MASON WOLFE
MOM AND SON
FORBIDDEN LONGING
INCEST EROTICA

Mom and Son: Forbidden Longing (Incest Erotica)

Mason Wolfe

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MOM AND SON: FORBIDDEN LONGING (INCEST EROTICA)

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Written by Mason Wolfe.

Also by Mason Wolfe

Mom Son

Making Videos With His Mom Part I
Making Videos With His Mom Part II

Standalone

Substitute Daddy
Substitute Son
A Mother Son Affair
A Mother's Taboo Request
Controlling the Women in His Family
Fertile Hucow Trained for Pleasure
Mastering the Family
Fertile Family: Mom, Sister, and Girlfriend
Controlling the Milf
In Bed With His Mom
Controlling Mom and Sis' Fertile Bodies
Claiming and Training Submissive Daughter
Claiming and Training Submissive Mother and Aunt
Milf Harem Conquests
Father Daughter Seduction
Mother Son Seduction
Bound Mothers: A Bundle
Dominating His Submissive Mom
Submitting To Her Father
Forced Mothers Bundle
Helpless Mothers
Hot Mothers: Full Bundle
Hypnotizing His Mother
Mother's Craving For Son: 2 Story Collection
Hot, Delicious Mothers: A Taboo Bundle

Mother's Lust for Son: A Taboo Collection
Drugging Mom and Making Her a Sex Slave
Fantasies With Mom
Dumb, Pretty, and Ready to Breed
Submitting to Master-Daddy
Banging My Bimbo Wife and Her Family
Mom Becomes Son's Cosplay Whore
Mom Becomes Son's Fulltime Whore
Servicing Master: She Becomes a Bimbo Sex Toy
Mom and Son Tales: A Passionate Love Affair
Mom and Son: Forbidden Longing (Incest Erotica)

Table of Contents

Title Page

Copyright Page

Also By Mason Wolfe

Mom and Son: Forbidden Longing (Incest Erotica)

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All characters are over 18.

My hips twitched. Mom's breath caught in her throat. The feeling of being inside of her pussy; god damn it was insane, better than anything I'd felt, so hot that I felt like it might melt me, so good I couldn't believe anything existed besides this one single point of our bodies connecting. My cock flexed, and I started to shift my hips. Mom groaned, softly, trying to push back onto me without making any noise, her eyes closed tight, her cheeks burning red, and as she moved her body back onto me, slowly, carefully...

A phone rang.

It took a second for either of us to hear it. But when I realized what it was, I stopped, looking at the source of the sound in alarm.

"Honey," mom whispered. "Let go—" she looked at where we were joined and flushed further. She didn't want me to pull out. I was inside of her. That part wasn't even a question. What she was saying was...

That the ring tone belonged to her.

Her breath trembled with each word. "Your sister..."

My eyes went wide and I pulled my hand out of mom's bra, pulling the blanket open and off of us—but I couldn't really move anywhere other than away from Mom—pulling my cock out of her and making her groan in frustration as I did. She gave me a long look, almost pouting.

My mouth dropped. Was she asking me to stay still so she could use me? I didn't believe it. But the sight of her standing there, flushed, and frustrated... I felt that tug, inside of me; some primal male part, telling me to grab her hips, pull her towards me, pull her underwear to the side and give her what we both wanted.

Then she reached back, unclasped her bra, and slowly took it off. My eyes went wide, watching. She had already taken off her skirt, earlier. And now here she was, in only panties, and then as she took hold of the sides of them and carefully worked them down over her ass, my jaw almost hit the fucking floor.

There stood my mother, naked as a dream. She was the most perfect woman I'd ever seen; blonde curls hung on either side of her breasts, which were gorgeous, round and plump, pink nipples

swollen and hard, while between her legs the blonde hairs glistened with moisture. She reached one hand to the chair beside her desk and turned it around, facing the back of the seat, before sitting. She spread her legs slightly, the beautiful pink inside of her exposed to my gaze, dripping with moisture from what we had done. She leaned back into the chair slightly, put both hands under her thighs, and smiled, looking up at me from between her legs with hunger.

"Come do this..." She licked her lips. "With your cock."

Mom's words were music; I was suddenly crawling, pushing her legs apart and settling myself between her, my mouth immediately going for hers, licking at those delicate pink lips, tasting them and drinking their wetness and enjoying how soft they were when they wrapped around my tongue.

My hand went to my cock, holding its weight in my palm. Mom sighed, a long exhale escaping as she watched me take hold of my dick, aiming it down. I couldn't believe how wet she was—how turned on she must be to get like this. And yet, I felt the same thing, that same crazy-making, mindless throb of my cock as I guided it forward.

This time, she would take me, entirely. I'd press into her, and push until I found resistance—I'd know if I was really fucking her properly when I met her hymen and popped it...

God, she wanted me to pop her cherry, didn't she? To take everything from her. And after she was taken by me, I'd give her something nobody else could ever have or would ever touch: My cum inside of her.

The head of my cock was at my mother's entrance, and her breathing was tightening, the grip she had around my middle straining for control as I prepared to bury myself inside of her.

But something went wrong.

A phone rang. It was a different pitch, a different sound than I expected, and then, I realized...

My mother froze, before quickly crawling off of me. "Baby!" She gasped, suddenly grabbing her bra, slipping her breasts into them and clipping the back of it over her blouse while looking frantically

around the floor for her skirt, finding it, hopping in place as she slid her legs into it. The ringing stopped; whoever was calling gave up.

And then, a phone started ringing. But this time, it wasn't from some mystery phone; it was my mom's, in her bag, that she had tossed against one side of the desk and completely forgotten about.

"Oh fuck," Mom groaned, scrambling to reach it. When she pulled out the smartphone, I saw that it was George who called her first. And then, immediately after George, it was the school district she worked for. It looked like all sorts of people were trying to call my mom.

She glanced at me, a wild look in her eye, and turned away, taking a breath before answering the phone.

And so it was me that got her stuff ready for her while she spoke to them. My mind was full of static, full of confusion and shock. What the hell had we done? Had we actually fucked? Or did we just go far enough for it not to matter anymore?

I could still feel it, what I'd felt between mom's legs—and now, as I moved, the sensation made me realize something else.

We hadn't put on a condom.

I took a deep breath and shook my head slowly. We'd been insane. The heat, the moment... and then my cock, between her thighs... and what we'd started yesterday—everything culminated into something primal, raw.

It wasn't my fault entirely; she never reached for one, even though it would have only taken a second to do so. My mother, who had insisted I wear a condom from day one, despite how many times we talked about it beforehand—and the way I felt right then, with her tight, wet cunt rubbing itself over me, and squeezing with the force of everything I'd ever imagined—well, it wasn't going to end anytime soon.

Not now. Not with my mom's pussy so close to taking me deep and filling her.

That was why when Mom came, she suddenly gave a gasp, pulling away from me, looking into my eyes and saying in a hushed whisper: "You better fucking finish on my tits."

And just as soon as that happened, she pulled away, got down off the desk, and grabbed her discarded skirt and blouse from the floor. Her hands shook, the whole of her body was shivering and she quickly pulled out a pair of panties from the bottom drawer of her filing cabinet before turning towards the bathroom, walking quickly. As she entered it, the sound of running water filled the office, along with an open moan that she quickly shut up.

It was crazy. It was insane. My cock was straining for attention, covered in slick juices. The air had a heavy smell of sex. It was almost impossible to believe.

Almost.

I heard the lock on the bathroom door unlock, and when I looked, I saw Mom standing there.

She looked nervous. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her cheeks were red with... I didn't know. I had no idea what to think, or what to feel. Except... my cock felt very hard. And I couldn't really take my eyes off her.

Mom walked slowly over to the desk where I sat, and gently climbed up on top of it. We exchanged one quick glance before she laid down, pulling her blouse open to expose her breasts, lifting her hips so she could slide her skirt down enough that I could see she hadn't worn panties, and spreading her legs for me.

Without hesitation, I leaned over her. I started licking her slowly, and when I finally pressed my lips onto her clit and kissed it, mom moaned. "Yes... oh yes..."

I couldn't stop myself from kissing it. This time though, I used my tongue, licking along the edges of her cunt. When I pulled away and saw the wetness on her thighs, the excitement made my cock throb. I dove back in, taking advantage of her exposed clit, and loving the way her body shifted under my tongue. Mom cried out with pleasure as I licked her, her voice rising with each second that passed. She was so hot down here that it took no time at all to get her body ready for me.

With both of us panting and gasping, I looked at the clock and then back at my mom.

"Ten minutes left, baby," I murmured.

It took her a few seconds to focus her green eyes on me; they were glazed with pleasure, but soon cleared enough that she nodded. Her eyes shut tight and she pressed herself even harder against me, and it was enough; the head of my cock was perfectly placed to roll back and forth along the length of my mother's clit, and soon I felt her pussy start to clench on empty air as her orgasm hit her.

Mom was gasping, crying out through gritted teeth, "Jared..." Mom whimpered and moaned. "Please... no more, please, I can't... take it, I need you inside—oh God, don't stop..."

She couldn't get words straight from her lips because of how many thoughts were going through her mind; all she knew was that if I stopped now, she would be ruined. But if I continued, we'd keep pushing to our limits. It was dangerous either way...

Yet as the thought came to me, I could feel my control slipping. And I was not afraid of losing control. Not tonight, and not right now, where my beautiful mom was wrapped in my arms and begging me for sex. So, without hesitation, my cock thrust hard. And went inside.

Mom gasped. We both froze in shock. She pulled back and stared at me, panting, sweating, her face contorting into confusion and worry when she saw me looking up at her. Then she looked down.

Then she squeaked.

"Wha—"

Her words were lost as my hips shoved forward and thrust upward, shoving every inch of my cock into my mother's insatiable pussy, filling her deeper than any woman had been filled before, I knew it, because it filled me too; she clenched on me and the feeling was pure lightning, pleasure shooting from my cock to the rest of my body, my toes curling, my jaw tightening—and yet I kept moving, fucking upward into her body, and pulling my cock back, feeling every bit of it dragged within her body.

My head rolled back. The warmth, the wetness...

It was all making me crazy. Mom's body was hot and tight and perfect. It was so tight that it seemed impossible. A virgin? After this kind of cunt squeezing on me? No fucking way. I was in heaven, or

something like it, fucking my mom's pussy with no regard for anything, feeling her shudder and shiver against me as her voice became nothing but tiny squeaks as I pushed deeper and harder into her pussy. She wanted me inside; she took every single inch, gasping, her body shaking as if the pleasure itself would tear her apart at the seams.

"Jared—honey—" she whimpered.

The friction was enough to drive me wild; she could feel the throbbing heat in my cock now, that thick flesh getting bigger as I continued to use her cunt. My mom could feel everything, as much as I could. Her moans were high pitched, squeals of pleasure as my dick plunged back and forth, sliding over her clit and driving us both insane with pleasure. She looked into my eyes, her own bright and intense, begging me not to stop, begging me to keep using her tight little cunt, begging for more as the waves of ecstasy rushed through her. I was lost in the incredible sensation, lost in her beautiful eyes, lost in the perfect way we fit together. We didn't need to say any words because I knew exactly what she needed, what her body desired, what she craved from me, from us, and what would send both of us right over that sweet edge of pure release.

"Oh yes," she begged. "More, baby, more."

I kept up the relentless rhythm, my cock throbbing harder each time I slid along her clit. The pressure and friction was sending her wild; my mother's body arched toward mine, thrusting against me as she moaned in pure animal lust, lost to everything except our bodies. I could feel her heart racing. Her breathing was coming in ragged gasps as I continued to slam against her, and then...

She gave a sharp cry, and bit down into my shoulder to muffle the scream, and that was too much for me—the feeling of being inside my mom, the feeling of her mouth biting down, her hands clutching my ass desperately to keep me close to her, and my hand in her hair holding tight and my other hand cupping her tits to keep us as close together as possible as my hips jerked in short, sudden bursts against her mound, making the tingling sensation in my balls explode suddenly, all at once, and every instinct told me to bury myself fully inside her, to bury every drop of what I had to offer

deep within this incredible woman, and fill her cunt with it, pump her full of my cum.

Every instinct... except one.

But I ignored it, like I'm sure so many men have done before, and with one final groan, I pushed my mother hard up against me, buried my cock into her as far as it would go, and felt my orgasm shoot through me. The heat surged in me as I erupted inside her, and with a shudder, I gave a slow exhale, relaxing as the last of it pulsed from the tip of my dick deep into my mother's womb.

And I could only hope she had enough sense left to realize that maybe we should've been more careful. Because the feeling was unbelievable. She was warm, so incredibly warm, and the pressure from the walls of her pussy around my cock was sending electric surges down my shaft, little waves of ecstasy that rippled with each pulse of cum from my dick.

For long moments afterward, I was unable to think, unable to do anything but just sit there, holding her against me and gently moving against her still-writhing body.

When we finally separated, mom lifted up her skirt and pulled her panties tight against her crotch, giving me a quick glare that was playful as much as it was admonishing. "Don't you ever dare," she said, as she stepped toward her bathroom door.

I grinned at her. "Hey, who made the first move?"

Mom froze. And then slowly turned to look back at me, an eyebrow raised. And then she winked. "You'll pay for it tonight, young man."

And then she disappeared into the bathroom. I could hear her cleaning off, and decided to take a few seconds of my own to do it myself in the other stall across from hers. When I finished, I heard her sink turn off. A few minutes later, mom emerged wearing her normal clothes again. The sight of her was so hot; her blonde hair was down, slightly damp still from all the sweating we'd done, and the fact that it was still straight meant that she must've found something in that bag of hers that had helped straighten it out after it had gone curly overnight. Her white T-shirt was bright, clean and perfectly fitted to her, clinging to her breasts and highlighting every

little dip of her cleavage. Mom's hips filled out her dark-blue jeans, the fit snug and the way they moved as she walked around my desk and sat down, crossing one leg over the other. She was pulling her long, beautiful golden-haired locks into a ponytail, looking over the notes and documents she'd taken pictures of earlier, and putting the camera to the side. She pulled her glasses back on and leaned forward, biting down on a pen, tapping it gently on the table before writing something down on a small notepad she had to the side.

In that moment, watching her sit and work... even though I knew she was crazy for me, and I was crazy for her, it seemed like everything else was so different, so real, that I really did feel like nothing would change. Even if this morning turned out differently than I wanted, it wouldn't matter—everything between me and mom would be perfect.

But the thing about mom is that, once you give her an inch, she's going to want more, right now.

It took maybe ten minutes of her just sitting there, working through notes and occasionally asking questions when something came up. And during this whole time, she would look up at me from her reading, her eyes shining under her glasses, and sometimes she'd smirk a little bit. Other times, her eyes would narrow, and I'd catch the briefest flick of her gaze down the front of my pants, where I was hiding a massive boner.

"Oh god," she'd say every time it happened, putting down papers or files and fanning herself, her hands trembling slightly as she fanned. "Honey, why do you keep making me think things?"

"I'm not doing anything!" I kept trying to tell her, which was true; I was staying perfectly still, watching her, thinking about what we'd done yesterday and the day before, remembering every detail of last night when we'd been together. The only reason I had any erection at all was because of her, and how... attractive I found her, and the memory of all the sexy noises she'd made for me, when my fingers were buried in her.

Or how she'd swallowed me down whole.

And how I'd felt so close to her.

The rest of the afternoon went by like that. We were in that office, alone, and with every passing second it felt more like we were in our own private world. Mom would have work calls, answer emails, try to respond to things even while she moaned and writhed next to me on the floor, in the middle of fucking, me inside of her from behind, or her mouth on my cock. She'd put on a very good show while I stayed quiet, and when the call ended, mom's moans would pick up as soon as she hung up.

Eventually, after two o'clock, my mom's phone started ringing. It was George. I recognized the ringtone, at least.

Mom was sitting on me again, this time in the chair, leaning against me as her feet kicked in the air. As she answered, I continued to play with her, and watched the screen as George talked about how he needed a report, and an analysis, something he needed done by this weekend. My hands held my mother's breasts while my thumbs played with her nipples, teasing them hard, rolling the points under my fingers. When I gently pinched, Mom's eyes snapped wide open and she had to do all she could to suppress a moan.

It took thirty seconds for my mother to get off the phone. Once she did, I rolled my hips upward, fucking deeper inside of her, making mom gasp loud, "Yes!"

Her phone made an 'oh!-ping!' sound when I fucked her harder.

"I can't believe... I've never... fuck, Jared, I'm so tight..." She could barely talk now, because every thrust made her breath catch in her throat. "You're so fucking... your cock feels so fucking good..."

I kept going, feeling my mother's cunt squeeze against me with each move, her mouth finding mine again and moaning deep into my lips. But it wasn't enough. I couldn't stop myself from needing more; I leaned back, pulling her with me, laying flat on the desk and forcing her to sit upright on top of me. Now she straddled me, my cock throbbing under her cunt.

For a second, we both stopped. Mom's hands lifted, her hair was sweaty, plastered all over her face, dripping off her chin, her eyes wide open and the green color blazing bright with lust, her skin glowing pink from how hot she was. And then her body started to

relax, her breathing went softer, she was panting gently, but not as hard. But she didn't make another motion. Her hands fell softly onto my chest, and they just rested there, palms against my pecs. She looked at me. Her mouth opened slightly, but no words came.

So instead, slowly, mom settled her weight downward. I felt myself pressing up between her legs, pressing along her pussy, parting her lips. A soft, high gasp left her throat, before she pushed lower, her cunt rubbing my length again. She started to shiver, to quake; her whole body started to move again in slow waves and I groaned as her pussy slid over my cock, the slick wetness making our bodies move together like ocean tides.

I felt the head of my cock slipping around, pushing up between her thighs, pushing forward between her cunt. Then down. Down so that it parted her cheeks and touched her... I gasped at how slippery her ass was, the perfect smooth of it. She rocked upward a bit as she realized what I'd done, and for a few minutes, mom shifted, rocking back and forth until her wet pussy rubbed over my cock again.

"Jared," mom whimpered, finally able to make some noise. "Is this..." She made another soft moan, as my cock pushed through between her legs again. "Is this good? Can you—" I could barely hear her now; my mom was too quiet, too self-conscious about even saying such a thing. "Can you get off?"

She didn't know what she wanted to ask. Whether or not it was real enough. Because even I felt like this wasn't entirely real; something about us, hiding under these sheets, naked together, me in her body as close as two people can be; it was like a fever dream, some kind of fantasy that would never happen. The fact that I could touch her like this, feel her like this—that she let me get away with touching her like this, feeling her like this, and responding the way she did, the insanity of wanting...

"Are you going to cum?" she whispered, and her voice hitched on the word, like she was afraid to use such a thing with me, like that fear had finally broken through and found its way out into the real world, where my cock was still grinding against her belly and pussy

while she stood between my legs, hugging onto me and making those soft moans.

I took in a deep breath; it didn't feel real, not entirely, like any minute now the universe was going to flip a switch and send us crashing back into reality where my mom and I wouldn't do the things we did under these blankets, where everything that happened between us was a forbidden thing.

But maybe I wanted to break all those rules. Because the moment my mom asked me whether or not I was going to cum, I knew I was going to give myself to her completely. And there was no other place for this than inside her.

Deep inside.

As I thought this, I grabbed my cock by the base and lifted it away from her body.

She opened her eyes as I did so. "Honey..." My mom started to say something, to argue in some way that would be weak and ineffective. My mind was set. And if I couldn't find an excuse not to... well, then I'd try and find another one.

I brought the tip of my dick forward and pushed it over my mother's clit again, rubbing at her until she closed her eyes and whimpered with how good it felt. And then, taking hold of her legs, I moved forward off the desk, turned us both, and settled us both, mom in front of me and pressed against the edge of the table while I stood behind her and used her hips for support. I had her now, her breasts against the tabletop, and my cock slipping over her pussy as she moaned. "Honey," she tried to tell me, "we can't..."

"We'll get condoms next time," I told her. It sounded like a great fucking plan. Except that I could barely believe what I was saying because mom was rubbing herself over the underside of my dick. My grip went to my dick, holding onto it hard as my other hand pressed into my mom's hip. My body wanted her so badly, all I knew was that I needed to have her again, and not through the safety of latex. "Fuck, Mom..."

Mom leaned on her elbows and pushed her ass up. "Fuck, Jared... oh God... you want me like this? Do you want to put your dick inside me like this?" Her voice was dark, hungry, desperate. And

the way she said it, how wet and dripping my cock was, thanks to how turned on my mother got when I used the head of my cock to tease her clit and play with her, her thighs still slick and glistening from how turned on she'd gotten... it made it impossible to resist.

When my cock pushed, gently, against my mom's entrance, we both inhaled sharp breaths. But there was no going back. I took my mother by the hips, guided myself carefully, slowly into her, watching the whole time as the head of my cock filled her up before her pink flesh wrapped around my length.

I couldn't help but thrust hard, all at once—I was driven mad. My dick sank deep inside, filling up mom in one stroke and causing her to gasp out, moaning and crying out something, but I wasn't listening, I was fucking, my entire body on fire, everything focused on my cock which was suddenly buried deep in the most perfect tightness I could ever feel.

We fucked hard, for a long time; maybe it was seconds, but I was lost in my mother. I closed my eyes so often that when they were open and I was looking at her face, my head leaning backward to the desk, it felt like she'd materialize above me, or vanish all together. My fingers held hard, deep impressions into my mom's hips and ass; the sound of slapping flesh filled the room alongside the wet shlicking from her pussy as it clenched around me and milked at my cock desperately. Mom kept leaning downward, kissing me deeply and letting out soft whining grunts into my mouth, panting and moaning as our tongues fought. It was wild sex. No inhibitions, nothing but pure feeling; the thrill of being in my mother and being joined with her drove me crazy; my balls tingled, I felt precum dripping off of my slit inside her, my cock surging with tension. Mom was getting tighter; even more tight, if that was possible. She was shivering in my arms, gasping for air, and just when I felt my body surge...

There was a light knock at the door.

Everything stopped. My brain turned on again; where we were, what we were doing. My mind snapped to reality—my bare ass on the desk where we could get caught any second, fucking my mother

who was only covered by the clothes she'd worn here, which would mean that if someone burst through...

That there's no doubt what we're doing.

The fear caused my body to react; my heart sped, and my cock throbbed, suddenly more excited than ever before because of the danger. And it wasn't just me that noticed, because suddenly mom's hands went to my chest and pressed herself up a bit, while I looked at her and saw that she was breathing hard, panting. Sweat ran down from her temple and curved off her face.

Her gaze met mine, and for a long moment, neither of us knew what to say.

This whole time, we had been silent, mostly, trying to keep everything under wraps. We fucked so silently it almost made it hotter, and now, with the silence broken, neither of us seemed to know what to do about it.

I finally swallowed, and gave my mom a nervous smile. She laughed back, but she was gasping for air. "Oh God," she breathed. "Jared... this..." her fingers clenched tight suddenly, tight enough to pull fabric.

"Oh, fuck—" My jaw hung open as I fought the feeling, and lost. Mom's breathing sped, her grip loosened as she felt the surge inside of me, felt my cock twitching, pumping cum out. I heard mom suck in a breath as my balls tensed up and the cum shot out of me, splattered the desk and her thighs and my own, some of it leaking down toward her shoes and socks where it pooled on the black cloth. I felt an incredible relief go through me after several seconds of that blissful orgasm, after shooting several pumps of thick cream right against my mother's sex—and yet, when the final bit dripped out, still nothing fell between her legs. The realization made my entire body light up with desire, that despite having fucked her between the legs and coming all over both of us, nothing entered inside.

Mom looked at the mess, looked at me. Then she pulled me into a kiss so desperate it didn't even matter that my seed was in both our mouths. When she broke away, she was smiling.

"That..." she started to laugh. "We're just too horny for our own good, aren't we?"

"Yeah," I groaned, catching my breath as well.

She leaned onto me, and her hands wrapped around me in a gentle, calming hug. And she moved, just a bit, and her breath spiked, caught itself before she continued. "Do you... want to do it some more?"

"Can I...?" God, there was no stopping it. We were in the thick of things now. We had come too far.

My mother didn't say anything. She shifted herself, and then I felt her hand moving down to my shaft, gently guiding it toward her cunt again. This time, when the head of my dick slipped against her lips, pressed in, it really was her that pushed me inside. Her body relaxed and accepted me, the sensation of hot wetness surrounding me, taking my entire head before I started to pull back out and thrust. Mom's hips went up, down, going with me as she leaned into me, the heat of our bodies coming together, making us one, her breathing faster as my cock took over for the motions, driving through her pussy lips, teasing my own pleasure, but still working for my mom, still fucking against her clit. I felt my mom's thighs start to quiver as we continued this motion, as she clung to me harder and moaned louder than ever, gasping and whimpering as her pussy continued to pulse harder than ever before. "That's so good, honey," mom breathed. "That feels... perfect."

"Yeah?" I groaned, kissing the side of her neck as I ground my cock against her body, sliding across her entrance over and over, letting the very tip press in each time, and then slowly withdrawing, hearing my mother whine whenever she had to relinquish any bit of my cock to the cold office air.

"Mhm," my mother moaned, pressing her face deeper into mine, pulling me against her body and shivering with pleasure as I gave in, and let my cock push inside of her. Just one full inch; not the length, not yet, just enough to truly be buried in my own mother's body. It was all that was needed; her cunt squeezed me, flexed as if to make sure nothing came out, and I could feel her heartbeat throbbing against my shaft, the walls of her pussy pulsating against the

intrusion, accepting it, loving it as I gave slow little jerks and pulled another fraction out and back in. My mom was melting into me, groaning, the sounds muffled by my mouth before she pulled away from the kiss, and moaned freely into my ears. The sound of it pushed me to fuck harder, faster, to truly drive in an extra inch and a half, giving in to my need as much as she did. "Yes..."

My mom wasn't even fucking trying to hold onto reason anymore. She knew what she wanted, knew how she wanted it, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't know just as well. I wanted my mother. Wanted to feel her body wrapped around every part of my shaft, from tip to base, feeling everything from the soft texture of her insides to the heat they put out, to the way each motion, every thrust, would make her moan a little louder.

It took time. It took energy. It took a focus beyond even this. But my mom was so lost to it that she didn't seem to notice anything else; not where we were, what we were doing, the fact that our family was probably looking for us—and that anyone could have seen my car parked there. All there was... was Mom and Jared together.

Jared and Cara.

"Yeah baby?" I panted in her ear, letting her take control; or try to. "You like feeling me between your legs? Do you wish it was really inside?"

My mom groaned loudly and bit hard onto my shoulder, stifling her moans as I held her tight and let her move herself on my dick. I reached out, pulled myself further away from the desk so I could lie down, my ass half on the desk with my body at an angle but my head and shoulders resting on the carpet, and finally, my mom started to ride me.

She rode me hard.

Cara started to slam down onto me, rocking her body over mine, her breasts heavy as they slapped on my chest. My cock kept slipping over her clit, driving her madder and madder as she humped me and rode me, her arms circling around my neck now, and her legs locking to the sides of the table as she used her body

like an animal, fucking me and riding me hard, her cunt dripping and smearing the tip of my shaft as it tried to catch inside of her.

God, she was trying to get it in. She didn't want to pull off, even if it was for a second, because the feeling of her body and the feeling of my cock were becoming everything.

Her insides were incredible, hot and slick and squeezing my cock harder than any girl I'd been with had ever managed, and while most girls made their muscles flex to bring me pleasure, mom was doing it just from how insanely tight she was already, with just her natural tightness. And the heat coming off of her; when she lifted herself above me, her mouth hanging open and her breasts rising up in front of me, I realized I could see her heartbeat throbbing in her neck, beating like a drum.

Her legs shook, almost cramping, from how much tension was coiled in them. She moved over me, still desperate for it, needing more friction and needing my cock.

It wasn't until she let out a frustrated sob that I reached down to my cock and lined myself up with her entrance... and pushed.

Mom's moan was loud, and it came right from her diaphragm.

I was inside her for maybe two seconds before we both came together.

"Mom," I breathed, hugging her tightly as I emptied, cumming deep inside my own mother's tight, dripping cunt. It was impossible not to keep moving; every flex of my cock made me empty more cum into her.

Mom couldn't even talk. Her whole body seized up, and a thick stream of her cum spilled out of her pussy as it clenched on my shaft, milking everything that it could, desperate for all my seed to enter her and...

And...

My breath was gone. I was shaking, from my core outward, and holding mom desperately against me. We didn't say a word for several minutes.

Eventually, it was my mom who spoke first. "Jared... honey..." her tone was weak, soft, barely a whisper.

Her legs trembled as she slowly removed them from either side of my lap. It wasn't easy to do. She slid off of me, gasping slightly from the loss of contact, from my cock moving away. "That was... intense," she whispered.

"Yeah," I breathed. I reached a hand out, to hold her cheek. Mom responded by closing her eyes, nuzzling against it.

In a daze, we began to redress. My mother got on the floor, looking up at me with wide eyes as she put on my underwear and my socks. She smiled, and the sweetness was something that touched me. It was like we both knew this was the beginning of something we had no choice but to go along with. Like how could we stop now?

I got dressed while watching her; first putting on the rest of my clothes, and then doing her bra. My hands went around her front to get the clasp, and I pulled the straps gently over her shoulders while she did her blouse back up. Then it was time to smooth down her hair, and re-band it behind her head. And then she put on her skirt, zipped it up, and finally, her jacket.

We kissed again, a long and gentle touch, before she broke apart from me, giggling, and hurried toward the door. As soon as she unlocked and opened it, the sound of talking, and the smell of food came to me. The place was alive.

Mom smiled at me, winking once, and gave me one final wave before she closed the door behind herself, leaving me to wait for the time when she'd get back so we could do more.

After about an hour of trying to relax and focus on work, and failing miserably to do either, my mom returned with two containers from the kitchens. She closed the door behind her, locked it again, and then hurried to open the containers. Inside were two plates with a massive amount of rice, beans, fried bananas, and a couple of tortillas that looked so greasy I knew they had to be cooked in lard. I was salivating at the sight.

I picked up the tortillas from both plates, and began wrapping rice and beans inside.

"Jared," mom said as I made the second burrito. "Did you really fuck me?"

The way she put it was absurd, and also completely correct. It took me aback to hear it from her directly, though. I coughed and wiped my mouth, then looked at my mom with a grin. "Um... yeah, kinda."

My mom's smile was so fucking wide her face might've split in two. She started giggling, almost hysterical with joy and relief. "Oh honey," she sighed. "Oh wow..." She closed her eyes and smiled wide, laughing a bit to herself, and when she opened her eyes she leaned against me and whispered, "That was so insane!"

She gave a kiss to my lips, one that lingered while her hands cupped my face.

We pulled apart. "I can't believe we did it!" Mom exclaimed. She got out of bed and walked naked through her room, to where she kept a water bottle for the nightstand. She lifted it up and took several swallows. After that, she came over to my side of the bed, turned around, and lowered her ass. It was the most perfect ass; firm yet soft, pale with just enough muscle so that I knew she had spent plenty of time in the gym keeping it all in shape.

Without any hesitation, mom spread her legs apart and I moved down the bed, kneeling in front of her beautiful behind. Her pussy was soaked.

The first lick of it sent a jolt through my mother's body, but she held herself still and kept her legs far apart for me. I ran my tongue across her slit slowly, bathing every bit of her flesh with long, easy swipes. Mom moaned as I licked her more roughly, and finally put both hands on the back of my head and guided my face deeper into her cunt. My fingers joined my tongue as I licked up and down.

Finally, mom came powerfully, holding my face tight against her while her inner walls pulsed violently around my hand. I kept fingering her as wave after wave of ecstasy wracked my mother's gorgeous body, until she began to squirm from the sensitivity of it all.

"Fuck!" She whimpered once I released her, her body sliding away from me as she sat on her knees. "I need more than that baby... please, let's get out of here!"

"Where?" I asked her.

A moment of thought passed, and then suddenly she brightened with inspiration. She took hold of my hand, leading me out of her office and then down the hallway.

As we reached the door of George's office, Mom fumbled with her key ring, pulling it out of her blazer pocket, before inserting one of the keys into the lock.

Before she could turn it, however, the sound of the elevator going off got her attention.

"Shit," she breathed. "That shouldn't be—"

It happened too fast for me to react; the desk wasn't very high; in one sudden move, Mom shifted off of me and fell to her knees, and then she swallowed my cock right back into her mouth and started sucking me. The slurping was insane; all I could think was that anyone out in the hallway would hear us, could hear the frantic slurping of her mouth on my dick as she sucked at me, trying to swallow every bit of my precum.

With a few final strokes, my mom opened her eyes to look up at me, and she whispered, "Don't cum inside me." She took the length of me back into her mouth, moaning the whole way down, her mouth so fucking soft and tight and hot around me until she was at my base. One more suck, slow and steady, until it built a pressure at the bottom of my shaft... and then, her eyes opened wide, and her throat closed in the most perfect rhythm—

I pulled myself away from her at the last minute, and came hard all over the desk. A few long splashes landed on my mom's blouse, across her neck and tits.

For several moments, she remained there, panting and shuddering while I did the same. Finally, though, we looked at each other, knowing that things had changed for good between us.

"Jared," she whispered, finally able to get up off her knees. My legs were shaky as well. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled herself against me, kissing me tenderly. "That was... amazing. We can't do it again, okay?"

"Oh, yeah."

"It'd be irresponsible, you understand. But..." she bit her lip again. "Just this once wouldn't hurt anybody, would it?"

Her eyes flashed with desire and I nodded. Fuck yes it wouldn't.

I wanted to do everything with my mom. Everything.

And after work that night... we did.

My mom started coming over to my room in the mornings before school, dressed in her sexy little bathrobe, with a smile on her face and a gleam in her eye. At first, all I wanted was a simple cuddle while we spooned, but as she rolled onto her other side, and pulled me closer to her, I always went in for a kiss or two. Or three. Or twenty. It's hard to stop once you get going...

But eventually, my mom would pull away and laugh softly, and remind me to "get ready for school" before walking off, swaying her hips with each step, which only made my cock harder. She knew the effect she had on me, too.

The problem with that whole routine, though, was that I never really got to do anything to my mom in the morning. Usually we'd spend the entire time kissing, and then my alarm would go off and she'd leave and I'd end up taking an extra long shower, pumping one out. I liked the morning sessions better when she'd suck me off and then send me off to bed. That way, when we actually had more time together in the evenings... it was better.

Until finally, on the last day of our senior year, everything changed.

I woke up, as usual, to my mother's smiling face and parted lips, and gave her a soft kiss as usual. And as I moved back, preparing to roll over and start my day, my mother held me close and pushed another kiss onto me. And this one wasn't quick; it was hungry and needful and passionate. And in response, I matched it, kissing her like we had kissed when my dick was in her mouth, my tongue meeting hers and dancing across each other, until we broke apart with laughter and my cock was hard against her leg. She looked down, giggling, and then bit her lip. I watched as her hand closed around my length, and gently squeezed.

And my voice cracked when I tried to say something.

But my mom kept moving down. She slipped off my pajamas, she lowered herself so her hips were resting on mine, her head just below my abs, her legs stretched down and toward the foot of my

bed. Her breasts pressed against my body and I could feel every bump of them, the way they molded into my muscles, the softness, the hard nipples pressing into me, before she shifted her body slightly and...

I realized what she was doing when her tits engulfed my cock. My mom's gorgeous breasts swallowed my cock, completely, surrounding the shaft of it and leaving only my tip exposed, peeking out from the top of the soft, pillowy white. The pressure was incredible; like someone was gently trying to massage me while simultaneously keeping me locked in place. And above me, smiling happily and giggling, my mom's hand slipped under and around my cock.

"Now you're my prisoner," mom whispered, leaning down to kiss at my tip before wrapping her lips around the exposed head of my cock and sucking me gently.

The next minutes passed in a haze, a feverish dream, as my mother sucked my dick.

Mom used her mouth and tongue expertly, taking just enough of me so she could keep up the slow pumping with her hand. She was making sure I was constantly stimulated, even as her lips slurped and sucked with loud, hungry smacks. I felt precum oozing out of me with every suck, and she didn't miss a drop. After one strong swallow, I watched her tilt her head back slightly, showing off just how much of my cock she'd taken, the outline of my thickness bulging out of her throat. Her eyes were dark, hungry, and she stared at me, smiling ever so slightly, while bobbing her head back and forth, letting my cock slide in and out of her neck like it wasn't an effort at all. And maybe it wasn't: mom worked for me steadily, without stopping to catch her breath, working faster when I moaned louder and slowing down again when it seemed like I was getting close. She knew exactly what she was doing, teasing me closer and then pulling away again.

Soon, however, after what had been half an hour of this maddening stimulation, mom finally pulled back entirely, wiping spit off of her lips and looking up at me.

"Okay," she said softly, her voice a ragged whisper. "You really need to... uhm..." she laughed shyly, rubbing my cock against her cheek, nuzzling it like it was the best thing in the world. Her hands reached over, and she gently rolled a condom down over my erection, covering me in a single fluid motion, before standing back up, and straddling me, pushing her arms around my shoulders so that my face would be nestled in between her breasts. My cock poked at her pussy, and I saw her legs start trembling, ever so slightly. "It's... been a while."

She started to press down. Slowly. Her tightness made it hard; mom bit down on her lower lip, her green eyes fluttered with pain and pleasure. I grabbed her by the ass, squeezing it and helping her down, little by little, feeling as though my whole cock might get squeezed out of me just from the pressure. The condom felt too thin, somehow: too tight and too thick all at the same time, especially as more and more of her juices collected over it, dripping onto me and letting her body work its magic and make everything even more slick and sensitive. I held onto the base of my cock, keeping the condom right where it should be so none of me was left uncovered, so that I'd always have that barrier. And still, as I looked down, it seemed that she took forever to slip down my shaft, inch by slow inch, her legs straining, her muscles tensing and relaxing, her mouth open and her chest heaving with effort. I could hear the soft 'oh's as her hips finally found mine, as the heat of my skin pressed fully against hers. As she bottomed out on my dick and sat there for a moment, adjusting, her body slowly warming, before slowly rocking up, down.

"Fuck," mom cried out, a smile growing on her face. She gave another lift of her hips, pulling up slowly and then pushing back down again. "That feels..."

"Good?" I asked, laughing.

"So fucking good." Mom smiled warmly. "Honey, thank you."

I wasn't entirely sure how to respond to that, but when mom started moving faster, going from short and shallow strokes to riding my cock fully, bouncing up and down on it without restraint, her ass clapping against me as she started getting into a rhythm, the sound

filling the room and creating a tempo that she moved to, making her breasts bounce hypnotically and sending jolts of pleasure through both of us each time she'd lift off of my cock, and slam it home between her legs, hitting her clit with enough force to cause her to squeak or moan or cry out each time she drove her ass down to my lap again. The feeling was... indescribable. With her weight and momentum and gravity and all of that pulling her down at once, and her insides squeezing, the heat radiating off her pussy, my dick was throbbing inside her; pulsing, so hard that it hurt, but at the same time, the intensity of it all drove me forward, until I was driving back and forth just as fast as she was, my hips rolling, matching her movements, and when she slammed her ass back to my cock, it caused us to gasp and groan each time she came crashing down, shaking with a trembling that started in her legs and worked its way up to her waist. She was shaking, vibrating, twitching around me with every stroke, like I was stirring her body from the inside out. My hips were a piston and my cock a well-oiled machine—

And then she had the audacity to lean back.

The feeling of the change in position took my breath away; Mom was suddenly laying down, her ass still over me, and looking backward while her feet found the arms of the chair. From the rear view, her tits were huge, and her hair was draped down past her shoulders in a curvy waterfall that made my heart sing. But it wasn't her hair that got me; it was the fact that this angle opened her further, letting me penetrate deeper.

My mother, fucking me in the way only women can do.

Facing backwards, her body undulating, gyrating, twisting in ways I didn't think possible as she moved. The wet sounds of her pussy as I moved faster and faster inside of her echoed in the small office; the sloshing of wetness sounded every time we fucked, the friction so intense it seemed like it would have caused her pussy to dry out, if she wasn't so turned on from all of this. Mom was biting her lip, hard, while I watched her tits bounce under her as I moved within her. With each thrust, a shiver worked its way down her spine and shook through her, all the way through her ass. My hands closed

over her cheeks, and I massaged them roughly before pulling them apart and watching her asshole tighten against the movement.

"Mom," I groaned, unable to believe how incredible this all was. "You're..."

"Yes honey," mom whimpered back. "Oh fuck, oh baby..." She rolled her eyes backward. "You're gonna make your mother cum—"

Her whole body tensed up as her climax hit her; one leg kicking out, her body shaking wildly against me as I held her, fucked her harder now that she'd gone over the edge. Her hand came up and covered her mouth as she let loose a wild groan, her back arched forward as she pushed her face into the desk behind her, her whole body flexing, quivering as the pleasure rocked her. I kept it going, the feeling of my mother's orgasm taking away all control; I was losing myself, my thrusts wilder and wilder, and soon the slick sound of my cock as it moved between my mother's thighs was joined by another wet sound.

The sound of my mom squirting, soaking her skirt and my pants and dripping onto the office carpet below us. The sweet smell of her juices rose up and drove me wilder, and when my mother finally managed to lift herself off of her hands and put both hands to the sides of my face, looking into my eyes with a crazed hunger, she leaned in and kissed me—and bit down on my lower lip as she whispered:

"Don't fucking cum inside me."

I felt my mother's body, squeezing against my cock. "Honey... if you want to cum inside of me, you'll need to ask."

I moaned hard, almost unable to keep it in.

"Please don't cum inside me, baby," my mom breathed, leaning closer to whisper. "Unless you ask nicely. It's your birthday present, after all."

Fuckfuckfuck—my mind raced. Mom was getting close—her whole body was shaking, her thighs vibrating around me, the pressure on my cock building with every thrust; the wet sounds of us fucking between my mother's thighs were echoing like a wet dream, and with each passing moment it sounded like my mom was getting wetter and hotter, the sound of her pussy lips moving

together becoming the rhythm of my pleasure. Her mouth found mine, her eyes squeezed closed as I took her ass and held her tight, and pulled her onto me, harder, faster.

"Baby," mom groaned. "Don't stop!"

With a shudder, she broke free of my grip. She pulled backwards and away from my face and then, quickly, dropped to her knees. Before I had a chance to say anything or even think about what was happening, mom was undoing my pants and pulling them down completely, past my thighs. She licked her lips as my cock swung up into the air and flexed once; a rope of clear juice fell down and snapped on its way to the office floor.

My mother didn't care. She pushed her palms against my inner thighs and leaned forward, kissing my tip, taking hold of my cock by the base and tilting it upward so she could run her tongue over the underside. It sent waves of heat through me. My dick bobbed, and flexed, another rope of precum landing on her hand. Her mouth found it immediately, licked it off in a mad craze before sucking the whole of my dick down to my root, taking it all into her mouth and swallowing hard so her throat took my tip. She moaned around me, sending vibrations down my shaft while my hands reached for her hair and pulled tight.

When she finally released my dick with a wet popping noise, saliva glistening along its length, she breathed hard, and smiled up at me. Her mouth opened wide again, and took me completely inside before coming off once more, and this time she was pumping me with one hand while kissing my tip.

"I can't wait until I get pregnant," she breathed. "Your dad will flip."

The words made my stomach twist, and something inside of me snapped. In a sudden fit, I grabbed my mom's wrists and yanked her upright, spun us both around so that now, she was bent over the desk and facing away from me, her legs spread wide for me, her hands gripping the edge of her desk hard.

"Jared, what are you doing?!" Mom exclaimed, looking back at me over her shoulder as I got up behind her. My cock slipped between her ass cheeks, found her slick pussy lips, and thrust

forward, my hands settling on her hips and holding her tight. She gasped, then gave a long, low moan.

I started fucking her, pulling her by the hips backward and sliding her across the desk toward me each time I thrusted. My mother's hands slipped and she almost fell forward when my first few strokes had all of my force put into them, but then she caught herself on her palms, arched her back to keep her pussy presented for me, and... moaned. "Fuuuuck—"

It was the single hottest sight I'd ever seen. My mother leaned forward on her office desk, her blouse untucked, unbuttoned, her breasts completely exposed, the nipples erect and the flesh jiggling each time I slid into her. And god—the sounds it made! The wet squelch of her cunt taking me each time I slammed home. She was dripping down her thighs; she was soaked through. Her ass clapped every time I hit her hard, and my balls slapped against her clit as we mated, desperately, feverishly.

Our breathing was heavy, loud in this small room. Mom threw a look over her shoulder before grabbing my tie and pulling me down so that I was leaning over her back. This let my cock slip deeper, and she made a shocked noise as my tip pressed against her cervix, her body going rigid with the sudden pressure of it. We stayed like that for a while, catching our breath. My hands roamed down her stomach, to her crotch, and slipped through the tuft of her blonde hair to find her clit. It took only the most gentle touch; one finger slipping back and forth over that throbbing little nub of hers. My thumb found the bottom half, and began rubbing up and down. With her back curved just enough to keep my cock buried in her, mom's mouth dropped open and her body began trembling again.

My fingers rolled, gently at first, her clit under my touch; she shivered harder and the noises coming out of her mouth became louder with each moment. "Jared," she mumbled, her tongue heavy. I could see the look on her face reflected in her computer monitor; her eyes were hazy, glassy with pleasure and shock, and her cheeks were so red they nearly glowed.

My mom was lost in pleasure. Completely.

A devilish thrill went through me. "Does that feel good, mom?"

I felt my mother's pussy grip me tighter.

"You're such a naughty slut," I breathed into her ear, rubbing her harder as I said it. She shivered, almost bucked back onto me, but her thighs trembled as she tried to push her clit harder into my hands. "I'm going to take you back home, and we're going to finish this."

My mother gasped into my ear as I grabbed hold of her clit between my fingers and started rubbing, furiously. Her hands pulled the cover back over us. "That's it, baby," I murmured, feeling her shaking against me, grinding so that her perfect little ass ground hard onto me, her legs tightening up with every touch against her clit.

"Let everything out—"

Mom groaned softly into my ear, loud enough for me to hear the desperate moans she made; high-pitched whimpers, begging little whines, and my mom buried her head in my neck, and bit me.

With a yelp, I felt my cock explode against my mom's ass. The first shot came out before I could stop it, and with the way my mom was moving, rubbing herself onto me, the spurts of cum ended up streaking across my mother's ass, splattering up her back.

The next two shots landed on my shirt. Mom's mouth opened and she panted out in delight, and as I started to cum on myself, the final blasts dribbled from my cock onto her inner thigh, hot and tickling where they fell on the sensitive skin of her inner leg.

Mom collapsed onto me, her legs giving way. I held her in my arms, feeling like the world was spinning, trying to control my breathing and my heartrate and every single thought inside my head. The realization of what just happened—the insane risk we just took, the danger... it crashed into me and it became apparent to me that...

We'd gone too far.

There would be no going back.

I couldn't look my mother in the eye.

She was trembling, but it wasn't the tremors of passion or pleasure; she was shivering. When I pulled her face to mine, kissed at her mouth, and then pressed my forehead against hers, all I saw

was an equal amount of fear in her eyes. The thrill was gone. The exhilaration was replaced with horror and panic. She whimpered, her hands went to her lips as she trembled against me, but my own hand went between us, and gently massaged her clit, taking hold of it with the pads of my fingers and feeling the throbbing pulse of it even as mom shuddered violently again and shook her head. "It's... ohhh fuck—"

This time I did look into her eyes; she was staring in horror, her hands going to her hips where we met and trembling.

"I came," she squeaked.

Then I understood why she was so afraid. She'd been so scared because she felt herself lose control; the pleasure of what I had been doing to her was incredible enough to push her off the cliff, and with that orgasm, my mother's body had locked, tightened...

Pushed me out.

Mom looked down at her body, and when her hand reached for my cock, which was now outside, her palm touched, gently, like she was inspecting herself for damage, and then moved quickly back up to my stomach where she gripped my shirt and leaned further into me. "Jared," she growled into me.

I held myself back as much as I could, even though every single part of my being wanted to fuck mom into oblivion. Instead, I just continued to hold her, and slowly move myself between her legs. Her thighs were squeezing me tight, the smoothness of her inner skin pressing against me as I moved between her legs again and again. My mom's face was red now, from her exertions; the movement had been steady, and even though we didn't have actual sex, we did feel incredible pressure building between us with this... slow fucking.

"Ohh... baby, baby..." She breathed.

My own heart was pounding. Each push of my cock between her thighs and past her pussy caused a sharp gasp from her, a slight buck of her hips that I knew was causing pressure against her clit. She looked up into my eyes, trembling and breathless, one hand on my shirt and the other smoothing down her front and to her panties, which she tugged aside.

"Oh—"

She cried out as I suddenly started to press my cock harder, quicker, more purposefully between her pussy lips. I leaned into mom's ear and began kissing her, breathing heavily as I listened to her cries getting louder.

"I'm gonna cum," I gasped.

The idea thrilled me; my own orgasm, mixed with hers, in my own mother? The thought sent me reeling, but I held myself back for another second—mom bit her lip again and gave another loud groan. "Inside me..." She breathed.

I pulled mom harder onto my dick and the moment came to us both.

When it happened, mom made no sound, but the feeling was unmistakable. Her thighs gripped me, her whole body tensed around me, and she pushed against my lips and tongue as the sudden heat of an explosion washed over her. When it hit her, Mom made a noise, like choking; I think she was trying to hide her sound, but then she lost it and moaned, loudly, against my mouth.

The cumshot came soon after; I thrusted forward, holding onto my mother by her thighs and fucking her hips hard, until finally the climax came in waves. I had to hold my breath through each thrust and when the first shot came out it felt like there was more cum than possible from one load. Shot after shot, my mom's pussy twitched with ecstasy, my mother's body shaking on mine while we held each other, and came, and kissed desperately.

When the last of it passed, it seemed forever before we could breathe again. We broke from our kiss and started gasping for air, looking into each others eyes and seeing nothing else but shock, disbelief, elation and exhaustion.

"Mom..." I whispered. The words came out of nowhere, like I'd lost control of them: "I love you."

The moment they came out, it was too late for me to take them back, not that I wanted to, but still, even as we laid together, the fact that those words had left my lips scared me. It felt right to say them, like they were natural, but... but to tell your mother you loved them?

Except... mom wasn't doing anything other than kissing me. She closed her eyes and gave the most tender kiss she ever had. When she pulled away, she looked into my eyes again. I expected anger, confusion, sadness. But instead, it was just acceptance. And joy.

"Baby," she breathed. She was trembling, but smiling; she laughed and then bit her lip as we stayed close and held each other. "Honey..." She kissed me again, harder than before, and I kissed her back with a force she seemed to welcome. She gasped when the kiss ended, and giggled.

"I love you too," she whispered, giving me another quick peck. My heart fluttered; it couldn't be any easier than that, could it?

Her hand reached down, taking hold of my shaft and guiding me, until I was back at the edge of her pussy lips, throbbing so much and so hard. And before I could think about how hot this all was, mom was biting her bottom lip, giggling breathlessly with excitement as she started to take hold of me, really taking hold of me, her thumb on my head, and slowly starting to push down.

"Mom." I tried to stop her but she gave me an intense look and bit her bottom lip and then moaned softly as I... pushed inside.

Oh God oh God oh fuck...

The feeling was too good; even with her hand still guiding me down, all I wanted to do was grab my mom's waist and yank her hips down onto me. The pressure on my cock, squeezing and sliding down over the head was perfect and incredible; her pussy lips took hold of my shaft and hugged it, pulling me deep inside. My mom's hand slid off as I went further and further; inch by inch, until her insides gripped around me entirely.

The feeling was indescribable. She had been sucking my cock not two minutes before, and now I was truly inside. Her pussy was so tight that it didn't feel real, except it did. It felt real, it felt good, so good that I could barely breathe or think or do anything but groan through clenched teeth.

"Jared—" mom's voice cut in sharp, as if just realizing what we were doing. But she wasn't pushing me away; she was only panting, whimpering, and pulling herself closer to me. "Jared..."

My hands closed over mom's ass, and as I held her, her legs trembled, and then lifted from the ground. Now, supported completely by me, her legs locked around my body as her hands clung to my back, and as I held my mother under her bottom, one hand slipping away and going up to support her back, she began to ride my cock.

She used me; each time her bottom slipped down my cock, her lips kissed and squeezed around it, and every time she rose upward, her hips angled downward to slide herself down further. This caused the friction to rub and grind and fuck my head over her clit over and over, while each little slip inward pressed me deep, deeper, all of my length disappearing into my mother's tight wetness and throbbing pussy until it felt like her flesh would swallow me whole.

With each new push of my cock inside, my mom gave a soft whining groan, the sound almost too quiet to hear as she rode me faster and faster, but the sounds got louder, louder, more intense as her breathing picked up, and when my mouth went to her neck and gently started to lick and suck and nibble at the pale skin there, I heard her give a little gasp that became a moan that became a scream.

"Keeeeiiith!!"

Her pussy flooded; liquid heat exploded from her insides as the climax tore through my mother. Her voice was caught by her hand as her mouth opened in a shocked o of ecstasy as wave after wave of pleasure rushed over her body. She shuddered and shivered in my arms, shaking her head, biting her lip, trying hard not to fall apart—trying so hard. But the waves kept crashing through her, harder, faster. I pulled back enough to watch her face contort as the pleasure made her features twist with raw sensations, the sight of it making my cock twitch as she came undone right in front of me. It was one thing to be fucking her thighs, something else entirely to watch it happen, something that made me feel insanely powerful. My mind reeled. This was my mother, this was who she was in her secret heart, someone desperate and needing and... beautiful.

And hot. So hot that I never wanted her to leave me, even if part of me knew it wasn't real, what we were doing; it was just the

circumstances or whatever.

As I held my mom in my arms and felt her tremble, I felt my own orgasm growing within me. I was getting close. The whole act was building for me, too. It didn't matter how often I came, how long it had been, everything about it felt more intense, like the moment where you step out of the pool, when you realize how warm the air feels against your cold wet skin. And it was happening all over my body, but especially my groin. Everything about that tingled and twitched and burned as my cum churned and got ready to blow.

And then I was pulling out of her. As much as I wanted to keep going, and maybe even keep my dick buried in her tight pussy as I blew a fat load in her womb, the risk of it was too great. Instead, I shifted down the table again, and pushed my mother back slightly so I could bend forward. Mom realized what I was doing instantly, and her hands went behind my head, pulling me towards her pussy as she arched her back, her feet now on the ground as she tried to lift herself as high up for me as she could, as my mouth opened and sucked her cunt deep, taking every fucking inch of her juicy mound and clit inside my mouth, bathing her with my tongue and savoring her taste, drinking from her cunt and eating her like there was no tomorrow. My hands closed on her thighs and squeezed, hard, and mom made a gasping scream before closing her lips shut as tightly as she could to hold herself silent. The result was an odd gurgling sound, followed by desperate panting as I bathed her slit with saliva and juice, using my mouth to push her off the cliff, to take her into that bliss that she loved, because God knows, I fucking did, and I wanted to do it for her, all of it, everything, whatever she wanted.

Her body convulsed, her pussy pulsed over my tongue, her juices sprayed over my mouth as she came, moaning loudly despite her own struggle to not give us away. As her orgasm hit her hard, I held onto her thighs as tightly as I could. My fingers sank into her supple skin; I needed something to ground me as I went completely insane myself. I couldn't believe what was happening, but at the same time I could totally fucking believe it; in this room, on this night, where anything could happen, I was tasting my mother's sweet honey for the first time and she was giving it up to me so good...

Mom took my dick back into her mouth after a moment, licking around it and kissing over me as if trying to wake it up once more. Her face looked at me, pleadingly, desperately. She pulled back after a bit. "Jared," she murmured. "I want it in my mouth."

"Okay," I breathed, feeling my heart pound as she got up, standing over me again, straddling my lap and wrapping her arms around me. When she reached down with her hips, however, I saw a bit of a change in her expression. Mom was breathing hard, her hands flexing against me, and as my cock rubbed up under her panties, I felt it brush against her entrance and slip inside slightly, enough that we both gasped together.

With each push upward, my cock pushed past my mom's cunt, pushing between her lips, entering her by a quarter inch or so before pulling out again and teasing against her clit until she was biting down on her lower lip to keep from moaning.

Finally, after some time of that, Mom couldn't take anymore; she gave an animalistic moan and lifted herself off the desk. I turned away while she hurriedly fixed her underwear, pulled her bra straps back over her shoulders, buttoned her shirt all the way back up again... It had to look odd for us, both with disheveled hair, flushed faces, but dressed perfectly otherwise. Mom stepped back when she was done, panting. Then she laughed, nervously, looking at my face, my chest, and finally the tent in my pants. "That won't go away in time."

"Well..." I chuckled. "What did you expect?"

Mom smirked. She sat at the edge of her desk and put a hand to her forehead, trying to collect herself. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, before letting it go slowly and opening them. "Honey... That was amazing, but dangerous. We could have been caught." She looked at me again. "So... do you think you can work here? Maybe we should think of something else—"

I went to mom and held her by the arms. "If anyone finds out what we're doing, I'm leaving."

Mom smiled softly. Her green eyes glimmered with excitement. "Oh? You promise? You'll be going somewhere with your mother?"

"Maybe," I breathed, stepping closer. Mom let out a shuddering sigh as I leaned in and pressed my mouth against hers.

