it's already happening." Her whole body trembled. "Eeeeiiiiiiiii." She screamed, arched her back, and squirted. I removed my fingers and let her spray on

my face and the bed. “Looooogggaaaannnnnnnn.” 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 … Iiiiieeeeeeeeee.” 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. “Looggggaaannnnn … Logan … Logan … Logan … Logan … it feels … strange … but …”

“Mmmmpphhhhh.” 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 … ooooohhhhhhhhh.” 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. “Nnnnmmppphhhh.” 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.

~~

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 butthole 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 butthole? 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 butthole 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 butthole 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.

“Mmmmppphh … hhhhhfffff … 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 … hhhhmmmppphhhh …” 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. “Finissshhhhhhhhhh,” 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, chagrinned 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.

~~

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.

“Mmmmpphh … 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.

~~

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.

Chapter 24

Naked, my mother pulled down the covers and lay on her back in the center of the bed. It was magical to see her spread her legs, pointing her pussy right at me. Her nether lips were slightly parted, showing a sliver of glistening pink inside. Her triangle of pubic hair wasn't perfectly neat, but I didn't want it to be. It was so authentically my mother.

"You're staring." She bit her bottom lip with nervous anticipation.

"Sorry, you just … look so good." I pumped my cock with my right hand.

Mom winced. "Don't do that in front of me. It makes me … feel weird." To her credit, she kept her legs open despite her discomfort. Her tits were pulled by gravity to either side, jiggling a little as she adjusted her position.

"Sorry … again." I stopped fapping and smiled. "It looks like you're offering up the goods to me."

"I am." She nodded, anxiety still twisting her lip.

"So … I can't put it in. But … what *are* you offering?" I grabbed the bottle of oil, climbed onto the bed, and positioned myself on my knees between her legs.

"I don't like that phrase 'put it in'." She pressed her lips together in a softer wince than the one before. She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. Her chest and abdomen rising and falling. "Sometimes your rewards are so awkward." Her gaze fixed on my cock. "You saved my life, Logan. What do you want to do with me?"

"I want to make you squirt. Then we'll go from there. Sound good?" I spread oil on my left hand and set the bottle to the side.

"Oh, gosh," she whispered. "I don't like the word 'squirt' either." But she didn't wait for an apology this time. Instead, she put on a brave face and watched me move into pussy-eating position. "Are you sure you like going down there … with your mouth?"

"I feel like I'm praying to a goddess when I do this." I smiled up at her, my nose just touching her curly hairs.

"Oh … gosh." She tensed for a second as I slipped a well-oiled finger up her butt. When I lowered my lips to her labia, her eyelids fluttered. "Lllloooogggannnnnnnn … I … uuuugghhhhhh." She arched her back off the bed.

"Mmmmpppphhhh." I ate my mother out for a good long while, switching between her lips and her cute, little button. I wanted to get her revved into a high gear before searching for her g-spot. While lavishing attention on her vagina, I didn't forget her ass, pumping it with a good rhythm. Needless to say, she was a quivering, orgasmic mess

when I finally lifted my lips off her pussy. I smiled up at her. “How was that, Mom?” I removed the finger in her butt, replacing it with the oiled middle finger on my left hand. With my right hand, I inserted two fingers into her pussy.

“That was … crazy … Logan. I’ve … completely forgotten … oooohhhhhhh … what I was rewarding … you for.” Her right eye was closed. Her left eyelid was fluttering wildly. Her face was twisted by ecstasy. Just seeing her like that would have been reward enough, but lucky me, my reward went far beyond simply looking.

“The bear, Mom.” My fingers explored the roof of her pussy. Finding her g-spot wasn’t second nature. Not yet. “You’re rewarding me for the bear.”

“Oh … right.” Her body convulsed. I had found her g-spot. “Logan … that’s the spot … I … I … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” It was a good thing we were far from civilization because she screamed loud enough to make my ears ring. I pulled my fingers out of her pussy, and watched her squirt on the sheet and on me. Her hips bucked, her head flopped side to side, and her boobs swayed like she was in the middle of an earthquake. Her eyes shot open, her pupils rolling back. Even as her scream died down, her mouth hung open. She looked like she was possessed. I would have to get her to let me record her sometime. This was a lifetime of fap material all in one moment.

“Wow, Mom. You soaked the bed.” I pulled my finger out of her ass and sat cross-legged on the wet spot she’d created. My dick rose with rigid determination, bumping my belly. “You good?” I waited for her to recover.

“Good … good …” My mother writhed on the sheet, her hands caressing her belly and breasts. “I’m … goooooooood.” Eventually, she seemed to regain some composure. When light returned to her eyes, her gaze searched for my cock. She sat up on her elbows and licked her lips. “Do you … want more … rewards?”

“I could go all night.” I laughed.

“I bet.” A faint smile touched her lips. There was a light sheen of sweat all over her body. She sat up so that she was also cross-legged, her tits now hanging down near her knees. “You haven’t asked me to put my own nipple in my mouth in a while. Would you like that?”

“I wasn’t expecting that, but sure. I’d love that.” I had been expecting a blowjob, but whatever. It was all gravy. “Can I touch myself while you do that?”

At that question, she visibly shivered. “Fine.” She took hold of her left tit with both hands, angling the nipple up toward her face. “But I’m going to look away.” She lifted her boob and gently took her nipple into her mouth. True to her word, she looked toward the wall.

“Can you suck on it?” I wiped some of what she’d sprayed me with onto my hand and used it to lube my dick. I pumped slowly.

“Mmmmmm.” She did as requested. Faint suckling and humming sounds emanated from her lips. Her gaze roved back from the wall and settled on my fapping. We stayed like that for a while. After a few minutes, she switched to sucking on her other tit, but her eyes stayed glued to my masturbation.

“What do you want to do next?” I could tell she had something on her mind.

Mom released her breast and sat there, staring at my dick. “I don’t want any of this, Logan,” she whispered. “It’s for you.”

“What do *you* want, Mom?” My fapping hand increased tempo.

“This is for you,” she hissed.

“Just tell me what you want.” I could see that she was about to crack.

My mother put her finger between her teeth and gently bit down. “You’re really going to sweep some woman off her feet. You have such a gift for this stuff.” She scooted closer to me so that our knees were touching. She put her hand on top of my hand, feeling my fap. “Oh … gosh … it’s so obscene.” She leaned forward, putting her lips next to my ear. “I want you in my mouth, Logan. I want to feel how big you are. You saved me, so I want to do something I haven’t ever done. I want to try and swallow your stuff. How does that sound?”

My throat was suddenly dry. “Yeah … that sounds good.”

Without another word, my mother pulled me to the edge of the bed, having me sit with my butt on the mattress and my feet on the floor. She kneeled in front of me, leaning forward to kiss my knees and thighs. The flare from her waist out to her hips and ass was spectacular. I watched her kiss her way up the inside of my legs. I had expected her to skip over my balls, but instead she planted several kisses on them.

“They’re hairy.” She giggled. “Do you like that?”

“Yeah.” I nodded.

She sucked one of my balls into her mouth, rolled it with her tongue, and spit it out. “That was weird.” Kissing her way up my shaft, her eyes seemed to glaze over. “Oh … this is … such a lovely … lovely … penis … Logan … you are … so … lucky,” she said between kisses. “Your girlfriend … will be … so lucky.”

“I love you, Mom.”

“Mmmmppphh … mmm … mmmm.” Mom had my cock in her mouth now, but I was sure she was saying she loved me, too.

She hadn't really improved her skill since the first blowjob, but her enthusiasm seemed to be growing. Someday, I was going to give her pointers on how to suck cock. But I found her awkwardness endearing. It was a reminder that she was doing something well out of her comfort zone for me. I smiled at the thought of her comfort zone. She was on another planet from her comfort zone. She was popping her mouth on my cockhead and humming her satisfaction.

I still didn't believe that she was going to let me cum in her mouth. She had been outright disgusted by my cum before. But who knew? "Look up … at me … Mom."

"Mmmmmm." Her gaze lifted, and we locked eyes. Her normally pretty face was distorted by her efforts as she bobbed a couple inches. While maintaining eye contact, she took my hand and put it on the back of her head. "Mmmm … mmmmm," she said.

"You want me … to put a little pressure … on your head?" I cupped her skull, enjoying the silkiness of her hair.

"Mmmmm." She couldn't smile with my wide cockhead between her lips, but her eyes shone with approval.

"Okay." Gently, I pulled her bobbing head toward my pelvis.

"Ggaaackkk … ggaacckkk … ggaacckkk." Mom tensed, closed her eyes, and her hands went helplessly in the air, but she didn't fight me. I eased up on the pressure for a minute, and she went back to bobbing on the head. Then, I pulled again. She gagged, but didn't try to remove my hand or push back. I eased again. When she opened her eyes, there were tears welling in them. She took hold of the shaft with both hands and made herself gag this time. I hadn't wanted to teach her, but she'd initiated the training herself. She gazed at me expectantly as she went back to bobbing on the first couple inches.

"You want me … uuggghhhh … to cum?" I held the back of her head just hard enough so that she would feel the pressure.

"Mmmmmm," she said with urgency. "Gggaackkk … ggaccckkk … ggaaccckkkk."

"Don't … gag … while I'm cumming … or you won't be able to swallow." I really was training her now.

"Mmmmm." She closed her eyes, pumped her hands on the shaft, and bobbed on my cockhead.

We hadn't been at it very long, but the way she was throwing herself into this was a real turn-on. I was ready to explode. "Damn … Mom … you're going to make me … uuuuuggggghhhhhhhh."

Her eyes shot open in surprise when the first blast hit the back of her throat, but she didn't flee like I'd thought she would. I heard her gulping. It was maybe the sweetest sound in my life. She was valiant, but didn't last through my orgasm. Overwhelmed, she pulled off and caught the last two sprays on her face and hair. It was glorious.

"Oh … my … gosh. Gosh … gosh … gosh …" Her hands kept pistoning. "Logan … Logan … Logan."

After a few seconds, my shuddering ended. "You can … stop … pumping me … now."

"Okay." She released my dick and sat back, panting. Taking a corner of the top sheet, she wiped her eyes. "You're like … some sort of … genetic experiment … Logan." She opened her eyes and stared at my dick. "I can't believe … I did that."

"How … was it?" I stared at my cum-covered mother, still kneeling in front of me. Her expression only looked faintly disgusted this time.

"Not … as bad as I'd feared." She looked around the room. "My inclination is to wash off, but … um … what would your someday girlfriend do now? I want to do this right." She stood, still staring at my dick.

"I love the smell … of my cum. Having that scent on you would be … awesome." I scooted back and patted the stained sheet next to me. "Why don't we cuddle … for a little while?"

"She would really … just keep your stuff on her?" Her eyes finally made it back to mine. She saw my confidence and nodded. "Okay, I want this to be the best possible reward." She climbed onto the bed, her breasts swaying under her. "Even if it's weird." She curled up next to me and put her sperm-coated cheek on my stomach in such a way that she could keep an eye on my penis. "I hope you liked that, Logan. You earned it."

"You're the best, Mom." Lazily, I stroked her back, relishing the perfect curve of her spine. "And this is the best Christmas ever."

"I'm so glad." She dipped her finger in some cum that had pooled on my thigh, making little designs with it. We cuddled in silence for so long that we both drifted into naps.

Chapter 25

When we woke from our naps, the cum on us was dry. Although, there was still a moist spot on the sheet where my mother had squirted.

I sat up, yawned, and stretched. “I’m hungry. Are you hungry?”

My mother rolled onto her back and stretched. The sight of her took my breath away. She turned her head, looked over, and gave me a lazy smile. “I guess we both had snacks not that long ago.” The confidence drained out of her face, her cheeks flushing red. “I’m sorry, that was a silly thing to say.”

“It’s cool, Mom.” I laughed, got up, and put on my underwear, pants, and socks. Mom put on her panties, socks, and an oversized t-shirt that hung down to her thighs. I was topless, and she was mostly bottomless.

“Let’s make dinner.” She exited the room and headed for the kitchen. I followed her.

As we rooted around to put together a meal with whatever the bear had left us, I kept glancing at the way her ass and hips swayed as she moved. She wasn’t trying to entice me or anything, just going about her meal-prep business. And the shirt wasn’t all that revealing. It didn’t matter. She was devastatingly beautiful. I kept thinking about what her face had looked like when I’d hit her g-spot, and later when her eyes had gone wide as she’d gulped my cum. As she worked at the counter, I got down on the floor, scooted between her legs, and put my back on one of the broken cabinet doors.

“What are you doing, Logan?” Her voice was amused, like I was playing a game with her.

“Just keep making those sandwiches. I’m going to have an appetizer.” I pulled her panties to the side.

“Oh, sweetie. Can’t we take a break? I don’t want this to be the only … ooooooohhhhhhh … oooohhhhhh … Logan … I … I …” She trembled as I lapped at her pussy.

“Mmmmmmpphhh.” I grabbed her hips and pulled them down a little, so I could reach her clit. The second my tongue hit her button, she began gyrating her butt in little circles. I don’t think she was making dinner anymore.

“Every time … you go down there … I … I …” Her voice was strained. “I’m losing it … Logan … I think I’m … losing it … I feel like … like …” She didn’t finish the thought.

I took my mouth off her pussy. “Like what, Mom?” I pulled down her panties, helping her step out of them. Then, I put my hands on either ass cheek and went back to eating her out.

“I … uuuggghhh … have a confession … sweetie.” She reached down and laced her fingers in my hair. “I can’t … believe I’m going to tell you … this … but … ooohhhhhhhh … I’m starting to like … your rewards … too. I know … I shouldn’t … but … you’re so gifted at this stuff … and … and … you’re going to give me … another orgasm … right now … eeeeeeeiiiiiiiii.” Her body shook enough that I had to grip her ass tighter to hold her pussy in place. Her wails echoed around the cabin.

When she was done cumming, I crawled out from under her, picked up her panties, and stood up. She gazed at me with a stoned smile, taking her panties back when I offered them to her. Her nipples were clear as day through her shirt. I gave her right boob a friendly squeeze. “I’m so happy.”

“Me, too.” She bent over and slowly shimmied her panties up her legs. Standing in front of me, she appraised my face. “You’re all shiny.” She took several deep breaths, her eyes clearing a bit. “About what I just said, you can forget it. I was just telling you those things as part of your reward. I know you want to hear them, but I love your father and you’re … well … you’re Logan. So, it would be impossible to … actually … like this stuff.” Her face was so full of transparent desperation that I did nothing to contradict her.

“Yeah, sure. Thanks for saying those things. It makes the rewards even better.” I turned and worked on putting together the half-assembled sandwiches.

“Thanks for understanding.” She nodded, turned, and went to the kitchen table. She sat at her normal seat, put her elbows on the table, and placed her face in her hands. “I hope the plow people get off their butts and come soon.”

“Me, too.” I actually meant it. Cutting off our time in the cabin wasn’t ideal, but it was better than getting eaten by a bear. “In the meantime, you want to play some Stratego after dinner?”

“Sure.” She didn’t take her face out of her hands until I put her sandwich in front of her and sat down myself.

We ate our dinner in silence. Afterward, we cleaned the kitchen and set up our game by the fire. I used the last of the wood to get the blaze going in the hearth. While watching the flames rise, I had an idea. “Let’s play naked, Mom. We’re always going topless, but I’d love for us to just do normal stuff naked.” I turned and looked at her.

My mother stood and strode toward the bathroom.

“Where are you going?” I watched her stop in the bathroom doorway.

“If I’m going to be naked, I need a shower. Your someday girlfriend might be okay with being covered in dried sperm, but I’m not.” She stared across the room at me.

“Should I shower, too?” I was hopeful she might invite me in with her.

My mother cocked her head and thought about it for a few seconds. “No, you don’t need to shower. But maybe wash off your face, okay?” She went into the bathroom and closed the door.

I went to the kitchen, washed my face, and stripped out of my clothes. I went back to the hearth and waited for her.

~~

We were both naked, sitting on either side of the Stratego board. Mom’s hair was drying in the heat of the fire behind her. She tugged at her lower lip with her fingers, thinking about her next move. Her arm pressed against one of her boobs, causing it to spill wonderfully around her upper arm. “I’m afraid that’s going to be a bomb, Logan.” She eyed the backs of my pieces speculatively. Her gaze moved up just a little, resting on my cock. “Your little commander is still soft. Did I tire him out?”

“He’s just resting.” I smiled. “More rewards before bed tonight?”

Mom gulped and nodded. “If you think he can rise again.”

I flexed my dick and made it lurch a few times without enlarging.

“Oh … gosh! What was that?” She put a hand to her mouth. “Is it okay?”

“I was just making it jump a little. It’s fine.” I chuckled.

“Oh … I didn’t know men could do that.” Her gaze went distant. “There’s a lot of stuff you do that I didn’t know men could do. Either you’re really special, or I … um … have lived a sheltered life.”

“Why not both?” I shrugged.

“Yeah.” She shook her head and pulled her gaze back down to the gameboard. “And somehow I made you.”

“By being a great mom.” I wanted to reach over and squeeze her boob, but I didn’t want to upset the pieces on the board.

“Ha! You’re so sexy because I’m a great mom?” She gave me a sarcastic laugh and moved her piece.

“I’m sexy?” I caught her gaze and winked. “Hearing you say that is like a reward all on its own.”

“Well, it’s undeniable, Logan. It’s obvious, even to your mother.” She took hold of each tit and bounced them for me.

“What are you doing?” My dick stirred again, this time without any flexing.

“I wanted to see if I could wake him up.” She lifted her left nipple to her mouth and kissed it. Her eyes went wide when my cock rose. “Wow … it’s magical watching it get bigger. It’s like one of those time-lapse shots with a seed turning into a tree.” She sucked her nipple into her mouth and murmured around it. When my dick was hard, she dropped her tit and massaged her breasts. “That big guy *is* sexy. I mean, look at the bulbous head, the veins, the way it pulses a little with each heartbeat. Any woman could see how special you are.”

“Now that you’ve got me hard, do we just keep playing Stratego?” I had to fight the impulse to dive over our game table and carry her into our bedroom.

“Yeah, I guess that was stupid of me. We don’t want it staying hard. The four-hour clock is ticking.” She dropped her boobs and frowned. “I was just teasing you. I guess … I make some mistakes when I’m around a naked, sexy man.”

“Mom, did you like it when I carried you into the bedroom? You know, when the bear was chasing us.” I stood and stretched my arms over my head, forcing my erection to cantilever out over the game table.

“Honestly, it was heroic the way you carried me. But I wouldn’t say I liked it.” Fear flashed across her face. “I was too nervous about that monster chasing us to like any part of that. But I’m grateful I have a son that’s strong enough to carry me to safety.”

“Nobody’s chasing us right now.” I stepped around the game table, stooped, and picked up my mother, holding her in my arms like a groom taking his bride across the threshold for the first time. My cock pressed horizontally against her ass. “Do you like me carrying now?”

She put her arms around my shoulders, gazing deep into my eyes. “Yes, Logan. I like how strong you are,” she whispered.

We were having a moment. The connection between us was electric. The fire crackled and popped. I leaned my face toward hers. “Can I kiss you?”

“No, Logan.” She shook her head slowly. Her gaze went to my lips as I moved our faces closer together. “It’s tempting, but we can’t ever do that. It’s too … I don’t know what. But we just can’t.” She was obviously having a hard time sorting out the difference between blowing me and making out, but there was clearly a difference there. “No, Logan.”

I pulled my face away from hers, smiling. “No problem, it’s just that you’re so beautiful.”

Her cheeks blushed. “Are you taking me somewhere, or are you just going to hold me in the air?”

“Where do you want to go?” I turned toward the bedroom, hoping that’s what she’d say. I was strong, but she was heavy. I couldn’t hold her forever.

“Take me to our bed, Logan. It’s time for your next reward.” She gave me a subtle wink as we entered the bedroom.

I closed the door behind us with my foot. I felt like tossing her on the bed in a manly fashion, but I didn’t think she’d care for that, so I put her down gently. I flopped myself down on the bed, my dick pointing at the ceiling.

She sat on the edge of the bed, watching my body while nibbling on her bottom lip. “Can I do something a little odd?”

“Sure.” I raised an eyebrow.

“Don’t judge me, okay? I’m just … checking.” She crawled toward me, her tits swaying under her in unison. She stopped, lowered her face to my armpit, and inhaled deeply. After a few huffs, she raised her face with a lazy smile. “Your father doesn’t smell like that.”

“Dad and I are different in other ways, too.” I grabbed her hips, turned her around, and maneuvered her into a sixty-nine on top of me.

“Oh … gosh … Logan … the way you handle me … oooohhhhhhh … Logan.” She shuddered as my tongue delved between her pussy lips. “Logan … Logan … mmmmmm.” And then, her mouth was firmly attached to my cockhead. There were no more words between us as we labored in a position that was rapidly becoming familiar. Neither of us were thinking about the rest of our family, the plow company, or the bear. We were lost in each other and lost in the moment.

Chapter 26

“Wow … wow … wow …” Mom rolled onto her side and offered me a lazy smile. We had finished our sixty-nine a few minutes before, and she had cum running down her chin where she had failed to swallow it all. I didn’t think she noticed. She propped her head up on an elbow and took in the sight of my penis as it stretched toward the ceiling. “Your little commander isn’t going down.”

“Yeah … it’s just really happy.” I put my hands behind my head and relaxed. “Can you tell me more stuff like you did earlier? You know, about how sexy I am and how you’re enjoying the rewards, too?”

“No … I …” Her smile faltered. “I can’t do that right now.” She glanced at my face and saw I wasn’t happy with that answer. “But … I suppose I could tell you something I’ve been toying with saying for a little while.”

“What?” I raised an eyebrow. She had my attention.

“Well … um … I just …” Her cheeks flushed. It was quite something to see her shy while she had cum dangling from her chin. “I just thought … you should know that … I’ve had more orgasms this Christmas than … the rest of my life. And bigger ones, too.” Mom rushed the words past her lips. “You’re … um … going to make some woman really happy.”

“I’ve already made lots of women happy, Mom. Remember how many I date?” My grin was back.

“Oh … gosh.” Her cheeks turned an even darker shade of crimson. “But … you’re settling down, right? I mean … I’ll reward you big time if …”

“Yeah, settling down isn’t going to be easy. It will take a really big reward.” I nodded.

“I once pleasured your father with my breasts.” She crawled over to me, sat me on the edge of the bed, and got on her knees on the floor in front of me. She spread my legs, scooted closer, and rose up a little. “This would be a big reward, right?” She hefted her tits from below and moved them into position. “Should I get the oil for lubrication? I think this is going to be too dry.”

“Spit.” I smiled down at her.

“Huh?” She looked up at me quizzically. I tried to commit the moment to memory. Her confused expression, the cum on her chin, her tits tentatively wrapped around my cock with the head poking out of her cleavage: all were perfect.

“You can use spit for lubrication. Like with the handjobs before.” I watched her expression turn to faint aversion. This was much better than the abject disgust she had displayed not long ago.

“Okay … I can do that … for you … Logan.” Her voice turned to a whisper when she looked down at my cockhead. It must have looked enormous so close to her. She leaned forward and daintily drooled onto my dick. “I lied about something, and I feel bad.”

“What?” I wanted to make eye contact with her, but I didn’t want to interrupt the rapturous way she was ogling my cockhead.

“Well.” Satisfied that there was enough spit, she pressed her tits tighter around my penis and slowly slid them up and down the shaft. “I haven’t ever done this for your father. I lied about that because I was embarrassed that … I did this with a man before your father. He asked me for it. Your father hasn’t ever asked for this, so I didn’t do this with him.”

“But I haven’t asked you either, and you’re doing it for me.” I tried not to laugh at the beauty of her naiveté.

“I guess you and your father aren’t the same.” Finally, she pulled her gaze away from my dick and met my eyes. “How is it?”

“It feels amazing.” I gave her a wink. “And you look beautiful doing it.”

“Now, I know you’re lying to me. I’m a mess.” Mom let out a self-deprecating laugh. “But I’m glad you like it. Faster?”

“Yeah.” I grabbed the edge of the mattress with my hands at either side of my butt, digging in my fingers. “Faster is … uuuggghhhhhh … good.”

“I feel … really feminine with your little commander … between my breasts. It’s so big … hard … and strong.” Her gaze fixed on mine. “Caring for you … all those years … made me feel like a woman … and now that you’re grown … taking care of you this way … makes me feel like a different … kind of woman. The kind of woman I had forgotten.”

“Shit … Mom … I love hearing that.” My balls contracted. Even though I had spewed in her mouth not that long ago, I was going to explode again. “Where do you … uuggggghhhh … want it?”

“Your sperm?” She saw me nod. “In my mouth again.” She let her boobs drop away, and she pumped the shaft with her left hand while bobbing her lips around my cockhead. “Mmmppphhhhhhhh … mmmmppphhhhh.” Her forehead furrowed as the first blast hit her tongue. This time, her eyes didn’t widen in surprise. I guess she was learning what to expect.

“Aaaaahhhhhhhh.” My body spasmed. I listened to her gulp and sputter. Although some cum leaked out, she was able to keep her mouth suctioned around my dick until I was done with my shuddering orgasm.

Mom’s mouth finally popped off my penis. She stared up at me, dazed. “That was … wonderful … Logan.” Her hand went down between her legs. She was clearly touching herself.

“Your turn.” I stood, picked her up, and placed her in the center of the bed on her back.

“No … Logan … that’s enough for now. Your little commander needs to rest, I … ooohhhhhhh.” She threw her head back when my fingers entered her pussy. She was incredibly wet and warm. I searched for her g-spot, by now knowing exactly where to look.

“Tell me you like it, Mom.” I found her spot, and her hips lifted off the mattress, her thighs shaking.

“I … ooooohhhhhh … like it … Logan.” My mother’s voice came out strangled by orgasmic bliss. “I didn’t … think … anything like this … was possible … but … ooooohhhhhh … oh … no … you’re going to make me … it’s happening … again … eeeeeiiiiiiiii.”

“Cum, Mom.” I removed my fingers from her pussy, and she squirted all over the sheet. Her hips bucked, and her upper body flopped. Her tits sloshed side to side.

“Oooohhhhh … Lllloooggggaaannnnn … eeeeiiiiiiii.” She clutched the sheets with both hands, her ring twinkling in the lamplight. As her squirting came to an end, her butt fell back to the sheet, and her body went through several spasmatic shakes. Slowly, her eyes opened, and that stoned smile I loved so much was back on her lips. “I know … this is the orgasm … talking … but … if you want to rub your penis on my vagina … that could be a reward.” She tried to make herself look stern for what she had to say next, but her expression still looked wasted. “You … can’t put it in … though. Not ever.” She propped herself up on her elbows to look down at her pussy, spreading her legs for me.

“Okay.” I didn’t want to delay in case she changed her mind. I scooted up in front of her pussy and stared down. Her lips were glistening and swollen, pink showing in between. “So … beautiful.” Carefully, I moved my cockhead into position.

“Wait!” My mother’s eyes went wide. “We need to wipe off your little commander. He’s leaking.” She reached for the crumpled top sheet and pulled it over.

“That’s precum, Mom. It’s not dangerous.” I watched her bite her lower lip as she carefully cleaned my dick.

“I think it is.” She glanced up into my eyes. “Remember, I was right about the four-hour thing. Don’t make me call your father to ask about pre-seminal fluid.”

That was objectively hilarious, but I didn’t want to spoil the moment by laughing. I turned away from her earnest expression and stared at the wall. “Okay … you’re right.”

“Thank you.” She finished wiping my dick, tossed the sheet to the side, and laid back on her elbows again. “Go ahead, Logan. I hope you know how special this is.”

“I know.” I took hold of the shaft and guided my cockhead to her pussy lips. Removing my hand, I let it rest there for a moment, feeling the electricity of that contact. My gaze went back to her face, but she was looking down between her legs.

“It looks so big … on my …” Her eyes were half-lidded, and her jaw was slack.

“I’m going to rub a little.” Gently, I moved my hips back and forth, sliding my dickhead up and down the length of her pussy, making a slick, sloppy sound.

“You’re … so handsome … Logan …” Mom’s eyes roved my body, lingered on my face, and worked back down to my penis. Her fists gripped the sheets on either side of her ass. “I can’t believe … I get to see you like this. It’s … it’s … the same view … your wife will have … someday.” For a moment, she looked chagrinned. She glanced up at my eyes. “I mean … uuuggghhhhh … I mean … do you like it?”

“Yeah … it’s amazing.” I rubbed on her pussy for a while in silence.

Eventually, she let her head fall back to the mattress, looking up at me. “What else … can I do … for you?”

“Suck … your … uuugghhh … nipple.” Pleasure surged through me. I wanted this to last as long as possible. I was glad I had already cum so much, or it would have been over by now.

“Sure … Logan.” She brought her left nipple to her mouth and sucked it in. Her eyes rolled, and her eyelids half-closed. “Mmmmpphhhh.”

We were both really worked up. I stared at her pretty face as she was clearly rolling her nipple with her tongue. “I … uuugghhh … want to put it in,” I said.

Mom’s eyes went wide. That sobered her up some. She spat out her nipple. “No … Logan … we can’t.” But even as she said it, she stared into my eyes with longing. I met her gaze.

“Just the … tip.” I suppose it was a cliché for a reason. The moment felt perfectly right. I knew she was going to yes even before she did.

“Oooohhhhhhhh.” She bit her bottom lip. I could see the wheels in her mind were spinning slowly. “I … think … that …” She lowered her voice to a whisper, as if that would make it all right. “Only the tip.” She nodded her approval.

I didn't care if I would never date another woman again. I would gladly give it all up for her. I stopped rubbing and started applying pressure. She was tight, so even with all her wetness, it didn't go in right away.

"I feel it, Logan." Her voice was an uncharacteristically high whine.

"Me too, Mom." My hips added a little more weight and … plop, it was in.

Mom winced and yelped. "Ooohhhhhh … is that just the tip? It's so big."

I stared down at where my shaft disappeared into her pussy. "It's just … the tip … don't worry." My hips wanted to thrust, but I stopped them. The only movement was our trembling bodies. "Mom … I –"

I was interrupted by a knocking sound. We both tensed up.

"What was that?" My mother looked around the room.

The knock sounded again. And then we heard a man's faint voice, although I couldn't make out the words.

I stared down at my mother in disbelief, my cockhead still just inside her pussy. "I think … someone's at the front door."

Chapter 27

“Logan … what do we do?” My mother looked up at me, her eyes wide with panic. Her legs were still spread, and her pussy was still welcoming the head of my cock inside. I could see a lightbulb turn on in her mind. “It’s the plow people. They finally came.”

“Yeah.” I pulled out of her with an audible plop. “Such great timing.” My smile was thin and tight. “I’ll answer the door.”

“I’ll do it.” Mom sat up. She still had drying cum on her face.

“No … I think I better do it.” I rolled out of bed and frantically dressed.

There was another knock on the door with more muffled voices calling out.

“Stay here, Mom. I won’t let them in.” I tucked my hard dick securely under my waistband to keep it under control, gave my still naked mother another tight smile, and headed out of our bedroom. Quickly, I washed my face at the kitchen sink. I probably still smelled heavily of sex, but hopefully the plow guy wouldn’t notice. “One second,” I called through the door. Removing the barricade, I cursed my bad luck. I had been inside her. She had been so tight, wet, and warm. I felt like I was getting expelled from her womb all over again. I opened the door. Two men stood in my snow tunnel. They were big, bearded, and gruff-looking. They didn’t seem to be too worried about the cold. They weren’t wearing hats or gloves, and their jackets were unzipped.

“I’m Brian with the plow service.” Brian was the man on my right. “Is everyone okay here, kid?”

“I’m twenty.” I frowned at him. “And we’re fine thanks.”

There was a long pause. Brian and the other guy looked past me into the cabin.

“Um … is the road plowed?” I couldn’t see anything but a tiny patch of sky out of the tunnel.

“Yep. And we plowed your driveway and shoveled the snow off your car,” Brian said.

“Okay, thanks so much.” I began to close the door.

“Whoa.” Brian blocked the door with his hand. “Our boss said to check in on you and wait for you to leave. He said you saw a bear. I don’t know if you know, but a bear that isn’t hibernating is dangerous.”

“Yeah, I know. But, we’re good. I chased that bear away with a flaming log. No need to worry about us.” I gave them a tight smile.

Brian looked at his friend and rolled his eyes. They didn't believe me. Whatever. "Can we come in?" Brian said. "We have to check on everyone."

"It's just me and my mother. We're fine." I didn't invite them in. I turned back toward the bedroom. "Mom, can you tell them you're fine?"

The bedroom door opened, and my mother leaned out. She was dressed now, but she still looked like a mess. At least from this distance, you couldn't see the cum on her face. "Hello, boys. I'm fine. We're good here. You can go about your job plowing other roads." She flashed them a bright smile.

I didn't like the way Brian and his friend were ogling my mother, but I kept my mouth shut.

"Well, if everything's fine … we'll just wait in the truck while you pack up. My boss would kill me if the bear ate you before you could leave." Brian shrugged.

This was clearly the best deal we were going to get. And it meant the moment my mom and I had been sharing was well over.

"Thanks, boys. Give us about an hour then." Mom waved at them and slipped back into the bedroom.

"Don't take too long, kid." Brian gave me a sarcastic salute and turned back up the tunnel with his friend.

I closed the door, sighed, and looked around the cabin. We had a lot of work to do if we were going to get out of here in an hour.

Mom was all business, directing me about my chores. We cleaned up all evidence of my rewards, including packing up the bedding to wash at home. We both showered and put on new clothes. We tidied up the cabin as best we could. Mom said she'd send a handyman by to fix everything the bear had broken. We packed up our food, turned off the water, and shut off the heat.

In just under an hour, we had finished packing up the minivan. Mom sat in the driver's seat. I was in the passenger seat. At the end of the driveway, we could see the plow truck, with steam rising from its exhaust pipe. "Did you get the front door?" She waved to Brian and his coworker, but they didn't leave. I guess they really were going to wait for us to get on the road.

"Yeah, I wedged a shim in the door. That should hold it, unless the bear comes back." I nodded.

She turned the ignition, and the engine sputtered to life. "About your little commander …" She looked at my crotch. Even though I'd tucked my cock under my waistband, the

erection was obvious, running up past my belly button. “I’m sorry I didn’t get to finish you off before. Do you think it can go down on its own?”

“I don’t know.” I shrugged.

“Well … I can’t very well do anything about it now.” She stared at the idling plow truck. “Maybe we can stop along the way, and you can put some snow on it?”

That was not how I’d hoped she’d finish that sentence. I shivered. “I mean … that doesn’t sound pleasant. But …” I shrugged again.

“Sorry I didn’t get to finish you.” She sighed. “But the interruption was probably for the best. We were doing something we really shouldn’t. I didn’t mean for your rewards to include … that.” Her body shook with a sudden, sharp shiver.

“Yeah, it’s okay.” I leaned over and gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek. “Let’s go home.”

“What a Christmas, huh?” She put the minivan in drive and slowly pulled out of the driveway.

“Yeah. Best Christmas ever.” I patted her thigh as we got on the road and put the cabin and plow people in our rearview mirror.

“We did almost get eaten by a bear a few times.” She gave me a serious glance, saw I was looking at her wobbling boobs, and smiled. “But it was … special in a lot of ways.” She drove in silence for a while after that. Eventually, she pulled to the side of the road, right next to a massive bank of snow. “It seems deserted here. We haven’t seen any other cars yet.” She put the car in park and looked down at the tent in my pants.

“Time for my snow bath.” I put my hand on the door handle.

“Wait.” She frowned at me. “You don’t have to do that if you don’t want to.” She reached into the backseat and pulled out one of my dirty shirts, putting it on her lap. “If you take the big guy out, I’ll take care of him. Just let me know if you see anyone on the road.”

“Sure.” I was grinning ear to ear. Quickly, I pulled out my cock.

“Here goes.” She leaned over and sucked my cockhead into her mouth. “Mmmpphhh … mmmm … mmmmm.” She pumped the shaft with one hand and bobbed her head at a fast pace. The windows quickly fogged up, so I turned the defrost on.

“That’s … really … good … Mom.” Her blowjobs were still awkward. Her skill might have improved a little over the time we spent at the cabin, but I’d been with many women that had more talent. It didn’t matter. Hers were still the best blowjobs in the world due to her enthusiasm and because, well, I adored her. “It’s not going to be … long now … Mom.” I rested my hand on the back of her head, just to feel her silky hair as it bounced.

“Mmmmmpphhhh … mmm … mmmpphhhh.” Her noises had some urgency. She took my dirty shirt and wrapped it around the base of my cock. I guess she didn’t want to make a mess on the way home.

We were mostly silent as I ramped toward my orgasm. Eventually, it arrived. “Mom … Mom … Moooommmmmmmmm … uuuggghhhhhh.” My hips jerked, and I exploded in her mouth. I listened to her gulp. It was such a sweet sound. When I was done shooting, she pulled off me and mopped my dick with my shirt.

“There now … feel better?” Her face was flushed, her eyes were dazed, and there was cum dangling from her chin.

“Much.” I pointed to my chin. “You have some … stuff … there.”

“Oh … thanks.” She gave me a sheepish smile and wiped her face with a dry part of the shirt. “Good?”

I nodded.

“You can put away your little commander now.” She glanced at it. “And please make him go down. Otherwise, we really will do a snow bath next time.”

“Sure.” I pulled my pants back up and tucked my dick away. “He’s happy, Mom. He’ll go down.”

“Good.” She put the car in drive and pulled back to the center of the road. It was surreal watching her drive, something I’d done for decades, but this time was different. This time she had a load of my cum in her belly. Of course, I would need to think of something else or my boner wouldn’t ever go away. I put on some music and thought about baseball.

It took us a couple hours of slow driving to come down out of the mountains. We were both lost in our thoughts the whole time. When we had put the last of the snow behind us, I patted her thigh. “Want me to drive? You look tired.”

“Yes, thank you, Logan.” She pulled off the freeway, and we headed for a restaurant. “I could go for some real food.”

“Other than sperm?” I laughed.

Her cheeks turned bright red. She looked away from me with a nervous smile on her lips. “Do you want to eat or not?” She parked and put the minivan in park.

“Let’s pretend we’re on a date.” I tried to catch her gaze to give her a wink, but she wasn’t looking at me.

“Absolutely not, Logan. I’m your mother. Your rewards aren’t … about that.” She took a deep breath, put a stern look on her face, and finally met my eyes.

“I was teasing. I know.” I exited the car, stepped to the sidewalk, and waited. When she passed me heading toward the restaurant, I gave her butt a quick pat. She wagged an admonishing finger at me, but didn’t otherwise scold me.

We were both hungry, and scarfed down burgers and fries. During dinner, we made small talk. Mom was excited to tell my father and sisters how I’d saved us from the bear. She was beaming with pride when she talked about it. I watched her sip her milkshake and thought she was probably the most beautiful woman in the world.

When we were done with our meal, we got back in the car. I drove this time. It didn’t take long for my mother to lean her head to the side and fall asleep. It was nice to feel like I was watching over her. I kept us at the speed limit and glanced over from time to time, just to make sure her jiggling tits were doing okay. I liked the way they looked under her sweater with the seatbelt strap running between them.

As we got closer and closer to home, I wondered how much of our Christmas experience would come home with us. Would that be the only time I’d have my cock inside her? I didn’t know. I thought about waking her up to talk about my rewards going forward, but decided to let her sleep. Whatever happened with us now would happen. No matter what, I would have the memories of our Christmas trip. Nothing could take that away from me.

Chapter 28

My father and sisters were beyond happy to see us. Dad wouldn't leave Mom's side. At one point, I tried to pull her aside to ask about some rewards, but he followed her like an eager puppy.

When Mom told them about how I'd handled the bear, the family was impressed. Dad gave me a big, grateful hug. I wondered how happy he'd be if he knew Mom had swallowed my cum earlier in the day. Later, I did overhear him asking about the four-hour erection question. Mom told him that she'd had an uncomfortable argument with me about it, and that my health was important. No lies detected, I guess.

That night, I slept in my old room. My parents had kept it just the way I'd left it when I went to college a couple years before. I was hoping my mother might visit in the middle of the night, but I woke in the morning without any evidence of her stopping by. I had plans at school for New Year's Eve, so I couldn't stay. That morning, I tried again to pull Mom aside, but the house was too full with Dad and my sisters. We weren't able to have a private chat.

Saying goodbye to everyone, I grabbed my duffle bag and headed for the door. Dad shook my hand and thanked me for saving Mom's life again. My sisters gave me quick hugs. Mom's hug lingered, but she didn't say anything beyond her normal farewell. I relished the feeling of her heavy tits pressed into my chest.

By mid-morning, I was on the road heading back to college.

~~

I miss you, Logan. Love, Mom. When I saw the text, I was walking back from class in early January. That she signed her texts with *Mom* made me smile. In the past, we hadn't texted all that much, but since our Christmas time together, I had been getting several texts from her a day. I replied: *I love you too. I miss you. Christmas in the Cabin was the best few days of my life.* 🎇🎇🎇

She replied: ❤️‍🩹❤️‍🩹❤️‍🩹❤️‍🩹🫠🫠🫠

We were exchanging lots of messages like that.

Later that afternoon, while I was hanging alone in my dorm, I picked up my phone. *I aced my psych test. Maybe you could send me a pic as a reward?*

She didn't reply right away. I read my assigned philosophy chapters until my phone buzzed. Her answer wasn't what I was hoping for. *I'm so proud of you, Logan.* 🤗🤗🤗 *But pictures are a bad idea. Sorry.* 😖

No worries. I sighed. I wanted her to know how good I was being. *My roommate's going out of town this weekend, and I feel like bringing a girl back to my dorm room. But I'm not going to. I'll wait to find the right girl. Like you requested.*

Her reply was: 💔💔💔💔

~~

The week rolled on. I flirted with a few girls in various classes, but I didn't ask anyone out. Mom kept texting me. I think she was in danger of wearing out the heart emoji button. Friday arrived, and I thought about finally asking out a pretty redhead in my billiards class. But she clearly wasn't *the one,* and Mom's messages reminded me to stay the course. The sooner I found a girlfriend, the sooner she'd reward me. I made plans with friends for later in the evening and headed back to my empty room. It seemed a waste not to use the room with my roommate gone until Monday, but that's what I was going to do.

I was walking past the parking lot near my dorm, checking out some girls, when a woman yelled, "Surprise!" It only took me a millisecond to place that voice. I spun and spotted my mother leaning with her butt on the minivan. Her smile went ear to ear. She looked radiant in the setting sunlight. "Hi, Logan!" She waved her hand in a goofy way that made me laugh.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" I jogged over to her and hugged her tightly, my arms circling around her sweater. I had to resist the urge to drop my hands down the rear of her jeans.

"I'm here for a surprise visit. I hope I'm not interrupting your plans or anything." She pulled back from our hug. Her cheeks were crimson, and her gaze was demurely cast down. "You're not heading out for a date tonight or anything? I should have texted before I came, but I wanted it to be a … I feel a little silly. I have a hotel room, I can go there and see you tomorrow if you're busy."

"No dates. I'm looking for the right girl." I wanted to give her tit a reassuring squeeze, but we were in the parking lot. "How long are you staying?"

“I told your father I was visiting for the weekend. I’ll leave on Sunday.” She stared at me awkwardly for a long moment. “Um … why don’t you show me your room? I didn’t get a chance to see it on our last visit.” She offered a shy smile.

“Oh … I told you about my roommate.” My eyes grew large. “Am I being rewarded for something?”

“I’m sure moms visit their sons in the dorms all the time. It’s no big deal.” She opened the rear hatch, pulled out her purse, and slung it over her shoulder. “Lead the way.” She closed the hatch and locked the car.

“Sure, Mom.” I was thrilled. I led her to my room. She chatted me up about what was going on with my sisters as we entered my building and climbed the stairs. We got to my door, I unlocked it, and I let her in, closing the door after us. We stood in the room for a moment, my mother looking around. “I thought it would be fun to give you a reward here … but …” Her lips puckered with distaste. “I’m too old for this, Logan. There are students in the rooms next door. What if they hear us? And … just looking at these posters … I feel …” She frowned at the large Greta Van Fleet poster on the wall over my roommate’s bed.

“Well, I like having you here. I think it’s fun.” I took her purse, tossed it on my roommate’s bed, and lifted her into the air.

My mother squealed. “Put me down!”

“Sure, Mom.” I spun her in the air a few times, dropped her onto my bed, and fell on top of her. My hands immediately pushed up her sweater. When her pale, soft belly came into view, I went a little crazy. I kissed her stomach over and over, while my hands roved up to her breasts.

“Logan … get a hold of yourself.” My mother pushed on my shoulders. She didn’t budge me. “Logan … Logan … you can’t just … Logan … ooooohhhhhhh … Logan. You’ll stretch … my sweater … I can’t … Logan … oooohhhhhh … I missed you … I’ve been thinking about … ooohhhhhhhhh.”

“I … love … you … I … love … you …” I repeated between kisses on her soft, warm belly. I pulled down her bra cup with my left hand, and my fingers found her nipple. My right hand unbuttoned her jeans.

“We need … to talk … Logan … I … ooohhhhhh.” She was writhing now, her hands running up and down my back and through my hair. “Stop for a minute … Logan … Logan … too many kisses … just stop … I’m your mother … Logan … stop!” She managed to put steel into that last word.

“What?” I removed my left hand from her breast and my right from inside her panties. Sitting up, I looked into her eyes. She clearly wasn’t angry, but she did look perturbed.

She pulled herself into a cross-legged sitting position, fixing her bra and sweater. “I’m so confused. I thought coming here was … I’ve been thinking about … I mean you’re not my … um …” She pressed her lips together. “I shouldn’t have come here this weekend.”

“I came on too strong. It’s just that it’s been weeks since the cabin, and I love you so much.” I adjusted my dick. It was hard and in a painful position. I could see her eyes drawn to the tent in my pants.

“Look … I *am* here to reward you. You’re getting good grades. You’re trying to find a girlfriend. And you’re just … a really awesome guy, Logan.” She chewed her bottom lip. “Let’s just go slowly, okay?” She straightened her legs and pulled off her jeans and panties. She tossed them to the floor, removed her sweater, and flung it away, too. “I’ll give you a taste if you think that will be a good reward.” Wearing only her socks and bra, she leaned her back against the wall and spread her legs. “Gosh, Logan. The way you look at my vagina. I didn’t think … ooooohhhhhhhh.”

“Mmmmpph … mmmpphhhhh.” I didn’t need more of an invitation, I was already sucking on her thick pussy lips.

“Oooohhhh … Logan … I wish … I could tell you …” Her body stiffened and jerked when my mouth found her clit. I wasn’t sure what she wanted to say. It seemed like *she* hardly knew what she wanted to say.

In no time at all, my fingers slipped into the familiar warm, wetness of her pussy. I played with the ribbing on the inside of her womb as I zeroed in on her g-spot. She wouldn’t be the first woman to squirt on my dorm blanket. But she was certainly going to be my favorite.

“Eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii!” My mother’s wide eyes locked on mine. Her mouth hung open, her voice stuck in one long, high note. Her hips bucked. “I’m … I’m … eeeeeiiiiiiiii.” Her face almost looked panicked for a second, then her forehead furrowed, her eyes rolled back, and her pussy squirted. I removed my hand and watched her spray with rapturous attention. I let her settle down before talking again. When I thought she was lucid again, I patted her thigh. “That was the perfect reward. I promise I’ll continue to get A’s, and I’ll find a girlfriend.”

“Logan … I wasn’t expecting …” As focus came back to her eyes, her gaze went to the tent in my pants. “Let me … take care of you … then we can go out to dinner.”

“Sure, Mom.” I undressed. My clothes were wet from her squirting, so I’d need to change before dinner anyway. She slid onto the floor, pulling me to the edge of the bed. On her knees, between my feet, my mother put all her effort into the blowjob. Her skill hadn’t increased in the time we’d been apart, but I still enjoyed her awkward efforts. I put my hand on the back of her bobbing head and listened to her murmurs and the occasional gag reflex. I leaned forward a little and admired the flare from her waist out to her hips.

Her ass looked lovely from that angle. I wondered if she was dripping on the floor. She *had* squirted a lot.

Eventually, my orgasm grew close. “Mom … Mom … Mmoooommmmmmm.” My butt lifted off the mattress, and I exploded in her mouth.

“Mmmmmm … mmmmmmm …” She made satisfied noises as she drank my cum. When I finished, she lifted off my cock and gave me a dreamy smile. She hadn’t been able to drink it all. Sperm hung from her chin. “I hope … I tired him … out. He should … sleep now … right?” She lifted my t-shirt from the floor, wiped the cum off my dick, and gave her chin a scrub.

In a daze, I watched my mother dress. “Yeah … he’s tired … now.” What a fantastic evening. I had gone from my plan to spend the night with friends to cumming in my mother’s perfect mouth. “Where are we … going to dinner?”

“How about that Chinese place your father and I took you to last time?” She shimmied into her jeans.

“Sure, Mom.” I heaved myself out of bed. I had her until Sunday, and I planned to make the most of every moment with her. Even if the moment was going out for Chinese food.

Chapter 29

“You still drown your potstickers in vinegar?” My mother watched my plate dubiously.

“Always.” I flashed her a grin across the table.

“Seeing you do things you did when you were a kid … it’s hard to believe you’re twenty sometimes.” She shook her head slowly and sipped soup from her spoon.

“I do new things, too.” I bit into a potsticker. It was delicious.

My mother blushed and looked out the window. “Yes, you do very grown-up things, too.”

“Do you think Dad suspects that I can do those things?” I finished off the first potsticker.

“I … um … well he knows you have a way with girls. You dated a bunch when you were in high school. Are you asking …?” Her spoon was paused on its way back to her bowl. “… if he … suspects …” Her eyes darted to meet mine. “He wouldn’t think you’d be interested. And he wouldn’t think I’d ever cheat on him. And I’m not cheating. It’s you. And it’s for the rewards. I –”

The waitress came over with entrees, derailing our conversation. After that, we stuck to small talk. I told her about my friends and classes. She explained all the ins and outs of her book club.

When we were done with dinner, we strolled out into the street and stood awkwardly for a moment.

“So … I should go back to my hotel. Maybe we can make plans to have breakfast together?” She pressed her lips into a thin line.

“You know what? There’s a game store right around the corner.” I checked my phone. “They should still be open. Let’s buy a board game, and we can play it in your hotel room. My dorm is too cramped.” I knew she wasn’t comfortable there, and I wanted her to be as comfortable as possible.

“Yeah … okay. And maybe a bottle of wine to go with it.” Her smile returned. “It’ll be like old times. Except … you know … without a bear trying to eat us.”

“Let’s hope.” I led the way.

~~

I followed my mother into the hotel, carrying her bags for her. I also had a Stratego box tucked under my arm. My eyes were fixed on her ass as she led me down the hall. Her jeans were just the right amount of tight. Her round globes rolled perfectly with each step. It was mesmerizing.

“Logan, are you listening to me?” She looked over her shoulder, holding the key card. In her other hand, she had the bag with the wine.

“Sorry, I was distracted. What?” I said.

“I said, you can’t sleep here. There’s just the one bed.” She gave me a look like she knew I’d been checking out her ass, rolled her eyes, and stopped at a door. Swiping the card, she opened the door, and stepped in. “Come in.”

I followed her in, put down her bags, and placed the Stratego box on a small table. “This is nice.”

“It’s nothing fancy.” She put down the wine and her purse, walked over to the window, and closed the curtains. “But you’re not here for a silly hotel room. You’re here to play Stratego with your mother.” She turned toward me, pulled off her sweater and undershirt, and gave me a shy smile. Without hesitation, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra.

“What … um … what are you doing?” I stared at her heavy, pale tits as they came into view. The sight was arresting.

“I thought you’d want to see the girls. Was I wrong?” She laughed at my dumbfounded expression. “Honestly, it feels a bit weird to have them out without the warmth of a fire nearby. I’ll pour the wine.”

I watched her use the corkscrew she’d borrowed from the front desk. “I guess we sort of have a routine. I do miss the fire, though,” I said, pulling off my top. I stood shirtless, waiting for her to hand me a glass. Her back was to me as she poured, which let me admire the serpentine curve of her spine. When she turned to hand me a glass, she had a pensive expression on her face. “Before we … play Stratego … I want to talk.”

“Sure, Mom.” There were two chairs on either side of the small table, I sat on one and sipped my wine.

“We were interrupted by those plow guys.” She sat in the other chair, and looked thoughtfully at her wine. “I’ve been thinking a lot about that moment, sweetie.”

“The plow guys?” I stared at her tits as they pushed and spilled over the edge of the table.

“Not the moment with the plow guys. The one before.” Her voice was higher than usual. “Right before.”

“Oh.” My eyes roved upward to meet her gaze.

“‘Oh’ is right. This isn’t easy for me to talk about.” She lifted her glass and took an unladylike chug of wine. “I’m not sure … how to say this.”

“It’s okay, Mom. It’s me. You can say anything.” I sipped my wine and gave her an understanding look.

“That’s almost true. But this … this …” She took another gulp. “Maybe we should play some Stratego and talk about this later.” I think she wanted to get drunk before broaching whatever the subject was.

“If it’s something that’ll be hard for me to hear, I would rather you just told me now.” I braced myself.

“I don’t think it’ll be hard for you to hear. It’s hard for me to say.” She took a deep breath. “Did you … um … like that reward we were doing when we were interrupted?” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “You know, when you were inside me.”

“It was amazing. I never felt more connected to you. I felt your love washing over me. It was a perfect moment.” I nodded earnestly.

She studied my face, her eyes moving over all the details of my expression. “Okay.” She gulped the rest of her wine and held the empty glass out to me. “Refill?”

“Sure.” I took her glass, walked over to the wine bottle, gave it a refill, and sat back at our table. When I handed her the glass, I could see her fingers were slightly trembling.

“What I’m trying to say, Logan, is that I …” She bit her bottom lip while looking for the courage to say whatever she was going to say. “I … I … brought a box of condoms with me this weekend.”

A million thoughts swirled through my head.

Mom gulped some more wine. “Logan?” She cocked her head. “I can’t tell what you’re thinking. Did I make a mistake?”

“No … I thought …” My pulse was thudding in my ears. This was unexpected. Apparently, my mother had been going through some deep contemplations since our time in the cabin.

“You thought that a reward like that should wait until you finally bring a girl home?” She nodded in agreement with the thought I wasn’t having. “I was planning on waiting, I really was. But … you see … that moment when you were inside … I …” Her cheeks were almost as red as the wine. She took another gulp. “I’m not talking about sex or

anything. I just want you to put the tip in again. That was special … I think … for both of us." She mumbled the last words.

"You like the rewards, too?" This was the first time I could remember her admitting it.

"I liked the look of happiness on your face when … you know … you entered … um …" She finished off her wine and handed me the empty glass.

I refilled her glass, returned to my chair, and handed her the wine. I had gotten over my shock. My pulse was under control. My dick was straining at my pants. It was at an angle, the head almost cresting my waistline. The gears in my mind were spinning. "So, you don't exactly like the rewards? But you like how much I like the rewards, and seeing me so happy is something you'd like to do again?"

"Yes." She nodded earnestly. "You have to understand, sweetie, as your mother, I can't want to use those condoms. But seeing you happy … is … just … really special. The look on your face before the plow guys showed up was something … I've been thinking about constantly. What mother wouldn't want to see her son so happy?" I was pretty sure she was telling me a half-truth, but I wasn't going to call her out on it. She could lie to herself all she wanted. She'd brought condoms, and we were going to use them.

"Okay … okay … that's great." I stood up, uncertain what to do next. "So … are you ready now … or …?" I was so excited, I felt like I was high. I smothered a giddy laugh before it could escape my mouth. *Be cool, be cool.*

Her eyes focused on my abs. "I've gone insane for sure." She chugged her wine, emptying her glass again. "You're better at this stuff than me, Logan. How should we proceed?" She stood. The alcohol made her a little unsteady on her feet. She reached out for me and balanced herself by putting her hand on my lean chest. She must have noticed my kiss-me lean, because she backed away. "No kissing. That's just … too weird."

"Oh, okay. Well, usually I make out with a girl to get us both going." I shrugged, lowered my face, and sucked her nipple into my mouth.

"Yeeesssssss … we can do this … instead." She cradled my head, running her fingers through my hair. "Ooohhhhh … Logan … Logan … Logan." She cooed and stroked my hair while I rolled her hard nipple with my tongue. "I'll make you happy … and you'll make me happy." I wasn't sure if I was making her happy by getting good grades and trying to find a girlfriend, or by pleasuring her tit. Either way, I was glad to bring her some joy.

I pulled my head away from her boob, took my phone out of my pocket, and played some slow dance music on it. "Care to dance?" I put the phone down on the table, slid my left hand onto the bare skin on the small of her back, and held up my right hand.

“Um … okay.” She raised an eyebrow like she was trying to figure out if this was a trick, but she took my left hand in her right, and placed her left hand on my bare shoulder. Her nipples were less than an inch from mine. I moved my feet, gently rocking her around our mini dance floor. She stared into my eyes. “This is weird, Logan,” she said.

“It makes me happy, Mom.” I winked at her and kept dancing.

“Okay.” She didn’t resist when I pulled her a little closer. Her breasts now resting on my chest. The song ended and another started, we kept on dancing, staring into each other’s eyes. I could see her mustering the courage to speak. It took her a while, but I wasn’t going anywhere. “You’re very handsome,” she said. “And a good dancer.”

“I can dance to faster songs, too. I have good rhythm.” I winked. Her blush told me she understood what I was alluding to.

“Maybe … we’ll dance to a faster song sometime. But not here.” She looked around the small hotel room. “Anyway, this is nice.” Her tight smile loosened a little. “You know, I’m proud of you, Logan.”

“I know, Mom.” I pulled her a little tighter. My dick pressed into her belly.

“I … um … think your little commander is rising up over your waistband.” She didn’t pull away. If anything, it felt like she was pressing into me as we slowly turned in circles together. “He’s on the loose. It’s a mutiny.” She giggled.

“You’ll get him back in line, I’m sure.” I laughed with her. Her face softened, her lips parted, and I saw the unmistakable signs of a kiss-me face. I leaned in and pressed my lips to hers, darting my tongue into her mouth. She stiffened for a moment, but didn’t pull away. We stopped dancing, instead we swayed together in one spot, making out.

One thing had become clear. This was going to be the best night of my life.

Chapter 30

We made out for several songs. We weren't really dancing anymore, just swaying in each other's arms. Our tongues danced, and I was more than happy when my mother's hands fell down to my ass, squeezing my cheeks through my pants. Eventually, we broke apart. Mom looked dazed and flustered. She stood a few inches from me, waving her hands in front of her face like she was overheating.

"Okay … we shouldn't have … but … wow …" Her pupils were dilated as she stared at the head of my cock, which was exposed up past my waistband. "Your little commander is so long that he's covering your belly button. I think … I think … I made a mistake."

"No, Mom. No mistake. This is perfect. I love my rewards." I tried to give her an encouraging smile.

"Not about that." She screwed up her face like I was being silly. "I made a mistake when I went to the drug store. I doubted you were as big as I remembered. I figured I should just buy the same brand and size condoms as I do for your father. But you and he … you're not the same."

"Condoms are stretchy. It shouldn't be a problem." I took off my pants and underwear, letting my dick cantilever out toward her. "You forgot how big I was?" I swayed my hips back and forth, making my dick wobble like it was drunk.

"It's not like I took any pictures of your little commander." She exhaled as she watched my dick dance. "I'm glad to hear the condom will still fit. I was worried that we weren't going to be able … I mean … that you wouldn't get to …" Her cheeks flushed, and she covered her eyes with her hand. "I feel so out of my depth, Logan. If you were any other man, I'd run from this room screaming. But … it's you … so …" She took a deep breath, held it in, and slowly let it out. "I should get naked, too." She shimmied her jeans down her legs, making her tits flop. Her panties followed. We were both standing in only our socks. "You obviously don't need to be any more ready than you are." She was still staring at my cock. "Look at those veins bulging like that. Even though you're ready, I think I should …" She stepped closer to me, dropped to her knees, and lovingly caressed my dick.

"Mom … can you put your face next to it?" I watched her closely. Her expression was slack, and her left eyelid fluttered.