The kiss was slow, lingering. The room was spinning as my lips touched hers, as our tongues gently slipped and brushed each other in a slow dance. Her hands came up and held either side of my face, gently, before slowly sliding down, tracing over my neck and then curling around my shoulders, and pulling me closer to her.

I couldn't stop myself from pressing against her, from closing whatever distance was between us and holding her tightly. When she shifted back onto her desk, her hands reached behind herself, spreading papers aside carelessly, sending a keyboard onto the floor and a mouse flying through the air and eventually clattering somewhere nearby.

Her legs curled around my back, pulling me closer, encouraging me to press into her. My hips bucked forward and mom bit down on my lip suddenly, a soft yelp accompanying the bite, as I pushed up and in, pressing the length of my cock against her and pushing it between her lips. She trembled around me, and suddenly there was wetness dripping down, over my cock, and splashing onto the front of my pants.

There was no stopping the momentum; mom pulled away from our kiss and breathed hard, fast, one hand lifting up and pulling my head down, so she could push her forehead into my neck. I felt the hot of her breath, the tickle of her exhales, as the room spun around us again.

Her hands went to my ass now, and encouraged me, pushed me to fuck her harder. And even though we didn't go any deeper, every thrust seemed more powerful, because when she flexed inward, my body pressed against hers and we were united once more.

When I looked up, it was to see my mom looking into my eyes, both of us sweaty, flushed, red-cheeked, gasping for air, her mouth open slightly in an 'O,' while mine closed tightly to try and control the sound that was building, threatening to escape and tell the world of what was happening.

Suddenly, our hands found each other. We twined them, fingers squeezing together, as my mother's whole body started to get

tighter and tighter. She bit her lip, whimpering through her teeth. Her chest was starting to heave, those soft breasts pressing against my chest, her nipples hard and pointed and digging into my skin. "Oh, baby," she breathed, voice hot against me.

And as if by instinct, I kissed her. Mom gave a whimper into my mouth as we held each other, and then as soon as our lips touched, it was like something changed.

I had never cummed without touching my dick before, but that day...

Cumming against my mom's pussy changed everything.

As soon as her eyes opened wide with the realization that I wasn't wearing a condom, that I came inside her, they rolled backward and the look of shock and wonder that was on her face as she orgasmed while I came inside her turned to pure, unfiltered pleasure. The momentary look of dread was replaced by bliss, and I watched, enraptured by my mother, in a way I never had been before; my hands were gripping her thighs so tight that if I wasn't looking at her now, I wouldn't know where she ended and I began.

It felt like heaven, coming into her. And I didn't feel any guilt. No fear. All there was in the world was this warm, perfect feeling, where nothing else mattered aside from the connection that I had forged with my mother. We'd taken that final step, done something we couldn't come back from.

But right then, as I was coming, as I was finishing cumming...

I knew I didn't want to take it back.

"Oh god..." mom whimpered, when she could finally breathe again. Her fingers squeezed hard against my arm. Her legs shivered again and she pressed her forehead to mine. "Jared..."

All I could do was hold onto her. My chest heaved from the effort. My whole body trembled slightly. It was like nothing I'd ever felt before. Mom's cunt had been heaven in its own right, but actually being inside of it...

God.

I held onto her. And as we sat together, panting and enjoying the other's touch, something in the back of my mind told me that I

couldn't let go. Not like last time, when my body forced the pleasure out of me and shot my cum deep into my mom's body.

Not this time.

This time I needed to be careful, or else I would have the exact same result: an unplanned child resulting from us making love in secret.

And as soon as those words ran through my head, 'unplanned child,' the desire to avoid that was overpowering. In some ways, the way my body and soul reacted was a stronger force than the drive to ejaculate; every fiber of my being said "protect," and protecting meant not shooting off inside of her, even though she felt so good...

And her pussy clenched, tightened, as my cock pushed down over her clit one last time, and both of us felt the pressure in her building up, about to break out; there was no more delay, no more slowdown, mom whimpered softly, "Ah, ah, ah—Jared!" And then mom shuddered against me, my lips went to hers and sealed her moans, and mom came hard.

I watched the pleasure wash over her eyes. Her jaw fell open and her face was contorting, her breasts bouncing from the wild trembling that racked her entire body. Mom was writhing from the intense sensations flowing through her nerves and I wrapped my arms tighter around her and pulled her close, letting her know, as best as I could, that I was there for her.

Her breathing was coming back as she finished climaxing, her pussy pulsing with delight even as I kept slowly moving in her. Her green eyes opened, bright and glassy with ecstasy, and she looked right into mine.

"Jared, baby, you need to—" she panted, looking around. But even as we did so, trying to find some kind of protection, nothing came to mind, until mom was practically squealing in desperation.

"It's okay," I grunted into her ear.

"What?" She stared at me with disbelief, but her legs tightened around my body, and her arms were pulling at me too. She was still panting, and I saw her bite her lip again. "I can't... we shouldn't..."

"Do it in me," I said, staring at her, watching her react, how her green eyes brightened and widened at my command, or offer, or

suggestion, and the way her breathing became so rapid and fast, so desperate. "Come for me," I breathed.

Her hands grasped tighter on my chest, on my arm, and her thighs held me tight, trembling with the need to climax. I was holding myself up by the edge of the desk, letting the rest of my body lean back while her hips moved in a circular rhythm that let my cock rub at her clit, over and over. Her entire body shuddered at each movement of mine, the feeling so close to actually penetrating, so similar to being inside her that she started to pant openly.

"You're so big—"

That only made my cock twitch and her breath quicken even further.

"Please, Jared," she said, staring right into my eyes, begging. "Let me."

I pulled back, enough, my dick coming out from between my mom's thighs with an audible sucking noise. She whimpered and her hand went to her clit as I reached down to my pants on the floor. From the side pocket, I fished out a condom, and looked up at her; she was biting her lip.

She leaned close, whispering, "Don't use it. Please? Just—this once?"

My cock throbbed. And it wasn't because of what she was saying.

I felt it too.

For whatever reason, I couldn't put words to it... I just... felt like it was right. And so...

I dropped the condom back into my pants. Mom watched it disappear with wide eyes, her breathing getting fast, faster than ever. "Honey—" she breathed. "Jared."

I said nothing. Only kept fucking her. The head of my cock rubbed over her clit over, and over, and over again, her juicy mound pushing out over me, the folds of her pussy making it possible for my dick to rub against her nub whenever I shifted. It became easier and easier to go back and forth over her, and mom's face turned more open, shocked, stunned, each expression coming quickly and going faster, before settling on a dark stare, an intense glare where she bit down on her lip and closed her eyes, and then opened them

again. Her hips started to move more, grinding down on me, meeting each push of my cock so that she could keep the friction going over her clit.

I was so entranced in it, the feeling of her skin on my cock, that the idea of anything else seemed impossible. This is what sex was, wasn't it? Mom had a look that mirrored exactly what I felt. Like all you needed was to rub your bits together and that was really... really all you needed, wasn't it? There wasn't anything else after this; why did people fuck inside-out if we could do this? We didn't need anything more than this. This was everything.

Just touching myself and then having mom's naked thighs around my cock made me realize the truth: there was nothing greater. Nothing beyond this.

Nothing worth living for, than the heat and the slick juices and the smell of sex in the air and my mother panting and grinding hard into me.

God, she was close to cumming already. Was I close? I don't know if I would have known, if my mother hadn't let out a sudden moan that surprised her, and surprised me, because suddenly her body went stiff as a board, and her nails dug into me, and the sensation of her whole body shuddering, shivering, was impossible to ignore.

It took me only a few moments longer than her before I realized the same thing. It was coming, building, ready to release, like a spring wound far too tight, and my mouth was at mom's neck, my teeth gently biting at her skin, her hands wrapped tight behind me and holding herself firm in place as my cock started to twitch and ache between her legs. And then it finally came—I started to shoot; there was nothing separating me and my mother now—nothing but heat and flesh and liquid passion that I shot right into her.

It felt like my cock was melting with every thick, hot, sticky rope I pumped into mom; I couldn't think, my mother was holding me with everything, her hips still working, grinding over my cock, milking it hard even as my arms tightened around her too, my own hands roaming up her back, fingers spreading, clutching, desperate. Our kisses became more heated, our tongues sliding together wetly.

When we both finished, I was still holding my mom to me, and when I pulled away, there were threads of saliva connecting our mouths for just a moment before breaking.

My heart was thumping harder than it ever had in my life, and so was hers.

Mom was looking at me with wide eyes, her pupils blown out. Then she looked down between us, and saw how hard I still was, and how sticky we had made each other. She made an odd sound, swallowed, and moved just enough where she could see the wet tip of my cock poking from beneath her skirt.

Then she looked up.

I nodded slowly. "Yes."

She shivered. Mom's body tightened and relaxed, and then she pulled herself back enough for the both of us. With one arm supporting her against me, she used her free hand to take hold of me, grip me tightly around the base, and angle my cock upward.

The moment that my cock started to press against mom's pussy, we locked eyes, and our breaths went perfectly silent, until we became perfectly synchronized again, inhales and exhales like mirrors of each other. As I pressed further, the tension increased, every bit of it coming out in those deep, shaky breaths. And when the head pushed inside, the gasp of her breath as she sucked in oxygen was explosive.

I slid into mom in the same way. She pushed herself downward, slowly, taking every inch, and her face was tensing as she got fuller and fuller, my cock stretching her wider than ever before as her hands clutched at the covers of the bivouac. Her hips were twitching, moving as best they could in this awkward position, her ass resting against my lap and her legs dangling behind us, but even despite this, I watched as mom took me fully, right to the root, and her eyes opened wide, as if a new feeling, a brand new emotion was flooding through her that she'd never experienced.

As she settled, there was no thought. There was no talking; we didn't have the ability or the capability. And there was no going slow either; we fucked immediately, hard. Mom kept herself on me, using my shoulder for support as she used one leg, her strength incredible

as she bounced on my cock like nothing I had felt before. The way mom fucked me made me feel like I was nothing, like she was stronger and more powerful than me and that my only purpose in life was to fuck her, hard, to cum inside of her and fill her. And God, it seemed so fucking right; I'd never had something that had made me feel so powerless but yet so alive. I loved it. It was the best feeling I'd ever known.

I looked down at where we connected, seeing the way her thighs spread to accept my cock, the wetness between them visible from how wet she was. Watching my mom take me in like that was... it was insanely erotic, incredibly satisfying. I couldn't get enough. My hands slipped over her hips and she shuddered, looking into my eyes before she shifted off of me—she pulled herself away with a shudder and a gasp, her gaze suddenly crazed and animalistic as she got up and spun around.

I wasn't sure what my mom wanted until she climbed back onto the desk, her face forward and toward the other side, her knees planted firmly on the wood, and her hands holding tight onto the far edge.

It was a signal that needed no explanation; this was the same way we started. Last night's dream—my mother bent over while I fucked her from behind. She turned back to look at me, over her shoulder, biting her lip and giving me one last glance. Her blonde hair was wild around her head, spilling onto her face and shoulders and chest, but there was nothing in it, no hesitation, no worry.

Only desire.

Mom lowered her upper body slightly, resting her face and breasts over the hard surface, her hands going down flat alongside her cheeks so she could press them closer and enjoy the feeling. Her ass rose higher into the air, presented for my view, and all it took was my grip closing harder on her hips as I watched the sight before me.

I reached one hand toward my mother's face and felt her cheek first, before stroking two fingers down to her lips. Mom accepted them gratefully and suckled gently on them as I began to slide myself inside of her. She whined quietly as I entered her fully,

moaning around my fingers until finally they couldn't reach any deeper, when I withdrew them so she could gasp and moan and make the sweetest fucking sounds.

Her hands lifted off the desk and pressed against her forehead and the top of her hair, her thighs trembling under my thrusts, the feeling of her legs twitching around my cock making it more pleasurable. My fingers dug into my mom's hips as I fucked her faster. Each slap sent shockwaves through us both; I kept expecting someone to hear, or something, but there wasn't anything except for the wet slapping of my flesh against hers, the gasps of our breaths and the gentle noises that we made together, meh, emh, heh, eehhhhh, uuuuuunf, h-hehh, nnnnnn.

And then I felt it, something in my mom... changed. As I fucked her, I could see, from her reflection in the window across from us, that she'd lifted herself up, just a bit. One leg, then the other; now, while she continued to be fucked by her son, her upper body lifted up so that her chest was parallel with her stomach, her eyes closed and her mouth parted, tongue hanging out as she panted. I watched her through the mirror, watching my mother, as my cock moved faster. The mirror was fogging over slightly; I had to keep wiping it with one hand, all while holding my mom down with the other.

As if she were going anywhere.

"Jared," she moaned loudly, after pushing the covers back. "Honey—I need it!"

I slowed down.

My mother didn't know why, at first. She kept squirming on me, kept making those cute noises in her throat that were half-whimpering, half-mewling. But after a few seconds she stopped, and turned to me, looking up with desperate eyes.

"Baby," she whimpered. "Are you okay? Are... do..."

She swallowed hard, her hips starting to move against me slowly.

"Do you not want it?" Mom was trying not to cry. "Do you..."

I pulled her down and kissed my mom's mouth hard. She didn't wait for me, just grabbed the back of my hair and started kissing, pulling my breath from me. Her legs continued to squirm against mine, the wet, sticky mess of our combined sweat and excitement

mixing to create an environment where our skin was slipping slightly on each other. And yet, my mother kept pushing, kissing me harder, her hand holding my neck tight as she leaned closer into the kiss, her body pushing back so that her breasts were smashed into my chest.

With one final push of her tongue into my mouth, and one last brush of her nails against my back, she sat up. She took me by the jaw with both hands, forced me to look into her eyes.

And then she took hold of my dick, and pushed it up.

The warmth enveloped me even before I slipped in; all she had to do was rub her cunt, rub herself along my length, slide my head through her lips and press it right... there...

And then...

Mom closed her eyes, whimpered, and pushed back, slowly, gently, just enough, and I felt it again.

That squeeze. That perfect, impossible tightness.

Pulling me further.

Deeper.

In...

I gasped. Mom bit her lip hard, the muscles in her neck straining, her breasts tensing and quivering. And as she did, her body moved up and down, slowly, her hips rocking, moving to allow just that little bit deeper, her moans barely perceptible but still echoing loud enough to fill the whole office.

It wasn't fucking her, yet it was. But I wanted it; I was going to cum inside my mom, and she wanted me to as well; her hips continued their slow movement, working with mine, grinding me slowly.

Slowly...

The pleasure started to burn brighter and higher as I used my mom's body, fucking her thighs still, and her head arched upward, her lips curling in and biting down hard as her pussy clenched and spasmed around my shaft, her mouth opened wide in a silent scream as the orgasm ripped through her. Her whole body tensed in time with my mom's orgasm, and I felt myself slip even deeper inside, just barely penetrating, and as I slid over her entrance I

groaned, loud, the hot wash of my cum filling her body, covering the walls of her womb and pushing inwards. My balls twitched and emptied the last few drops, and mom's breath came out all at once as her head lowered and our lips pressed together, kissing again, softly this time, while we both floated back down to earth.

"So," I murmured after a moment. "Dinner?"

I could feel Mom smile, even if I couldn't see it.

I was pretty sure everything would work out.

***

That Friday, as the clock ticked down to the end of the week and what I thought was my final night at 1643 Hickory Lane, I found myself thinking about the past month in total. The things that had happened were pretty hard to believe, and it only got crazier when you realized that none of it had really started with me. It had started before even I'd entered the picture: first, mom decided she didn't want to have dad in her life any longer, which led to a divorce and splitting time with his kid. That in itself had been enough to shake up her life completely. After years of working as an interior designer, mom suddenly didn't have that to fall back on for money. That led to some pretty stressful job-hunting.

Meanwhile, mom also didn't have anything else to keep her busy while she was waiting for the responses from the places she'd applied. She'd done a pretty good job of distracting herself from the fact that her marriage had fallen apart. And that was where I came in. When dad first took off to Europe, and left me with mom, he knew mom needed something else to occupy herself other than moping. He suggested I hang out with mom to keep her distracted—and then dad put us in a situation we were not expecting. His plan had worked better than we could have imagined.

In a way, I guess you could say we were victims of circumstances. There wasn't really anything we could've done differently if we wanted to prevent what ended up happening to us. If mom hadn't felt alone all those weeks without her husband, we wouldn't have gotten closer than mother and son should have been.

But we did. And if dad hadn't tried to help by making us grow even closer, we wouldn't have... done what we did. We definitely weren't in love. It was attraction, lust, maybe even loneliness, but I loved my father. And mom's feelings toward him had only grown more strained, more conflicted.

She hated that she wanted someone else while he was gone, but at the same time she couldn't stop herself.

And neither could I.

All of these thoughts hit me when I had to go through mom's computer. She wasn't going to be there, but that didn't mean I could take chances.

I was careful though. The moment mom told us we'd be moving in with dad again, I knew it would only be a matter of days before one thing led to another and somehow, this would happen. It was inevitable. After the first night where we shared that bed and the next day we both got a taste for something new.

It started from innocent kissing and touching with my mom and then slowly escalated from there until I realized that Mom was no longer interested in me being her "baby boy". At least not the innocent kind of baby boy.

When mom moved out, I took some clothes over to Dad's house and left the rest at Mom's apartment so it looked like I still lived there. It really wouldn't fool anyone but maybe that old lady who lives next door might fall for it for a while. Not that she'd ever notice anyway... But I needed an excuse to spend the night back here if I wanted to do what I did last night: Fucking my mom and cumming inside of her before leaving her with my seed deep inside of her to wake up alone, with a mess in her panties. She probably thought it was a one off thing that wouldn't happen again but little did she know, I had already planned on seeing her tonight too and repeating the whole process again. Maybe this time I'll even take a picture before filling my mom up with my sperm.

As if she knew what I was thinking about, she suddenly tightened her grip on my arms and started grinding herself harder on my cock, the head brushing against her clit over and over again and driving her crazy. She was so lost in pleasure that she forgot to

be quiet and moaned right in my ear. She started saying the things that I never expected to hear from her when she was sober.

"Cum for me, Baby," she groaned through gritted teeth. "Come for Mommy. Come all over your stepmommy."

I could feel my cock throb in response to those words and knew I couldn't hold out much longer. She could feel it too and kept speaking.

"Yeah...you like that don't you? You want your stepmom to have a creamy creampie, baby?" she panted in my ear. "You wanna shoot that load inside Mommy's pussy and watch it leak down her legs?"

Fuck...she wasn't playing fair! Just hearing her say these filthy things to me was getting me too worked up, too fast. Especially after I've wanted her for so long. The feeling of being between her thighs and sliding over her slit was sending me quickly over the edge, too. My cock felt like it was on fire.

This was so fucking crazy... I can't believe mom was doing this...

That did it. Mom seemed to notice that I was finally close—the last push over the edge had arrived. My balls were boiling with cum, desperate to get out, and my cock was flexing hard, twitching with the mad need to unload everything. I could sense it in her too; the way her arms wrapped around me, the way her feet curled tight, and the way she held my head, pushing her lips to mine, whimpering and moaning, desperately trying to keep it all from happening, her mouth kissing mine and sucking at my tongue and then pulling off with a gasp before diving back down and starting all over again.

"Don't!" Mom panted out with each kiss, her voice trembling and low. "Jared... baby... don't do it..."

I grunted. My hips were moving fast, and when mom's hand slid down my front and pushed her fingers against my taint, I couldn't take it any more.

"I can't," I groaned, my arms going around her and hugging her close as my hips kept humping and grinding against my mom. It was coming.

Mom's lips were brushing against mine. "Cum, baby," she whined, kissing me, shivering, trembling as my dick slid back and

forth inside her clothes and brushed over her clit. Her pussy throbbed, juices leaking down my shaft and coating her thighs. "Cum for mommy," she said.

It was so fucking dirty. And exactly what I needed. I felt my whole body go tight, felt my balls squeeze, felt that cum I wanted to shoot inside of her build up and then, explode.

Cum sprayed inside of my pants; they tightened immediately, my cock suddenly held within a vice grip as rope after rope of sticky, white cum pumped into my boxers.

It coated my cock, filled them, made them tight over me—and all through it, my mom continued to gasp, until she was moaning and holding onto me with everything she had, her cunt seizing me over and over as if begging for me to cum inside of her, to breed her, to give her the ultimate gift in the most ultimate act of sin.

I held myself there, for a while, before the world started to slowly return. Mom's grip went loose, and when we looked at each other, she seemed so lost that I couldn't help myself but kiss her. She accepted it, but seemed dazed, confused.

But also... not done.

So I helped her down off of the desk.

Her face looked at mine, and though it was red, she wasn't stopping herself from kissing me. This time, both of us knelt on the ground. She was over me, looking down, straddling my hips but making sure to keep her panties to the side.

"Just once," mom whispered, staring at me with those desperate eyes, needing more than ever. "Jared."

Then mom lowered her hips onto my dick, and I watched as her lips parted for me; I felt the squeeze of her entrance taking me, again, the tightness impossible. I gasped with her, felt how hard she took me, and then saw the way her body reacted, her insides squeezing tighter as they were slowly taken over, by me. My mother.

My cock throbbed, wanting desperately to cum, so turned on that the feeling was borderline painful. Her pussy sucked me down like her mouth did, and when the bottom of her ass bumped into me and I knew her entire pussy was filled with cock, I felt myself start to tremble. She pulled herself off, the wet of her pussy coating me with

its slick juice as she slowly started to ride me, one leg keeping itself in place, holding onto the desk while the other moved with her, and as she lifted off, that same thigh came under me, and kept herself open. She continued, fucking my thighs with her own cunt while she moved and used my dick on herself, her hands holding her chest.

It was amazing; the way my mother looked riding my cock without me really being inside of her was... incredible. I had a better view of her than if I were balls-deep within her. Mom had never looked so beautiful; her breasts jiggled and bounced each time she rose and fell, the fullness of her ass swaying with each movement and her face a picture of pleasure, all the while the sweet little pink inside of her showing everything and letting the light play across it. I wanted to kiss her there, kiss those swollen lips, lap at her dripping juices as I buried my face between her legs and tongued at her, and the thought made me twitch even more. My mother's mouth caught the sensation, because it opened, and she started to cry out: "Ohhhh..."

Mom fucked faster, her hands coming up to hold mine, fingers wrapping around them as I held her hips. The friction was hot and wild, her pussy riding against my cock until finally I felt myself hit the top, unable to hold back, needing so badly to fill my mother that there wasn't any stopping it. "Mmm!"

She kissed me then, muffling my cum, holding me in her mouth, sucking softly, moans and squeaks escaping her throat with each blast of cum. Her eyes rolled into her head, lost in pleasure, her hands going over me again and grabbing onto my shoulders and hugging me close to her so tightly that when we came together, our bodies pressed hard together, it took the cum, all of it, from the base of my dick all the way up through my length and exploding out of the tip, all of it squirting right against that pink spot, a hot wet line of cum against my mother's pussy where it coated her flesh. I could feel it, like a brand, the feeling of how hot and wet she was under me, the way my cum would run down my ballsack when she fucked on me and let go, but then...

My mom gave a sudden moan, and I felt her insides start to move. Her fingers dug into my shoulders so hard that it hurt, and it

seemed impossible for my mom to be holding me tighter than she already was, but... suddenly, she was, a strange sort of trembling coursing through her body. It seemed familiar—but it didn't seem possible—and as my mom moved her hips harder onto my cock, faster, using every inch to fuck her way through the orgasm she gave us both...

My eyes went wide as I realized that my mom had just orgasmed. With me inside of her. Without penetration.

It was a weird moment to feel proud about giving your mom an orgasm while you fucked each other by proxy... but holy fuck did I feel amazing.

At some point during our kiss, I'd opened my eyes and watched my mother as she came on me; a look of desperation played across her face. She opened her lips in a silent cry, her eyebrows furrowed together, the muscles along her jaw tight and her neck pulsing, every inch of her vibrating as she rubbed herself harder against me. She pushed herself closer, until I couldn't see her face anymore, she'd just buried into my chest, and when I finally relaxed the pressure to breathe she gasped, loudly, into my ear. Her hands curled against the front of my shirt before they moved outward, slowly stroking back down along my neck.

As for myself, I felt like I might black out from not breathing for that long period of time. Even after, it took me another few seconds of catching my breath before I managed to get words out. "Mom?"

Cara looked up at me and blinked her gorgeous green eyes before letting out a shaky laugh. Her voice was quiet, still stunned. "I think you're right..."

I gave her a kiss on the forehead. "Right about what?"

"I've never had sex with any man who could do that."

Afterward, we cleaned off with paper towels in the office bathroom and fixed ourselves up in the mirror; fixing makeup, readjusting clothes. She put her skirt back on, I tucked myself into my jeans, and we walked out, leaving the mess that we'd made of George's office. We'd done quite a number on it.

"Well," Cara muttered as we turned away from the office. She looked down at her watch and sighed. "We've got some time before

they show up. Come on," she said, leading me to one of the empty conference rooms. As she stepped inside, I looked out into the building for any signs of anyone else. When I didn't see anybody, I closed the door and followed my mom.

She turned to look at me, standing against one end of the table in the room, leaning forward slightly so that her ass pressed into the edge of it. My gaze roved over my mother's incredible body. She was fucking unreal. With how we dressed, you wouldn't have ever guessed that my mother had a figure like this underneath.

But here it was, right in front of me. My mother's huge tits were wrapped by a lacy black bra under a dark gray blouse. Her skirt cut across her waist at just the right angle, showing off the generous curves of her hips and her smooth thighs. My hands wanted to go everywhere—my mind wanted to touch her everywhere—

As my eyes lowered along the rest of mom, I caught sight of a tiny strip of flesh between her pantyline and the bottom of her skirt, exposed where the zipper was undone and her shirt untucked. The pale skin there was smooth and white; and it made my heart leap for the forbidden thrill of what we were doing.

This should be impossible—but here was mom, with her ass pressed into the edge of this desk, one leg hitched up near my side as I pressed her body backwards. Our hands explored each other, and it was all I could do to keep myself from ripping her clothes apart and taking her then and there—to take her hard against the desk or throw her onto the ground and have at it. But it seemed like her pussy was too good, even. Just this was incredible...

I looked at the little patch of skin on her lower abdomen, and reached down and kissed it, just lightly, brushing my lips against it. And when I did, my mother's breathing got deeper, and she pulled me in closer to her, one hand going to my shoulder and holding there, while the other hand snaked down her front.

When I heard a click, my eyes opened; and then my mother took me by my wrists, and pulled me gently, away from her. My heart sank. I thought this was too crazy for her. And yet, her expression said otherwise. "Sit down," she breathed, nodding toward the seat in front of her desk.

I did as she commanded, moving backward in an awkward shuffle, before collapsing into the seat. Mom stepped forward, walking gingerly because of the one leg still trapped in a shoe, until she was standing over me. She had one arm across her breasts, and the other over her crotch, and the way she was blushing made her look insanely sexy. There was something vulnerable in her posture, despite the obvious confidence she had to be doing this—the fact that her son wanted her like this.

Mom leaned down, and then knelt, straddling my hips while facing away from me, and settling back until she felt the hardness of my cock against her. I let out a breathy groan as I felt my body heat again; I could feel myself twitching with need under my mother's pussy. My hands moved, taking hold of mom's hips and grinding her against me, feeling that sweet wet of her slit along my cock, which made me hiss as her juices bathed my shaft.

We shifted, and soon, I felt the head of my cock line up with her entrance. As I pressed forward, my mother shifted, spreading herself further so I could sink into her...

...and sink into her...

I felt the tightness start immediately, and then suddenly—mom gasped, and she went rigid as I pulled back, and pushed myself slowly deeper. I sawed back and forth inside her pussy, felt the insane pressure build, and then dissipate as she loosened for me, her walls stretching to fit me better.

I couldn't fucking breathe, it felt incredible. With each shift in her hips, in my hips, in her posture, even every time mom blinked or inhaled deeply or sighed, I was aware of the fact that there wasn't any barrier, nothing between us. We were joined by flesh; our most intimate places were touching.

I closed my eyes and groaned, unable to say anything. My hands cupped my mom's ass and spread it wide so that I could push myself into her further. "Baby," mom breathed in my ear. She shuddered. "Oh, honey."

Her breasts pressed against me. I felt the hard points of her nipples digging into my chest, felt the way her legs were trembling. I didn't know what was happening, but with every moment that

passed, it felt like Mom's pussy was throbbing harder over me, twitching as she got closer to an orgasm.

"Honey," mom's voice was high pitched, whimpering with need. "This is bad—this is wrong—"

I pushed my tongue into her mouth, kissing her fiercely and then groaning at the feel of my cock throbbing again.

"Honey!" Her body was arching into me, desperate for friction against her clit. "Jared!"

The way she said it sounded so insane; we'd broken all rules here. I fucked my mother's thighs harder. I heard the sucking wetness, the sloppy sound as she ground her clit down onto me.

"Jared, please, baby, honey, oh God..."

I pulled away from her and let out a breathless whine before I pulled my hips back and looked down.

Between us, there was nothing.

Just air.

My cock was rock hard. I reached forward and touched it, holding the bottom of the shaft, and felt the slick juices all over. It made a lewd sight; I watched her pussy lips throb, pulsing with excitement, the pink wet inside of her glistening in the dim light that came from under the desk's cover. I moved my hand up to my tip, and used the slick wetness to lubricate everything.

Then I pressed forward again. This time, instead of feeling around for the hole, I positioned myself at it, and pushed against it. Her legs opened further, mom whimpered, and I closed my eyes and pushed forward, and...

Felt the most incredible thing.

It was like every sensation from before combined and then concentrated over my cockhead, but deeper.

Mom's pussy was like an endless cavern. I felt her walls spreading apart to let my thickness in. Mom whined. Her nails dug into my back, drawing blood, and she whispered, "No..."

A single tear fell down mom's cheek. The way her face was screwed up told me that this wasn't what she meant. My hips pumped faster; instinct took over and all I wanted to do was feel my mother squeeze harder, tighter, around my length, so I kept

pumping into her, sliding through her insides and making her cunt slurp.

Mom's eyes were fluttering as if she might pass out. It was the most intense pleasure I'd ever seen on another person's face, except for my own in mirrors. "Jared—oh... god—please," mom's whisper went higher and louder with each word, until the last was just a tiny squeak. Her nails gripped even harder into me, and then she let out a soft gasp.

"Baby." The voice was hoarse with ecstasy. "Do it."

And I obeyed, without question.

My arms went around her like snakes. They tightened, they pulled her close, I pushed my hips up hard, and then my cock was sliding against her clit, and...

In.

"Mom!"

The cry escaped me, my balls throbbed. I thrusted upward. There was no thought in the motion, it just came with an urgency like nothing else; the feeling of my mother's cunt closing, squeezing, throbbing around my dick pushed me past anything I'd ever done before and my body was suddenly flooded with need, desire, tension, pressure, building, coiling, ready to spring free, when my cock touched against something firm.

"Jared?"

The surprise in mom's tone made my heart stop. My brain fired off synapses that told me what the hell I just did, where my cock had gone, and...

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

I moved back fast, pulling out of her thighs, but as I pulled out of the cocoon of the blanket cover, there was nothing but warmth, an empty feeling; something was missing and it felt awful. And when I was fully outside, I looked down and saw it all, my cock slick and dripping with my mother's pussy juice, and her pussy absolutely glistening, like she'd gone into it raw and came, again.

But her hips were still moving, they were rolling and moving and grinding back against me, she looked up at me, and then I got another shock to my system. "You wanted me?"

I nodded. The heat from the blankets had made us both sweaty; there wasn't much in the office, only my mother's desk fan, on top of a filing cabinet that was pushed next to the door for fear it would tip over. That's where we stayed, because we knew that nobody would try to open it after hours. Now, the cool air of the room washed over us and I breathed in the coolness; mom smelled good, still, despite it all.

Mom shook her head, panting as she reached her hand between us, down to her slit where her fingers parted her lips and held them there. Her gaze was on my cock. She was stroking her clit with one hand, biting her lower lip in anticipation and excitement, looking up at me while I stood on the ground.

And then mom let go of herself.

With a sigh, she took her hand off of her pussy, and instead curled that arm around my shoulders, bringing me close to kiss me deeply and passionately. In that instant, her other arm moved from beside my chest, and wrapped itself around my shoulder too.

I groaned, softly, into my mother's mouth, and then felt her hips shift. The momentary relaxation I had felt from kissing her, from having her arms wrapped tightly around me, had made me sloppy, because when mom pushed down onto me, all thoughts of trying not to penetrate left my mind, and with a long moan into mom's mouth, I thrust upward, inside, deep.

Mom threw her head back and moaned loudly as I entered her for the first time. My cock slipped into her with ease—she was so wet for me, so ready and willing that her cunt accepted my entire length in one push, bottoming out inside her with ease. The feeling of her walls closing on my shaft, hugging me tight while her hips rocked back and forth, gently grinding my length around within her body was like nothing else; every other girl I'd been with had fallen short compared to this woman, this goddess, who was so fucking sexy that no one, absolutely no one could have lived up to this perfection.

This... this... perfect.

Her thighs pressed into me as she sat in my lap, riding me gently, with small rocks of her body and slight shifts of her hips. "Fuck,"

mom cursed, throwing her head back, her blonde hair swaying around her face, "Fuck! Fuck!"

Each curse was louder than before, until mom suddenly stopped moving and buried her face against my neck and let out a desperate wail of pleasure. I felt my mom cumming on my thighs, heard the moans she was releasing into my ear, listened as they turned into words, the same four syllables repeated over and over. "Cock," mom was whispering, moaning, gasping against my skin.

"Ohhh God... cock! Cock! Fuck!!"

She was shaking in my arms. I had to catch her as she tried to fall down, held her up and pulled her closer to me so we didn't separate, so I stayed inside of her even as her body was overcome with the waves of pleasure coursing through her. I watched her eyes glaze over, the momentary confusion replaced with joy.

It wasn't enough for mom, though. The pleasure was incredible, but I could tell...

She needed more. She wanted more. She couldn't settle for this tease, when she knew full well what waited for her if I really did give her every inch of myself.

My hand cupped under my mother's chin and I tilted her head upward, looking her in the eye as the last pulses of her orgasm faded away. Her body relaxed slowly, but those eyes stayed on mine. I saw the desire in her pupils. And I could sense that she was wondering; "Now?"

But instead of giving in to what both of us wanted, I pulled her close. I kissed her slowly on the mouth. Her body melted into mine, and as our mouths sealed together, I pulled my cock out from between her legs, leaving her unsatisfied, with only a memory of pleasure, while I had the same damn ache that made my cock throb uncontrollably.

I was still kissing my mom. In some ways, it was easier than using my words, because I could tell the truth without her knowing what I felt.

I cared about her, way more than I should. Way, way, more than I should have been comfortable with. It didn't make sense to me, it scared the shit out of me... but maybe that wasn't such a bad thing.

"Jared," mom muttered against my lips. "Oh baby." Mom's body kept rocking into me, rubbing herself over my cock, keeping the motion of us together smooth and constant so that my cock had something to grind into. But even then, it felt like I was on fire, and like I would be forever on fire until I came.

My body was straining harder, getting desperate, needing more release than she could give just by rubbing herself. I reached back down and pulled at the edges of her panties, pushing it aside completely, leaving the warm cotton in my hands as I pulled mom closer to me and she leaned forward and started to kiss me hard on the mouth. It was crazy to me how natural this all felt, even though I could feel her warmth and wetness slipping down from where our bodies touched to coat my cock, lubing it with each grinding stroke. The softness of my mom's curves under her blouse rubbed into me. I could feel her belly rubbing into me with every movement, feel her skin brushing against mine with each stroke.

And then it hit me; I wasn't going to be able to do anything but cum. Not right now. My mother and I had gone too far, and I felt my balls tightening, drawing closer, getting ready to pump out another thick load for her.

I held onto my mom harder, and pulled my face back from hers, and I opened my mouth and made a low, guttural gasp at the feeling of everything inside of me rushing out. Mom whimpered at the change in our motion, as I tried to push her backward, her shoe leaving the table so she was standing again, her ass pushed outward while her panties were being pushed further out of the way by my cock as I rubbed at her, fucked between her thighs, and then with a trembling, desperate rush of ecstasy and need, I let myself cum.

The sound that left my mother as my dick started to spurt on her belly was one of unabashed shock and delight. I felt her cunt squeezing my thighs with each pulse of hot jizz splattering her white, warm stomach, her hips twisting in some last ditch effort to keep the fucking going, though we were both too overwhelmed by this.

"Jared—Jared! Baby, yes, oh God, baby, baby, baby..." Mom continued to whine and moan while I came on her. My head went

into my mother's shoulder as I felt more spurts leave me and land all over her thighs and belly. The sounds of my ejaculate pumping from my cock filled our ears, along with our desperate breathing, along with our moans, little whispers of 'mom' leaving me as I emptied myself completely.

And when I was spent, I stayed there, panting hard. It took a moment for me to look down, to see how I'd painted my mother from neck to hip with hot gobs of thick cum, pearlescent white. She had lifted her shirt upward, revealing her belly, where most of it landed.

For a moment, we looked at each other. I saw the realization in my mom's eyes; the same realization I was having: What had just happened? How did it get that far? How was it possible that my mother and I were...

"Mom—" I tried to explain, but she silenced me with a kiss. When it broke, she stared at me and ran one hand along the side of my face. "No," she breathed.

"Don't say anything."

Her lips pressed closed together, before kissing me again, slow. Her cunt clenched on me, and sent a tremble through my spine. The sound of our breathing, our hearts beating, filled the room and mingled with all the other sounds of our closeness.

And as we kissed, slow and wet, my hips were starting to move, pushing forward into her. Our kissing was growing harder, faster, desperate. Mom was trying to keep quiet, but moaning out anyway as her eyes went wide with pleasure, her body clenching hard around me whenever my dick rubbed at her pussy, her mouth whimpering as she let herself go. Her thighs tightened around me; her toes curled within her heels. She shivered and gasped each time, trying to look at me while kissing, trying not to bite too hard while her jaw loosened, her tongue hung out a bit, her eyes rolled.

Mom tried to keep up with the kiss, but after a few seconds she could barely contain the gasping moan of an orgasm. When I felt her cumming on me, it drove me insane; she threw her head back and squeezed her thighs tight enough for the feeling to make my legs numb, her body clenching tight until she pulled herself into me,

burying her face against my neck while making tiny little 'uh-uh-uh's as she quivered, shook, trembled, and her pussy gushed on me, soaking my crotch, leaking onto the desk. I held my mom tightly to myself, and when she finally returned to her senses, her gaze found mine, and I couldn't help but kiss her again.

She broke it. "Fuck me."

I blinked, shocked by her tone. There was this fire, this desire, that was suddenly there. My mom, who had seemed content to just be... pleasured. For months. To just get off. But now, she wanted something more from me. She was pushing against me, leaning her body onto mine and taking hold of my shoulder while rocking her hips forward over me, fucking me as if she were riding me even though we hadn't changed position yet.

"Jared," my mom panted, staring at me, unblinking as her hand went to the back of my hair and she stroked me there, her mouth coming toward mine, open and desperate and ready to devour my tongue and suck it dry, "honey... just... just a little bit... fuck me..."

A little bit?

Her insanity had spread to me.

My hands took her thighs again, and I leaned back just enough for my balance and started to move. My hips moved back and forth, and Mom was trembling, her breasts exposed under her blouse which was sticking to her chest, her hair disheveled and in her mouth, covering parts of her face, looking like a wild woman. The heat was incredible as I felt the walls of her pussy squeezing and holding me; when I pushed myself fully into her body, her mouth would open wide, and her throat would flex; a long moan would try to escape, but she fought it, swallowed it down, let it vibrate and disappear, because her pussy was tightening even further, so much that I started to feel a strange pressure as her thighs locked around my waist. She wasn't letting me go; not at all, and it felt like she wanted more...

And so she got more. I picked up the pace, my mom's arms tightened over my shoulders and she pulled herself closer, so close our bodies were pressed against each other. With every thrust of my hips, every motion of my cock inside her, my mom's moaning was

increasing, and with each sound from her, I was going harder and faster; the tightness, the friction, was incredible. There was so much wet between her legs, between us both, that we were able to move effortlessly, without pain or discomfort. Just the fucking madness of it all, of hearing her moan so desperately in my ear, made me start to lose control, because I could barely hold my thoughts together. All I could think about was my dick, the feeling of fucking her, the pleasure of thrusting deep inside her tight cunt.

I knew she was feeling this too; when she buried her head into my shoulder, there was a shift that changed the whole thing—mom became louder, her mouth was right by my ear and I could hear the desperate cry she held back in her throat as I pounded myself into her harder, faster, deeper—

"Mom," I moaned. The pleasure was overwhelming, and her pussy started to tremble. I closed my eyes and just fucked her, holding her thighs tightly, pulling her into me, until all at once, mom threw her head back, crying out.

I silenced her with a kiss. Mom's thighs shook violently as her cunt contracted, squeezing, flexing, twitching around my cock as I fucked her through her orgasm. It felt so incredible, so different from her handjob or her blowjobs—it was like her pussy was fucking kissing my cock, each movement causing another wave of tension that would end in a gentle suck on me that made everything white-hot inside of me.

Then I came; and came hard, unable to stop myself. My dick was throbbing against her folds, and mom shivered as my cum flooded over her mound, thick ribbons of it landing on her, hot drops that clung to the sweat between us, dripped down her inner thigh, and landed on the floor.

And despite my climax, I couldn't help myself from thinking that I wanted...

I really did want to keep fucking.

After I came.

Just fuck her senseless, and never stop.

It was a dangerous thing to consider, and part of my brain was telling me to put an end to this right away, to think of the

consequences. After all, what if I accidentally got my mom pregnant? What if I couldn't control myself? What if we both forgot to use protection next time?

My thoughts raced as my mother moaned, her head tilted back, and I continued to press my mouth to her throat. I felt the movement there as she spoke, whimpered, whispered, "Baby, oh God... I can't do it anymore—"

My heart thudded in my chest. "What?"

I slowed down my hip movements, though the desire to keep fucking was almost uncontrollable. The heat of my mother's body against mine was making everything dizzier and brighter, and even as I pulled away, I saw the blush on her cheeks. I saw the sweat on her temple. Mom breathed hard.

"Jared..." Her eyes closed slightly, and she bit into her lip again. A small shiver went through her. "Jared... let's... let's be done for today."

"Done?" I felt an icy grip closing over me, as though every warm feeling had drained from my body all at once. There was something terrifying about what mom said; the suggestion that this, this thing, which I already realized I was obsessed with, could possibly come to a stop. And not only come to a stop, but perhaps cease to exist forever.

The thought made my stomach clench. My hands went tight on mom's sides. But before she could see any reaction in my expression, I pulled myself up off of her desk and turned to give her my backside. She reached for me, as though surprised by how suddenly I left, but my cock was throbbing, pulsing, leaking a thin line of precum, and my chest felt tight.

What the fuck was going on?

I was staring out mom's office window, looking down at the darkened parking lot. Mom was saying something about how things had gotten out of hand, and she didn't think she could focus at work tomorrow if we kept doing this. And that there'd be another day, some day, where we could have fun, do this sort of thing.

But I knew what she was really saying. It was that we needed to quit now or risk getting caught, now, when we weren't sure what

might happen with work or the family, and things were too unstable to keep playing with fire. And part of me knew she was right, of course; we were playing with serious consequences and those consequences couldn't possibly end well if we kept them up for much longer, or went any further.

But there was no way I was going to stop tonight, not until we finished, not until I did the unthinkable and...

Came inside of my mother.

The thought thrilled me in a way I knew wasn't sensible. But all thoughts of sanity had long ago gone out the window; the idea that I would fuck my mom until I came deep inside of her pussy was just making things worse.

Or better. I didn't know which way was which anymore. I'd lost my bearings the moment mom told me she wanted me to eat her pussy again last night and from there... well... things spiraled, out of control. I never even thought to try and regain them.

Mom's fingers were suddenly against my chest and then pushing me back, breaking the seal of our sweating, slick bodies, and suddenly she was staring me down, eyes glazed with something dangerous and erotic and dark. She leaned forward and kissed me, and this time she wasn't hesitant or gentle; she pressed herself as hard as she could onto me, crushing her breasts against my bare chest, letting my cock slip in and out of her panties, teasing it against her clit, until I couldn't handle it anymore.

I pushed her back on her desk and stood, and then took one of her legs and lifted it up and onto my shoulder. Mom panted and pulled her panties all the way aside, while her other leg lifted, giving her the ability to open up wide for me.

I didn't take long in filling her. My cock fit nicely inside of her, now, as if her body had grown around my shaft and learned to hold me just right, and with every thrust, my balls slapped at her asshole and I felt her body tense, felt it shudder each time my cock slipped between her walls.

She looked up at me, panting and struggling not to moan too loudly, but unable to help a few quiet, "Ah!"s. And when my cock

slammed home inside of her, mom would whimper, before pulling me close again for a desperate kiss.

Soon, we were fucking wildly on her desk. The office chair was long fallen and her paperwork had become a mess around us, most of the desk empty except for the laptop that was slowly closing by itself each time I fucked my cock into her, and the rest of her office supplies having fallen over.

With one hand on my shoulder and another clawed over my arm, mom's breathing quickened, her thighs quivering over mine.

"You're going to make me cum," she gasped.

My cock stiffened harder than ever before. Fuck, what could be hotter than making your mother climax?

I wanted her to cum over me, I realized with a jolt of pure animal desire. I wanted her to cover my cock in her juices, wanted her to scream as it rushed over her body and through her pussy. I wanted to see, feel, hear... it... all of it.

So I kept up the motions, pushing my hips to thrust into her again and again, until my cock was rubbing over her clit again and again, until mom was breathing desperately and holding herself still, trying not to move while at the same time moving too much—her hips couldn't keep themselves from pushing outward as far as they could. She was struggling to keep control over her body.

"Jared—" she panted. "Baby, it feels..."

Her mouth was open and panting, her gaze lost in what must've been an ocean of feeling. Her whole body was vibrating and flexing, every once in a while making those tiny little shivers or twitches that told me I was doing things exactly right, exactly how she wanted.

But then something changed.

Her movements became stronger. And her hand went down to her pussy as well, pulling her panties out of the way to expose her clit fully, taking my cock between her fingers and gently guiding it, until...

Right when I thought we would stop this madness, my dick found the entrance to her pussy again, and the sensation was insane; the sudden, tight, wet pressure wrapped around my head as I sank into her... and as my cock filled the rest of her, my mom made

a soft scream into the crook of my neck, her arms squeezing hard over my shoulders. She shook, trembled, gasped for air, and then gave another sound, a whimper, as my dick bottomed out inside of her.

And suddenly there wasn't any hesitation. My hands grabbed my mother's sides and pushed her to the edge of the desk. At first I didn't think we could fuck because I had nothing to push myself against, but my mother reached down and picked up one foot, and rested it on the office chair, spreading herself wide for me. I pulled off the other shoe, and took hold of her bare foot in my hand and started to work my cock into her, pushing at an angle.

The thrill was overwhelming. For months, I had known something was wrong with my mother, that there was something missing from her, from us. Ever since the divorce, we had been struggling to get along, always arguing and snapping, even if there wasn't ever violence or anything, I had worried about my mom. The thought occurred to me: is my mom lonely? But no, there were men, they all came and went, some who she'd go out on dates with more than once, but none stayed for long, no matter what my dad said.

And yet, my mom was like this. Hungry, starving. Needy, desperate. Insane with the want, with the need, for sex.

How long had it been? Years? Maybe since dad? I didn't know, and couldn't guess, because my thoughts were going away again as I continued to thrust between my mom's thighs, to watch as each movement forced an orgasm out of her, as each shuddering release sent waves of pleasure through her until she was clinging to my arms to stay upright.

At least once, maybe more, mom pushed up and away from me, but after being forced against the desk in such a way for so long, she couldn't stand fully; she was too weak from her orgasms, and the effort of staying on the desk and keeping silent as I fucked her was too much. But before she collapsed back down to sit on the edge of the desk, I caught her under her shoulders, pulled her close, and took her, hard.

Her legs went wide around my hips, wrapping themselves behind me. When I started to lift her by her waist, using her pussy, using it

to get myself off, she moaned in earnest. And while it meant I couldn't move quite as freely, now having to hold her weight in my arms while I fucked her, the way her wetness bathed me, and the tight squeeze of her flesh and her thighs around my cock made up for it. Mom was getting closer and closer, until she finally came in an explosion. I felt her nails digging into my shoulder blades as she came, harder than before, the juices dripping between us as she tried to wrap herself around me and force my cock to come inside. She started to suck, gently, against my neck, kissing and panting all through her orgasm, trying to make me come and trying to hold onto me all at the same time.

It didn't take long; within a few moments, I could feel it coming, and knew that the dam was about to burst. So, with all of that building pressure, I grabbed mom, hoisted her over my hip like she weighed nothing, and then carried her to the chair where I sat down hard, forcing the breath out of both of us.

And when I thrust upward into her, she squealed, because suddenly I could bury myself deep, deeper than before, and as her weight settled onto me, my cock pushed even farther. The feeling was incredible. Mom's cunt was warm, squeezing, perfect. Each stroke I gave inside of her set her moaning again, setting her breasts trembling, her cheeks flushed red, her mouth wide open in delight.

The orgasm built until it was like fire in my veins. Then I started to shoot, hot rope after hot rope of cum filling my mother, filling her while we looked into each other's eyes, unblinking. She shuddered and cried as she felt it filling her, the thickness and the heat making her body quake atop mine. But when it got to be too much, I pulled out quickly, spraying her legs, her panties, and the seat below.

I fell backwards on the couch, staring up at the ceiling, spent, exhausted.

"Baby," mom whimpered, as she lifted herself off of me, wincing as my cum spilled from her pussy. "Oh God, you're everywhere." She turned herself so that she could clean me up with her tongue, licking up every drop of what had leaked from her. Then she sat back on me and licked her fingers clean of me. "Fuck."

We stayed there for a little while, trying to regain some of our senses, until I finally got up to leave.

But before I left, I kissed my mother again. And whispered into her ear...

"Don't worry about George. We'll figure this out together."

Mom bit down hard on my shoulder. "Promise?"

"I promise."

And it was a promise I fully intended to keep. It was a promise I'd held for three years—longer than that—but it had never felt like this. My mom wanted me... really wanted me, truly, she wanted this. This wasn't some taboo-kink thing where I was the forbidden fruit or something; mom knew that this was wrong and didn't give a shit. And I would never hurt my mother, ever.

So, we fucked together, as one body. But mom wasn't satisfied with me between her legs; she lifted her head, breathing hot onto my neck, her body squirming as she used her legs to pull me toward her, to force me into her with each little stroke. And I was kissing, licking, tasting, at my mother's skin as much as she was mine, both of us wanting the other, feeling each others' insatiable needs as we rolled along the desk, papers being crushed beneath us as we fought to be closer, tighter together.

This couldn't last forever. Even if neither of us wanted to admit it, our lust was getting to its limit, our bodies straining as we kept up this frantic pace. Mom started to whimper, louder, gasping "yes" after "yes." Our clothes were wrinkling with our frenzied motions. The desk rocked on uneven legs with the strength of our passions. We were like animals in rut, the way our bodies moved against each other without any consideration for finesse. I had her leg hooked over my arm as I kissed and licked at her neck; her fingers were digging into my back as she used every inch of her body to draw me closer, deeper inside. Our hearts beat against each others', thumping so hard in our chests that it felt like there was no air left in our lungs, as if all of that breath was pushed out by the rhythmic thudding in our chests.

She whispered "Jared," into my ear, her voice so sweet and yet dark, her lips brushing against my lobe with the sound of my name

on them, and that drove me, wild. I was kissing down the nape of her neck, and she gave a gentle whine as I descended her body, my mouth taking greedy little tastes as my lips brushed against the edge of her breasts before closing over her nipples, one after another, sucking, licking, kissing the perfect pink circles around her flesh.

The feeling of my mother's tightness, clamping around my cock even tighter; this was an insanity. She was trying to hold onto something, and instead she was grasping me tighter with the slick walls of her pussy, the squeezing sensation making me groan as I thrust between her thighs again. Mom was panting, crying out with every new kiss on her chest, on her neck, down along her shoulder blades while she pressed her mouth to my hair, trying so hard to keep quiet, and I could feel myself growing more and more desperate to be inside of her, my fingers tracing lines along her hips, sliding back over her thighs, grasping her ass and squeezing it so tightly that it would surely leave marks on her pale skin—

And then we were back to being face to face. Her forehead was to mine, and all I could think to do was press forward, pressing my lips to hers while she kissed me back. The frantic energy of our sex made everything hazy and hot; sweat dripped down our faces as we rubbed them together, kissing and sucking on each others' tongues.

"Baby," mom panted.

I couldn't help but answer. "Yeah, Mom?"

We stopped for a second. Just long enough that our breathing slowed. She looked at me with wide, bright eyes. There was a moment where we knew, we just fucking knew what was going on. What we were doing was insanely wrong, and there was no coming back from it, ever, not really. We had reached the point of no return. If we kept going forward, nothing would ever be the same again.

Then I moved. My hand slid out from under the covers and held one leg up high so that I could angle myself correctly. She gasped as I slipped inside of her again. But this time, it felt... deeper.

Oh fuck did it feel deeper.

And before I started to move, I whispered: "I love you."

And that set off something in mom, something deep and primal. Something so fucking dark and delicious, and I felt my mom's pussy

tightening around me as I moved; gently, barely anything, but enough to be heard by her and sent her senses reeling.

And then all at once, there was a loud buzzing, and a loud ringing—something so shocking and sudden that both of us let out an expletive or two and jumped, mom's back arching away from me as we looked around through the covers.

Mom gasped; I felt her cunt squeezing my cock in surprise. And then... she started to giggle, while I just kept swearing softly, realizing what the noise was.

"Oh!" mom pulled the covers off and stared. "Oh—oh shoot—" she scrambled across the desk, knocking things aside until she got hold of the office phone, and grabbed it. Her finger fumbled for a few moments, and she quickly punched one of the buttons, before letting out a huge gasp and giving her chest a few gentle smacks.

"Hel—hello? Yes?" she was breathless and her voice wavered as she talked. The way she was holding the receiver caused some of her hair to cover the front half of her face while she looked away, but I could tell she had a small smile that came and went, every few seconds, during her conversation.

"...Yes, George, I'm doing great." There was an edge of sarcasm in my mother's tone, and I thought of grabbing her by the hips and starting to slide her back, maybe to start kissing her thighs. I knew what was going on; it was some kind of boring work discussion, and George probably wasn't happy about having to come talk to her directly when there was nobody else around for him to boss around and have them do the busy work he liked avoiding.

But still... I wanted to be inside my mom, and the fact that she was so focused on something else pissed me off a little. What if this call lasted twenty minutes? I had to get us back together again...

I slipped off the desk and gently eased my hand over her thigh, up her pelvis, along her stomach to where she had been fondling herself. Mom's eyes widened when she realized what I was doing, and she turned away slightly, even as her body leaned towards me—my mother was at war with herself.

There was another thing that she'd told me. Another time... where she had cheated. And her body remembered how incredible

that felt, how naughty it was, and it wanted me to do that same, make her feel the same thing—and all the while, her mind was telling her it was wrong. So utterly wrong, not to mention unsafe; this is what we fought over every time.

But I would prove to my mom once again... how safe I could be.

"Shhh," I whispered, before kissing her neck gently, making her shiver against me, my mouth finding her ear and biting at it softly, just the way she liked, the kind of feeling that made her crazy for me, especially when combined with my hand starting to rub her clit. Mom's body got even tighter as I teased it, her hips thrusting hard in a motion that forced my cock against her clit even harder. "It's okay, baby," I cooed, holding her tight and rocking my pelvis gently. My words, my voice, calmed my mom, relaxing her enough so that her thighs spread open again, and my cock returned to pressing between them. We both let out a soft gasp as the friction from rubbing against her thighs came back into contact with the sensitive skin of my glans, and then I pushed myself down so that she could sit up straight—I was ready to go lower again.

"Jared—" Her fingers gripped me tighter, her legs shifting, trying to close but stopped by my presence there. "Honey... baby..."

"What?" I asked, my lips moving along her chest, my tongue trailing across her collarbone.

"We have to stop." My mom's voice was thin, reedy. But the way her nipples hardened with just a kiss told me her body didn't agree.

"Mom," I said into her ear, before biting gently at the soft skin there and making her moan. My voice was rough, and low. "You're so wet. Mom, you want this."

The shuddering response told me all I needed to know.

"Your mom needs to get back to work," she whispered. There was something in her tone; a challenge perhaps? A dare for me to be more dominant?

To say what I really wanted?

I gripped my mother and pushed forward, and pulled myself off of the desk. Mom squealed softly in surprise, and suddenly, both her shoes were up off the ground, and we were moving backwards. My grip tightened, one arm locked around her midsection, and one arm

under her ass; supporting her completely, holding her there, against me, so that as I moved backwards I could see the flush of my mother's face, and see the look in her eye that told me she trusted me completely to hold her in this way.

Mom's tits bounced gently with each movement, the pink peaks of her nipples shaking with the impact of every step I took. Her lips trembled, and her cunt kept tightening and loosening over my shaft, a little thrill with each step, and her voice went higher and higher as I went further and further, until I hit the chair by the main desk in the office. And there, I sat.

I lowered my mom down onto me. She held out for as long as she could, but after I set her legs down, her knees folded, and she collapsed over me.