"You want to measure him using my face?" Mom's smile was broad and lazy. "I suppose I can do that. Let's see how many Mom-faces long he is." She rested my balls on her chin, and let my heavy cock settle just to the right of her nose. The head of my dick crested past her hairline. "Oh … gosh … Logan … it's more than one Mom-face long. That's

crazy." She put both hands on the shaft and maneuvered my cockhead to her mouth. "Mmmmpphhhh … mmmppphhhh … mmmpphhhh." She put her all into the blowjob.

As I stared at her distorted face, I tried to remember what she was rewarding me for. It seemed like she'd maybe forgotten to justify this. That had to be a good sign.

After a while, she popped her mouth off my penis and stood. "Condom, condom, condom." She rushed over to her purse, pulled out a box, and tossed it to me. "Put one on." She folded the blanket down to the foot of the bed, jumped on the sheet, and rolled onto her side, watching me closely.

"Sure." I opened the box, tore a foil packet, and rolled the condom onto my dick. It didn't give me much coverage. It was clearly overstretched.

"Gosh … that's … not how it's supposed to look." My mother bit her lower lip with nerves. "I don't think it'll hold … but I suppose that doesn't matter. You're only putting the tip in … so …" She shook with a sudden shiver. Slowly, she rolled onto her back and spread her legs, with her pussy facing me. "I've been thinking about this for weeks, and now we're here. It's really surreal, isn't it?" She mumbled the words, almost like she didn't know she was speaking out loud.

"I love you, Mom." I crawled onto the bed, surprising her when my face stopped in front of her pussy.

"Logan … what are you …? Oooooohhhhhhhh." She grabbed a fistful of my hair as I ate her out. When I sucked on her clit, her legs locked behind my head. I could feel her thighs trembling. "You like … uuuggghhhh … like it? You really … like my … vagina?"

"Mmmmpppphhh." My murmur was meant to be reassuring. I think she took it that way.

"Ooohhhhhhh … I'm going to … I'm going to … you're going to make me … eeeeiiiiiiiii." Her body went stiff as she came on my tongue. When her orgasm died down, I kissed my way up her body, lingering on her magnificent breasts. As soon as we were face-to-face, she planted lots of little kisses on my cheeks and forehead. "I love you … I love you … I love you … Logan."

"I want to show you something." I lifted myself up, resting my balls on her pussy. My cock thumped onto her belly. "It covers your belly button, too."

Mom propped herself on her elbows and looked down. "Holy … moly. It's lucky we're only putting in the tip. The whole thing would … break me," she whispered. "How do the women you date …?" She shook her head. "Never mind. I don't want to know." Her eyes were glued to where my cock rested on her belly. "The condom looks so tiny on your little commander. I guess … it's all relative." She glanced up to meet my gaze. "Go ahead, Logan. Put it in."

“Okay.” I took hold of my cock and nuzzled the head against her slick entrance. “Ready?”

“Ready.” Her voice shook. She was still propped on her elbows, staring down between her legs. “Does this make you happy?” She dropped her head to the mattress and gazed into my face. “You look happy. You … uuuggggghhhhhhh.” She gritted her teeth as I entered her. “Oh … boy … you’re big … Logan.”

“Thanks … Mom.” I pressed forward until the condom had just disappeared. My hips went still.

“That … uuuggghhh … wasn’t so much … a compliment … as stating facts. In fact … even if we wanted to … we could never go beyond this point.” She was still gritting her teeth, looking up at me earnestly. “You wouldn’t … fit … in there.”

“All of me … once fit … in there.” I placed my hands on her slender shoulders, pressing her into the mattress.

“That’s weird …” She widened her eyes at me. “Don’t say things … like that.”

“Sure … sure …” I didn’t move. We stared into each other’s eyes for a long while. The condom cut down on some of the sensation, but I remembered how tight, warm, and wet she’d been before we had been interrupted in the cabin. It seemed like an eternity passed. My mother’s face was twitching, and her gaze was growing more distant. I thought I could try for a little more. “I … bet … it would fit. Let’s try it,” I said.

“No … Logan … just the tip. I … aaaaahhhhhhhh …” Her eyes crossed as I slowly pressed forward. “Oooohhhh … gosh.” She shivered as I pressed slowly. “Is it all the way in … now?”

I looked between her legs. “About … halfway. But … the condom disappeared.”

“Half …?” Shock slowly spread over her face. “That’s good enough … for now. I can’t take … anymore.”

“I bet … you can.” I applied a little more pressure. If she had asked me to stop, I would have. But all she did was whine as inch after inch slid into her.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiii …” Mom’s whole body was trembling under me. “Really … big … Logan … but … but … oh … my …” Her eyes rolled back, her hips jerked, and she came. I hadn’t even gone balls deep yet. But her gyrations under me forced the rest of my cock inside her. But the time there was sanity in her eyes again, I was inside my mother to the hilt.

I held myself there, gazing down at her beauty.

“Oh … my … it hurts … but …” Her eyes blinked repeatedly as her body relaxed.

“Should I … pull out?” I wanted nothing more than to pound into her, but I wasn’t going to ruin this perfect moment.

“No … no … just stay … like this.” Her face was wonderfully twisted as she looked up at me. “I think … I’m getting used to … your size. It doesn’t … hurt … so much.”

“I love you, Mom.” I was beaming down at her. When I flexed my dick, her eyes bulged.

“What was … uuuggghhhh … that … Logan?” She grabbed my chest and dug her nails into my lean pectorals.

“Just … flexing … for fun.” I made my dick jump again and felt her pussy respond with a couple clamping spasms. “This is … so great.” I shifted my hands to the mattress on either side of her, keeping my arms straight so I could look down at her.

“It’s like … our privates … are talking.” Her mouth hung open. Her left eyelid closed. “If you do that again … oohhhhh … I think … I’ll …” When I flexed again, she shrieked and convulsed under me. She was cumming, and it was spectacular.

“Mom … Mom … Mom …” I looked down as her tits shook with her trembling movements. They rocked back and forth, as inexorable as the tides.

“Yes … sweetie?” Coming out of her orgasm, some intelligence returned to her eyes.

“What do … *you* want?” I flexed my dick and enjoyed her pussy’s gripping response.

“I … have to tell you the truth … Logan.” She put her hands on my shoulders and squeezed. “Ever since we were … uuugghhhh … interrupted … I wanted to feel you again. It’s … so … special. And now … you put all of him inside.” She lifted her head and glanced between her legs. “He is all … the way … inside … right? I mean … he feels … so deep.”

“Yeah … he’s … all the way … in.” I nodded.

“Are you … happy?” She looked back into my eyes. Her gaze was still distant, her pupils dilated.

“This is … the best moment … of my life.” It was true. Nothing could spoil it.

But something did try.

My mother’s phone rang.

“That’s your father’s … ringtone …” Her eyes went very wide, but she didn’t try to push me off of her. “I can’t believe … we’re doing this … and he’s calling me. This is … crazy … Logan.”

“You don’t have to … answer it.” I looked over at the phone. She was right. It was wild that he was at home, calling her, wondering where she was. While I was deep in her pussy.

“I’ll … call him … back.” She nodded earnestly. “We won’t get … interrupted … again.”

I waited for the phone to stop ringing, holding my hips pressed against hers. When it went to voicemail, I smiled. “You know … what would make me … even happier?”

“Yes … I know.” My mother bit her bottom lip and stared up at me with liquid eyes. “Okay … but go … really slow. It doesn’t hurt … uuuggghhhh … right now … but I know it would … if you went fast. No matter … how special the reward … ooohhhhh … you can’t send me home … to your father … with a broken … vagina.”

“It’s … a deal.” Slowly, I pulled out of her almost all the way, then thrust back in at the same pace. Her eyes rolled back when I hit bottom again. “How’s that?” I said.

“I’ll be … sore tomorrow … but it’s … fine.” She reached up and caressed my face with her fingers. Her wedding ring twinkled in the light. “Don’t go … any faster.”

“Got it.” I pulled my hips back and thrust cautiously again and again. Whatever our time in the cabin had started in her mind, it had clearly been eating away at her in the last few weeks. Keeping the same slow, steady pace, I humped my mother. We didn’t say anything. The room was full of squelching pussy sounds and her stifled moans and wails. It was a moment I never wanted to end.

Chapter 31

“Something … something … feels … uuuggghhhh … wrong.” My mother stared up at me with dazed, half-lidded eyes.

“No … Mom … everything’s … perfect.” My hips were still going slow and steady, but the urge to pound her was building inside me.

“The condom … ooohhhh … I’m worried about …” Her eyes rolled back, and she lost her train of thought. I didn’t think she was cumming, just vibing really hard. Eventually, she blinked up at me, some focus returning. “Logan … pull out … I need to check … the condom.”

There was no arguing with her. I pulled my hips back, dislodging my dick with an amazing sucking, slurping sound from her pussy. Mom was right, the condom was broken. I frowned down at my dick like it had betrayed me.

My mother lifted herself onto her elbows and looked between her legs at my cock slowly swaying back and forth. She pursed her lips and winced. “What should we do?”

I looked at the clock. “The drug store should still be open. I could go out and buy some condoms that fit.” I removed the torn condom. It had failed in the most pathetic fashion. Holding the ragged ring of it up, I wondered how these worked for my dad.

“Oh … that’s wonderful of you to offer.” Mom bit her bottom lip, her gaze bouncing from my dick, to the condom, back to my dick. “I … umm … think that …” She nodded toward the box of condoms. “Get me one. Maybe if I put it on, we’ll have better luck. You don’t need to leave.”

“Sure.” More than anything, I wanted to see her dainty fingers struggle to stretch out that tiny condom. I rolled off the bed, tossed the broken condom in a trash bin, and grabbed the box. I crawled back onto the bed, pulling out a foil packet, and left the box of condoms on the nightstand. “Stay there, Mom. I’ll come to you.” I straddled her chest, letting my cock hang in the air right in front of her face. The look of surprise and thirst in her eyes was priceless. “Here you go.” I tore the foil and handed her the new condom, dropping the opened packet on the bed.

“Your little commander looks especially big tonight.” My mother placed the condom on the head of my cock and tried to unroll it. “He’s quite a beast. I wonder where you got him from.” She worked hard to stretch the elastic material.

“You and Dad.” I smiled pleasantly as I watched her slowly inch the condom onto my dick.

“I mean … I know your DNA is our DNA. It’s just …” She frowned as she finished rolling on the condom. Like the other one, it went only a short way past my cockhead. “That’s weird to think about. Should we be doing this?” She glanced up at my face, her eyes full of doubt.

“Rewards, Mom. You’re going to turn me into the perfect son, remember?” I moved quickly between her legs before she could tell me otherwise.

“What … umm … what was this a reward for? We were going to play Stratego and then I … uuuuggghhhhhhh.” Her face twisted, and her eyes rolled back. I was inching my dick back into her pussy, and it was having an effect. “Loooggaaannnnnn … it doesn’t … hurt anymore … aaahhhhh … it feels … it feels … really big. I can’t believe … ooohhhh … your … big … commander … is inside me.” She gripped the sheet on either side of her hips, her wedding ring sparkling as she tightened her fists. “Is it … all the way … innnnnnnnnn?” She said through clenched teeth.

“Almost.” I continued to push forward. Finally, my balls were resting on her ass again. “I’m going to go slowly.”

“Yesssssss … slooowwwwwww.” She nodded her head wildly. “Huge … penis … hhhuuuggeeeee … penis … Logan.” As I pulled back and then gently pushed in, her eyes went wide. She looked like a flight or fight response might have kicked in. But she didn’t try to dislodge me. I could see the slender muscles in her shoulders and arms flexing. “Do you … uuuggghhhh … like the way … I … feel?”

“It would be … better … without a condom.” At my words, I saw a shadow pass across her face. “But … I wouldn’t want to be … anywhere else … in the world. I … love you … so much … Mom.” My hips continued their slow, steady rhythm.

“I … love you … too … sweetie.” She gave me a strained smile. We were silent for a while, with only the soft, wet sounds of humping in the room. My mother didn’t cum again, but she was clearly high as a kite. Eventually, she released the sheet and patted my shoulder with her clammy hand. “Check … the … condom.” She winced at the squelching sound her pussy made when I pulled out of her. Dismayed, she frowned at the broken condom on my dick. “I suppose … the condom doesn’t … make him … too numb. Otherwise … you would’ve noticed … it was broken.”

“Yeah.” I nodded. She had me there. I suppose it had been feeling better once the condom broke, but not in a way that made me want to tell her about it right away.

“I’ll put another on you. Then we can try it with me on top. Maybe that will help with the condom.” She pulled off the torn condom, tossed it aside, and grabbed a fresh one from the box. “Get on your back. I’ll put it on.”

I did as she requested. Again, watching her small fingers straining with the condom was a delight. “The best part of wearing a condom is watching you put it on.”

“You’ve always been able to find joy in the little things, Logan.” She gave me a wry smile. “Okay, here goes nothing.” Satisfied with the condom, my mother squatted over my dick, holding it with her hand. “This is a bit awkward. Your little commander is so tall, I can’t put it in like I normally do.” She locked eyes with me and blushed. “Is it okay that I tell you things like that?”

“Yeah, Mom.” I nodded. Her boobs were jiggling with her movements in a way that made me want to stare at them, but I kept my focus on her pretty eyes.

“Okay … uuuuggghhhhhhh … I’m going to go … really slowwwwwwww.” True to her word, she gently settled her weight on my cock, her pussy lips gripping it on the way down. Her pace was glacial. “I might say … some things … I don’t mean … while you’re inside me.” Her eyelids fluttered, and her lips twisted. “Like how much … I like having you … all up in there. And … ugghhhhh … how it makes me … feel like a woman … to be stretched … by you. And … ooohhhhh … how special … your little commander is. Just know … I’m only saying … those things … to reward you.”

“What … are you rewarding … me for … again?” Now that she wasn’t looking at me, I was able stare at her boobs. I reached up, cupped them, and tested the way gravity pulled them toward me.

“Uuuuuggghhhhhhh …” My mother had bottomed out. She sat there panting, her eyes staring blankly at the wall, her fingernails digging into my chest. “It’s different … up here. Feels like … your little commander … is bumping … against my soul.”

“Poetic, Mom.” I smiled. No girl had ever told me that before.

“I was just … uughhhh … I was just … I was …” Slowly, her hips rose and fell. Each stroke took at least fifteen seconds. I didn’t mind her pace. “My nipples … Logan.”

“Your nipples … want some … attention?” I rolled them between my thumb and index finger, making her shudder and shake.

“Ooohhhhh … you’re so good … at that.” She reached for my shoulders, pulling me into a sitting position. She cradled my head to her breast. “Looogggan … Loogggaannnn.” Her hips seemed to have sped up. As I sucked her hard nipple into my mouth, I timed each stroke. She was now down to ten seconds.

“Mmmmpphhh … mmppphhhh,” I said around her nipple.

“Yeesssssss … my whole body … is tingling.” My mother was becoming much better at sharing how she was feeling. “Little … electric shocks … making me … making me …” Her hips went from slowly bouncing to quickly undulating, rubbing her clit on me.

“Oooohhhhhh … Logan … when I’m up here … there’s a spot … a spot … that you’re hitting … it’s … it’s …” She pushed me away from her tit, pressing her hands on my chest. “I’m … I’m …” The serpentine motion of her hips was hypnotic. I tried to stare in every direction at once, taking in her awestruck face, her flopping tits, and the sinuous movement of her hips and belly.

“Cum … Mom …” I was at the altar of a goddess.

“I … am … Logan … eeeeiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and screamed. I hoped the hotel walls were thick. At least we weren’t in my dorm, where everyone would have heard her. “Ggggghhhaaaaaa … ggghhaaaaaa …” She made some low, guttural sounds, convulsed, and squirted all over my dick. I watched her face closely. It looked very much like she was having some sort of seizure. My confidence went through the roof. I was driving my mother insane, and it was magnificent.

It took her a while to calm down. Eventually, she spasmed a few last times and leaned forward, crushing her boobs into my chest and burying her face against my ear. We lay like that for a while, catching our breath. Our hearts thudded merrily next to each other, gradually slowing down.

“Logan … that was … incredible,” she whispered into my ear.

“Yeah.” I wasn’t sure what else to say. I ran my fingers down her delicate sides, feeling her ribs, and then the flare from her waist to her hips. My hands stopped on her ass and gently massaged her cheeks, feeling the wonderful, pliant flesh. “Incredible.”

“You must have had so many girls fall for you already.” Her pussy clamped down on my dick. I flexed it in reply. Mom giggled. “Why don’t … you want a girlfriend? It would be so easy for you to pick out any woman you want.”

I thought about telling her that she was the only woman I wanted. But that wasn’t going to go over well. And it was only a half-truth. “I’ll find a girlfriend, Mom.”

“Good.” She flexed her pussy again as if to emphasize the word. “Let’s check that condom.” Slowly, with a lot of wincing, she pulled off me. The condom was indeed torn again. “Oh … gosh … did I … squirt on you?”

“I think so.” I moved up a little so we could see the stain that had spread on the sheet under my ass. It was dark, with a wide diameter.

“So … much.” She pulled the condom off me and carelessly tossed it behind her. “I thought I only did that when you touched my … you know … g-spot.”

“I guess not.” I shrugged. I wasn’t sure what was going to happen next and didn’t want to ruin the moment by pushing for anything. I put my head on the pillow and watched her boobs sway under her as she leaned over for the box of condoms.

“If you promise to keep going slowly, we can try a new position.” Her voice sounded almost giddy. I could see she was blushing and trying to suppress a smile.

“As slow as you were going at the end there?” I winked at her.

Her blush deepened to a dark crimson. “That was … an accident.”

“I can ask for any position?” I sat up on my knees.

“As long as it’s not too … weird.” She gave me a mock disgusted glance. In my mind, I compared it to the real disgust she used to have on her face when dealing with my dick. She’d come a long way.

“Okay, I know what I want.” I reached over and patted her butt. I just hoped I could keep my hips from kicking into a higher gear in our new position.

Chapter 32

“Are we sure about this?” Mom turned her butt toward me on her elbows and knees. She looked back over her shoulder with questioning eyebrows. “I know you’ve seen it all before, but it still feels weird giving you this view.”

“Best view on Earth. You have no idea how much I love that you let yourself be vulnerable with me.” The newest condom was on my dick, but I wasn’t ready to break it yet. “Just looking at your ass makes me feel all warm and fuzzy.”

“Oh … that’s nice. I … ooohhhhhhhh … Logan.” She shivered as I licked from her pussy up to her asshole, spreading her cheeks for better access. “Ohhhhhh … I remember when … you first licked me back there. I was so freaked out … Logan. But … I like … that you like it.”

“Mmmmmmm,” I said.

“Don’t … don’t stick your tongue … inside … aaaaahhhhhh.” Mom wiggled her butt a little. She seemed to be trying to countermand her own words, encouraging my tongue’s exploration. “Just … just …”

I ate out her pussy and ass for several minutes. When I finished, I got on my knees behind her. “Up on your hands, Mom. I love it when a woman arches her back.” Slapping her ass cheeks with my dick, I gave her a moment to compose herself. “Ready?”

“Oooohhhhh … Logan … I feel like it’s my first time. What are you doing to me?” The small muscles in her back spasmed. Noticeably absent was any talk of rewards. “I’m ready … but remember to go slowly.”

“I remember.” I lined up the head of my cock with her pussy and slowly pushed forward.

My mother let out a long, plaintive mewling sound. I was pretty sure she didn’t even know she was making the silly noise. I took almost a minute to bottom out, gave it a moment, and then started pumping at a plodding pace.

“Logan … it feels different than when … I was on top … or on my back.” Her voice was high and raspy. “Do you … like it?”

“Different good … or bad?” I stared down at her asshole. It was still shiny with my saliva. My hands went to her hips and held tightly.

“It’s … uuuuggghhh … deep … and good.” A shiver went down the arch of her spine. “Do you … like it?”

Usually, I didn't enjoy it when women needed constant affirmation. But from my mother, it was endearing. "Yeah, Mom … your pussy is warm and tight. There's nowhere I'd rather be."

"Don't call it that," she hissed.

"Sorry, your vagina, Mom." I gave her hips a squeeze by way of apology. "Can I go faster?"

"We … uuugghhh … better check the condom … first." She looked back at me over her shoulder, her face twisted with pleasure.

"Sure." With a squelch, I pulled out of her. "It's broken."

"Hurry, put on another one!" She dropped her head, waiting for me to get my dick ready.

I removed the torn prophylactic, tossed it next to me on the bed, and put the next one on. The feeble condom looked no more up to the task than its box mates, but that was fine. I was beginning to enjoy destroying my dad's condoms. "Ready? Hold still." She was wagging her butt in the air, so I took hold of her ass by one cheek to keep her steady, and used my other hand to guide my cock in.

"It shouldn't … feel this good … Logan." Her pussy clamped on my cock. "Aaarrrgghhhh!" She was clearly cumming. I left my cock buried in her while she worked her way through an orgasm.

When her strangled noises subsided, I put my hips into gear. I wasn't slamming into her or anything, but I wasn't going slow anymore either. It was about half-speed. Enough that she had to brace against each time my hips met her ass. The room filled with her high whining, my grunts, and the slap of skin on skin.

"We're really … ugh … ugh … doing *it."* My mother's voice sounded almost pained. "You're … uuugghhhhh … good at this."

"Thanks … Mom." I gave her butt a friendly pat. "Should I check the … ugh … ugh … the condom?"

"Um … I don't know … uuugghhhh … yes … check it." There was real regret in her voice.

"Okay … checking." I pulled out of her. My dick was a frothy mess. The condom was indeed torn. "Putting on a new one." I tossed it aside, replaced it, and reentered my mother.

"Oooooooohhhh … welcome back … sweetie." She giggled. Her laughter turned into moans as my hips went back to work. "You can … go faster … if you want." She was still up on her hands, which I was grateful for. "I can … take it … ugh … ugh. It doesn't … hurt … too much." What a trooper. Her shoulders flexed as she absorbed more powerful

thrusts. When she looked back at me, her face was so twisted it was barely recognizable. "Logan … Logan … you're really giving it … to me. This is … what your girlfriend … is … ugh … ugh … ugh … going to feel. I'm feeling … what she'll feel. And it's wonderful. You're so … good at this. Your penis is … it's … aaaahhhhhh … Logan … I'm …." She dropped her head forward and screamed. "Eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She was cumming again.

"Cum, Mom." I pounded her through the orgasm. I tried to memorize every part of the moment: her animalistic sounds, the curve of her back, the flare of her hips, the ripples moving her ass. It was all too perfect. "I'm going to … cum … too." I pulled out of her. It was a good thing because the condom was broken. I didn't bother removing it. I jacked my cock over her butt.

"Logan … Logan … ooohhhhhhhhh." She wiggled her ass invitingly. "Go ahead … finish."

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh." I threw my head back and erupted all over her. Rope after rope of cum flew into the air. When I was finished, there was sperm in her hair, on her back, and on her ass. Splotches of cum dotted the bedspread too, next to the discarded condoms. Beyond satisfied, I fell to my side and let out a long, happy exhale. "Best … Friday night … ever."

"That was crazy, Logan." Mom fell on her side, facing me. "I thought we were going to play Stratego. Instead, we did *it."* She gave me a curious look. "Are you about to fall asleep?"

"Maybe." I gave her a lazy smile.

"You can spend the night here. No need to go back to your dorm." She sat with her back to the headboard and pulled my head into her lap. The fruity, tangy scents of her excitement and my sperm filled our nostrils. "I love you so much, Logan." She ran her fingers through my sweaty hair with gentle strokes.

"I love you too, Mom." Staring up at her tits hovering above me, I drifted off to sleep.

~~

"You know he's sexually active." My mother was talking. "I know. I know, Bradley. Yes, well, I thought I should give him another birds-and-the-bees talk. We want him to be safe."

I opened my eyes. It wasn't that late. The curtains were still drawn. The only light came from a lamp by the window. Mom had wet hair, she'd probably showered. She was

pacing the floor at the foot of the bed, only wearing panties. Her tits wobbled wonderfully as she walked. Her ass jiggled just a little with each step.

"I'm his mother, Bradley, that's why. Anyway, my point is …" She let out an exasperated sigh as she listened to my father. I could barely hear his voice, but not his words. "The point is, he thinks that pre-seminal fluid isn't dangerous." She paused and listened. "No, he uses condoms. This wasn't his first birds-and-bees conversation." She was lying to Dad, and I was here for it. "But what if the condom breaks?" She listened, continuing to pace back and forth.

I remained still, watching her from my prone position on the bed. I was on top of the covers. My dick started to rise.

"I know they don't break that often, but he says they do for him." She listened. "Okay, I'll talk to him about which ones he's using. But about the pre-seminal fluid?" She stopped pacing, facing away from me.

I stared at her perfect, panty-clad butt.

"So … the pre-ejaculate in some men … oh … okay … but not much sperm, right?" Mom sat down with a sigh on the bed. "Okay. And did you go for your run, today?" She was changing the subject.

I listened to them small-talk for another five minutes, then she hung up and groaned.

"Mom?" I sat up on my elbows. My dick was halfway turgid, rising like a drunken man. "What's up?"

"You're awake." Still sitting, she turned toward me, her eyes immediately zeroing in on my cock. "So, I was right about your pre-fluid. I mean, I think I was. Your father said that about forty percent of men have sperm in their pre-ejaculate. So … it can be dangerous. We shouldn't have kept doing it with broken condoms." She looked away from my dick and put her face in her hands. "I knew I shouldn't, I just couldn't stop myself. I'm behaving like a teenager." She wasn't crying, but she was clearly distraught.

"I'm sure we're fine, Mom. It was just a really great reward that you gave me because you love me." I supposed that was true, even if that didn't actually mean we were safe. Her disposition probably should have killed my half-erection, but instead my dick stiffened. I moved over to the side of the bed, sitting next to her with the outside of our thighs touching. Putting my arm around her, I made reassuring noises.

"Oh, Logan. I'm so confused." She turned toward me and buried her soft face on my neck, putting her arms around me. "You're probably right. I'm sure it's fine. We just have to be more careful next time." I was surprised by how quickly she'd changed her tune.

“Yeah, next time.” I was thrilled to hear there was a next time. It was too late to go out for new condoms, so I supposed *next time* would have to wait until tomorrow. “We’ll be careful, Mom.”

“You’re such a good boy.” She kissed my neck. “Such … a … good … boy.” She planted kisses on my shoulder, and down to my chest. “Such … a … strong … boy.” She was murmuring reverently, as she kissed one pectoral, and then the other one. Her hand dropped down to my cock, playfully toying with the head. “Such … a … big … boy.” She spoke in a whisper, as her kisses traveled south to my stomach. She got to my navel and playfully stuck her tongue in. “We were attached right here twenty years ago.” She giggled.

Is she drunk? I looked over at the bottle of wine. Sure enough, the bottle was empty. She’d finished off the rest while I was napping.

“No more sex, but you still deserve other rewards.” She slipped to the floor, kneeling between my legs. “I’ll finish you one more time, then we need some sleep. Sound good?” She grabbed my cock with both hands and daintily kissed the crown.

I guessed we’d have a more frank discussion about my precum tomorrow morning when she was sober. To be honest, I was almost worried about it. But when she started bobbing her head and humming lovingly around my dick, all anxiety floated away. I cupped her head with my hand. “Mom … Mom … Mmooommmmmmmm.”

“Mmmmpppphhhhhh.” She dropped one hand to cradle my balls, the other pumped my dick.

“Best … Friday … night … ever.” I was grinning, staring down at the way her waist flared out to the curve of her hips and ass.

She popped off my dick. “You better get a girlfriend, Logan.” With that, she went right back to bobbing her head on my dick. I guess she was thinking about my future Friday date nights.

“I will … Mom … uuuggghhhhhhh.” I put a little pressure on the back of her head, helping her along. I relished the blowjob, letting pleasure wash over me for the next twenty minutes. When I was finally ready, I warned her, “Cumming … Mom.” I lifted my hand off her head in case she wanted to escape. But she was having none of that.

“Mmmmmmm.” My mother bobbed her head more fiercely. I could actually feel her increase suction.

“Cumming … aaaaahhhhhhhh.” I stared down at her distorted face. She only looked a little surprised when the first jets of cum blasted onto her tongue.

“Nnnnnggggg … ggaaackkkkkk … nnnggggggg.” She gagged a little, but swallowed most of it.

My mind soared through celestial plains for a few moments. When my orgasm subsided, I pulled her off my dick with a loud plop. I smiled at the cum running down her chin. “How … was … that?” I said.

“I think … I’m getting … used to it.” She grinned, stood, and stretched out her arms. I thought she was going to go to the bathroom to wash up, but instead she turned out the light, and hopped onto the bed. “It taste’s like Christmas, and it feels like Christmas. Come cuddle with your mother,” she said in the dark.

“Okay.” I snuggled up next to her.

“No, I’ll spoon you, like at Christmas.” She turned me over, got behind me, and pressed her tits against my back.

I was in heaven. Still high from cumming, I quickly drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 33

“Logan … Logan … wake up!” My mother was shaking me not so gently.

“What is it? Is the hotel on fire?” I sat up and rubbed my eyes. The curtains were still drawn, and there was a lamp on. I looked at the clock. It was just after two a.m.

“No … I just thought we were together this weekend, and we should make the most of it. You’ve been so great. You deserve another reward. Is that worth waking up for?” She smiled at me. There was dried cum on her chin.

“You want to have sex again?” I was suddenly very aware of my erection. “But I thought you said the broken condoms were dangerous?”

“Well, sex yes, but not the way you mean.” She held up a small bottle. “I didn’t just bring the condoms, I brought some lube in case you wanted to stick your finger back there. But after earlier tonight, I think we could try *backdoor* sex.” She whispered the word ‘backdoor.’

“Anal?” I sat up and ran my hand through my hair, incredulous.

Mom nodded. Her eyes widened a little with worry. “I mean, I think I should be able to. How many of the girls you sleep with can do it back there?”

“Pretty much all of them. But it isn’t easy at first. I have to train them.” I tried not to laugh at her awestruck expression. “We don’t have to do this, Mom. I can buy real condoms in the morning.”

“Your father’s condoms are real, they’re just …” She blinked several times. I could practically see the wheels spinning in her head. “You said, ‘train them’?”

“Well, most women my age haven’t really tried it. Especially with someone my size.” I shrugged, grinning at her shock. “It’s mostly about relaxing until your body adjusts to it. It’s painful at first, but they all seem to like it once they’re trained.”