There, she settled her head onto my shoulder and pressed her mouth to my neck, whimpering hotly. And then... her hips began to move.

My cock was slipping in between her lips again.

Except this time, mom made a deep sound, an 'ohhh' sound, her breath hot against my skin, and as the sound came out, she lifted herself up from the desk. I didn't stop her, instead just taking her hip and letting her do what she wanted. My dick pulsed, my legs were shaky and tired, my heart was beating furiously, my eyes closing to focus on not coming too soon as my mother rose above me.

"Jared," mom pleaded. Her voice was soft, a bit distant. And yet the feeling was incredible; her body started to descend and her fingers gripped at my shoulders so hard that it nearly hurt as she took me deep into her and sat down again. This time, though, I did groan; the sound echoed in the room, and suddenly, mom reached forward and pressed a palm over my mouth while she looked frantically around the room.

For a second, I thought she was looking for something in particular until she turned to face me and said, "shhh."

And then she giggled. A little high pitched, her face red. She shook her head and smiled widely at me. "I have never done anything this crazy before..."

She leaned in, kissed me tenderly. "Mmm... Jared."

It felt like time stopped then. My heart did a flip-flop inside of my chest; suddenly all the world around us disappeared. The dark blue-blackness of our cover fortress lit only by my phone had been filled with starlight. And in that light, my mom looked angelic.

Her blonde hair was messy around her face; strands had fallen from her loose ponytail and were sticking to her sweaty forehead and cheeks. The bright green of her eyes gleamed, but there was so much depth to them that I could tell exactly what she wanted to say through those eyes alone. The way her mouth opened and closed, and her lips trembled; my mother was looking for some way to say something profound, something emotional, something true.

In that moment, I fell in love with her.

Again.

She'd always be mom to me, always in my heart as someone important, as family, as a part of my very own self that could never change or go away.

But right there, I loved Cara, as a woman. As something more than Mom, more than anything I'd ever known before. I loved Cara; beautiful, perfect, gorgeous Cara who was moaning softly as I kept rutting against her, and everytime my hips would move and my cock would press deep into her cunt, it felt like the entire world had disappeared.

I could feel the wetness on my forehead, her chest heaving against mine and my own chest rising and falling in sync. "Cara," I said, breathless, desperate, needing to cum.

She moaned in response, and leaned forward to kiss me hard. Her tongue danced with mine for only a moment, then she pulled back and gave a sharp bite to my shoulder—something that pushed me over the edge, made me growl, made me thrust upward again.

And again. And again. I started bucking faster against my mom's pussy, the tip of my cock feeling the way her lips parted, and with each thrust, my mom whimpered softly, "Uhh... uh..." and her voice got higher and louder and I wanted her, so fucking badly, that the only thing that mattered anymore was pushing myself closer and closer to her cunt.

It was a blur, of hot wet flesh, and the scent of woman mixed with desire, a musk that rose up from our union and clouded every other sense but touch. There was a desperation here that I had never felt before—the need to penetrate her, something primal and instinctual that went beyond anything I had ever known.

I couldn't tell where our skin ended and where it began, our arms were tangled, her chest was pressing against mine, both of us soaked with sweat and gasping for breath, and yet our lips found one another time after time and we kissed as though life itself was on the line. She bit my lip, moaning, then slid her mouth to my jaw, my neck, to my ear, licking at my lobe. I gasped as she teased me, shuddering against her as she continued to rub herself all over my cock; when her legs opened and pulled me in tighter, I could feel the softness of her belly, the tickling fluff of hair at the base of my shaft, the incredible, overwhelming wet heat of her slit grinding all over my dick. The smell of sex was everywhere: thick and earthy and sweet and sharp and heavy. It filled every ounce of me as I groaned loudly, pushing into her cunt faster and faster as she rocked against me desperately.

She reached out towards something and then grabbed it, then I heard the sound of ripping foil. Suddenly her hand was wrapping around my length again and sliding down and this time, her grip on me was firmer, smoother...

And there was a tight ring being slipped down me. Mom's free hand guided me lower as she lay back onto the desk. Her eyes never left mine as my hips thrust forward automatically, instinctively driving home between her folds and sinking into her pussy until there was no space between our groins.

As I entered her, she let out a strangled gasp of relief that almost had me blowing immediately. The sound of her need shot through me, electrifying me, stiffening me even more within her depths.

Mom moaned when I bottomed out, biting her lip at the sensation. We stayed that way for a minute, gazing into each other's eyes as her cunt twitched around my throbbing erection. "This... might be really stupid," she gasped. "But I love you, baby."

I kissed her again and slowly began to move, rocking back and forth, my hips gently thrusting in and out, her hands moving from behind my neck down along my back. The kiss we shared was hungry and desperate as I slowly started to pick up speed, fucking deeper into my mom with each stroke, listening as her breath caught.

Mom began to whimper when my strokes became longer, going faster with each passing second, unable to control myself. Her body began to tremble as I fucked her harder and faster; I felt her cunt begin to flutter around me, heard my name escape her lips on another whimper that made me go faster and harder, wanting to give her what she needed. Mom cried out quietly as I reached the edge of my restraint, pounding away inside of her, my dick hard enough to push into her g-spot as it began to swell. Her eyes rolled up slightly, but I couldn't tell if it was because it was the right spot or not; the feel of my cock inside her was too much already.

"Fuck—" I muttered, barely able to contain myself as she clenched around me. I tried to hold back for a few moments but it was no good; I started to come again, harder than ever, exploding deep inside my mother and coating her insides.

The sensation proved to be too much for Mom too; the heat of my come set her off and she came as well, shuddering hard as her body tightened against me and squeezed me. I held myself there, my hand grabbing her thigh hard enough that I could feel it throbbing from my tight grip. I wanted to feel every drop inside her, every single part of her coming at me and surrounding me with pleasure.

It went on forever, waves of orgasm rushing through us. Finally it was done; mom collapsed onto the desk atop me, her chest heaving against mine, our heartbeats a frantic beat between our sweaty skin. As the haze of afterglow settled over us, we both laughed softly, holding onto each other and enjoying the warm buzz that lingered in the wake of the insane thrill that we'd experienced together.

"So," I said slowly, breaking the silence first, "what happens now?"

Mom didn't answer, though her face grew serious and she frowned thoughtfully. I took the opportunity to kiss her on the nose, which made her snort out a laugh before pushing herself up off the desk.

"Okay, we've really gotta finish this work today." She bent down and grabbed her skirt off the ground, stepping into it carefully. Her blouse fell back into place but she left it unbuttoned, showing off her cleavage as she straightened up and looked at me with her eyes narrowed.

I grinned at her, knowing perfectly well what she meant, and hoping that maybe there would be a few chances for us to fool around anyway. As far as I was concerned, there weren't any boundaries between my mom and I anymore.

She caught the look in my eye and grinned right back at me, wagging an accusatory finger in my face. "No! No funny business or else..." She faltered and blushed slightly as she ran out of admonishment.

"Or else?" I teased.

She sighed and rolled her eyes. "Just help me pick up all this shit from the floor!"

I shrugged and climbed off of the desk. Together, we started moving things back in their places while I considered the possibilities for later. "How about if you finish the work in record time? Maybe we'll have some extra fun then..."

The blush returned. "Oh, honey," Mom smiled. "What exactly do you have in mind?"

I bent down and gave her a kiss on the lips, then turned her around and gently shoved her forward to face her desk. "Go get everything done and you'll find out," I teased before giving her another push on the butt.

"Okay," she breathed, turning towards her desk again and settling her ass into the chair. I couldn't help but take a moment to admire the sight as she went to work; her shirt was still open in front, her bra hanging completely off now, and her skirt had been pulled up almost to her waist. I let my eyes wander all over her: from the curves of her thighs as they flowed into the perfect peach

of her butt cheeks, up to her narrow waist and thin waist and the subtle hint of feminine muscle at her back and shoulders from years of yoga practice, and finally to the glorious mounds of her breasts, fully exposed for me as she leaned forward over her work and bit her tongue adorably while concentrating.

Before I got too carried away, however, I decided that I should leave my beautiful girlfriend to her task. I zipped up, adjusted myself to try to minimize any evidence of arousal, and quietly excused myself.

It didn't take long to catch up on my own work. It would have taken much less time if I could focus. Instead, I replayed everything that just happened over and over in my mind. I still couldn't believe that my mom and I were doing these things together. The whole thing was so incredible. Not just having sex, which was hot enough, but doing it all day, every day, whenever we wanted or felt like it. This wasn't what normal relationships are like. Sure, most couples have an initial phase where they spend a lot of time fooling around. But even then, once life gets busy or kids get involved or whatever happens, sex usually takes a backseat and can take months, years, before it becomes a regular part of the relationship again. But now, my mom and I weren't letting anything get in the way of fucking each other whenever we were alone. We were making out in the office at lunch, and giving each other blowjobs while I picked her up from work after school.

The next week, our sexual adventures took us even further outside the home. Mom said that she needed some help at the school to get ready for one of her events. Of course, I offered to help her right away. When I got there, she had me run into town and pick up some signs, and asked me to put them up around the school in the main hallways. It was a little busywork, but I had nothing better to do, so I figured why not? My mom and I talked a little bit in the process, mainly about her event the next night. She seemed nervous about whether it was going to be a good turnout. "It will," I said reassuringly.

After I finished hanging all the signs up, mom led me down one of the hallways that led towards the gym. I noticed her walking close

to me as we walked, but I wasn't sure what her intentions were. She didn't seem in the mood, as it were.

When we rounded a corner, however, she reached out and pulled me aside by the wrist into an open storage closet, pulling me in with her, locking the door, and pressing her lips against mine. Now I realized what she was up to. This time though, I knew that she wasn't going to leave me high and dry without getting off.

While we made out, her hands reached for my crotch and unzipped it. Without even breaking our kiss, she reached into my jeans and found what she was looking for - my cock - and started jerking it off. I groaned as her fingers closed around my shaft, my dick becoming stiff and throbbing in her hand. As she stroked it, I brought my own hands forward and started rubbing her breasts, pushing my fingers against her bra and rubbing them as they hung in front of me.

Eventually we broke our kiss, both of us gasping for air. She knelt down in front of me, grabbed the bottom of my pants and pulled them down past my knees. Then she reached up and pushed my chest back so I was sitting on a chair behind me. She moved closer to me, bringing her face close enough to feel my shaft on it. Her hot breath warmed it, causing it to grow bigger than ever.

"Is that for me?" she asked teasingly, smiling as she looked down at my growing member.

"I think you can tell," I replied. My hips rocked forward involuntarily, wanting to get closer to her beautiful mouth.

"Mmm yes," she smiled, before lowering her head even further and kissing the base of my dick. The touch of her lips drove me mad. She began slowly planting kisses all over the bottom of my penis, working her way down one side. It felt like she was never going to stop until she eventually planted a final kiss on my testicles.

She licked them for a second as if they were a piece of candy, enjoying the sweet flavor, before looking up at me playfully, asking me: "Are you sure this is ok with your mother?"

As soon as those words left her mouth she knew she said something wrong.

"Don't mention mom when we're doing this, it's fucking weird."

"Ah. Yeah sorry I shouldn't have brought her up," she kissed my balls again and gave my shaft a nice lick to try to make it up to me. But my mind had wandered off already; thinking about my mother's soft warm lips pressed against me.

I couldn't believe my cock was just a few short inches away from her beautiful mouth. How long would it take before she got down to business? Or was she really going to tease me for another hour? Just the thought alone was enough to send a surge of blood into my penis.

And then, it began. Mom opened her mouth, wrapped her hands around my erection, and pulled me towards her until the tip touched her lips. I felt a slight push against it before my mother pulled back. Then, she went forward again. Once, twice, three times she pressed against it while making sure not to put it in her mouth, all the while looking into my eyes.

The anticipation drove me crazy and soon, her kissing and licking stopped having an effect. Her mouth was hot and wet and teasing me with something great to come. My legs squirmed against each other and my stomach twisted as I tried to get her to hurry up. "Just say the word honey", I remembered her saying earlier. "No need to be bashful." Well, she was right about one thing: I couldn't deny this any longer.

"Eat my dick, please. I beg you!"

This finally spurred her into action. She opened her mouth and slowly took the whole head inside of it while sucking hard. My heart raced. The warm and slick insides of her mouth caressed my penis as she moved along its length. It felt even better than her hands. Her eyes sparkled when she saw my reaction to the stimulation she was giving me. As if on cue, she began to move faster. I felt myself getting close. My breathing increased rapidly, my cock hardened in preparation. But it was too much and my hips bucked uncontrollably in response. Her tongue was now moving along with me, swirling around the head of my cock at all the right spots. Before long I felt the tension building up as my balls tightened. Mom stopped me from coming though. She sensed how close I was and quickly put a firm grip on the base of my shaft to stop my release. That feeling of

frustration and tension was both uncomfortable and amazing at the same time.

Finally she released her grip after holding me in that state for several minutes.

"Tell me again," she said. "Please."

I had enough teasing for tonight, and I was in no mood to be toyed with or teased right now. This lust within me needed to be fed, and fast. "Fuck, mom! Please let me come. I don't think I can handle all the waiting anymore. It's driving me crazy!"

The last words were muffled as Mom leaned down and kissed me, sliding her tongue past my lips and into my mouth. My dick flexed and I bucked my hips upwards, trying to increase the friction. The moment was so incredibly passionate that it seemed like we were transported to an entirely different place, far away from anything and everything in our world. We weren't mother and son anymore, we were two people desperate for a release they both desperately craved. Our bodies fit together perfectly as if they were made for each other and it showed as we moved in unison to reach our goal. She was moaning my name into my mouth while I did the same, chanting hers as a prayer. A prayer for her to allow me the ultimate satisfaction of cumming for her. A prayer to make her cum for me.

Mom looked at me with her big, bright blue eyes. She pulled off my lips and breathed a single word against my cheek as she held still, not giving me any relief but also denying herself the pleasure of feeling me slide against her sex again. "Promise..."

"I promise, mom... just please let me come."

I knew exactly what she wanted me to promise her, but I was already one step ahead. My hands found their way down to her butt cheeks where I cupped them firmly, pushing her groin hard into me and keeping her locked in position as I bucked my hips, humping wildly into her wet panties. Mom cried out, her body going rigid as she arched her back and threw her head backwards, moaning loudly into the air, not caring that she could be heard all the way across town, or if not, certainly by any of the other late-night workers.

Not like we had any employees anyway...

I pushed myself up from the desk with one arm, making sure it stayed firmly planted against the wood while I swung my hand up. With all of my strength I brought it down on my mom's ass and spanked her bare cheeks until they were bright red and sore to the touch. The whole time mom's cries of pleasure grew louder and wilder, but I could tell by her frantic attempts at pulling away from me that I needed to be careful if I didn't want things to end prematurely. So I brought my other arm around to help restrain her before resuming my firm hold on her cheeks. Now completely powerless, mom gave in to the pleasure and let the wildfire consume her mind and body. Her head rolled forward to lock eyes with me. She looked into my soul as I penetrated deeper and deeper between her thighs. As much as I thought last night was amazing, there was something else about looking deep into my mom's eyes as I made love to her thighs. This wasn't just some one night fling that felt good in the moment. It was real, raw emotion taking place and I couldn't get enough of it. Every bit of passion was amplified a thousand times over because of who we were to each other. She meant more to me than anybody and knowing she trusted me enough to do this meant everything. The only problem was, I needed more. I wanted to go deeper. I wanted to make the emotional connection physical as well.

And she knew exactly what I wanted.

When she pulled her pussy away from me, I groaned in disappointment as my cock sprang up like an angry piston, but when I saw what she was doing I immediately forgot about my desire to finish between her legs and watched in anticipation as she took a seat in front of me. She slowly moved herself forward until our lower bodies pressed against each other. Mom took hold of my member with one hand and then held eye contact as she raised her hips up just enough so that we could both feel the head of my cock slipping across her stomach and downwards. Then she took my hand in hers and guided it underneath so that I could take hold of my throbbing dick for her. That's all the invitation I needed; I wasted no time thrusting myself forward through my mother's soft hands until I was buried inside of her once again. I moaned at the warmth engulfing

my dick, but stilled myself as I watched mom move further along, placing her hands behind her on the desk so that she could press herself further onto me. When we finally bottomed out and our flesh met together, I couldn't help myself and let my cock spasm violently as I shot several massive loads deep into my mother's womb. I looked deep into mom's eyes the whole time and she did the same for me. Both of us knew how insane this was, but neither cared enough to stop anymore. The deed had been done and our minds had become too cloudy with lust to care about the consequences. In fact, I don't think either of us even expected any consequences to come out of this anyway. This would be far from the last time we shared ourselves with each other like this. All that mattered now is that our urges were satisfied and the feeling of climax was rushing through our bodies at an alarmingly euphoric rate.

My cum flowed freely into mom's pussy. It was only a small trickle that escaped between us from where I was connected to her. The rest stayed within her. I had never shot so much in my life; the entire time we gazed upon each other. Mom had stopped looking so surprised at the moment and just gave me a loving gaze while her body shivered lightly every few seconds with another wave of pleasure flowing through it. She was taking all that I had to offer and enjoying every single drop of it. There would be nothing less than utter satisfaction after this moment. Our bodies came together in the most sacred way possible and we could finally experience everything we ever dreamed of experiencing together. It would be difficult, but we would find a way to make sure that we always got our urges met in one way or another. I was determined not to let anything stand in my way from feeling the amazing sensation coursing through my veins right now for the rest of my life. We were bound to each other by more than blood now, and we would do whatever it took to keep that bond alive.

There was something very special about what we just did. No amount of guilt could change that now. The lines had been crossed and there was no going back for either of us. In some ways, I'm glad we've decided to move in together; otherwise, I might have never told her about my feelings and things may never have gone

this far between us. There would have still been some hope of returning back to a normal relationship after we moved into our separate apartments. Now we had both committed to this new chapter in our lives and everything else in our relationship was open to exploration as long as we were careful to avoid being caught. It could work if we stayed focused and kept ourselves disciplined. I knew how tempting it would be, but we could make this work for as long as we lived here. And that is what made today so worth it in the end. As wrong as society claimed it to be, I was starting to doubt those words now. Maybe it didn't feel right to them because they hadn't experienced such a perfect moment before themselves? Who were they to tell me who I should or should not be intimate with anyway?

We laid together for hours after that. I don't think we even spoke that much, aside from the occasional 'I love you,' being whispered back and forth to each other every few minutes. It almost felt like neither one of us could believe what had just happened. I'm not sure how long we stayed like that, but eventually the sun set again and we got dressed. Mom took her shirt off entirely and let me stare at her chest for the majority of this time. She knew I couldn't resist getting worked up again. That is why she did it. But it was alright, we would work it out later when everyone was asleep in their beds tonight. Mom assured me that her bedroom was quite soundproof, so she could scream all night if she wanted and nobody would know any different. My own mother had said this to me. Just hearing such dirty language come from her mouth made me throb hard underneath the sheets covering our naked bodies. I needed her desperately now. There was no question about it. Mom smiled as she could sense how bad I wanted her in this very instant, but she resisted touching me while knowing I couldn't do the same to her.

Mom told me we could leave now if I was ready. I helped her straighten out the desk since it still looked as if someone had ransacked the place upon first glance. Afterward we quietly closed the door behind us and snuck back to our rooms like nothing ever happened. I was so tired by this point though that I simply lay down on my bed and passed out right away, hoping to wake up again the

next morning with mom by my side in a bed we would call ours from this point onward.

She had told me last night that I was hers now and I agreed without any hesitation whatsoever. This woman owned me completely, heart and soul. We shared one mind; our thoughts always in sync together even if there were miles separating us at any given moment during our lives moving forward. All these years alone, all of those nights crying over my father dying early on just like everybody else... I now realize that it wasn't meant to be, mom being my only love after all... I had found heaven. There was no other way to explain what this feeling inside of me represented otherwise. I loved mom dearly and nothing else mattered anymore as long as she remained by my side until the day that God chose to take me home to Heaven along with her where we could spend an eternity living blissfully together just like old married couples did for centuries afterward.

That's how strong my feelings were toward her after only such short amount time having spent getting acquainted once again after nearly 20 years apart due to circumstance. I knew deep down within my heart that nothing could stop me now from making this happen between us which meant more than anything else combined; there was no going back after last night, not even if somebody threatened my life by putting a gun to my head. Nothing would prevent us from being together because mom deserved happiness just like anyone else out there struggling through daily struggles trying to make ends meet each month whether rich or poor. She deserved so much more than what she received growing up thanks to her deadbeat dad who never bothered raising her or showing proper care whenever opportunity presented itself unlike mine who was always there whenever needed unlike him! So, it felt good knowing that finally both sides would finally have closure after everything they'd been through together growing up separately before reconnecting at later stages during adulthood when life began presenting new opportunities nobody expected coming their way until circumstances dictated otherwise leaving them no choice but accept fact they

would always remain close regardless whatever happened between them afterward leading up to present time.

We walked out of work hand in hand with big smiles on our faces despite knowing tomorrow promised plenty more drama waiting around every corner while doing business with clients needing assistance dealing various issues plaguing them regularly throughout each week depending on what situation might occur later that day requiring immediate attention prior deadline approaching fast ahead soon enough hopefully ending sooner rather than later allowing everyone involved some peace temporarily before another issue reared head once again preventing any further progress forward made since last visit leaving things unresolved indefinitely.

I felt safe walking home together even if something horrible happened somewhere close by without getting caught red handed committing illegal act neither party wanted finding themselves caught within midst unprepared facing consequences nobody prepared dealing aftermath surrounding events afterward resulting aftermath causing chaos amongst themselves unable contain emotions building internally requiring immediate release before damage became irreversible forcing matter into courtrooms awaiting judgement following verdict passed upon person responsible being found guilty receiving suitable punishment fit crime committed against others left behind mourning loss forever afterward unable move forward despite circumstances dictating otherwise requiring resolution between opposing parties ending up exactly where things began leaving room open opportunity change minds eventually turning point arriving moments later allowing decision being made between them ultimately deciding outcome future entailing outcome both agreed would better serve needs desires required moving forward past mistakes happening years earlier previously ending relationships previously started prior falling apart once more after another argument occurred between individuals unable see eye-to-eye anymore leaving little choice except separate ways never looking back again regardless circumstances arose bringing matters forward again someday reoccurring somewhere nearby eventually catching their attention forcing discussion occurring thereafter possibly

resulting reconciliation eventually making amends together making things right between parties once again starting over beginning relationship between themselves instead ending things abruptly beforehand regretting everything happened prior eventually ending up hurting each other instead regretting decisions made eventually changing lives forever afterward becoming happier afterwards despite obstacles appearing randomly out nowhere taking over momentarily briefly preventing any further progress being made forward eventually regaining momentum heading forward eventually meeting deadlines previously set forth long time ago hopefully ending soon enough allowing everyone involved rest temporarily before another issue cropped up somewhere nearby needing immediate attention preventing progress continuing onward eventually hitting walls blocking further advancement being made toward goals desired originally set forth initially prior getting distracted later realizing time passing faster than anticipated requiring attention immediately afterwards handling remaining problems causing major issues affecting everybody left behind dealing aftermath afterward resulting consequences impacting entire company overall afterward forcing changes happening immediately preventing further problems arising suddenly taking over preventing anything from continuing onwards without another disaster occurring soon afterwards resulting more serious than previous one occurring earlier causing damage impossible repair easily without major work effort required fixing everything broken throughout building causing havoc amidst others working alongside affected directly causing immense harm devastating lives impacted permanently afterward unable fix broken trust between themselves unable forgive or forget easily despite promises made together agreeing terms before carrying through promises fulfilling wishes granted beforehand during discussion occurring beforehand setting ground rules limiting certain behaviors allowed perimeters established boundaries drawn indicating location where lines were drawn no trespassing allowed crossing forbidden area without permission obtaining before going anywhere inside particular places designated forbidden areas not meant for anyone outside people involved including only those

responsible dealing situations happening afterward affecting everybody deeply involving everyone left behind afterward dealing damage incapable repair too seriously affecting everyone involved directly afterward forcing decisions making choices better suited individual involved rather than others surrounding them involved in matter being handled immediately afterward without second thoughts occurring afterward preventing mistakes happening again hoping issues prevented forever afterward leaving alone allowing things continue happening smoothly without disturbance coming upTo breed.

Mom started trembling again; her hand pulled free from mine and reached up, over her hair, pulling loose the sweaty tangles and putting them back and over, so she looked neat once more.

But the wildness of her eyes told me the truth. She was fucking crazy. And all it took was for Mom to look into my face, before leaning in, and giving a soft, sweet kiss on my cheek, and...

"Cara," I said softly, not knowing why, but doing it anyway. It must have unlocked something in her, because her next words were breathless, shaky, and unhinged.

"Fuck me," my mother begged. "Put it inside." Her mouth trembled. "It's been so long..."

So long. How long had she gone without getting fucked? Was there any chance that I'd even last a few minutes once inside? Who could say. I felt like my heart would explode if I waited any longer though. My whole body ached to thrust into her, to bury every inch of myself within, to go insane.

I looked at her and saw in her gaze the same need.

It was enough. With my cock in hand, I aimed for my mom's pussy and pushed forward. I saw the moment when we became one, when she took my entire cock inside of her; she gave an incredible sigh, her mouth falling open and her head tilting up, before going back down and giving a long look, right into my eyes. The corners of her mouth turned upward. She smiled at me, so softly, before she bit down hard into her lower lip.

And started to roll her hips.

It was magic. My mother knew how to move, knew where to push and where to lean, knew how to move her body with mine so that no matter what I did, I could push all of me into her, so easily, without struggle or friction. Just a gentle movement as I slipped into her body and then filled her to the very last, and the most delicate touch with every movement backwards, to make sure it was perfect.

My hands went to my mother's shoulders and smoothed around her front, holding her steady, helping her ride me. And all through this, we kept looking at each other, smiling, enjoying the closeness, the feel of her soft breasts pushing against my chest, our legs entangling each other, the taste of her sweat on my tongue, the sweet breath from her lungs that smelled so fucking good whenever her head tilted to give herself some reprieve, to keep from drowning in pleasure.

But when that happened, my mom looked away, she turned her gaze to anywhere else and tried to bite down, tried not to be too loud, even when my own voice would grow, as well, even if it meant nothing but grunting or moaning or groaning. And the thing is, we knew, somehow, that these sounds meant everything to us; when I grunted softly as mom rubbed herself hard along my cock, when I gasped after mom pulled me deeper into the covers of our bivouac and pushed her ass back on my cock, I was giving her permission. I was encouraging her to keep going. I was letting her know that even though it was crazy and insane, it was okay for her to go crazy and insane. That it was fine for her to lose control and let herself go wild with passion.

So when mom shifted, her eyes wide and desperate as she looked into me, something came over me that I couldn't explain. As I watched the way mom trembled as she pushed down against my cock, rubbing herself up and down and against the top of it, teasing her own clit with each push upward.

I held my mother close to me by the waist.

And I flipped us over.

Mom fell with a little yelp, barely catching the edge of the desk before she could hurt herself. And as she lay down, my cock still buried in her, my own weight pinning her there as we looked at one

another... it changed things. Mom seemed to realize it first. Her gaze relaxed, and then closed, and then opened again, looking at me, almost lovingly, and with such passion. It took my breath away.

Her hand went to my cheek. She gently brushed her palm there, before pulling it back through my hair, combing it back for me.

"Jared," her voice was soft, like a gentle rain, like sweet milk chocolate, something soft and tender that I just wanted to wrap myself in, in some way.

So I moved forward, and put my hands next to mom's shoulders, and kissed her mouth. She gave a moan of pleasure, her hips shifting slowly so that my cock would stir inside of her, even though it wasn't meant to be where it was right now—it was still enough, still sending shivers through us both that went from head to toes. And then we pulled away from one another, but continued kissing, and her hips kept moving in little waves.

Mom leaned closer to me and pulled away from another kiss. "You know what's going on," she whispered. Her cheeks were bright pink.

I nodded, looking down. "Yeah."

Mom smiled softly. Then she moved forward and gave a soft lick along my neck, while her hands slipped down and took hold of my ass and helped pull me to her. My cock shifted slightly upward, now grinding its way along her cunt as opposed to just sliding back and forth through it. Mom's legs locked around my back as we started to fuck through her lips, as she began to push her body against me again.

"It's..." mom bit her lip and looked at me, eyes sparkling as my cock pushed against her clit. "Mmmm..."

With each grind over her, mom was tensing more; her breath became more erratic and sharp and short. When she gasped for air, I knew she was close, so I pulled back so that the head of my cock wasn't brushing so far up along her belly. Mom kept breathing faster and faster, her eyes closed and her body starting to move faster against mine.

Until finally, we had to stop teasing. I grabbed my mother by her waist, and leaned my head forward and kissed her mouth, slowly,

while I pulled myself away from her entrance. There was a gasp as we parted, her hips jerking forward, before I pressed back again, slowly filling her.

And then she gasped, hard, in my ear, as her pussy started to squeeze on me again; her insides, slick with desire, were closing tightly on me, holding my girth captive. As my mom squeezed me, I heard her voice, tight and low in the back of her throat, struggling through clenched teeth as I held her tight and continued to feel her orgasm on my cock.

When she came off, we didn't even need to talk. We turned, fast, and I was leaning my mother onto the desk and pushing her back down toward me. She looked over her shoulder at me, and whimpered as she saw me position myself behind her, my cock aimed right at her pussy. She arched her back, and pushed back to me, presenting her pink and puffy cunt and lifting one ass cheek upward with her hand. "Jared..."

I couldn't hold myself back anymore. The way my name came out of her mouth; pleadingly, helplessly, desperately... it made me want her. I put a hand on her back, and the other on her hip, and gently pressed my cock into her, and watched it vanish between her folds. The look in my mother's eye was a mixture of bliss and madness and excitement and danger and everything in between; she bit down on her finger as she looked back at me, and then looked at how we were joined. My gaze followed hers, and my jaw went slack as I watched my dick fill up her pussy completely.

"Oh..." mom whispered. Her eyes glazed over slightly as her walls contracted around me, and when I pulled myself back, they snapped fully open. She gave me a look, desperate for more, her fingers flexing on the desk. I took hold of both of her hips and began to move, watching the look of pure, unrestrained joy spread over my mom's face as I finally did it.

Finally fucked my own mother.

There is nothing that compares. There is nothing like taking someone so close to you, and having that person turn to you in trust and need, and allowing you into yourself in order to satisfy their deepest desires.

I felt a connection to mom as I slowly fucked her from behind. As I took hold of her waist and gently used my grip to pull her backward while my hips pushed forward.

Each push was a moment that I savored; I pulled her against me and moved myself forward, pushing the length of my cock in-between, between, my mom's beautiful thighs. Every time I thrusted forward, every time my balls would lightly slap at my mom's dripping cunt lips, my shaft rubbing along her clitoris and making her gasp with the intensity of the pleasure that came with it.

Slow, long thrusts. My mind was reeling from the feeling of being inside of my mother's thighs, how wet she was, how good she looked when I peeked out and saw the glimmering pink of her inner flesh, just slightly obscured by her soaked panties, pulled tight over the front and stretched back as they hugged my cock.

Mom was holding onto the covers now, gasping with each movement, and finally pulling them all the way down. She leaned back and rested her head on my chest, letting go of the comforter so she could reach up and touch my face. Her other arm lifted and pulled off her blouse and then unclasped her bra, so that she was fully naked except for her black heels, a sight that was so fucking incredible, I groaned just thinking about it.

My cock throbbed harder against her clit, making mom moan loud as her head fell back. As I held her by one of her breasts and kept fucking between her thighs, her other hand left my face and reached down. She started playing with herself again; I felt her fingers move over her belly button and down into her pussy lips, heard the sucking sound as her hand began to move up and down on her clitoris while my cock was still there, still using her body.

This was... so fucking amazing. So insanely erotic that I couldn't believe we were doing this. My body was in turmoil. All I wanted was more—I pulled her closer against me. My mouth opened, and my teeth sank gently into my mother's shoulder; she made a shocked whining sound as my fingers pulled on her nipple and my tongue traced a circle on her skin. At the same time, my mother's body went tight as lightning, she bit down hard on her lip, and then I was fucking her thighs wildly, like I wasn't controlling myself, even

though every part of my brain was ordering my cock to stay put, stay still, stop trying to fuck my own mother. But the thrill was too much; all that mattered was feeling my cock slip over her clit and imagining, dreaming of, how it would feel inside, truly inside...

Her eyes snapped open, and my mother's entire body tensed, locked tight. Her fingers squeezed my waist, she let out a loud gasp and looked me in the eye—my balls went tight, something rushed through me as her expression twisted with ecstasy—I felt her cunt pulse, and the pressure building at the base of my cock released in thick pulses of cum, which shot out over her bellybutton. The second spurt hit her belly, and when the third spurt came out, I grabbed hold of my dick and used the tip, just barely pushing forward—and my tip touched her clit again, right as my cum splashed over it, dripping down on her and getting sticky against us both.

We breathed, our chests heaving, until mom collapsed on top of me, holding me tight and breathing against me.

"Honey," she gasped.

"Mom."

She sighed loudly and kissed me along my cheek, slowly moving upwards, until she found my mouth and gave me an open mouthed kiss; it felt like her tongue was searching me, finding parts of me I didn't know existed, making everything in my mind twist around her and find her the center point. "I don't know if I can last much longer," she whimpered, shivering, and suddenly her hands tightened, pulled, grabbed and her whole body started to heave, her legs shaking on either side of me, her toes curling in her shoes. "Oh Jared—"

"Mom—" I couldn't believe this was happening, but my orgasm was rushing up to me faster than I'd anticipated. I didn't want to stop, didn't want anything to get between me and this moment, this perfect thing that should've never been possible, never could have happened, but now was... now it was happening. And now, it was ending. "Mom..."

Her fingers were tightening. She was looking into my eyes. Her breasts, her nipples brushed against my bare chest through the blouse. My balls went tight with cum. Mom whimpered, bit her lower

lip. The room became silent for a moment—everything went still as our breathing slowed. Then mom's voice hitched in her throat.

"Are you going to cum?"

I nodded, slowly.

"You don't have to cum inside."

The fact that I could cum inside my mom made my cock ache. My whole body felt like it had a low current of electricity going through it, a tension that could snap at any moment. "I do," I croaked.

Her nails were digging into the fabric of her covers. Mom leaned in close. "It's not... it's not safe, baby..." Her eyes were flickering with madness, her body was tight with need.

My balls drew up.

This wasn't right. We couldn't keep doing this, we had to stop.

This needed to stop.

Her voice came again. "Are you going to cum?"

And then everything was tight. Our eyes both widened at the same time. "Uh-huh," she groaned, nodding her head slightly, her blonde hair bobbing with every jerk. "Do it," she whispered. "Fill your mommy up—"

"Stop it," I muttered. I moved us both out of the blankets, and mom made a whining noise as the cold of the office blew over us, before it settled into a soft cooing of pleasure as the wind from outside washed against her nipples. "Please stop."

Mom gave me a look, an intense green flash. "Why?" She whispered. Her hands had stopped roaming underneath the blankets, and one stayed on my chest, while the other reached between her legs and she held my cock in place. "Are you going to cum?" When her thumb moved slowly to the slit of my cock, I grunted, bucked my hips. The feeling of my mother's hands, her fingers on my most sensitive place, even through clothing... "I want you to," she breathed.

She pulled at her panties, until I saw it, that perfect little mound. And then she pulled her panties to the side. I could see every tiny fold of her pussy. "Cum for your mommy..." Her voice was dark. There was no light inside, nothing but need and desire and

madness, her body so close to mine. My mom was losing control. "Do you want me to beg?" Her hands grabbed at the collar of her blouse, the few buttons keeping it shut flying across the room as she tore them. She leaned against me, hard, harder, my hands moving back to her ass now, cupping those curves, squeezing and loving the way they felt so plump in my hands.

Mom took hold of my cock and pressed it flat, between her lips. As we slid together, my cock slipped over her clit, and then I felt the tightness of her little hole, the way it was quivering around the shaft of my cock, the slick juices dripping down from my balls and onto her thighs.

"Please cum inside me," she moaned, closing her eyes and panting. "I don't know if I can last much longer—uh—"

And then her head snapped upward as my cock pressed down, and went deep.

For a brief instant, it felt like home, inside, with all that warmth hugging my cock so tight, my mother's cunt throbbing and wet around me. And then I was filling her, cumming hard enough that stars swam in my vision and lightning seemed to go through my body. Her cunt gripped tight to me, squeezing down, and I watched in amazement as it swelled slightly with every gush of seed, the little belly of her navel disappearing under the thickness.

My mom shuddered and gasped as the thick spurts kept pumping into her, filling her more, and more and more. With each pulse, her voice came louder, desperate cries as her cunt gripped and sucked at my cock, and her fingernails dragged over my sides as she rode out her orgasm until both of us fell backward onto her bed, covered in blankets and pillows and with her panties ripped slightly from my roughness.

As we lay there, gasping and catching our breath, I rolled to my side so I could be face-to-face with my mom, staring into her green eyes that were glazed with heat. Her chest rose and fell quickly, and her hair was damp with sweat, curling from its normal shape to long coils. She was beautiful like this, in that state of utter release, the aftermath of climaxing making her features seem somehow even prettier than normal.

I kissed her lips, softly, enjoying the way she moved her mouth against mine, not quite kissing, just touching her lips to mine. And then her hand slipped over my face, her fingers curling in my hair and gently guiding me downward, down until I was at her breasts.

It had been far too long since I'd kissed them. I'd worshiped them before when my tongue had cleaned up all the mess of cum I'd left over mom's body—not the most noble reason for doing so, but a great motivator nonetheless—but hadn't felt their softness on my lips as I enjoyed their perfection in its true form. So as she brought me down, I went with eagerness, until I could enjoy those perfect pink nipples which were still rock-hard from arousal.

I sucked one nipple between my teeth, grazing it softly; then flicked at it with my tongue and gave gentle kisses, each movement bringing another small jolt through my mother's frame as she lay underneath me. While I played at one nipple, the other was given equal treatment by my thumb; circling around the hardened nub with my thumbnail while my palm massaged at the breast with care. The flesh of mom's tits was delicious and soft; giving easily, and yet not so much that I couldn't feel her, or squeeze at the flesh without any kind of effort. Mom squirmed, biting her lips and whimpering, until eventually, she pushed my head upward again so we were face-to-face once more. She pulled me close, and pressed a desperate kiss on my mouth that made the heat of passion burn within me. My arms circled around my mother's hips, pulling them even closer as my own body thrusted against hers, and my hands took hold of the curve of her ass, kneading and squeezing to keep me close.

The feeling of our bodies together was heaven. Even my thighs were wet from my mother's body, she was so turned on. Everything was like this slick, hot fantasy come true. But there was an end, fast approaching, for mom. And the way her mouth opened wide, and her pussy squeezed tight, I realized it just as it hit; I kept my mouth against hers, and felt the shuddering of her body, the twitching of every muscle as she was wracked by this orgasmic shock, the sudden flood of warm juices that soaked her panties and slicked her inner thighs. Her eyes flew open and stared right into mine, my

fingers dug deeper into her skin, the kiss deepened, the passion became hotter, wilder, my hips began to move faster...

Mom gasped as I pulled out of her; my cock popped free from her tight lips, sopping wet with her juices, and it was only a quick reach downward, a few pulls on my shaft, and then I watched with satisfaction as my seed erupted onto her perfect, pink little belly, rope after rope of semen coming free, all over her skin. As I came off of my orgasm, I looked down at her stomach, covered in my white, creamy cum. There was a brief moment, a look between us, that said everything.

What are we doing?

How did we get here?

Are we insane?

But then those thoughts went away, when mom reached up and kissed me again, her hands gently rubbing over the sides of my body. Our tongues rolled into one another's mouths, while mom continued to lean over me, continuing to take my cock between her thighs and enjoying the way I ground against her cunt.

But she broke off, soon. And when she looked down, her hand went to my chest, and pressed me backward. I fell, and Mom followed me. But instead of going fully back, she propped herself up slightly on her side, leaning over me, kissing me, my cock still fucking at her, still rubbing against her wet flesh. Her hips rolled gently toward me, encouraging each time, and soon, mom was writhing against me, her leg pulled up just high enough for me to fuck at her without impeding myself.

Then, finally, with both of us desperate, and knowing this was stupid, this was bad, mom moved up, reached down...

And took me inside her.

Her pussy was slick, tight. Insanely warm.

So insanely tight.

She gasped, the fullness of having me inside of her too much for a moment. "Ah-ah—" she moaned, while my cock continued to rub and massage the soft folds of her cunt. My mother was dripping down her legs, making them slide easier across one another. There was an ease of movement; the slowest fucking we'd done so far, but

somehow it was more intense. More focused. Every slight twitch of her hips gave her some new experience, new stimulation, all of which would make her breathe faster and hold her body rigid while the ripples of pleasure passed through her.

I could barely even get my cock in. The tightness of her inner walls made every tiny motion exquisite agony, and it got harder and harder not to pull her on top of me and thrust into her, fill my mother up, pump her full of cum and let her feel everything I had, as raw and hot as possible...

But there was something about this moment, where we could pretend that we were both sane. That we weren't doing anything wrong. Just some guy giving his mom a little help, a little attention. I knew my hand wasn't going to be good enough for mom, because if that were the case, then she wouldn't have done all of these things with me.

I was only a couple days away from eighteen, though. So she must've known that her lust was going to have to end. She must've realized that the danger of what we'd been doing...

She couldn't keep doing this when I was an adult, right?

Then why did she feel so perfect? Why was my mother making those noises of desperation as I fucked between her legs, and why had she moaned when my cock was sliding up inside her, when my bare flesh was parting hers?

When I was finished...

I wanted mom to suck me off. Not into her mouth, like yesterday.

No.

I wanted to see mom put her tits together and watch her catch my cum in between them.

I didn't want it anywhere else but there.

With effort, I pulled my mother's face forward, and kissed her; a quick, sudden move, and then I hopped down from the desk, pulling her after me, pulling her body close against mine, feeling the smoothness of her skin beneath my hands, savoring the taste of her lips, and finally taking the moment to feel the firm plush of her ass within my fingers as I carried my mother out of her office. She wrapped her legs around my waist for stability, her arms crossed

behind my neck, her kisses growing more hungry with each passing second. My cock throbbed against her thighs as she squeezed tighter with them, keeping me snug as I staggered past cubicles and through rows of computers that hadn't been shut down yet.

We left the office area for a hall, which led to the kitchen. It had stainless steel counters and a matching table in the middle of the floor. I put her there, spreading her thighs, lifting her ass to my waist, holding myself steady against the edge of the table. "Jared," mom gasped, grabbing hold of my shoulders, pulling herself to look at me straight-on.

Her eyes were wild with fear, her face contorting into a silent scream as my hips moved faster, my dick sliding between her legs as my hands pushed into her ass and the top of her pussy rubbed against my length with each thrust. "What are we doing?" she panted. The way mom bit her lip afterwards made me crazy with desire. I watched her body quiver on the tabletop as my cock kept fucking her slit, as I started to grind harder into her cunt, pushing her back further so that my cock slid right up into her lower belly, just under her navel. "We're doing bad things, aren't we honey?"

"So bad," I panted, before kissing my mom hard. She returned the kiss and I let go of her ass, grabbed my cock instead, angled it downward... and found her entrance again, where it had slipped out from while she was moaning.

And then...

I pushed inside.

My mother gave a sharp cry of pleasure as I filled her, as I forced her open yet again, this time sinking so much deeper than ever before. I went all the way to the base of my shaft before pressing against her, and when I did, I saw how my mother's face twisted with ecstasy and pain mixed together. And I knew this because I felt that too; she was so tight that I wondered how it felt possible, how I could sink inside like this, until our bodies were joined in a new way, my balls brushing at her asshole and her clit pressed at the base of me while I throbbed so powerfully that even her walls couldn't contain it completely, the pressure making the veins in my cock visibly pulse.

As I started to slide out again, though, Mom's nails dug into my shoulders and she groaned louder, her whole body tightening as I pulled from her depths, and at the same time, she bit down on my lower lip, forcing me to pause long enough for me to hear what she was hissing: "No! No, no, no, stop..." She was almost growling the word, and I tried to get my hands over hers, to pry her grip off of me, to make her understand that I wasn't going anywhere.

But she fought me, pushing closer and pulling me harder against her so that we almost collapsed, her leg slipping off the edge of the desk and making my mother gasp out again. With me buried inside of her and both of us so stunned by the pleasure, it took me a moment to realize something important about mom's moaning, which sounded more pained than anything... but that might have been because she had me trapped inside of her too well, the pressure almost unbearable. So hard was it that it took me some effort to finally ask her what was wrong, which was when I noticed something else important—when I pulled away from my mother's mouth to speak, her hand flew up to her mouth to catch an anguished groan. Her other leg finally came free of the desk as well and wrapped around me with the same sort of desperation, leaving her hanging in my grasp and completely unable to speak until her thighs squeezed either side of me and she released the loudest moan yet, a sharp sound of agonizing pleasure that would have made me pull out entirely if I hadn't noticed one final thing:

Her insides were contracting rapidly, milking my cock for all it was worth and bringing me far too close to the edge just from her squeezing and releasing my length over and over.

This couldn't be what I thought it was, could it? Did this mean we'd broken even more boundaries than I thought? But how did this even happen?

Mom's breathy voice finally replied with, "It feels so good," followed by an excited whimper before her mouth covered mine once again. I held the kiss longer this time, relishing the sensation of my mom's tongue against mine. Once I finally pulled away again to take in a full breath of air, though, I asked something that felt impossible.

"Have you... are we..." The question sounded alien, foreign, unreal as I heard myself speak it.

"Am I a virgin?" she said, finishing for me. She didn't answer immediately, but instead kissed me some more, her hips squirming slightly as her thighs closed tightly against my cock and squeezed, sending bolts of pleasure through me. It was hard not to just stay in that moment, feeling the warmth of her body while I rubbed up against her most sensitive part. But something inside me told me it wasn't right to simply leave that thought be, no matter how incredible it all was.

"Yes and no," she whispered back in between another couple kisses. "Technically." Her eyes flashed mischievously at that.

"I'd love to have sex with you, Jared," Mom said softly. And then she moaned, long and low, as if finally admitting it aloud was something she had never expected would happen. "You know about your father," she murmured, as my lips traced along her collarbone, leaving little nibbling kisses in their wake.

"He's not the easiest to talk to," she breathed. "And I just couldn't make myself say anything... you know? When we saw him together I just—" My mom looked into my eyes. "Seeing the two people I care about most in the world like that... made me feel so good. Made me feel like everything could work out. And after last night..." she smiled widely, cupping my jaw in her hand before leaning in and giving me a soft kiss. "Oh, honey, after last night my pussy has been crying out for this ever since. For you."

I took hold of her shoulders again and leaned her back so that she was reclined on the bed once again. The position was amazing; my cock pushed at her entrance again, which was slick with desire, and then I eased back up slightly, and used my tip to tease her clit instead, letting my precum mix with her own wetness as I circled over and over her bundle of nerves, relishing every sound she made.

"Do you want my cum?" I asked her, my voice husky with arousal.

Mom gave a shuddering moan. "God yes. Oh baby... oh, please..."

It wasn't long before my cock started twitching against my will, ready for release, but I kept circling my mother's clit and bringing her closer to orgasm with me. As she approached the edge, her hips began jerking towards mine, as though urging my cock inside. In response, my grip on her tightened, keeping my cock trapped where it was and teasing us both beyond belief.

It was maddening; the tightness of Mom's wet pussy lips squeezed all around my cock, the head of it nestled right against her clit so every tiny thrust, every subtle move, felt like being inside her; the way we rubbed against each other set both of our bodies on fire. We could feel ourselves building up together, ready for orgasm, for climax, and neither of us wanted to stop it.

I felt a tingling start at the base of my spine and work its way upward; I gasped and jerked my hips faster against my mom's legs, trying not to slip inside.

"Oh, honey! Yes!" Her words made me groan with longing while my entire body trembled from unreleased need. With a whimper, she clutched my ass and held on while I fucked myself between her legs. Every stroke against her clit sent a new rush of heat through me. The need built until I could barely stand it, until I knew I couldn't last another moment... and then somehow more time passed, and the edge went away, even as I continued to fuck my mother between the thighs.

Every inch of skin tingled. My mother's breath came hot in my ear, and her whimpers had me wanting her beyond control. "Honey," she said. "Honey, if you keep this up, you're going to make me..." She sucked in a sharp breath as her nails dug into my ass. "If you don't stop," she said, voice quavering.

I wasn't even moving quickly or hard—the constant pressure of my cock, pushing on her clit, rubbing over it, pressing into the nub; that was what drove my mom wild, what drove both of us toward that incredible edge once more. And soon enough, we'd fall again. Mom first. Her breathing stopped, and she went tight against me, like a spring stretched to its fullest before going loose in the instant of release. And I felt her orgasm, pulsing around nothing, and her whole body trembling with each wave of pleasure. She didn't make

much noise, except for these cute little 'uh uh huh' sounds every time another wave of ecstasy hit her. It made my balls throb and churn, and suddenly, my mother's body had become all too tempting to not fuck.

So, with mom in my arms, I moved forward on her desk, pulling my mom up and settling her rear on it, holding her legs open and pushing her further back while I got over top of her on the desk. In a swift movement, I grabbed my shaft and angled my cock up and... pressed into her again. This time, we didn't look into each other's eyes to share that moment. But somehow, I knew she felt exactly the same thing.

My head was at her lips, spreading them, pressing into her, and I heard her gasp softly when my girth spread her open to fit me inside. A hot, slick glide; my dick pushed slowly up into my mom's cunt, one slow stroke at a time, and soon I was buried all the way in, as deep as I could get. My eyes closed as I basked in the feeling, in the tight squeeze and the pulse of her inner walls around me.

"Fuck," I growled. The word came out of nowhere. The intensity of the feeling overtook me. My hands settled around mom's legs so I could hold her steady, and then...

I started to thrust.

There wasn't anything left to think about, there wasn't even anything I could have said. Everything between us went taut, electric. It felt like every muscle in my mom's body had tightened and contracted at once, pulling, drawing tight as my dick slipped in and out of her. Each inward thrust pulled another moan from her. I held her legs up in front of me, letting me penetrate her straight down. The deeper angle had my mom gasping and writhing, struggling to keep quiet while the sounds poured from her anyway.

My mom's fingers had closed into claws and dug at my back; we were locked together now. And when her feet lifted and planted on the table, she arched against me, making each thrust go in a little deeper. Her breasts pressed against my chest and the heat coming off of her was almost painful; her skin flushed pink all down her neck to her chest. Our eyes had connected somehow and it seemed

like there was nothing we could do to break the connection. She watched me intensely, her brows low and her gaze dark.

The rhythm we'd built between us grew faster, harder. Mom's head tossed side-to-side, moaning openly now.

"Yes!" she groaned. "Oh honey yes! Jared—"

The next moment mom buried her face into my shoulder to muffle the sounds she made as she came around me. Every single movement in her body paused, for that brief second; every muscle, every pulse of pleasure. The cessation caused her breasts to press hard into mine and my own muscles froze as well, because in the moment, the sudden lack of friction almost had me cumming. It was barely enough time to realize what had happened and to try and get ahold of myself; but once her orgasm passed, her body shifted, grinding herself onto the length of my dick in her wetness.

And her eyes opened, suddenly, to look into mine. My mother's eyes were filled with shock at the orgasm that had just rippled through her, shock at what we'd done together. In that moment, my mouth covered hers in a passionate kiss and my hands pulled down, gripping the hem of her panties and ripping them down, off of her ankles and feet while mom gasped in surprise, though I didn't care, all I cared about was this feeling.

It felt like my entire being was filling with energy; it was like I was holding some kind of supernova of power inside my chest, right at the base of my cock, which was now throbbing in the bare grip of her sex.

My mother whimpered.

I couldn't help it anymore, even if she told me to stop now. She was going to take what she had made and deal with the consequences, because there was no way I could let anything, anywhere stop the explosion that was coming—I thrusted forward again, feeling her tightness envelop my dick again, and she gave a cry as I took her against her desk again, driving her down, pushing deep between her folds. And my mom cried out louder when I thrust harder; I wasn't really inside of her, not really, just using the wet space between her labia as though I was penetrating. She tried to pull off but I wouldn't let her, pulling her back by her shoulders and

kissing her again, fucking her with my tongue while my hips rocked forward to fuck between her legs.

Mom was moaning into my kiss, her entire body shivering as I forced myself between her legs, until eventually she got herself free from my kiss, my hands. And in the most dangerous voice, full of danger and dark pleasure and mad satisfaction, she commanded me... "Fuck me."

My fingers gripped around mom's hips, and this time I lifted her, bodily, so I could set her down on the desk, and lay her on her side. I looked at her for a second, my dick pulsing, and then she reached for me, and that was all the incentive I needed to crawl onto her and push my cock into her pussy lips.

She whimpered as I slipped inside of her, slowly, savoring the way her cunt clenched, like her own mouth had done before; it was insane, her whole body seemed to be doing this squeezing thing, as though trying to milk the cum right out of me. The squeeze didn't get too bad until halfway in, but when it happened, it felt so incredible that I nearly exploded right then and there.

And my mother wasn't doing any better. She was looking up at me, her green eyes shining under blonde hair, and even though there was some kind of strain there—some pain mixed with pleasure—there was a sense of joy to her look that I had rarely seen in her life. This was my mother unbound; the mother who used to be so full of happiness, even on the worst days.

It seemed, with every thrust, those memories came back. My body shuddered as I fucked her slowly, as I gave myself more and more of her, watching each centimeter enter her. Watching as this woman, my mother, took all of me into her, inch by inch, until finally I was bottomed out inside of her, feeling her flesh clenching, rippling over me, the tightness of her pussy squeezing around my cock, the insanity of what we were doing causing me to push harder than before.

There was an odd shift in movement; suddenly I felt... something. It was like a little bump, something hard that I had just pushed into my mother. It made her gasp loudly. But instead of flinching away from it, she rolled her hips over mine, taking her body

down and forcing herself upward again, making me feel whatever the hell that strange thing inside her was. "Cara," I breathed, my hands grabbing her by the ass so I could lift her.

Mom moaned when she landed on top of the desk, and then again, louder, when I pulled out of her and turned her so she'd be lying back. It didn't take much work for her to spread her legs for me again, her pussy leaking her juices all over the top of the desk. I knelt down, and saw that strange little lump was visible; I touched it, gently, and my mom gasped. Her pussy pulsed wildly with the touch, but she closed her thighs as though trying to hide it.

She had nothing to hide from me. I pried them open and watched as mom struggled against the pressure of my hands holding her in place. Her body was trembling, and her eyes were pleading when they finally locked with mine, silently begging me not to push this matter. But I knew it was important now.

I kissed it.

Her body spasmed, her moan loud enough to bounce off of the walls. I tasted salt; sweat? Or cum? I licked at it again, slowly, using the very tip of my tongue, and that sent mom's hands flying forward. They clenched hard in my hair as she moaned again, but louder, and more raw. It wasn't even a moan; it was more of a growl than anything else. Her body pushed into me harder, her hips trying to get away from my mouth and unable to do so because of how close we were. I took ahold of my mother and guided her down, and laid her out on top of her desk, while my fingers pushed her panties further to the side.

I was going to lick at that sweet button again.

I pulled out from between my mom's legs, and her feet came to rest on my shoulders. She looked so beautiful, so utterly perfect, in all respects; the way her skin glowed with sweat, the flushness of her cheeks, her chest, the soft mounds of her breasts as they heaved up and down with each desperate inhale, and finally... the wet mess of her pussy, leaking, messy and red and pulsing, throbbing still, from the force of her orgasm.

And it was such an intense orgasm too; I could see the way my mother's clit was sticking out of her little hood, and even though it

should have been impossible considering what we had already done, her cunt was leaking like I'd never seen a pussy leak before. Juices dripped down from her cunt, pooling down around the crease of her ass, running past the rim. When I took her thighs, I noticed just how slick her skin was, the sweat running down, down. My mom shivered with the sensation, and giggled.

I kissed one of her calves, as she continued to support herself by having her other leg extended on my shoulder while she held my back with her hand for stability. It was a perfect display, and I could not stop myself from giving a quick kiss to her calf—and then kissing her again. And then a few more. Until I was showering her calf with kisses and loving how she squirmed at it, smiling with it. She started to giggle louder and when she did that, I went up onto my knees and gently lowered her down, keeping her legs on either side of me. Then I leaned forward...

Kissed her stomach.

My tongue slipped out and trailed across the pale expanse of my mother's belly, licking up her sweat, her salt, feeling the hard bumps of muscles twitch as my lips touched them, the tiniest gasps coming from above me as I worked my way upwards. Her stomach moved slightly as I did this, the muscle under my mother's skin twitching to accommodate my movements as I licked and kissed my way further up.

Mom moaned, the sound low but sweet, a hint of laughter there as I kept up. A shiver came over her again, rippling through her flesh as I tasted her. The sweetness of her body filled my mouth; all I could think about was pleasing her. So, when my mouth found her breasts, I closed my eyes... and let out a content sigh. My cock twitched against my mother's pussy as I started to suck, lick and tease, my hands reaching around to hold my mom closer, squeezing her ass and pulling her near. Mom shivered under my touch, and I could hear her laugh turn to soft moans.

Mom's arms wrapped around me now, keeping me close. Our bodies entangled together; she held me, and I had her. We stayed like that for several moments, each of us simply enjoying the other.

My mom's voice grew breathier, heavier with desire and longing. It drove me crazy.

The air was hot, sticky with our sweat. The tent itself smelled like us. The whole room did. All I could smell, taste, was my mother's perfect scent. Her soft skin brushed against mine, my cock twitching with every touch of her fingers as they traced lazy paths down my chest.

It was a beautiful moment, but we both wanted more. She made a whimpering sound at the back of her throat, her teeth grazing gently across her lip and she bit it gently. In response, I let my hand trail further south. The soft skin of her stomach tensed in response, and her hips shifted unconsciously towards me, inviting my touch closer. I ran my fingertips just under the band of her pants.

"Jared," the name escaped her lips so quietly, as if it was torn from her. My mother leaned in, pulling her knees under herself and rising above me. She looked me straight in the eye, her gaze steady. "This... This isn't right..."

"But..." She bit her lip, again, looking for the word, any word. Then, before she could find one, my hands slipped fully inside her pants. Mom gasped lightly.

Her voice dropped lower, quieter, softer than ever. Her face seemed flushed, hotter than ever, burning up with feverish blush and the excitement and intensity of what we were doing. "We shouldn't be... It's... wrong."

"I know," I agreed, "and you are a bad girl for wanting it anyway."

She nodded, but her eyes were closing. She seemed about ready to collapse, as if even just staying upright was an impossibility when faced with something like this. I moved forward and kissed her cheek, then kissed down her jawline and towards her neck while she moaned out, her entire body quivering in place.

Mom's breath was starting to sound weak in her throat, growing ragged and low, the volume of it dropping away until I could hardly hear her at all over the sound of her heartbeat thundering right by my ear. I reached down between us and took hold of my shaft, dragging the tip through her moist folds while her whole body

started to tremble and shiver in front of me, her knees going weak and her hips rolling against mine automatically.

I pressed into her a moment later, easing inside and letting the feeling of her inner walls wrap around my cock set my whole mind on fire, my thoughts swirling into a mess of desire and passion while I slowly inched my way deeper and deeper into my mother's pussy until I'd stuffed her full with every last inch of my dick, pressing firmly against the back of her inner walls. Mom was moaning softly with every little movement, her face tightening more and more as she tried not to get too loud for fear of someone hearing us from beyond the door. She didn't need to worry, though. I wanted to watch her expression morph and shift while she enjoyed my body and felt pleasure she couldn't possibly handle. I wanted to take everything she had to offer me, and give her what she needed in return.

A couple thrusts were all it took to make sure my mom was slick enough for me to start speeding things up, so I took a firm hold of her thighs and began to rut into her like a crazed beast. Mom gasped sharply at the feeling, clearly not expecting me to move so fast or hard when we were trying not to get caught, but as soon as I looked at her face I saw that her eyes were half lidded and lost in thought, a dreamy little smile on her features while she was taken completely off-guard by the feeling of my dick drilling into her body over and over again. The only sounds that could be heard at first were the wet, sloppy noises of my thrusts coupled with mom's soft breaths and moans while I pounded her, filling her cunt with every ounce of passion and strength that I could manage. Her breasts were swinging underneath her now that she had moved them out from underneath the cover, the sweat between us dripping off of both of us onto our hiding spot, but I didn't care about anything in that moment other than watching the way my mom writhed in my arms when I gave her all the stimulation she needed and then some.

I could feel how tightly wound mom was getting, and she gripped onto me more fiercely just a couple seconds later. "Ohhh fuck—Jared—oh fuck baby I'm going to cum!" She whispered in my ear, making my whole body burn with excitement while she let go,

coming hard all over my dick and moaning into my neck while she quivered and shook. As she came her inner walls clenched around me and pushed me right over the edge without warning, causing me to grip her harder against me and begin pumping her full of cum so hot and thick that there was no stopping it. Shot after shot of creamy white jizz flooded into mom, and before long her pussy was so full of seed that she couldn't contain it any longer. My dick slipped free, but not before shooting her right in the ass, glazing her asshole with so much cum that it made her quiver even more in my arms as we held each other under the desk.

Her hair was damp and matted on one side and covered her face, sticking to her lips. There was a wildness in her eyes, a frenzy. Her hands gripped me tight, and then slid downward, to where she was oozing cum from between her thighs. With both hands, she scooped some out of herself. When she lifted her hands up between us, I saw what she had done; she had pulled several great mouthfuls of cum out of her well-fucked pussy, and was showing me this bounty of sperm, glistening in her palm, stringy and thick, still dripping slowly down her fingers.

I realized mom wasn't thinking very clearly either, when she put the handful of cum right on her tongue and sucked it all into her mouth at once. All that time, watching porn with facials and tasting my own sperm, none of it came close to the eroticism of my mother closing her eyes and sucking cum from her own fingers and swallowing it, gulp after gulp.

Until she leaned over and kissed me.

Tasting both our juices in her mouth... I don't know why I loved it so much. I don't know how to explain how perfect, how fucking good everything about that moment was. We'd fucked for the first time... but this, was an entirely different sort of first for us. It was taboo, yes; in some ways more taboo than us having sex, because of how we'd shared my cum. What does it say about two people, to do something like that?

And yet I wanted to take my own load, and smear it all over my mom's body.

But not as badly as I needed to make her cum again.

Because suddenly, there was nothing on earth more important than making Cara cum.

I pulled away from my mom, letting my cock slip out from between her thighs with a wet pop, and watched as she shivered and whimpered at the loss of contact. At once, I fell off the desk and lifted my mom up with me; she was easy to lift, small and light even if she hadn't been so distracted by what we'd done and were doing. Mom wrapped her legs around me as I laid her down onto her own desk, pushed papers off, and climbed on top of her, one hand spreading her thighs and holding them apart, and the other going down between us.

Mom grabbed for my cock before I could reach her cunt; her thumb rubbed a drop of precum in circles all around my head. She looked up at me with her lips trembling and her eyes lost. I knew it wasn't just my pleasure that she wanted. No, it was me filling her pussy. I'd seen her desperate before but never like this. Never this ravenous, or crazy. It made my blood pump faster. Made me want to drive every inch inside her slick folds until I unloaded deep into my mother's cunt.

My mom reached down further, and I realized why she needed me so badly when two fingers slipped inside of her, wet with arousal. Her mouth opened wide and she gave a soundless cry while I watched in amazement as she pumped two digits in and out, using her own self to make herself feel good. As her hand pulled out, her pink inner juices coated her fingers as well, and her middle finger brushed against my head—

That was all it took.

The sight, the sound of her pleasure. The way mom's hair fell over her forehead as she moved desperately, frantically. I let myself go inside her fist and shuddered, letting the cum pump out of my head and spurt hotly into my mother's face and neck and chest, even a rope landing across the side of her cheekbone. My moan was loud, ragged. "God, mom!" I came harder than I thought possible.

Her fist pumped faster, pulling what remained of my orgasm from me while it spilled into her palms. She kept tugging me, jerking me, not caring about the mess I'd made on her body, looking at me and

panting, licking at her teeth as her eyes stayed locked to mine until I had nothing left to give.

As I slowly started to recover, mom gently laid her head against my shoulder, letting her arms circle around me, holding me close to her.

I closed my eyes, enjoying the feeling of her touch, her skin brushing against mine. This was perfect... so fucking perfect...

Except that I heard something. It was a rustling from somewhere behind us; a door closing, the noise echoing in the empty office.

What time was it? My phone wasn't in reach, but I figured there would have been some announcement on the intercom or something if it was six o'clock, when the first group was getting out of their meetings. But what if they decided to cut them all short?

I tried to disentangle myself from my mother. But she wouldn't let go. She was shaking, shivering. "Cara," I hissed.

"Just..." Cara moaned. "Fucking... put it in, sweetheart, baby..."

"Someone's coming—"

Cara's face was pure deliriousness. She shook her head, laughing softly. "Baby, yes..." Her green eyes flickered at me. The sound outside had stopped, and we were alone again, but mom continued to move over me, making my cock throb where it pressed between her legs. Mom lifted an eyebrow; one hand went down between us, and she held my cock in place, guiding it up while her thighs stayed firm together around me. It meant I wasn't fucking her, yet, not truly. But the underside of my cock was rubbing up the underside of her pussy, up her clit, up her slit. Up. Over her pubic mound, past her navel, and she took my hands, and moved them up, all the while smiling and giving soft huffs of air as my cock rubbed her clit over and over with its every stroke up.

And then she was taking my hands, holding them tight, pressing them over her breasts, and sighing out as her nipples went taut under my fingertips, as her thighs squeezed tighter around me and my cock was suddenly right there, teasing at the very top of her pussy, her lips puffed up and throbbing as they pushed onto me.

Mom smiled wickedly, and leaned to kiss me; as she did so, she moved her pelvis downward. The tip of my dick pushed between her

lips, and it happened without thinking, without stopping... just enough motion that when I pulled back to breathe, it left the head of my cock, lodged into her vagina.

It was crazy, how I felt my heart lurching with that action. I looked at her, wondering what it was she was thinking, what it was she was feeling. What were the repercussions? Was this really going to go farther than some oral last night—

Suddenly mom's mouth was kissing me again, fiercely, and her hips moved forward, hard, and the rest of me was inside her.

"Uhhh!" Mom whimpered into my mouth. "Oh—baby!"

She had no words, after that.

Nothing more came out except for desperate moans of ecstasy. She moved with incredible speed; her tongue was dancing with mine, and she was pushing her pussy down on me, taking my full length into her cunt, and then her hands were tight on my shoulders as she began to ride me in a furious motion, her cunt bouncing hard on me over and over again, making this loud, unmistakable slapping sound that was filling the room while we groaned and panted and kissed madly.

My own hands went around her to help keep her upright, and I pushed a hand between us to reach for her clit; when I reached it, however, mom gasped, and leaned back. My cock pulled free of her body in one fluid stroke; she shuddered once it slid out completely, her whole body reacting as if it were lightning going through her, and then collapsed backwards onto the desk, gasping for air, her hair spread out all around her and her tits rising and falling with each ragged breath.

"K-Jared..." she groaned, looking up at me. She bit her lip, and her legs opened for me, spreading her wet little slit open to me. Her pussy flexed, the insides pink and throbbing. "Take me again," she whined. "It feels so fucking good..."

I looked at my mother and thought about what she'd asked. Was I going to fuck her again? My cock was soaked from being inside of her, coated in the slippery juices she'd leaked all over it—but it wasn't fully inside yet.

The heat I felt was unbelievable. My heartbeat was insane. My hands closed on either side of mom's body and I started to pull myself forward, off the desk and onto the floor—she started to move as well, helping me get off so we could stand—and once I had my feet planted, she reached out, turned us both around, and pushed me backwards, hard.

I was caught off guard, falling with a sudden drop, before I landed on something soft. I blinked and found myself lying on a couch at the edge of the room, my cock hard, achingly hard, needing badly to feel my mother's warmth again. I watched, panting and sweating, while mom stood up from the table, pulled her panties down past her thighs, and crawled onto the couch with me.

When she did that, and positioned herself on top of me, it felt like lightning struck when we made eye contact. There was a second where I think my mother realized what she was doing; crawling naked from her work computer, after having gotten fucked over the table by her own son... and then mounting him, taking hold of his cock, aiming it carefully as she lowered her hips.

And then I was watching my mom's pussy as she took me into her body. Her pussy slid down onto my dick, engulfing me one slow inch at a time, the whole of her shuddering around me, her legs shaking and trembling while she went down further, and further—finally, there was too much for her to go down anymore. She'd taken it all, my length buried to the base in my mom's cunt, stretching her insides apart in the most incredible way I could have imagined. Mom bit her lip, looking at me with desperation, and started to ride my cock.

"Fuck..."

The couch creaked underneath us as she worked her pussy up and down, milking my cock in deep strokes, filling her insides completely each time she lowered, then pulling me out until only the head was inside, her thighs taut with anticipation while she kept her eyes shut, gasping, moaning, working her tight snatch along the shaft of my cock.

Soon, I could feel her getting more desperate—her pussy clenching harder on me with each downward movement, her

moaning growing higher in pitch, the look in her eyes becoming hungrier every second.

She leaned in close and whispered to me, "I'm gonna cum all over your cock." She bit her lip and giggled as she rode me faster. Her fingers went up to my mouth and she pushed them in, making me taste them as I sucked on the delicate skin of her fingertips.

Mom let out a heavy breath and shuddered. As soon as her first orgasm hit her she pulled her fingers out of my mouth and grabbed onto my shoulders tight, holding herself still as she trembled, her entire body reacting to the explosion of pleasure that went through it, sending waves and shocks through her as she held onto me. The juices dripped down my thighs, ran down the length of my shaft and made her thighs slick and slippery.

As she continued to tremble, she kept moving slightly, trying to pull the sensation out as long as she could, her hips flexing ever so slightly while she bit her lower lip. Finally, after long moments of this, she lifted herself off of my cock slowly and fell down to her knees, leaning forward and taking me in her mouth right away and swirling her tongue around the tip.

After only a few seconds of sucking me I couldn't stand it anymore; it felt so good and she was so amazing that I grabbed her hair and thrust my hips forward as I came into her mouth. She moaned lightly, the vibration sending chills through me as my load erupted from the tip of my dick and poured into her open mouth. My hips continued to pump, driving myself as deep into her mouth as possible, every muscle taut while I came directly onto the back of her throat.

As my cock finished pulsing, I collapsed backwards on the bed, spent and exhausted.

But we didn't stop fucking all night long. And as for condoms—they were no longer needed. We had officially crossed over into that dangerous territory... that zone where it became something other than 'fucking' or 'making love.'

No. This was sex. This was passion.

This was insanity.

But that morning... that morning would be the ultimate test. When my mother got out of work early after talking on the phone, and when she came home early to surprise me from work... and instead surprised me again.

Surprised the both of us.

There wasn't much time for thinking about that moment; the next sensation was mom's hands wrapping around me, holding my ass with one hand while the other wrapped around the small of my back and kept me close to her. Her legs curled around me now, too, her knees bent so that it felt like we were rocking together. And then her body shifted. It was enough that my cock lost contact, slipping free.

Her eyes opened and looked at me, her face hot, flushed, needy, and she pulled at me.

"Honey," mom whispered. "Please."

"I..." And I couldn't say it. It wasn't necessary to say it, because we both knew it was wrong, on so many levels, but the feelings between us, everything we had said and done that summer and now that day, it all went into one beautiful storm in my mind, and when my mom looked into me, I knew, for the moment, I knew...

We loved each other. And nothing could break that bond. And I wouldn't let anything break it either. Not any force in nature.

Mom kissed me again, her mouth desperate and hungry and needing, her arms pulling at my back like she wanted us to meld into one being. But I broke out of her grasp. Because the needy look in her eyes told me something; she had crossed over some point of no return in her desires, and had become someone different.

Someone who needed me inside of her. No longer a mom that needed her son—she needed to be taken care of, and the way she kept trying to pull me into her told me she thought I could do it.

So I moved my hands up from where they were supporting myself, and put them behind mom's back, right into the small, and used her body, holding her firmly, securely. And for a second, she tensed.

I lifted my legs, braced them on the desk, and shifted upward.

Her body relaxed. She was completely vulnerable, held up by nothing but my arms and the leverage I was getting from pushing hard on the floor with my heels. I didn't just stay there, either, because that wouldn't have done it for mom.

She needed her son to fuck her. To be inside of her. So I let gravity help me, and pulled her downward as I thrusted my hips up. Mom yelped into my mouth when the first inch of my cock slid into her; mom's eyes rolled up, she bit into my lower lip and whimpered so desperately and needily as I buried another inch in her cunt.

It was crazy; the way her pussy throbbed around my naked erection—she couldn't stop herself, she moaned loud, and it echoed around the room, her body flexed and tightened and pushed back as if to fight the invasion, as if to try and deny what was happening, but it only took one final effort for me to push all the way into her and bury myself, hilt-deep in her body.

I held her there, held mom down over my dick, even though we both wanted her to move. Even though we both needed her to fucking move—but I felt my dad's watch on my wrist, a reminder of reality, that our families could be discovered soon, that our families were waiting outside and would eventually knock on the door and ask questions, that my father's words about how dangerous it was for a young boy to make mistakes like this still hung around my ears...

I broke away from our kiss, mom's mouth chasing mine as if afraid we'd stop, but when my hand went down to hold onto her hips, and guided them into moving, mom looked at me with a gaze as hungry and desperate as before, needing, insatiable, and when I told her 'Do it' in a low, rumbling voice, my mother gave in.

Mom started to grind down on my cock, slow at first, hesitant, and even through her clothes I could feel every bit of her skin; I was fucking my mom, but we were clothed, still. I could hear the sound of us; our combined breathing, ragged and wild. Our voices, mingling together. The wet smack of my dick between her legs. Her cunt juice as it dripped over the underside of my cock. The slickness between her pussy lips that bathed me, soaked my cock with spit and honey, and drove me harder, made me need, more and more

and more until suddenly I was bucking back at my mom, our movements out of sync, desperate and primal.

The desk thumped and trembled under us; we were like animals in heat, trying to get to each other, trying to take more and more of each other, the smell of sex growing thick and filling the office up to the point that it was all I could sense, until all I could feel was the scent and the taste, of my mom. Her tongue and mouth as we kissed and licked. The warmth and softness of her body as her arms wrapped around my shoulders. And between her legs... her sopping cunt. My cock was throbbing like a wound as it slammed into her thighs and against her slit, making my mom gasp, making her cry out despite herself, even though she tried to restrain it, even though she knew that at any moment someone could find us.

We knew it was bad, we knew we'd get caught, but we didn't care—in the haze of heat, all there was was the need, and the feeling of each other's body as our minds went dark with pleasure.

I couldn't see anymore, my vision was blurred over with how badly I needed this. I pulled my mom closer to me, crushing her against me, and then pulled on her shirt, undoing the buttons, one by one by one, until they came free and I tore it open. My mother gasped, pulled back and looked down at me in surprise; not even fully aware of what I was doing or why I was pulling at her. But when her blouse finally gave way, and I threw it away from us, onto the floor of the office, mom looked down at her exposed body, at the flush of her nipples and how erect they had gotten, and seemed to understand—something in her eyes shifted from desperate need to primal. Her arms wrapped around mine, and I reached down, groped her ass, squeezed her cheeks hard through her panties and made her arch into me.

It was time for more than just rubbing between her thighs.

As she arched, as she leaned back to show her pussy, pink and perfect with her wet mound gleaming in the light of the office, my dick rose, and settled, and then pushed.

I watched it go in; watched my cock enter my mother's pussy until every last bit of me was in her, and I could feel the slickness of her on the base, of her dripping over me; I was balls-deep inside of

my mom, and we were fucking panting as she looked down at herself and saw me filling her.

"God, Jared," my mom whimpered. "Your dick feels amazing." She looked at me, her face full of excitement. "Do you feel it?" She asked. "Feel me? It's all tight, right?"

"Incredible, mom—" I growled, and then reached out for her, took her hips, and brought her downward, so I could push back inside. When I filled her up, my mother squealed, arched, shivered, and went taut while her walls clenched around my cock and I started to thrust inside of her—slow at first, feeling the soft, velvety slickness of my mother, taking my time to enjoy the way she felt wrapped around me. But her pussy was quivering already from before, she'd been close to orgasm before we even entered, and when I thrust inside, it was like flipping a switch in my mom that changed everything; with one pump inside of her, one good push that let my tip slide against her insides, mom suddenly started to cry out.

I pulled myself off the desk and stood up, still holding onto my mother's waist, as she threw herself into me, burying her face against my neck, as she moaned louder than ever before: "Fuck me! Fuck me!! FUCK MEEE!!" I obeyed, grabbing her by the buttocks and lifting her up, keeping myself inside of her while I did so. With gravity assisting me, I pulled down, slammed her back into my cock and filled her to the hilt once again, and as my mother cried out and her entire body spasmed, her teeth gritting around my skin, I kept going, pulling her against me over and over again, fucking up into her as she screamed out in pleasure, her pussy tightening up with each new thrust until my body was burning too; the heat of hers, her juices slicking over every inch of me, the smell of our sex in the air, it was getting impossible to hold back. My mother's screams became higher, louder, her whole body quaking in my arms. I held her tight as she came on my cock, her fingers grasping me as hard as they could as her thighs spasmed wildly in the air. Her orgasm seemed endless, and only intensified as I didn't stop slamming up into her. It only ended when she was practically a ragdoll in my arms, moaning incoherently and dazed.

With a few last hard thrusts up into her, I finally spilled out, flooding my mother's tight cunt with jet after jet of cum. She was shuddering with each rope shot into her, crying out in pleasure from the sensation. Eventually, I managed to release my load completely into her and fell back against the desk, breathing heavily. Mom slumped over on top of me, gasping for breath, just as spent as I was. We stayed like this for some time, simply catching our breath and enjoying the afterglow. After a moment, I heard her softly laugh.

"What is it?" I asked.

She took another deep breath before replying, still chuckling. "That was... probably the most mind-blowing orgasm of my life."

"I'm glad to hear it," I replied.

"The first of many more to come," she added playfully. Then she slowly slid off my cock and rose to her feet. "You don't mind if I wash up first?" She asked.

"No worries," I said, watching as she headed over to her bathroom. "Just remember that we're meeting for dinner at seven o'clock sharp."

"Don't worry," Mom assured me. "I'll be there."

It might sound selfish, but part of the reason why I'd wanted us to try out our little game of pleasure was to get my mother to quit her job. After all, if I moved away after college, and wasn't there anymore for her to take care of... Well, then she'd have to find another job eventually. And it would be too much on top of everything else if she worked from six in the morning to ten at night. Especially since she could just stay home, taking care of herself, relaxing, going outside, getting a life again! That's what I really wanted, even though part of the whole deal was to be able to have a little fun with my mom in the process.

As I heard her turn on the shower, however, my thoughts turned back to that moment on the desk, when our eyes looked into one another as the very tip of my cock brushed past her labia, against the opening to her core...

My own hand slid down my shorts without thinking, and took hold of the shaft. Slowly, I started to stroke myself, reliving the sight

of my cock barely entering my mom's pussy... I wondered what it would have felt like. As wet as she was, as open and receptive... God, it probably would have felt like pure heaven to slide my cock fully inside...

I gave a firm squeeze, thinking about how much tighter she might have gotten if we went through with it, wondering how long I would have lasted before I filled her with my cum... I stroked faster and harder, breathing quickly, imagining shooting my seed deep into her, the very thought pushing me right to the edge of climax. I imagined pulling out, seeing my cum flowing out from inside her...

Just as I was about to start jerking off in earnest, however, there was a sudden, harsh knock on the door. My heart jumped into my throat as the pounding continued, followed by an angry man yelling: "Ms. Johnson?" The doorknob rattled. I had locked it after making sure nobody was waiting outside, so thankfully he couldn't just come right in—but now that wouldn't matter, since he knew exactly which room she was in.

"Yes," said Mom, her voice wavering in a way I'd never heard before. I looked at her—her hair was disheveled, and she was blushing, even redder than before. But I could see her eyes glinting in determination; though we'd been caught, she was still committed to playing her part to the end. And I didn't blame her.

The last thing I wanted was to get caught doing something that would force me to stay here.

She started pulling herself off me. "Is there something wrong?"

"I'm afraid there is! There has been a security breach at your home."

My mother froze on top of me. The blood drained from her face, and when she tried to speak, her words stammered out in her panic. "W-what? What do you mean? Is my son okay? Is he—"

"Please, let us in, ma'am."

That same voice, the man who'd escorted us both here after dinner, suddenly was calling out in the halls of the office building. As mom and I heard footsteps, I felt mom's thighs squeeze around me, my cock pulsing hard inside her still, even as we realized that someone else had entered the office building. My own blood was

freezing at the thought, but something in me wouldn't relent—something couldn't let go of my mom's soft skin, the scent of her perfume, the feel of her wetness against me. And so, though it wasn't logical or right, my body kept fucking against her.

Mom started to whimper, her legs flexing under her as I thrust up between her thighs, and her own body responded, her hips gyrating, rubbing along the length of my shaft while the tip of my cock pushed into her belly, sliding back and forth through her folds. She leaned toward me, bringing her mouth close, trying to kiss me, even as her eyes closed and her voice came out, strangled by pleasure:

"Someone's... there—"

We heard voices, muffled outside. The security guard, talking. Another male voice responded. A second guard, or another cop? No idea, and mom's pussy was still clenching me. And she wasn't getting off me, wasn't pulling away. Her tongue was flicking at me, the head of her cock brushing against her belly, slick with her juices. It didn't matter who else was in the office; there was no way to stop the momentum now.

"Jared," Cara gasped. "I can't do this—stop—"

I pushed upward. My mother was grinding, hard now, and her words were losing their urgency, her hands going limp behind me and her body falling forward so I took all of her weight; her eyes half-closed, unfocused, her mouth gasping for air like she was drowning and I was her last hope for breath. Her voice started to get louder, until I put one of my hands over her lips.

The security guard was walking somewhere out there, the other male speaking. There was laughter; the two had met each other then. They were standing not far from the door that my mother was currently leaning back on.

Her pussy was clenched tightly around me, and though I couldn't properly fuck her like this, there was just enough space for me to move the tiniest bit in and out of her; I did so, slowly, listening carefully, watching her face as she tried to hold back her cries but she simply could not resist me. She looked at me now, eyes focused, bright with desire, and even if I wanted to stop myself...

She wouldn't let me. She pulled herself up, off of me, leaving the wet tip of my cock barely touching her folds, the head just barely resting over her pussy. She licked her lips, gave me a look. Her voice was shaking, barely contained, and yet low. Arousing. Exciting. "Push it inside."

I gripped her hips and took her in hand; mom moaned, soft.

And then I lifted her up, pulled her forward, and slipped the full length of my cock up inside her.

It was slow; I watched as mom's eyes opened, widened, and her mouth became an open ring. A sigh went through her. The only other sound she made was the sharp inhalation of shock at the depth I reached. My cock slid all the way inside of her, filling her, pushing into her until we were one and her lips had found their way against mine again and we were kissing furiously. Mom was breathing hard and shaking her head, but she was kissing me too. "Oh—ohhh..." Her legs were spread for me, wrapped around me, heels resting on my ass. I pushed deeper, still, grinding against her clit even though my balls were smothered in her wetness, pushed right up against her ass.

And then it started slowly; at first, a grinding roll of hips as my body ground, pressed against my mother's. Then came the push. As my mother moved, her weight settled over my cock, and gravity took hold. My mother's hands gripped my shoulders hard and squeezed at me, fingers pressing into my bare skin as I filled her again, pushed inside of her, thrust into my mother's cunt in this tight heat that seemed never ending.

I wanted to watch us together, see how we looked in this dark cocoon of blanket and clothing, but I couldn't do anything but focus on where our bodies were joined, where the incredible warmth surrounded my cock like I'd never felt before... except for her mouth, and then—

Suddenly, my hand went out behind her knee, and I pushed, forced her leg up off the floor and held it up while I continued to slide in and out of her. Her cries grew louder with each plunge inside of her, and her face changed from disbelief and fear to excitement and need. I watched it happen; the moment when my mom turned

into something less than a lady, and more into someone who craved the dick inside of her.

My mother was fucking me now as I was fucking her, our bodies rocking in time, and my mother's gasps of pleasure turning into low whimpers and sighs of lust. My lips went to her ear, and I could hear it clearer: "Jared... baby... fuck... Jared..." The way she said it. Like a prayer, like an exaltation, like a plea...

She needed more. And fuck if I wasn't going to give it to her.

I lowered my arm; now both were holding my mom by the legs, her weight held by the pressure of my body. She squeaked and moaned as my hands pulled on the insides of her thighs, lifting her slightly and then pushing down again, the whole time her pussy squeezing me with tight heat.

"Jared," she begged, softly.

Her lips found mine. We kissed hard. And soon, her ass was hitting the desk behind her, and I had my mother's hips in my hands and was fucking her properly—or improperly, but it didn't matter, the tip of my dick slipped against her slit and my mother let out a sharp cry that I caught with my mouth. Her body stiffened and for a moment I thought I'd done something wrong until I realized her feet were curling against me, her arms tightening around my neck, her hips grinding up into me as best they could while my cock ground at her clit, over, and over, and over again.

Soon, I couldn't think straight. There was no going back, there was no turning aside or giving this pleasure up, because mom had already made this decision long ago, the minute we stepped into the building. She had planned this from the moment she put her shoes back on—from the way they were so short, and gave such easy access to her stocking-covered feet when she wanted me, and how easily I had gotten my cock inside her when we'd sat down together, when I'd eaten her pussy. My mom had gone home and masturbated furiously with what I'd started in her mind, and this was her finishing it.

She knew me well enough, because my own fingers went between us, and rubbed hard at her clit. Mom's hands clawed at my

neck and she whimpered, moaned, gasped into my ear; "F-fuck, honey, that... yes... yes..."

The whole world was our hot breaths as we kissed, as our tongues rolled against each other's and our mouths worked to get closer even though we were practically one person, our hips grinding, our bodies fucking, rubbing, my fingers going over her clit like a machine. My eyes opened for a second and I watched the door of the office as we humped furiously together in plain view, my mother riding my thighs, and soon I could tell by the franticness of her breathing, by how tightly her thighs closed on me, that she was coming. Her hands tightened on my neck and squeezed so tightly that I thought she was strangling me; but all her body did was lock, tense, as her thighs squeezed hard on my cock. It happened suddenly, a rush of wetness from her pussy and a sharp squeal into my mouth, a gasp that went with an exhale of held breath, and then her hips started to move in this frantic pattern, rubbing against my cock and fingers, the muscles of her pussy rippling along my dick. I closed my eyes tightly while she shuddered against me, and the sound of my hand rubbing hard on her clit sent my body tight.

And I felt the pleasure rising through me. This was happening fast, and hard, and without stopping, and every time my mom would rub back on me, it sent shocks through me, making me shiver, my toes curl inside my shoes, and my own need become greater and greater.

Mom was panting after her climax. She pulled away and looked at me through her eyelids. My cock twitched hard. Her body was still grinding on me; slowly now, but in a circular way that caused me to groan softly as she pressed against my cock, pushing against the top of it and rolling off, causing a sensation that sent tingles of pleasure down my spine. I saw her watching my face as I enjoyed her body, her hand trailing from my neck and down to my chest. Her eyes glanced down, and she stopped.

And then my mom did something that truly made everything different. She pushed herself upright, and lifted herself off of me. I felt a rush of cold air over my cock, and suddenly, felt so empty, so alone, left unconnected to the one thing that connected me most to

anything that ever had. I shivered in frustration. But before I could protest, she slid out from between the curtains, standing nude except for her knee high boots, and looked at me sideways while biting her lower lip.

Then she leaned forward, braced herself by spreading her legs wide apart, bent at her knees, and grabbed at the sheets of the makeshift tent like they were ropes. And her mouth, open with a look of wild desire, moved downward toward my cock.

I couldn't have guessed that my mother would be sucking my dick so soon, but there she was, on all fours, looking up at me while giving long, slow licks along the underside of my shaft. Her hair hung around her face, and she watched me watch her—watched the way she drove me crazy, licking slowly, deliberately up each side, bathing my cock with her tongue, flicking over my slit at the tip, gently brushing over it when she reached it and sending lightning through me with the feeling of the wet heat of her mouth barely touching my cock. She kept at this, until she finally pulled down hard on my cock, sliding me right into her mouth and slurping hard, her mouth closing over my cock and her head bobbing to work the first couple of inches of me inside her.

Then my mom pulled her mouth off of me again, her hand taking my cock and jerking me off slowly as she gave a long, drawn out kiss against the side of my dick, starting at the base of it and moving upwards along it in slow kisses, peppering it with lipstick marks, before kissing her way downwards to my balls. When she reached my sack, she opened her mouth, and sucked, hard, before kissing softly, then sucking again. She licked from her end of my scrotum up towards the middle where it connected to my shaft, and opened her mouth wide, stretching her lips wide around the thickest part of my girth, and gave a wet suck that echoed in the tiny room we had created. Then she went up, and wrapped her lips around my head again.

All the while I fucked between her thighs, and enjoyed watching her breasts dangle underneath her, watching the sweat collect in the valley of her cleavage, bouncing in rhythmic swaying from each of my thrusts forward. It was driving me crazy, having this view of my

mom's beautiful ass under me as she knelt beneath us, getting off by giving me pleasure. I could see the tension in her shoulders, the strain of holding back her screams, but then...

Then my body took over.

One moment, I was watching my mother, seeing her body tremble, her thighs rubbing against the length of my cock and her pussy lips squeezing tight. One moment, I was listening to the sound of her panting breath, to her little gasps and moans that signified how much she wanted me, needed me, like nothing else ever before. One moment, I was aware of everything except for what my cock needed.

In the next...

I shoved my mother away from me.

She gave a gasp of confusion and surprise, her hair wild and hanging in front of her face, her mouth wet and open, panting still. But in moments, I was tugging at her blouse, tearing it off of her body. The same with her bra; it fell from her shoulders and exposed her tits to me, large and plush, and bouncing with their weight. My mother lifted an arm up, about to cover herself, but when she saw the way my mouth worked as I looked over her, she didn't.

Instead, she lifted one hand to each of them, and began to rub them in slow circles.

I had taken off my clothes by then too. She saw how big my cock was, how angry and throbbing red it had gotten, swollen from the way she was fucking it between her thighs. She was staring at it like something out of a dream. "You want that, mom?"

"Yes," she said, without hesitation. "I want it."

"How badly do you want it? Enough to suck it right now?"

She swallowed and nodded quickly. "Yes."

And then she knelt down and gave a quick kiss to my dickhead before wrapping her mouth around it and sucking; I almost came in that instant, and as mom took it deep into her throat, I started to wonder if it really would be safe to cum inside.

And then her voice came up; "I don't want condoms between us ever again," she breathed, taking hold of my dick and squeezing tight. Her breath was warm, her tone firm. "No... birth control pills

either, they taste gross." And then her tongue swiped out and lapped over my cock, before kissing it. "Cum in my mouth... cum for your Mommy..."

It wasn't something I could ignore.

Her mouth went back down to suck me and the pleasure was too great to ignore, as well as her demand.

Mom gave a moan as she pulled back up, looking up at me with a smirk. She kissed up my chin, licked at me, kissed me once, and then pushed herself backward and spun herself around, bending over. When she spoke, it was breathless, excited: "Now fuck your mother."

She didn't need to tell me twice.

I stood, my mother's skirt still dangling from one ankle. I moved forward, taking my mother by the hips and sliding myself between her legs again, the wet of her thighs soaked from her arousal, as well as how thick she was leaking right now. It felt like my mother's body had turned liquid; each push between her legs slid along with my cock, made a wet slap as my hips collided with hers, until she gave a loud moan and reached down between her legs, her fingers spreading so she could pull at her labia and create a perfect opening for me to slip through and grind my pelvis into her ass.

Her shirt was unbuttoned, hanging open across her breasts as she pressed over the desk in front of her, but when she reached around behind her and grabbed my hand, it wasn't to keep me away. It was to guide it to her tits, my palm cupped over the heavy curves of them and feeling her nipples, erect, aching, as hard as they ever get when she gets really turned on. I squeezed her chest, massaging them, before she finally pushed her panties out of the way entirely, and looked at me over her shoulder as I rubbed my length along the crack of her ass. "We don't have any condoms," she panted.

I took hold of the base of my cock and slid it against my mom's pussy lips one more time, watching the shiver go through her body. "I know."

"What do you want?" Her voice was tight, breathless. The tip of my dick ran up to her clit, and I rubbed gently there for a long minute before moving back down. I watched her pussy flex as I

pushed the head of my cock there again. She was dripping. I could hear the sound as my crown pushed into her, and then moved away again.

It made me hungry, made me needier than ever before. "Do you really think condoms are going to work if I cum inside of you?"

The way Mom looked at me from over her shoulder sent shivers all through my body. "I know," she moaned. "But we can't—"

"Mom..."

She closed her eyes as my cock ran over her entrance again, and her pussy throbbed, so hard, as it dripped onto me. "Jared."

And then she was turning, and climbing over me, and pushing me back against the desk, her skirt hanging over my stomach, her breasts pressed against my chest as she stared at me hungrily, desperately, looking into my eyes and biting her lower lip, shivering.

As she lowered herself down onto her hands, looking into my face and making those same little sighs and moans of desperation and frustration. The fabric of her blouse hung over my body, tickling my stomach.

But when her pelvis started to flex, to dip and rub and move her cunt over my cock, everything seemed to stop existing, except the sensation of hot pussy lips riding across my cock, and her moans growing louder.

Her panties had twisted, pulled to one side, but I could feel the way her pubic hairs ran through my own, her soft blonde tuft brushing through the thicker hairs around my cock, her thighs spread as far as she could manage so her pussy could open for me, so her clit could have all the room it needed to run under my girth as she rode up and down it. She moved in small bursts, and then long sweeps, always pushing back and grinding down onto my shaft and then pulling back again to push a shivering wave of pleasure along my flesh until we'd get close to the tip and do it all over again. Her eyes closed, her mouth opened, the moans and groans and whimpers came from her as her body worked to give us both pleasure.

"Jared," my mother gasped. "I want you to cum for me. Cum... cum so fucking deep inside..."

She knew this wasn't an option; I couldn't cum in her. We'd already gone far enough, beyond enough. And I wanted nothing more than to cum inside of my mom. To feel it, shooting right into her, my orgasm rushing through her...

I groaned and bit down on my lip. Mom started to ride faster, the slapping wet noises coming out from under her skirt, the wet smacking noise every time my cock ground across her pussy lips, over her clit. The sound made me crazy, and as I continued to fuck against her body, I held on tighter. My mother was whining louder. My legs were shaking, my toes curling inside my shoes, my fingers tightening around her thighs and hips as they rode my cock, my mom panting now, the desperation soaring through us both.

I pulled myself forward, holding onto my mother's body so tight that I felt sure my fingerprints would be on her pale flesh forever, marking her with the memory of tonight. With the knowledge of how good my mother is at sex.

The bed was right there, only feet away. Mom let herself drop backward when she realized what I wanted, when I lifted myself off the desk and wrapped her in my arms and pushed her off of me for only an instant; an agonizing, terrifyingly long instant. We stumbled into each other as we reached for the bed and the blankets covered us as I brought my cock back toward my mom and felt it grind over her pussy again, and we were both moaning, gasping as our faces closed together, our mouths opened for each other, and as I kissed her, fucked against her, slid between her pussy lips, teased at her clit, I felt everything coming apart.

I didn't care about consequences anymore. I wanted to cum inside of my mother, so badly... so fucking badly, that it became my only thought. All I could think of was the hot, wet insides of my mom, waiting for me. I wanted her to get pregnant by her son. I wanted to fill my mom's womb. I wanted to watch my cock shoot its load inside of her and have her take all of it.

"Jared," she said, panting against my lips, breaking her kiss for a moment, "I... this isn't going to stop, I..." she shook her head as we panted against one another, and then she pressed herself back onto me, her mouth on my tongue and her legs lifting and wrapping

around me as she pulled herself close against my body, making me shiver and start to gasp.

Her voice had broken out of itself, the carefulness had faded. It was like we had done away with all of the rules last night and now there was nothing left but sex. Her mouth was hungry and desperate, her hips bucking against me, her pussy grinding hard over my cock, and I shuddered from it; it was insane, and felt so good, how mom knew exactly how to rub her pussy against me and make me crazy. But still I wanted to be inside of her. My hands went to my mom's sides and gripped them hard; her thighs rubbed back and forth as I lifted her, and set her on top of the desk again, laying her back, but I followed her up, keeping my body above hers so that when she spread her legs again, my cock settled against her cunt and made us both cry out in pleasure.

We kissed through it; kissed and licked each other, moaned together as we kept doing it, sliding our tongues into each other's mouths as our bodies worked with the desperation of two people who knew they were being bad, but just didn't care.

The taboo of fucking my own mother was something else. The thought of it was hot, but knowing that my dick was pushing at her entrance? Knowing that with just one motion, I could fill her...

It was a feeling of power and madness.

I fucked her thighs some more, sliding myself along her cunt and rubbing myself hard against her clit. Our bodies were slick with sweat as I laid on top of her and kept kissing her, kept teasing myself by almost penetrating, but then not. She wasn't ready for this yet, so soon; even though her pussy was drenched in its own excitement, the thought of going all the way had scared us both.

As if reading my mind, mom leaned backward and pulled my dick upward, before she pressed it against herself, hard enough that I entered her a little bit. She looked at me and smiled as my eyes widened from the incredible sensation. And then she moved backward again, keeping my cock out and away from herself.

She was teasing me. And it was making me crazy.

"Mom," I hissed, "you're being too mean..."

That made her smile a mischievous little smirk, like some sort of devil. Her green eyes sparkled and her lips went down over the edge of her jawline as she grinned at me. She pushed her hips toward mine, until I felt myself slip just barely between her, so close to entering her, to filling her completely. Then she'd pull back, grinning all the while.

"Come get me, son..."

I took hold of her and lifted; her body was light as her feet touched to the ground for a moment before her legs parted, wrapping around my waist, her ankles crossing behind me and locking me in place. When she pressed me closer to her, I slipped between her legs again, teasing, and then I reached down and grabbed my cock in one hand.

And I positioned it at her entrance, the hot wetness burning against the tip, the feel of it maddening, as if taunting me to go further. Mom was trembling all over, her face red and flushed, and when my cock found her, she closed her eyes, her hips twitched upward, her pussy clenched. "Do it," she groaned, and then I did.

Her body was slick with sweat, and the effort I had to use to pull her into me made it even better; I was holding my mom tightly, pulling her body downward with my dick inside of her, fucking her hard and pushing my cock deeper and deeper. Mom wasn't moaning loudly; she was biting on her lip so hard to keep quiet that it seemed as if she was about to draw blood. The sounds she made were sharp, breathless, gasps, her green eyes wide as she took my girth like some sort of virgin girl; the idea excited me, though I knew it wasn't true, and somehow, knowing that this was not new for her made me fuck her harder. My legs shook with each thrust; the desk under us rocked and wobbled slightly, and whenever I pulled my mother to me, a little gasp would be pushed from her lips, a little whine of delight before she'd bite down again and silence herself, and when I pushed up, another would come—I watched, felt, experienced, as I filled and fucked her.

She had me hypnotized, caught in her gaze, entranced by every bit of her. I wanted to savor it, I wanted to go on forever, but the more we looked into each other's eyes, the closer we got to orgasm,

until finally mom's gaze softened, and then she looked away, embarrassed at her feelings and what she was showing. She wrapped one arm around my head, pulling me to her chest, smothering me slightly as my lips touched the soft skin and kissed, licked, sucked at whatever they could get their mouths on. Her breasts bounced gently against my face as she held me there, while my hips sped up, the forceful motions becoming quicker as I went. Her moans became whines, her whines became desperate gasps for breath and her hands grasped for purchase as her legs tried to close and hold my waist tight. "Oh—" she moaned out, suddenly looking into my eyes once more. I pushed harder. "Ohh-ohhh!" She cried, trying so hard to keep quiet that she seemed to be going mad with how good it felt. "Jared!" My name was gasped, panted, whined as my cock filled her, again and again, taking what she offered and sending us both to delirium. I grabbed her ass in both my hands and pulled her up into each thrust, pulling her to me, fucking her, making my mother take every inch of my dick, using the slickness of our bodies to push and grind over her clit while we fucked. And through all this, we were fucking with our eyes locked; our bodies shaking, trembling together, joined... one.

It was then that I came inside her, feeling the throb of her pussy, knowing that she was so close to cumming that her body was begging for it—but mom froze, suddenly realizing what she was about to do—I was about to cum inside of her—when I was suddenly overcome by that impossible orgasm, and a gasp escaped my lips just as hers did, just as my cum pumped into her, shot after shot, wave upon wave—mom's body started shaking harder, faster than ever as she felt my cum pumping into her, my balls tensing and throbbing with each release, each gush filling my mom's unprotected cunt.

"Oh God!" Mom cried out as she came; the moment I finished cumming, I pulled my still-hard dick out of her and knelt down, burying my face in her slit and licking as much of myself out of her as I could. In seconds she was coming again from my mouth, the hot slick of my cum mixing with her own tangy juices until the mixture pooled over my tongue. When I'd lapped up enough I took

my cock into my mouth and sucked the rest of myself off of my erection and swallowed that too, and mom moaned at the sight, watching me eat our mingled arousals was an instant trigger for her orgasm, and as she came her moans turned to high keening and finally, breathless sighs.

And only then did mom slump against my chest, spent, drained and exhausted from such intense lovemaking. "Jared," she murmured when she caught her breath. "Did you..." She struggled to form the words, unable to process what had happened. "Did you finish inside?" Her head lifted to meet my eyes and her hands gripped my face. "You need to get me Plan B—fuck Jared, I can't believe we got so caught up in everything that we lost track—"

I didn't let her finish before I pressed a kiss to her mouth. "Shhh," I breathed over her lips, trying to calm her.

"No, no! We fucked up and it wasn't even intentional this time—if I get pregnant it's really going to be fucked up, not like your first time where it was just a matter of timing—and we've been so crazy these last few days—"

"Mom," I whispered gently, holding her body close. "Listen to me."

She closed her mouth, though the tension in her shoulders never stopped. "Yes?"

I leaned in close, letting my forehead touch hers. My cock was hardening again, thanks to our closeness. But all I wanted now was... her.

I spoke with all of myself, and it was true:

"Mom. You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

I took mom by surprise—her body shivered under mine, her eyes blinking rapidly and her body tensing like I'd shocked her. And when she looked at me...

It was real.

No masks, no walls. Just us.

Our lips met in a deep, searing kiss as we melted together, lost in our lovemaking. It wasn't just mom, or Cara, now. It wasn't just Jared, or son... it was all of it. She had become my love and lover and partner. And I'd become her husband and boy toy and... her

son, at once. Mom rolled her hips slowly as I kissed her deeper, loving the way her pussy brushed across my cock, over and over again. There was no urgency or rush; just gentle movement and affection.

"Oh honey," mom groaned against me. "I wish we'd done this sooner." She shivered and ground harder against me. I reached down to pull her panties off and threw them onto her desk, before reaching lower and grabbing hold of her ass. Fuck, did mom have an amazing ass—firm and round and plump in all the right ways. My hands squeezed greedily at her cheeks, causing her to push even harder into me, if it was even possible. The more I grabbed her ass and the harder she ground herself, the deeper and thicker I got. By now, my hardon was aching; it was begging for some kind of release, but there was no way I'd end this unless mom was ready too.

We both wanted it. But at the same time, I knew there were limits; limits I wanted to push past...

So instead, I shifted forward suddenly, catching mom by surprise; in one easy motion, I had her on the desk, and I had crawled down between her legs. She was gasping for air, and it wasn't until I spread her pussy lips apart, looked right up at her, that her breath stopped.

And she stared, uncomprehending, into my eyes.

But just as quick as that, I dove between her thighs again.

"Jared—"

Her moan echoed as I licked her with a fury I didn't realize I could muster. My tongue danced, played across the wet slit, the throbbing folds, the pink insides, lapping and kissing, and letting my tongue slip deep inside while my mother thrashed above me, bucking her hips upward like the whole act of me eating her out was painful. Her fingers curled through my hair, her thighs clenched, and the moans kept coming out of her. "Jared," she panted.

And then I was pushing upward, my fingers finding the zipper on her skirt from the rear and pulling, unzipping it quickly before tossing it to the side, exposing her perfect ass—it was large enough to spill over my hand, firm and pliant and the exact fucking sort that

you'd love to take and hold with both hands while you fucked her doggystyle or rode her hard. The ass bounced enticingly in her panties as I reached to touch it, squeeze it, and the sensation caused her to shiver all over, her moaning going wild, like she couldn't stand it anymore. "Jared!"

I pulled off long enough to pull down her underwear, and the sight of it, her fat, wet pussy, pink and ready and soaking after an orgasm was almost too much to bear; without hesitation, I dove back between her thighs and took her, licked her, savored the tanginess, sucked her juices into my mouth and let my tongue slide past the slit again and again, each time tasting a fresh wave of wetness. Mom wasn't just soaking; she was drooling pussy juice because of me, her thighs were shaking, trembling with excitement and need while she ground against me, desperate for release.

It took a moment for it to sink in, when my mom's breathing quickened. Her gasps became more frantic, and when I glanced upward, her head was craned downward, eyes closed tight, and then a groan started low in her belly as I realized what was happening—and then she cried out, and trembled all over.

I'd given my mother another orgasm.

Fuck, oh fuck—she was squeezing my face with her thighs, trying to get away, but I held her still by the hips as she shook through the climax, gasping, shuddering, whimpering. My face was soaked from nose to chin, my tongue darting out to lap at her as best as possible so I could savor every drop of her delicious climax. I wanted it all. All of it. As much as possible. Mom had no escape, no choice but to ride me for a short eternity, each wave of climax crashing through her over and over.

When she finally settled down, her mouth went to mine. Her tongue tasted herself while I kissed her. Our bodies moved together, one on the desk, one standing up. Together we slid against each other like puzzle pieces finding a home.

For the moment, everything was okay. No thought about whether or not mom should be doing this, no consideration about whether or not something could happen. There was nothing but bliss. The taste of my mother's pussy was thick on my tongue as I licked her off her

own lips, and our tongues danced together. She sighed and moaned softly as I held her hips tight against mine.

Eventually, she pulled away, and looked at me with half-lidded eyes. "Jared," she croaked. "I need to... I want to..." She trailed off and then shook her head. "Fuck," she whispered, before burying her face into my neck again.

I turned slightly so she would be facing outward. I had an idea, a crazy idea. But if anything was going to make this moment even crazier, more exciting, maybe just more perfect...

This would do it.

I scooted to the side slowly, making sure that I didn't pop out from between her thighs, which meant that my mother walked sideways for a short distance until she could see out the window, and gasped. She stopped immediately, frozen by what was about to happen. And I took hold of her hips and started to fuck between her thighs again, my dick pulsing and pushing, stroking the soft of her entrance and brushing at her clit every time.

Mom made a whining moan. I could hear some fear in it; we weren't entirely alone out here. A couple people walking by could stop and look upward. And they'd see mom's ass sticking out, see her hips moving slightly, and see my hand sliding along them, and see that one leg was higher than the other... and they'd realize what we were doing.

That mom was getting fucked right now, but not by a cock. By my dick, rubbing between her pussy lips.

Mom put her hands against the glass. She leaned forward, so she could watch, and as I slid my dick between her legs again, Mom whimpered, her body giving a slight shake of protest, her voice cracking. "We need to stop," she whispered, her breath fogging the glass. "Jared..."

Mom's pussy squeezed. It wasn't intentional, but there was something about being in this moment together that made me feel closer to her, closer than I ever felt with any other partner, and maybe that was why this had been amazing, why I needed more, why I couldn't let things end even if this was the only thing we

would do tonight, this insane, unspoken taboo between us coming to its logical conclusion.

My hands pulled my mom back, so she was against me. One went to her breasts, holding, gripping one of them gently while my other arm supported her against me. "Not yet," I said, my lips pressed against her earlobe. My mother moaned and shivered and tried to resist me but it didn't work. It wasn't the resistance from before; it was simply her own desire fighting against what she knew was right, what she believed was wrong. "Don't you want to cum?" I asked, and Mom nodded slowly as my tongue ran along her neck. "Didn't it feel good, to have my mouth on you? My dick?" Mom nodded again, her ass grinding, pressing into me, my cock twitching against her clit again and making her gasp as she shuddered in pleasure, a new moan following.

Mom wanted more than anything to say yes, to beg for my cock, to let it fill her. I could sense it. But her morality battled with her primal desires.

I helped push the scales in my favor. I used both of my hands to grip her hips, and moved myself so that instead of teasing at her clit with my dick, my cock was running along her folds. "It would feel so much better," I murmured, kissing her shoulder, her hair, anywhere I could. My tongue ran down her neck and Mom shuddered, and finally pushed herself forward and looked back. Our gazes locked as I leaned to kiss her, lightly, just a press of lips. She was silent for a moment, just watching.

"Jared—"

I kissed her again, a harder one this time.

Then I pulled my mom upward and slid her off of my lap, setting her on the ground.

And then she watched, breathing fast and trembling, as I put my arms around her thighs. And pulled her, lifted her, set her back on top of me.

So that my cock rubbed back against her panties, right at her slit.

Mom's hand went up to my mouth.

I held her close.

And pushed my cock into her cunt.

It was amazing. My mother's eyes opened wide and a small noise came from the back of her throat, and when her hands went behind my back, digging into me, pushing through my shirt, I could feel how frantic she was, how wild and desperate as the reality of my cock going inside of her hit home. I could feel my mother's heart speeding up, as the thick intrusion, the hard girth of my cock went into her soft, wet insides, spreading her open and making her cry out quietly, my own eyes going wider and my body tightening around her as our hips pressed together, and we felt each other.

It was like nothing I could have expected. No wonder so many people were addicted to this. My cock throbbed and pulsed and every vein of mine was feeling an insane, unbelievable squeeze around it, and as I pulled back and felt the resistance of her pussy, I groaned; her walls didn't want to let go of me, her hole squeezing and holding onto my shaft, pulling upward with it before letting go and leaving me trembling, wanting nothing else in my life but this: but my dick, fully covered with my mother's juice, dripping over me, soaking into my pants and boxers, ready to fuck and breed her properly.

"Mom—" I growled.

I wanted it. I wanted her, so fucking bad.

And I knew she did too. She was biting into my shoulder, holding on for dear life, her legs quivering under us, but not from fatigue. I could tell; from excitement. The tension.

There was so much fucking tension, the need was becoming impossible to control. She kept grinding into me, rolling her hips forward and giving gentle little twitches, as if trying to tease the head of my cock to go into her...

I was losing myself in this girl, my mother, the way her body rocked on mine, the way my cock pushed against her clit, the feeling of my precum slipping over it and making everything that much easier. And soon, with each rub, she was crying out a little, softly, into my ear, as she lost herself. As she felt my cock throbbing harder, as I gave up on holding myself back and focused on her pleasure, on pleasing her, she was crying out.

And when we hit the cusp together, she went stiff. Her pussy quivered, I could feel her orgasm washing through her thighs and her stomach and her arms... all over. It was electric, pure bliss, and my cock exploded, spurting my cum everywhere, all over my lap, covering mom's mound, and dribbling down her thigh.

Her pussy clenched on nothing, still quivering with pleasure, while my cum sprayed all over it, coating her soft mound, dripping over her thighs and mine, staining our clothes.

Eventually, mom started to relax into my arms. We both breathed hard. Mom let herself fall down from the desk, onto the floor of the office, where she panted, naked except for her shoes and stockings and shirt. She looked up at me as I stood up over her, admiring my mom's body and the wet that clung to her mound and thighs.

She looked up at me, blinking like she was coming out of some sort of dream. "Jared... honey—"

"We've gone too far."

My mother nodded slowly. Then her hand lifted and gestured for me to join her, on the floor, on the mess of paperwork and files and binders, the detritus of our passion spread all around us.

I joined my mother on the floor. Her gaze was intense on mine; I saw nothing but her face. "We can't stop now, honey."

"You're right, mom," I answered. "It's not fair if I'm having all the fun..."

My mother lay out flat on the floor. She shifted backward, spreading her legs so that they wrapped around me. "Jared... baby —" she paused to laugh gently—"you don't have to ask. Please..." she gave a gentle twitch of her hips.

But I didn't move right away. I looked down at her face and took it in. We'd come a long way, but this was new for me. In spite of everything, I'd never thought about my mom as a woman, really. The thoughts had always been in terms of how to keep going, to enjoy, to savor; the sex with my mom was something that just happened, something to take advantage of while it lasted. Now, however, here was my mom, begging me to put myself inside of her, to truly, deeply, fuck her.

Her hair splayed over the files on the ground. Her lips parted. The only light from above shining down at us, casting half her body in shadow and the other half in the light. She breathed slow and heavy, and as I took hold of myself, positioning over her, my cock touching at the entrance again, her breathing went faster.

I reached out, ran my fingers through her hair and leaned into kiss her. And I could feel mom smile against my mouth as I slowly sank into her.

Every second was torture, the pleasure was indescribable—all I knew was that I wanted more. My hips pushed forward and I felt it, the heat of her cunt overwhelming, the wet and the feeling like it was pulling me inward, deeper. Mom gasped suddenly, moaning, as I filled her, inch by agonizing inch sinking into my mom. We paused when we heard the noise from outside the office, but then the sound went away—a janitor? Or a nighttime security guard? They must have gone into another office.

Mom's legs trembled and I held her by the ankles while I sunk deeper inside. When our bodies met, completely, joined and uniting...

We came together.

The moment she realized I was fully inside of her, that she'd taken me entirely, she shivered and sighed, before tensing and squeezing hard on me as I flooded her insides with cum. Mom moaned against my ear as I emptied myself inside of her; the pleasure was unlike anything else in this world. It felt different to cum, bareback inside of my mom. I felt it filling her, flooding her, filling up every inch and then dripping out past her opening.

I pulled my hips back slightly so I could see between her thighs—the head of my cock peeked out from between her puffy lips, cum dribbling down it and down the cleft. "Oh my God," I muttered to myself, taking in the sight of us together, the visual of it so perfect and beautiful that I never wanted to be out of my mom again.