“I haven’t ever …” Still holding the bottle, she removed her underwear. “I feel bad doing this for you, when I haven’t even done it for your father. He has asked, but I …” She shook her head and looked me in the eyes. “I have a different relationship with you than your father. It’s okay that we do these things, right? I mean, we both like this stuff. It brings us closer together.”

“You like it, Mom?” I took the bottle from her and worked the oil onto my cock.

For a second, it looked like she’d answer me. But she only shook her head. “Your little commander looks even bigger when he’s all shiny like that. Will this work? I want it to work.”

“It should.” I put some oil on my fingers. “We won’t start with my … little commander. I’ll start with one finger, then two, then three. We’ll get you adjusted. Why don’t you lie on your stomach?”

“It’s okay that we’re not using a condom for this?” She positioned herself prone on her belly. Her ass looked amazing.

“I would normally wear a condom for anal. But you’re my mom. I know where you’ve been.” I patted her butt hard enough to get some ripples. “Spread your legs a little.” Putting my hands between her thighs, I opened her up for exploration. “We’ll start the training with one finger.”

“Training,” she said under her breath. Her back tensed as my finger entered her.

“It’s important that you work on your breathing, Mom. Keep your breathing slow and even, and it will help you relax. Like that meditation thing you showed me that one time.” I inserted a second finger and slowly pumped her ass.

“Right … okay … I’m good at that from yoga. And I still remember my birthing classes.” My mother’s breathing evened. The muscles in her back smoothed out. “It doesn’t hurt.”

“Well, we’re working our way up to the main event.” I continued to plow her ass with two fingers. The only sound in the room was my squelching fingers and her mindful breathing.

“I raised you to be confident, didn’t I?” She looked back at me over her shoulder with love and affection.

“I have the best parents.” With that, I slid a third finger inside her, still pumping. I watched her expression twist. It was starting to get painful. “Don’t worry, I’ll go slow,” I said. With my free hand, I dribbled more lube onto her widening anus.

“Oooohhhhh … Logan … I’m not sure about this.” She swung her face forward and dropped it to the sheets. “How many fingers is that?” Her voice was muffled.

“Three.” I continued pumping her. “I’m going to spread out my fingers when you’re ready. Let me know when you get used to this.” With my free hand, I massaged her butt cheek. “And don’t forget to breathe.”

“Right … okay …” She was breathing louder now, with long, even exhales. After a few minutes, she said, “I can’t believe it, but it doesn’t hurt.”

“Okay, now on to the next step.” Over the next ten minutes, I slowly spread out my fingers so they would approximate the girth of my cock. From her grunts, I suspected it wasn’t comfortable. But she was still breathing through it. “How you doing, Mom?”

“Hurts … a little … not too much,” my mother said.

“I’m proud of you.” I gave her ass cheek another reassuring squeeze.

“This is so … uuugghhhh … weird … Logan.” She wasn’t wrong.

Another ten minutes or so passed, I guessed she was about ready. “How are you feeling?”

“It feels good, Logan,” she hissed. “Really good. I … aaaahhhhh … I’m ready for the next step.”

“Here we go.” I pulled my fingers out of her, added more oil to my dick, and dribbled some down her butt crack. I got into position behind her. My cock looked fantastic hovering over her waiting ass. “Don’t forget to breathe.”

“When I packed those condoms, I thought we were just going to put in the tip this weekend.” My mother looked back at me again. “When I packed that oil, I thought you were going to use your fingers. I severely underestimated our weekend.” She grinned at me. “I feel really open back there.”

“You’re ready, Mom.” I winked at her and inserted the head of my cock into her anus. Even with the training, it was incredibly tight.

“Oooohhhh … boy … it’s in.” She grimaced. Gritting her teeth, she maintained eye contact. “Do you … like it?”

“Perfect reward, Mom.” Slowly, I pushed forward, slipping a few inches into her anus.

“You’re the … perfect son … Logan. I … uuuggghhhh … I …” She turned her face forward again. I stared at her shiny, chestnut hair. She whimpered. “Go slower … it sort of … hurts,” she said.

Pausing, I held my dick about halfway into her ass. Her sphincter gripped and squeezed my shaft. The heat from her insides enveloped the top of my dick. “I love being inside you.”

“Uuuuggghhhh … I love having you … inside me … sweetie.” She gripped the sheet with her fists. The diamond on her wedding ring sparkled. “You are … full of surprises.”

“What are you full of, Mom?” I slid another inch inside her.

“Ooohhhhh … I’m full … of penis. So full.” The muscles in her back bunched.

“Breathe … Mom … breathe.” I waited.

“Breathing … breathing.” She wasn’t lying, the room filled with the sounds of her lungs at work. Her back relaxed, and so did her ass. “So … full.”

“Here comes the rest of it.” I let my hips descend until they rested on her ass. I was buried to the hilt. I kissed her back, licking the perspiration off her spine.

“Gooossshhhhhhhh … I feel it … I feel it … uuuuggghhhhhhhh.” She lost her breath for a minute, but soon I could hear her huffing and puffing. It almost sounded like she was in a Lamaze class.

I waited for a while, letting her adjust. In the meantime, I enjoyed the vise of her ass and the softness of her curves under me. I reached around and took hold of a tit, gently squeezing it and playing with her nipple. “How’s the pain?”

“It … feels … good.” She said between breaths. “You’ve … trained me.”

“I’m not done yet.” Before moving my hips, I took stock. Whatever we kindled at the cabin over Christmas had caught ablaze. I was sure we weren’t coming out of this weekend anywhere near the same place we entered it. I would have to find lots of excuses to come home. And I would bet she’d be visiting more often than she had before. I wouldn’t be surprised if the pretense of rewards was gone by Sunday. “I love you, Mom.”

“I … uuugghhh … love you … Logan.” To her credit, she kept going with her deep breathing, even as I started pumping her ass.

“This is … a dream … come true.” I kept my strokes slow for now.

“Uuugghhhh,” my mother said and went on with her breathing.

Over time, my hips sped up. I removed my hand from her tit, and put both my palms on her back, straightening my arms. The slapping sound of my hips on her ass filled the room. I looked down, mystified that my dick was disappearing into her backdoor. “You look … so good … from back here.”

“You … ugghh … ugghhh … ughhhh … like it?” Her voice had risen an octave.

“I love it.”

“You trained me … uuugghhh … uuggghhh … Logan … you trained me … it feels … good … sssooooo … good.” My mother was almost screaming now. “Logan … can I have an orgasm … from having you … back there? Because … because …”

“You can … Mom. Women tell me … ugh … ugh … that it’s more intense … deeper … and longer lasting than an orgasm in your pussy.” I let my hips switch into their highest gear. I was slamming into her so hard now that her body was lifting off the mattress at the apex of each thrust.

“Really … I didn’t … I didn’t … oooohhhh … gosh … here it … eeeeeiiiiiiiii!” She screamed out her climax. Not for the first or last time, I hoped the hotel had thick walls. I didn’t want to wake up anyone. And if people knew we were smashing all night, it might make leaving in the morning a little embarrassing.

Who was I kidding? I didn't care. This was the best night of my life. "Cum, Mom, cum." And she continued to do just that. I pounded her right through the orgasm, and then kept on going. I slid my hands down to the small of her back, watching her ass quiver and ripple. "I wish you could … ugh … ugh … see the view … ugh … ugh … from back here."

"Me … too … me … ttooooooooo." She moaned and whimpered her way to another orgasm. And then another.

Eventually, I was ready. "I'm going … ugh … ugh … ugh … to cum … in your ass."

"Okay," she said. The rest of the noises coming out of her mouth were unintelligible animal noises.

"Cumming … uuuuuggghhhhh … cumming … aaaahhhhhhhh." My hips lost their rhythm. I exploded deep in my mother's butt. White stars flashed in front of my eyes. I just about kissed heaven. When my orgasm was over, I found myself lying on my mother's back, my dick still deep in her ass. We were both panting. She was making some sort of soft, high keening. It sounded like I'd broken her. "You … okay?"

"Magnificent … Logan." She turned her head to the side so her words wouldn't be muffled. "But I don't know … if I'll be able … to walk tomorrow." She was silent for a moment. "Did you really … put your stuff … in my butt?"

"Yeah … is that … okay?" I rolled to the side, dislodging my dick.

"It's good … it's good … just … really weird." She didn't move from her belly. "I feel … buzzed. That was … something."

"It was." I put a hand on her ass and lay next to her. We didn't say anything else. Eventually, we both fell back to sleep with the light on.

Chapter 34

It was about six in the morning when I woke up. Normally, I'd sleep in on a Saturday, but I was too exhilarated. Flashes from the night before flashed in my mind. I rolled out of bed and stretched. The lamp was still on. I gazed at my mother's sleeping form. She was uncovered on her side, with a pillow between her knees. Her legs were slender and long. Her ass was round and supple. Her tits pressed against each other, looking heavy and full. I could stare at her all day, but I figured I should wash up and get the day started.

Leaving the curtains closed, I trotted over to the bathroom. It felt strangely intimate to use Mom's toothbrush, but I didn't think she'd mind. We'd shared enough cooties throughout the night, a little more wouldn't matter.

While brushing my teeth, I stared down at my morning wood. It was hard to believe that the cock I was looking at had been in my mother's mouth, pussy, and ass in the last twenty-four hours. I felt like a god thinking about it. Which made sense, since my mother was a goddess.

Next, I hopped in the shower. I didn't fap. I wanted to save my cum for later. Ending the shower with some cold water helped put my dick to sleep. I dried off and returned to the room where my mother was softly snoring. There was no change of clothes, so I put on what I had been wearing the day before. Unlike the last time I'd woken up before Mom, there wasn't any fire to build or breakfast to make. So, I settled in the hotel's thoughtfully provided cuck chair and scrolled on my phone. The chair made me think of my dad, so I texted him. *Had a great time with Mom last night. Thanks for lending her to me for the weekend.* That made me chuckle. He didn't respond, I'm sure he was still sleeping. I went back to scrolling and waited for my mother to wake up.

At around seven-thirty, my mother rolled onto her back and sat up. "Logan?"

"I'm here, Mom." I put down my phone and smiled at her.

"Did we …?" She moved to the side of the bed, put her feet on the floor, and slowly stood. "Oh, gosh. We did. I am soooooooo sore, Logan. You pulverized me." She stared with wide eyes. "Don't look so proud of yourself. I can barely walk." She stood awkwardly facing me.

My eyes roved over her naked body, remembering the first time she'd shown it to me in the cabin. None of my enthusiasm had worn off. 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. She had just the slightest roundness to

her belly. Her bush was trimmed in a neat triangle. That was interesting. She hadn't been trimmed down there at the cabin. She must have done that for me.

"What are you staring at?" She took a couple of waddling steps and groaned.

"A goddess." I stood and walked over to her, giving her my hand for support. "An aching goddess, who took a little too much dick last night."

"Don't talk like that, sweetie. I raised you better than that." She leaned on me as we walked together toward the bathroom.

"Isn't it a little exciting to talk dirty?" I kissed her cheek.

"No." In the bathroom now, she let go of me and leaned on the sink. "Can you get a shower going?" She looked around. "Did you use my toothbrush?"

"Yes, and yes." I turned on the shower, getting it nice and warm. "I hope you don't mind. I figured since we shared all that other stuff, sharing a toothbrush wouldn't really matter."

My mother's cheeks turned crimson. "Sharing, huh? Is that what we're calling it?"

"I could think of some dirty things to call it. But you wouldn't like that." I laughed, testing the shower water with my hand. "It's warm."

"Yeah, keep those dirty words to yourself." She smiled at me, clearly not mad at her perverted son. "Help me into the shower."

"Sure." I got her into the shower and closed the shower door. It was opaque glass, but it let me see enough to keep me mesmerized. Highlights included watching her casually wash underneath her boobs, lifting each one in the process, and all the time she spent lathering between her legs. The way she spread her ass cheeks to allow the water to rinse down there made me shiver. There was never a dull moment with her.

When she was clean, she turned off the water, and I helped her out of the shower. She was moving a little better than she had before.

"I'm hungry. Help me get dressed, and we'll go out for breakfast." Mom took my hand and let me lead her over to her suitcase.

"I'm hungry, too. I think we worked up an appetite together." I smiled as that made her blush deepen. I found clean panties for her, lovingly pulling them up her legs. Getting her jeans up over her ass was exhilarating. Sadly, she put on her bra and sweater without my help. Although, I did get to slide her socks over her cute feet. I put her shoes on, and we were ready.

"Let's go to that restaurant we went to with your father and sister." Mom grabbed her purse.

“Sure.” I helped her out of our room. She dropped my hand once we were in the hall, wanting to walk on her own. There wasn’t anyone about to shame us for our nightly noises. I walked slowly as my mother waddled next to me, gritting her teeth. Given how sore she was, I wondered if we’d be able to have sex again. I decided not to worry about it.

The restaurant wasn’t far, but we drove. I was behind the wheel. The restaurant wasn’t crowded. My mother looked slightly pained when she sat down at our table, but she was toughing it out. “My backside still feels like …” She lowered her voice. “I sat on a rocket ship.”

“You’ll get used to it, I promise.” I grinned at her.

My mother raised an eyebrow at me, but didn’t say anything.

We surveyed the menus in silence. When we put the menus aside, she stared at me, looking a little shy. “So …” She said.

“I keep thinking about last night. That was the most amazing thing that has ever happened to me.” I’m sure I was grinning like an idiot.

“Me, too,” she whispered. “I mean … well … it was nice being so close to you.” She looked around, but no one was paying us any attention. “Now, let’s talk about the condoms.” She went on for a while, eventually getting me to promise not to use the pull-out method, or use condoms that were likely to break. “I’m not ready to be a grandmother.”

“I promise.” I put up my hand like I was solemnly swearing.

The waitress came over and we ordered.

When she was gone, Mom leaned toward me, her sweater-covered breasts pressing into the table. “Other than the soreness, I have to say, I feel amazing today. I mean … I don’t know how to describe it.”

“Well, you are practically glowing.” I winked.

“I am?” Her smile widened.

“So, are we both being rewarded then? I mean, if you feel like a million bucks …?” I held out my hands, palms up.

“I don’t know, I don’t know.” Mom shook her head. “You’re just really good at …” She took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. It reminded me of her breathing during our anal session. She pressed her lips into a thin line.

“I love you, Mom.” I reached over the table and squeezed her hand, running my fingers over her wedding ring.

“I love you, sweetie.” Her smile returned. “Tell me about your friends. How is Jason doing?” We segued back into small talk, ate our breakfast, and enjoyed each other’s company.

When we left the restaurant, my mother was still waddling but seemed to be moving better. I drove us to a drug store. “You don’t have to come in, Mom.”

“Oh, thank goodness.” She was visibly relieved. “I know they won’t know I’m your mother, or that we … you know … anyway … off you go.” She handed me a twenty-dollar bill to buy the condoms. I took it and went into the store. I knew exactly which ones to get, so I wasn’t gone long. When I got back to the car, I handed my mother the bag. She looked inside. “Extra large magnums?” She giggled. “The name seems designed to stroke your ego.”

I turned on the minivan and put it in reverse. “Stroke my what now, Mom?” I laughed when her cheeks flushed. She didn’t answer. I pulled out of the spot and headed back toward the hotel. “Where to, now?”

“Let’s stop by your dorm so we can pack you a change of clothes and toothbrush.” She crossed her arms like she was suddenly embarrassed of her boobs.

“I like using your toothbrush.” I turned the car toward campus.

“Okay, let’s get you a change of clothes then.” She smiled at the shared intimacy of using the same tool for oral hygiene. “Is it weird that I find the toothbrush thing … stimulating? I mean … never mind. Pretend I didn’t say that.”

Dutifully, I pretended. When we got to the dorms, I left my mother in the car, went inside, and packed a bag. She was on her phone when I got back to the minivan. “What’re you doing?” I drove us back toward the hotel.

“I’m texting your father. He says you sent him a nice message this morning.” She continued to type into her phone. “But you didn’t reply to his reply.”

“Tell him I’ve been busy taking care of you since you’re sore from all the sex.” I gave her a sidelong glance. There was apprehension in her eyes. I pushed forward anyway. “Tell him I’ll write him back after you give me my next reward.”

“Logan.” She furrowed her brows in disapproval. “Have some respect for your father. What we’re doing doesn’t change his relationship with either of us. If I thought the rewards were having a negative effect, I would stop.”

Ice ran in my veins. I’d pushed her way too far. “I’m sorry, Mom. That was a bad joke. I love him just as much as always.”

“You can’t ever tell him about our rewards.” She hugged the bag with the box of condoms tightly, like it was a source of comfort.

“I wouldn’t ever tell him. It was just a bad joke.” I pulled us into the hotel parking lot, parked, and looked her in the eyes with sincerity. “I’m sorry, what can I do to make it up to you?”

“Thank you, Logan.” Her face relaxed. “Let’s take it easy this morning. I would suggest going for a walk, but my butt and vagina won’t allow that. So, let’s go back to my room and play the Stratego game we forgot to play last night.”

“It’s a deal.” I grabbed my sleepover bag, got out of the car, went around it, and helped her out.

Mom shooed me away. “I can walk on my own. I’m feeling better now that we’re moving around.”

“Of course.” I gallantly bowed.

She giggled at me. “You can be so silly.”

“I love making you laugh, Mom.” I slung my bag over my shoulder and followed her into the hotel.

“I love laughing with you.” Her gait was still part waddle. In her form-fitting jeans, each step was sexy as hell. I wondered how long until I’d get to see her out of those jeans again. If she wanted to take the day slowly, I would too. After all, I did enjoy playing Stratego.

Chapter 35

We spent the rest of the morning playing Stratego in her hotel room. Mom had her top off. I think that had something to do with the series of wins she racked up against me. It wasn't easy to concentrate. In no way was I getting used to ogling her tits. They were a miracle to witness each and every time.

We went out to a restaurant for lunch. Mom was moving much better by then. She even got back behind the wheel of her minivan. We kept the conversation to small talk over our meal. It was almost like the cabin and the night before hadn't happened. Almost, but not quite. I still remembered what her pussy and ass felt like as they squeezed my dick.

Back at the car after lunch, Mom looked over at me as she started the engine. "Let's go to a movie. We haven't done that in a long time. You used to love going to the movies with me." Her grin was wide and innocent.

"Sure." I grinned back, thinking about how often I liked feeling girls up in movie theaters. Add Mom to the list.

We parked, picked a show, and settled in. She seemed almost giddy as she munched popcorn and chatted about how my oldest sister had been frightened by an R-rated movie when she was younger. It was a very funny story, or at least you'd think so from how often my mother giggled as she told it. The trailers started, and she quieted down. We finished off the popcorn about a fourth of the way through the movie. I waited for a tense moment in the story, and grabbed her thigh. She glanced at me, but didn't move my hand. I squeezed and massaged her through her jeans. As the movie wore on, my fingers crept toward her crotch.

"What are you doing, Logan?" Mom hissed. She looked around, but there wasn't anyone sitting near us. "Stop that." She put my hand back on the top of her thigh and turned her attention back to the movie.

As we moved into the third act of the film, I spider-walked my fingers up her sweater, playing and prodding her boobs. I was thrilled when her headlights poked through the fabric. She gave me a few discouraging looks, but didn't otherwise impede my important work. Eventually, I crept my fingers under her clothes, feeling her warm belly and then the amazing weight of her tits. I didn't get past her bra before the movie ended.

As the credits rolled, my mother pulled my hand out from under her sweater. "I hope you enjoyed yourself, Logan."

"Yeah, it was great." I kissed her cheek.

“Did you even pay attention to the movie?” She blushed as she stood up. When she bent over to pick up the popcorn bucket, I got an eyeful of her jean-clad butt.

“There was a movie?” I looked around the theater, mystified.

“Very funny, mister.” She smiled despite herself. “Come on.”

When I tried to clasp her hand in mine on the way out, she pushed me away. We squinted as we exited into the bright afternoon sunlight.

“What now?” I noticed she was walking with less of a pronounced waddle.

My mother checked her watch. “I have to call your father. I said I would while he’s on his commute.” She reached into her purse and tossed me the keys. “You drive, I’ll get that done. We can go back to the hotel and … I don’t know … you seem anxious for another reward.” She gave me a sidelong look.

“Guilty as charged.” I unlocked the minivan, and we got in. I listened to Mom’s side of the conversation. It sounded like it was mostly Dad complaining about a difficult patient he’d had that morning. The phone call lasted longer than the drive, so we sat in the hotel parking lot while she wrapped up. My fingers wandered over to the passenger seat while she was telling Dad what a fine young man I’d turned into. Much to my surprise, she let me play with her boobs through her sweater, giving me a tight smile when I hefted the nearest one.

By the time the call ended, my hand was under her sweater again. When she disconnected and dropped her phone in her purse, she pursed her lips. “You seem to be playing some games with me.” She pulled my hand out from under her top, placed it on my lap, and held it there. “Remember at the cabin when I told you we shouldn’t get carried away? That still applies. I’m married to your father. We both love him. And we wouldn’t want to hurt him.”

“Feeling you up while you’re on the phone with him doesn’t hurt him.” I gave her my most winning smile. “It’s just a little fun for us.”

Her face relaxed. “I guess so. Come on.” She exited the car.

I grabbed my bag with the change of clothes and condoms, following her through the parking lot. My pulse accelerated with anticipation. I watched her ass rotate with each step. “You’re moving better.”

“I’m not as sore as I was.” She paused to let me open the lobby door for her. “Feeling good enough to pretend everything down there is all right,” she whispered.

“You’re so hot,” I whispered back, opening the door and holding it for her.

“Stop it.” She gave my shoulder a playful slap.

When we were alone in the hallway heading toward her room, I gave her ass a playful squeeze.

"You're so bad, Logan." She shook a finger at me, but she was smiling.

When we were in her room, I hadn't even put my stuff down before her sweater and undershirt went over her head. "I'm not even going to mention Stratego," she said. "I can see that look in your eyes. Let's have fun for a couple hours, then we can go out to dinner." She removed her bra and stood topless, giving me a little pose.

"So, you're having fun, too?" I removed my shirt.

"I meant, I want you to have fun and … um …" She bit her bottom lip as she wiggled out of her jeans. "Okay, I should be honest with you, sweetie. Being with you *is* really fun. I mean … you're exceptionally good at this stuff. Way better than your parents. I don't know where you learned it from, but it's … remarkable." She was bending well enough now to get her jeans and panties off. She even took off her socks by herself, hopping on one foot in a way that made her tits jiggle and bounce. She kept her eyes on me. "My stomach feels queasy telling you that. Is it … okay?"

"Okay?" I beamed as I pulled off my pants and underwear. My hard cock bounced out into the open like it was on a spring. "I love you so much, Mom. All I want is to make you feel as good as you make me feel." It was odd to have a heart-to-heart as we stood naked, facing each other. Neither of us were awkward though. Now that I thought about it, maybe it wasn't odd anymore. We had come a long, long way. "Speaking of which, how sore are you?"

"I don't think you can even use a finger in my backside. But …" She gave me a sheepish grin. "… the front works. We can try out those new condoms now." She pulled back the covers on the bed and spotted the window. "Oh my, gosh! The housekeepers opened the curtains. I didn't even notice." She rushed over and closed the curtains.

"Don't worry. I don't think anyone can see in here with daytime glare on the windows." I walked up behind her. She still had her hands on the curtains when I hugged her, pressing the head of my cock into the small of her back and massaging her tits via a reach-around. "I love you."

"I love you too, Logan." My mother shivered and let me rub my cock and balls on her ass cheek.

Slowly, I spun her around and dropped to my knees. "No backdoor, I promise." I licked my way up and down her gushing pussy.

"Thank you … sweetie." She put her hands in my hair, grabbing fistfuls. "Oooooohhhhhhh … that finger … feels good … but go slow … I'm still sore from your big thing." Arching her back, she thrust her pussy forcefully forward.

As I worked on her clit and g-spot, I thought about her recent phone call with Dad. He was probably still on his commute. I wondered how much he'd freak out if he could see his wife now. I suppose I wouldn't ever know, but it was fun to think about.

"Logan … Logan … Logan … yeesssss … that spot … I'm going to … uuuuuggghhhhhh." She trembled and shook. I removed my finger, leaned back, and let her spray me and the floor.

"It's so easy to make you squirt now. You're a pro." I watched her shuddering, jiggling body as her legs almost gave way.

"Nnnnnggggg … uuuggghhhh …" She didn't answer me. Instead, she stumbled forward and fell onto the bed face first. She must have felt my weight join her on the mattress, because she quickly rolled over with her hands up to ward me off. "Condom first!"

"Yeah, of course." I winked, hopped off the bed, and retrieved a condom. Once it was in place, I posed so she could see. "Fits way better than Dad's pathetic condoms, right?"

"Right." She gave my cock a mesmerized stare and nodded. "I can't believe that thing was inside me."

"Can you believe it's going to be inside you again?" I climbed back onto the bed, pushed my mom gently onto her back, and spread her legs. "I'm sort of having a hard time believing how lucky I am."

"I can hardly believe it." She propped herself up on her elbows so she could look down between her legs as I bumped my cockhead on her pussy lips. "I'm super excited, sweetie. I feel like I'm at the top of the world's biggest rollercoaster but we haven't started to fall yet."

"Well, hang on. It's going to be a wild ride." I watched her clutch the sheet as instructed. As I pressed my hips forward, she gritted her teeth. "You're still really tight, Mom."

"Uuuuggghhhhh … not for long … I'm afraid." Her eyes bulged as the first few inches slid inside her pussy. "It hurts … go slow."

I did as she asked, taking my time to slide the whole thing in. When my balls were resting on her ass, I went still, giving her time to adjust. I placed my hands on either side of her, straightening my arms. From that vantage, I could look down on her pretty, twisted face. She had lines etched that weren't usually there. Her eyes were shut tightly. Her lips were pressed into a thin line. I felt bad for her. "If it hurts, remember to breathe. Just like with the anal last night."

Her eyes opened, and she squinted up at me. "Yeah … okay." She took deep breaths with slow inhales, and slower exhales. "I feel like I'm giving birth … to you … all over again."

“You’re still sore … give it a few minutes.” I moved one of my hands to her tit, playing with her nipple to distract her.

“Okay.” The pain in her eyes eased. “That feels … nice.” She almost smiled.

I leaned forward and sucked her nipple into my mouth, teasing it with my teeth and rolling it with my tongue. She shuddered under me.

“Logan … Logan … that feels … like heaven.” She cupped the back of my head and cooed. “I love you … I love having you … at my breast … while you’re inside.” When I flexed my dick, she squealed. “Logan! You’re so bad. I … I … I feel like you could move now … if you want.”

I lifted my face off her tit and smiled down at her. As my hips went to work, I stared deeply into her liquid brown eyes. “You’re mine, Mom. This afternoon, you’re mine and only mine. Forget … uugghhhh … Dad. Forget … my sisters. Just for today, it’s … ugh … ugh … you and me.”

“Okay … okay … whatever you want … I’m yours.” She folded her legs behind my butt. “Give it to me.” Her knuckles were turning white where they gripped the sheet.

My hips kicked into a higher gear. I guess I hadn’t broken her pussy the night before, because the pain seemed to fade completely away. She looked ecstatic. She threw her head back, screamed, and had the first of many orgasms on my dick that afternoon.

Chapter 36

“Gooooossshhhhhhh … yeeessssssss,” my mother hissed. Her head tossed side to side and her nails dug into my ass. I watched as her orgasm passed, the frantic expression softening into the glowing embers of passion. Her eyelids fluttered and her lip trembled. She stared up at me. “Are you … almost there … sweetie? It’s starting … to hurt again.” She flinched as I lunged forward and hit some tender spot deep inside her. Her eyes went round. “We should … check to make sure the condom … is still intact … uuggghhhh … too. You’ve really … been giving it … to me.”

“Sure.” I pulled out of her with a loud squelching sound and got up on my knees so she could see the condom.

“Oh … no! It broke … and you ejaculated!” Her eyes went wide as she looked down at my cantilevered erection.

“No, it’s good. That’s your cum, not mine.” I ran my hand over my dick, wiping off some of the froth. “See?”

“I did that?” She shook her head slowly and stared. “I mean … I’ve never … I know I squirted with you … but this is … so sudsy. My vagina … must really need the lubrication … with you.”

“See, you do like talking dirty.” I laughed and pulled the condom off. “Can you do me a favor and call it your *pussy?* Just give me a little dirty talk as a reward.”

“Um … well … Logan … I think you’re taking off your condom because you know that my … pussy … needs a break.” She giggled when she saw my smile. “Anyway, you still need to finish. You can ask for anything … but not my butt or … pussy.”

“I love that. Also, can you call it your ass?” I was giddy.

“Okay, Logan.” She sat up, making her sweat-covered boobs wobble and sway. “You can’t have my ass or pussy. What do you want instead?” She studied my wide grin for a moment. “Why do you like those words so much?”

“Because it’s you saying them, Mom. The woman that once washed out my mouth with soap. And now …” I shrugged.

“Well … we’re adults now … so …” She sighed. “That’s another thing I’ve never done with your father … talk dirty. He would probably flip if he heard me using words like ass and pussy.”

“I’m sure he’d love it. You should try it sometime.” I got off the bed. Speaking of my father, I went over to the cuck chair and sat down. “How about your tits and mouth?”

"Tits, too?" She sighed louder. "Okay, tits it is." She crawled off the bed, waddled over to me, got on her knees, and wrapped my cock with her boobs. Tenderly, she dropped several large gobs of spit on my cockhead and began stroking. "Why do I like this so much?" She stared transfixed as the knobby head of my cock played peekaboo in her cleavage. "Everything about you is so … virile and manly." Her voice was reverential. "You probably want me to say *cum,* so … cum for me, Logan. Cum for your silly mom who's making a fool of herself. Cum for me … please."

"Shit … Mom … that's awesome." I felt like we'd crossed a massive Rubicon. If I could get her to use bad words, anything could be possible. Actually, I'd already fucked her in the ass. Anything *was* possible. "Keep talking … uuuuggghhhh."

"Can't talk … sweetie … I'm going to use my mouth … on your little commander." She continued to stroke the shaft with her tits while she sucked on my cockhead with loving devotion. She had gotten me really worked up with her language, so it didn't take much longer. When I exploded in her mouth, her eyes shot wide for a second, but then she closed them and eagerly gulped down my cum.