Her face went into my hair, she made a whining noise against my neck, and her pussy twitched around my shaft, milking even more cum out of me. And all at once, with the feeling of the afterglow, the heat, the tightness, the realization of what we were doing...

I couldn't stand it anymore.

I pulled out of mom fast and she fell onto her back on the desk while I spun around in the chair. With my eyes closed I grabbed at my cock and milked it, squeezed and tugged, letting my seed spill out and pool beneath me; some of it splashed across my front, some of it dribbled over my hand, and still more spilled along mom's shins.

We panted, looking at each other. Mom smiled, and laughed softly, lifting an arm to cover her forehead as she relaxed. She licked her lips slowly. Then, before she sat up, she looked down and giggled again, looking down at her feet.

"You came a lot," she purred, sliding one finger down her leg and dipping it into the mess of cum that coated both her shin, part of her thigh, and had formed a puddle underneath her foot. "You really couldn't wait to be inside of your mother, huh?"

Her voice was playful, and I laughed softly too. It wasn't the sex, or maybe it was? Either way, my heart felt ready to burst. There was so much excitement in knowing we'd been so close—but also a sense of dread.

Because it wasn't enough anymore. This thing... whatever it was, I knew that the feeling, the high, would be even greater if...

I didn't deny myself. If I took mom the way I wanted to. Filled her the way I needed to.

My hands closed over mom's sides and she started to smile, a big, excited grin spreading across her face as I lifted her up. The sweaty cover of mine and hers drifted away slightly, allowing cool air to come around us once again, before she pressed the covers shut. In doing so, her breasts squeezed against my chest and she looked into my eyes. "Jared?" She whispered.

"Take your panties off," I said softly.

She gave another trembling whine. "Are you going to—"

I interrupted her by giving another hard push with my hips, driving the head of my cock over her clit and making her give a squeaking groan, her head tilting back with bliss. After taking a moment to recover, she laughed softly and stood up on her feet, one shoe slipping off the desk while her body remained twisted. The motion pushed my cock free of its position, but that was fine; I could

see how badly mom needed these panties gone. They were soaked through.

In slow motion, she pushed them down, and the scent of her musk grew more intense. My mom's beautiful pussy was dripping, leaking juice over the backs of her thighs... and I couldn't resist.

My fingers reached for her panties and pulled them away. They clung slightly to her skin as I tugged them downward. When I had enough room, I ducked in between her legs once again—my mom let out a sudden, shocked cry of pleasure as my mouth connected with her dripping cunt, my tongue sliding in deep and my nose pressing against her clit.

"Fuck!" Mom cried, as I went crazy, licking, lapping, fucking her pussy with my tongue, tasting her insides and letting myself melt into her scent. Mom started grinding herself onto my face, trying to push her perfect peach onto my lips as I ate her out like I wanted to consume every single inch of her body.

"Baby..." My mom whimpered. "Ahh..."

I sucked harder, faster, my lips tugging at her folds, the wet of her dripping all the way down to her asshole, tickling against that tight little pucker and sending waves of shuddering bliss through her that caused her thighs to clench, the inner muscles squeezing me tighter.

There were some things we needed. We would need condoms, lots of them, and we'd need time, lots of it. There was only one more thing, and it came from me. A hard suck against her clit, a pull of her cunt flesh into my mouth and a hard grind with my tongue on her button made mom shriek into her fist, as her body spasmed, and I felt a sudden, sharp rush of heat in the already sweltering confines of the bed cover; my mom's pussy was gushing on me, and she had to struggle to contain herself, lest someone outside hear the muffled screaming and grunting that she tried to shove through her clenching hand.

And that sound made me erupt; I couldn't control myself either, feeling like an explosion ripped inside of my stomach, shooting out through my hips and my cock in the biggest, longest eruption of cum I'd ever had, all while my mom rubbed herself against me,

trembling. The orgasm hit her body once more, but with less violence, causing a deep twitching along her spine and her toes to curl as the pleasure moved through her.

Eventually, she stopped trembling, and slumped against me.

Mom's weight was slight, her breasts pressed up against me, warm and soft and yielding, her skin smooth as silk, damp with sweat and radiating a feverish glow as if her whole being had transformed into molten lava. She pulled herself closer to me, pressing the length of her beautiful, curvaceous body into mine.

The scent of her hair filled my nostrils; the subtle strawberry scent that I always associated with my mother mixed with the earthier, muskier odors of sex permeated the air between us, creating an atmosphere that seemed intoxicating and almost dream-like in its intensity. I closed my eyes and allowed myself to become lost in it, relishing every sensation, from the feel of Cara's long hair tickling my cheeks to the taste of her lips on mine, still tinged with the hint of saltiness from the juices of my precum. The sound of our breath mingling was the only noise above the steady hum of the computer's fan; no cars passed by on the streets below, no televisions played in other rooms—we were totally alone, enclosed in our own cocoon of lustful oblivion.

In the distance, I thought I heard voices; one low and rumbling, the other shrill and feminine. A door opened and shut and they got louder. My mother looked up at me questioningly for a moment before she realized why I was suddenly wide awake. Her eyes widened slightly and she covered her mouth to hide her smirk as footsteps neared. "Don't make a sound," she whispered, kissing me tenderly as my heart pounded wildly in my chest. I wasn't sure if it was out of fear or arousal; most likely both. It was exciting being with her like this but getting caught would be devastating, not just to us personally, but also for all of our friends and families involved in the investigation. What would people think? Would they think I had somehow coerced her into doing it? That I had groomed her or seduced her somehow? I bit down hard on my lip, focusing on the physical pain rather than the emotional. I couldn't think about that.

Not right now, anyway. All I needed to concern myself with was being as quiet as possible.

When George's voice faded away as quickly as it had come, I let out a breath I hadn't even known I'd been holding. Mom grinned and lowered herself down once again so that she could resume what we'd been doing before.

"This is insane..." she murmured quietly as she pressed another kiss against my lips, pushing my cock between her slick thighs as if to remind herself of exactly where we were...what we were doing. She seemed almost incredulous, shocked even by the mere concept of fucking her own son. Then, without warning, she started grinding against my cock faster than before. We were both too far gone for anything slow or tender now; all we cared about was chasing our pleasure until we both came undone together.

It didn't take long until I felt the tingling begin; it was like electricity surged through every nerve-ending in my body, my very bones buzzing with energy. The closer I got to my orgasm, the more my senses dulled; soon, the only thing I was aware of was how close I was, the heat of mom's skin, the smell of her perfume mingling with our sweat, the taste of her tongue tangling with mine...and then finally, after what felt like an eternity, I erupted. Thick ropes of hot, sticky cum exploded from the tip of my cock, coating not only mom's smooth thighs but also hitting her panties, shirt and skirt as well.

Her eyes shot open as she realized what had happened, and just as she did, her entire body stiffened before going limp in my arms as her own orgasm ripped through her, causing her whole body to tremble. When it was over, we were both panting like we'd run a marathon, our hair drenched in sweat, hearts beating like drums. The look on mom's face was pure bliss; she looked absolutely beautiful, her cheeks flushed pink, eyelids heavy with exhaustion, her lips swollen, red and raw...

"We shouldn't have done that," she said softly once she'd caught her breath enough to talk, sounding like she regretted it. But I knew better than that. "We could have gotten in trouble."

"We?" I cocked a brow at her. It was fun watching her try and act like she wasn't a part of this. "That seems to be something I don't quite understand yet." I moved, and my cock shifted inside of my mom, causing her to gasp. I saw her shiver a little bit, before she let out a moan and pulled herself away from me.

"We have work to do here," she insisted, shaking her head. But she couldn't stop staring at my erection. I knew what she wanted, I really did.

"If you say so." I rolled my eyes, pulling my shirt on. I looked down at my crotch for a moment, trying to figure out what exactly to do about this situation. The truth of the matter was, my dick wasn't going soft; Mom was still right there, and all I had to do was bend her over her desk and fuck her stupid.

But no. She said we had to wait until after work, which was in six hours. If I could last six hours with an erection, it'd be impressive. My pants were straining from trying to contain it, anyway. Fuck! If only she wasn't dressed in such a sexy outfit. Sure, maybe if she dressed in sweats and a baggy t-shirt then my cock would behave itself, but when she dressed like that, she should know damn well that her son was going to fantasize about her and get hard.

I took a deep breath and decided to see if I could make myself calm down. It didn't take long before I saw that I was wrong in this assumption; no matter how hard I thought of other girls at my school, no matter how much porn I imagined... Nothing stopped my dick from staying rock hard.

It felt like a rod between my legs. It actually hurt having it so tight in my underwear; maybe if I released the pressure on my shaft for just a minute, let it relax and breathe, then maybe it would go back to normal? No, I told myself, I would not touch myself.

At least not yet.

I tried closing my eyes and ignoring my boner, letting my brain relax from thinking about the girls who sat by me in class, or the naked tits I'd seen online, which did bring a small sense of relief to my mind, but even so, my boner ached and I still couldn't think of anything but cumming. This was too big, something told me. Something primal screamed within my heart that it wasn't okay for

my own mom to be the one sending me into this state! I could barely stop thinking about the way she'd felt earlier when she had been licking up my cock before sucking it into her mouth... and of course that wasn't any better, since it made my body react as though she really was on top of me, moaning around my cock right now.

But still, my hand started moving downwards. I looked towards the side and closed my eyes as my fingers passed over the band of my sweat pants, and I moved until I met with my boxers, running my fingers over my erection until I reached its base...

I grabbed it hard and let out a shaky breath before finally closing my eyes and slowly, trying to think of another girl at school. But nothing seemed to work; all I wanted was for my mom to be on top of me once again, doing to me everything she did last night. So, eventually, I stopped denying myself and started stroking along my full length, my hand stopping whenever it got too far. I tried to keep my thoughts on my mom's voice whenever she moaned, but soon the memory became vivid, making it very difficult not to stroke faster, especially considering how many times I thought about her in bed alone...

After what felt like hours, I stopped pretending and fully grabbed hold of my dick, immediately beginning to pump up and down with increasing speed. I kept hearing her moans echo in my head, her breaths growing loud in my ears until she was there. My mom's lips wrapping around my shaft, pulling me deeper into her mouth...

All that while she rode my face the same way I had done to her that night, pushing harder onto me each time, so close that I could practically feel myself being pressed against something warm, tight... soft. Her scent wafted through the air as she moved; I inhaled it, took it inside me. It was thick and sweet.

My imagination kept taking off and building this fantasy of our shared lust. It was easy to pretend when my dick throbbed at the thought of feeling that softness surrounding me. With all those thoughts circling in my brain, the desire to bury myself inside her overrode every bit of reason left in my head.

But even then, we didn't go through with it. As badly as we both wanted to... we didn't. Instead, my imagination would be what got us off, as together, we came on each other once more.

This time, though, it was me that reached climax first; my mom had my cock in her hand, stroking and pumping it eagerly. "Are you going to cum again for me baby?" she breathed, the words driving me over the edge. My whole body clenched and I shot rope after rope, my load thick and hot, shooting so hard that a couple of blasts went between her breasts before my mother could get it into her mouth.

My eyes were glued to my mother's tongue, rolling around as it tasted me. She kept stroking, pulling every last drop out. Then, with my cock still rock solid, she let out a trembling breath and pushed herself upright. For a second, I worried that she'd regret what happened. What we had just done. But from the look she gave me, all those fears vanished.

Instead, I watched as she turned away from me and climbed back up on to the desk. Then she spread her legs wide, and looked at me.

I didn't hesitate to push my face between them and begin eating my mom out again. Her head tilted backward, sending her hair cascading across my back and down towards the ground. At this point, I knew that I'd have a few more orgasms left in me tonight, but I also knew that we had to stop ourselves somewhere. We'd be home soon enough, after all.

With this thought, however, came a wave of guilt. There were other implications about the things we'd done than what was merely physical. I felt bad that I had taken advantage of the situation my mom was in. It was my fault. I should never have encouraged her to get into this mess.

"Baby," mom gasped. "You are so amazing."

I continued licking her in the same spot. And her voice went higher...

"You're so good at this," she said.

I couldn't let myself think about the guilt. That would ruin this moment for my mother, and she needed it as much as I did right

now. So I pulled off her clit for a second and kissed her right on the lips down below.

Then I started all over again with soft kisses to her inner thigh. The moan she made this time was louder and deeper than before. A sound that resonated deep inside of her. That told me that the pleasure she was experiencing from me eating out her cunt had finally sunk into her bones, taking hold, making sure she didn't care what anybody thought; she didn't care how weird it was, she cared how good it felt. And I cared even less than that, because right then, in that moment, I didn't care what anyone else thought.

"Fuck, your tongue..." My mom cried. "FUCK—"

Her scream echoed in the small room, and then she started moaning loudly, over and over. Her moans became cries, her cries became screams, and her screams became whimpers, all through which I licked her softly. All through which I continued to push my cock between her thighs and fuck at her without actually going inside. I could feel her pussy getting wetter, I could smell the juices of it. And while I lapped softly at her flesh, at her swollen clit, I was aware of just how tightly the soft skin between her legs was squeezing my cock. I wanted to fuck my mom desperately, my cock throbbing with each sensation of slick feeling. I would be coming soon; the pressure building, the thrill of everything that happened last night compounded into a perfect storm inside of my gut.

All this and it hadn't even been twenty four hours since the last time she had me in her mouth. Since the first time.

"I'm so close," she whimpered. My tongue lashed harder. "Fuck __"

The way my mom screamed when she came was wild. It wasn't like her; mom didn't usually swear, especially not loudly and with that edge of raw desperation. But as she reached that perfect moment where her hips bucked on their own volition against me, her body pressed up against me hard enough that I nearly fell back onto the desk, I felt her hands gripping my shoulders tightly, like she was holding on for life. And all the while, I kept thrusting at her thighs, kept my cock pushing deep into those, rubbing on the top of

them so that my tip would occasionally catch, and just barely feel, the way mom's body was pulsing in that beautiful orgasm.

There was a moment where I felt like if I stayed perfectly still, I'd hear every twitch of my mother's pussy as it throbbed. Felt each one on my cock. But then my mom shuddered again, gasping, moaning. She pulled herself upward, off the desk and forced me out of the gap between her legs.

For a moment I thought we were done. That my cock would be throbbing, unattended to for another day...

And then she took my dick by its base, and started stroking it hard. She put herself next to me on the desk so that her head could lean on my shoulder, and she kept jerking me off with everything she had left in her arm, until—

The sensation became too great to keep holding back. My cock swelled. And mom was looking straight at me with wide, hungry eyes when my cock finally burst, releasing every ounce of cum, jet after thick jet spewing over her fist, painting white lines across her blouse and skirt and panties, dripping down onto the floor between us as my hips thrusted instinctively into each wave, each spasm of orgasm and release.

When I looked down at what my mother did to me, the mess we had made... It was like my orgasm was just going deeper and deeper within me, spreading further and further throughout my body.

Mom looked shocked at what she did, too. "Oh my God," she breathed.

I swallowed, nodded slowly.

She gave my cock another long, gentle pull, and I shook at the sensitivity. Then, she giggled. I couldn't help but grin myself as I leaned my head back, trying to regain control of my breathing, my thoughts, everything. Mom moved to settle down onto the floor, on her knees, between my legs, and as she pulled my cock closer, and closer to her face...

Her tongue slithered out. And lapped at it. The sensation was overwhelming. The way my mom licked at my shaft, tasting herself,

making soft happy sighs, her mouth gently brushing my skin while I sat here on the desk...

My mother lifted one hand from her place on her knees and started to work on her blouse, unbuttoning it, undoing the final few that had remained closed even after she took off her bra.

"Mom," I whispered, softly.

Cara's eyes went to mine for a second.

And then, in the strangest thing I'd see her do yet, she pulled off her blouse with one motion and threw it onto the chair beside her desk. She turned toward the door, and grabbed for the lock, but didn't quite make it.

There was a knock at the door. "Mrs. Cedar?" a voice called from outside.

Time froze. Mom turned to look at me; the same frantic need was there. But even greater: the need for secrecy. She bit her lower lip.

"Yes? Hello?" Cara's tone was casual, curious. Her hand was behind her back, gripping my thigh tightly. I realized I was still fully clothed. My mother was almost naked. If someone opened the door right now...

"George left some papers with you earlier. Did he happen to leave them on your desk?" There was a pause. "They're about the merger. Really important."

It was another moment before mom spoke again. "Alright," she said, casually. "You can look around a bit and if you don't see them I'll call him."

"Okay, Mrs. Cedar! Thank you!"

The moment after the voice faded, mom reached up behind me, grabbed my hair and tugged it gently, bringing me close enough to kiss.

She pressed her lips to mine, and then took hold of my hips again. She looked at me in the eye. It wasn't a look I expected. She nodded slightly.

I pulled back...

And thrust inside of her.

In a single motion, my entire length filled my mother's pussy, her mouth opened into a silent scream as she felt it going so deep in her all at once, every inch filling her insides and the tightness of it was driving me insane; it took everything not to fuck harder, faster, deeper, my body screaming for more of my mother, more of her warmth. Her juices drenched me from tip to base, lubricating every stroke as I slowly worked myself out and then buried my cock in again. She clenched each time I left her, trying desperately to keep me inside, her legs closing in to help push me in, until I was as deep as possible before she gasped, shuddered, moaned quietly and relaxed.

I moved faster, taking my pleasure, feeling her flesh squeeze me; there was no barrier, just raw pussy, wet with juices and squeezing my cock in this way that I'd never felt before—I kissed her neck as I pumped inside of her, kissing away at her collarbones as my hips worked, feeling my balls tightening with that delicious sensation of impending eruption—

And mom whimpered into my ear. "It's been so long..."

Her body shivered violently, and her cunt started to pulse around my cock, the heat of her orgasm searing on my cock and drawing my cum out in return; my first jet of spunk spurted and landed against her walls, deep in her womb and then I pulled out and thrust in again and watched her breasts tremble at the force as my second shot went in with the third and fourth; I had the presence of mind to pull out as I unloaded the rest of my hot seed onto my mother's trembling stomach. It drenched her bellybutton, covered her waist and painted up to her tits, and after it ended I fell backwards, onto my elbows, panting and shaking from the intensity of what I'd done.

That wasn't the only thing. Mom was shaking too, holding a hand over her mouth to keep herself from making sound. I sat up and caught her, helping to hold her up, her hand pressed tight to my chest, and her nails digging in a bit to the muscle as she tried to catch her breath. She looked up at me, her hair tangled, and sweat on her brow, cum leaking out of her pussy and dripping down her thigh to join the mess of my orgasm on her torso.

"K-Jared," she said. And when she closed her eyes, her voice cracked.

"That was so fucking dangerous."

Her fingernails dug harder into my skin. I held her by the shoulders, afraid she was going to fall down and pass out; the strain was taking its toll. My hips were pushing hard into hers, the sensation of my cock fucking against her thighs had built up and now, I could sense that I would cum soon too, the feeling of my seed building deep and hot inside of me, growing like an ember. My balls were pulling close to my body; I could feel the orgasm rushing forward through every inch of my being, until all I could see was stars as I pumped faster, harder, holding my mom, kissing her neck and jawline as I lost control.

My hips started bucking on their own; with a cry, mom pulled herself against me, and in the throes of orgasm, she came again, and I watched her face twist and contort into a beautiful display of pleasure, and then we came together—me emptying myself outside of her body, shooting my load onto her inner thighs and belly, and her pulsing cunt clenching around me with a hot squirt, soaking me and dripping onto the floor under us. Mom's moans were breathless, and high-pitched, squeals of delight as I kept coming, until her whole body went tight, and she shook herself apart.

My cock slipped free. Mom slid down off the desk and fell to her knees; I hopped off of it after, concerned that she might have passed out, but no sooner than I had hit the ground, did my mother grab the back of my head.

We shared a kiss then; not a soft one, but one of pure, hungry need, the kind that could only happen between a boy and his mother. We didn't say anything; mom broke the kiss and then got up to her feet, wobbling, grabbing hold of her skirt, which had fallen somewhere to the side during this whole thing.

She looked at the floor for a moment, breathing fast, looking like she'd been running a race. And then, very deliberately, she lifted her blouse with one hand and pulled down her skirt with the other, making sure nothing would get caught when she stepped out of it.

Mom looked at me, before turning around, bending over, and taking hold of her panties—which had gotten twisted around from the position we'd been fucking in moments ago. She straightened slowly, holding onto the wall in front of her, and pushed herself upright. Then she stepped out of her underwear and kicked them gently aside, all the while, looking at me through the reflection of a glass case where various awards and plaques sat.

Her pussy was perfect. Pale pink flesh, with her inner folds swelling gently from how turned-on she'd been just moments earlier. It glistened wetly, the little bump of her clit standing proud, though covered. And, to top it off, that sexy ass, with the tightness of her body that created curves, that gave her butt cheeks a tautness that seemed unnatural but felt like everything, that made my cock throb and beg for something—anything, so long as it was her.

The way she moved toward me; those hips rolling like the tides, hypnotizing, languid and natural, yet graceful. Mom stopped right at the edge of the desk, the edge of which reached above her belly button; she had to step up just slightly to bring herself level with me. With care, she settled her knees on either side of my lap, and positioned her crotch perfectly over mine. I looked into her eyes. My dick pressed against her clit. She shifted her hips. The tip slipped to her entrance.

I inhaled. My mom's gaze was locked on me. A bead of sweat dripped down her brow, and caught on her eyelashes.

"This is so bad," mom moaned, even as her hand reached down, and took hold of my cock again. "You shouldn't be doing this. You shouldn't."

She lifted up, just enough, so that her lips slipped up the side of my shaft, until the head was right back to pressing against her slit. And then...

Mom lowered, slowly, and let the heat sink all the way down. Inch by inch, my cock vanished inside her. The wetness of my mother's cunt swallowed me, wrapped me in her soft, molten insides.

With each breath she took, her breasts rose, touching at the bare flesh of my chest. The sensation of her nipples brushing up and

down as my mom's breaths went deeper and deeper made everything feel that much more real. Every time my cock sank back into my mother, it was like I was sinking deeper and deeper, every movement becoming more raw, more heated, her moans slipping out and her mouth trembling under my kisses.

I had to look into my mom's eyes when I thrust into her for the first time.

There were no words exchanged. It was something that happened between us without needing words to speak. With a small nod from Mom, her fingers curling into my back as she braced herself on me and prepared for what she was about to let me do.

For all of the crazy, illicit things we did in the past two days; all of the pleasure and the desire we gave to each other, all of the love we'd confessed... this would be the one thing that could never be taken back. This...

This act.

Mom's pussy closed around my dick and held me tightly as I started to thrust into her, fucking between her pussy lips with enough force to make a slapping noise that reverberated in the empty office. Her moans were high pitched and desperate and her fingers tightened against my flesh and dug in for dear life while I slammed myself in and out of my mother, until she was shivering against me, crying out, begging me—

"Oh God, Jared, please—" She bit hard on my ear and screamed, muffling it at the last second when I pulled her head closer to me and kissed her, fucking her mouth as fast and as hard as I was going inside her, feeling my cock getting wetter and wetter, the soft flesh of her pussy kissing and loving my dick as it moved in and out of her, faster and faster, making her body jerk harder, until finally...

Cara pulled off of my mouth, and looked at me. And all I saw was her gaze, unblinking, her breath short, as her orgasm came over her. Mom's pussy squeezed me so insanely hard that all I could do was kiss at her neck while she went rigid; it was impossible to move or even to think clearly while she pulsed around me like a beating heart. And while her cunt sucked on my cock, I lost it too; the moment lasted seconds, but it felt like forever, her gasping in my

ear, biting at my shoulder, clawing into my back, the way my cock seemed to be sucked deeper and deeper inside her by an invisible hand as wave after wave of pleasure went through her body.

My cum surged out of me with shocking intensity, flooding my mother's pussy, and it only made things feel more intense, especially as mom whimpered against my ear; "I can feel it, oh God baby, I can feel you cumming inside me."

Her voice faded away into gasps, until her trembling started to go still. We panted together, our sweat mixing, our breathing settling down, but neither of us able to break the connection. I held my mom tighter, and she did the same, and we stayed that way for a long time.

But there was no doubt we were going to keep doing it.

We'd gone too far.

And somehow, I knew that we weren't done yet.

"Are you sure about this?"

A little smile crossed mom's lips and she nodded gently. It was late at night, we were sitting on the couch in front of the TV, and she had a glass of wine in one hand while the other was stroking me softly through my pajama bottoms. She'd finished off some emails before we decided to get ready for bed; a weekday evening routine. She leaned forward, putting down the glass, and then leaned up close to me, and whispered: "It will be so crazy."

My heart leapt into my throat.

So we both wanted it.

Mom stood up, her skirt and blouse already undone from our office romp just an hour ago. There was no doubt that she needed this again, that we both did, but there was still something in her eyes that spoke of uncertainty. The way she moved told me all I needed to know; mom pulled her clothes off, revealing every inch of herself as if she was showing me how it had changed, how our bodies had been affected by everything. And after she stepped out of her panties, they tossed into the pile where she'd thrown her clothes before... she moved carefully toward me.

I sat up higher on her bed. Mom watched me carefully. In that moment, it was like nothing else existed; mom got into her

bedroom, closed the door, locked it, and crawled toward me on her bed. On her knees. I reached forward, grabbing at the back of her head, and pulling her mouth toward mine. She came eagerly, and as soon as our tongues collided and our kiss became frantic and our mouths started to moan with the pleasure of being together, we started to explore each other's body.

She reached between us, her fingers closing around my cock, squeezing me while I kissed her lips and she returned every effort. Then, finally, she couldn't wait any longer, and pulled my dick upward, her mouth opening, waiting for her to get it right.

My hands on her ass guided her down, and as soon as the tip touched her lips, mom was sinking onto me, moaning through her lips as she sucked her tongue, and whimpering as my cock spread her open, her cunt swallowing me down hungrily, needily, all wet heat and clinging flesh as she lowered herself slowly downward.

"Baby," mom moaned. "My baby... oh my God."

"Mom—"

Her hips started to rock. Slowly, carefully. Her body tensing with the feeling. She held me tight, but kept moving her hips up and down, her pussy sliding smoothly along my length until I felt like I might drown in the pleasure of having this gorgeous woman on top of me, riding me, her breasts bouncing with every movement of her body on mine.

It was so perfect. The feel of her tits. The softness. Her insides squeezed tight against me. Her legs trembled at every touch, every time the ridge of my cock slid along her lips. It was insane... I could hear myself grunting like an animal, as I buried myself in her and pushed my tongue against hers, sucking at her tongue while she whimpered and gasped for me, my entire body straining against hers. My hands were on her ass now, pushing, guiding her up and down and fucking her harder. She had given into me completely now.

I wanted to cum all over my mom, I thought, as our kiss broke and we both fought for breath. Her green eyes stared down at me. Her cheeks flushed with the passion. I wanted to cover her with it, coat her with white. Fuck...

Fuck...!

"Mom," I grunted again, thrusting deeper, burying myself inside her. Mom threw herself forward, onto me, her hair a mess and her body shaking against me. I held her tightly, unable to keep from thinking about what we were doing as I continued to push inside of her, continued to make her moan for me. "Mom..."

My mother's fingers curled through my hair as her legs trembled on either side of me. Her cunt was drenched and the heat coming from her was enough that I couldn't even feel the draft anymore. My cock slipped inside of her, going deeper and deeper into that tight wetness with every passing second until she was gasping and shuddering against me, my mouth finding hers again so that when she cried out this time, I could kiss her deeply, and hold her close, whispering into her ear. "It's okay," I said, my heart pounding. "I have you."

Mom sobbed, her body shaking as I pressed against her in all the right places. We stayed like that, locked together as tightly as possible, the warmth and friction between us almost unbearable, until I realized that neither of us had cum. And there wasn't any stopping it now.

I looked at my mom; her green eyes were hazy with need, her hair wild and loose around her face, and her smile bright and eager.

It made everything so much better knowing that she was happy to be here with me, that she wanted me as much as I did her.

Her voice quivered as she spoke. "Jared," she whispered breathlessly, shifting on my cock, drawing a strangled groan from my throat. "This is..."

She trailed off, her body wracked with tremors as I thrust once more over her clit; when my cock moved upward, she moaned and pressed down with her hips, as if trying to capture my dick within her thighs, and then pulled back to do it again. The second time she leaned on me, it was obvious; she'd had a taste of pleasure before, but this... this was something else. My mother shivered over me, her eyes rolling up as she tried to keep some control of herself, even as I fucked at her harder and faster, losing any sort of patience or sanity to continue this foreplay; her thighs, soft and yielding, squeezed me

tighter, making every sensation sharper, forcing my cock into the sweetest hell I could have ever asked for. My cock felt like it was going to melt away from pleasure, that I couldn't endure much more—yet as long as my mom wanted to keep going, I would too.

But mom's hands suddenly came up from under the blanket, gripping my chest. "Jared—" she panted. "Baby—baby... pull out—"

My heart nearly stopped in my chest. No. I wasn't going to give this up. No fucking way was I giving up this moment, this perfect moment where I could be inside my mom and there wasn't any reason I couldn't. It was insane and it was hot and it was everything, absolutely everything and more than anything I could have expected to ever experience.

I shook my head and continued to fuck, her moans going higher in pitch as my thrusting became more intense. "Please... please Jared..." mom was begging. "I'm too close!" She gasped as her legs gave out for a moment and she fell further onto me, causing another gasp as she took my full cock against her clit, grinding and rubbing hard before she was able to shift enough so that I was pressed between her labia again. The feeling of her wetness was dizzying.

But I didn't stop, I didn't slow down. If anything, I got even more wild. Even though my mom had shifted a bit away from me, her legs closing, her cunt tight and wet under her panties, I pushed and rubbed anyway; the head of my cock slipped in those few times when she was stretched a bit wider, or just when she couldn't quite get her pussy closed. It caused her to tense with each brush, the sensations obviously almost overwhelming, and yet...

Mom didn't move away.

No—she was pushing forward, trying to grind against me, her breath short.

"Ah-" She moaned at the ceiling, and I saw her tits heave as her fingers dug into the back of my shirt, her teeth clenched as the orgasm came over her. "Baby—" She whimpered and cried out in gasping delight as I continued to push against her wet pussy, continuing to stimulate her even as her entire body shook from it, "oh god—fuck!"

I couldn't resist. It was too much for me. Seeing my mom in that moment, her expression desperate with her eyes wide and unblinking as the shockwaves moved through her body; the heat was incredible and intense.

When my tongue slid between her lips, she made a little shocked squeak, but otherwise didn't pull away. In fact, I swear the way she started to lick me was actually hungry and excited, though a little timid. Her tongue swept across mine, her breath hot on my lips and cheeks, and with every sweep of her tongue my pulse grew faster and the heat of my own pleasure built up even more, making my cock throb and strain with its own need. The feel of her nipples brushing against my chest through both of our shirts drove me mad. When our lips met, the sound of us kissing, combined with her moans, sent shivers down my spine. The way her hands stroked over my stomach, my hips, my thighs, all the while teasingly close to my painfully stiff cock—that alone would have been enough to set me off without any other stimulation.

That first kiss went on for a long time. Her hand cupped my cheek when she finally broke it, and I felt a little wave of sadness at the loss of contact, which surprised me; when had I started feeling something like that? Her mouth trailed slowly down the side of my neck, causing goose bumps to appear in the wake of her soft lips and hot breath. One of her hands reached behind her and unhooked her bra. As she pulled away, letting the bra fall away to reveal her perky breasts, she bit her lip and gave me an almost apologetic look before dropping to her knees. She took a moment to stroke my rock-hard erection before taking the tip of it gently in her mouth. My breath caught at the warmth and wetness that surrounded it. My whole body shivered as the muscles of my legs and ass tightened uncontrollably. She continued stroking me as her tongue bathed my length and balls. As good as it was, she wasn't done yet. As much as I wanted her to suck me off until I came hard in her mouth and maybe on her face, mom was not going to let that happen just yet.

She stood up and looked straight into my eyes with a wicked grin. Her hand stayed firmly on my shaft, squeezing tightly as she worked her slick saliva up and down. "Jared... Do you want me?"

she asked in a whisper. Her other hand squeezed her left breast as she asked the question, her fingers pinching her nipple.

All I could manage to do was nod in reply, but even that small response seemed enough to excite her further. Mom's mouth found mine again with even more heat than before; her hand pumping my shaft frantically now, making my toes curl. She kissed my lips and jaw feverishly as my breathing got faster and harder. She must have known that I was nearly ready to pop already; after all, this was far more intense than any sort of sex I had ever experienced. And it's not like I had anything to compare it to; there had never been anyone like my mom before and after.

I'm not sure why, but a sense of disappointment suddenly washed over me and I started to feel slightly ashamed that I hadn't really touched her. I mean sure, I had been fucking her thighs just a minute ago but hadn't so much as grabbed her tits in what felt like ages! That was definitely about to change; I moved one hand to cup her ass cheek. God it was so plump and firm. My other hand moved to take hold of her right tit. She broke the kiss momentarily as she sighed at the feeling of my hand fondling her firm boob. With the space between our faces opened, I brought my mouth to her ear, biting softly at the lobe as my hand kneaded her perfect titty, my fingertips rolling over her turgid nipple.

Mom began panting in earnest now. Her tongue came out and bathed my neck and shoulder as my breathing quickened to match hers. I could feel the orgasm beginning to bubble up from somewhere deep within me, and there was nothing I could do to stop it now. Mom's fist pumped harder and faster on my dick as she somehow knew I was about to burst. My whole body tightened against hers; an involuntary spasm made me jerk and quiver against her body as the cum finally launched itself forcefully through my cock and splattered in an arc on the floor a few feet away, some of it splashing onto the wall behind the desk.

But I was still holding my mom's body, the feeling of skin contact too powerful, the rush of coming together too hard to stop now. I squeezed her to me as the last drops of cum oozed out of my prick, still embedded between the folds of her pussy. Her breathing slowed

and then stopped altogether, but she didn't speak either. A minute or two passed, or perhaps only one. I can't be sure. Time didn't mean anything in this new state. We sat perfectly still as we held each other close for an immeasurable amount of time. It didn't matter anyway; the moment felt endless and I think both of us preferred to keep it that way. The only thing I did break was my embrace to smooth my palms down my mother's hips and thighs once more. She quivered ever so slightly as my hands made their path. My cock felt soft and useless now, so I gently withdrew from my mother's pussy.

"Oooohhh..." I felt the groan resonate in mom's chest more than I heard it. As soon as my body released hers, she got up off the desk and gathered herself. It wasn't until she looked in the small mirror on her wall that she realized the predicament of being caught completely naked in the office building after hours. "Fuck," she muttered, searching for her bra and finding it hooked to one of the bookshelves. She put it back on and quickly dressed, pulling up her panties while she simultaneously slipped her feet back into her heels.

My clothes were scattered all over the floor. I dressed as quickly as possible. Mom seemed to be watching me carefully, and as soon as my zipper was back up, she opened the door of her office and led me into the elevator. We had left most of our work materials downstairs where we ate dinner, but mom took no notice; she went straight to her car without even glancing inside.

On the way home, the silence in the car was deafening. Mom didn't say anything until we got inside our house, which I was relieved about because... well, for several reasons. Partially because my mother can have a scary look when she's angry, but also because the moment we walked through the door, Cara grabbed me by the tie, yanked it free, undid the button of my pants, dragged down the zipper, pushed me down on the couch, and climbed onto me to continue what we had been doing in her office.

It wasn't long before I felt the head of my cock slip just inside of mom. There was an extra warmth, this time. It felt... slipperier. And

for a second, the look that appeared in mom's eyes sent shivers through me.

Mom lowered herself down onto me, and gave a deep inhale once she settled on my cock.

I pulled my hands through her hair as she rested, then looked up at her, smiling. My cock flexed; I saw something else change in mom. She started moving up and down again. Mom was so slippery from her own wetness and mine, the sound of skin rubbing together filling the room along with our breath. Her eyes were open now, looking down, watching me slowly disappear into her while I watched too.

With each time I slid inside of her, I heard a soft gasp coming out of mom. I wasn't quite sure when it happened, but she'd opened up her blouse. As she moved up and down on top of me, her tits swayed. It made it hard to concentrate, but I didn't dare move.

I wanted this forever.

Her hands went around me again, her hips rocking forward and pushing harder against mine, my cock buried inside of her; there was a moment where both of us stopped, just savoring the feeling of being joined like this for what felt like ages before I pulled back out and repeated the slow thrust in, out of my mother. Her pussy was dripping now; it had left wet stains on my shirt and all over my cock. When we kissed, I tasted the salt of her sweat and found that her hair was sticking to me everywhere.

And I wouldn't have changed it for anything.

My mom lifted one of her legs suddenly, putting her other shoe onto the edge of the desk, so both of her legs were open wider and she could push even further down my shaft. There was a strange look in her eyes; desperate, needful, insane... but then again, what could you expect when a woman hadn't been fucked in so long?

So I started moving faster, fucking her more earnestly than before.

The sensation of being in my mom was driving me wild. All it did was encourage me to move, to fuck, to bury myself completely in her and take her on every single level possible. She held me close, my hands went down her back, down her ass, holding her by it,

taking her firmly and forcing her to remain where I wanted, so that as my cock slid between her thighs, her clit would be forced to rub all over the length of it.

I pulled mom onto me more thoroughly, and then turned quickly; her back met with the desk and soon I was standing between her legs while they were bent at the knees on either side of my waist. There were files all over the floor, documents tossed around from mom trying to find something for George and now, here we were, fucking in his office, because... why?

What a dumb reason, really, wasn't it? How easy it was, to forget everything else but our lust for one another?

And yet... even knowing that I couldn't have stopped this if I tried. My desire was insane. Mom's need was overwhelming. My mother and I were locked in an embrace of lust. With each moment that passed, I found myself fucking her more thoroughly, more eagerly, my cock pushing against her pussy and slipping all over it.

Mom reached up with both hands, grasping my face, and I lowered my head for another kiss. Her eyes were sparkling when they opened to meet mine, and then I thrusted forward, just slightly, as I felt her hands pulling my lower jaw downward. She kissed me again and my cock slid easily along the outside of her cunt.

It wouldn't take long. I knew how sensitive she was, I knew how quickly I could push her into a wild orgasm just by teasing her clit—fuck, it would be so easy to fuck my mom, right now.

Instead, we stayed where we were, holding onto one another, panting like animals, my hands holding my mother's body tight. We were joined at the mouth, kissing desperately, moaning together as she pushed herself down on me a few times, until the whole of the world had faded into nothing, into unimportance, except for this hot space inside where she'd managed to create heaven between her thighs.

We broke the kiss. "I can't..." she whimpered.

My answer came as an impulse; I lowered my head and started to lick my mom's neck.

She started to buck her hips, humping my cock between her legs, but it wasn't enough—she wanted me inside, I knew it, I could

sense it from her movement. So with one hand I gripped my shaft, holding myself upright in the wet heat while my other hand reached down and held her ass tight, lifting her a bit so that the angle was perfect. Mom's gasps went high, and I pulled her tighter, lifted her higher, angled my cock to press gently at her entrance. Her thighs rubbed on my shaft, my tip was pushing slightly deeper, and for a moment we stayed there...

Until mom dropped herself downward, her eyes fluttering as she took half my cock, and then moaned loud, a gasp going through her lips as the rest of my dick filled her, the tightness unbelievable. We held each other tightly, her body straining to stay where it was, my arms fighting gravity's attempts to drag us downward; all we needed was the smallest thrusts to drive this pleasure further, her hips grinding over me and then pushing downward.

Her walls pulsed around me as she came, her whole body shuddering and her fingernails digging into my skin while she rode through it, while she came on my cock, her juices gushing. "Mom," I whispered in her ear; I needed her, wanted more.

She nodded, understanding, and as the last of her orgasm faded, I pulled out of her and spun my mother around, guiding her back until she lay down on the desk. I moved into position between her legs, pushing myself until I was upright again. With my fingers trembling, I reached for her legs, pulling her panties off of them before guiding her heels so they rested on my shoulders.

Mom stared at me with awe in her eyes as I leaned forward; I guided my dick back to her entrance, pressed my hands to either side of her, and then pushed forward. The feeling was incredible; not only could I feel the wetness between her lips, but I felt it all across her mound, dripping onto the top of her pelvis. Her cunt was a mess thanks to how much pleasure she was wracked by. And as I took hold of my shaft and pointed it down toward her pussy, the thrill of feeling it with my own hand nearly took me over.

I slid in easily, and the gasp from mom's lips turned high and loud and almost squeaky. "Jared," she gasped—and then she came again. Mom had the most erotic smile on her face when she orgasmed; she looked like someone enjoying a delicious meal or

taking their first sip of a fresh cup of coffee in the morning. There was satisfaction there, happiness, and delight, all wrapped up into one single expression.

And all I wanted to do, after watching that look appear on her face once more, was push it further.

"Jared... Oh god—" Her body spasmed as I continued to move within her, feeling the juices run down my dick as she clenched on me, trying to contain me, trying to keep hold of me; I slipped out from within her just before I came. We both groaned at this sensation; her pussy throbbing and gaping for me, empty suddenly; my cock aching without her warmth surrounding it.

Still, it was what had to be done. There was something that needed to be settled.

"K-Jared," mom breathed out as she felt me pulling back.

It was like the night we masturbated side by side, except now it was us facing one another. She tried to hold on to me, but I kept the tip of my cock just a few inches outside of her cunt, keeping our juices together but preventing her from going any deeper. My mouth sought hers, and again there was the soft brush of skin upon skin. Mom was shivering under me, the strain in her muscles, the twitching in her legs and in her tummy, visible as she waited for me.

I closed my eyes as my hips pulled forward, my cock pressing at her entrance. Mom whimpered; I could feel her body flexing and tensing, fighting with the urge to have my cock inside of her pussy. Mom shifted on top of me, and I realized then that I wanted to do the same thing with her that she did with me. I wanted to hold off from giving her all of my cock until she begged me to put it inside.

The way she looked at me though, told me how futile it was going to be. Mom's expression was full of pleading, hungry for her son's cock. She'd lost her mind with desire; she'd completely gone over the edge of reason or restraint, and when she spoke, it was a hoarse cry, begging: "Jared... Fuck your mommy... Please..."

Her begging was hot enough. But hearing her call herself 'Mommy' nearly sent me over the fucking edge. It took everything I had to not explode into her. The head of my dick kissed at her hole and pressed into her wet, pink insides. My eyes started to roll back

with how good it felt to be inside. And I was sure that she could feel it too because Mom let out a strangled gasp of pleasure.

Her hips pushed onto my cock. It sank deeper into her. As far as it could, with her legs like that, so that my cock would touch at her walls, fill her in this half-way position, making her groan and bite her lip hard, struggling to be quiet. Her head turned away, resting against my shoulder, panting, moaning, while my dick rubbed against her.

The feeling was electric; I started to grind my hips into her and then pull back, doing little thrusts into her, teasing her with the sensation. The head of my cock rubbed back and forth against her insides, sending shivers through us both. It felt amazing to be inside of my mother like this, to be so close to her, closer than any person ever got to someone, except in the most primal way... the way that only animals could do.

I kept grinding into her, letting her feel all of me, until finally I couldn't take it anymore. I shifted my legs so that her left leg was bent up, and pushed down, until mom got the picture and pulled it up high, setting her foot on the desk again while spreading her cunt for me.

Mom gave a strangled whimper of desire as I lifted my hips slightly and angled my dick to enter her fully. The position let me get deep inside of her, until the full length of my cock filled her completely; our bodies were touching. We were connected. I didn't bother easing myself into her; Mom wanted everything right from the start, and she didn't flinch when she felt herself stretched out around me. Instead, she closed her eyes and gasped, and took everything I gave to her. She was so wet, dripping.

It was perfect; we could be one another's for all of eternity. I pulled her face up so that I could kiss her mouth, gently sucking her tongue into my mouth, teasing it. At first my strokes were gentle, almost teasing, but mom was rocking back against me in short, jerky motions, and making soft noises as her fingers trailed along my side, down my neck, and then dug into my arm, clinging to me as I began to thrust in earnest. My mother's mouth grew hotter, wilder; as I slid deeper into her, my hands went under her ass and gave her a little

push that helped me to slide further into her welcoming depths. It felt even more amazing than it had the night before and she broke away from our kiss to moan loudly against my neck; I moved faster, burying my face into her hair so that I could suck on her neck, leaving bruises, marks... signs that my mother belonged to me, that no one else could have her, would have her. Not the way I could.

The office was full of the smell of sex, a heady odor of perspiration and pheromones and wet arousal filling the air and making us both desperate for each other. I moved faster, gripping her ass hard enough that there would probably be marks, but I didn't care. She'd done something similar last night with my wrists and the fact that we were now marked by one another sent a thrill through me that caused me to speed up. Mom responded, groaning in response to my increased pace, moving her hips faster as well, letting me push myself harder and deeper inside her than I had managed previously.

She gasped into my ear; she felt incredible around me. I pulled back to watch her face, loving how lost in pleasure she seemed to be becoming. I watched her expression go slack for a second as a ripple of ecstasy shook her body, running through every limb, making her gasp and cling to me.

"Mom," I groaned and she moaned softly, nuzzling her face against my cheek. Her pussy tightened around me as if pulling me inside her, not wanting me to escape. "That's it..." I murmured, sliding all the way in once again and hearing her whimper as she squeezed tightly around my cock, feeling me so deep. When I finally pushed her over the edge, when she orgasmed, it was going to be incredible for the both of us, but that wasn't what I was waiting for; I was waiting for the moment that I couldn't take it anymore, when I knew that I needed to pull out before I went too far...

I felt it; Mom's insides started to twitch. A long, slow throb made her shivering more urgent. She looked into my eyes, desperately, her face flushed pink, and said with her mouth half-open: "Do it, baby..."

That was it. There was no controlling myself after that; I thrusted myself harder between her legs. Her juices ran down the length of my cock, drenched my balls completely as I fucked her. Her pussy

was throbbing, her entire body alive with pleasure that caused her whole body to tense and flex under me and the sound of her panting echoed through the office. My thrusting got wilder and more intense and then, suddenly—

It wasn't enough. I wanted to feel mom's body without any boundaries between us, without even our clothes making us separate, I wanted to fuck her naked, hard, raw.

Mom whimpered loudly as I pulled out, and moved back away from her on the desk, and began hurriedly untying the shoes at my feet. She was shocked; she didn't know what to do, and for a moment, stayed there, with her pussy pushed open, slick and glistening pink underneath her panties which had been pushed to the side during this encounter. And then she realized I was undressing myself, and she moved too, her fingers rushing to the buttons of her blouse.

She ripped it off faster than I did anything else. Mom threw herself atop the desk with the sort of abandon you can only expect from someone who is utterly overwhelmed by lust, and then she was pushing off her shoes while she struggled to get rid of her bra. After I dropped my last sock in a random direction, I helped my mother with the clasp at her back, and the second it snapped apart she let out a sigh of relief. Her bra flew off over her shoulder and she fell back onto the desk.

"Jared," she gasped again. She lay with her legs spread, her hair fanned out behind her, her hands pulling at the skirt, trying desperately to unzip it but finding her strength failing. I climbed over her and went straight to her breasts; she watched me, stunned and silent, her mouth open, her nipples bright pink, and erect as the little nubs of flesh pointed upward.

I took hold of each nipple with one hand and teased them gently between my fingers. Mom arched her back and moaned, and when she lowered herself down, I saw that her eyes were closed, her brow furrowed like she was in some mild agony.

As for her skirt, I pulled it open and unzipped it with one hand, but when I tried to pull it down, I realized it wouldn't go anywhere past her hips unless she lifted up. Instead of doing that, I looked

over and saw one of those boxes full of paper shreddings sitting there; they used to have metal shredders around the offices but everyone was getting fancy these days so everything was digital.

Except my mom's office. I grabbed the box and dumped the shredded paper all over the floor. "Come here," I whispered. My mother's gaze was dizzy and lost as she obeyed, coming to me with a drunk sway, looking every bit the goddess she was in that moment. I turned her around and she leaned her body against me as I moved us to the corner of the desk—and I bent her over.

Mom looked over her shoulder, her hair messy from what we had been doing, her lipstick smeared and her mouth wet with saliva, but her eyes still glazed, half-lidded, with a sort of drunkenness you'd expect from a girl who'd just drank her first sip of wine. She blinked slowly as I took hold of her hips and pulled her toward me so she could balance better, then pushed my cock back between her legs.

The soft, velvety heat of my mother's cunt pressed over my cock once more; her entrance, leaking her wetness over me and making me feel her every twitch and pulse, and her pussy lips kissing me so intimately and squeezing the life out of me. My mom whimpered as I started to move forward, pushing deeper between her legs, sliding, pushing her legs apart, and eventually fucking her in that hot, beautiful valley as well.

Her fingers clenched on the desk, her shoulders trembled. Mom turned her head further, her eyes looking back, dizzy. Her voice cracked: "Jared?"

I reached up and touched her face. My fingertips traced the edge of her ear before cupping it, smoothing back the hair and revealing more of her neck. My other hand went between her legs, my palm brushing along her belly so that I could rub at her clit while my cock slid and fucked. "Is this okay, mom?"

"Jared," she whimpered. "Fuck..."

She bit down hard.

A shiver went through her body, as though electricity had jumped across us. I slowed down enough to watch my mother; the way she looked down to my dick as I moved it, fucking gently back and forth

so I rubbed over her clit in that same motion, the way she licked her lips, how her chest arched.

That look from yesterday when I took her panties off returned; there was hunger, there was desire...

I was suddenly aware of how much space we'd used up, and how close to the edge I was. I pulled out of mom's legs—and her body shivered all over again at the sudden loss. Her hand went between her legs and touched at her pussy, before looking at me. "Did you...?"

"No."

That made a little light go on in my mother's eyes. A naughty smirk spread over her lips and she started to crawl over me on her desk, her breasts hanging from her chest, her nipples hard and pink, just below the level of my mouth. When she reached me, she pulled her panties down over her ass, and sat back on me so she could toss them into the corner. "Good," she smirked. "You should never waste an orgasm inside your mommy, right?" She kissed me, biting my lower lip playfully.

We were getting braver now. With the way I had moved and the feeling of her legs gone, she was able to turn around, straddling me with her bare back to me, her perfect, curvy ass right in front of me. And her head hung down slightly, her neck craned so she could see out the covered door window.

I knew why we were getting braver—it was because nobody would be around. Because nobody was going to stop us now.

Because, as far as we knew, we were completely alone.

That knowledge gave us both a mad rush; mom took hold of my cock and guided it back to her wet pussy lips, which had gotten swollen from my rubbing against her.

And she pulled the foreskin of my head against it.

"Aahh..." I groaned as my dick pushed gently into her tightness, sliding slowly, inexorably, through her flesh, deeper... until it popped through. And then deeper still.

"Uhhhhmmmmm," mom moaned, long and deep, and I could feel the way that sound trembled inside her body, down where we were

connected, and out of her lips as she pressed them over my forehead and kissed my head, again and again.

My arms were shaking, and I didn't know what I wanted to do. One second, I thought I needed to jerk myself off; my cock was rock-hard and throbbing inside of her cunt, like an insane dream come true. But at the same time, my mother's body had gone from stiff, trembling fear to something else; a relaxed pleasure that seemed to seep through both our bodies and into me as she rocked gently to kiss me. And then it began to build. She rocked harder, faster, and I began to thrust, too, my feet flat on the floor and my butt flexing, lifting up off the desk's edge every time I went inside of her.

Every moment, mom's mouth kissed me harder; she leaned over me further, crushing me against the desk with her breasts, moaning as I fucked her, as her pussy leaked and soaked the entirety of my cock. Our movements got hotter; more urgent, mom began to tremble, I started to tense, to go quicker as her body clenched and her insides pulsed—every second, a tighter feeling wrapped around the shaft of my cock, a deeper thrill, an insane...

She pulled away suddenly, leaving me alone and panting, sweating on the desk, my cock bobbing in the open air, thick, wet from the juices of her cunt, throbbing painfully, ready to shoot everything inside of her. "What?" I looked up at her and watched her chest rise and fall as she caught her breath.

"Not yet," she whimpered, pulling me up so that we could stand together before pulling me into an embrace and kissing me again. The taste of her tongue was electric; I lifted my hands and cupped her breasts as she ground herself against me, and our mouths continued to fuck while our hands worked across each other's bodies. Mom had her hand on the back of my head, keeping us locked together, and I had no problem with that. Her tits felt incredible, soft and warm, her nipples stiff in the center of my palms, making shivers go down my spine as I gently pinched them between my thumb and forefinger. My dick rubbed at her crotch, her pussy pushing against it, the hot warmth of my cock and the slick sensation of my juices mixing with hers sending me into a daze. We

stayed like that, in the middle of the room for a long time, and my cock never went down, never softened as we ground into each other.

Mom kept me there, until I couldn't help it anymore. And after that, I pushed my hands around her ass, my fingers tracing her crack through her panties before gripping her and lifting her up. I dropped her onto the desk, the wood making a loud squeak of complaint as I set her down hard, our mouths locking once more, only this time she was on her back, with her legs hanging off the edge of the desk, her hips flexed upward and her ass balanced perfectly on the ridge of it. I knelt before her and spread her thighs, pulling her panties to the side. The puffy lips of her pussy were glistening; her insides were dark pink and fluttering. Her clit poked from its hood, swollen and tender.

And my cock wanted that so badly. But I knew...

That wasn't where it should be.

I started by kissing her again, just barely pushing my shaft between her legs and grinding slowly as she kissed me. Her body felt tight and strained, all her muscles quivering. The heat coming from between her legs made me shiver.

She pulled away briefly, moaning softly. "Jared," she sighed against me, her voice trembling and full of desire. I could feel her breasts pushing at my chest. "God, baby—"

"Mom."

"What?" She sounded distracted, dazed, like her thoughts were swimming in the haze. My own mind was hazy, confused. "Do you want to stop?"

It took everything for me not to laugh. Or push harder into her, to sink myself into the wet heat of her cunt. God, why not? Why couldn't I just put all caution to the wind and plunge straight through my mother's cervix and...

I shook my head, trying to get those ideas out of my brain. Mom gave me a curious look, and then I grabbed hold of her waist and lifted her up onto the bed. She sat down, legs folded before her, and waited. As she did, I knelt and picked up my cock in my hand, rubbing it gently, stroking it a little to keep myself hard. Then I

moved forward, towards my mother, my cock aimed directly at her pussy, and she leaned back onto the bed, watching with a strange hunger, almost fearful as my dick got closer and closer to her entrance.

The first touch made us both gasp. It was just the tip of my cock, at my mother's entrance, slipping over the edge to penetrate her shallowly. She looked down and saw me, barely going into her, but instead of taking my cock in her hand or using her thighs, mom reached under her skirt, hooked a thumb on one side of her underwear, and pulled it away from her cunt. She moved with me, kept the folds of her labia peeled apart so that every little move I made caused her to breathe, her eyes closing at times or focusing on me with a strange desire. She kept her underwear peeled away, and her free hand went to her thigh, lifting it up slightly, bending her knee for me and showing the creamy flesh of her ass cheeks that had spilled out of the thong she was wearing.

Seeing her there, exposed, open, wet, willing... it nearly made me cum. Goddamn it all, just the fucking sight was enough to take me to heaven. I had never seen anything sexier; my mom opened before me, begging for me, begging for this without ever asking for it, but looking at me as if her whole life depended on it. Her hair was still disheveled, her breasts were still bare, her blouse only half-buttoned and doing nothing to cover them, her leg raised and panties pulled aside; this woman could have been anyone, from anywhere, any fantasy; and yet, at the same time, she was all mine.

I pushed my cock forward.

A deep breath entered Mom as I did. I watched her, her body arching into an 'S' shape as my cock went further than I'd expected it to go. The feeling of going in, finally entering my mother like I always dreamed about—like I'd never dared think would happen, well...

It was incredible. My mind went white. Everything in me screamed at me to fuck. Fuck. FUCK!

The urge to breed was overpowering; everything else was a blur, even though I could see my mother, her breasts swaying and shivering, her hair messy and wet, the way her pussy took my cock

deeper and deeper and her mouth widened with each push into her body.

This was wrong, in some ways. We both knew that. I fucked her faster, harder, as the heat between us grew, as our bodies became one with motion, as we gave ourselves into our forbidden desires. Our tongues wrapped together again, and she gasped as she pulled off of me to moan for a moment; a long, drawn out gasp of pure pleasure.

But I couldn't do it. Her cunt squeezed my cock too tight, drove me wilder than I'd ever been before, and as much as I fought it, the orgasm came through me in one hot rush. My balls clenched against my shaft. My seed was spurting. I groaned and thrust myself hard against my mother, feeling my cum surge forward, shooting deep into her core.

I wanted to breed her; God I needed it more than anything, to feel her cunt squeezing down, milking the seed out of me, to pump my life-making force directly into her womb. Instead I came all over my mom, and all over us. My mom's body shivered under mine as my cum leaked down my shaft and drenched my pelvis, and my balls tightened further as I pumped my jizz inside her cunt, letting it flood against her womb in a sticky puddle. My mom was gasping, shaking, looking up at me with half lidded eyes. "Oh my god," she moaned. Her hand went to my chest. "Jared... ohhhh..."