We took separate showers, dressed, and headed out to dinner. The whole time, my mother had the widest smile on her face. In the minivan, I watched her drive, my eyes moving between her jiggling tits under her sweater and the joyous expression on her face. "You look satisfied, Mom."

"I feel … amazing. Like a million bucks." She turned the smile on me, melting my heart a little. She let her eyes linger on mine for a moment and then turned her attention back to the road. "I really do feel like I couldn't be closer to a man. You're my fantastic son, but you're also … whatever you call this. And you're fantastic at *that,* too." She turned down the music playing on the car's speakers and lowered her voice. "As your mother, I always felt like I would do anything for you. And now, I suppose that … well …" She went quiet for a while, pulling into the restaurant parking lot and finding a spot. She parked, turned off the engine, and turned to face me. "I don't know what we're doing, but I know it's good for both of us. Just promise me it won't distract you from getting a girlfriend. That was the whole point, after all."

I rubbed my chin. "Mom, sex with you is better than with any –"

"Don't say it." She held up a finger.

"No, let me finish." I waved my finger back at her. "The sex is so good, that maybe I won't need to sleep around anymore. Having you and a girlfriend would be enough for me, even if we only see each other a couple times a month. That's enough. Anyway, we don't have to keep track of rewards. Let's just share this thing we have, and I promise I'll get good grades and the perfect girlfriend. I'll even let you help pick the right girl."

“This is crazy. We’re crazy.” She nodded. “Okay, it’s a deal. Let’s go have dinner, and keep the conversation to small talk while we’re in public.”

“Sure thing.” I gave her thigh a friendly pat.

We had a nice dinner. Afterward, we walked out into the cool evening air. I took my mother’s hand, and she pulled away.

“Want to go dancing?” I stepped in front of her and busted out a few silly dance moves.

My mother’s high, clear laugh rang out. “You want to go dancing with your mother? You *are* crazy.”

“It’ll be fun!” I spun around and thrust my hips.

“Stop. Just stop. We’re not going dancing.” She leaned forward and whispered in my ear. “Even if I wanted to, my ass is too sore for anything like that.”

“Maybe we could do some slow dancing back in the hotel?” I kissed her cheek.

“Maybe.” She patted my butt, unlocked the car, and got behind the driver’s wheel.

We went back to the hotel. Once in her room, my mother stripped off her top without ceremony. Wearing only jeans, she turned on some jazz piano music on her phone. “Well? Take off your top. This is better than going out to dance. They won’t let you do it topless in most places. And I know that you like … *my tits.”* She lowered her voice to a whisper on the last two words. She shook her head and giggled. “Look at me. I’ve really gone crazy.” When my abs came into view, she pointed at them. “And I like your body too, Logan. I … um … think you’re quite something.” Her eyes lit up as she drank in the sight of my lean torso with her eyes. “Let’s dance.”

“I love you, Mom.” I moved in front of her, reached around, grabbing her ass through her jeans, and started rocking.

“Not like that, horndog.” She pulled my hands off her butt, placed my right hand on the perfectly arching small of her back and held my left with her right. She smiled at me. “There now, treat me like a lady.” Slowly, she moved her feet in time to the music. I followed her lead at first, but quickly took the initiative. We danced around the small space for a while. My mother’s smile slowly faded into a more serious expression. Eventually, her lips parted and her eyes almost glowed with a come-kiss-me invitation.

“You’re beautiful.” I spun her slowly around.

“Thank you, sweetie,” she whispered.

I leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Her boobs pressed delightfully into my chest. Her soft lips parted and allowed my tongue access. At first, she was timid, keeping her own tongue passive. I wondered how many times she kissed my dad like this. I would guess

not much lately. We continued to sway to the music and make out. Finally, my hands returned to her ass, squeezing her cheeks aggressively enough to show her my appreciation. Her tongue came to life and danced with mine.

When we broke apart, my mother was panting. “My gosh … Logan. That was …” She squealed and laughed when I picked her up and deposited her on the bed.

“Only two people I’ll kiss like that. Just you and my someday girlfriend, Mom.” I stripped myself and stripped her. Before she could mention it, I put on a condom.

Without my prompting, she got on her hands and knees, looking shyly back at me over her shoulder. “No butt stuff.” She gave me a faint smile. “I mean, no ass stuff, Logan. Only … pussy.”

“Only Mom’s world-class pussy, got it.” I saluted her and got in position.

She scrunched her nose at me, but didn’t say anything. Her face twisted when I entered her. “Really … sore … go slow.”

I did as she requested. But that didn’t last for too long. By the time her first orgasm hit, I was pounding into her pussy at full force. The sounds of her animalistic shrieks mixed with the percussion of slapping skin and squelching vagina. Even as she came, I didn’t slow down. I plowed her right through a string of orgasms.

We didn’t say any more words for a good twenty minutes. Finally, I needed to let her know it was time. “Cumming … ugh … ugh … cumming … Mom.”

“Yes … yes … okay … okay …” Her voice was a high, mousy squeak.

“Uuuuggghhhhhhh.” I unloaded into the condom.

“Logan … Logan … eeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” It sounded like she was cumming again.

When I pulled out, she fell onto her belly, rolled over, and stared at my dick. “It held? We’re … safe?”

“Yep.” I wiped off some of her froth and showed her my sperm in the condom’s reservoir. “See?”

“You make … so much.” Satisfied that she wasn’t pregnant, she let her head drop back onto the mattress. She sighed. “That was … wonderful. I feel so … so alive. I haven’t ever … I mean … sex is good with your father. But …” She caught me looking at her, and she blushed. She turned and buried her face in a pillow. “Never mind.” Her voice was muffled.

“I won’t mind.” I removed the condom, threw it away in the bathroom trash, and returned to bed. She was still on her side with her face buried. The dramatic rise and fall

up to her hip and back down took my breath away. I curled up and spooned her. My cock resting against her ass. “Remember when you said we couldn’t spoon in this direction?”

“It’s okay now. I like feeling your little commander on my backside. Hug me, please.” She squirmed her ass back into me.

“Sure thing.” I put an arm around her, held her tits firmly, and felt her steady breathing. It didn’t take her long to fall asleep. I quickly joined her.

We woke and humped two separate times during the night. She insisted on condoms, and I didn’t argue. She must have had more than twenty orgasms throughout. I had two more.

In the morning, we showered, brushed teeth, and packed up. She beamed every minute we were together. I asked her to stick around, but she insisted that she had to hit the road. Dad was expecting her for something that afternoon. She dropped me off at the dorm, kissed my cheek, and left with a wave.

I stood on the sidewalk watching the minivan go. Looking around, there wasn’t a single ravenous bear in sight. It was nice spending time with my mother in civilization. I stretched and headed inside. I would have to hit the books if I was going to keep my grades up as promised. I hadn’t studied at all since Thursday.

Chapter 37

For three weeks, I worked hard in class. I also asked out several of the smartest, funniest girls I could find. If I was going to be saddled with a girlfriend, she was going to have to be funny. I went out on a bunch of dates. Not putting the moves on, we didn't do anything more than kiss. If one of them was going to be my girlfriend, there was no need to rush things. As things progressed, I took notes.

By week four, I had a slide presentation ready with six girls. I took my laptop home with me for the weekend. I was going to see my mom for the first time since our hotel tryst, and the second time since Christmas in the cabin.

"Logan, good to have you home!" My father was the first to greet me. He clapped me on the shoulder as I stood in the doorway, looking over my shoulder like he expected to see someone else. "No laundry? Your sisters would always bring home their laundry when they were in college."

"No laundry. I didn't want to waste Mom's time with that." I planned on wasting my mother's time with other things.

"Logan!" My mother practically shrieked and rushed over to me with her arms held out. We hugged for a long time. This wasn't the sort of over-the-top greeting I was used to getting from her. "I missed you."

"I missed you too, Mom." Her boobs pressed through our sweaters, mashing up against my chest. I felt my dick stir.

"Ahem." My father cleared his throat. "You two must have really bonded at the Cabin."

Mom pushed me away, quickly glanced at the front of my pants, and turned to Dad. She put her hand to her mouth and giggled. I thought it would be a quick laugh, but her tittering didn't stop. In fact, it was infectious. Soon I was laughing, too.

"Mom and I did … bond. We nearly died together … Dad," I said between chortles.

"Yes, the bear. You're a hero, Logan." Dad furrowed his brow as he studied his wife's continued giggling. But he didn't fret for too long. Eventually, he caught the laughter bug, and we were all laughing.

I closed the door and smiled. It was good to be home.

Later, Mom and I were sitting at the dining room table with my laptop open in front of us. We each had a glass of wine. Mom was drinking hers faster than I was drinking mine. She looked cute in her computer reading glasses.

“I feel weird looking at them in … a sort of list. It’s like shopping for a girlfriend.” Mom studied the picture of Amber on the screen, then ran her eyes over the bio I’d written.

“It’s just like online dating. And don’t worry, I’ll make the final decision. You’ll just help me decide.” I really wanted to give her boob a reassuring squeeze. The way it stretched her sweater as she sat next to me was tantalizing. But my dad was somewhere around the house. “So, what do you think of Amber?”

“I mean, she’s pretty. And she’s a biochem major. She must be smart.” Mom took a sip of her wine. “Is she polite?”

“Funny and polite.” I nodded.

“And do you know anything about her family?” Mom glanced at my eyes, her cheeks blushing.

“Not much. Her parents are still together. She has a younger brother.” I smiled and shrugged. “That’s it.”

Dad walked into the dining room. “You two are still at this?” He looked at the screen. “Oh, she’s pretty … looks kind of like your mother.” He glanced at the wineglass on my side of the laptop. “Should you be drinking wine, Logan?”

“Mom said it was fine.” I grinned at him. “My birthday’s coming up. I’ll be twenty-one soon enough.”

“He’s a man, Bradley.” Mom frowned up at Dad, adjusting her glasses on her nose. “He’s grown up. He can drink wine.” Her blush deepened, and she took a big gulp of her wine.

Misunderstanding her discomfort, Dad held up his hands in surrender. “Sorry, you’re right. He’s a man.” He looked back to my laptop. “I do think it’s a little weird having your mother help you with your dating life, but whatever it takes to get you to settle down I guess.” He shrugged and walked toward the mudroom. “I’m heading out for some yardwork.”

“Have fun,” Mom called after him. When he was out of the room, she put her hand in my lap and squeezed my erection. “I knew it. What would you have done if you’d needed to stand up for some reason? He would have seen your little commander.”

“I’m good at hiding my dick, Mom. Lots of practice.” I kissed her on the cheek. “Keep your hand there, and I’ll show you the next girl.”

“But your father …” Mom whispered.

“He’s heading outside. Anyway, he isn’t going to see your hand under the table.” I could see her wavering, but her hand still squeezed my cock through my pants. Before she could freak out, I brought her attention back to the computer. “This next girl is Annie.

She's hilarious, let me tell you a joke she told me on our first date." We worked our way through the rest of my presentation. Mom's hand rhythmically squeezed my shaft as we went over the remaining women. She listened, read, and studied their pictures. But she also seemed a little distracted. By the time we were done, her wineglass was empty, and she had a kiss-me lean going.

When I touched my lips to hers, Mom pulled away. She quickly stood. "No, Logan. Not while he's here. He's going out with friends tonight. We can do rewards, or whatever we're calling them now, when he's gone."

"Deal." I had a raging hard-on. But I could wait. I watched her lovely ass rotate as she left the room to fetch another glass of wine.

~~

Dad left the house around seven. Mom nervously stood at the front window, watching his taillights disappear down the street. "I'm so anxious. My chest is contracting the same way it did when that bear chased us." She looked over at me with wide eyes. "Why do I feel like this? I should be used to this by now."

"I saved you from that bear." I smiled and pulled off my shirt, tossing it on the sofa.

"Yes, you did." Her sweater-clad tits were heaving as she fought with whatever nerves were plaguing her.

"What if I carried you now, Mom? Like I did back then. Would that calm you down?" I strode over to her, grabbed her by the jean-clad ass and thighs, and swung her over my shoulder. She squealed with surprise. I doubt she was expecting me to treat her like a sack of potatoes.

"I think I preferred the way you carried me last time." She clutched at my back to stabilize herself.

"I didn't have to carry you upstairs last time." I put my arm on her ass, holding her with her hips on my shoulder, and jogged upstairs.

"Loooggaaannnn! What are you doing?" She sounded a little freaked out, but I couldn't see her face to be sure. I brought her into my bedroom, closed and locked the door after us, and dropped her on my bed. She landed on her butt. "That was wild." She was smiling after all. "Did you bring the condoms?" She couldn't keep the thirst out of her voice.

“I did.” I paused on my way to my bag. I thought about seeing if she’d be willing to try bareback, but it wasn’t the right time. I didn’t want her to divert her mind from lust to Dad’s medical science on the probability that precum is dangerous. “Take off your clothes.” I pulled off my pants and underwear, my cock springing out into the open.

“Oh …” My mother stared at my dick, chewing her bottom lip. “It’s been weeks since I’ve seen your little commander. I was beginning to think my mind was exaggerating. It wasn’t.”

“Clothes, Mom.” I went into my bag and retrieved a condom.

“Right, right.” She wiggled out of her jeans and sweater in a hurry. Next came her undershirt, bra, and panties. She was left only in her socks. As I put on the condom, Mom put herself in several different poses on the bed, looking uncomfortable. She moved from her side, to her back, to her belly, and back to her side.

“What are you doing?” Finished with the condom, grinning at her.

“I just … it’s been a while. I … I can’t really believe that you still want … me.” She pressed her lips into a thin line. “I mean … do you still think I’m pretty?”

I let out a long, uproarious laugh.

“What? What’s so funny?” She frowned at me.

“It’s just … you sound like you want me to find you attractive now. It wasn’t like that before the cabin.” I pointed to my dick. “It’s easy to tell if I think you’re pretty. You’re everything I could possibly want in a woman. I’ve never been happier than when I’m in your pussy. Speaking of which.” I got on the bed and maneuvered her onto her back, spreading her legs. I kissed each tit, quickly licking her nipples. Then, I kissed my way down her perfect, soft belly to her neat triangle of hair.

“Let’s not use bad words right now. I’ll do that with you later, I promise.” She stared down at me as I kissed and sucked on her tangy pussy lips. She was already slick and ready for me, but I thought a little oral might help calm her down. Her eyes went wider when I sucked her clit into my mouth. “Logan … I … I get so confused … with you sometimes … but … just don’t stop … doing that.” She leaned her head back to the mattress, cupped her boobs in her hands, and crossed her legs behind my head.

“Mmmmpppppphhhhhhhh.” I worked her clit, stuck two fingers in her pussy, and found her g-spot. It only took another minute or so to have her squirting on my bed.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Mom thrashed. When she was done squirting, I got into position, and pressed my cockhead against her slit. When I looked at her twisted face our eyes met. There was frantic urgency in her gaze. “So good … soooooo … good … sweetie. I … needed … that.”

“Do you need this, too?” I pushed my hips forward. With the condom on, it was hard to tell exactly how tight she was. But it did seem like her pussy wasn’t quite as loose as I’d made it during her visit. Being away from her for weeks at a time sucked, but maybe this would be a silver lining. I slid all the way inside her and held myself there, staring down into her startled eyes.

“Yes … yes … Logan … I need this … too.” She grabbed my ass, digging her fingernails into my cheeks. “Your mother … needs you … Logan. Give it … to me … please. Ooooohhhhhhhhh.” She went wild when my hips kicked into gear. She let go of her tits and grabbed my blanket, gritting her teeth and moaning. Freed, her boobs wobbled back and forth on her chest like the tides.

“Good thing … you and Dad … sprung for those triple-pane windows … Mom.” I pushed her legs up, holding them from behind her knees. “Because I bet … this is … ugh … ugh … ugh … going to get … loud.” I had humped several girls in that bed over the years, but this was by far the most magical moment. “Let it out … Mom … let me hear you … ugh … ugh … enjoy it.”

“Okay … okay … Logan … it’s … so good … so good … eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” There were no more words past that point, just both of us uttering our most base sounds. As her second orgasm arrived, her screams echoed off my bedroom walls. We had several more hours until Dad was due home, and I planned to make the most of that time. I grabbed her tits, thrust my hips, and got to work.

Chapter 38

“Looggggaaannnnnnnn …” My mother convulsed under me. I let her cum. Then, I withdrew my cock from pussy and pulled off the condom. She blinked as her wits returned to her. She sat up on her elbows and stared down, taking in how my cock cantilevered out over her belly. “We … need … the condom.” Her words wavered, like she wasn’t sure about what she was saying.

“Not for your butt.” I reached two fingers into her pussy, scooped out the messy froth and rubbed it all over my cock.

“Yes … that’s fine.” My mother’s eyes rolled when I scooped out some more of her juices. “Will my stuff be enough to … lubricate?” When she was sure I was done scooping, she rolled onto her belly and looked over her shoulder at me.

“You make it for lubricating. That’s why your pussy does it with me but not Dad.” I grinned.

“Because you’re so big?” She whispered.

“Yep. And it feels so much better without a condom.” I pushed her legs together and lined up my cock.

“You really like it without one, huh?” She winced as I entered her ass. “Gooooo … slooowwwww … it’s been a while.”

“I feel … so close to you … when I can actually feel you … you know?” I inched into her tight warmth.

“I … understand.” Still looking back at me, she gritted her teeth. “Maybe … maybe … on a safe day … we could try … everything … without … a condom. Oooohhhhhh. I don’t know … if our visiting schedule … would work out … but … but … aaaahhhhhh … my butt is feeling … good. The pain is … already going away. I’m … accepting you … Logan. My body is … ugh … ugh … shaped … by you.”

“You’re right, Mom. And whichever girlfriend … we pick … from the list … I’ll do this … to her … too.” I pumped her slow and steady. Her sweaty ass faintly slapped against my hips. “I’ll shape her … just like … I’m shaping you. Both … holes. She won’t … ever be … the same. I’ll make her … mine.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiii.” My mother thrashed under me. I guess my words had set off another orgasm. Gradually, I built up speed. Before too long, my mother’s hips were catching air at the apex of each thrust. She went wild, practically speaking in tongues and flopping her head side to side. Those anal orgasms hit her hard, one after another. I plowed her ass for a good long while, and she didn’t complain. I guess she really was adjusting.

Eventually, I was ready. “Mom … I’m going to cum … in your ass.” I half-expected her to tell me to pull out.

“Okay!” She squeaked. Her head turned, and she looked back at me through half-lidded eyes. “Okay … Logan … okay. Go … ahead … and … ooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes rolled back, and her lips formed a perfect rictus, as I unloaded in her ass.

I touched paradise for a good thirty seconds. Stars flashed before my eyes. When I was done filling her backside, I rolled off her, got perpendicular, and rested my head on the soft cushion of her ass. “Wow … Mom.”

“Wow … indeed … Logan. That was … magical. Just … magical.” She sighed, not moving from her belly. We lay like that for a while on my bed as we caught our breath. “Logan, what I said about my safe day …” She inhaled, held it in for about ten seconds, and exhaled. “That was just pillow talk. We can’t ever do that.”

“What if you went on the pill, Mom? Most of the girls I date are on the pill.” I reached up behind my head and gently ran my fingers along the curve from the small of her back to her ass.

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’m not going on the pill.” She wiggled her butt under my head. “Your father would wonder what the heck I was doing.”

“It does feel better without a condom.” My voice filled the room and was met with silence. I waited for her to say something. Nothing. I added, “If it’s a safe day, I don’t see what the problem is. I’ll pull out, too.”

My mother sighed but didn’t otherwise respond. We lay in silence for a while. Eventually, she rolled away from me and sat at the edge of the bed. “Your father will be home in an hour. We should get cleaned up.”

“We should.” I rolled off the bed, stood in front of her with my soft cock dangling in her eyeline, and stretched. “But we might have time for a quicky.”

“He’s golfing tomorrow. We’ll have plenty of time then.” Mom slowly stood and took a couple tentative steps. “I’m not as sore as last time. I think I really am getting used to you.”

“That’s great, Mom.” I laughed and playfully smacked her butt.

“Watch it, bud.” Mom came right in for a counterstrike, laying her hand on my left ass cheek with a slap that reverberated around the room.

I tried to smack her again, but she dodged and wrestled me back onto the bed. We fell pressed together, struggling and laughing. One thing led to another, and my cock was back in her ass. She rode me this time, her tits flopping as she bounced.

“Uuugghh … uuugghhh … uuuggghhhh … Logan … it’s magic … iiiiiiiit’s magic … your little commander … is so deep … up in there.” She held her hands awkwardly in the air, like she was looking for something to hold on to. “I … uuuggghhhh … have a secret … sweetie.”

“What … ugh … ugh … is it … Mom?” She was a goddess, riding me hard. I gazed down at her pussy as it cast off little droplets of her excitement onto my belly. The pink inside was visible, since she was still spread out from the earlier sex. I tried to take it all in. If the secret was a good one, I figured this might be the best moment of my life.

“I didn’t want … ugh … ugh … ugh … to tell you … because I wasn’t ready … but … I’m having a safe time … now.” She tried to smile, but her face was too twisted with ecstasy.

“Can we …?” I reached up and played with both of her nipples, causing her hips to fall out of rhythm.

“We can’t go … from back to front … Logan. Maybe … tomorrow … maybe … I’ll let you … eeeiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and came, her ass clenching my dick. I came a few minutes later.

We didn’t have time to sit around relaxing like last time. We both hustled off to our own showers. I opened my window when I got back in my room to air things out. I was just stripping the bed when Dad got home. He and Mom went to bed not long after.

~~

The next morning, I slept in. When I woke, I pulled on a t-shirt and sweatpants and stumbled out of my room. It was so strange being in my childhood home as an adult. I mean, I’d done that before, many times. But now at nearly twenty-one, I felt totally grown up. I’d turned my mother into my woman, and it felt like the house itself was seeing me in a new light. I walked down the stairs past all the framed family photos.

“Good morning, Logan.” My father was sitting at the kitchen table, sipping coffee and scrolling on his phone. He glanced over at me and then back to his screen. “You look very pleased with yourself today.”

“I spent some time with the woman of my dreams last night.” He was right, I did have a wide grin on my face. I sauntered over to the coffee machine and poured myself a cup.

“You and your girls, Logan. You’ve always been like that.” Dad shook his head. “Who was she, some old flame from your childhood?”

“Something like that.” I laughed.

“I’m just glad you’re settling down with that project you and Mom went over yesterday.” He sighed. “We need you to end the revolving door. If you’re not careful, one of these girls is going to end up pregnant.”

“Not if we only have unprotected sex on her safe days.” I went to the fridge and got myself some milk, pouring it into my coffee.

“What?” Dad practically did a spit take. He looked over at me with incredulous eyes. “There are no safe days. Even if she’s on the pill, you always use a condom. Always. I thought you and your mother had this conversation recently.”

“I was joking.” I shrugged. “Where’s Mom?”

“She went out for a jog.” Dad went back to his phone.

Taking my mug of coffee with me, I put on my shoes, and headed out into the bright morning sunshine. It was cold, but I didn’t mind. I knew the route my mother took on her jogs, so I walked the opposite way, listening to the birds and sipping my coffee.

About ten minutes later, my mother came into view. I stopped and admired the view. She hadn’t noticed me yet, jogging at a steady pace. Her hips looked mesmerizing in her stretch pants. Her tits jumped side to side in unison encased in a sports bra and tight top.

When she saw me, she fell into a walk. Her smile was brighter than the morning sun. “What are you doing out here?” She looked around the suburban street, like it might hold answers.

“I want to spend as much time with you as I can on this trip.” I sipped my coffee and waited for her to walk over. I carefully studied her tits, which were now jiggling instead of bouncing. “I’m going to miss you when I have to leave tomorrow.”

“Aww. I’m going to miss you, too.” She reached me and gave me a chaste kiss on the cheek.

“You can give me a hug. I don’t think anybody will mind.” I spun in a 360-degree turn. There were no bears or snowplow drivers around to judge us.

“I’m sweaty.” She flashed me a smile and kept walking. “Come on, I don’t want my heart rate to drop too much.” We walked briskly back toward home.

“You seem to be moving without any pain. How are you feeling today?” I finished my coffee and let the mug hang loosely from a finger.

My mother’s cheeks turned crimson. “I’m a little sore today. I don’t think we should … um …” She looked around, but we were still alone on the shade-dappled street. “I don’t think we should use the back door today. Give it a chance to rest.”

“Does that mean …?” I knew I was grinning like an idiot, but I didn’t care about being suave. She was my mother. What did it matter if I was cool? She used to bathe me. Cool had gone out the window a long time ago. Come to think of it, maybe I could get her to bathe me again.

“Yes, Logan. I’ve thought about it. If you promise not to …” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “… finish inside. It should be safe enough. I also want to … feel that closeness. And I want you to be happy.” If it were possible, her cheeks got even redder.

I thought about teasing her. *Want to ask Dad if he thinks it’ll be safe?* But she might actually take me up on that. So, I kept that to myself. “This is the best day of my life.”

“The best day, so far.” She gave me a furtive, sidelong glance. “When you get to do this with your your wife someday, it’ll be better. You’ll get to make a baby with her. That’s a very special thing to share. But I’m glad we get to have these rewards.” She paused and nodded as if I’d spoken. “Yes, I think we’re both getting something out of these rewards. I have to admit, I’ve been floating on a cloud ever since last night. I am so happy, Logan.”

“I’m happy too, Mom.” My stomach fluttered with butterflies. I wondered how things would go. Maybe in the heat of the moment, she would let me cum inside her. I was looking forward to finding out.

Chapter 39

“Logan?” I could hear my mom close the door to the garage. “Your father just left for golf. Eighteen holes. We should have about five hours.”

“I’m in the living room.” I was sprawled on the sofa in sweatpants and a t-shirt, reading a book. My dick was already hard, and the late-morning light cast a long shadow from the tent. “Why do you mention it? Do you want to do something while he’s out?”

“You goof.” My mother walked into the room topless, with only her yoga pants on. “I thought we had plans.” She stood and made a little pose with her hip to the side. “But if you don’t want any rewards …” Her eyes darted over my body, fixing on the tent in my sweatpants. “Oh, gosh. My heart is beating out of my chest. Are you nervous?”

“I’m too happy to be nervous, Mom.” I set aside my book, and pulled down my sweatpants to show her I wasn’t wearing any underwear.

My mother’s eyes went round. She put her hand to her mouth, her wedding ring sparkling in the light falling through the window. “I guess your little commander remembered our plans. He’s ready.” She glanced at the window. “Not in here, someone might see in.”

“With the glare outside, no one will see.” I tapped my dick so that it wobbled side to side.

My mother chewed her bottom lip and stared in silence. After a long pause, she exhaled. “I’ll close the curtains.” She raced across the room. Her boobs bounced in different directions.

“Why are people allowed to spy your tits through the window, but my dick must remain shrouded?” I stared at her ass as she went up on her toes to close the curtain. It looked perfect in those tight pants. As she worked, she gave me some great looks at her side boob.

“I wasn’t thinking straight. I was so excited to have our alone time together.” Curtain closed, she turned to face me. Her face was still lined by nerves.

“Me too.” I flexed my dick, making it do a little lurch.

“Oh, gosh! Are you okay?” She took a few steps closer to me, her expression turning to fascination.

“I was just making it jump.” I smiled, still reclining on the sofa.

“He … jumps?” My mother stopped next to the sofa and dropped to her knees. “Make him do it again.” She brought her nose close to my cockhead.

“Sure.” I flexed again.

“Oh!” She leaned back and giggled. “I’ve never seen a man do that before. Can your little commander do that because you’re twenty or …?” She reached out her hand and touched her finger to the precum that leaked out. “You’re so ready,” she whispered.

“I don’t know why I can do that. I just tried and …” I made it jump again.

My mother giggled some more. “I love it. I love everything about you, Logan.”

Before I could reply, I was watching my mother take my cock into her mouth and bob her head. She hadn’t improved her technique much, but I still loved her enthusiasm. I let her go for a while before I grabbed the back of her hair and gently pulled her off. Even when my cock slipped out of her mouth, she kept trying to suck me like a fish out of water. I laughed. “You’re so beautiful when you do that.”

“I doubt that.” My mother composed herself and stood. “Come on, let’s go upstairs.” She took my hand, meaning to pull me along, but I dragged her onto the sofa. She fell on top of me, her eyes staring into mine. “Logan, you feel so huge pressed between my legs like that.”

I rubbed my cock against her crotch. “We don’t need to go upstairs, Mom. We don’t need condoms.” I said this with much more assurance than I felt. She could easily have changed her mind about that part of it. “And it would be fun to do it right here, in the room where my sisters used to beat me up.” I kissed her perfect chin and neck.

“Stop it. They didn’t ever beat you up. You get along with your sisters.” Mom reached down to the waist of her pants and pulled them down, awkwardly lifting to get them off her legs. She took the panties right along with them. She grabbed my cock and rubbed it against her gushing opening. “Remember, don’t finish inside. Even on a safe day, never inside.”

“Got it.” I gave her a mock salute. “Did you ever think you’d be telling me that?”

“No.” She gave me an incredulous look. “Never, sweetie. This is a new … uuuggghhhhh … world … we’re in … you’ve grown up and … uuuuggghhhhhh.” Her brows knit as my dick slid deep into her pussy. “Hurts a little … today.”

“Take your time.” I played with her nipples to distract her. That got several shudders out of her.

“Okay … ookkaaayyyyyyyyyy.” She looked down at me with half-lidded eyes. “Do I feel … uuugghhhhh … good without … a condom?” Her pussy had almost completely enveloped my dick now.

“You feel warm, wet, and tight. It’s perfect. I can feel all of you now.” I let go of her tits, reached around, and took handfuls of her ass.

My mother snorted and rolled her eyes. “What every … uuugghhhh … mother wants … to hear. Do you want me … to use some … bad language?”

“Yeah.” I nodded enthusiastically.

“It makes me … oooohhhhh … happy that you like being … free … in my pussy.” Slowly, her hips undulated, only withdrawing a few inches before each slow plunge. “So free … soooooo free … I thought I knew what being free was … and then … at the cabin … my whole life changed. All I want … is this … uuuugghhhh … this … uuuuggghhhhh … this freedom and … closeness.” Her hips undulated faster, rubbing her clit just above my cock. From the way her face was twisting, I could tell she was ready to cum.