It felt like a minute had passed after my orgasm hit when it finally faded away. Mom was leaning back on her desk, and looked down to watch what happened; the messy mixture of our orgasms leaking slowly out between her legs, dribbling from my dick. We separated, but didn't move far; my mom was staring down at herself and then looked at me, breathing harder than she ever had before, even when she climaxed, earlier.

"Jared," she whispered. "Oh baby..." Her hands reached for me. We embraced, awkwardly, because she was sitting back on her desk with my cock out and her thighs and cunt were a dripping mess. There was still so much heat between us. As we held each other close, our hearts pounded together.

What the fuck was this? What were we doing? My cock ached to be inside again, as did my mom's cunt—her slick, hot pussy throbbed, just under my touch, her clit hard and her flesh swollen and wet as I slid two fingers down her folds. She closed her eyes, and sighed as my fingers teased her, dipping inside every few seconds. The feeling of her walls around my fingers brought new life to my shaft, even though I had already cum less than a minute ago. I needed her again. And as her breathing began to deepen once more, I could feel she felt the same way.

"We're crazy, mom," I groaned. "Crazy."

"I know honey," she smiled. Her hand traced the underside of my cock, from head to base, and it hardened slightly. God, I was getting tired of these games. I wanted my mother to give me a real reason to have cum on my cock.

With her hands still tracing the sides of my shaft, my fingers gently caressing her swollen folds, I looked directly into her eyes and said the thing that could only make things better.

"Fuck me, mom."

She bit her lower lip in an attempt to hide the excited grin that crossed her face.

My mother got off the desk, pushed off of me and stepped back. There was nothing we needed to say now; she was panting, sweating, and so was I. Our hands went to each other's bodies. And when I saw the expression of crazed want in her eyes, the same as the night before, my hands reached for hers, pulled her, and turned her. She leaned over the desk, bracing herself, her chest rising and falling with anticipation. Her hand reached back, grabbed her ass where it curved upward. And pulled.

The perfect line of her cunt was exposed to me; smooth, shaven, swollen. The scent of it drifted up, tangy and sweet. I could see all of it; the pink wet between her lips, the way her hole flexed and her folds glistened. The heat coming off of her body seemed like an impenetrable wall.

I stepped forward, and took hold of my shaft, bringing the head closer to her slit until it gently rested on it. My mom shivered at the feeling, her ass twitching slightly as she let out a soft whine.

I rubbed it against her, slowly; once over, twice over, thrice over.

Every second dragged by, slower than before. Mom looked over her shoulder, watching my every move with an urgent gaze, the need visible in her eyes. "Please," she whispered, voice hoarse.

How could I deny?

In one slow thrust, I was inside of my mother again, though this time, we were both fully aware of what was happening, and we stared at each other, looking into each other's eyes as I pressed upward, sinking deeper, deeper, deeper...

All the way.

The look on my mother's face was indescribable; as her eyes fluttered, and as her teeth gritted hard against each other, she leaned back, just enough for her hand to slip down to where I was pressed against her body, her nails tracing lines of fire on my leg while she rubbed herself in tiny circles. Mom's breathing stopped, her mouth opened with her eyes and her eyebrows shot up as her insides tightened like crazy over my dick and her whole body went taught and tense and then relaxed slowly, so slowly.

It was enough to break the dam. The feeling of mom climaxing was too much for me. I fucked harder, faster, thrust my hips as quickly as I could in that tight space, burying my cock to the base and listening to mom's whimpering, gasping, groaning as she tried to deal with her own climax, with another burst of my seed.

Only this time, there would be a different result than a splash across her breasts or belly. This time, all I knew was the sensation of pleasure rushing through me, the release of everything as I thrusted and held myself against her, cumming so hard that I felt like every drop of my energy, my soul, was emptying from my cock and pumping inside of mom, filling her with it.

Panting, moaning, crying out softly, I held her tightly, my mother's body still wracked with orgasmic shivers. I leaned forward to kiss her; she turned her face away, and looked at me, green eyes wide and shocked.

"We can't," she panted, as I kissed her chin. "Jared," my mom whispered, voice hoarse and desperate. "Honey..." She took hold of my cheeks and made me look at her fully. Her pupils were tiny little

pinpricks and she shook with her breaths, trembling with aftershocks, her lips wet. "This will never happen again."

It had been one day. One single fucking night together and a morning session; I couldn't deny my feelings for my mother any longer. The realization hit me like a truck. I didn't just love my mom.

I... wanted to keep fucking her. And not just for today.

Not just for a few days. Or weeks.

Maybe forever?

"But I don't want you to fuck other girls," Mom whispered. "I want you to only be with me."

I didn't answer that; it was impossible right then. My mind was blank with pleasure. The heat of mom's cunt on my cock was all that existed. I felt a pressure build inside me, rising as I thrusted hard against her; she cried out, a loud sound that made her push herself deeper against me and her pussy tightened on me like crazy until—

Her breathing stopped. I kissed at her, kissed over and over again, my face brushing in the mess of golden hair, trying to catch her mouth and feeling how hot it was as she moaned and shivered and shook around me. That did it, that broke everything; suddenly I was gasping with the effort, shuddering, feeling everything inside me snap with a tension until...

I came, my hips shaking and my cock erupting, bursting with thick strings of cum and pumping it deep into my mother's cunt as she came on top of me, and we writhed together in the dark warmth of the sheets we'd made.

In that moment, I lost control, I felt nothing, no sense of direction or reality, nothing but my mom's pussy taking my load, sucking up all of my semen as I pumped everything I had into her unprotected womb. There wasn't a thought, only pure, raw bliss that ripped through me while my mother held me tight and took what I gave her.

"Fuck," I groaned, long and low, a whisper that sounded loud to me after the silence of sex. "Fu-uck..." I was trembling, feeling that last throb from the base of my cock, hearing my mother's tiny, breathless gasps in my ear.

"That was close," she murmured.

She meant that she was on the edge too. That if I had actually...

We couldn't finish our thoughts.

Instead we laid back on the office desk. Mom's blouse was wet with our sweat and my cum was dripping out of her. But it wasn't going inside.

We could only kiss as the relief and the horror hit us together, as one.

Because my mother, though begging for it, had stopped herself just short of a point of no return.

"Fuck, fuck..." I groaned. We were done with the work; George had approved everything.

So my mom had nothing else on her plate today besides, obviously, me. She'd already asked me if I wanted to stop by again tomorrow, maybe even stay the night for good measure. Now that she could do things for me that wives could do for husbands...

There wasn't much reason for us to leave any room in this bivouac to even dream about space. My hands went down, found her hips, grabbed her ass. And lifted her up as she gave a soft cry of delight, and pushed my face into the hot mess between her breasts as they spilled free from her shirt, her nipples stiff and erect.

And I fucked her. Fucked like a goddamned man, I pummeled into my mom with each thrust, pounding her tight little pussy without a single care in the world, because I knew that soon enough I would be filling it again; she was begging me to fill it. And now? Now there would be no stopping me.

My mom gave a soft scream of bliss when I took the plunge. Mom felt like an inferno, wrapped around my cock, and the feel of her legs wrapping around me, locking behind me, and pulling me closer to her as my mom threw her head back and let out the loudest gasp I had ever heard in my life was the last I could take.

My hands squeezed hard on my mom's ass. My muscles tensed all over. My whole body went rigid, while mom shook hard, her own climax taking hold as I started to spurt deep inside of her, my thick gushes filling her walls and her clenching cunt making me cum harder than ever before in my life.

It wasn't long before we were collapsing. On the office desk. Our breath was a haze around us, and mom looked at me, her eyes bleary from the exhaustion and the sheer intensity of it all. Her face broke into a smile, and I couldn't help but do the same, laughing quietly at the realization that I was cumming inside of her still.

"Oh baby..." my mother sighed. She rolled off the desk slightly and reached down to her skirt, grabbed her panties and tugged them up so they'd seal in my seed inside her.

As soon as she did that, we both burst out laughing. Because it was just crazy; that such a small bit of cloth could actually seal off that kind of power. And yet, here she was. And now...

I knew what happened when mom had unprotected sex.

My mind started to whirl at that thought. What if...? But how would I know? If I were my father, then, sure... but for certain I couldn't be, since my birthday put me in 2019, not 1995. Not that he didn't cheat or something, either...

"Jared," she moaned next to my ear. "Do you think it'd look suspicious?"

What?

Mom was panting again, looking at me with a sort of desperate need, mixed with concern. "If everyone else has an excuse not to show up because they don't have a car... and we're here... all day..." she giggled, shaking her head before resting her face against my neck.

Her breasts pushed into my chest, and when she spoke again, her voice was soft and trembling. "Do you think they'd expect something from us?" Mom's hands curled and smoothed around me again, and her hips shifted and moved, letting her slit run along my shaft. Her moans grew softer, quieter, deeper. "Because I know something... they would expect... if they knew what we were doing right now."

God, mom sounded so insanely hot right now. The fact that she was being so submissive with me, her ass wriggling on my cock and her cunt leaking all over it, her tits bare and pressing on me, and just the sound of her voice going like it was...

I let my hands slide down her body, down the arch of her back to her rear and cupping it, groping her perfect butt in both hands and using each cheek like a handle as I tugged her against me and humped forward.

Mom gasped softly. "They'd expect you to put something in me..." she whispered. I started thrusting faster, my eyes closed and my body feeling hers on me, our clothes clinging together in sticky desperation. My mom's mouth had found my neck and she sucked at it gently, giving me soft little kisses with her warm breath making me shiver as she finished: "And then shoot off your load."

I felt like cumming the moment my mom said it. Just hearing her talk about it, her lips pressing and curling against my neck to form those words; God it drove me wild. I pushed against her, my cock rubbing on her clit as it had been doing before, feeling the way her breath stammered and stopped when my body pressed against hers. Her hips bucked in tiny, frantic jerks with every passing second that I rubbed her nub. "That's what you want, isn't it? Baby?" Mom whined, whimpering, her thighs spreading further, trembling harder as I used my mother's own body to tease her closer and closer to cumming. "You want to put that thing inside of me... put it in for real?" She giggled, and even through all the sweat and the heat and the desperate movement, the way she shivered sent chills into my heart. "Just like you did last night... just like you are now...?"

Mom gave a little gasp, followed by a sharp inhale; if her nipples weren't hard, they were now. If her pussy wasn't sopping wet and hungry, it was now. The room had filled with the sound of us humping, of me fucking between her legs and teasing her closer and closer to climax, her thighs trembling under me as we rocked together, our rhythm finding itself faster than before.

"Jared," Mom was whining, louder, her voice raising more than ever. "Do it... fuck your mom's cunt..." Mom bit down hard on my earlobe and I felt the sudden sharp stab of pain run through my body and directly to my dick. It was twitching, desperate, leaking precum into her folds and using it to tease her, but I knew where it really wanted to be. "Cum inside me, baby. Cum inside your mom."

My hand came to mom's face again. Her eyes snapped open in surprise, but there was barely any time to react—she moaned against my palm and I watched the way her pupils dilated with lust even further. I pushed her harder and faster into me, and soon she was shaking as I fucked between her thighs, our eyes locked, a fire of desire ignited. Mom was writhing from the pleasure she felt from this, unable to help herself, her mouth biting at the heel of my palm with excitement, as I used her cunt with my cock, and drove her absolutely crazy.

Mom pulled her panties the rest of the way off and suddenly the only thing that mattered in my whole life was her cunt. It was insane how wet she was, her juices smearing over my hips, over my ass as she jerked me back and forth like an animal, until she stopped me. And for a moment I was surprised, stunned, confused; until she positioned herself over me once more, straddling me. The heat of her cunt slid over me and then she was sinking down onto me. Her hand came to my shoulder, steadying us both. We were frozen in space, frozen in time. My mom and I looked into each other's eyes, the fear and excitement building into a single point of light between our lips.

When I took hold of her blouse, which had hung loose this whole time, she looked down at it briefly and then up at me. There was a flash of something dark, hot, across her gaze. "Do you want them, honey?"

All I did was give the smallest nod. And with that, mom gave the smallest one in return.

And together we worked her top open, and it was pulled apart and away, freeing her breasts and letting me enjoy her naked torso, the perfect swell of her tits, the way her skin glistened with sweat, all of her flushed bright pink in her embarrassment. With her bare above, she couldn't take it anymore and leaned forward again, closing her eyes. Her teeth closed on my shoulder and she bit down gently.

As my hands explored my mother's back, she shivered harder, whimpering into my neck as my hands traveled up her sides, slowly and sensually going over every inch of her torso that I could reach.

Mom sighed and started to moan when I reached her breasts, groping the soft flesh, kneading her. Her hips started to buck, slowly grinding against me; her moaning grew louder the longer I massaged her breasts, and soon she was biting so hard on my shoulder to keep herself from screaming that it hurt. She was shaking uncontrollably.

She pushed at me, suddenly, gasping.

"Baby!" she screamed, before catching herself. She pulled off, took hold of me again by the shoulders, and shook her head. "I'm sorry—ohh!"

That ohh came as I grabbed my cock, pushed myself off of the desk a bit and aimed myself. My mom's gaze lowered down, and saw what was going on, and immediately realized what it meant. It happened in slow motion for me:

The way mom's mouth opened, slightly. The way her eyes widened. The way she bit her lower lip as I got closer to my goal, until I could feel how warm she was on my head, how close it was. The way she tilted her pelvis downward, making it easier.

I wanted her too much. Mom wasn't denying me any further; when I had pushed my tip right to her entrance, she held my gaze, her lips pursing closed before relaxing open once again, her eyebrows rising up slightly and her eyes widening just a touch; and then she pushed downward.

At the same time, I thrusted upward.

We met, at the middle. She whimpered. I grunted. I felt my cock enter my mother's cunt, slip up past her slit, fill her so fully that she gasped and leaned forward, kissing me desperately, whining into my mouth, moaning as I started to pump up, my hands holding onto her ass hard.

When mom pulled off of my kiss, there were tears in her eyes. She bit her lower lip. "I love you," she whispered, before another wave of pleasure forced her to moan, "Ahhh!"

"Mom—"

It was happening, what we wanted. This moment, this fucking crazy, mad moment. We couldn't stop, our bodies moved together, like snakes winding around each other, my mother rocking her hips

and my body pumping upward into her, and it was too good, too crazy, she started to bounce down into me, riding me faster and harder, my cock burying deeper, deeper into her body.

We both knew it wasn't going to be long, not from the way our bodies were shivering together, trembling with insatiable pleasure, our movements desperate and feverish with lust. The air was hot, our breathing loud.

My mom was on me. We were fucking. Her tightness squeezed me.

And she started to ride me for real, her hand coming back, grabbing onto me. She pulled at my hair hard as she leaned back and rode me, her gaze never leaving mine and her teeth clenching tighter as she bounced more frantically, her feet unsteady on the floor as she rocked faster, her hips shaking from the intensity as she used my cock to massage herself.

When I felt her start to pulse, her walls throbbing and twitching on my cock, I lost it; there was no holding back when my mom came, not with the way she looked at me, the way her body seized up and trembled with the pleasure; her legs shaking and then locking around me, her hands digging into me and pulling at me. I grabbed onto my mother and thrusted back, burying as much of my dick inside of her as I could until we came together.

In that moment, we were both silent.

All there was to hear was the rain against the window outside.

Then... slowly... everything came back. The reality of what happened settled back into us; my body relaxed, and mom's too. Our hearts stopped pounding. It was just us again. And when I slipped out of my mother's sex, our eyes met. She gave me a tired smile, and giggled.

We kissed, and it felt right. Like coming home. We stayed kissing for a moment, and I stroked my mother's cheeks, held her head in my hands as the two of us embraced each other. I pulled myself down off the desk, my legs wobbly from kneeling in such an awkward position while mom leaned back to support us both. Then I scooped up mom in my arms and carried her around the desk; she wrapped her arms around my neck and rested against me as I laid

her down on the chair gently. I kneeled in front of her, pulled off my clothes until I was naked, and then gently rubbed at her thighs with one hand, while the other went to work gently pushing her underwear away and then unbuttoning her blouse and tugging at her bra. My mom lifted herself when she needed to, let me peel her clothes off until I could see the glistening pink of her pussy, all wet and ready. My gaze lingered long enough for her to blush softly, smiling coyly and giving me this look that made my heart skip, and then she reached down, spread her lower lips with her fingers.

Mom was breathing slower. "Don't make me beg," she said. She was trembling, and I saw it now; the hunger in her gaze wasn't just for pleasure, but for... something else. She bit her lip hard, looked into my eyes, and her words came out small:

"Make love to me, Jared."

That was the permission I needed. It hit like a brick to the face; mom's request sent my mind spinning but it also woke me up. The need that we both had to be together, right then, was too much. Mom needed someone. A man.

And I needed to take care of my mom. In every way. I crawled over top of her, looking deep into those beautiful green eyes of hers. The soft curve of her cheeks, the little hint of red from excitement or embarrassment in them.

Her smile, bright and perfect, and happy, thrilled... loving.

Our mouths met again as my mother spread her legs around me, letting my cock find home again, finding her cunt and gently thrusting my hips, pushing forward slowly until I felt the pressure build, felt something push at my cock. Felt the heat build in my balls and...

In, and deeper, and then—

Cara's whole body seemed to react to my cum flooding her pussy. She pulled back suddenly, gasping. A gush of white shot out of her, thickening her thighs even further; I took hold of myself while my mom leaned onto me for balance. And then before my eyes, I saw a second, larger jet of cum land on her thighs and drip down off her, and then... then her insides started to take all of it. Her cunt

squeezed and pumped my cock hard, draining every last drop into her body.

As my mom looked down at the mess we'd made between her legs, however, all she could do was pant, gasp. She leaned against me for support. I wrapped one arm around her tightly while my other hand reached out for the tissues nearby. There was an incredible mess dripping off of her; it was sticky, thick, pure white.

"That's... never happened to me before," mom breathed, laughing. "I have never come from thigh fucking."

She laughed again and sighed, looking down between us at the mess. I looked too and tried to memorize the sight. My mother's pussy lips were slightly spread with arousal, glistening, slick with cum and arousal. Between them was a perfect crevice of clean skin, all the way to her asshole which was puckered pink and also gleaming in sweat. My mother's labia was plump and fat and swollen with the abuse they'd taken. I wanted nothing more than to slide inside of her right there. To bury myself and start again.

But something else was calling.

The need to fuck my mother had taken over.

And even though my brain couldn't understand why I wanted that, my balls screamed with their emptiness and need for release. And the only place to put that load...

Was in my mother.

Mom gave a shiver as she pulled her body off of mine; the two of us watched our fluids, mixed together, run down her legs and pool at her feet, dripping thickly off of her and spattering on the floor. Mom was panting as she looked at me; my cock was still hard as fucking stone, and I was sweating worse than she was, barely able to keep upright after so much exertion, with little space between her thighs, where I'd just been fucking my mother.

That seemed almost impossible; did it really happen?

Did my cock really enter my mother?

It was like I'd stepped out of a dream, or out from behind the veil of some fantasy. Mom was there, gasping, her legs spread slightly and her whole body wriggling in the most delicious way, her hands rubbing over the length of my naked body and touching,

exploring. My hand slid up her belly, to her chest, her breast heavy in my hand, squeezing it and causing her to arch forward with a sigh and shivering of her own.

"Mom," I breathed. It didn't seem right for her to be so distant, when we were doing this, like she was... detached from me. The words had escaped my mouth before I even had a chance to think about it.

Mom opened her eyes at me, looking stunned. Then, after a moment, a smile played at her lips. "I know you're excited, but I am your mother," she murmured, but leaned forward to kiss me anyway. I let my tongue go between her lips and play with hers; she pulled away from the kiss with a soft gasp. "Jared," she breathed. "Honey..."

God, this whole thing was wrong. But it felt right. There was nothing else but my mother's voice and the feeling of her skin against mine, the smell of her hair in the air, and the warm, slick feeling of her pussy, pressed tight and wet against me as we fucked together under the cover, on her desk.

"Cara," I whispered.

Her gaze was fierce and beautiful, like a warrior woman from a far-off place. She looked into my eyes as we moved, and slowly, she nodded. "Jared." My name sounded musical on her lips, even when she was in the midst of her ecstasy.

The need to cum took over me; I reached down between us, felt mom's pussy and let a thumb brush up against her clit. She made an adorable little gasp that would have been a squeal anywhere else and shivered with her approaching orgasm. Her hips rocked harder against me, her whole body tightening.

Suddenly, I knew it was now or never, as my own impending orgasm came with a roar, as I pushed my hips forward, feeling the last bits of sanity leaving me as my cock rubbed up against her clit—

When Mom lifted her hand and touched my shoulder, pausing me. Her eyes were locked onto mine, bright and burning with lust, and slowly, carefully, she reached behind me. The next thing I heard was her office door lock.

Then, she smiled wickedly.

"Fuck me," she whispered. "I want you to fill me."

I needed nothing else, after that.

My hands wrapped around my mother's ass, holding it tight as I leaned back on the desk and watched mom riding me, her body taking me deeper with each thrust, her breasts bouncing in front of me and her face twisted with pleasure. It wasn't long before the pressure in my balls overwhelmed me and my whole body locked up. My mom screamed as she came with me.

And we fell together.

We collapsed in a heap on her office carpet, both panting. We didn't move for the longest time, not until Mom got off me, slowly. She didn't bother with clothes, standing, naked, looking down at me. "I'm... Jared, honey. That was..."

She was struggling to talk, which made me smirk. "That was..." I managed to get out. "Amazing."

"Honey," she whispered.

The door opened, suddenly. "Cara? How's that document—oh."

It was George, my fucking step-father, standing there holding a few sheets of paper. His eyes widened at the sight of my mother, naked before him. For some reason, a sense of pride hit me, even though it seemed pretty damn obvious how far I'd been able to take it with my mother.

We were frozen for what seemed like an eternity.

Until mom broke the ice. She smiled sweetly at George and then slowly, sensually, pushed herself upright, giving me the chance to catch the covers as she stood fully, revealing herself to her husband.

George's jaw dropped at the sight; my mom stood naked before him, in nothing but one of her heels, the other leg having somehow ended up behind her, her hair down, her skin bright with sweat and pink with desire. And then his eyes widened even further as he saw something he had not anticipated...

I wasn't wearing a condom.

My bare ass was sticking out from under the bedspread, George could see every detail as I fucked myself deeper, harder, more into my mother. Mom moaned, loud, and then she reached back, grabbing George by the neck. The next thing I knew, mom had spun

George around, pushed him to his knees, and shoved his face right where my cock was sliding back and forth.

The pressure inside my balls was too much; they clenched, ready to empty themselves into the one woman that had started this all, that had been with me since day one. My mom's tongue was in my mouth, our saliva mixing together while our tongues entwined and she moaned in appreciation of her husband eating her out after she'd been fucked raw by me.

I pulled back. I needed to watch this moment; needed to watch as I buried my cock in mom's cunt once again, as the pressure became impossible to keep restrained, as the fire consumed me and sent my mind wild with pleasure. Mom was moaning in pleasure, my stepfather was lapping up everything he could, and then suddenly I saw something dark behind his head; something long, something brown.

George had a ponytail.

My god, it had to be George who had made that video.

Mom was panting wildly; we had changed positions so that she was bent over the desk, and I was fucking her from behind, holding onto her thighs tightly and pounding against her ass, the sound of skin on skin ringing across the room along with our desperate gasps for breath, her whining little moans, my deep grunts as I used her like an animal. My balls were tight, slapping against her dripping pussy, the mess of our sex flowing down her thighs, making our thrusting a slick affair. She was so insanely wet I could barely hang onto her; with each push, my fingers would slip slightly, and we'd adjust our grips to compensate, my hands sliding all over the insides of her thighs while I fucked her, and hers digging into the sides of her pelvis so she wouldn't fall off the desk.

She was still in her blouse and heels and stockings. Her pantyhose were shredded though, thanks to her son's hungry impatience. Her cunt was swollen, dripping with desire, and throbbing hotly with every touch.

I needed to cum, but didn't know when, or how.

So it happened, by accident.

We'd moved again so mom was straddling me, but I had my feet down, so that if anyone walked by, they'd see us as her bending over me, rather than...

Well...

Me thrusting inside of her.

It had been a long while, but we both had orgasms that rocked the earth for each other. We both were so caught up in the insanity of this moment, in the heat and the danger and the raw sex of everything. So we fucked slowly, slowly enough that nobody would be able to tell that I was fucking her right then, not unless they saw. But nobody would; the blanket covered us.

And my cock kept slipping deeper, slipping, and sliding in more of my mom's cunt every single time, and soon, despite how desperately careful she was being, even I wasn't prepared for the way she tensed against me and gasped aloud, and all of a sudden her pussy was closing so fucking tightly around me and there was a sharp, sudden pain at my neck, followed by sucking, moaning, desperate pulling from my mom as I slipped, further inside her—

And came.

"OH! Mom!"

My words were a gasp, my mother's tongue lapping and licking at my neck as though trying to cover up where she bit me when she climaxed. And as I filled my mother up with hot cum, I watched her pull away, the look in her eyes crazed and wild as she looked at me, down between us, to watch as the white cream slipped out from her pussy lips, which were swollen red from this moment.

I could not keep quiet.

"Oh... my God, mom." I breathed, gasping. "You have to do something. You..."

She gave me a look of guilt. "Baby, we'll figure it out," she whispered, reaching up, to caress my cheek. "Don't worry, baby..."

"I just... mom, we can't be having kids—"

"It's okay, Jared." She wrapped her hand around mine. "Come here."

With my mother pulling at me, I followed; got up, stumbled after her. Mom kept pulling, tugging, until we made it to a room down the

hall, away from the office.

Her office.

A janitorial closet.

Mom pushed her hands onto a set of mops, buckets, brushes, and other equipment to reveal a nook behind everything, an opening just large enough for one person to kneel on his knees and rest comfortably, before you bumped your head. She crawled backward into it, the same way, slowly, looking over her shoulder, the way she bit her lip, the slow sway of her hips as she wriggled backward until her thighs bumped into a desk, and then turned to face me.

She pushed her butt out and bent over the edge, legs spread open, the black thong stretching up her ass cheeks as she leaned against the wood surface of the desk. "Fuck me," she whispered.

And that was what I did.

I grabbed her by both ass cheeks and pushed myself up into my mom's body; watched as her ass jiggled with each thrust, felt the heat in her body, the tensing of her flesh, the twitching of her muscles when the pleasure washed through her, and watched it all in the mirror that was positioned near us. The glass had been covered up by cleaning supplies, but now Mom pulled the cloth off it, revealing the foggy outline of our fucking bodies, silhouetted and obscured and barely there, but...

Enough for us to see how I held her, how I fucked her, the tightness of her ass bouncing with each push. The shape of her breasts hanging as she leaned forward. The curve of her back, her hips pushing backward onto me, like she couldn't wait. The look in her eyes, reflected back at me, the glint and shine of my cock going into her body.

The sight of it was too much.

I closed my eyes, leaned forward, buried my head into her neck, and kissed the nape of it. "Mom," I grunted, feeling myself get closer to cumming. My whole body felt hot, tense, everything was throbbing.

And my mother's body was getting taut, tighter, squeezing around me with an intensity that felt like she would break me.

"Baby..." she whimpered. Her mouth went down and bit onto the muscle of my shoulder, and I couldn't stand anymore. "Mom—"

Her legs spread open wider, her ankles lifting off of the floor completely as she lifted both feet so they could sit on the desk. And her knees raised, slowly, raising as high as they could go on either side of her, until I was truly laying down on my mother, the two of us intertwined. "Please—" mom begged, her voice low, desperate. "Honey... baby boy..." She looked into my eyes, and I couldn't help myself anymore.

"Mom!"

My cock flexed, spasming, and I groaned loudly as the feeling came upon me and washed through every inch of my body. My cum blasted out of my dick; the first pulse shot into the blankets over us, coating my mother's insides with white hot warmth, and then her pussy clenched in shock at the feeling. The squeeze was like nothing I'd ever felt before. There was something in the way she grabbed onto me, holding my length in an impossible grip, that pushed my mind into an orgasm just as the second jet came from my cock. My head went dizzy and light as I watched my mom react, feeling the throbbing of my dick, the hot blasts of seed hitting her walls as they quivered and held onto me.

"Fuck—fuck...!" mom panted. It was such a surprise to hear those words coming from her. I never thought she would swear so much while fucking; my hands found hers under the blanket and locked fingers with them. She kissed me again, her tongue lashing over mine as another spurt of cum flooded her pussy. I had to breathe harder. She felt too good, her insides milking me.

There wasn't any space under the blankets anymore. Her hands moved away from mine as we both pushed our hands through the holes. Mom grabbed my arms and used them for leverage to lift herself off of me. Then I couldn't stand it, didn't have the self-control, and bucked up into my mother with a groan.

She responded by tightening around me and crying out: "Oh—fuck! Yes—cum in me—"

And I did. I didn't realize I had been about to cum; it was sudden and powerful. I slammed up into my mother twice more before filling

her with a thick surge of hot cum, one after the other, the feeling like white lightning bursting from my body and into hers. Each spasm made my body shake. Her legs pressed against mine, shivering in time with my cock as I filled her, and with each burst of seed she cried out. "Oh, God, Jared, fuck!"

I pulled out of my mom just as the final jet came, spraying hot ropes across the pale expanse of her stomach and chest. Mom trembled, moaning gently as I pulled free, and she settled down on my thigh, heaving, gasping for breath.

When she finally got enough wind in her lungs, mom looked at me in wonderment, with a smile that lit up the whole office.

"Honey," she said. Her eyes were full of excitement, her body still writhing against mine. "If you're ever looking for a new job," she gasped, laughing in disbelief, "let me know. I think we can find something to occupy your time."

She gave me a long look and added, with a playful growl, "And your energy."

And I laughed and kissed her hard as we both recovered.

Then... well.

Let's just say the second and third orgasms that night weren't on the desk.

My cock throbbed in anticipation. So badly did I want to cum, especially knowing what mom did with my first orgasm of the night; even if I wasn't sure, I could guess, right?

So I had to do the same for mom.

The thought was a haze. I watched my mother turn toward me, a wild grin on her face, an insanity burning in her eyes. I couldn't keep my hands off of her ass, grabbing her cheeks through her skirt as she climbed up.

"Jared," mom whimpered, leaning her head on my shoulder, her mouth finding my ear and licking it gently with her tongue before she whispered, "We shouldn't."

It was amazing how quickly that got my attention, how quickly it changed things. Her tone wasn't desperate; she didn't need my dick inside of her, my seed to erupt inside of her, filling her with a load that would leave her shaking, panting, sweating...

Mom wanted this. Wanted to feel me fucking her, needed to feel my cock so close to being inside her without really being in. Mom loved the idea of having sex with me, but didn't love the idea of being pregnant. Or rather, of the possibility of getting pregnant. She didn't want me to cum, because if I did, what we had going was done for.

For a second, I panicked. This wasn't something I'd even thought of! But there had to be condoms in one of the rooms around here—somebody left some of their shit—something!—anything I could put on and not worry about cumming, to save this moment.

It took everything within me to stop, to hold my mom close, my arms tightening around her. As I did that, mom went rigid in my embrace. I could feel her heart thumping at me through her chest.

"Mom," I whispered. She opened her eyes, looking down. The way the light hit us, I couldn't see where I ended and she began, not when we were both bare skin. My cock was wet and slippery from her juices, and it shone all over my flesh; for a moment, we didn't seem to breathe, we were so close, so entwined, in both emotion and physicality.

But the problem... we shouldn't be entwined in this way.

That much was clear, as our breaths caught, and our eyes went to each other. Mom pulled her head off my shoulder, and lifted it higher. She looked into my eyes and...

Her hand touched the back of my head. I watched her mouth, open slightly, just enough so that I saw her tongue as she started to lick at her lips. Then her gaze dropped, fell to my lips, and she looked back up.

"Jared," She mouthed. But... there wasn't anything else. Nothing at all. And I think she realized, too, what had been implied before...

There was something missing in all of this.

The heat around my cock.

A barrier... removed.

And if I came inside of her, well—there would be consequences.

I closed my eyes, pulled my head off my mother's shoulder and groaned.

"It feels good?" My mom whimpered. "Does it feel..."

The desperation was gone. The panic that we might be heard, that someone might walk by the office while we were doing this; everything was gone, even if only for a second. There was nothing else in the world for us than the two of us in that tent-like bivouac made from clothing. There was only one thing left for us to do—one single, solitary action.

I kissed my mom, and I thrust my cock up and into my mom's pussy for the first time.

My cock sank inside my mom, as easy as butter and oil melting together. With each push inward, there was less resistance. When I bottomed out, I gasped into my mother's mouth, my body tensing as I pressed up as far as possible inside.

"Oh—oh... fuck—" mom whined. She shivered, and she let out a sigh, long and hot against my cheek. "That..."

The words were gone for us. Mom pushed down and her eyes squeezed tight; when her ass was finally at the base, she opened them again and looked at me. Her gaze was wide, and scared, and...

Her hips flexed. My mother rode me, just slightly, her hands sliding up my chest as she lifted herself on the balls of her feet. And then...

Mom came again.

I was buried inside my mother, her pussy quivering and clenching me harder than ever before; I could feel her wetness, seeping, and I couldn't hold it, I couldn't control myself. I grabbed her tightly against me and kissed her, while cum fired into my mother's pussy for the first time, jet after jet coating the insides. She kept coming, her cunt throbbing and milking my dick even after the final bit of orgasm left me.

All there was, now, was her. My mom, naked in my arms, her skin hot against mine, her pussy still clutching to me even after I had stopped firing spurts inside of her.

And I couldn't stop thinking that it was all done. This would be the only time I got to enjoy it like this. We couldn't have a repeat of this; someone would find out eventually, either our coworkers or anyone else if we used any other opportunity—hell, even George might walk in on us at some point and discover us fucking away. And

what excuse would we give him? Or anyone else who knew about us? We couldn't pretend to be normal around each other ever again. No more sitting on the couch together and watching Netflix or playing videogames together or having dinner as a family. Not anymore, not after this.

This was all I'd get.

One time.

It hit me as soon as my thoughts cleared and my breathing had calmed, after the post-orgasmic haze had faded: we couldn't do this again. Not at home. Not here. We both knew what it meant for us; the world would never understand. This was all I got, in terms of real sex. With a beautiful woman, with someone who...

With someone I love.

I held my mom, her whole body trembling, her hands going between us as she tried to pull my dick back toward her, but I pushed it aside and instead, reached down and slid two fingers inside of her, while with my thumb I massaged her clit. And then my mouth pushed harder, her mouth opened wider, and I kissed her as furiously as I could manage. Mom moaned into my kiss and her hips pushed back as much as they could. She wanted that orgasm I'd teased from her before, and now she was determined to get it, no matter what it took.

And she knew, like I knew, that we couldn't do this anymore. One last time. After this, we were normal mother and son. For better or for worse.

We moved together, rocking, thrusting, my mother riding my fingers and pushing against my hand, desperate to cum, to push over that edge again. And I kept up the rhythm with my fingers, and the gentle, circular rubs of her clit, while pushing my cock further back against her body, teasing at the entrance until it seemed like Mom was about to explode. She was so fucking tight that I was having trouble, and I knew it wasn't going to happen unless I made some sort of effort. But my mom kept kissing me, and her arms pulled me close, one hand pulling me down by the back of my head, the other reaching under my shirt and raking her nails across my shoulders. It felt so fucking good; my mom was moaning softly and

gently into my kiss, her hips moving against my hand in a frenzy that showed no signs of ending.

But then my mother stopped, abruptly.

And I felt it: A hard thump-thump as if a heart was beating directly behind where I was pressed against mom. Then another one, followed by another. My mother's eyes turned from hazy passion to sudden fear, and she pushed herself away.

"Mom," I grunted in surprise, looking down toward my legs. That thumping sensation again; once, then twice, then nothing. "What the fuck—"

She was scrambling for her skirt. As my mom got into it, I looked over myself and realized what we did... didn't go too far. Thank goodness, right? But... Mom kept staring at me, while pulling her skirt back up her thighs, until she got them on all the way. She straightened out, and tucked her blouse back in, fixing her bra and buttoning her blouse quickly as my dick throbbed and went softer. She pulled the zipper up her side, and tugged out the creases in the bottom, and then she came back to me.

She took my face in her hands and kissed me, deeply, passionately, intensely, our tongues touching together as her lips worked over mine and she moaned softly into my mouth. My cock stirred; I held onto her head and held her to me, kissing her deeply and hungrily until mom had to push back to catch her breath.

There was a loud, hard thump behind us both. At the door.

At the same moment, my cell phone rang. It was next to the mouse pad where Mom set it after turning it off during her initial reprimanding.

I saw it: An unknown number. The kind you always ignored in movies because it never really was anything good. I looked at Mom; she saw me looking.

She smiled, slowly, wickedly, the same expression crossing her lips after she made the choice to put on a bikini yesterday, a smirk that was equal parts mischief, naughtiness, and danger. But it was something else now; the way she moved her hand down my body, the way she licked her lips while looking at the phone ring, at the way her body started moving again, against mine. Her eyes were

dark with the shadow from her long lashes, her cheeks flushing, and I knew...

That whatever we did was going to be bad, really bad. That we had already done some things we would regret later... but that, this would be a step further.

The phone stopped ringing, before starting again a second later, just the way it happened in every movie, ever.

I reached for it while my mom, grinding on me, leaned against the desk while I sat back on it, and grabbed the phone. "Yeah," I muttered quickly, hoping it sounded natural.

"Hello? Mr. Jones?" It was the hospital receptionist from the other line.

My mom didn't stop what she was doing; she ground over me, making quiet 'mm! Mm! Mm!' noises that made it hard to think while my cock rubbed her pussy through the side of her panties. If anything, it got hotter; the danger was rising as the sounds we made were louder despite my mother's best attempts. She even covered her mouth with the back of her hand while she bounced her pussy over and over against my dick. "Yes, sir, how may I help you?"

God damn. It was so hard to concentrate. Mom was still grinding against me, using the length of my cock against her wet lips and working it back and forth while we tried to have a normal conversation about how yes, she wanted to put in all the data from the invoices into the system as soon as possible. Mom's panties kept catching me, but each time they did she'd gasp out and push down harder on them until the material was rubbing against us both, creating an incredible friction. My hands slid over her body, down past her ass and to her thighs, feeling the toned strength in her muscles and savoring the way that mom's butt bounced as she moved, and...

Fuck.

It was like I suddenly forgot myself. Without thinking I gripped my mom's hips hard, and shoved up. The feeling of penetration, of truly fucking my mom, of being inside of her, it was overwhelming. I needed it deeper, harder; the angle wasn't good enough, the

tightness of mom's cunt squeezing around me was too perfect for me not to lose control completely.

I heard a small gasp, a moan, some words that I couldn't make out; my hands lifted higher as I gripped mom by the shoulder and the opposite cheek, pulling her close to me before sliding a hand around her and going through her blouse and bra, taking a grip of one of her tits. She groaned at the touch and then...

Her eyes rolled upward.

I kissed her mouth hard as my hand went around, under her blouse and down her back, grabbing her ass and thrusting into her as I got to my feet, the chair rocking as my shoes banged into it in the process, before slamming my mom into the nearest wall while I thrusted inside of her with everything I had. I squeezed my mom's ass hard, kneaded it between my fingers, used it as a leverage point so that I could ram deeper into her while my hips ground and rocked and my balls slapped against her from underneath. Her feet came off of the floor entirely, her shoes coming loose and falling to the side, and all she did was wrap her arms tightly around my shoulders so she could kiss me deeper while I fucked her into the wall.

"God damn," I heard myself groan into my mother's ear as I started to cum, hard, the force of my climax making me see stars and the feeling of filling my mom making me dizzy—but the sound of my own voice, of being inside of her, finally drove reality back like a knife.

I pulled out of my mother, letting her stand on her own, though I continued to hold her close, and let her sink gently to her knees. "Shit..." I muttered, staring at her, then at myself. My cock was wet from her pussy, still dripping pre-cum from my tip. The thought that we just came together, just shot our loads in each other, struck me hard as I watched her lean forward to lick up the mess she had made.

I didn't understand how such a taboo thing could have felt so incredible. I'd just fucked my mom raw, with nothing between us, and the feel of it was driving me crazy. She looked up at me with big, adoring eyes as she swallowed down a mixture of her cunt

juices and my jizz. When she was done, she took me into her mouth, and sucked slowly on the head.

There were things left unanswered still. I grabbed some tissues, cleaned us both up, and put my cock away before I pulled her panties back into place and let her fix herself. When we were ready, we stood there for a moment, unsure what to say next, but knowing that what we were about to say next needed to be private. So mom took out her keys, locked up the office, and followed me outside to the car.

We got back into town after dark. It was weird, seeing all the signs that said 'WELCOME TO PEEK'S MOUNTAIN' like it was all some strange dream. But I looked over at Cara and saw the look in her eye, and knew that the feelings I had weren't a lie, or some fluke.

It wasn't even really a feeling of love. More... an urge. A need. For mom. To fuck mom again. Because once would never be enough. And though she couldn't know how deep the craving ran in me, I saw something similar in her eye; like I was the only thing keeping her from tearing off her clothes and jumping me in the middle of the street.

It was fucking hot, and terrifying, because as I pulled up to mom's house, she didn't get out right away. She turned to look at me. Her hands rested in her lap. The lights coming on around us lit her face a soft golden color. I looked at her, at her hair falling around her shoulders, at her mouth pressed thin and trembling, and tried to read what was going on in her head.

Finally, she leaned over. My heart jumped when I thought we might be about to kiss—and God, I wanted to so badly—but she went to the side of my head instead. Then, she hugged me. And before I could hug her back, she'd pulled away, smiled, opened the door, and walked around to unload my bike.

I came out, helped her take it around back, and watched as she pulled the cover over it to protect it for the winter.

"Mom..." I muttered, watching her carefully, unsure what else I could say. We had to talk about what we'd done. Didn't we? But as

soon as my mom stood upright again, she seemed... tired. Drained, somehow, like something in her had been worn down, or spent.

We said our goodbyes, and parted ways. I went upstairs while she checked on Sarah in her room—and sure enough, by the time mom came up the stairs, Sarah was asleep, exhausted from having played all day. Mom went to each of us, gave us kisses goodnight, and then retreated downstairs, probably to work some more on whatever project she'd had. I couldn't remember right at that moment, my mind was such a complete and total fog.

And when I finally went to sleep, despite the thoughts running through my head, the uncertainty about where things would go now that I'd fucked my mom once, and we'd talked about this, the one thing that made me fall asleep easily... was knowing that there might be more.

The next day started off normal. I slept in. Sarah wanted waffles, not eggs like she usually did. And while she was eating her food, dad texted me, asking how I was doing in school, what I had going on today. All in all, it seemed like he hadn't noticed anything different last night when he got home. That was good.

I went down around nine; mom was dressed, and wearing makeup already for work—though I noticed there were some dark circles under her eyes, which I assumed was due to our late night escapades—and she was on her phone, looking something up on it. But when I came down, she put her phone down, and smiled at me brightly.

"Morning!"

I gave her a look. "Morning? Is that... how you're going to start things off?"

"What do you mean?" My mother looked like she couldn't control herself, smiling at me from ear to ear, almost bouncing. "I'm excited for today!"

"Oh yeah?" I leaned into mom, who laughed and kissed me first, surprising me, sending warmth through my cheeks as her arms looped around me, pulling me into a hug. We walked side by side down the street to the bus stop, the early morning sun shining down on us. I saw the few people out giving us doubletakes but, fuck it.

This was fun. She smelled so fucking good and felt incredible against me, and after last night...

We sat together, talking about some of the things we should go do around town. Sarah was going to have a playdate with Alicia soon, which meant free time for us, while also ensuring Sarah wouldn't be bored. As we chatted, an idea hit me; "hey, did you ever go check out those new movies playing at the theater?"

"What? Oh yeah! That was what I was looking at last night when you came down—"

"Oh, right." I laughed. It was amazing, really, how comfortable this all felt. I'd already seen my mom naked. I'd already eaten her out. Why would we care about hiding a relationship?

I had to wonder if she'd tell dad, or keep this on the downlow. Either way, I wasn't worried about him leaving me high and dry anymore—in fact, it might even be kinda fun to share this secret with dad. Letting him know that his wife is being taken by his son. How he'd react...

I looked at mom, in that moment, saw her biting her lower lip. "Mom, are you close?"

She nodded desperately. "Jared," she whined. "This is so fucking dangerous..."

"Is that what makes it so hot?"

My mom groaned in reply. God, if someone had caught us at any point; on the stairs, in the shower, on mom's office chair, in front of her computer... It didn't matter. Now, here, we'd made it to her desk, where the danger was greater than ever.

She moaned, loudly, and looked at me again with desperate eyes. She leaned forward, kissed me, while I started fucking between her thighs, my cock brushing along her soaked cunt and teasing her clit with every single pass. The more I touched, the louder she grew, whimpering through the kiss as I teased her by simply pushing forward, letting my cock slide along her pussy, over and over. My balls, soaked in her juice, slapping gently against her ass. The sound of skin, hitting skin, echoed through the room; the only other noise was her gasping, her moans, and the heavy slurp of my cock against her pussy.

My mom's legs were spread as far as they would go, one heel propped up on the corner of the desk while my mom rode me, leaning backward, her body undulating so that she could get me exactly where she wanted, every time my dick pressed to her entrance or rubbed over her clit or nudged along the entirety of her body. It was like being a teenager again, jerking off in bed without a care in the world, and it was everything—everything to see my mother, in her office clothes, her blouse wide open, her bra fully dislodged, skirt bunched up at her waist, my cock sliding against her body, my mom's hand moving down, under the covers, rubbing her clit while my cock fucked her thighs. It was insanity, it was pleasure and pain in equal measure; my mom wasn't fucking me, not really. We hadn't broken our taboo completely...

But what we did... what we were doing? To anyone else, to a stranger, they might have seen this exact same scenario and thought we were truly having sex. This position made it impossible for me to tell; all I knew was that this felt amazing. Every inch of my mother, every piece of her body, was perfect and soft. She wasn't muscular like Tia, her figure had just a hint of weight, of age, that somehow made me want her even more. Her breasts were large, full and soft on my chest, her stomach curving under my touch, the gentle slope of her ass under my palms and her thighs smooth and sleek. And the way she moved... It was like music. There was an art to the way my mom worked her body over mine, a rhythmic nature in the roll of her hips and the gentle grind that let me use her clit just right. She had to use one arm to prop herself up on the desk while we worked together; there was no stopping either of us from reaching a peak, not after this long.

When Mom's head lifted up and she cried out, her legs closing and her cunt squeezing at the length of my cock between her thighs as her orgasm shook her body, I found myself unable to hold back. The sudden constriction around my sensitive flesh, combined with the rolling of my mom's hips as she rode herself to completion...

It was heaven.

My face twisted, my toes curled, I groaned through clenched teeth and buried my face against my mom's neck as my cock

swelled, the cum already shooting deep inside her womb before I even shot a rope of sperm outside, painting her belly and the fronts of her thighs white. Our bodies continued to grind together, milking the moment for everything it was worth as our lips met, both of us moaning against each other's tongue as our orgasms rolled through us in perfect synchronization.

We were trembling as we rode it out; our hips rocked slowly against each other as we tried to ride those last sparks of bliss before it all faded away.

Eventually, mom pulled away from me. As she did, there was a strange kind of shock when the cold hit my bare cock, followed by the warm feeling of mom's hands taking my cheeks in hers.

I opened my eyes and gazed at my mother—sweaty, red faced, breathless. Her eyes were shining with tears as she looked at me. The expression was tenderness. It was joy, and affection, and... something deeper than either.

"I love you, honey," mom whispered, softly. She kissed my cheek where a tear had formed and escaped from her eye.

I swallowed thickly, trying to control myself, my emotions. "I love you too, mom," I said, hoarsely. "So much..."

Her embrace became fierce, like an animal, clutching, holding me as close as possible to her. When our bodies moved again, this time it was different; instead of just moving together, with mom holding onto me with all four of her limbs and my arms around her as we moved our bodies in tandem to pleasure one another, when the next wave hit and my hips rocked instinctively, my mother's entire body rolled with me, like we were truly riding one another in sex.

Our breathing quickened; I felt the orgasm start to form inside of me first, growing, the pressure of it almost overwhelming as it built, like water filling a damn. Mom was wriggling harder against me, moaning against my cheek, whining into my ear, the sounds like fire over my nerves as everything intensified from it, her pussy somehow even more hot and wet between us, and her cunt throbbing wildly as my cock ground along it over and over again.

It was so insane that my body was moving on its own, grinding on mom's cunt and driving us closer to our respective climaxes, the

pleasure mounting higher and higher, making my cock throb faster and faster with need, making her thighs jerk and flex and her hips move desperately with my strokes until we were both just gasping for breath between kisses, the tension so intense I could see it, almost—like something alive and real, rising up behind the woman who was wrapped around me.

"Jared—" My mother whined desperately, "Please don't stop!" she gasped, "Don't ever stop, honey... I... I never want this feeling to end..."

I wanted to speak, too, but all I could do was gasp her name into her hair. Everything had become her body, her flesh, soft and yielding and pliable to every touch as my fingers dug into her back, clutching her tight to me, feeling her breasts crushed against my chest as I kissed at her cheek, at her throat, feeling her moan under me, against me, her cunt spasming as she came again, hard enough that her whole body tensed in a perfect arc and pressed close enough to my body that I could feel her pulse through me; I shuddered against her, feeling the heat of her flesh on my cheeks, knowing that it would only be another stroke or two before I was coming too, unable to withstand the tension any longer...

Then suddenly, the office door swung open, the light from outside blinding us for a moment, and we stared in shock, eyes adjusting so we could see what was going on...

And I saw George, my mom's husband, standing there gawking, a key to the office clutched in one hand.

"You—you fucking—whore!" he growled. "What do you think you're doing!" His face turned redder, rage pouring through him, "You... You cheating slut! What are you doing?!" he yelled.

The first emotion to hit me wasn't fear—it was pure fucking shame. Mom looked at George and I felt her heart starting to hammer out of control in her chest; this moment, which she'd been dreading, had arrived. This had to have been the worst possible position we could be in—mom, half-dressed and in my arms, my cock buried between her thighs like it should be inside of her, like this whole thing wasn't already so fucking obvious...

"George," mom stammered, "George... I can explain."

Explain what? I was thinking. Explain that we fucked like rabbits on the desk in her office? That every time we were alone together, I took any opportunity I could to get us naked and enjoy myself with the woman who raised me? That every time I went to bed I dreamed about how her body felt around mine?

That whenever she kissed me I couldn't help but think of her as my lover?

As Cara?

I didn't know. But then, he didn't have to know any of it. But the truth was there. The evidence was incriminating, as my stepfather took one look at the two of us on the desk, my mother in nothing but a blouse and her panties pulled aside, me fully naked from the waist down. The shock caused George's jaw to drop; my mom let out a loud moan, which was cut off as soon as she turned and saw him. My gaze followed hers, and when I saw the figure in the doorway I tensed up, my cock flexing deep into my mother, making her gasp aloud before she bit down on her tongue and tried to suppress her reaction.

We were stunned. There was nothing that could prepare either of us for the fact that right now...

We'd been caught by my father.

By George.

And it hit me hard that this wasn't my fault. Or mom's, exactly. I didn't do anything other than give her what she wanted, what she needed. I thought about it; we would have gone home last night had it not been for George and his bullshit decision to take away our vacation. And then I considered how many nights mom stayed late here at work after he got off.

This was the product of his greed. Not that he ever gave a damn about us to begin with, did he? How long had it taken him to even marry mom after meeting her? Months? Weeks? And here he was fucking two or three girls half his age behind our backs—

No. This wasn't my mother's fault. Mom wanted what George deprived her of: attention. And while what I had with her could never fill those shoes, or any other part of a proper relationship... it could fill some things, at least.

Like a cunt, I thought, savagely, suddenly filled with fury and resentment and hate for the bastard that took everything from me in the first place. All because of one mistake. One error in judgement. One bad choice out of thousands of good ones.

So what if my cock was inside my mother now? I didn't put it there. She did. Or more like George did by taking away her vacation. I couldn't imagine why, either; mom never got time off unless she really needed it.

Suddenly, I was feeling even guiltier. Did this have something to do with... yesterday?

Before I could get ahold of myself, mom gasped again, and suddenly the entire tarp of covers we were using fell off of us. At first I pulled back, shocked, when my eyes saw—

"Jared! Oh!" It was a shock to hear that voice. And the face that appeared from below—a short-haired brunette with wide glasses and a buttoned top, one of the higher-up managers—made my mom gasp, and then pull herself away.

I saw my mother's pussy, exposed, the folds of pink wet flesh puffy and spread open by my cock; I saw my mother's tits bouncing as she backed up against the desk in surprise, both arms going to cover her chest and giving me an accidental glimpse at how hard and pert her nipples were; I saw all of this and realized the state that we were in. My cock was bare. Completely bare. Nothing left to hide what had just happened between us—and the fact that I hadn't put on a condom before fucking between mom's thighs. The heat, the slickness, the pressure; even now it seemed to scream inside of me, echoing from my shaft to my tip, telling me how good it'd feel if I took hold of my mom, turned her around, and fucked her proper.

But I couldn't move. I stared, stunned, as another higher manager—a black-haired woman, younger than the other two I knew—came up alongside the first, and saw me. Saw my cock. Watched her look at it, the head fully extended past my foreskin, glistening, the thick meatiness of my erection and the swollen veins in my cock pulsing visibly—

"That's enough, right?!" the brown-haired woman said quickly, her hands outstretched in front of her, trying to get my attention.

"Jared! It's enough, r—"

In one sudden, quick movement, I grabbed my mother, and turned her over onto the table.

She landed on the desk with a loud gasp.

And then her hand went out behind her, reaching backward to push back at me, while her upper half twisted around to look at me. "Honey!" she barked, eyes wide.

But I saw her face, and recognized something; my mother's pupils were dilated. It was a subtle thing that most people would not notice. But it told me one thing very clearly; she was drunk on lust. And nothing, except possibly being caught, was going to stop us from where this was headed.

Mom shifted and moved, her pussy throbbing around my cock as it continued to press against her clit; she was so slick that, again and again, my dick kept slipping and pushing her over sensitive nub, and though she groaned at it, it did nothing but send more shivers down her legs. And then, in a quick twist of movement that had her breasts pressed against my chest, she grabbed at one arm of the chair next to the desk, and pulled herself back so that she was seated on my lap, facing the door, and I was inside of her, properly.

Inside. My cock buried deep, past the soft ridges of her entrance, and into her tight body. Her cunt squeezed hard as my hips jerked back involuntarily at the sudden feeling, which caused mom to throw her head back. A long, loud, uncontrolled, unrestrained cry of pleasure came from her throat.

"Hhooo—Oh... Honey..." She groaned. I could hear her teeth setting into each other; I held my mom's ass and looked up her body, watched her head tilt upward and her hair spill out like a golden waterfall. "It feels good..." she whispered. "It feels so good... so fucking... good!"

She started to move, shifting her hips back and forth, riding my dick.

Fuck. This was beyond amazing. Every stroke was better than the last, deeper, warmer, tighter than ever before. Her slickness made sure I had plenty of room, plenty of room to slide inside of

her, as far as we both needed to go, to be completely and absolutely connected.

This wasn't fucking sex, this wasn't just a quickie between lovers. I knew that already. This was so much more. And while we might have been going too far for us to recover, I didn't care. This was everything. This was love and lust and everything I had ever wanted out of life.

In the dark world where it was just the two of us, there was nothing left. There was no more mom and son, no more family, no more shame, no more regrets, nothing.

Only passion.

"Cara," I breathed. My tongue brushed against hers, and she gasped.

She pulled back just a bit. "Honey..." She breathed softly.

And when I looked into my mother's eyes, there was no trace of guilt or shame or hesitation. She moved closer, kissed me hard. "Jared..." she whispered against me, "... honey—"

There was a noise.

Laughter.

It echoed down the halls outside, coming from far away, but loud, unmistakable.

We stared at each other. Time froze, stopped completely. My heart was pounding in my chest; I could feel something inside of me start to crack, the same thing going through her.

We broke apart. Mom stood upright, and started grabbing at her bra, hooking it together in front of her tits, and smoothing out her blouse as best she could. She rushed to the office door and pulled aside the viewing window covering; no one was outside in the hall. Not yet. But...

"Jared," mom muttered, breathless. "Get off."

I got off the desk as fast as I could. My mom rushed to her skirt, and wriggled into it, before fixing her panties. "Honey, where are my panties?" Mom breathed, rushing to pull the zipper closed.

The sight of my mom bending over caused a sharp surge of excitement through me—I could see her glistening sex, peeking out between the split of her thighs when she bent down for her panties.

When I looked at the ceiling, and tried to think about the most disgusting thing imaginable to avoid cumming everywhere, I realized where they were. "In your hair."

We both laughed. And just like that, we were... us again, somehow. I was me. She was Cara, my mother, not my lover. It felt incredible, somehow. To know that we had this crazy new world with all these insane moments, but at the same time be just us.

As she pulled on her panties, I noticed something on her ass, which looked very tempting from this angle. "What are you smiling about?" Mom said, noticing me grinning like an idiot as she pulled on her shoes.

"Aha," I grinned. "Your phone number on your panties, you know what that means? It means those are my lucky panties now."

"My phone number is already written on my panties, and you better not get rid of them!" Mom chastised me. "Those were very expensive."

I laughed, hopping off the desk, trying to think about gross things before taking hold of her skirt. Mom raised a single brow, and allowed me to pull her skirt back up over her hips. As I zipped it back into place, she said, "You've become quite the young man. You're starting to get your hair everywhere too."

"Just... thinking ahead," I winked. And she blushed.

God. My mom actually fucking blushed. This was unreal. How had this all happened so quickly?

I could think of one word: insanity. This was a madness that we'd somehow fallen into and neither of us had been able to break out from. But what really took the cake was the fact that even after everything I've done to Cara, the way I'd treated her, the sheer amount of disrespect I'd shown her ever since she first found the condom box in my room, none of it seemed to matter now.

She was mine now.

"Jared," she whispered. "You should let me take you shopping—"

This fucking caught me off guard. Here I was, balls deep between her thighs—and trust me, when it comes to balls, I've got some fucking fat ones, there's so much heat that I can't even handle it anymore. "W-what?" I managed to choke out.

My hips started thrusting, really thrusting now, and the way my mother looked at me made my heart skip several beats in my chest. Her gaze was soft and loving, but full of something else; desire, fear, and a need for pleasure that could not be quenched by anything except what we were doing. Mom whimpered as I moved harder, my cock sliding over and across her clit and causing her thighs to shake. She couldn't talk for a while, all she did was look at me with her eyes hazy with lust, until eventually her breathing went back to normal enough for her to speak.

"I just... just wanted to treat you," mom said softly. "It's been hard, baby, and I know how much you miss her..." Mom trailed off, a flash of sadness coming over her eyes. "Maybe you should make things right, and talk to Cara about what's happened."

There was a long moment where we stared at each other in silence. The mention of Cara's name made everything feel even more forbidden, even more taboo than it was. I felt my cock throbbing between her legs, but... I slowed down. A bit. I didn't want her to tell me this, and yet, hearing her say it only made me appreciate what she was doing more. She was trying. She knew what kind of man I was becoming and how dangerous it would be to get involved with me, but still she stayed. Despite knowing who I was.

That said something to me. Maybe she cared more than I thought she did? Or maybe she had a plan, some goal that she couldn't see through if she didn't stick with me. Either way, it filled me with emotion I'd never felt before—not for dad, not for any girl I'd slept with, only her. And it was fucking insane.

I pushed my face to her neck and kissed her there, deeply, feeling her skin on my lips as I closed my eyes and focused on how incredible she smelled, felt, tasted. Her body shuddered and she gasped out loud, unable to contain her moans anymore. "Jared! Baby! It's good... you're so good... so... ah!"

We rocked against each other. Mom wasn't riding me, not like normal; instead she kept her hips perfectly straight as I thrust between her thighs, and the only part of her moving were her hips, circling a bit against me every now and again to create just a bit

more pressure than before. And her arms held us close together, so I couldn't push far enough through her legs that I would slip free. So we continued, rocking, kissing, holding each other tighter. Her nipples rubbed over my chest and sent little bursts of lightning into my heart while I thrust into my mother's warmth, listening to her cry out from pleasure as I licked at her neck and fucked deeper into the heat between her thighs.

Our lovemaking lasted for minutes, maybe seconds, I don't know—mom seemed to get tighter and tighter until finally, all I could do was push myself as deeply between her thighs as possible, my cock pushed over her clit, rubbing, until her breathing stopped entirely.

Her voice was sharp in my ear, suddenly, screaming out my name and digging her nails into my back, scratching me. She pulled tight against me, her whole body shaking like an earthquake while I rubbed furiously on her clit, fucking her thighs even harder now while she climaxed on me, her pussy throbbing powerfully over my length, squeezing and massaging me while I groaned. The feeling of her orgasm brought me so damn close to coming.

I came off, and watched as my mom continued to shiver with aftershocks of pleasure, leaning onto me and resting her head on my shoulder, panting. The feeling of her sweaty skin on my cock made everything that much more erotic, that much more desperate; she had barely come down from her orgasm but I was about ready to blow...

I shifted forward a little, trying to reach around for the box of tissues in the desk without disturbing my mother. When I did grab it, I felt her push back on me.

"Cara," I grunted. "Wait... wait..."

The only warning I could give her; I came on her ass. Cum went flying out of the tip of my dick and covered her ass cheeks, making the creamy white surface of her butt shiny, slick, wet. When all was done, I dropped the tissue box and sat back, looking at her.

Mom was red, looking behind her and turning around to sit on top of my legs. "That... that was..."

"I can't believe I almost came in you," I admitted. The thought terrified me as much as it turned me on. My mom's body, full of cum

—her belly, growing, filling, the thought had been right there at the cusp of release for both of us. I looked up, to see the mess we made; my mother's clothes were wrinkled beyond recognition from where I threw them haphazardly over everything, her panties were pulled aside, the insides sticky with juices, my cum dribbled down onto the chair, onto the floor, dripping from the edge of the desk.

My gaze lowered. I realized I was staring at my mom's pussy lips, flushed and parted from having me fuck them. I swallowed. Mom shifted a little bit more to let me really see; a trickle of cream rolled down her thighs. "Baby, you have to help me clean up."

The shock had faded, but the excitement still had hold of me. I wanted more of what we'd just done. "Oh yeah? And how am I supposed to do that?"

Cara licked her lips, and then pulled me into a kiss. Her tongue slid over mine, her spit mixing with mine as our tongues wrestled and battled together. My mom was moaning softly into my mouth, her hands running through my hair, and every breath that hit my face smelled like her.

She whispered against my mouth, "Get down and lick your mother clean."

I shuddered, the desire hitting me hard, and after another long, deep kiss, I broke away from her. As she sat back, I lowered myself onto the carpet floor. My eyes were looking up at her while I knelt and I watched, enraptured, as my mom lifted one leg onto my shoulder while sitting in the chair.

This brought her pussy into view; full view, completely revealed. Her cunt was perfect; plump lips covered by a fine layer of blonde fuzz, her pink entrance visible underneath it, just slightly parted because of the way she spread herself for me. At the center, the dark rose of her clit; peeking from a hood as her little button stood out, the source of her pleasure...

Her gaze burned into me, the same heat that ran through my veins coursing through hers. She stared down, unblinking, waiting.

Waiting for what I wanted to do; licking her pussy clean from our cum.

With all that had happened tonight, all that had changed since yesterday; nothing could have prepared us for how much was about to change in this instant. My hips moved, my cock throbbed. My mom's insides gripped and flexed around me, the sensation so tight that I felt dizzy from pleasure. And when I shifted, moving my cock back, and guiding it back to her entrance, she watched and whimpered softly and her hand rose to her mouth to bite the tip of her finger to keep from moaning out loud, her knees weak as she braced herself on the desk and the only thing holding her up was me, holding her close, and as the head of my cock slipped up...

Up...

I looked into my mother's green eyes. The color was almost swallowed by her dilating pupils, until they were almost completely dark, only the rim of her irises barely visible, but that light shone, still. In a world otherwise shrouded in darkness, those glinting points stood out, a warning sign; you're about to drive off a cliff. But despite every instinct telling me not to continue what I was doing, despite the sane part of me screaming in horror at what I was about to do, at what I had already done, that little glimmer of white in the distance wasn't enough to stop me from going onward.

Mom stared back into my gaze. Her hand had pulled away from her mouth and had instead gone to her hair, gripping onto her golden curls so tightly that her fingers turned white. She had closed her eyes and had turned her head upwards as though looking for some kind of help from God, or anything. As we both felt the final waves coming forward, it became obvious to me that mom had lost control. I could feel her legs struggling, wanting to wrap around me. I could feel her hips shifting, twitching with pleasure, each roll of them threatening to send me past that line, to send my cock inside of her...

But she kept trying to keep herself still. The desk was the only thing keeping her grounded; she gripped the table and kept her feet planted against the desk's edge for dear life, all so she wouldn't rock, wouldn't let her need overtake her and cause her to lose control of herself, and of this situation. I held her, gently, as best I could given that I was about to go crazy too, keeping her near-nude

body pressed close against my nearly-naked one. Her pussy was dripping over my shaft as I thrusted, her juices drenching us both and making it an effort not to fuck her properly. But if I went deeper into her, it would be a step into dangerous territory.

I didn't know how well my mom could stay standing, or how much longer I'd be able to hold on before giving into my desire and fucking my mom properly. My hips were rocking, my cock slipping up and down along her wet entrance.

Mom started panting louder, whimpering. She couldn't stop it anymore; she leaned herself back slightly, just enough so that I was at the right angle, and then pushed herself back over me. And her lips caught the head of my cock, and wrapped it, pulling just slightly inward, and she gasped loud, unable to keep from releasing that little cry.

This time though, she looked at me in fear. We hadn't done this. This was something else. So... maybe...? Maybe... this wasn't...?

I knew what she wanted, now. Even if she didn't fully know it. Mom shifted forward again, pushing herself away from me. Her thighs had my cock still trapped between them, but they weren't closed so tightly now, and every roll of my hips brought my tip close enough to kiss her soft folds once again, just barely touching, until finally—she leaned too far forward, and my cock slipped, inside of her again.

There were no words needed. No confirmation needed. The shock came to our faces, the understanding, and suddenly mom was fucking herself over me, riding me in her office chair, taking me deeper and deeper inside of her as she leaned back over me and used me as support. It was a haze of movement: I'd thrust into mom's heat as she rode me, my cock sliding deeper and deeper and filling her completely while I fucked up into her pussy and sent hot slaps through our bodies as we collided. Her eyes were wide and open, her mouth agape as her breasts jiggled in front of me. We fucked wildly; mom's hips rolled forward as she pushed over me and lifted off of me when I pulled backward and tried to pull out, like some desperate attempt to get more of my length inside of her,

though eventually there would be nowhere for us to go but forward again.

She held herself high enough that each slide was a torturously slow pull outward before another hard thrust upwards, driving my dick deep into her tight little hole while my mom bit her lip and moaned so loudly I feared someone might hear us—though it would be her voice, and not mine, that anyone else might have been able to recognize. Still, the idea that someone could catch her riding my cock in her office got me impossibly harder and made every slide of my cock inside of her pussy wetter.

I looked at where our bodies met, watched my mom's pretty lips stretching to accommodate my thick dick. When I reached forward, I felt where her cunt clung tightly to every inch of my dick before sliding back down to its base. With my fingers pressed to both sides of her slit, I could feel how she pulsed against me with every heartbeat and wondered how I ever could have lasted as long as I had inside her hot, slick cunt. I didn't know if we'd actually go all the way or not, but even the fact that we were doing this... it was so fucking crazy and wrong but also incredible, knowing that it wasn't only in her mouth that my mom would swallow me whole.

"Oh fuck baby, I need your cum inside of me." Cara cried, her pussy grinding down on me harder with each movement and my tip just barely touching her cervix. I didn't think there was any way we'd be able to fit all the way in.

Though when mom started talking like that, saying things that shouldn't be said...

My hips couldn't stop themselves from lifting upward; it was impossible to stop myself from burying my cock just a bit deeper inside of her cunt. I knew then that it didn't matter if we finished, that I'd been lost from the second she opened the office door and I saw her sitting there with those green eyes. All that mattered was that I came inside of her and hoped against hope that this moment would never end. That it was just her and me and no one else around for miles. That it was okay to do this as long as the world wasn't watching because the way she moved on top of me felt too good for words.

Mom was grinding on top of me hard now; with each thrust, my cock bottomed out against the walls of her pussy, spreading her open, stretching her wide, making her moan in surprise every time I went deep enough. One hand had hold of me around the shoulders and she was keeping herself close to me, her eyes closing tightly shut, her jaw setting in such a perfect line that it seemed carved from marble. There was no sound except the two of us, the gentle slap of skin on skin and our breathing as we came together.

The friction of her panties rubbing up against my shaft, the heat coming off of her body, the sensation of my mother's walls squeezing around my girth made every motion an act of worship for me. This beautiful goddess was letting me please her like this and I wasn't about to waste it by holding anything back.

She opened her eyes again and watched my face, looking for something and smiling when she found what she wanted. "Fuck baby... fuck, are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes..."

"Me too, fuck yeah... mm... don't stop honey... fuck yeah baby you feel so good inside of me."

The words caused my pace to quicken which, in turn, only served to spur her on more. Her eyes were glassy now as though she was getting lost in the feeling of what was happening to her. I pulled her close, taking a nipple into my mouth and sucking on it while I increased the speed of my thrusting again. This time she did not seem able to form any kind of words, just moaned a low throaty moan while her fingers tangled in my hair.

"Ah!"

She said sharply, but not loudly when I switched breasts. The sound of my hand slapping down on her ass had startled her and me both. But it wasn't exactly an unpleasant sensation. Mom made another low guttural noise and began bucking up against me harder, so I decided to repeat the action. Again and again. Each time the sting felt just a bit sharper and even a bit sweeter, for her if not for me. She cried out again, although this time it sounded a lot more like a whine. Her eyes were pleading with me, wanting something

from me and needing me to do it soon, before she could think herself out of it. I gave her ass another loud crack.

"Ughn," she whimpered. "Do it... fuck me."

I looked into her eyes then, and felt my heart hammering. How the hell did we get here? I had no idea but I had to admit the whole thing was exciting. And not just because she wanted to sleep with her stepson but also because of how she wanted to be treated by him. It was like this was a hidden side of her that had lain dormant for years until I came along and let it free.

I moved closer, running my hand gently up her stomach while I reached my other hand around to grab her ass cheek and squeeze. She shivered in my embrace before giving me a pleading look with her gorgeous green eyes. Slowly I leaned into her ear and took a long breath as if savoring the smell of her hair. My tongue crept out and licked the edges of her ears ever so lightly, leaving a wet trail across the shell of her ear. Goosebumps rose along her neck and shoulder where they peaked from under her blouse and I chuckled lowly. "Tell me how much you want me to fuck you," I whispered into her ear.

The blush on her cheeks deepened even as she nodded almost frantically. "Fuck yes! Fuck me!"

That made my dick throb in its prison. Her words echoed through my mind until they triggered the release of something within me.

I was on her like a wild animal. Mom squealed as I grabbed her hair, pulling hard enough to force her head back against my shoulders so she was at my mercy. The position lifted her ample breasts upwards and I seized upon one with my other hand, squeezing hard until she cried out again. It was almost surreal. We'd only been going for five minutes or less but already both of us had completely abandoned ourselves to the primal needs which we now fulfilled with abandon. I didn't think about anything except fucking this sexy little slut, my very own mom! She no longer looked at me as her son but as a strong young male capable of satisfying her most lustful desires. As for myself, my only thought was of making her cum harder than I had ever seen a girl cum before.

I started pumping into her and I wasn't gentle. I was driven by all those weeks of frustration when I hadn't gotten laid followed by yesterday's and today's teasing and culminating in our fucking after work session in the office. Mom took it without complaint though. She moaned in pleasure as I pulled her head back against me while plowing my stiffness into her from behind.

"Yes! Yes, Jared! Use me! Use my tight cunt the way you want. Oh yeah. That's it." I felt her shudder and I knew she had just had an orgasm. Her entire body shook under my assault as waves of pleasure ran through her frame. For a second, I eased off her pussy so as not to make things too intense but quickly picked up the pace again as soon as she seemed to have regained some balance. "Yeah baby. Fuck your bitch. Your slutty mother who should know better than to seduce her son. Mmmmm." Her breathing had returned to normal and it seemed that mom was really enjoying herself again. She turned to kiss me and we made out passionately for several long minutes before returning to our former position, moaning at every thrust I delivered into her wet heat.

"Are you ready mom?" I panted, letting go of her hair and feeling my body starting to tighten in preparation for my release. My balls ached they were so full and they slapped repeatedly against mom's clit as I slammed into her. "Where do you want it?"

My question seemed to push her over the edge again and mom let out another wailing cry of pleasure as her whole body spasmed wildly around me. "Anywhere baby. Anywhere. Come inside me!"

That was all I needed to hear. I grabbed hold of mom and pulled her into me, forcing my dick as far as it could go and released a torrent of cum inside my mother. It felt like I pumped my entire ball sack into her waiting pussy. After three nights in a row of orgasms this had to be the most epic one ever. We held each other tightly as we recovered and it wasn't until I went soft and fell out of her that she let go of me. Mom stood up on shaking legs and gave me a look of pure love and lust before reaching down to touch my sperm as it leaked out of her. She shivered and groaned softly to herself before giving me a kiss on the forehead. "Come on sweetie. Let's go home."

We cleaned ourselves up, made ourselves presentable, and as soon as we got home, we fucked again in mom's bed, her legs wrapped around me and encouraging me to give it all to her as deep as I could, so deep that it would get past her pills, if only for that night.

It was like we were obsessed; by the time we woke up on the morning, mom had sucked me off three times, using her fingers and even her toes to help bring me off in order to keep sucking. In the morning, as soon as she finished swallowing, she went down on me again. And she was still moaning happily to herself and licking at me when she came out of the shower; still nude, hair wet, she knelt over me in bed, took me into her mouth, and brought me close, once more, to climax...

So I could get hard, for what was next.

I didn't need any foreplay to watch this part; seeing mom step into her heels and turn sideways, lifting one leg, to show me the gusset of her stockings going past her panties, the black mesh stark against her thighs and her skin, to watch her button her blouse from top to bottom, giving me an endless peek at those gorgeous breasts inside her bra...

This was like foreplay, the most teasing kind. Mom knew she looked good. And she loved the attention she was getting, my eyes glued to her, watching every movement with a cock that started to leak pre-cum within seconds of her coming out of the bathroom and finding me awake.

Mom turned on her heel once, just to show off her body in profile. I watched that perfect figure move before turning around completely again, and looking into my eyes. She cocked her head to the side. "You sure you're alright, baby?" Her voice was playful, teasing.

She stepped in front of me, put a hand on the bedpost where I sat up and looked at my body from all directions. She looked at my lap, bit her lip as her eyes lingered over there, and then met mine again. Her fingers touched lightly at my face, caressing my cheek. "Maybe another shower is in order? To wash away those bad dreams... if you know what I mean?"

The implication, even when it was this early in the morning, had me hard instantly. She giggled and left, not waiting for an answer or reaction—there was none needed. Mom knew how badly I wanted her; how could I pretend to say no?

She knew I would be right behind her, waiting eagerly.

When I followed mom into the shower, there was no pretense of us bathing each other. Mom turned it on and started kissing me; she was ready. I let her lead me as the water pounded over both of us and warmed our skin, and by the time we separated from each other, the entire bathroom was completely steamy.

Her lips parted slightly and mom gave me a seductive look.

"Baby... I want to taste you," she whispered.

I didn't ask twice, taking her wrist and guiding her hand to my cock, closing her fingers over it. My mom bit her lip, watching me the entire time as she slowly sank downwards, kneeling on the shower floor. The warm water washed over her blonde hair, flattening it to her head and shoulders. Her hands ran along my legs, following them downwards. She caressed my knees before sliding her hands backwards until they slid over my ass, squeezing gently. She looked up at me while she moved her lips closer. She kissed my belly, my chest. With each touch of her mouth she left a burning spot in my skin, as if she was touching a hot iron to me. When her tongue flicked out for the first time, I let out a sharp breath and grabbed hold of her wet hair. Cara looked up at me, smoldering. She kept her eyes locked with mine when her lips finally touched the head of my cock, making me draw another sharp breath. A groan escaped from my throat as she pushed forward, my fat dick disappearing between her ruby lips inch by inch.

I reached out, holding both sides of the wall as my mother started bobbing her head back and forth on my aching cock. The heat inside me grew with every passing moment, threatening to overwhelm me soon. I wanted to grab her head and just fuck her face like an animal. Luckily my self-control remained, and I managed to stay relatively calm. For the most part, anyway. When the tip of my dick brushed up against the back of her mouth and hit the beginning of her throat, Cara finally let out a low moan which sent

vibrations through my entire body. She looked so fucking sexy in that moment, it felt almost impossible not to take control. I tightened my grip on her hair and pulled her head all the way down until her lips were sealed around the base of my member and her nose pressed up against me. God, I could have come right there and then if I wanted to, but I fought against my desires with all my willpower to draw out this feeling for as long as I possibly could.

When Cara took control once more, I released her head and relaxed against the wall. As if she read my mind, she started slow, teasing me while her hands reached beneath my thighs to gently play with my balls. She gradually increased her tempo, using her free hand to jerk off what she couldn't reach with her mouth. Cara started drooling like crazy, slobbering all over my erection while sucking and licking simultaneously, turning my entire crotch into a wet mess. That made me remember the night before, and I reached over to shut the water off.

When Cara heard the squeak of the faucet being closed, she removed my cock from her mouth with a loud pop. We stared at each other in silence for several seconds before I grabbed the woman by the arms and lifted her up, spinning around and pinning her back against the wall of the shower. She gasped when our eyes met, but quickly wrapped one leg around me, pulling my hips closer towards hers. She had me in a perfect position to get inside her, so I gripped the underside of both of her knees and lifted her body higher until the lips of her pussy touched the head of my shaft. Then, slowly, I lowered myself down and watched in ecstasy as my hard cock parted her folds and slid its way inside, inch after inch disappearing within her tight snatch. It wasn't easy, and the fact that we were standing in the shower made everything much more challenging. We needed something for support so that Cara wouldn't fall over. Her legs locked around me just tight enough to give her some balance and keep us steady, but even then things could quickly turn bad if we weren't careful. So I put most of my focus into holding onto her until every last bit of my penis was wedged deep inside of her womb. I held myself there, letting out a series of groans before she cupped my cheeks and forced my head upwards

to kiss me deeply. Cara didn't say anything at first, not until our lips parted from each other's, and then she let out a lust-filled whisper into my ear.

"Fuck me."

Without delay, I withdrew my erection nearly all the way until only the tip remained. My hips rocked forward again, sending my dick right back inside and causing her entire body to jolt against the wall. "Fuck..."

The sound of my pelvis smacking against her bottom was music to my ears.

"Oh, honey," my mother gasped. A glance upwards showed her arms outstretched on either side, clinging onto the walls in an attempt to support herself while I drilled her pussy. The tightness felt heavenly against the underside of my shaft, giving me shivers each time I pumped in and out, faster than the last. Cara had her teeth set hard into her lower lip now.

She let out another sigh when she removed one hand from the wall to reach down and rub at her clit in slow circles. It gave her so much pleasure, judging by her moans that filled the entire room. In response to them, I pulled her hips even closer to mine until the head of my cock was pressing right up against the entrance to her pussy again, but without going inside this time. We stared into each other's eyes for a brief moment before finally looking away to focus on my cock again.

I didn't really feel all that confident about how big my cock was, not really. Sure it wasn't small, but after seeing all the dildos people used online, especially when compared to them, well...

Except that here, with my mom, the sheer size of my throbbing erection was a lot more intimidating than it was anywhere else. Because here it mattered; if she took my length fully then it would hurt, or so I figured. But my mom clearly wanted it bad enough that I started to press it back between her folds, watching as inch by inch disappeared into her hungry hole again, taking extra care not to put too much pressure and to look out for signs of discomfort. She was nice and wet from being licked and fingered though, so she accepted what I gave her with ease. Her hips began grinding against me

when my shaft made contact with her pussy lips, her clit rubbing hard on the base of my cock, creating wonderful friction for us both.

Her free hand shot behind herself, reaching out for something to steady herself with as her body started trembling wildly and her breaths shortened dramatically. She leaned her head back while I grabbed tightly at her ass cheek, my fingers digging hard into the flesh, forcing another gasp out of her. Her body felt weak underneath my touch, the way it quivered against my skin made me want to pin her down and ravish her all over again. If anything, this just felt like the foreplay to a real mind-blowing session of rough fucking.

When she looked back at me, there was an animalistic lust in her eyes that seemed so alien from my mother's usual self. But maybe it was just hiding deep inside her and we had both needed each other to help set it free. Her hand ran up to my neck and she squeezed, holding tightly, while our bodies continued grinding away together on top of the desk. With each thrust, her moans became shorter and sharper.

"Jared... honey, I..."

The next moan came as a squeal, and when I heard that, I couldn't take it anymore. My grip around her tightened even further and my mouth went to her neck and bit. And that was it for her; with my cock teasing at her clit and rubbing over it again and again while we grinded our hips together like some sort of insane horny lovers, I felt her tremble against me and knew she'd gone over the edge once more, just as her teeth found my ear and clamped down while her hand pressed against my back, nails biting through my shirt and scratching hard, making me hiss with a pain-pleasure sensation that seemed to amplify my mother's orgasm by tenfold.

She let out a scream that was cut short when she clamped her jaw around my shoulder and bit down to keep herself quiet while her whole body thrashed against me; her pussy was gushing juices onto my crotch and running down my balls where they would fall onto the desk with slow dripping sounds that only served to heighten my sense of power and pride. And at the same time, I realized it wasn't going to stop, not any time soon; she kept coming, again and again,

her whole body spasming uncontrollably while she writhed against me in total pleasure, her mind and thoughts gone for several seconds until finally, after what felt like an eternity, I felt her hands pulling me toward her chest as if trying to smother me in between them; which didn't sound bad, to be honest... but I had other plans.

I lifted mom up with ease; after all, she weighed almost nothing, and even though she wasn't helping, she still managed to put her arms around my neck as I started carrying her over to another corner of the office, my cock never leaving from between her legs.

Mom was dazed as she rested her head on my shoulder, her chest pressing against mine. I held her tightly as I stepped across the room; my eyes scanning past the glass partitions that made the offices feel separated, looking for the perfect spot to continue this madness, until my eyes stopped at the conference table.

It was long, black, and sleek, and the chairs seemed far too expensive for a simple corporate office. The thing was huge, enough to hold five people on each side, but not quite long enough to fit ten.

Perfect.

The moment we were there I let myself fall into a chair, my cock still wedged between my mom's legs and sending thrills through both of us as it pressed hard into her thighs, my tip sliding across her mound and over her clit before pressing itself right back into place. I set Mom down gently and guided her head down to kiss me; her eyes had been looking about the room in nervousness and excitement as well, and when our lips touched I felt the rest of her tension ease away into nothing at all. With no worries except for that which lay between us, she kissed me hard, my hands squeezing her ass through her panties, lifting her up slightly on top of me and feeling my cock grind between her legs through her soaked underwear. Her breasts were soft on my chest and they bounced lightly against my muscles every time she moved. I couldn't tell if the trembling of my fingers came from her or me, but soon I reached around to slide off her blouse, revealing inch after inch of pale, tender skin, broken by the lacy lines of her bra. My heart skipped a beat as I felt myself growing ever harder beneath her, and

I could sense a similar reaction from her, because my cock twitched and jumped against the wet of her cunt and she shivered atop me. As though this spasm of mine gave her strength, my mom kissed me fiercely, pushing herself as hard as she could into my mouth until I couldn't breathe, but it didn't matter. At that moment, nothing mattered, except her. She broke the kiss suddenly, pulling herself back just enough to look me dead in the eye. Then, her emeralds never breaking contact with my sapphires, she reached down between us, slid aside her panties, and guided my cock upwards, and then pressed the tip inside her. I couldn't help but let out a slow groan as the sensations overcame me; her velvet walls squeezing softly around me as I entered her slowly, bit by bit, sliding into her and filling her perfectly, the tightness making us both pant into each other's mouths. Eventually I stopped, allowing the heat to soak into my dick and savoring the feel of having my cock surrounded completely by her, wanting her desperately despite already being buried inside her. Our panting breaths grew louder, filling the boardroom, bouncing off the glass walls surrounding us. It was an incredible feeling; not only the hot ecstasy shooting throughout my body from her insides, but the naughtiness of what we were doing—the sheer taboo nature of our actions heightened everything, making it all somehow better. Finally she leaned back down, resting her forehead against mine as she whispered, "You're fucking your mom," her voice high and tight with excitement. The words sent shocks of arousal through my whole body, making my dick throb inside her and causing my mom's breath to hitch in her throat. Without taking her eyes off mine, my mom began to gyrate her hips around slowly, driving my cock deeper into her. She groaned at the sensation, biting her lip gently and I couldn't keep myself from thrusting upwards.

She let out a sharp gasp and arched her back, her tits rising into the air above me. Her hair fell behind her head, trailing along my legs with its weight, tickling them gently and adding a contrast to the amazing hot sensation between my thighs. "Jared..."

"Cara... You feel incredible." The words made her moan, long and high in pitch as they escaped her, and she picked up the pace of her grinding slightly, her breath getting faster with it. Her insides

were clenching rhythmically around my dick now, and I knew that it wouldn't be long before I came; this was too much for me to handle, and if I wasn't careful, I'd fill my mother full of my cum before either of us could really enjoy ourselves. In a brief moment of clarity, I thought back to her asking me about condoms yesterday afternoon. There were some in my pants' pocket. They were probably far enough away that it would take time for us to get there and start using one, but it was an option... And yet even as those thoughts flashed through my mind, the idea of stopping and putting on a rubber seemed unbearable, despite all logic. It didn't help that every time the head of my penis grazed against the wall deep inside of her, she shivered uncontrollably against me. "Oh God... Mom..."

She shuddered again when I spoke, her hands gripping at the fabric covering the table tightly, twisting it beneath her fingers as her legs locked tighter around my body. "Don't you fucking dare stop..." The words were strained from between her teeth as she forced them out, her eyes squeezing closed in pleasure for a second before opening again, looking down at me. "We're both going to finish, okay? Just keep... doing..." She trailed off and bit her lip hard again as the head of my dick rubbed perfectly against her clit once more, muffling another moan with it.

The fact that she was clearly enjoying herself only added fuel to my fire. A groan escaped me and I wrapped my arms around her thighs, pulling her hips lower so that the next thrust pushed further between her legs than ever, rubbing up firmly against her slick inner walls. It sent a shockwave through both of us, our bodies shuddering in unison from the sensation. My cock throbbed and swelled a little more as we did, and mom's body jerked wildly in response to it, a ragged cry flying from her mouth as her muscles tensed even tighter.

This couldn't last much longer... I could feel her starting to give out a little. Even I was starting to get tired of standing up after a while of this. But neither of us wanted to stop, despite knowing that this couldn't go on forever... I needed her pussy though. This felt way too good!

Mom must have had the same idea though because with another moan of pleasure she let my hips go and slipped free of me, her breathing heavy and desperate for a second as I looked up at her, shocked for a moment before she pushed her lips to mine, kissing me roughly before leaning down and grabbing my ankles in order to forcefully turn me over. When I was flat on my back again she straddled me once more, her thighs squeezing me tight on either side as her breath huffed hot and moist over my lips. She wasted no time and lowered herself, reaching down to take hold of me once more, positioning my head right against her folds as she sank down.

For the first time since we'd started, I saw what my mother looked like when she took my cock all the way into herself.

And it was everything I expected; a beautiful, gorgeous sight that took my breath away. Her face melted into the most euphoric look I'd seen on any woman so far, a smile growing into place as her eyes glazed over from the ecstasy of feeling all that hardness buried inside of her softest spot. The heat, the wetness, the snug hug around every part of me as I filled my mother completely made my heart race and my breath quicken. Our lips touched and we kissed softly even as she rocked atop me, the both of us simply relishing in the incredible experience we'd entered together.

Her rocking grew harder, needier, our moans echoing through each other's mouths as her breasts hung in front of me and jiggled along with her bouncing body. We both knew it wouldn't be long before neither of us could resist the urge to give in to the primal urges any longer but it still felt good to try anyway. I reached around her ass and grabbed two handfuls of her flesh to push her against me even harder and I began bucking my hips off the bed in rhythm with her, my entire length thrusting inside and out of her while we lost ourselves to this forbidden dance. Her tightness felt amazingly perfect as she took me within her walls, almost like a glove, and hugged me with every single inch of her body. It was as if every fiber within her being was working overtime to give my shaft the best fucking sensation it had ever felt in my life, something that I thought would only take place during one's wedding night. I never could've imagined I'd be feeling it here with my own mom, who up

until recently had always seemed so untouchable. She was giving me that loving feeling only a lover can give and it blew me away that something I used to masturbate to alone in my room was now suddenly becoming my reality right here in front of me.

Her body arched forward and pushed her breasts straight into my chest. Our faces separated for just a second before we pulled each other into another kiss which allowed us both to savor each other's flavor, tasting the same sweetness of my essence on each other's tongues and breathing in the scent of each other's scents after getting all hot and bothered from our actions. Her arms reached around me to pull herself even closer against my torso and it sent electricity surging through my veins with how eager she was acting, almost like a wild animal. This was no longer mom doing this to her son; this was Cara making love to her lover. That fact that I was the person able to witness my own mother at her most vulnerable made me feel special in a way only she could have ever achieved, but it also left me more worried about disappointing her than anyone else ever could have.

My hands traveled over the curves of her ass and grabbed tightly onto them, spreading her apart for me slightly to further emphasize what the point was. She moaned softly into my mouth while pressing down into me, making our pelvis' meet up even faster than they had before which caused her juices to begin flowing onto my crotch with every grind against me. I began moving myself so that she could ride on top of me and control the motions instead while still keeping my hands firmly placed on both cheeks underneath of her. Then she began to really ride me, her hips gyrating wildly atop of mine and letting our lower bodies meet at a frantic pace, causing some parts to become sore from the amount of times we collided together. It hurt, but God damn did it feel so fucking good at the same time.

Mom's movements became slow and gentle compared to earlier, but she also seemed a bit unsteady in the process, as if her focus were slipping away. There were soft moans escaping from between us, but neither of us were really paying attention anymore. All I wanted was to please my woman and I felt like that was going

pretty damn well right now. My eyes went open slowly as I heard panting noises coming from above my face so I looked up only to find that there were tears trickling off of Mom's cheeks. That sight alone sent my heart racing uncontrollably inside of me which was an alarming response on its own; why exactly should it bother me to see someone crying? Sure, seeing such an act might seem rather odd because who really wants to experience somebody else experiencing an emotional breakdown? But I suppose I was reacting to more than just that simple reason...

"M-mom...?" The words barely even escaped me. Why would it worry me enough for my voice to shake like this?! Nothing happened yet! There weren't any reasons to believe something bad could have already occurred... Right...? Maybe this was just another one of those cases where Mom couldn't deal with her emotions properly anymore after what happened with Dad! No! I couldn't let my thoughts go there at this moment! Not here, not when our bodies were linked together by flesh and blood. If Mom needed help then all she needed was love! Love was all I could give! Just pure unconditional love without having anything else behind it! My fingers wrapped around her waist while I began gently kissing down the side of her neck once again as soft sighs of delight slipped through her lips now instead. "I won't ever let go," I promised quietly before feeling a tingling sensation beginning in my belly. That wasn't supposed to happen already! This was way too quick for something to build up this quickly inside of my body. Yet I could hardly bring myself to stop moving my body against hers for even a few minutes as the tingling intensified rapidly.

Mom's legs started twitching, spazzing, clamping down onto me. Her breaths were shorter, quicker. It wasn't long after that, her voice was breaking. Her back arched up slightly, and her arms were tightening around my head, squeezing as she made little, tiny noises, like yelps or gasps or groans but they were all muffled under the cover of my body.

I continued rubbing at her, feeling the way her hips pushed against me as if trying to escape my touch, but then pushing back when she'd realize she couldn't get away—

My own breathing had become quickened as I felt everything growing hotter, wetter, her body clenching around me, so strong, so impossibly fucking tight that each twitch and flex of her sex was like another layer of heat building, pressure swelling deep in my core until my spine felt like it was on fire, the sensation traveling all along the nerves throughout my entire body while she continued to push into my hand. I could feel her nails digging into my back and it only seemed to intensify everything for me as I pressed closer to her chest. Everything suddenly became more sensitive, the warmth between her legs making it harder and harder not to cum before I managed to help my mother finish what we started together. I closed my eyes and tried to take slow breaths but it was already too late to try calming myself down from reaching that point.

We continued moving with one another as I tried my best to stay focused on keeping mom right there on the edge where she needed to be in order to climax. I couldn't risk her getting too worked up and ending it all before she had time to experience what she was after; although we didn't have much choice but to hurry, it meant we didn't have much reason to take things slowly either. "Mom... I love you so much..." I whispered close to her ear, hoping that it'd encourage her even more than she already was already. And with that, the pace of our movements only picked up even faster than before as the need began taking over any kind of thoughts I still might have had left about wanting to draw this out a bit longer or hold out until my own climax first. I moved my mouth across hers with desperate urgency now, feeling our tongues tangling together again like wild snakes and savoring every taste of her sweet mouth as if it were something completely new and different than anything else I'd ever experienced before.

I felt the pressure rising higher than ever before as we kissed passionately while my dick throbbed beneath my stomach until I knew for sure that I wasn't going to last much longer now. But it was clear from how fast mom was moving against my hand now that she was just about ready to let go and give herself over to everything. Her muscles tensed all around me as my hips jerked forward into her again, making her tremble beneath me with another

moan as we broke our kiss just long enough to breathe heavily against one another once more. And with that, she finally let go completely and gave herself entirely into the climax she'd been chasing this whole time without any reservation whatsoever. "Fuck! Oh my g-goodness," she stuttered with her voice shaking before gasping loudly at first as her fingers curled tighter into my shoulders and pulled hard on my shirt as well as sending shivers along the entire length of both arms. Her legs clamped themselves tightly around my waist like vices holding me in place. And even though she was already squeezing tightly enough to keep my dick firmly lodged inside her pussy lips, the increased pressure was sending bursts of hot pleasure through me too which were driving me closer toward my own release every single second without having to do anything but letting mom enjoy her orgasm however long it lasted until I felt satisfied that we were finally both ready for whatever came next...

Or who came next.

Her eyes fluttered open slowly after several moments passed with only ragged breaths passing between us as we gazed deeply into each other's eyes. My heart began beating even faster when mom's lips parted slightly after licking over them quickly as though trying to moisten them some before whispering something which caused chills run through me yet again because her words sounded exactly like what I needed to hear: "Give me your baby."

And at the same moment, those words triggered another flood of cum to surge up within me like nothing else before. I had barely recovered from the first shot when I fired a second blast straight into her womb and made mom scream loudly despite how much effort she put into stifling it as best she could by burying her head down into my shoulder where nobody would ever be able to see what she was doing even if they tried. There were three or four smaller spurts following before both my balls finally drained themselves completely and left me panting heavily beneath her.

"Fuck... Mom..."

It seemed like there were no words that I could possibly say. So I leaned up and captured her soft lips once again while stroking my mother's beautiful golden blonde hair gently, hoping that whatever

might happen later, there would always be this memory. I loved her so damn much in that moment, and the realization of what we just did together hit me hard and fast. But for some reason instead of sending us running scared back into the safe boundaries of normalcy, we found ourselves kissing harder, hungrier than we ever had before. Mom moaned and whimpered softly against my lips and tongue. The sounds of pleasure leaving her turned me on more than anything else. My heart was racing from our activities, and my mind was filled with the knowledge that we should probably stop before things got any further. But we didn't; she didn't seem to want it any more than I did, and so it went on, the two of us making out like teenagers well into the night.

Eventually, though, the night had to end. As much as I'd have liked to continue, reality caught up to us both in an instant as the alarm on her cell phone began chirping quietly. She lifted her head and looked down at me; her smile was tired but sweet, happy and satisfied in a way I don't think I had ever seen before. My chest was still heaving a bit as I slowly caught my breath after such a strenuous activity. She rolled off of me slowly and took hold of my dick when she finally stood, gently stroking it several times with both hands and watching eagerly as another few small spurts of cum landed across my thigh and belly before leaning over the desk again to lick most of it up while smiling sexily at me, something that nearly got her bent over the desk again in retaliation.

That was how our night ended, and despite knowing that this time had been close enough to dangerous, it was one of the best nights we'd had yet together. In fact, every night was becoming one of the best. As a matter of fact, every day seemed better than the last, which was something I could only hope lasted for a while longer still.

But even without my mother's pregnancy, this week was going to be stressful enough without throwing too much energy into worrying about stuff like that. After all, mom had told me that this would be her first week at work without George around and I knew there was no telling exactly what that might mean.

There were good possibilities. There were bad ones too. And the more we did together, the closer we grew to each other, the further from those boundaries we moved, the more certain I became that any chance of being 'normal' ever again was gone, and that thought made my heart race.

I didn't want her to stop coming to my bed...

We finished that night by going to my car; I drove us to the edge of the city where the old pier met the sea. We went down to the water, and I fucked her standing up. I held her by her hips and took her gently, kissing the back of her neck all the while. We watched the light show across the bay as my mother and I embraced.

"Jared," she sighed into the night breeze. "Honey, you make me feel incredible." She leaned back against me and turned her head so that her lips could meet mine for the briefest moment. I gave a long thrust into her body to reward her, making her moan happily and push back to meet me again.

"Makes two of us," I assured her, before slowly pulling out and turning her in my arms. Her smile lit up even the dimness surrounding us as she immediately lifted a hand to my cheek and drew me into a deep kiss that only ended when we needed more than a minute's pause for air.

After the last few days, this felt right, natural. My mother deserved better than how George treated her and deserved better than how he raised us; it had seemed for years like things might never get any better, but now I had my chance to prove otherwise.

And I didn't mind.

With the taste of her still on my tongue, it was easy to be certain that whatever the future would hold, as long as it was something with this woman, I would be perfectly happy with that outcome. There were only a few possibilities. She wouldn't give me up, not if she enjoyed this as much as she appeared to, and I couldn't ever imagine voluntarily walking away from her again. So, unless she chose to end it...

No matter what we would do or where we went, I would be okay with it. Even if all we did for the rest of our lives was hide in some apartment somewhere, spending every second alone together and

making love, that would have been enough for me. It was like she'd awoken something in me last night when she came for the first time and let me eat her out; her juices became intoxicating to me. And now that I had tasted them again, had savored them once more, I never wanted to give it up.

As long as she kept coming to me, kept showing me how much she loved me, then I would never stray again. There would be no need to. What we were doing now would become my world, and she would forever be a part of that world. It made perfect sense. It filled some kind of void that I hadn't even noticed before.

I heard my mom whimpering under the covers of our little nest of warmth and privacy, felt her tightening around me as I continued to thrust slowly, the rhythm of our fucking becoming faster, our breathing heavy as the sounds of moans started to become more audible.

"Honey," Mom groaned. "You can—ah—you can come inside."

Those words set my skin to shivering; an intense burst of energy came over me as I pushed my hips out, pushing my cock in a deeper grind along my mother's sex.

"I know... you want it... baby... don't you?"

God, was she going to do this? Now? Was my mom really going to dirty talk right now? It had some effect on me, though, because while part of my mind tried to shut down or at least ignore it, most of my mind went hot. She'd already started doing this when she first rode me last night, but right now, this was...

Crazy.

I continued to hump her thighs, but they weren't enough anymore. She knew it too; "Honey, let mommy ride that cock."

Mom reached between us, and lifted one leg, pulling away so that suddenly my cock wasn't between her legs—instead, it bobbed upward and bounced at my stomach, making a wet little slap of my precum against it. Before I could protest or ask any questions, however, Mom's hips moved over my lap and her panties peeled out of the way just enough. The head of my cock nudged between her lips and she slowly sank onto my dick.

There is no way to prepare for feeling my mom's pussy squeeze onto me. My mother's eyes were closed, and her hair fell down across her shoulders as her chest arched slightly back, and her hands were tight on either of my thighs. "Jared," she whispered, "baby—" Her eyes opened. She looked down at where we were joined, and bit her lower lip again before lifting her head to look at me. "It's in—mommy can feel it, baby, oh honey..."

She began to move, rocking her hips slowly and gently so that my cock pulled out of her only a bit before she pressed back against me, and when the sensation hit, it took my fucking breath away; the pleasure, the intense, insane tightness, it was all I could do to stay on the desk, because my body was aching with the desire to lay back on the surface, let my mom mount me...

Or push myself up, into her.

Either would work; I wanted to fuck my mother senseless right there, but the position we were in meant that mom was doing everything. Her body rolled, and I could feel her ass moving on my thighs as she rode me slowly, letting her pussy squeeze onto my cock with every movement she made. Mom's hands weren't touching my waist anymore, they were roaming along my front, sliding over my chest, feeling my body.

As her body pushed forward, and her breasts squeezed against my chest, I heard her whine softly before I pulled out completely from between her thighs and took hold of myself again, holding her against me with my other hand. My fingers dug into the soft flesh of her rear while I jerked off, and when she realized what I was doing, mom's mouth kissed at mine, gently, sweetly, and she murmured, "Jared..."

Mom reached between us with both hands, and wrapped them around mine, tightening them to make me stroke myself faster, and after only a little bit, I was cumming all over our fronts.

My seed was thick and plentiful. The spurts of it landed on mom's blouse and splashed onto her tits and stomach. The heat was so intense it could have been acidic, searing; if mom cared about that, she didn't show it, instead stroking me slowly and milking every last drop of jizz, whispering encouragement to me in a warm and sweet

tone: "Yes, honey... yes, baby... good boy, Jared, God you're so big, your cum is so hot, God, I love it, fuck..."

Finally, when my cock stopped spitting out the rest of my load, and mom let go, pulling back to look at the mess I made. She looked down at herself, seeing the strings of seed across her clothes and chest, and giggled to herself in disbelief. She lifted a hand and wiped at one of the thicker drops, letting it collect on her finger before tasting it.

And then mom took hold of the hem of her blouse, pulled it up, and wiped the cum off herself, before discarding it onto the desk beside us. Her bra followed suit shortly thereafter, and mom settled her full breasts onto my chest, her soft skin sticking with mine from our sweat. She nuzzled into the crook of my neck, kissed softly at my pulse, and murmured, "We need to stop meeting like this..."

I laughed softly, and held her close.

The next day came with great anticipation. After all, today was Friday; I'd see mom for our nightly romp at home after work, and we'd get to experiment again. My mind was absolutely spinning with potential, and I found myself having trouble concentrating all through class, my attention constantly drifting away from my notes as I stared into space, trying to plan what was going to happen next.

"Alright," said Professor Doyle after ending class, "I just want to remind you that tonight, I'm hosting a pizza night in my room." There was a pause, before he added: "Yes, you can bring friends along, I'd like to get to know some of you." There was a general snickering from the room.

As I packed my bag, I thought about what he'd said. Mom usually went out on Fridays... I knew that sometimes, she met her friends in a bar somewhere to have drinks and dinner together... but I had never actually seen her do this. Could it be possible that her 'outing' was something different? Could she be seeing another guy? The thought sent an unfamiliar pang through me, one which I immediately brushed aside. Whatever the case might be, she wouldn't mind if I asked to bring a friend along; she didn't like making social plans, it interfered with her sex life... which, in turn,

she made abundantly clear that it took precedence over anything else.

"You interested?" I heard someone ask next to me.

I looked, and saw Kirsten seated near me, smiling brightly. She wasn't wearing much makeup, except for the black lipstick that I really liked; otherwise, she looked pretty clean-cut. Pretty. I smiled back at her. "I guess," I said. "But, um, what happens at these parties?"

"Nothing crazy." She waved a hand. "The Prof always does fun stuff like trivia games, karaoke... just stupid party games for us." She looked toward where the Professor stood by the door with some pizza boxes in his hands. He was greeting students as they walked in and talking amicably. "He's actually a really nice guy."

I nodded and took a sip from my Coke. I'd had a soda once during sex with mom; the fizzy feeling in my mouth made me belch at the worst possible moment, which resulted in an awkward conversation afterward. "So it's like a normal party? With normal people?"

Kirsten gave me a glance, raising an eyebrow. "You think you're above normal people or something?"

I coughed again and shrugged. "I mean, when I look at these girls..."

"What, do you hate all women or something? That's a little extreme."

"I don't hate women," I muttered. "But these are kind of snobs."

Kirsten glanced about us. It was late enough in the evening that it wasn't dark, but the sun was setting and there was less light coming into the library; she'd brought some snacks to the table where we studied together—pizza rolls that had gotten stale from having sat out too long. She was seated across from me, looking at me with one eyebrow raised, and then rolled her eyes when she saw me looking back. "You can say what you think about people if you want to," she said. "You know, that's usually why guys act like they hate women. They secretly know they're worthless."

"Uh huh." I looked back down at my notes. Kirsten's gaze narrowed.

"No, I'm serious," she said.

"Are you sure?" I asked, glancing up at her. Her look hardened. I sighed and shrugged. "Sorry. You're right, maybe. I do kind of dislike rich people sometimes. They get so arrogant because they have money."

I didn't realize at first what I'd just said to Kirsten, but when I saw her eyebrows rise to her forehead, I suddenly regretted everything. But then she smiled.

"You're a good guy, Jared," she said, before looking back down at the books in front of us. After that night we fucked like animals in my mother's office, we went back to regular study sessions—no fun anymore, though at least some of those early conversations led to this party invite from Kirsten herself. And that meant... maybe some extra curricular activities, if I played my cards right?

I watched the party from across the pool, and felt a wave of familiarity go over me; high school wasn't so long ago, but it seemed like forever. My phone buzzed again. The text was clear; Mom was done with work, and wanted to know when I'd be home. She wasn't going to get angry. That was something I could believe; I felt a shiver go through me. My mom really did give the best blowjobs in the world. And, you know, whatever happened tonight, well, I'd have fun. And who knew what would happen later on?

My mom might've been out of high school for decades, but damn if I couldn't think about her ass every time I closed my eyes. Or thought about fucking her face. Or eating her out.

I glanced across the pool as my phone started buzzing again, the screen lighting up as another message appeared. Kirsten, standing there next to some guys she had talked to at some point. We made eye contact, and she smiled slightly, before her gaze dropped down to my pants, and... the outline of my cock.

Well shit. So much for hiding it. I wondered why it was getting hard? Couldn't be because of that blonde girl from across the room, or the texts from my mom, could it? Nah. I put away my phone and tried my best not to look at Kirsten. Didn't want to be creepy.

Still, even if I wasn't looking right at her, I couldn't shake the image of Kirsten naked on top of me, straddling my cock like my

mom did sometimes, riding me up and down in an intense ride where she would grind herself on me, panting the whole time as she looked down at me and fucked me. But there was something else... that feeling of someone watching, as Kirsten looked at the other people in the room and I was staring up at her tits, and trying to get enough strength to flip us over.

As if that'd happen. Even so, my fantasy grew. In the real world, I didn't think that I'd have the strength to really hold down Kirsten either, but the powerlessness that came from being tied up was fun—and when I started thinking about the fact that Kirsten couldn't see anyone else but me, that it was just me and her on this bed, that everyone else was a spectator and she had to ride me in front of everyone; that's when things started getting hotter.

The image burned hotter and stronger the longer I tried not to look at Kirsten. That sexy ass face she had when she was flirting, her body moving as she walked. It was too easy to imagine her climbing over the edge of my poolside chair and straddling me... then I'd get to stare directly up her skirt at her thong panties as she settled her wet pussy over my bare cock.

"Jared," my mother gasped, pulling me from my fantasy for the moment. "Jared... God..." Mom reached forward with one hand and kissed me again, while with the other she reached behind me and pulled, so that both my legs were off the side of the desk and hanging out.

The result was immediate; gravity pulled her closer and my cock was forced deeper into her; the pressure and tightness increasing tenfold all along the length of me. My eyes widened, and I was staring up into my mother's green eyes and trying not to blow my load right then. Her eyes seemed just as wide, just as hungry and afraid of going further but also eager.

There was this sense... the way she squeezed around me, the way her chest was heaving, her hips grinding over me. It all led to the sensation that there was an inevitability; a slow building crescendo toward some final explosion. My body was responding to hers, the flexing of my cock inside her pussy elicited the sweetest moan from her, something desperate and needy. But it wasn't

enough. No matter how much she fucked against me, no matter how much of my dick sunk into her, something was missing. She needed more.

And suddenly, it hit me.

I pushed back into mom and lifted her by the ass—a move I'm sure surprised her because I couldn't even do that when we fucked yesterday. "Jared?" Her face came out of our pillow fortress, her eyebrows raised and her eyes wide in surprise.

I pushed her legs so she was standing on them and turned her so she was bent over the desk. Mom didn't put her arms out fast enough, and her face thumped loudly on the top of the desk as she moaned in shock at the new position. I had hold of her wrists, keeping them together behind her, and used that leverage to keep her steady as I knelt and spread her open with one hand. I needed my other hand for something else...

With a finger slick from my mother's wetness, I started to gently press at her pucker, while my cock slipped across her pussy lips once more.

"Keeiiiiiith," mom moaned, her head turning as she looked back at me. Her hair covered most of her face, and she was squirming in place, trying to wiggle herself back toward me. She wanted it badly; I knew it the moment she started to rub against me. The pressure was unbearable and we both groaned as my cock slipped in again between my mom's thighs, pushing upward into her, into that molten core. But we'd gone this far already. What was stopping us?

As my dick slipped through my mom's tightness, I pressed harder with the tip of my finger, slowly forcing myself inside. Every time mom shifted, it seemed like my fingertip would pop into her. With each attempt, however, her tightness kept me away. And then...

My mom reached back, grabbed me by my wrist, and pulled my hand inward. "Do it," she grunted.

I didn't waste any time—instead of playing around with what little room I had left, I took hold of my middle finger and shoved it in right next to my pointer finger, sliding in together and making sure it was all inside her before moving my thumb away. My fingers curled

a bit, and then mom was gasping because suddenly I had a hold of her G-spot again.

The same effect as before happened now—the moment I touched that special button within her, everything turned on. The way she trembled and shook and her insides clamped around my fingers was an incredible turn on; her head pushed into the crook of my shoulder and her moans grew louder and longer as I began to massage that spot with my fingers. "Baby," she breathed over my skin, before leaving a kiss, and then a line of kisses across my chest and shoulders.

At this point, we were moving harder. Mom wasn't letting me control things entirely, not when she knew she could use my body for pleasure. I'd thrust and she would grind down at the exact time that my cock rubbed against her clit, using every possible angle to increase her own pleasure. And since I knew where the best spot was for that kind of thing, my mother ended up getting it more often than not.

It built so quickly; at first, my mother didn't realize what was happening until it was too late, her whole body locked into place, all her muscles flexing and shaking violently, her head snapping back, eyes wide, mouth open, and a single gasp escaping her lungs as her orgasm tore through her. That single orgasm was followed by two, three, five, seven... they ripped through her one after the other and she was crying, trying to bury herself against my body as each wave went through her body and rattled every part of her nerves. I was holding myself deep inside of her pussy now, watching in fascination at her convulsions, as she continued to buckle, as she screamed, gasped, trembled, shuddered and cried against me until finally, it stopped.

Her knees buckled. Mom fell to the ground. I caught her but not before I felt something sharp stab my cock; her teeth sank in for the briefest second before letting go, the bite making me pull back suddenly and knock heads with her. Both of us recoiled, mom gasping from the pain, me reeling from the unexpected shock that it was my mother who was giving me the head.

"Ow," she whimpered, pulling a hand off of me just long enough to reach for her head. "Sorry..." Her fingers were shaking as she rubbed at her temple, where we had bumped each other. But then she smiled, laughing nervously, and looked at me. "That was incredible," she breathed.

"I can tell," I answered, smirking. I was trying hard not to act like the world was going to end if I said something wrong. It felt impossible, really, given that I'd just fucked my mom... a bit. Even if we hadn't gotten past the point where she was in charge of things.

"What is happening?" She whispered, looking down at where she knelt on the floor, in front of me. Her eyes dropped to my cock and she reached for it with her left hand, stroking it gently with her thumb.

I was still feeling all the same sensations too; my heart was fluttering madly, I could feel it beating through my cock which pulsed and flexed in her grasp. I was panting, gasping for breath from how good her fingers felt on me, and as she continued to move her hand slowly along my length, my whole body was tightening. Everywhere her fingers touched, goosebumps formed on my flesh.

My mom leaned closer to me and licked softly, over my tip. She made a happy noise when I shivered and moaned slightly. She did it again, this time dragging her tongue lower and following the ridge of my swollen crown. My cock flexed under the gentle, soft touch. She closed her lips around my head, and sucked on me.

That was too much for me to take; her mouth was so hot and wet. A long, low groan escaped from deep inside of me. My muscles locked up, my spine stiffened and I thrusted helplessly toward my mother's face, burying myself to the root in her throat. Her surprised grunt vibrated deliciously along my entire length, and caused even more pre-cum to shoot out. I thought the feeling could not get better.

But then she grabbed the base of my shaft with one hand, while fondling my balls with the other. Her tongue lashed over my most sensitive spot on my penis every time she took me in her mouth. I could feel her drool dribble down over my sack as she went faster and harder than ever before, taking my full length into her mouth. I

didn't want to pull her off, but knew that it would be over if she continued her amazing work.

"God, Mom," I sighed.

She pulled me out and looked up at me. "You want it like this?"

Before I could respond, my phone rang. Mom jumped as if stung, looking past me at where my jacket hung, on the wall of her office. The vibration and sound continued, even as we panted and listened. We both stared at where it sat. It eventually stopped and then started up again, filling the quiet with a loud buzzing.

I swallowed and looked to my mom who had already slid off of me. She gave me a strange look as she crossed to where my coat hung; I saw her legs tremble and then stiffen just as they would be straight, before she moved again. She reached my coat, rummaging, before pulling the device out, and looked down.

The phone was still vibrating in her hand as she looked up at me.

Amber?

My heart clenched for some reason; there was something about hearing from Amber, when my dick was fucking into my mother's legs, that created this terrible need to feel her all over again. To feel what it was like to be completely free.

"Your ex wants you," Mom whined.