She needed just a little nudge. “Imagine if I … came inside your pussy. Imagine if … you made a life … with the person you brought into this world. Imagine how … how close we’d be … then.”

“No … Logan … nooooooooo … I … I … eeeiiiiiiiiiii … uuuggggghhhhh.” She let out a high scream, followed by some low bellows. Her eyes rolled back, her back arched, and she shook uncontrollably. She was sitting on top of me in the living room I’d grown up in, cumming like a rockstar.

“Cum … Mom … cum …” I watched her convulse several times before her gaze cleared, and I could tell she was actually seeing me again.

“Oh … my goodness … that was a big one.” She huffed and puffed, resting on top of me. Her breasts rising and falling with her breath. “What do you … want? I’ll give you … anything … sweetie. I … love you … so much.”

I smiled up at her. So, I guess she wasn’t going to reprimand me for my pillow talk. A massive orgasm was a hell of a drug. I winked at her. “If your pussy is ready, ride me hard. Be a good cowgirl.”

My mother shuddered again at that last phrase. “Oh … I like being called a good cowgirl.” She put her hands on my chest for support and started bouncing her hips.

I’d known many women that liked being called good girls during sex. I supposed Mom was one of them. “Squeeze my dick … like a good girl … Mom.”

“Oooohhhhhh … why do I … like that … so much?” She rode me harder, her tits leaping in opposite circles.

“Be a good … ugh … ugh … girl … and cum … again … on my cock.” I squeezed her ass, helping her bounce at a robust pace.

“Logan … Logggaaaannn … Looogggaaaannnnnnnnn.” Her rhythm evaporated, she tossed her head, and she had another climax. I could feel her pussy spasming on my

girth. After that climax, she was unable to resume her bouncing. She was a mewling mush on top of me.

Awkwardly, I lifted us off the sofa and put her on her back on the hardwood floor. I removed my sweatpants the rest of the way, tossed my t-shirt aside, and spread her legs. “Your pussy is already gaping. And drooling.” I lined up my cock and slid right in without much resistance.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh.” Her fingers raked my back.

“I can feel … uuuugghhh everything.” My hips found a good rhythm. “Do you feel … my bare … cock?”

“I feel you … I feeeeeeel you … Logan.” Her voice was filled with animal urgency. “He’s big … and he keeps hitting the back … and I feel him … knocking … on my womb … Logan. He’s knocking … ohhhhhhh … gosh … my son is knocking … on my womb. Soooooooo … goooooood. I … didn’t … I … eeeeiiiiiiii.” And she was thrashing under me, cumming again.

I humped my mother on the living room floor for a good long while. I pummeled her from above, sometimes holding her legs wide, sometimes resting my chest on hers and gripping her ass, and sometimes propping myself up with my hands on her shoulders, so I could stare down at this goddess that I was driving from one climax to the next. Her mind slipped completely from her. She spoke in tongues. She professed her undying love for me in Spanish for some reason. Her brain would stick, and she’d repeat the same word over and over, the volume of the word increasing steadily until she was screaming it.

Holding out as long as I could, I took it all in. The feel of her once-tight, but now accommodating pussy. The wildness in her eyes. The way her face twisted. Eventually, it was too much, and I was ready. “Mom … I want to cum … inside you. To be … close to you …”

That sobered her a little. I saw some intelligence return to her gaze. She stared up at me, her mouth hanging open, about to speak, but with no words coming out.

“Say … something … it’s close.” I slapped her tit to rouse her. My hips didn’t slow down. The sound of our smacking skin filled the normally sedate living room. The place was redolent of her cum and our sweat.

“It’s … ugh … ugh … it’s …” Mom grimaced up at me. I could see her trying to compose herself and failing. “It’s … a safe day … and I want … to feel it … I want to … Logan … feel it … so bad … ugh … ugh … ugh … so bad. Your life-making stuff … ooooohhhhhhh … inside … I can’t believe … I can’t … eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” When the first blasts of cum hit her

cervix, she arched her back, rolled her eyes, and screamed. I couldn't hear anything but her high-pitched wail.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." My hips lost their rhythm, firing haphazardly. Ever since the beginning of our stay at the cabin, I had hit life peak after life peak, each time never expecting to go higher. But clearly, this was the apex. There was nowhere higher to go. I was hosing down my mother's womb for the first time. Later, after Dad got home, she'd be walking around with my swimmers inside her. Safe or not, they'd be trying to find her egg. "Uuuuggggghhhhhhhhh." Supernovas exploded in front of my eyes. My body shuddered and shook. I had truly found the perfect moment. Ecstasy carried me away.

The next thing I knew, I was catching my breath. Still on top of my mother, with my dick still in her pussy, I had my cheek resting on her upper breast. We were a sweaty, cummy mess.

Mom was stroking my hair slowly. "Logan … Logan … Logan …" was all she said. I expected we'd have more words about the breeding later. But for now, she was too blissful to say anything more. I rested on her and soaked in every delicious moment.

Chapter 40

“Okay … okay … sweetie. You have to get off me. I need to drain your stuff. Even on a safe day, I can’t just leave it in there.” Gently, my mother pushed at my shoulders.

“That was the best ever. I’m so happy.” I was still hard inside her pussy. I slowly pulled away from her, listening to the squelching suction as my cock found the open air. She winced at the noise. I grinned.

“We were stupid, Logan. But I’m glad you’re happy.” She reached between her legs as if to gauge the damage. Her frown showed that she didn’t like what her fingers found. “Oh … gosh … we were really stupid.”

“Best kind of stupid.” I turned her over. It took some effort to get her onto her hands and knees.

“Logan … I need to drain. I can’t … we can’t … Logan … I … uuuggggghhhhhh.” My mother tensed when I slid back inside her pussy from behind. I could see the little muscles in her back bulge. “We … can’t … we can’t … we can’t … stop. We … have to … keep going.” She braced herself as I slammed my hips into her ass. “Ugh … ugh … ugh … keep … going … please.”

“I aim … to please … Mom.” I held firmly to her hips and went to town on her pussy. “You hear … that … Mom?” She was queefing loudly. Her stretched pussy was so tight around my girth that the air and cum didn’t have much room to escape.

“Ohhhhhh … ooohhhhhhh … I hear it … it’s embarrassing … I sound like I’m … but … but … I’m not …” She looked back at me over her shoulder. Her twisted expression seemed to long for approval and reassurance.

“I think … ugh … ugh … ugh … it sounds … beautiful. You’re so … full of cum.” I grinned at her like an idiot. I was perfectly happy. “Can I … cum in your pussy … ugh … ugh … again?”

I guess that question set her off. She didn’t answer me. Instead, her eyes rolled back, and she howled out a massive orgasm. I humped her like a dog for more than twenty minutes, sending her on a series of orbiting climaxes. By the time I was ready to have my own orgasm, she was speaking gibberish in Spanish.

“Mom … Mom … I’m going to cum in you …” I gave her one last chance to ask me to pull out.

“*Si … si … la araña discoteca* … uuuuggggghhhhhh … *por favor* … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiii!” She thrashed as I unloaded in her. “*Caliente … caliente* … ooooooooohhhhhhhh.” Even after I stopped cumming, my mother was still convulsing. When I let go of her hips, she fell

forward, dislodging my dick. She rolled onto her side. “Nnnnnnggggggggggg.” I could mostly see only the whites of her eyes. She looked like a stroke victim for sure. The first time I’d done this to a woman, I had thought I’d killed her. I laugh when I think about my reaction then. But it didn’t worry me anymore. I knew women had very different orgasms than men.

“Keep cumming … Mom.” I sat on the coffee table, catching my breath. She was never more beautiful than when she was writhing on the floor in pleasure. I drank in the sight of her. Even after her body went still, the room was filled with her otherworldly whimpering. Maybe I was a little worried about her. “You okay, Mom?” My cock slowly deflated as I rested.

“Oh … gosh … what is this … feeling?” My mother rolled onto her back and spread her legs. “Tell me … what it looks like.” Her pussy was a gaping black cavern, home to a spring of dribbling sperm.

“You’re wide open, and cum is oozing out.” I locked eyes with her. Her stunned expression made me laugh.

“What’s … so … funny … mister?” She closed her legs and gingerly sat up.

“I’m just happy. I’ve never felt this way either. This is the best thing that has ever happened to me.” I stood up and stretched.

“Yeah.” My mother stared at my dangling cock. “We got a little carried away today.”

“Do you regret it?” I offered her a hand. When she took it, I pulled her to her feet. Her tits brushed against my arm, giving me goosebumps.

“My mind is too jumbled, Logan. I don’t know.” She leaned her head on my shoulder and exhaled. “I have all these happy chemicals coursing through my veins. I feel … sublime. She put her arm around my waist. “Help me upstairs. I need to drain your stuff and shower.”

“Sure thing, Mom.” I put my arm around her shoulders, and we went upstairs.

When we got to the bathroom she shared with Dad, she lifted the toilet lid and sat. “Don’t worry. I’m not peeing or anything. I just need to let gravity do its work.”

“You look hot.” I leaned on the counter and watched her. She was sweaty, with cum smearing her thighs. Her hair was a mess. Her face was slack, and her expression distant. She looked high.

“Gosh … don’t say that. I’m sitting on the toilet. I feel … silly.” She closed her eyes. “I also feel … magical. Will you still want me when you find a girlfriend?”

Now I knew she was high. Without a sex-addled brain, she would never have asked that question. “I’ll always want you, Mom.” I snapped my fingers. “Stay right there, I should go clean in case Dad gets home early.”

“I’m not going anywhere.” She opened her eyes, gave me a dreamy smile, and sighed.

“I’ll be right back.” Still naked, I trotted down to the living room. There wasn’t much of a stain on the sofa. I wiped it down with cleaner. Then, I mopped up the puddle we’d left on the wood floor with some towels. I opened the curtains and a window to let in some fresh air. Then, I picked up our clothes, and went back upstairs. My mother was in the shower when I returned to her bathroom. I dropped our clothes in her hamper. “Is there room for two in there?”

“Your stuff is still flowing out of me. If you come in here, we can’t do it again,” she said through fogged glass.

“Of course.” I opened the shower door and joined her.

Ten minutes later, I had her tits pressed up against the tile, plowing her from behind.

“Best … shower … ever … Mom.” I swept her hair aside and kissed her back.

“Good … Logan … it’s good … ssooooooooo … good … eeeeiiiiiiii.” Her high-pitched wails were even louder in the enclosed bathroom. “Oh … gosh … you’re going to … fill me again … aren’t you?”

“Yeah … Mom … here you … go … aaaahhhhhhh.” My hips lost their cadence, and I blasted my mother’s pussy for the third time.

After we recovered, we cleaned ourselves with wide grins on our faces. We didn’t say much as we got out and dried. I watched her tits shake as she rubbed her back with the towel. I could have taken her a fourth time. I wanted to. But Dad might return early, and we wouldn’t have much warning. So, instead of pulling her into my arms, I knelt, spun her around, and gave her ass cheeks several wet kisses. I then stood, gave her a quick spank, and left the room, glancing over my shoulder as I walked out. She stood there watching me go with a look of pure amazement on her face.

~~

“You look really nice today, Barbara.” My father still wore his golf clothes. He was sweaty and drinking a tall glass of water. He stood in the middle of the living room, regarding his wife. “I mean it, you look radiant. Did you do yoga this morning or something? There’s an inner peace emanating from you.”

My mother wore a bathrobe and was curled up on the sofa with a book. Her hair was still damp. Her grin was bright as she looked at my father. Her face took my breath away. That smile could launch a thousand ships. “I do feel amazing, Bradley. I’m not sure why.” Her little lie tickled me.

I was scrolling my phone in an armchair. But I wasn’t paying attention to the screen. My eyes were on them. I was curious how much Dad would notice. He had clearly picked up on her post-orgasmic bliss.

“You and Logan do more girlfriend shopping?” Dad gulped his water.

“Sort of.” Mom quickly glanced at me and looked away. Her cheeks turned scarlet.

“Well, I hope he settles down.” Dad looked over at me like he was noticing me for the first time. “I hope you settle down.”

“I will, Dad.” I nodded.

“Don’t you think your mother looks wonderful today? I don’t know what it is, but …” Dad looked back at Mom and smiled. “Anyway, I’m going to hit the shower. See you two in a few minutes.” He marched upstairs.

“He can sense that you had the best sex of your life today,” I whispered to her.

“Shh.” She put a finger to her lips and furrowed her eyebrows. “Not while he’s in the house.” She was trying to look cross, but she was still half-way smiling.

I could hear the shower going upstairs. “Is it weird for you that he’s in the same shower where we just …?” I shrugged and held my hands palms up.

“Yes, it’s weird, Logan. But … I don’t feel like we’re cheating on him. Because it’s us. You’re not some strange man, you’re my son. And I have … well …” She shook her head. “I don’t know what I have. My life is crazy.”

“I know what you have.” I held up my hand like I was ready to answer a question.

She sighed. “What do I have, sweetie?”

“You have my swimmers inside you. Right now, you’re sitting there while they’re trying to find your egg.” I winked at her.

My mother stared at me with wide eyes, her mouth hanging open.

“The whole rest of the day, you’ll be walking around, talking to Dad, doing chores, relaxing … with my swimmers inside you.” I watched her shudder, and her gaze turn distant. I snapped my fingers. “Mom?”

Her eyes regained focus. “Don’t talk like that while your father’s home.” She didn’t sound like she meant it.

“Maybe you should convince him to go back out today.” My cock wasn’t hard, but the bulge was evident in my sweatpants, where my dick was resting on my thigh. I poked it and moved it around for her enjoyment.

“Logan … we’ve done enough today.” She stared as I moved my cock back and forth.

“But it’s your safe day. And since I already came in you three times, another time won’t add any risk. In for a penny, right?” I put down my phone.

“That was a lot more than a penny.” My mother stood and straightened her robe. “I need to go talk to your father. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

I watched her head for the stairs. Even in the boring bathrobe, her ass rolled perfectly with each step.

Wondering what she was going to talk to my father about, I got up and paced the living room. I hoped it wasn’t to ask him some medical question about the odds a fourth load of cum would make a difference on a safe day. He was a doctor. He wasn’t stupid. Eventually he’d figure out something weird was going on. As I paced, I vowed to be more careful. I’d have my mom visit me more than I visited her. When I was here, I wouldn’t mess with her when he was home. I came up with all sorts of rules as I waited for her to come back downstairs and tell me what they’d been talking about.

Chapter 41

I stopped pacing when I heard my mother's soft footfalls coming down the stairs. It had been about ten minutes since she'd gone up to talk to my father. I braced to see her frowning face, but she was smiling when she came into the living room.

"Don't you look gloomy all of a sudden." My mother glanced over her shoulder. "Your father is dressing, so I'll cheer you up briefly." She untied the belt of her bathrobe, pulled it open, and shook her hips side to side in a silly dance. She was naked underneath, and her tits bounced and wobbled beautifully. "There's that slice of sunshine smile." She closed her robe. "You aren't as complicated as you think you are, Logan." She sat back on the sofa and tucked her legs under her.

"I suppose not." I nodded.

"You're worried I asked your father about … what happened?" Her grin faded a little, but still curved her lips.

"We did get a little carried away. I don't want to mess up what we have, Mom." I sat down on the sofa with her, keeping my voice to a whisper.

"We did. But it's okay. I'm sure I'm safe today, so we're okay. But we can't do this sort of thing other times of the month." My mother reached out and patted my knee affectionately.

"But the good news is that my butt will be ready when I visit you next weekend." She was beaming again.

"Next weekend?!?" I couldn't believe the good news. I wanted to kiss her, but I knew that was verboten with Dad upstairs, so I settled for playfully tugging on her exposed toes.

"That's what I talked to your father about. I told him we needed to finish up the girlfriend search. So, I'll drive over on Friday." She blushed. "Don't worry, he's working next weekend. He won't miss me."

"I love you so much." I stood and walked over to an armchair so I wouldn't be tempted to leap on top of her.

"I love you too, sweetie." She was still smiling. "I feel … so good right now. From my scalp down to my toes. I've never felt this close to anyone before. I …" Her words trailed off, and she looked toward the stairs. My father's thudding footsteps were descending.

"Okay, we'll find the right girl next weekend," I said loud enough to carry out of the room. "I'm looking forward to it."

"Me too." My mother hadn't stopped grinning.

~~

Sadly, my father stayed at home the rest of the day. I suppose it wasn't actually all that sad. I do love him, too. And I did get to help him install some new shelves in the garage. When we came back in before dinner, we were grimy and sweaty. My mother, now wearing a t-shirt and jeans, eyed me approvingly as we walked through the kitchen. She paused cutting garlic to give me a wink.

The three of us had a pleasant dinner. We watched some TV afterward. Then, we went to bed. I held out hope that my mother would visit my room in the middle of the night. But when I woke up in the morning, I found myself alone. But not for long. Just as I was getting ready to roll out of bed, my door opened, and my mother walked in. I thought it was a very good sign that she was only wearing yoga pants. Her bare tits jiggled as she closed the door behind her and glanced at me.

"You're awake." She grinned like she'd just discovered buried treasure. "I may have convinced your father to head out golfing again this morning. I know you have to leave today, but you can stick around until after lunch, right?" She posed for me, lifting her left tit like she was offering it to me on a platter.

"Yeah … I think I could be convinced to stick around." I hopped out of bed, kissed her on the cheek, and opened the door.

"Where are you going?" Mom frowned.

"I just woke up. Let me brush my teeth." I walked out into the hall. "Wait for me in bed. I won't be long." I walked to the bathroom, washed my face, brushed my teeth, and headed back to my room. I stopped in my doorway, my breath catching in my throat. "Holy … shit …"

"Language, Logan. Don't make me feel any more awkward than I already do." My mother was naked now, on her back on top of my sheets. Her hands were behind her knees, holding her legs wide open. Her perfect triangle of brown hair was on full display. Her labia were already swollen and glistening. "Well, are you just going to stare at me all morning?" She screwed up her face in one of her silly expressions.

I hesitated. "Are you still safe today?"

"I'm not stupid enough to think we're going to use a condom one day removed from what happened yesterday." She shook her head slowly. "Let's have fun. Next week, we'll be more careful." She waited. "Are you going to take me in a manly fashion or what?" Her smile lit up the room.

“Manly fashion, Mom.” I leapt onto the bed. Her pussy offered no resistance when I entered her. We humped with her feet pointing at the ceiling for a long while. I stared down at her twisted face. It was singularly beautiful. “Be … a good girl … and cum for me … Mom.”

“Eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” She did as I asked. Not once or twice, but again and again. She spoke incoherent Spanish, she mewled, she spoke in tongues, and she screamed.

When I was ready to cum, I reached under her, and grabbed her ass with both hands. “Cumming … Mom! Aaaaaahhhhhhh.”

“Looogggaaaaannnnnnnn!” My mother convulsed under me, her womb happily soaking up my seed.

We had sex again after that without my dick even leaving her pussy. I pulled her up on top of me. “Ride me.” I slapped her ass to encourage her.

“Don’t you need … to rest?” She looked down at me, sweat dripping from her brow.

“That’s why I’m on the bottom now. I’m resting. Ride me.” I pulled her right tit toward my mouth and sucked on her nipple.

“Okay … okay … Logan … I’ll do the work … for a while.” Her hips got going, and she threw herself into being the best darn cowgirl she could be. The curve from her waist out to her hips was mesmerizing as she undulated and bounced her way to another series of orgasms. By the time I was ready to cum in her again, she was weeping with joy. Literal tears streamed down her cheeks. “Ugh … ugh … ugh … Logan … so good … Logan … love you … so gooooood … yeeesssssss … yeesssssss … I feel it … I … uuuggghhhhhhhh.”

I filled her again. It was a perfect moment.

Afterward, we lay in bed with her head resting on my thigh. She made lots of satisfied cooing noises, but otherwise didn’t say anything for a while. Finally, she cleared her throat. “I don’t think I actually need to come next weekend to help you pick a girlfriend.”

“Oh?” I smiled and ran my fingers along her upper arm.

“You’re going to pick Gillian. I can tell.” Mom’s voice was slow and dreamy. “She’s the girl for you.”

“How can you tell?” I was genuinely curious. She was right.

“Because your notes highlight her sense of humor. And she’s a redhead.” Mom turned her head and smiled at me. “Am I right?”

“How do you know I like redheads?” I raised my eyebrows.

“A mother knows these things. I see the way you look at women with copper hair. You seem to especially like freckles.” Her pupils were dilated. I suppose she was still high from sex. “Ever since you were pestering that girl, Jill McKenzie, in the fourth grade, I had a suspicion that you liked redheads.”

“But you don’t have red hair.”

“I didn’t say it was exclusive for you. I know you like women generally, Logan. It’s just … you especially like redheads.” She sat up and gave me a challenging frown. Her tits swayed wonderfully with her movement.

“You’re right, of course. Although I’d say that I like *you* especially, and only you. And redheads are just fun.” I laughed.

“I’m your mother.” My mother turned her gaze away from mine. It was nice to know I could still make her blush.

“That’s why I like you best. Nobody cares for a son like his mother. There is no other relationship like it.” I felt so wonderfully relaxed. I looked at the narrow gap between the closed curtains. Through the window were green leaves swaying in the breeze. “Lots of guys try to replace their mother with girlfriends and wives. But I don’t have to do that. I get to have you *and* a girlfriend.”

“You don’t get to have me like a girlfriend.” Her words were a little sharper. I don’t think she was quite as high as a few minutes before.

“I know what you mean, Mom, but I sort of do. The cum in your pussy tells me so.” I laughed again.

My mother giggled. She couldn’t help herself. “We could look at it the other way around. Your girlfriend is going to get to know you like your mother already does.” She giggled some more, her cheeks turning even more crimson. She rolled off the bed and stood, staring down at her legs. “Gosh, Logan. Look how much is flowing out of me.” She spread her legs a little and made a V with her fingers around her pussy lips. “You’ve really opened me up. I’m a little jealous of Gillian. That she gets to experience all you have to offer for the first time. It’s all so surprising and bracing and … magical at first.” She gave me a warm smile. “I suppose it’s still all those things.” She walked toward the door, so confident in her nudity around me. “Come on, let’s shower. If we hurry, I’ll let you make one more deposit before you need to head back to school.”

I jumped out of bed like a bolt of lightning. One more round of shower sex was the perfect way to end our amazing weekend.

~~

“Here you go, Logan. It’s nothing special, just a snack for the road.” My mother stood next to my car, leaning over the driver’s window. She held out a closed paper bag. I sat behind the wheel, staring at the cleavage that her blouse left exposed. She snapped her fingers in front of my face. “Say ‘thank you’, sweetie. Some women might find it rude if you just mutely stare at their boobs.”

“That’s one of the many things I love about you, Mom. I get to be myself around you.” I took the bag and put it on the passenger seat. “We’ve been through so much together. Remember when I broke my arm in the seventh grade?”

“Yep.” She nodded.

“Remember when I saved us from that crazy bear?” I looked earnestly into her eyes.

My mother shivered and nodded. “Yep.”

“Remember when I came in you all those times this weekend?” A smile curved my lips.

My mother’s expression went distant. Her shiver was bigger this time, noticeably shaking her shoulders. She nodded slowly. “Yep.”

“I’ll see you soon, Mom.” I leaned out of the window and kissed her on the cheek. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Logan.” She stood up straight. “Go ahead and focus on Gillian this week. You can forget the other girls.”

“Okay.” I started the car and backed out of the driveway. “Redheads are fun, but you’re the best,” I called out the open car window.

Even from that distance, I could see my mother blush as she shook her head and smiled. I pulled into the street and headed back to college. She waved goodbye for as long as she was in the rearview mirror.

About halfway back to school, I opened the paper bag she’d given me. There was a note. *Dear Logan, here’s a snack (your favorite) and a promise of a snack for next weekend (also your favorite). Mom.*

I dumped the contents of the bag out on the passenger seat. There was a plastic bag of my favorite Japanese rice crackers. Next to that was a pair of my mother’s panties. As I opened the crackers and started munching, I kept glancing at the panties. I couldn’t stop thinking, *I have the best mom in the world.*

Chapter 42

I went on three dates with Gillian that week. She was funny, confident, and smart. Still taking it slow, I finally got a view of her tits on our Thursday date. She was curvy. Not as curvy as my mother. But she had great boobs to go along with all of her other winning attributes. Her nipples were sensitive. And her pretty, freckled face twisted wonderfully when I played with them.

I texted Mom a few times to give her updates and to tell her how happy I was that we were going to see each other on back-to-back weekends. Her replies were terse enough that I started to worry she was pulling back. But then she sent me an unsolicited topless selfie. She was standing in front of her bathroom mirror, holding the phone with one hand, and waving with the other. I sent her a long list of enthusiastic emojis in response. I was tempted to fap while staring at her perfect form. But I wanted to save it all up for the weekend.

Friday night couldn't get here fast enough. I told Gillian my mom was visiting for the weekend, so I wouldn't be available. She thought that was sweet.

Late class on Friday made me wait, but eventually I was free. I walked back to my dorm as the setting sun cast dramatic shadows across my path. Anticipation tickled my nerves. Walking as briskly as I could, I almost missed the gorgeous woman running toward me, her tits bouncing in unison under her sweater. She had a huge grin on her face. She must have been waiting outside my dorm.

"Logan!" Mom tried to keep her voice down like she didn't want to make a scene. She opened her arms and enveloped me into a hug, digging her face into my chest. "My Logan. I'm so happy to see you." She squealed softly. "You smell good."

"It's the deodorant you bought for me last summer." I squeezed her back, feeling her boobs press into me.

"I've raised you right." She giggled and looked up at me. "You're so handsome." She blushed, looked around, and pushed away from me. "Sorry. I don't want your friends thinking you're a momma's boy."

"Nobody's watching us." I folded my arms so that I wouldn't be tempted to grab her in public. "You hungry? I don't need to go back to my dorm. We could get some dinner."

"It was a long drive getting here. I could eat a horse." Mom led me to the minivan. We made small talk on the car ride to the restaurant. Without warning, Mom took one of her hands off the steering wheel and rubbed my erection through my pants. She parked at the restaurant and continued rubbing, chewing her bottom lip, and looking at me like

I was the horse she wanted to devour. “We shouldn’t do this in the parking lot.” She didn’t stop.

“It’s not like it’s out in the open. If someone saw, you could just be helping me with a drink I spilled on my lap.” I wanted to kiss her.

“How’s Gillian?” She whispered.

“Bummed that I’m not free this weekend.” I was still smiling like an idiot.

Mom withdrew her hand. Her expression sobered. “Maybe you should make some time for her. This obsession with me might not be … good for you.” It looked like it pained her to say it.

“Yeah, I hate being so happy.” My smile faded a little. “It’s fine, Mom. She likes that I’m looking forward to seeing you. Women like it when the person they’re dating has a good relationship with their mom.”

“If she only knew.” My mother rolled her eyes. “Tuck that thing under your waistband and come eat with me. I want to hear all about Gillian.”

“Sure.” I reached into my pants, moved my dick into a fairly constrained position, and got out of the car.

We had a lovely dinner. I told her about Gillian and classes. She told me about the book she was reading, gossip about her friend’s kids, and how Dad was starting a new diet.

After dinner, we strolled out to the minivan, walking side by side. “I feel a little foolish being so excited, sweetie.”

“About Gillian?” I opened the passenger door and smiled over the hood at her.

“About us, goofball.” She screwed up her face in one of her silly expressions. “Gillian too, honestly. But right now, I have a million butterflies flapping in my belly because I know we’re going to the hotel next.”

“Are we?” I shrugged innocently.

She looked around conspiratorially. “I have something to tell you when we get in the car.”

“Okay.” I quickly got in. I wanted to hear whatever this was.

When we were both inside, she started the car and stared into my eyes. “I brought lube. I … um … still need it when your father and I are intimate. But I only need it with certain … positions with you. Do you know what I’m saying?”

“Yeah, Mom. You said this last weekend. You want to do anal with me.” I laughed.

She frowned. “Don’t make light of it. It’s a big deal that we get to do this. I don’t do that with your father. You should be grateful.” Her eyes went wide, and she put her palm on her face. “Listen to me. What did that cabin do to me? I’m … I’m …” She took a deep breath and continued to cover her face.

“You’re the best mom in the world. Most guys would give their left nut to do this with their mom. That cabin just gave us the chance to be our best selves.” I rubbed her thigh reassuringly. “Hey, let’s not talk about Dad, or Gillian, or worry about the rest of the world for a little while. I want to be alone with you. I love you so much, Mom.”

She peeked at me through her fingers. “I love you too, Logan. We’re doing the right thing, right? I mean, you’ve been working hard in your classes since Christmas. And you’ve practically got a girlfriend.”

“And you’ve had the best sex of your life.” I kissed her cheek.

“Oh, shut up. Logan … really.” She gave me a nervous smile. “Oh … you really are something.” She put the car in reverse, pulled out of the parking spot, and headed us for her hotel.

~~

“I have a surprise for you. I feel ridiculous doing this, but …” Mom took a bag with her into the bathroom.

“I’m sure it’s great, Mom.” I closed the curtains and slowly undressed. I was already hard, of course. These days, just the sight of my mother doing everyday things was enough to give me a raging hard-on. “Gillian told me a great joke yesterday.” I told her the joke through the bathroom door. “Are you laughing?”

“Yeah, sweetie. That’s funny.” My mother’s muffled voice had a nervous lilt to it.

“I got to second base with her.” Naked now, I pulled down the covers, sat on the sheet, and waited.

The door opened and my mother stepped through wearing lacy lingerie. The panties were crotchless, and the bra pushed up her boobs beautifully. She gave me a shy smile. “Is second base making out?”

“Passed that. I saw her boobs.” I grinned, trying to look at every part of my mother at once.

“Oh … that’s good.” Mom’s eyes widened. “Were they … nice? I mean … can you see yourself being with … those boobs … for a while … like you would with … a girlfriend.”

She gulped. “I’m so nervous. I’m not sure what I’m saying. You want me to use a dirty word?” She wasn’t really posing in the lingerie, just standing there with her front foot rubbing the carpet anxiously.

“Dirty word, please.” I steepled my hands.

“Do you like her tits?” My mother put her hand on her face. “I can’t believe I said that. I’m going to meet this girl someday.”

“She has great tits. I’ll be perfectly happy with her, so long as I have you on the side.” I put my hand on my cock, resting it on the head.

“I maneuvered myself into being my son’s side-woman. I did not see this coming when I offered you your first reward.” She took a deep breath, eyeing my cock.

“What did you see coming?” I asked innocently.

“I’m not going to discuss it.” Her frown was brief. She took another deep breath and posed with her hip to the side. “So, what do you think of my outfit? Your father thought I’d gone crazy when he saw it.”

“You look amazing.” I started fapping. “Dad’s seen you in it?”

“Is that okay?” Her frown was back. “I didn’t want to hide it from him. But I bought it for you. I … um … I feel really silly.” She shook her head. “You’re sitting there masturbating, while I’m going from one panic attack to the next. Do something to calm me down, Logan.”

“Sure, Mom.” I stood, strode over to her, and enveloped her in my arms. I put one hand on her back and one hand on her ass. My cock nestled between her thighs. Nudging her head with my forehead, I exposed her neck, kissing and licking it gently.

“Ooooohhhhhhhh … Logan … I … oooohhhhhhhh.” She shuddered in my arms. “I … love you.”

“I … love … you … too,” I said between kisses. Picking her up, I twirled us around, making my mother shriek. I dove onto the bed with her, careful to put her down gently.

“Oh … that was exciting.” Her tits bobbed in unison as she settled on her back. “You’re always so …” She watched me get between her legs. What are you …? Ooohhhh … you’re … uuuuggghhhhhhh.” She stared down at me as I started licking her pussy.

“You promised me … a snack … Mom.” I worked my tongue over her swollen labia. She was tangy and delicious.

“I did … I did … do you still have … those panties?” Her face twisted as I worked up to her clit. She snorted a little. “I’ll want those … oooohhhhhhh … back.”

“No … way … Mom.” I said between clit licks. “Those panties go … in my trophy … case.”

“You have … a trophy case … with girls’ stuff?” Her eyes rolled back. “And I’m … in it? Oh … gosh … that’s too much … that’s … eeeeiiiiiiiii.” Her feet went up into the air, and her first orgasm arrived. When she came down from her climax, she grabbed my hair and pulled me off her pussy.

“Ow!” I gave her a sharp glance.

“Sorry!” She released my hair. “I just … was beside myself there. I didn’t mean …” Her eyes dropped to my cantilevered cock. “The lube is on the bathroom counter. I really want you inside me now. I want you … to take me.” Her expression fit her words perfectly. She looked half-thirsty, half-panicked. “Should I take off the lingerie?”

“Keep it on.” I jumped out of bed. In the bathroom, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. My face was shiny. I grinned at my reflection and grabbed the bottle of lube. While walking back to the bed, I slathered my cock. Finding my mother on her belly was a wonderful surprise. She looked great in the lingerie from behind, too. “You ready?” I put the bottle down on the nightstand.

“Go slow at first. I’m not sure how my body will handle your … uuuuuggggghhhhhhh.” She tensed as I pushed my cockhead onto her cute, pink butthole. Her sphincter resisted. The tiny muscles in her back bulged.

“Relax, Mom. Remember your breathing.” I kept steady pressure as I listened to her force herself to breathe evenly. After a few moments, her body loosened. With a plop, my cock slipped inside her.

“Logan … it hurts … but it’s also … the best.” She continued her Lamaze breaths. “When I adjust … I want you to … nail me to the bed … sweetie. Give me … everything you have.”

My grin was wide, and my heart was thundering in my chest. “I will, Mom. But first, I’m going to give you a little time to adjust.” Slowly, I sank the full length into her. It was going to be an incredible night.

Chapter 43

“Do you like … your mom’s butt … Logan? Ugh … ugh … do you … like your mom’s … ooohhhh … butt?” My mother held her ass cheeks as she lay on her belly. I was slamming into her with quick, powerful thrusts. My hips smashed into her ass hard enough that her hips left the hotel mattress at the apogee of each stroke.

“I love … ugh … your … ugh … ass … Mom. Where am I … right now?” My hands were on either side of her, fists digging into the sheet.

“Dirty … words … sweetie?” She let go of her ass and grabbed the sheet near my hands.

“Yeah … Mom.” I watched sweat fall from my face onto the gentle curve of her back.

“You’re in my … oooohhhhhh … in my ass.” She looked back at me over her shoulder, her face a grimace each time I pounded into her. “I can’t believe … I’m taking your huge thing … in my asshole … Logan. I can’t … I can’t … believe. But it … fits … perfectly … now. You like … your mom’s … asshole?”

I didn’t mind that she sounded like she was in need of reassurance. It was actually a good thing that she seemed desperate for me to like being inside her. She was clearly hoping that I was happy enough with her that I wouldn’t end our special connection when Gillian and I got more serious. Or maybe that’s what she was thinking. I hoped that’s what she was thinking. “You want me … to want … your ass … Mom?”

“Yesssssss … yeesssssss … I’ve never felt … never felt … eeeeiiiiiiiii.” My mother climaxed under me.

“I love you … Mom … aaahhhhhhhh.” I exploded. Her orgasm set off one of my own. My hips lost their rhythm. I had been saving up my cum all week, so I well and truly flooded her guts. We grunted and screamed together, just two wild animals. Eventually, we both came down from our highs and returned to humanity. “I’m so … happy … Mom.” I rolled off her, dislodging my dick with a plop.

“Me … too … sweetie.” She was still face down on the sheet, her voice muffled a little.

“I’ll never have this … with another woman.” I ran my finger down the arch of her spine, feeling each perfect vertebra. My fingers were wet with our combined sweat.

My mother’s body gave a sudden, violent shiver. She turned her face to look at me, her pupils dilated. “Don’t say that. I’m sure you’ll love Gillian someday. And I’m sure you can talk her into giving you her … ahem.” A shy smile tugged at my mother’s lips. “I’m sure she’ll give you her asshole once she understands how special you are. I mean, look at me. I never thought about anal sex before you. And now … well … I was thinking

about it all week." Her grin widened. "Oh … I feel your stuff leaking out of me. Should I be careful not to let it drip on my vagina? Can it get inside?"

"You want to call Dad and ask him?" I laughed. He would start to get suspicious if Mom kept asking him sex questions when she was with me. I could just see his eyes narrowing. I shook my head. We wouldn't want that. "Maybe not."

"Certainly, not." My mother rolled onto her back. "Just to be safe, I'll drip this direction."

"I like this side of you, Mom." I reached out and wobbled her tits with my hand, making them move like the tides.

"Oh … I thought you meant my dirty side. But you're just talking about my boobs." Her laughter was a bright chime lighting up the quiet room. "You've always loved them, haven't you?"

"Probably." I nodded thoughtfully, leaned over, and sucked her nipple into my mouth.

"Oooohhhhhh." She ran her fingers through my hair, pulling just a little. "That feels really … really nice. I love how you're still interested in foreplay after you finish. I've never been with anyone that … ooohhhhhh."

I lifted my face off her tit and looked her in the eyes. My fingers rolled her nipple. "You have a habit of comparing me to Dad and the other men that came before him."

"I'm sorry, Logan. That's probably not something a mother should talk about. It's just … all rules seem to be out the window now. And my mind is grasping for some way to measure what we're doing." She sighed. "Your fingers are sending little sparks through my body." She grimaced and trembled. "I wish we could use my vagina this weekend. I want both."

"I don't mind the comparison, Mom. And watch your language." I gave her a mock-stern look.

"Sorry. I wish we could use my pussy, Logan. I wish you could use it. You're so very clever with it." Her lips puckered as I moved up to kiss her.

We made out for a few minutes, our tongues dancing. Then I pulled back and kissed my way down her clavicle, her breast, her soft belly, and her triangle of pubic hair. "There's no reason to leave your pussy lonely. In fact, you should play with it while we have sex." I inserted two fingers into her vagina, feeling along the ridges inside.

"So … very clever … ooohhhh … my." Her eyelids fluttered as I found her g-spot.

"Cum for me, Mom." I thought about the first time I had touched her in that spot. She had been so shocked. Now, she was only ecstatic.

Her face contorted. She let out several low grunts. “Okay … Logan … I’m … eeeeeiiiiiii.” Her hips bucked, and she squirted.

“Wow.” I removed my hand and let her soak the sheets. She thrashed about for a good long while, her tits bouncing in opposite directions.

Eventually, she calmed and reached for me. She pulled me close and put my cheek on her breast. “I know … you want to have sex … again … but let’s do something normal. I don’t want to lose … myself.” She stroked my hair.

“It’s still early.” I rested on her breast. The smell of her sweat was almost as beguiling as the plush softness under my cheek. “We could watch a movie on TV.”

“If you were here with Gillian instead of me, what would you do next?” Her words were slowed by her post-orgasmic mind.

“We’d probably have sex again.” I reached down and played with the curls of her pubic hair. “But we’d probably switch to her pussy. You know, I haven’t asked, but I’m sure she’s on the pill. And if she’s not, I’m sure she will be soon.”

“Oh.” My mother held my head and squeezed a little. “I’m sorry I can’t give you that. But think about something other than sex. Would you go somewhere? Do something together in this room? We don’t have any board games.”

“You and my sisters are the only women I’ve played board games with. Usually when I’m with a woman, it’s a little more exciting than that.” I shrugged and sat up.

“I know you like playing board games with me. It *is* exciting.” There were lines of concern etched into her forehead. “We have all weekend to be physical. I want to do something else with you.”

“Are you sure?” I nodded down to my engorged cock.

She looked at it and bit her bottom lip. It took her a while to answer, but eventually she nodded. “I’m sure.”

“Probably, we’d talk. Maybe go for a walk, or get a bottle of wine.” I smiled. “But you and I talk all the time, so …”

“That sounds lovely. Maybe we can go for a walk to pick up a bottle of wine.” She rolled out of bed. I watched her body jiggle as she gingerly headed for the bathroom. “We both need a shower. Then, let’s go for a walk.”

I got up to join her.

“No.” She held up a wagging finger. “You’ll seduce me if we shower together. I know you, Logan. Me first, then you. Then we head out.” And that’s what we did.

~~

It was a little chilly, so my mother wore her coat. That meant I couldn't see her jean-clad ass. But it was a small loss. I only wore a sweater in case she wanted to check out my butt. But she didn't seem interested. She walked at a brisk pace, talking at an even faster clip. She was mostly giving me gossip about her friends and their children. She had a bright smile on her face. I couldn't detect any limp or waddle as she strode down the sidewalk. Her ass really was adjusting to me. I did notice that she'd used a pantyliner as she dressed. My cum was still leaking out of her. That was a magical fact. We were having an ordinary walk while my sperm worked its way out of her ass.

It was about a ten-minute walk to the liquor store. I was still a little over a week from twenty-one, so Mom had to buy it for us. The clerk kept looking back and forth between us like he was trying to figure out what our relationship was. I thought it was funny, but I could tell from my mother's frown that she didn't like the attention. We got our wine and headed back out into the night.

"There's a park over there. I'd probably take Gillian out to a picnic table, drink wine, and look at the stars." I pointed toward the park.

"It's been decades since I've done something like that. Sounds nice. But we don't have a bottle opener." She looked at the wine in her hand. "It's a screw top. It's our lucky night. Come on."

We drank right from the bottle, looked up at the stars, and talked about my sisters. Sitting on the picnic table, with our feet on the bench, we were hip to hip. Eventually, I put my arm around her shoulders. She melted into me. The small talk died down.

"I've been thinking a lot about us, Logan. It's hard because I can't talk to anyone about this. Not my friends. Not your sisters. Not your father. No one would understand." She sighed. "I've been thinking, I don't feel like you're my partner or anything. It's strange. I feel the same way about you as I did before the cabin. All those feelings have gotten deeper though. I have to watch myself, because as your mother, I would do anything for you. I want to give you everything, Logan. But that wouldn't be good for you. We haven't changed. We're the same. And you need to go out in the world and be a healthy young man."

"Oh … I see …" I was quiet, listening to the night sounds around us. I had no idea what to say. "I feel the same way. I mean, I've always loved you because you're an amazing mom. Now … those feelings are deeper." It was lame parroting her words back to her, but I'd been caught off guard.

“You brought me here because you wanted to do stuff in public. Is that right?” She leaned away from me a little and searched my eyes with hers.

“You asked what I’d do with Gillian. I’m not putting any pressure on you.” I pressed my lips together.

“You’re not. I want to. Kiss me, Logan.” She puckered her lips, closed her eyes, and tilted her face a little to one side.

“Sure, Mom.” I enveloped her with both arms and pressed my lips to hers. We made out. Slowly, my hands worked their way under her jacket. I hefted her heavy tits through her sweater and bra.

Our kissing became more frantic. We broke apart a few times to remove jackets and sweaters. One of us accidentally toppled the wine bottle from the table, but neither of us cared. Soon, we were both topless in the cold. I sucked on her nipples and kissed my way across her boobs. She cooed and cradled my head.

She had said that she wanted to give me everything. I wondered if that included public sex.

Chapter 44

“Oh … gosh … ohhhhh … gosh … I must be crazy.” My mother wiggled out of her remaining clothes while jerking my cock with one hand. “What if someone catches us?”

“We’ll run.” I laughed.

“Naked?” She was indeed naked now. “I don’t think I could run. I’m not very graceful when naked.”

“Well, I know that isn’t true.” I grabbed her hips and helped her onto my lap. I was sitting on my shirt on the picnic table, my feet on the bench.

“We don’t have lubrication.” My mother hissed as my cock slid along her ass crack. She arched her back and pressed her warm, soft tits into my face.

I thought about mentioning that my cum from before was probably plenty good for lube. But I wasn’t going to look this gift horse in the mouth. “You said you wanted me to use your pussy this weekend.”

“The way you talk, Logan.” She didn’t say more to reprimand me. She rubbed her ass on my cock in silence. “I *am* really wet. It’s so strange. With your father, I need to use lubrication for the front, and we … never do the back. With you, there are so many more options. Even if we shouldn’t …” She wrapped her arms around my shoulders and gave my forehead a series of little kisses. “When I said I wanted to have sex with my vagina, I didn’t mean I really wanted it. It’s just a fantasy, Logan. The risk is too high right now.”

“Nothing would make me happier, Mom.” I hugged her back, gripping her round ass cheeks in each hand. I could feel her shiver. “I’d pull out.”

“I’m clearly insane, Logan. I’ll give this to you this one time. But don’t ever ask for unsafe sex again.” She lifted herself up, reached under her, and guided my cock into her pussy. “Especially in public. This is too much. This is … ooooohhhhhhhhh … sooooo good.” She dropped her hips and impaled herself quickly. Even though we’d given her pussy a break, it remained accommodating. I wondered if Dad had noticed how different she was down there. In no time at all, she was bouncing with short, little thrusts. “Ugh … ugh … ugh …” She gripped me tightly, pressing her cheek onto my head. “Why does this … why does … this …?”

“All I want … ugh … ugh … is to be … inside you …” I was in heaven. Even at its more accepting size, her pussy hugged my dick, caressing the head with each pump. She was warm and impossibly wet. It was perfection.

“What kind of mother … what kind …? Oooohhhhh … Logan.” She was clearly ramping up to a big orgasm. Headlights strobed over us as a car pulled into the nearby parking

lot. “Eeeeiiii!” She shrieked and dismounted me. “Oh my gosh … oh my gosh … oh my gosh.” She quickly put her clothes on without bothering with her underwear.

“We’re okay, Mom.” I did the same as her, tucking my massive, unsatisfied erection under my waistband. “It’s probably just a couple kissing in their car. They’re not getting out.”

“I’m so stupid … so stupid.” She hurried away from the picnic table.

“Wait, Mom.” I left the wine bottle behind as I chased her, pulling on my rumpled shirt as I ran. “We’re fine.”

I caught up to her, got one look at her face, and didn’t say anything else. We walked at a very brisk pace in silence. She was clutching her bra and panties in a tight ball in one fist. If she wasn’t so panicked, it would have been hot seeing her like that. I wondered if the cum in her ass was still leaking out.

Once we were a few blocks from the hotel, she slowed her pace and stopped, glancing over her shoulder. She looked at me, drew in a big breath, and slowly let it out. Her lips pressed together. Her tits bounced a merry dance without a bra, but this was the first time I’d noticed since we’d left the park. I didn’t comment on it.

“Mom?” Had I pushed her too far?

She stopped walking, turned toward me, and stood on the sidewalk. Her lips pressed tighter. Her face turned crimson. Her eyes narrowed. Arms folding over, she hugged herself. She looked like she was about to explode.

I was undeniably more tense than when I’d been inside her a few minutes before. “Mom, I –”

She made a strange, high chirping sound. It took me a second to realize she was giggling. She dropped her arms loosely, threw her head back, and let the ringing staccato chime of her laugh bounce off the buildings. She put her hand on my shoulder to steady herself, shaking with hilarity. “Logan … Logan … I can’t … I can’t … even …” She said between chortles. “We almost …”

It was the most bewildering and welcome outburst I’d ever seen from her. She looked breathtaking doubled over, almost sobbing with joy. “You okay?” I started to chuckle, too.

“They say … there’s nothing so thrilling … as being shot … without consequence.” She grabbed my hand and headed for the hotel again. This time I had to jog to keep up with her. She stopped laughing, but there was a wide, resplendent crescent of a smile on her face. Her tits took big, synchronized bounds with each step. “I feel amazing.”

“Great.” We didn’t say anything else until we were back in the hotel room. I’m sure we were a sight running through the lobby as we were.

The door had barely clicked closed and my mother was already tearing her clothes off. “Naked,” she said. “You need to be naked. We’re doing it. We’re going to be risky.” She tossed her underwear to the floor and discarded her clothing haphazardly. “You’re not naked yet, sweetie!” Her eyes were wide, her pupils dilated. Her hair was wild from everything we’d been doing. She looked crazed.

“Naked. Got it.” I undressed in almost as much of a frenzy. The second I was disrobed, my mother practically tackled me onto the bed, landing on top of me. She looked down at me with wild eyes.

“Risky sex, Logan. But this is the only time. And you need to finish outside.” She grabbed my dick, put the head at her pussy entrance, and lowered herself. “Uuuuggggghhhhhhh … yeeeaaahhhhh … that’s the stuff … you’re such … a good boy.”

Despite almost turning twenty-one, I didn’t chafe at her calling me a boy. I wanted to be a good boy for her. “I’ll be … the very best … boy … Mom.”

“Oooohhhhh … yeesssssss. If you’re this good … I’ll give you … anything you want … Logan.” She humped me slow and steady at first. “Even though I shouldn’t … I can’t help … giving you … everything. Even … uggghhhhhh … when it’s dangerous.” She bounced faster, digging her nails into my chest. “Especially … when it’s dangerous … it’s such a high … I’m going … crazy … Logan.” She whipped her hair back and forth, her eyes rolling up. “You’re making me … crazy … I’m … I’m … eeeeeiiiiiii.” She arched her back, switched from bouncing to grinding, and convulsed her way through a big orgasm. She didn’t usually cum this hard early in a session.

My confidence swelled like the stiffest of erections. I gripped her ass and forced her to bounce again. The wet, sloppy sounds of her pussy played a nice percussion to the melody of her screams. I drove her to a second climax almost immediately, but didn’t let her rub her clit on me. When her hips faltered, I thrust up into her, making her continue to bounce. She looked like a drunk on a horse, almost falling off several times. But my grip on her ass held her upright.

After her fourth orgasm in a row, she pleaded for a reprieve. “Logan … Logan … not anymore … I can’t take it. My mind … my mind …” She tried to look down at me with meaning, but her features were twisted, and her eyes were unfocused.

“I love you … Mom.” Keeping my cock deep inside her, I rolled her onto her back. My hands were still on her ass, so I used the leverage to pound away.

“Love … love … ugh … ugh … love … Logan … ugh … ugh …” Mom’s feet were high in the air, her legs shaking. Her tits rolled north and south on her chest, quaking with each impact her body absorbed.

“Your pussy … feels so … good.” I wasn’t lying. My body wanted to keep plowing her forever. She was the perfect partner. My mind flashed through everything we’d been through since the snowstorm. Thinking of how slowly she’d come along, and now where we were, spurred my own orgasm. “Mom … Mom … I’m going to … uuuuuuggghhhhh.”

“Yesssssss … dangerous sex … dangerous … Logan … ooooohhhhhhhhh.” She grabbed my back, holding on tightly. Her legs crossed behind my butt. She was inviting me to breed her.

Even though I suspected she’d regret it later, I was too far gone to be the voice of reason. “Cumming … Mom … aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I unleashed a torrent.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” My mother shrieked, spoke in tongues, and thrashed under me.

Together we rode our ecstasy for a long time. When we both calmed down, she was well and truly seeded. Our sweaty bodies were pressed together, our hearts thundering against one another.

“Is it really … risky … today?” I knew it was.

“Yesssssssss.” She shivered under me, sliding her hands down to my ass. She held me there. There didn’t seem to be any rush to get my cum out of her pussy. “Oooohhhhh … gosh … we shouldn’t have … but … wow … just wow.”

“What are you going to do?” I was very curious to see how she’d handle this. Pulling my hips back, I dislodged from her with an audible plop. I kneeled between her legs, looking down at her spread pussy. It was pink and inflamed, cum dribbling down from the bottom. I thought back to earlier when she’d been worried about cum dripping from her ass onto her pussy. I smiled.

“What are you smiling about, buster?” She sat up on her elbows and gave me a mock severe frown. “Do I look that messed up down there?”

“You look fine. I mean …” My smile broadened. “You look ravaged.”

“I feel ravaged.” Her grin was wide and lazy.

“So, what are you going to do about it?” I repeated the question.

“I suppose I’m going to drain as best as I can.” She offered me her hand. “Help me up, my legs are Jello.”

“Sure.” I helped her into the bathroom.

“What a wild night. I did not expect any of this.” She sat on the toilet and let gravity do its work. “You make me want to do things I never …” Her voice died away as her gaze turned inward. “I’m going to have to have unprotected sex with your father when I get home. Just in case.” Her face sobered a little. “I should regret what we just did. On so many levels, I should.”

“But …?” I leaned against the bathroom wall, my soft dick hanging against my thigh. My arms were crossed as I studied her intently. I really hoped there was a ‘but’.

“But … I feel too good to worry. My whole body is buzzing.” She shook her head, smiling again. “What have you done to me, Logan? Gillian has no idea what she’s in for. What a lucky young lady.”

“So, you’re not mad?” I needed to hear it.

“Maybe I’ll be mad later. But now …?” She closed her eyes and slumped a little on the toilet. I could hear cum dripping into the water below. “But right now, I know your sperm is inside me, trying to find my egg. And it’s … scary, and magical, and it makes me so incredibly horny. You’ve turned your mother into a horndog, sweetie. How does that feel?” She let out a self-deprecating chuckle.

“I feel like the king of the world, Mom.” I grinned.

“I bet you do.” Her eyes still closed, she nodded and sighed. We were silent for a while. Dripping splashes were the only sound in the bathroom. Even slumped on the toilet, she was the most beautiful woman I’d ever seen.

Chapter 45

When my mother was done draining, I helped her into the shower. She was insistent that we were done having sex for the night. But not five minutes later, her face was pressed against the shower glass as I pummeled her pussy from behind.

"Logan … Logan … Logan … so good … so good … I can't think … I can't … eeeeeiiiiiiii." My mother came again. I didn't slow my hips, plowing right through her orgasm and into the next one.

"Your ass … looks amazing … bouncing … and splashing." I stared down at the way water droplets flung off my mother's rippling flesh.

"I'm so happy … Logan … so happy you like … every part of me." She looked over her shoulder at me, frenzy in her eyes. "This is what … every mother wants. To be totally … uuuggghhhhhh … loved. I'm so lucky … we got snowed in."

"Can I … ugh … ugh … cum in you … again?" My hips went into high gear. I desperately wanted to seed my mother. Her pussy was so wonderfully accommodating.

"Too … oooohhhhhhh … too … risky … sweetie." Her eyes widened just before she turned forward and rested her cheek on the glass again.

"We already did it … not much more risk … with one more … ugh … ugh … ugh … time, Mom." I was giving her all I had now. I could see the pink suction of her vagina hug my cock with every backstroke. The loud, wet sounds of our crashing together filled the bathroom.

"Go ahead … I want it … I'm a horndog … I'm crazy … I'm in love … I … oh no … I'm … eeeeiiiiiiiiiii." When she felt my cum inside her womb, she launched into another orgasm.

Ten minutes later, we were still both naked. I was leaning my hip on the bathroom wall, while she sat on the toilet, draining again. She looked stupefied, her vacant eyes staring at my soft, dangling cock. The drip of my cum falling into the toilet water was the only sound other than our breathing.

After a while, my mother's eyes left my dick and looked up to my face. She had more sapience in her gaze now. She raised her eyebrows. "Did you know that you're smiling like you used to on Christmas morning?"

"I'm not surprised." I chuckled. "I feel like I won the lottery." I grabbed her toothbrush, put toothpaste on it, and brushed, watching her through the reflection in the mirror.

“But you’re still interested in Gillian, right?” It looked like a frown was trying to form on her lax face but was failing. “You have to be. I don’t want to ruin that.”

I spit into the sink. “If you keep giving me your pussy, I’ll marry Gillian. I don’t care. I’ll do whatever you want, Mom.”

“I wish you wouldn’t talk like that when you’re not inside me.” The frown finally formed. “That’s crude. Anyway, I don’t want you to rush out and marry this girl. I’m not that eager for grandchildren.”

I thought about mentioning the potential grandchild possibly forming inside her right now. But decided against it. I finished brushing my teeth.

“I’m not trying to pressure you into anything.” Finished dripping, she stood and wiped the remaining cum from her pussy with a hand towel. The casual way she reached between her legs made my tired dick stir. “Really, Logan. Or …” She paused, bent a little, with the towel between her legs. Her tits dangled wonderfully with gravity’s pull. “Or, maybe I am putting a little pressure on you. But it’s for your own good. If you do well in college, that will help you in life. If you have a solid partner, either Gillian, or some other lovely woman, that will help you, too.” She finished wiping and stood straight. “Give me my toothbrush. We need to get some sleep.”

I watched her brush her teeth, her tits wobbling in tiny circles with the motion. It was mesmerizing. “I *am* tired.” I sighed.

She finished brushing her teeth and kissed me on the cheek. “I bet. If your father had done what you’d done, he would be catatonic.” She took my hand and pulled me back to the bedroom. “And dry as a raisin. I don’t know how you keep making more stuff so quickly. You’re a miracle. Twenty-year-old men are something else.” She pulled back the covers and slipped into bed, turning onto her side, presenting me with her ass.

“I’d like to think I’m special.” I got in behind her, pulled up the covers, and put my arm around her, cupping a handful of tit. “Remember when we had to spoon in the other direction so it wouldn’t be weird?”

“We’re a long way from the cabin, sweetie.” Her voice was soft and breezy. I could tell sleep already had her in its grip.

“It’s true.” I listened to her even breathing as she drifted off. I followed her quickly into dreamland.

~~

When I woke up, I was surprised to see that my mother was already up and drinking coffee. She sat in an armchair with her legs folded under her. She wore an oversized t-shirt, her nipples visible through the thin cotton.

“What time is it?” I sat up. The curtains were open, and there was pale sunlight falling through the window across the room. I rubbed my eyes.

“It’s early, you can go back to sleep.” She gave me an indulgent smile.

I smiled back. “I thought we were going to have sex in the middle of the night.”

“I guess we were tired.” She sipped her coffee. “I’ve been thinking things over this morning. I’d like to meet Gillian today. Is she free?”

“Really? It’s still a little early to have her meet my mother.” Still naked, I rolled out of bed and stretched. My mother watched my butt from over the lid of her mug. She reached over and closed the curtain, protecting my privacy.

“Use your charm, Logan. We can have lunch or something.” My mother’s eyes roved my body, settling on my swinging cock as I stretched my legs.

“Okay, but I get to spend the morning with you. I don’t want us to leave the hotel room.” I went to find my phone to text Gillian. When I bent over to fish it out of my pants, I was pretty sure my mother was staring at my butt again.

“What about breakfast?” She gulped her coffee, put it down, and stood. With one quick motion her shirt was off and floating to the floor.

I texted Gillian and put my phone on the bedside table. “We can make our own breakfast.” My cock was growing, drunkenly staggering at half-mast as I walked toward her.

“You’re so bad, Logan.” She let me pull her onto the bed, on top of me in a sixty-nine. She took hold of my cock with her left hand, gently stroking it. I could feel the cold metal of her wedding ring on my turgid flesh. “Ohhhhhhhh … your tongue is so perfect,” she said. “I can feel it. I can … ooohhhhhh.” She lowered her mouth onto my hard cock. “Mmmmpppphhhh … mmmpphhhhhh … mmmpppphhhhh.”

My hands gripped her ass cheeks as I lapped at her pussy. It was the perfect way to start the day.

~~

“We’re going to be late … ugh … ugh … ugh … Logan … we have to stop … or we’ll miss … Gillian.” My mother was on all fours on the bed, I was slamming into her ass from behind. Despite what we’d done last night, she’d been firm on no pussy in the morning. That was okay with me.

“Give me … a minute … here.” I took hold of her hair, forcing her back to arch. I stared down at the beauty of her quaking curves. I could even see glimpses of her tits dancing to the sides from underneath. “Getting close.” I gave her a chance to tell me to pull out, continuing to hump her savagely before my orgasm arrived. I thought there was a chance she wouldn’t want to have lunch with my girlfriend with cum leaking out of her ass. But she didn’t say anything but incoherent gibberish. She was right, we didn’t want to be late, so I let my hips fall out of rhythm. “Cumming, Mom! Aaaaahhhhhhhh.” I unleashed a torrent inside her.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiii.” My mother’s body went taut. I’m sure they heard her screams in nearby rooms.

~~

When we entered the restaurant, Gillian was sitting at a table waiting for us. She was frowning at her phone, but her freckled face brightened when she saw us. Her copper hair was up in a practical bun. She was wearing a conservative dress. To my untrained eye, she looked a little nervous. She waved and stood up. “Hi, Logan. Hello, Mrs. McArther. I’m Gillian.” She stuck out her hand.

“Very nice to meet you, Gillian. You can call me Barbara.” Mom shook Gillian’s hand. “I’m famished. Let’s sit.” When Gillian turned to take her seat, my mother gave me a wide-eyed look that said she thought Gillian was pretty. I nodded my agreement.

“Sorry we’re late. Mom got caught up in a workout.” I sat next to Gillian, across the table from my mother. I watched Mom sit, and she looked like she was having a little trouble getting comfortable on the butt I’d just blasted. I smiled as I thought about the cum leaking out of her at that very moment. Then I thought about her womb. I wondered if last night had any consequences. Were cells dividing in her as she met my girlfriend for the first time?

“Oh, you like to exercise?” Gillian smiled. “I do too. I’m not surprised to hear you like to work out. You have a great body, Mrs. … Barbara. I hope I look like you when I’m …” Gillian blanched.

“When you’re a mother someday?” Mom smiled. “Thank you for saying that, Gillian. You’re very kind.” Mom reached over the table and put a reassuring hand on Gillian’s.

Mom's wedding ring sparkled with the movement. I smiled thinking about how that metal had been touching my shaft and hairy balls not that long ago. My mother glanced my way and raised an eyebrow. I think she somehow knew what I was thinking. She looked back at Gillian. "So, I understand you're older than Logan. How's your sophomore year going?"

The lunch went well. Gillian seemed less nervous by the end of it. My mother was kind and gracious to her, which wasn't much of a surprise. The conversation was mostly small talk, although Mom did ask some questions that let Gillian show how smart she is. I was proud of both of them.

My mother insisted on paying. Afterward, the three of us stood outside the restaurant.

"So, do you and Logan have any fun plans for the rest of your visit?" Gillian smiled, not noticing my mother's suddenly crimson cheeks.

"I … um … we …" My mother stammered. I suppose she didn't want to say that she was going to hump me all afternoon.

"We're going to settle in and play some board games. We like chess and Stratego." I put my arm around my mother's shoulders and gave her a squeeze. "We've always played board games, but we really developed a taste for them when we got snowed in at the cabin."

"Oh … okay, that sounds like fun." Gillian cocked her head. She looked a little puzzled. "I don't think you've told me about getting snowed in."

"It's a good story. There's a murderous bear involved. I'll tell you sometime." I let go of my mother, hugged Gillian, and kissed her on the cheek. "I'll see you Tuesday."

Gillian hugged me back and kissed my cheek. "See you then. Have fun with your games. Nice meeting you Barbara." She waved and headed back toward campus.

"Nice meeting you too, Gillian." Mom stood and watched her go. When Gillian was out of sight, my mother turned to me. "Why does you having such a smart, pretty girlfriend turn me on so much? I've got a fire between my legs, Logan."

"You're happy for me, I guess." I took her hand and led her back to the minivan.

"I guess." She squeezed my hand tightly. "I have a feeling we're going to do some bad things this afternoon."

Chapter 46

Sitting in the passenger seat of the minivan, I thought about all the other times I'd sat in that very spot. Rides to school when I was running late. Trips to the dentist or doctor. Back and forth from baseball practice. On the way to grocery shopping. So much time spent in that spot. My mother had been behind the wheel for much of that. I'd always been drawn to her beauty, and had taken many surreptitious looks at her jigging boobs behind whatever dress or shirt she'd been wearing. I'd ogled her beautiful smile, her shining eyes glancing my way with a mother's love. I had fantasized about something like the present moment, but had never thought it remotely possible.

The present moment: we were parked behind an abandoned shopping center. She was still in the driver's seat like the days of old, but she wasn't upright. She was leaning toward me, her head bobbing in my lap. My hand was on the back of her head.

Slurping and gurgling sounds filled the car.

"Mom … Mom … you've gotten … so good at this," I said.

"Mmmpphhh … mmmm … mmmppphhhh." Her noises were urgent, like she wanted desperately to drink more cum. But she had been draining me a lot lately. I wasn't that close even if her lips were tight on my shaft, and her mouth was wonderfully warm and wet. She was using her tongue to good effect, too. She really had become a pro.

"Uuugghhh … I don't think I'm going to cum here. Do you … want to stop?" I eased my grip on her hair so she could pull off.

She did lift off my dick. She stared at me with spit running down her chin. I had no idea what she was thinking.

"I guess even you have limits. Although you're plenty hard, Logan." She nodded to my throbbing dick. "I'm really worked up. Meeting Gillian and having her be so wonderful was hot. And then pleasing you with my mouth …"

"Yeah, I get it. Let's get in the back seat." I climbed between the front seats into the back. My mother quickly followed me. I think she thought we were going to have sex, but I surprised her by undressing her below the waist, getting on the floor, and lapping at her pussy.

"Ohhhhhhh … Logan … Logan … even after … everything we've done … everything … oooohhhhh … that you've done to me … I feel so dirty … seeing your face … between my legs." Her laugh was bright at first, but wandered into nothingness when I focused on her clit. "Ooooohhh … my … you know women so well … so well … I'm proud of you … Logan … so proud." She ran her fingers through my hair. "Gillian is lucky … such a lucky

woman. If she … eeeehhhh … marries you … she'll have a lifetime … ooohhhhhhh … of this pleasure. I … I … nnnnnggggggggg." Her eyes crossed, her body tensed, and she came in the back seat of the minivan. The same backseat where we'd stored my baseball equipment. Where I'd sat with my sisters on long road trips. Where now I was making my mother cum like a banshee.

~~

After several orgasms, my mother composed herself, and we drove back to the hotel. After we parked, she took a wet wipe out of her purse. "You're a mess, Logan. You have my stuff all over you." She leaned toward me again, but this time to clean up my face. At almost twenty-one years old, I can imagine other men not enjoying their mother babying them like she did for me. But I loved every second of it. I watched her intense expression as she made sure every bit of my face was presentable.

"You really love me, don't you?" I winked.

"What sort of question is that? I love your father, my parents, and your sisters. But with you …" She pointed a finger and jabbed my shoulder gently. "With you there's a little something extra. I mean, we're going back to the hotel room at two in the afternoon. Who does that? That's what newlyweds do." A cloud passed over her face. "But we're not like newlyweds. You're still my smart, sweet son. No matter what we do." She patted my cheek with her hand. "All clean. We can go inside." She got out of the car, and I followed her into the hotel.

Once we'd passed the lobby, we found ourselves in an empty hallway. Playfully, I grabbed her ass with a quick, whole-hand pinch.

"Logan! You really have a thing for doing stuff in public," she whispered, looking around. I could see the relief on her face when she saw no one was about. "Would you like a quick, old-school reward?" Before I could say anything, she stopped, lowered her top, and pulled her left tit out of her bra. "Look at the expression on your face. It makes me so warm inside seeing you so happy." She glanced around again, and put her boob back where it belonged. She giggled and practically skipped the rest of the way back to our room. She'd made both of us happy with that quick flash.

We were in each other's arms the second the hotel room door closed behind us. I humped her until it was time for her to leave. She was insistent that we no longer take chances with her pussy, so it was all in the ass. But she had become so good at taking it back there that when we finished after hours of fucking, she hardly walked with a waddle at all.

My mother had tears in her eyes when we said goodbye. I think she wanted to kiss me on the lips, but we were standing in the parking lot next to the minivan. Instead, she gave me a long hug, a chaste kiss on the cheek, and a quick pat on the butt.

I stood in the parking lot waving goodbye as the minivan pulled away. I stared after it even after it had disappeared. Eventually, I put my hands in my pockets and started the long walk back to my dorm. I was happy to have the opportunity to think, replaying her jiggling body and ecstatic expressions in my mind.

~~

Weeks passed. I turned twenty-one. I dated Gillian. She was smart, funny and eager to try new things. I took my time, but we eventually had sex. Unlike my mother, she went on the pill. During this time, I managed to see my mother about twice a month. Either I was able to get home, or she visited me. We didn't slow down our special connection. We were downright combustible together. But we were sane enough that when I was home, we never got close to getting caught by Dad. And Mom put her foot down on her pussy, only allowing access when it was a safe day.

My grades continued to flourish, as did my relationship with Gillian. My mother was happy every time I saw her.

Until one of my visits home, when I arrived to find her face fallen, and her pretty lips twisted into a frown. My father was working, and my sisters weren't around, so it was just the two of us. All the eagerness in seeing her drained out of me.

"What's wrong?" I sat down on the sofa, dreading that she might say she told my father what was happening, and he was leaving her.

"I want to say first that I don't regret anything. The rewards turned into so much more. And you're thriving. And Gillian is a delight. And I feel so close to you." She put a trembling hand on my thigh. She was wearing a low-cut dress, but given the situation, I wasn't even tempted to stare at her cleavage. Instead, I took in the worry in her deep, brown eyes.

"I don't know how to say this. You know how I taught you that all actions would have consequences?" She chewed her bottom lip.

"Yeah?" I still wasn't sure where this was going. "Is everything okay with Dad?"

"Your father? Yes, he's thrilled." She nodded in the most morose way possible.

"He's thrilled. You told him about us, and he's thrilled?" That didn't seem right.

“What? No! He can never know.” She shook her head with vigor. “You got me pregnant, Logan,” she blurted. “I’m having your baby.”

“Oh. Ooohhhhhhhhh.” I nodded slowly, trying not to let a grin creep onto my face. The way she was talking, she must have already told my dad. Abortion was off the table. “Are you sure it’s –?”

“It’s yours.” She nodded. “I’m pretty sure it happened when we did it on that dangerous day. The day I first met Gillian.” She put her face in her hands. “I’m such a bad wife and mother.”

“Not at all.” I wasn’t going to say it, but she was a pretty bad wife. But as far as motherhood went, I would put her in the top one percent. What son hasn’t lusted after his beautiful mother? But I imagine most of them were shut out. I was living the dream. “It’s going to be okay.” I patted her back.

“I asked your father about the science of … um … of inbreeding.” She dropped her voice to a whisper.

“You didn’t.” My eyes widened in shock. If we kept dropping clues, he’d eventually figure it out.

“I was tactful, Logan. I’ve been married to him for almost thirty years, I know how to talk to him.” She sighed. “Anyway, he said that the problems only get bad after generations of … you know … the Habsburg kind of thing. The first time isn’t that problematic, statistically speaking. My age is more worrying when it comes to issues with the baby. Our baby.” She gulped.

“I think it’s wonderful.” I rubbed her back, feeling her bra strap. I remembered a time when the mere touch of that strap would excite me. Now she had my baby in her belly. To be honest, her bra still excited me.

“You do?” She looked over at me in wonder. “I thought you’d be freaked out. That you’d ask me to get rid of it.”

“We created a life together. And Dad thinks the baby will be fine.” I noticed a tear running down her cheek. I brushed it away with my finger.

“He thinks it will *probably* be fine.” She stared at my smile. “But he didn’t know he was talking about mine. Ours.” A slight smile tugged at her lips. “You’re really okay with this? You won’t be the father. You’ll just be a big brother. You understand that, right?”

“I get it.” I kissed her wet cheek.

“I’m happy you’re okay with this. I was worried.” She took my hand and placed it on her breast.

“I’m more than okay, I’m thrilled. We conceived, Mom. I put a baby in you. Do you know how awesome that is?” I squeezed her tit through her dress and bra.

“Really?” She was full on smiling now. “Your enthusiasm is infectious.”

I took her hand and placed it on my lap. “Do you feel how hard I am? My only regret is that now that you’re pregnant, I can’t put another baby in you.”

“Oh, my. You can try, sweetie.” She squeezed my dick through my pants. “We don’t have to worry about your stuff anymore, so I guess the front is open for business whenever you want. You can finish inside me to your heart’s content.” She laughed when she saw my expression. “Come on, let’s go to your room.” She stood, took my hand from her boob, and pulled me to my feet.

“Can we do it in your room instead? That’s a better bed with my baby inside you.” I followed her, grabbing her ass through her dress with my free hand.

“I suppose you’ll need to be rewarded for being so virile.” Her ringing laugh echoed off the enclosed walls as we ascended the stairs. “And if that’s what you want, that’s what you’ll get.” She led me to the room she shared with my father.

Chapter 47

"I feel a little strange doing it in here with you." My mother looked around the bedroom she shared with my father. "This isn't wrong, is it?" She focused on his side of the bed. She walked over to that spot, smoothed out her low-cut dress, and brushed her hands along his pillow. "I'm not sure why I led you in here today."

"Well, um …" I wanted to say something Oedipal. I had swooped in on my father's territory. I loved the guy, but it was undeniably sweet to fuck mom in their inner sanctum. She had my baby in her belly, and she was about to have my cock in her pussy. I watched her nervously chew her bottom lip. I needed to be tactful. "It's your bed too, Mom. It's special to share it with you."

Her face brightened up. "Yeah, it is. Especially considering the news." She rubbed her belly with her hand. "I haven't totally wrapped my mind around this being yours. I know it's just biology, and an accident at that, but for some reason, I'm so proud to have made a life with you. I can't believe your swimmers found my egg. They must be really strong. They didn't have much of a chance. Just that one unsafe day, and bam!" She giggled. "Honestly, talking like this is making me horny. You really want to do it on my bed? You want to put your big thing inside me like that time you knocked me up?"

"I love it when you talk dirty." Quickly, I stripped out of my clothes.

"I know you do." Her giggles got louder. "I was so nervous to tell you about the pregnancy. And now I feel … I feel …" She pulled her dress off, standing before me in her bra and panties. It was a matching lace set. She looked exquisite. "I feel high as a kite. You have such an effect on me, Logan. Such an effect. Nobody had ever made me feel this way. I mean, just the way you stare at me. The way you're looking at my boobs right now." She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. "Your expression is a delight. You love them so much. It makes me love them all the more." She let her bra fall away, cupping her tits, and massaging them. Her hips swayed back and forth. She was clearly putting on a show.

"You're an angel." I grabbed my hard dick and stroked it with one hand.

"I haven't ever danced like this for other men. Just you, sweetie." Still swaying her hips, she lowered her hands and made her tits dance by shimmying her shoulders. "I feel so crazy. I can't believe all the things you've gotten me to do. In private *and* in public, I've been so naughty. I can't believe everything I've let you do to my butt. I can't believe how much I want you inside me. There's a fire burning inside me. I want you so badly, Logan." She reached down and slowly lowered her panties, still moving her hips to an internal rhythm.

“That’s how I’ve always felt about you.” I continued to masturbate.

“The way you touch yourself is so primal. Watching you is just … I’m really going wild over here.” She stepped out of her panties. “You won’t believe how wet I am. I thought today was going to suck, but we get to do this instead.” She flopped onto the bed on her back, her tits violently rocking back and forth. Opening her legs, she put her hands on either side of her pussy. “Tell me how much you want this, Logan.”

My eyes moved from her glistening pussy lips, to the perfect triangle of brown hair, to her soft belly, to her tits draping to each side, up to her pretty, smiling face. “My love for you and your pussy is like the universe: infinite and ever-expanding.” I took a couple steps toward the bed and sniffed the air. The aroma of her excitement was clear. A thought occurred to me. “Have you ever been wet in this bed before?”

“Oh, my gosh. How could you ask me that?” She didn’t move her hands from either side of her pussy, but her expression did change, with widening eyes and a slack jaw. “Really, Logan. I confided in you about that issue with your father so that … so that … you’d know. Not so that you’d rub it in his face.”

I wanted to argue with her, but I bit my tongue. The day was still tenuous, and I didn’t want to derail it. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that. Dad is great. I’m sure he’s great in bed, too.”

She eyed me like she thought I was being sarcastic. After a few seconds, her face relaxed. “Thank you for the apology. I know, you’re twenty-one, and you can get competitive. I just want to be clear, there’s no competition. Your father is my husband. You are my son. Nothing has changed since last Christmas.” She looked around her room like she regretted bringing me in here.

Again, I wanted to argue. So much had changed. “I know that you’re my mom. I feel the same about you as before, just with more intensity. I love you.”

Her face softened more. “I love you too, Logan. Come over here and climb on, I want to be close to you. I want you inside me.”

“Yeah.” I climbed onto my parents’ bed, got between her legs, and slipped my cock inside her pussy. We had been using her ass so much that her vagina had tightened up. I had to go slowly as I inched inside her.

“Oh … Logan … so big … stretching me …” Mom bit my shoulder and cupped my ass with her hands. “My heart is … pounding … my head is spinning … it hurts … and it … uuuggghhhhhhh … feels so good.”

“We’re just getting started, Mom.” I grabbed a handful of her hair and gently tugged, making her squeal with delight. After a few minutes, I was all the way inside my grunting, moaning mother. A few minutes later, I was smashing into her, and she was

speaking in tongues. I continued to control her head via my grip on her hair. “I’ve … ugh … got you … Mom.”

“You’ve got me … you’ve got me … oooohhhhhhh … Logan … I’m … I’m … eeeeiiiiiiiiii.” Her screams echoed around the room. I doubted this bedroom had ever heard such orgasmic wailing before.

I wasn’t in a competition with my dad, but it was still nice to one-up him constantly.

“Logan … Logan … so happy … oh … oh … oh … so happy.” About twenty minutes later, my mother was now on her hands and knees. I was still in her pussy, watching her ass ripple and shake as she absorbed all that energy from my hips. Her hands were gripping a pillow with white knuckles. I was happy to see it was my dad’s pillow. The things he would never know. I thought about pulling out and cumming on his pillowcase, but I didn’t want to be petty.

“I’m … going to … cum … Mom.” I slapped her ass, making her shriek.

“Yes … yes … Logan … I want to feel … ooohhhhhh … I want to feel … your stuff … inside me.” Her voice was several octaves higher than usual. “I already … have your baby … your baby … Logan … is inside me … and your stuff … will … it will … eeeeiiiiiiiii.” Her body convulsed.

My hips fell out of rhythm, and I blasted my mother’s womb. I gripped her hips tightly, mashing into her ass without any cadence. Stars danced before my eyes. In the distance, I could hear her yelling like a crazed woman. I think I was making some odd noises too. I slumped forward, pinning her perfectly to the bed, her soft curves supporting my hips. I twitched a few last times, and I was done. “Best … pussy … ever.”

“Oooohhhhhhhhh.” She shuddered under me. It took her several minutes to recover her mind. When she did, her voice was lazy and slow. “You said ‘best pussy ever’, Logan. But you’re having sex with Gillian. You don’t mean that I’m better than her, do you?” Even with her post-orgasmic high, I could hear an edge to her words.

“I really like being with Gillian. But I’m closer to you, Mom. It’s more special with you.” I gave her sweaty back several little kisses. “Maybe as I get to know Gillian better, things will change. But right now, I love you more than any other woman.” I flexed my dick inside her, making her give a little yelp of surprise.

“It’s so strange when you make it jump inside me.” She let out a long sigh. “I guess I can live with that. I understand where you are with Gillian. But you’ll have to love her vagina more than mine at some point. That’s part of the deal we made. I’m your mother, Logan. She might be your wife someday.”

“Yeah, I know.” I rolled off her, my dick slipping out with a soft, squelching sound. I lay on my back next to her, my hand on her ass. “But we’re not at that point now. So, you’ll have to accept that I love your pussy best. I would do anything to be with you, Mom.”

My mother giggled softly. “I know. You even settled down with a girl. What is this world coming to?”

~~

My mother and I showered, remade her bed, and tidied up. Afterward, I sat in the sunroom and basked in the afterglow. I looked down at my shorts. The soft bulge of my cock was evident running down my left leg. I hoped my mother would notice when she came in.

“I brewed us some tea.” Wearing a sweater and jeans, she walked into the room holding a tray with tea things. She set the tray down on the coffee table and poured us some tea, handing me a cup. The way her tits wobbled, I didn’t think she was wearing a bra.

“Thanks.” I smiled and winked.

“I feel so good right now, Logan. Thank you.” She sat down across from me on the sofa and sipped her tea. “I was so worried about the news, and everything turned out beautifully. Well, other than having to raise another child. I really thought you were the last.” She sighed and settled her weight on the sofa cushions, crossing her legs demurely.

“I can help.” I raised an eyebrow.

“As a big brother who’s off living his own life, yes. But nothing more.” She gave me the familiar stare that meant she was all business. “Change of subject.” She sipped her tea again.

“Yeah?”

“Does it feel weird to put your thing in Gillian, come home, and put it in me? I mean …” A nervous, lopsided smile tugged at her lips.

“Wow, Mom, asking the tough questions.” I sipped my tea to give myself a moment to think. “Do you want the honest answer, or the one that I think you’ll want to hear?”

“Honesty, young man.” She pressed her lips together.

“I’ve always been okay with being a bit of a slut. I’ve gone from one girl to the next.” I shrugged. “Probably the weirdest part is that it’s the same two women over and over.

And one of them is you. Although, that somehow makes it less weird. It feels so natural to be with you."

Mom nodded. "I know what you mean." She reached under the coffee table and pulled out Stratego. "Want to play?" She pulled off her sweater. I'd been right: no bra. She laughed at the expression on my face. "Let's see if you can concentrate with the girls out in the open. Winner has to make dinner."

I laughed. "You're on."

Chapter 48

“We’re supposed to be playing board games, Logan.” My mother’s voice was soft and dreamy. A few minutes ago, I’d moved around our game and settled on the sofa with her, my head resting on her jeans. I hungrily sucked on her thick nipple, rolling it occasionally with my tongue. Mom stroked my hair with one hand and rubbed my hard dick through my pants with her other. “It’s so easy to get sidetracked with you, sweetie.”

I popped my mouth off her tit. “When’s Dad getting home?”

“We’ve got about an hour. His shift ends at seven.” She smiled down at me.

“That gives us an hour and a half.” I enjoyed looking up past the curvature of her breast, her nipple right before my eyes. The angle accentuated the size of her mammary.

“Remember, we have to be smart with him. I want to give us extra time.” She stroked my cheek. “That said, if you wanted to take me in a manly fashion for the next hour, I wouldn’t stop you. We can get back to Stratego later.” She giggled, her cheeks turning crimson. “I love the way your eyes light up when I mention sex. I don’t think any man has ever looked at me like that.”

“Well.” I kissed her tit and ran my tongue along the underside. “You are a goddess. And you have only one son. I’m sure if one of my sisters had been a brother, he would have both looked at you the same way.”

“Oh, gosh. Two of you? That would be too much.” Her grip on my cock tightened. “Gosh, what if one of the girls had been born a boy? Would I have two sons crazy for me? No, no.” She shook her head. “It was the cabin that did this. So, no. I was only trapped there with you, Logan. I … um …” She rubbed her legs together under my head. Clearly the thought was getting her worked up.

“Come on.” I kissed her other tit, got to my feet, and took her hand. I stared at her boobs, which wobbled and bounced as she stood. They hung so perfectly on her chest it made my heart hurt to look at them. My eyes dropped to her jeans, highlighting her wide waist. She really was a goddess. “Tell me you want me to smash you.” I dragged her by the hand toward the stairs.

“I want you to smash my vagina, my pussy, Logan. But I want you to smash it in your room. We can’t mess up my room again.” Even with dirty talk, she was practical.

“Okay, I like my room, too. And since we’re talking about smashing, I might as well go all caveman on you.” I picked her up, slung her over my shoulder, and carried her up the stairs.

“Oh … gosh … you’re so strong.” She giggled. “This is just like when you carried me to save me from that bear. You were so brave.”

“I’m a caveman, remember?” I gripped her round ass tightly through her jeans, holding her in place.

“Oh, I see.” She got in character. “Help, I’m being carried away by a brute. A big, strong brute. And I don’t know what he wants.” We entered my room, and I tossed her on my bed. Her tits shook and jumped with the impact. Quickly, she was pulling her jeans down her legs. A wide grin spread on her lips. She stared at my cock as it came into view. “Okay, I think I know what he wants. He wants me!” She tossed her jeans away, followed by her panties. She spread her legs. “Go ahead and take what you want, you brute.”

Before I knew it, I was inside her, plowing away. “Mom … Mom … Mom … I love you so much.”

“Oh … so not the caveman … anymore?” Her face twisted with pleasure. “That’s good … I’d rather have sex with you … Logan … than anyone else. Even a rapacious brute.” She pointed her toes at the ceiling. Holding her breasts in her hands. Her grip muted the amount of up and down bounce. They were so massive, she couldn’t stop their momentum completely as she absorbed each shock from my hips. “I love you … ugh … ugh … too. I’m carrying … your baby … and I should feel terrible about it … but … oh my gosh … I’m so happy … so happy … Logan … Logan … eeeeeeiiiiiiiii.” She was already cumming.

I humped her in my bed, leading her to a string of climaxes. By the time I was ready to finish, she was speaking in tongues, quivering under me. Her eyes had no intelligence left. She was only living for each orgasm. When I came in her pussy, she wrapped her legs around my butt and howled like a wild animal. The last thing I thought before my pleasure wiped my own mind was to wonder whether Dad would even recognize her if he could see her now. I doubted it.

We lay in each other’s arms for a while. Eventually, she pushed me off and rose from the bed. She bent at the waist, her tits hanging toward the floor, and picked up my discarded t-shirt. She stuffed it between her legs and straightened. “There’s so much leaking out of me. I feel like you put a gallon of your stuff in me.”

“Maybe I did.” Not wanting to move yet, a lazy grin crept across my face.

“Maybe you did.” Still holding the t-shirt between her legs, she waddled toward the door. “I’m going to get cleaned up. Take a shower before he gets home.” She opened the door and looked around my room. “And open a window. It smells like sex in here.”

I saluted her from my prone position, my cock slowly deflating.

She rolled her eyes at me and left. I watched her waddling ass until it was out of sight. That was my ass now. She was carrying my baby.

~~

"You told him the news?" My father poured wine in my glass, but not my mother's. That was a change. He sat in his seat and served himself mashed potatoes.

"Yes, Logan knows." My mother smiled serenely. I think she was still coming down from her sex high.

"Well, I suppose accidents happen." My father glanced at my mother with a worried look. "I didn't mean to … Did you tell him it was unplanned?"

"He knows, Bradley." She skewered a green bean with her fork and nibbled on it.

"I guess, you would know, Logan, given our age. It's not something people like us generally plan for." My dad shook his head and took a few bites. "It was a real stroke of luck that it happened. I can't even imagine when …"

My mother cleared her throat. "I don't think Logan wants to hear about our sex life, dear."

That wasn't true, but whatever.

"Sorry, sorry." My dad adjusted his glasses, looked at me, and looked away. "It really is wonderful news." He sounded like he was trying to convince himself.

My mother steered the conversation to what was going on with me. I told them the latest on my relationship with Gillian.

"I still can't believe you're settling down. I know your mother is responsible somehow, but I just can't figure out how she got you to give up all the girls." He sipped his wine thoughtfully.

"I told you, Bradley, Logan and I had a lot of time to talk during Christmas. I can be very convincing. I am his mother, after all." My mother wasn't quite lying whenever she talked about us. It was a skill.

"She can be convincing." I nodded and laughed.

My mother gave me a stern look that said not to give anything away. I sipped my wine and nodded.

“Well, it’s impressive. And I’m happy for you, Logan. Gillian sounds like a real catch,” my dad said.

“Thanks.” I drank the rest of my wine. It was nice being twenty-one.

We had a pleasant dinner and watched a movie afterward. My mother snuggled up next to my dad on the sofa. I sat in an armchair. I glanced at them occasionally. I wasn’t jealous of my dad. Not one bit. He’d had the good sense to marry her. He deserved to cuddle with her. I would get my turn later. Regardless, it was still my baby in her belly.

~~

I was hoping she’d visit me that night, but I spent the night alone.

When Mom woke me up the next morning, the sun was already high outside my window. I opened my eyes to find a naked goddess with hanging tits smiling down at me. “Your father has already left for work. We have all day. When are you leaving?” She sat on my bed, her hand playfully tickling the tent my morning wood made out of my sheet.

“I should go by three.” I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes.

“Well, that gives us plenty of time.” She pulled the sheet off me and stared at my turgid dick. “You have such a beautiful penis, Logan. So beautiful. But even so, I don’t want us to have sex the whole time. I want to make you breakfast.” She climbed on top of me, grabbed my cock, and put the head against her pussy lips. “I want to finish that game of Stratego, too. I want to talk. But first … ooooooohhhhhhh.” She settled her hips. She was so wet and stretched from the day before that I slid right in. She sat on me with my cock hitting whatever it hit when it was fully implanted in her. Her left eyelid dropped and twitched. Her lips formed a rictus. Her forehead furrowed. She made the softest, little mewling sounds.

“Best … uuugghhhh … wakeup call … ever.” I hefted her tits and massaged them, feeling their weight. “I’m going to … cum in your pussy, Mom.”

“Yes … yes … I want you to.” Her hips slipped into motion, rocking back and forth. “I had trouble … sleeping last night. I kept thinking about … how much of your sperm was inside me. I can’t stop thinking about it. Even while … we … ugh … ugh … had dinner with your father, and I watched that movie next to him, your swimmers … were in my womb. They were looking for an egg. But they … already found one. And now … oh gosh … Logan … now … ugh … ugh … ugh.” Her hips sped up.

“You … ugh … ugh … like going through life … with my cum inside you?” I removed my hands from her tits so I could watch them bounce with her movement. They slapped together in the most delightful way.

“Oh gosh … yes … ugh … ugh … I want to do … so many things … with your cum inside me … Logan. I’m a bad … wife … a bad … bad wife. But such … a good … mother.” She threw her head back, arching her back and thrusting her tits forward. “Eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

I had barely started my day, and I was already making my mother cum.

About twenty minutes later, I did fill her pussy with sperm.

Once we got up, she made us breakfast with my white goo slowly sliding down her legs. After breakfast, we tried to finish our Stratego game. However, I couldn’t resist her, and I ended up mounting her on the living room floor. Her flailing limbs knocked the board over, and we never did finish that game. Although I did finish inside her again. And once more after lunch.

With tears in her eyes, she walked me out to my car around three. “That was such a wonderful visit, Logan. Our bond is stronger than ever.” She rubbed her belly through her sweater. “I’ll miss you.” She looked around, saw no one, and chanced a quick peck on my lips.

I chanced a solid smack to her jean-covered ass. “Come visit me, Mom. I’ll make time for you.” I tossed my backpack into the car and got in. When she leaned forward to look at me, my eyes zeroed in on her cleavage.

“Maybe I’ll come sooner than I was planning.” She blushed. “I mean, it would be nice to talk to Gillian again.”

“Yeah, Mom. You’re visiting me for my girlfriend.” I laughed and closed the door. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Logan.” She blew me a kiss and backed up. I backed out of the driveway, honking my horn as I headed down the street. She stood waving until she was out of sight.