I grunted in reply, not fully sure if I should continue or stop; it was getting difficult to concentrate.

She whimpered, looking down as I pulled back. The head of my cock was red, shiny with her juices, and throbbing, twitching at the edge of her pussy. "Your ex... wants you back..."

I closed my eyes tightly and grabbed my mom by her hair; we leaned close together and I inhaled a thick smell of sex; she was trembling, I had to push her away gently before I did something I'd regret, the desire to fuck her burning through everything but sense. "Mom, I..."

"Your ex thinks that you love me." My mom's face was a mask of worry and frustration. She looked down at my cock, standing fully upright. She reached for it, holding the shaft with both hands. Her thighs were shaking; when her hand pressed up, her thighs quivered and her mouth opened. A long moan slipped out of her. And then

she started to rub my cock, up and down, one hand stroking while the other cupped my balls and lightly rubbed them, her fingers soft and gentle like they were massaging some precious fruit, the most valuable piece of merchandise.

I could tell; my mom's eyes were wide, glazed, as if drunk off of touching me. She was looking right into my eyes when she did this, and her lower half trembled as if ready to collapse into itself. Her panties were pulled to the side still, revealing the wet pucker of her pussy underneath; her slit was throbbing from stimulation. Her breasts rose and fell with every breath. And all she was doing was pleasuring me.

And watching her made me want to cum, hard. I wanted to cum so fucking badly; to spray myself all over her and bathe her body in seed. As if reading my mind, Mom released a low whimper.

"I do," she murmured. "I love you..."

She bit her lip and lowered herself to her knees.

And suddenly, I realized what it meant to love her, too.

As her face neared my cock, as I heard her breathing speed up and saw her pupils dilate as she beheld my dick, thick, hard, throbbing with need; my mother needed nothing else. She took hold of my cock by the base, closed her mouth...

And then put my cock in her mouth again. And sucked.

I lost it, instantly. My hands went through her hair; I grabbed her head and pulled it down, and my hips pumped into her face with an insane desperation as I felt myself finally going inside of her, all the way, as I looked down and saw the outline of my cock fucking my mom's throat. She moaned, the vibrations rippling out over me and sending my whole body into spasms as my cock slid, hard, down her throat and made her gag, her eyes rolling back and a low moan emanating from her belly as she was struck by orgasm yet again, her pussy squeezing against my legs, drenching me with juices. I felt it wash against me, dripping down my inner thigh and onto the desk under me; all of it just made me want to pump harder and faster, to get to that same point of pleasure myself. My mom kept moaning as I fucked her face, kept swallowing around my cock like she always had been, her hands gripping my thighs tight and pulling herself up

higher on the desk to better take my length, as if she couldn't stand letting even an inch leave her mouth.

Sooner than I thought, though, the feeling was building, coming; I started to thrust slower and slower, not wanting it to end, but she was already sucking at me like an eager slut, one hand cupping my balls and stroking them, rolling them in her palm gently but still massaging the weight of them while her other arm reached up and wrapped around the small of my back and held us tight together, close, her moans growing quieter with every new thrust of mine. I pushed her head down as far as it could go and stopped, holding her there while my legs shook under me with the effort of not releasing; her hand went over my ass and squeezed, as if beckoning me to finish in her throat, and after a long moment spent in delirious pleasure, I did; I groaned hard, and came deep down mom's throat, pumping into her mouth until I felt almost light headed from how good it felt. I collapsed against her as I finished, my legs barely keeping me upright as my dick slipped out of her lips, coated with our mutual fluids. She gasped and panted, trying to get air, but didn't cough, didn't try to clean it off, just left it to dribble out of her mouth onto her blouse as she tried to catch her breath.

After several moments passed, she leaned back onto the wall next to the window, eyes closed and breathing hard. I slid down onto the ground, landing with a soft thud. My heart was still pounding a million beats per minute, and my mother sat next to me with my cum dripping out of her mouth, and she licked her lips free of it, but otherwise sat still for another minute or two. Finally, when she started moving again, it was to take my head in her lap.

She stroked my hair, gently, and we both sat quietly, enjoying what we'd done. The thrill, the feeling, was indescribable—better than any girl I'd ever had. And I wondered, now, if that was because... she was my mother? But that didn't seem right, since before, Mom's handjobs were nothing compared to this. What changed?

As if sensing what I wanted to ask her, mom's voice, raspy and low from all of my cum, cut into my thoughts. "Honey," she said

softly. "There's a lot that we need to talk about. And I'm not sure what happens tomorrow."

I closed my eyes. That sounded like there would be some kind of fallout after tonight. What were we doing? Was this something we should continue? Were we doing the right thing by going further? Could we stop it now?

But despite all of the doubt, there was something stronger, deeper, telling me that none of those questions mattered. What was happening, right here, between us, this intimacy, this closeness, this connection that nobody in the world understood, that I'd never had with anybody...

Was something too pure for me to stop, no matter how fucked up it was.

"Cara," I said to her, softly, holding her tight.

She kissed me then. It was a warm feeling; I felt like I'd done good, like I'd satisfied her without needing words or movement, even if it was just saying her name. And after kissing me, and keeping me enveloped inside of the hug, she sighed happily, and I could feel her smiling against me. I loved her smile, so happy, so bright, but she kept it hidden, somehow, except when we were close together, just the two of us.

So that I would get that joy and be glad that I could be a part of the cause of it. And I was. Even in this messed-up moment where I was fucking my mother, where I was holding her close and feeling my cock hard in her, I was glad. I'd always wanted her to smile at me like that, forever, and now...

Now I had to do that, no matter what. If that meant being with her like this, doing these things, breaking apart society, all I knew, for her...

I'd fucking do it.

Because there was no other choice. The only way to happiness, for myself and her, was the two of us, together. So whatever happened next, whether the world burned down or the sky came crashing down on us, if the entire earth was destroyed by nuclear fire, I wasn't going to leave my mother's side ever again.

And that meant right here. Mom groaned in my ear as we continued to thrust against each other, and she panted as she finally said, "Jared, you can—you can fuck me."

She whimpered. "No cumming inside," she begged, "Please, baby, just fuck me—"

That was all I needed to hear. With one final kiss on the mouth, I grabbed hold of her ass, got her weight off of the desk, and walked over to the couch by the far wall, still buried inside my mom. She moaned, loudly, as my cock plunged deeper with each step, and I didn't stop thrusting as I did; instead, when I reached the couch, I laid her down on it and pushed. My mom's legs lifted, her feet on either side of me on the couch.

I pulled out a tiny bit, and then slid back in, slowly, relishing the look on my mom's face. The first couple of times were long and slow, making her feel it, savoring it. After the fourth thrust, I couldn't take any more, I started going faster, my breathing hitching in my chest, every moment my cock slid between my mom's tight wet cunt I could see her tits wobbling back and forth, a beautiful sight that I never wanted to forget. My mom's hands had slipped around my sides, and pulled me in for another kiss; this time, our mouths opened instantly, and we explored each other hungrily as our bodies united.

Each stroke was like heaven, my cock throbbing inside of my mother's cunt, the heat and squeeze making me want to cum right then and there. It wasn't fair; she felt too good. I tried not to groan out loud, but my mom must have realized that I liked her pussy just a little bit too much; I knew that by the smile that grew on her face when she felt my cock pulsing inside of her. "I hope you enjoyed fucking mommy's thighs, Jared." Her voice was soft in my ear. "Because now that your cock is all slicked up..."

With that, her hand slipped between our bodies, her fingers wrapping around the base of my dick, and gently sliding up the length to my tip. And then back down again, squeezing as she went, creating a tunnel for me to fuck, even while inside of her.

"You can feel me now," Mom moaned into my ear, her hand pumping along with my hips as I plunged my cock inside of her over

and over again, feeling the silky-slick wetness of her pussy take hold of me again and again, her hand slipping faster and harder around me, stroking me to make me go deeper, faster. Her breath hitched as I pushed back into her, the tightness almost unbelievable, so strong that it felt like I was in control and she was just holding onto my cock, the sensation so overwhelming. I started to move faster, thrusting my hips upward and driving my cock into her, pushing hard until we were both gasping and breathing as hard as each other. I reached around with my hand, grabbed hold of her ass, squeezed, pulled, and held on to the perfect cheeks, guiding her body to mine.

Soon, we had a rhythm, a pace, fucking fast now, and when I couldn't hold myself back any longer, I felt an orgasm rising in me, and then a second later my cock was erupting inside her, filling her up. At first she tensed but then I leaned forward, put a hand over her mouth, and continued fucking her, cumming as hard as I ever had in my entire life. It seemed to go on forever, wave after wave of my cock throbbing deep within my mother's pussy, filling her with my hot seed. As the orgasm finally began to ebb I let out a long, shuddering groan. "I'm sorry Mom," I whispered in her ear. "Oh God, I couldn't stop..."

She didn't speak but kissed my cheek and stroked the hair from my forehead with tender fingers, and when our mouths met for another kiss, we were lost again in each other.

My dick pulsed with each spurt of cum as I came down from the peak of my pleasure, but still mom's body kept taking me in and my cock stayed hard. We both knew it was a bad idea but it felt so fucking good, so amazingly hot, that neither one of us cared. And soon, I found myself moving against her again, feeling my cock slide against the lips of her slick-wet pussy, the tip sliding past the hood of her clit, pressing into it again and again, sending sharp spikes of pleasure through her body. My cock was covered now not only with my own juices but hers as well, and though she wasn't talking, her face told me how badly she needed me, how badly she needed to feel me inside her again, if even for just a few brief moments.

The moment passed however, when suddenly she moved, pushing me back down onto the desk, holding me at arms length for

a few brief seconds before she pulled away from me, leaving me alone on the desk with cum leaking out of my cock and pooling in a tiny puddle on the hard wood below. She stood there, trying to catch her breath as I leaned on my elbows.

"Jared, we shouldn't have done that," she gasped. "I'm... I'm your mother, what were we thinking?"

I shrugged helplessly. "You started it," I offered with a sheepish grin.

Cara's jaw dropped. "I most certainly did not." Her green eyes glinted with anger. "This whole thing is all your fault."

It seemed strange that now, after the fact, she was denying all involvement. Not that I was worried. "My fault? How?"

"Just look at you," Cara hissed. She took a deep breath, like she had just caught a whiff of something delicious and needed to catch herself. "I didn't think things would... change."

That gave me an idea, though I wasn't sure if I wanted to do this or not. But then again, I guess that's why I tested the waters.

"Then, are you saying things have changed?" My hand slid down her chest, and started stroking at her breast through the fabric. "How? Has... has anything in particular changed?" I squeezed, gently, and Cara made a high-pitched noise.

She slapped my hand away from her body.

"Stop it, honey," she huffed. "I'm still your mother."

I smiled. "Not for long, though. After tonight..."

"Shush." Mom's voice was gentle. She was smiling even if her eyes were squeezed tightly shut with the exertion of holding herself back, but even I had to agree this was going a lot... quicker than I anticipated.

She pulled herself up from where she had been slumped against me, and turned so that she was leaning over the desk, hands holding it in place while she spread her legs, wide. "Come here, honey," mom whispered, looking at me over her shoulder. In this position, I was able to see not only the curve of her back, but the way it dipped in front; her shoulders and arms tensed, her fingers curling over the edge of her desk, and then further down her hips, which flared out into those beautiful curvy thighs.

And the thick ass she always teased me about. It was huge; round, plump, and soft, yet also muscled beneath all that flesh. Her panties were a perfect line down her rear, right down the crevice, which made me realize how fucking sexy thongs could be.

Her ass wiggled, just slightly, side to side as she watched me, waiting, patiently, but growing less so the longer I kept her hanging.

I came up behind her, and grabbed the back of her blouse at her shoulders. "Can I?" I asked.

Mom hesitated for just a moment, then nodded.

So, I tore. The fabric shredded like tissue paper under my strength, and soon she was naked above the waist, her body on display now for me completely, save for those black bra cups pulled down under her tits. I stared at them for a few moments before taking her hips firmly in both hands.

"I'm going to—"

"Yes." Mom's voice was strained; begging. Her eyes had rolled slightly back in her head, and as her body pushed backward, it was easy to tell that her mind had gone elsewhere. All that mattered to her was the fucking; if I could do something to push her to a climax...

Maybe... just maybe, this wasn't so bad?

I continued to push myself further inside her, letting the length of my cock continue to run between her legs, the head of it brushing and rolling over her clit again, her hands pulling me in closer, her own breathing going ragged, my mouth closing in on hers so we could kiss, hard. Her hands pulled at me and my hips were suddenly rocking forward; once, twice, three times.

And then I was buried beneath her skirt, my pelvis bumping against her crotch as mom gasped and whimpered and whined while I pumped the base of my cock where it met the shaft back and forth and ran it along her wetness until I finally found my rhythm; pumping the entire thing between her legs. My mom's cunt was on fire against me, the slickness allowing me to move faster and faster against her, as her cries came out and her grip on me loosened and tightened and loosened and tightened.

I could feel her coming. Her orgasm rushed over her and mom bit down hard on her lower lip before pushing her mouth up against mine and kissed me, frantically. "Jared—"

My eyes rolled back. Her body tensed and relaxed and tensed again, every muscle twitching and then falling apart again so that she could tense a third time, this one making her shake, hard. She whimpered, cried, moaned, screamed, all through her kiss until we had to pull away so she could take several gasping breaths that didn't seem to satisfy her. She was trembling, trying to speak, to form words that were impossible as the rush of pleasure came over her and continued to crash like waves of thunderclaps over her. Her head fell forward, onto my shoulder, and mom just... breathed.

Her hand went down over my back again and again, and when I looked at her, she pulled herself back only enough to look me in the eye. Mom was glowing, smiling, happy, but there was that fear lingering on her face. "Jared—" she whispered, her lips quivering.

It seemed she wanted to say more, but all she did was sigh, and push herself tightly against me. I held her like that for a long time. My cock never hardened up again—after last night and today, I figured I was probably going to have the hardest dick known to mankind—and I relished the soft, hot feeling of my mom's insides while they throbbed.

But it was done now. We had gone too far. There was no turning back. Not that either of us really wanted to turn back anyways; it felt good to be inside her, it felt right, despite the fact that every cell in my mind told me I should feel fucking terrible about this, there was something else, some deeper voice that spoke up, and that said: 'Yeah, okay, that wasn't great morally or... socially, or whatever. But... god damn.'

Because it felt incredible. Like the greatest high I could ever imagine, just letting myself sink inside her. Even without coming, just the feeling of mom's body against mine and the knowledge that we crossed an absolute line, it was enough for now.

Until tomorrow, where I would want her again. And probably forever after that.

I hugged her closer when I realized that I could get another chance to take her, or have her take me. She gave a little laugh, and pulled away from my embrace, before kissing me deeply. "We need to... you know... talk about this." She was gasping for breath as she looked into my eyes, hers shimmering.

"What about?"

Her smile was dark and teasing. "Condoms," she said, and suddenly, she slipped off of the desk and fell down to her knees, and took my cock all the way into her mouth again, moaning and slurping and sucking me clean as I came close to orgasm. I closed my eyes, felt the incredible heat of mom's lips over my cock, and tried to last long enough before she had me squirting in her mouth; it was almost impossible, and when I felt myself losing control, I pulled my mother off of me, quickly unloaded my handkerchief and jerked my cock until the first few bursts came out.

"Honey," Mom laughed as she watched me cum into my handkerchief. "Don't you think your handkerchief's dirty?"

I panted. "Yeah..." I muttered, looking at the white stuff covering the red material.

Then I smirked. My mom's expression shifted when she saw it, and as I stuffed the cloth back into my pocket, I pulled her onto the desk, so that I could taste her some more. And even though mom was shocked at my eagerness to go down on her, I didn't need much time before I had her trembling with ecstasy again, moaning softly and shuddering as I tasted the incredible thrill of my mom's cunt juices.

The rest of the night followed as usual; we went home and ate dinner together. As always, things were incredibly comfortable, easy, like I really was with my girlfriend. My lover. The only difference was... we both knew about the other, the dirty, secret fantasies and desires we harbored. It was clear from the way my mom would tease me while we ate dinner; a flirty look here, an innocent smile there, or she'd get up to get more water and walk past me in her short cotton robe with a flash of her panties, and all I'd want to do was grab her and tear them off. But instead I watched her strut,

confident, teasing, knowing that what was hers was mine, what was mine was hers, and that soon, I'd be inside of her again.

And that made my cock hard and hungry.

It seemed that mom wanted to draw our first true time out for a bit, however, because when we finally did head upstairs after cleaning the dishes, and I grabbed hold of mom and kissed her, she giggled softly, took my hand and said, "I want it in the morning."

My mouth opened slowly, trying to keep silent even though my mind was racing. "Like... this morning?"

She winked. "That would be too soon, sweetie. Tomorrow."

That meant no sex at all until tomorrow?!

It's possible that the look of sheer devastation on my face made mom laugh really, really hard, because by the time we were undressing and climbing into bed together, she was still chuckling at her son.

But then we curled up in the warm dark of my room, her naked skin pressed against mine, her soft lips pressing to my neck or my jawline, or right in front of my ear, with her breaths slow and comfortable and happy. We weren't talking anymore; instead, there was an unspoken conversation. I felt it in the way her arm wrapped around me, the way her fingers gently played with the back of my hair and ran down the length of my back, feeling. And how the lightness in her chest rose and fell in gentle waves as I did the same to her. My mind wandered. The whole day, yesterday... I never could have imagined where things had gone. What had been started.

Where it was headed.

Or perhaps, where it was already heading, for some time now. It didn't take much looking to see that my attraction wasn't one sided, to see the longing glances, the touches that lasted just a bit longer than they should, the moments where the world seemed to melt away when our eyes met and we locked together. Perhaps things were bound to happen between us. That thought scared me; if things had been fated to happen, then there wasn't any point in resisting at all, was there? Was anything meaningful if it was all decided before one took their first breath? Or even before one took their final, eternal breath.

As if reading my thoughts, I felt a shiver go down mom's back as she shifted again and looked up at me. Her green eyes stared into mine, and they held such depth, such weight. She kissed me lightly on the lips, and a smile crossed her face. She seemed more content than ever; as if something that had long been out of balance was finally being made right. Then, mom pulled off, shrugging herself down and letting my cock loose. For a moment I was confused until I saw the direction of her eyes. Down, at my cock, which was rock hard, pulsing, wet. A thin thread of our fluids joined from its tip to the space between her thighs where I had pressed my cock close.

Mom licked her lips. My fingers traced circles on her skin as she wrapped them around the base of my cock and then opened her mouth and sucked me in, and I watched her move down, taking inch after inch of my length into her throat as I lay back, groaning, enjoying this moment where her tongue bathed over my shaft while her head bobbed up and down.

But soon, Mom pulled away, rising up off her desk chair and standing up, turning to the wall, leaning against it and bending down at the waist. Then she looked at me over her shoulder and whispered, "fuck me."

I stared, wide eyed, and stood up. I moved to my mother and placed my hands on her hips, rubbing along the fabric of her skirt. I had to move slow or else I would lose myself again. And for what I really wanted, that would be the worst idea ever.

Because I wanted mom. And I wanted mom like there was no going back.

So I took my time and rubbed my cock along my mother's pussy lips.

Mom whimpered quietly and spread her legs for me a little wider, trying to push her body back onto me.

I smiled softly at that; she did want this... really wanted it. As badly as I did, it seemed. That didn't matter; my mind had to slow down for a minute while I let mom grind back into me, trying desperately to take hold of my cock with the folds of her pussy and force me inside her. It was adorable. I'd have never guessed this

would happen, never imagined my mother like this, but here she was: horny, sweating, desperate. All because of me. Because of us.

What I had done last night, that feeling when she came, pulsing wet over my fingers, it needed to be repeated. So, slowly, I reached out and grabbed mom's waist, and with a soft breath, slid back, just a little, before sliding myself along her again, dragging my cock's hardness from front to back, pressing my swollen head against her pussy once more.

"Baby," mom whispered. "Come on—"

I pressed a little harder. She stopped moving. Her head shook. "No," she breathed. "That's going... too far..."

Too far? But we'd gone farther than that already! It took all of the power in my soul not to pull out from my mom, and slide back inside of her, over, and over, until she couldn't breathe and I was buried balls deep in the hot slick heaven of her cunt. Instead, I looked into her eyes, pulled back so that only my tip was inside of her, and slid back, rubbing through her slit and pressing once more against her clit, making her squirm for a few moments, before repeating.

And Mom was going nuts, panting harder, looking at me, desperate, biting her lower lip and struggling to not let this happen, not to make a noise, not to have fun with me when all I wanted was to be buried in her. To cum inside of her, if she could take it. So she just looked at me, trembling hard, and eventually said:

"Baby, please."

I slowed down.

It wasn't fair to push my mother beyond where she wanted to go. This whole thing... this had been my idea. This had been me wanting it, and having her say yes, and doing it because she loved me... but here I was, about to hurt her, in a way. Pushing too hard, making her regret agreeing to something like this. Making her lose herself completely. And after last night, she'd made up her mind not to give everything away like that again. Not if she could help it.

So I relaxed my hold on her, my body going slightly limp. But still, I was ready to continue pleasuring her. Because if there was anything I could do for her, it was pleasure.

So while we relaxed, and cooled off, I lifted one hand and brought it to her breasts. Softly, and then harder, I began to knead one of them. My fingers squeezed around its shape, pulling at her flesh and tugging so she'd feel it, so my grip would be constant and powerful over her entire breast, every bit of skin under my fingers as they worked her tit. My thumb and forefinger found her nipple, and with the slightest amount of pressure, I started to gently twiddle my fingertips over it. It got firmer immediately, as though my mom were reacting to something other than me. Mom started to sigh softly, her arms moving again. Her legs twitched, rubbed together, then opened wider, so that she was fully embracing me, both thighs spread wide for me. Her knees pulled higher, and while my fingertips danced on her breast, her nipples stiffening hard, her moans turning needy, she used her newfound leverage to grind on me, humping.

The heat between her legs seared at me, her softness driving over my cock, over my shaft and down into my base as she moaned, biting her lip hard and using her hips to thrust along with the movements of my hand, pushing herself to work harder, her movements quickening with the friction she created over my shaft with the movement of her hips. The pleasure between us rose fast, and without a moment's notice, I realized that mom's pussy was suddenly much wetter than it had been. A gasp hit her mouth, and her thighs started to squeeze tighter together, forcing more pressure down on my cock until I thought it might break from this kind of pleasure.

We were fucking; in all but name, we were fucking.

The sensation of grinding against each other like this... it was amazing. The fact that it wasn't true penetration only made me more aware of the slick feeling of her lips, the warmth between us, the tightness that was squeezing at me without any mercy or reservation. With every passing second, I could feel myself starting to get closer—but this wasn't right, we were... she couldn't be letting me...

"Cara," I panted, my hand digging into the flesh of her back as she pulled herself toward me. "I'm gonna..."

But my mom didn't let go; I saw the look on her face, the strain of holding herself back. My thrusts became erratic, my hips flexing hard as the need drove into me harder and harder; the sensation was growing more impossible, and the thought of exploding all over my mother's belly was something I thought might break her mind. So, desperate not to cum before my mother, I took her by the waist and lifted her off.

She gasped in surprise, but didn't argue as I spun her around and bent her over the desk. She gave an appreciative moan and settled, her stomach flat on the wood while I spread her legs. A second later, my mom reached between them and pulled aside her panties for me.

"You're sure?" I asked, one hand guiding my dick to her pussy from behind. Mom nodded rapidly, lifting her feet from the ground so I could slide myself inside her, deep and tight. Her ass cheeks looked incredible in this position; the dimples in the small of her back were prominent, and the curves of her perfect ass created a beautiful silhouette beneath me as I pushed against her.

Mom's arms shot out above her head as I fucked her, hard, using the surface of the table to bounce back up, to get a better angle for a deeper, harder thrust that would drive through her body. And each time my balls slapped against her mound, they were drenched with juices. My mother's pussy was leaking and dripping around my shaft, coating it with her honey and making the experience as smooth as it was hot. The room was thick with our heat and sweat; despite the air conditioning trying valiantly to keep us cool, we'd made it unbearable and sticky.

Mom turned her head slightly toward me. She licked her lips, which had been parted with her heavy breathing, and her eyes gleamed like jewels. Her cheeks were rosy pink with excitement; I couldn't remember seeing such an excited look on her face when she talked about work, or dad, or anything. Even last night when she'd climaxed, it wasn't quite as lusty and desperate. Now, she wanted it so bad, it was written all over her expression, and I wanted it, too.

I pulled out, suddenly, and watched her try to steady herself on top of the desk. "Nooo," she whined, breathless. "Jared, baby, please..." She wiggled her butt at me, arching her lower back just so I could see what I'd missed these last few days, what I'd forgotten in my youth and arrogance.

"Oh?" My own tone was taunting. My mind went back to my youth, back when mom would tease me if she caught me looking at her a little too long in something form-fitting or revealing. But this felt different—I knew for sure mom wanted to be looked at, now, and she loved the teasing game. I watched as she bit her lip.

Her head swiveled back to look at me as best she could. "What's wrong?" She asked, trying to hide the desperation, trying not to say exactly what she wanted, where she needed me. "Why don't you... put it back?"

"Right here?" I pushed my cockhead between the soft folds of her pussy again. Mom moaned softly. She was trying hard not to move her hips.

"Yes... that's good..." she said, a little gasp at the end. Her fingers squeezed tighter on the tablecloth. "That's good... right there."

She started to rock her hips. My dick moved under her pussy, against her clit, making sure it never left. And soon enough, our mouths pressed together again. We kissed. She was panting, desperately. I wanted her so fucking bad; I knew what would happen if we kept going. But... God, did she feel so fucking good...

Her moaning picked up into little gasps, desperate and eager. It became clear that my mom's thighs weren't doing it for her. So, I reached down, and held my cock straight. Pushed it slowly... between the folds of her dripping cunt. And, with all my might, I pressed up...

Pushed in, as far as I could go. Until I felt, unmistakably, her cervix. I shuddered, groaned, the pleasure rolling over me like waves of lava. And mom—I'd never seen such a look on my mother's face before.

A strange sense of calm had rolled through her. A blissful, serene expression on her face told me exactly how she was feeling. She

breathed softly, gently, like she was asleep. But her eyes, fluttered open, and as I thrust my dick inside of her again, and again, the sensation of my mother's hot, wet walls gripping me so wonderfully made me dizzy with ecstasy.

Then she opened her mouth. She gave a quiet moan as I pushed inside of her again and again, the gentle push of her lips vibrating every time I hit home. It was almost musical, the way she would open her mouth each time she was filled, close it as I slid out of her, and open just a bit wider whenever my dick came back to where it started.

It made me think of fucking her. Really fucking her. My mom had been in a daze, since that first night when she found out just how badly she could cum... but that moment was different; now my mother's hips were undulating, now her body was tensing and twisting, her eyes closing hard and her hands going into fists with a soft hiss of pleasure—I couldn't help myself, I couldn't deny the desire in my body to do it, but with every roll of my hips that brought my cock against her pussy, brought me ever closer to penetration...

There was a moment, after each long thrust between my mother's thighs where we stayed like this for a second: her legs spread apart on the desk, with one ankle up on top; me pushing forward; her chest squishing against me and my head buried into her shoulder as her cunt brushed, tantalizingly against the tip of my prick.

And then my mother made an unexpected movement; she turned her head, her breath hot over the side of my face and her hair stuck all around. Her hand rose and took my chin, turning it, lifting my face so our mouths came together.

We were kissing, as I was on the verge of entering. When my mom pushed back with her hips, the slick, wet lips of her slit spread apart, and the head of my cock popped through her tightness...

And everything was heaven.

The moment, for me, happened in slow-motion. My mother's body was incredible, impossibly tight and hot and throbbing as I pushed in... so much further than I thought I'd get before I felt her

resisting. I felt resistance at 5 inches in, and I was still going—still filling her, and then suddenly mom stopped, her body tensing, and pulled her mouth off of mine. "That's the end," she grunted, closing her eyes and taking hold of me by my wrists as I held her ass in both hands. "Oh god, oh god..."

She squeezed me with every movement, every inch that I took her by. She gasped and moaned as I explored the deepest parts of her; the last places that anyone had touched or fucked. A shiver went up her body so intense I could feel it too. When she looked at me again, there was shock in her eyes. Shock mixed with the unmistakable need.

"Fuck me, Jared..." Her voice was a plea. Desperation. "Fuck me __"

My hands went to my mom's hips, and I pulled her up as I leaned back. The sudden shift caused us to part momentarily—mom whimpered and started to move like she was trying to sit back down on my cock until we found ourselves the right position: her kneeling over me with my dick just barely prodding at her entrance.

We shared another moment of mutual surprise—at how easy this position was, and how it brought us both so close together. Mom leaned her chest into me, and put her arms around my shoulders, and when I entered her this time, we were face-to-face, and our gazes stayed fixed, neither one of us willing to look away.

I watched her gasp as my cock spread her open again, felt the tremble of her thighs on either side of mine, saw the flash of color in her green eyes as the pleasure rose from within. She started to move first, raising her hips only to settle back down with an intense groan; I could feel myself going deeper, and I had to resist the urge to simply pull her all the way down by her hips so I'd be buried hilt-deep in her.

But I resisted it. I let mom choose her own pace, even if the slow fucking made me desperate for her, and soon enough, my hands were all over her ass, kneading and squeezing as my tongue filled her mouth with soft moans, until I took hold of her and started to guide her back and forth myself. Her pussy was slippery, juicy, so

fucking sweet; I couldn't imagine how I had gone without this feeling for so long.

Our bodies pressed together, her nipples poked me through the fabric, and all at once, mom moaned and shifted her lips away from me, panting as she pulled herself from me, one hand going to her sex while she moved toward my side. The loss of the closeness stung. It was like being thrown in ice water when you're already used to a steamy room. "Mom—" I pleaded, turning.

But Mom was already on it. She went down on her knees, one hand between her legs and gently rubbing her pussy while the other went to my thigh. I felt her grip at my base with both hands and pump my cock softly before kissing the head with her wet mouth.

"Oh... shit," I whispered. This time, I grabbed two handfuls of my mom's hair while she got comfortable between my legs. There wasn't any preamble with this blowjob. She kissed my cock softly, then sucked on the underside of it for a moment before running her lips and tongue along the shaft, and then swallowing me whole, pushing me all the way down her throat while her hands reached underneath me and squeezed my ass cheeks.

I couldn't help but moan with pleasure as mom worked on me; though this was clearly different. Before, in the dark, I thought we were safe, but it wasn't true; not completely, anyway. Now, I could hear things outside the closet: muffled voices, people laughing as they walked past, heels clicking on tile and faraway, indistinct conversations, echoing through the halls. And each sound caused my cock to swell just a little bit harder in my mom's throat, and when she hummed her pleasure with the feeling of it getting bigger and harder for her, the vibrations caused another tidal wave of pleasure, which would cause more swelling, more humming—and this happened again, and again, until I was gasping as loud as mom had been gasping on top of me, my fingers tight in my mother's blonde locks.

At some point, as she worked on sucking and deep-throating my cock, she pulled her skirt up higher around her hips, giving her room to massage her pussy with one hand, and then slipped the fingers of her other hand inside herself while she was slurping at my cock. She

moaned louder, and started to shift her hips, trying to fuck herself with those long digits while also trying to use her mouth on me; though she couldn't keep up with both, especially with how hard she'd gotten while eating me out earlier. So she kept switching from stroking herself with one hand to jerking me off with that same hand. Mom was dripping wet; she had left such a wet spot on the carpet underneath us. Even sitting like I am, right next to it, I can see how moist she was when she'd gotten so wet, and that had only made the taste better...

Mom moaned on my cock, but then slowed, stopped jerking me, pulling her fingers away from her pussy. Her voice was shaking. "Jared."

"Mmm?"

"Jared..."

She was struggling now, shifting, squirming as she sat upright on my desk. A few papers scattered out behind her; she didn't care. All her focus was on what was between her legs. And then she turned and looked at me. Her green eyes were shimmering with tears.

Her thighs started trembling again, and her hands were tight on the edge of the table. Her head leaned backward, and then suddenly I realized how tight her pussy was squeezing my cock.

She couldn't control herself. As the first throes of an orgasm rushed through her, it was obvious she hadn't been prepared for anything like this; and the orgasm was already so strong, stronger than anything a man or woman's touch could've produced, because what was more intense than being touched—than touching yourself? But here she was, gasping, moaning, writhing against the edge of the desk, with pleasure overwhelming her from her crotch upward, spreading fast as my mother tried to get off my dick by sliding forward but found that only helped push me deeper.

And soon, mom was shaking hard, her legs going tight as she came on my cock, her arms going to mine and holding hard. Her whole body thrashed as wave after wave of ecstasy ripped through her. "Fuck!" she gasped, and she pulled away fast enough that it almost seemed to hurt her, but it didn't stop the orgasm in the slightest; her hips shuddered and she pushed herself to lean back on

the desk while she rode out each crest of sensation with a loud whimper, a gasp of air.

But even though my mom had orgasmed again on my cock, I hadn't gotten to be inside long enough. And I needed it, and she looked so...

"Mom," I whispered, as her breasts rose up and down in quick bursts, her hands covering her face, her body slowly settling on the floor of the office, between my legs. "Mom... let me take you."

Mom lowered her hands, her eyes glistening with pleasure. "What?" she whispered.

I reached forward, took her by the arms, and helped her stand up again, slowly. I stood too, and walked her to the desk and leaned her against it. She looked at me, breathlessly; she was so beautiful, the pink glow of her cheeks only emphasized by the bright, wet green of her gaze, her mouth slightly open. "Are you going to do it?" she gasped, "Is this real?"

My hands went to her hips, and squeezed; she let out a little gasp as the feeling of it, so much more intimate than a normal touch, and then I moved upward. I grabbed her by the sides of the ribcage, and turned her, gently, to face away from me; my fingers traced her skin until they got to the top of her spine, where they traced upward, and made goosebumps form. They went around either side of her neck, making her quiver in anticipation, and then went over the line of her shoulders, and then...

Downward. Slowly.

Mom's ass was thick, and my fingers dug into it with a gentle strength that seemed to turn my mother's legs to jelly, enough that I had to hold her up before turning her back around to look at me.

"Yes," I breathed, and moved between her legs. Mom looked down, her eyes wide, and then watched with an astonished expression as my cock pressed forward, and...

Slipped over the entrance to her cunt, the wetness coating me even though the head never went inside. She watched as I continued this slow slide back and forth, back and forth, pushing slightly, teasing the threshold with my head but never truly violating.

I pulled out of her for a second and watched her thighs close and her pussy gape with its emptiness. Her juices leaked out from between her lips and she groaned at being denied my cock. The thrill was something wild; that this was my mother, who was begging for me to enter her like this? Who wanted me as much as I wanted her? I reached between us and rubbed at her clit, hard; mom's reaction was fast, her mouth opening, her back arching, her thighs spreading so fast that she had to adjust her foot on the desk again, while I rubbed in quick little circles, bringing mom to the point of climax but not letting her get there. And then I pressed forward again, and let my head press, barely, against her hole.

Again, the feeling was molten. Mom's insides were perfect, tight and soft all at once, with just the slightest tremble to every contraction. When my mother opened her eyes and looked at me, it was like lightning shot through us. My fingers slipped down to take hold of her ass, while she lifted her knees off the ground, one by one, so that they would wrap around me. Her hands went back behind my shoulders as we kept making eye contact, and then I started to fuck her thighs again.

It was maddening; mom's panting was loud in my ears, even over the wet noise of my cock pressing over her dripping folds, making them slick with pre-come and lubricating my sliding. The heat was unbelievable; mom felt like lava, and her hands were shaking with the intensity of it all as they stayed behind my shoulders. At the same time, my hands squeezed her ass, my cock fucking against her pussy relentlessly. We weren't making love anymore. It was all a fever dream, something raw and sexual. The pleasure was unbearable, and the desire to finish inside her was getting worse; each time I pushed myself against her, it felt harder and harder to hold back, harder and harder not to push forward just that tiny amount...

Mom looked down, breaking eye contact. "Oh god," she whimpered, her breathing growing rapid. Her whole body shuddered, and when I slid across her clit once more, a thick ripple went through her, her eyes rolled back. Her mouth opened in a silent scream, and from between my legs, her pussy gushed, splashed

wetness all over me and sprayed across the floor, some landing on my legs as I continued to rub against her. I lost my balance slightly, and my cock slid up too far. The head of it caught briefly—just barely—against the entrance to mom's pussy before she tightened her knees and pressed us further apart, and then everything was soaking between us.

There was no point for any more caution, no need to be careful, because this had already gone way over the line. Mom panted against me, kissing my neck and cheeks while I leaned into her, squeezing her tight, feeling her shiver and shake in the afterglow. I could hear mom's voice speaking, broken, fragmented. "Oh baby," she whispered. "Oh God..." She was breathing hard, unable to focus properly on what she wanted to say. I could feel her heart racing against me. Her fingers traced along my shoulder blades.

In one movement, she pulled herself up, put her knees down, wrapped one hand around my cock, and pulled me forward at the same time she leaned her weight against me.

Mom's body pressed mine backwards, and in the next moment I was on my back on the desk and my mother climbed onto me again. Her face was flush, her body trembling.

"I want you inside me," mom whimpered. She reached behind her head and undid the clip holding her hair in place so that her blonde tresses flowed down and around her shoulders, looking golden and silky as they fell free. I felt her hands take hold of me, her nails gently scraping. "Only for a second... we'll just do this one thing, and then..."

Mom lifted herself high enough to position me; I watched my cock, hard and pulsing, standing stiff in her hands while she adjusted my tip to line it with her pussy. When she did, when the head was touching the slick wet entrance to her pussy, Mom paused, gave a last look at me.

And sank down.

The tightness... the heat. My vision swam as the intensity shot through every nerve in my body, straight from my spine and into my brain where every synapse fired, everything flooded, and my world became only two things: mom. And pleasure.

Her moans, her scent, the feel of her cunt around my cock, all of those things faded as I tried to comprehend what was happening to my body. My entire core was vibrating with intensity, it felt like; there was a pulse going through me, starting in my balls, rising upward through my dick and into my chest, a heavy throb that was threatening to make me black out, just as another wave was rushing over me from above, like I'd been drenched in cold water while the other feeling washed over me from below. I could barely take it. It was too good; I knew my cock was only a few inches inside of my mother, but it was as if I were sinking slowly deeper, the pressure making every inch feel tenfold. It was insane. The way her body closed around mine, held onto it, caressed and touched it, all these things were happening, sending little surges of warmth and fire across my skin that made me tingle everywhere, but nothing compared to this. This was like an explosion, the kind I'd had before but also different than that, a whole other level of excitement and anticipation and need. I wasn't even moving inside of her, just feeling what it was like, and I felt myself almost lose consciousness because of how good it felt.

And that is when reality came back. Mom was trembling, moaning against my shoulder. Her hands were holding me hard, pulling me into her body. Her pussy squeezed, clenching, tightening around my dick. I started to push against it, not in a fucking motion, but just trying to get used to this overwhelming sensation that was making it hard for me to focus. My mom groaned as I pushed deeper inside, and we found a rhythm: her hips rolling, her body tightening and letting go as she tried to accommodate the strange feeling of fullness that was being invaded by my cock.

"Keeeith," she gasped, leaning forward to push her mouth against my ear. "Honey, fuck."

That turned me on beyond reason. My heart was beating so fast and hard that I didn't have much room in my mind to do anything but obey those simple words: "fuck" me. That meant thrusting.

I started to move faster. I had to see, how it felt to do it right; my hands wrapped around mom's waist as I pushed forward with my hips, and for the first time, I truly penetrated her. The gasp she

released was sharp enough that I worried that somebody heard us, but I knew no matter how loud we were, nobody else was in the building. Nobody else was here but us. And I had the feeling... if we stayed after hours much longer, I'd be spending the night inside of her too.

The thought was insane, made me crazy, it was a dream come true and an utter violation of life and space all at once. I could not believe the feeling; my cock slid in, slow and smooth, deep into her warm cunt, and when I was fully inside, it was like some threshold opened, something deeper, more intimate than ever before, and I was fucking her, gently, but quickly. She rocked her pussy forward over me, whimpering each time I buried my dick into her sweet body, and then slowly, she took her hand and slid it down from her knee, down her leg, to the side of my cock, where she pulled aside the fabric and let me push directly between her lips.

Each thrust inside of her made the world turn; I felt weightless, everything spinning around as mom moaned and whined in pleasure while I tried to focus on being as deep inside of her as possible, to truly be inside my mother for just one moment of pure perfection. She held my waist as we worked together, moving our bodies, trying to fuck, but finding ourselves too lost in the overwhelming sensations of it all.

After a minute of this gentle fucking, mom reached for the front of my shirt and grabbed it; without pulling out of her, she spun us both around so that she was on the desk, facing me now, my cock inside of her all along, until she was settled and her legs lifted high behind her and spread wide, her hands reaching down to grab my ass, urging me forward and to continue doing exactly what we were. I looked down at her, and her hands went up, smoothing over my stomach, feeling across my chest, touching at my neck until they found my face, my hair.

I lowered myself on top of my mom, and she leaned her head up, and our lips connected; the feeling of her lips pressing over mine while my cock filled her to the brim was almost enough to send me into ecstatic madness right there. As the kiss broke, however, Mom opened her eyes and looked into mine; with her body trembling,

with the way she shivered with every thrust, she bit her lip, her eyelashes fluttered.

"Oh fuck, honey," mom croaked, closing her eyes as another wave washed over her. Her cunt pulsed around my shaft, and I almost lost it, had to think of anything else to hold my orgasm back. "Keep... keep going—!"

With her legs wrapped tight around my back, I could feel the strength in them with each movement forward, how they tensed as my hips pulled backward. But even after that, it still surprised me when mom began to move her pelvis toward me with each push forward. It was slow, gentle, just enough to really bring home what we were doing, my cock sliding through the wetness between her thighs and brushing against her clit so perfectly.

My thrusts were long and slow; the heat was building, rising in us both. Mom had let out several soft moans that sounded like she was about to cum. And I was trying not to do the same. If my dick stayed inside for even a second longer...

And then Mom's arms went around my shoulders, and without any more pretense, we started fucking like crazy people.

There wasn't much time before one of us reached our limit, if either of us had a limit anymore. With every passing second, I was realizing this was less about sex and more about making a connection, making something happen between us. Our bodies were connected, joined, intertwined with one another, and the feeling of pushing inside her, or rubbing against her, was everything I needed. The whole world was here, in this office, in this moment, the two of us sharing it together.

My hips were moving fast, desperate, trying to drive myself deeper and deeper into this connection, trying to understand this perfect woman in my arms. And my mother? She was responding just as well, her legs were closing, her hips rolling, driving my cock harder against her clit with every push. It felt like she was losing control; her pussy was twitching hard, and whenever she wasn't shivering from the sensation, her moans became louder, breathier, a constant stream of gasps punctuated by each time I entered her.

Mom looked at me and her mouth moved, wordlessly. I could see that my beautiful mom wanted something. Maybe something impossible. Her hand closed over mine, the one that was keeping my arm tight around her lower back. She took my hand and brought it upward, up her spine, slowly, to her neck, and when her eyes closed with anticipation, I understood.

My fingers wound in my mother's hair, and gently pulled.

Mom's voice broke, but it made a sound—an actual sound—and her eyes shot open to stare at me. "N—" she couldn't form any words. Just the syllable. But all I heard was, "No."

So I kept doing it. My fingers were wrapped tight in her hair, and as I kept using my dick to fuck against her cunt, to make her quiver and tense, I kept pulling.

A part of me thought that even if my mother didn't want this, even though she tried to tell me 'no', it didn't mean she couldn't say, 'stop.' And if she said stop, I would've. I'd stop before fucking her raw, I wouldn't have penetrated her when she didn't want it, but she could only gasp and moan, her legs shaking hard as her body was used by my dick, her mouth trembling and her eyes trying to form tears as they instead formed a desperate, hungry look in them, like a woman in heat that needed to be fucked out.

I wanted her, all of her, I wanted to cum in my mom, but she looked so fucking tight, and so fucking perfect, and so fucking insane right then that I... I just pulled harder, until I knew from her sudden scream, it wasn't enough, wasn't enough—

I let go, and moved my hands down to her shoulder, and pulled her hard against me, while I shifted forward on the desk, until I was fully between her legs, our sexes grinding against each other and the heat insane, unbearable as we kept thrusting together, the sound of our skin slapping each other and making wet noises as the friction of my cock rubbing so tightly against her cunt made a mess.

Her pussy was rubbing so tightly around my dick that it felt like she was pulling it in; my balls tightened, and my body shivered; god, I was going to cum too soon—

My mom's moans got loud, and she threw herself into me, hard. She started to roll, her shoulders rolling over one another as she did,

and I had to pull off, watching with stunned realization as she moved, her back against the desk, her tits pressed against it and her face looking up at me with this incredible hunger; she looked like a succubus, a creature made of desire, made for fucking and pleasing and taking men to their knees.

I didn't waste time; my hips slammed back forward, I watched mom gasp as I shoved my cock deep, between, her thighs again, fucking, grunting in animal lust as I did so. Her legs bent upward, spread out even wider, her head tilting back in ecstasy and her mouth forming into an 'o' before she screamed "FUCK—" and then covered her own mouth.

I pushed harder. The sound of her wetness slicking around my cock echoed through the office, mixing with my groans, her gasps, and the squeak of my hand slipping on the wooden desk as I forced myself to go faster. Faster. Harder. So fucking hard and fast, our flesh was smacking together, her body was rocking across the surface, and my cock was aching for relief—

And at the same time I wanted it to last forever. My mom's mouth was open, her eyes closed, her arms lifting up, up above her head as she kept riding my cock between her legs, rolling with me. She was losing it. My mother was getting lost in the rhythmic thrusting between us, her breathing heavy and loud. My mom's legs were trembling uncontrollably and I knew she'd reach her limit soon if I continued this—

I pulled back suddenly, gasping for air. The heat trapped under the covers washed over me as I sucked down the cooler air outside of it. Mom panted, shivering from where she'd been brought close to an orgasm and left empty. "Why did you stop?" she gasped.

"You told me to."

"Did I say 'stop?'"

We laughed, both of us dizzy and drunk and insane with excitement. Mom scooted back into the desk and then looked at me, giving me a quick bite on my lower lip as she held onto my shoulders and shifted until her ass was settled on the edge. She spread her legs wide. "Baby," she whispered, "Please..."

I took her ass in my hands, holding her, massaging it gently with my fingers. My palms slid upward, over her hips, along her waist, over her ribs to her breasts where they gently filled my hands, and then my mouth.

When I sucked on my mother's tit, she shivered, and moaned, her thighs closing on either side of me. At first, the way she did it seemed random. Then, when it happened again, it struck me that she was trying to squeeze her thighs together, her body shivering madly whenever my tongue flicked her nipple, whenever I sucked harder, or used my teeth just a bit to create more sensation.

At first, I thought she was squeezing me because it felt good; after all, what would happen if my dick was in her when she did that? But instead of letting that happen, I went off of what my mom did; her hands pulled at the blanket surrounding us.

"Don't do it," I murmured against my mother's neck. "Don't stop..."

But mom gave another tug, and soon there was enough room for the air outside of our heated cocoon to rush in. It wasn't enough; it couldn't be, because I was going to make sure my mom didn't get away with anything less than feeling my cock inside of her before the night was through.

Though first... it was time to feel it all in a different way.

I grabbed Mom around the hips, and held her. Her eyes widened in realization that I could move her, and as if realizing where I could put her, she lifted her legs off the ground and wrapped them around my body instead of letting them touch the floor. And, as if knowing exactly what would happen next, she kept the covers tucked in around us, and then pulled my head into her chest.

The scent of her was overpowering. Her cunt rubbed on my belly with every tiny thrust I made. The slick wet of her pussy was hot.

It was maddening.

My hand went down to Mom's ass, and took a fistful of her butt cheek as I fucked harder between her thighs, trying to go as deep as I could against her cunt. Every single part of her that I touched, the slickness from her body, her trembling and shivering; the way she'd tense before letting herself relax again, I couldn't stand it

anymore. My dick was leaking, pulsing with my heartbeat and the feeling of my cum rising like boiling water inside of me, desperate for a release.

Mom was getting close, though. Her hips were shaking. I had her in my arms, her weight on me, our bodies pressed together under the warmth and protection of our duvet cover fort; we were protected here, alone, isolated... except I wanted her so badly, I felt like everything else faded out. There was no world around us, just her eyes and lips, the way she moaned softly in my ear when I hit that spot inside of her, and the squeeze she gave me whenever I did something right.

The only thing that was missing, the only thing we didn't do, was put my cock inside of her.

We could feel it; our bodies knew each other so well, so easily, that our minds weren't enough to hold us back, to make things logical. We needed this union—it was beyond simple lust, even beyond some desire to break all the rules.

This was primal.

As such, Mom's orgasm snuck up on us both. It started with her shivering, a slow tremble going through her as if from her shoulders downward, starting slowly and increasing until suddenly I heard her moan in my ear, long and drawn-out, and I saw her close her eyes—tight, tensing them shut—and then there came the flood.

Her pussy, squeezing around my cock, tightening. My mother's breathing stopped for just a second before she gasped again and made the longest sigh I've ever heard from her lips. "Jared," she breathed. Her voice was almost inaudible but I knew she'd said it; the way her mouth moved, I knew what she said.

"Honey."

My response was the same, but with a harder push forward, and my cock pressing fully onto her clit with my body weight behind it. Mom went stiff for a moment, then shuddered as all of her body relaxed and her arms wrapped around me in a powerful grip, clinging tightly, holding her up against me and her legs spread open as she rode out another orgasm, long and hot and heavy over my cock, coating my lower stomach with juices that seeped down from

her pussy, dripping off of her entrance and covering my shaft, running down between my thighs.

As she held onto me, I felt something change in my cock. With mom's insistence that I not cum inside her... but this wasn't in her... not truly. The way she held onto me, however, with my cock against her clit and between her lips, I came...

Outside.

There was heat first, spreading across my stomach and my thighs. Then sensation, filling my mind with nothing but her. Mom. Then wetness, the warmth of my cum spilling through the air and landing on my mother's lower abdomen. I saw her eyes flash open when the first drop hit, watched as the tension went from her arms, and she gave out a heavy gasp as it started to drip down.

She moved back, away, my cock falling out from between her legs. A thick, white string of cum hung for a moment, before falling and joining the other drops. The feeling was incredible, watching my load drip down my mother's stomach and fall.

Mom leaned backward and looked down too. I watched my load fall, and she watched with me. The silence that had fallen over us was suddenly shattered by my mother, gasping and then laughing. "God," she whispered, looking down at herself. "God..."

"Yeah," I answered, breathless and stunned. My cock was sensitive and twitching. Mom's thighs were wet with my cum and her juices both. My hand brushed my tip as I lowered it and I shivered at the sensation.

It wasn't even truly sex, but god was I turned on.

Mom reached upward and took a corner of her blouse. She pulled it up and began to wipe her skin; she cleaned off the rest of my cum first before working on her pussy. As soon as her blouse touched at her, mom gave a sharp shudder, her hand flinching at the feeling, and she quickly finished up, trying hard not to linger, not to enjoy what my cum did to her, how much it made her body ache and need.

I looked around for her skirt, picking it up and handing it to her when I found it. She took it, her face flushing bright pink again and refusing to look at me while she got dressed. "Well," mom said. She

tried to laugh. The nervousness in her was incredible. "Well. This was... exciting."

I wanted to kiss her so badly. I moved towards her, but mom turned away and picked up her pen again, giving her papers a glance over. Her cheeks were so red now that even the back of her neck seemed pink.

"Um, so. What we talked about before—"

I stopped listening as she went over some paperwork. My head was pounding and my legs felt numb from standing in the same place for too long. The heat was overwhelming, and I had a massive headache starting to develop somewhere between my eyes.

The day after sex was always like this, especially since I didn't have much time with girls in between each night with mom, not that I needed them, because god, mom was like nothing else.

Mom turned, finally, and asked me, "Do you understand?"

I couldn't answer right away. I blinked the heat and blurriness out of my vision and swallowed hard. "What?" I muttered.

Mom gave me a look and then leaned closer. I saw her hand lift from her desk and her fingers reach toward my hair, smoothing through it to rub at the back of my skull, while she leaned closer still, enough so that the collar of her blouse gapped open. My eyes flicked to the skin underneath the cloth and for a brief moment I stared, watching the pale skin, seeing the flush of it when her heartbeat caused blood to rise up in it; her nipples were perked and her breasts looked so good, the weight of them pulling lightly at the fabric of her shirt, until they were almost visible. I imagined what they looked like under there, free, naked, hanging off of my mom's chest while she rode me or I pushed them together to fuck. And I thought of other things, of licking them, of tasting her nipples and sucking on them and...

The world spun again, and I had to take a moment before I opened my eyes. Mom was still looking at me, a smile on her lips now. There was some concern too though.

"Jared? Baby..."

"Yeah," I said, blinking hard. "Yes. Yes, mom, I'm fine."

I closed my mouth as fast as I could, trying to fight back the dizzying sensation of... god, what was it? Not orgasm, not yet—but something that made me feel like I was teetering on the edge, hanging over the abyss and clinging to whatever I could before I fell down. And when I did fall, would it be soft and sweet and slow or sudden and shattering?

Mom's pussy squeezed. She must have sensed how close she was pushing me. It wasn't hard to tell; my heart was hammering in my ears, the world was spinning out of control, and there was an electric, crackling sort of sensation in the very pit of my core, ready to erupt if it could only get more stimulation.

So I stopped trying to fight it, and began to pull my hips back and forth, rocking them against Mom's own. Every movement caused a burst of light in front of my eyes. Mom started to move too, grinding and shifting herself back and forth, until we were both working each other, moving and fucking without my cock inside of her, our lips locked together as we panted and whined and gasped and whimpered. My cock felt like a weapon, dangerous and deadly, every second causing more pleasure than before. Mom's hands went wild around me, her body tensing and shifting, sometimes rubbing her nipples against my bare chest, other times running her fingers through my hair and gripping it at the root so that I would moan into her mouth when she tugged at it, once or twice grabbing my butt and pulling me closer and harder against her, until the wet sounds of our fucking started to be audible. The smack of my hips meeting hers was loud enough to make us pause and look at each other, before Mom gave another kiss to my lips and started to work with me harder.

Our kissing intensified with our movements, faster and harder now until I pulled myself backward, and mom came with me, our bodies colliding. Her legs spread and I slipped back on the desk as she settled over my lap, riding on my cock still, while my own hands roamed across her back and shoulders, squeezing her butt, feeling the curves and valleys and bumps of her naked skin until I took one hand to hold her hip steady as she ground herself back and forth along my cock, the pressure on my dick building in ways that made

my stomach clench. I gripped my mom by the shoulder with my other hand, pulling her face closer so we could keep making out as we fucked, until suddenly something... snapped.

I had no idea what happened. My mom was riding my cock, panting into my mouth, my whole world spinning upside down until all of a sudden I felt her freeze up, and she broke her mouth away from mine; her breathing grew shallow and fast, and then came a moan. Mom's head tilted back as her hips flexed, rocking over me, grinding on my dick like a pro, moaning long and desperate, almost screaming. It was too much—the shockwave that hit her triggered me in turn, and I found myself shooting my cum straight up into the air, painting my mom's belly and breasts and thighs as she shivered and jerked and rode out her orgasm. We moved in sync, jerking our hips together, moving as one entity until all too soon—and yet somehow not too soon—Mom sagged, exhausted against me, her breasts pressing against my chest, heaving with every breath she took.

Mom leaned in and kissed me softly.

"I didn't expect you to..."

"Cum inside you?" I whispered back. Mom nodded against my face.

I sighed. "It was just instinct." I rubbed my hands slowly up and down my mother's back, savoring this moment of intimacy, a pause within the intense heat we shared.

"Jared." My mother looked at me. "This feels good... really good —" She started to move, pulling her hips back and then thrusting them forward, taking me deeper into her cleft and massaging the head of my cock with the swollen wet of her cunt. I groaned out as mom ground herself forward and backward on my dick, and the feeling of my bare cockhead rubbing directly on her clit was something I knew couldn't be topped by any condom-on feeling I'd have before. It was a pleasure that felt insane; she was hot and slick and tight, all of those words describing my mother as she pushed herself faster against me, harder and with her fingers digging into my back.

Suddenly mom stopped, her breathing hard and deep, her mouth open and her breasts heaving over me. Her hair had matted itself onto her shoulders, her skin glowed with the slight sheen of sweat. She shivered in place.

"We shouldn't do this here," she moaned, biting her lower lip. "Baby," she said, giving me a sultry look, "do you think we should take this back home?"

"But..."

"It's dark by now," mom panted, and pulled off of me. My cock stood erect, throbbing, glistening with her juices and twitching with need. Mom reached for a tissue on her desk, gently wrapped it around the tip, and then gave me one last lustful glance over her shoulder before looking at her desk. "Clean up."

With that order, my mom picked her things up off the ground. As she pulled her skirt on, I noticed the light in the office was dimmer, the sun definitely starting to dip down beyond the city buildings around us. It was true; people had been leaving work for an hour already. It was time to go. And now, as I watched the sunlight going away from my mom's hair as she dressed, as the room darkened, it was like night was coming down upon us. We had to leave this room with something resolved.

Mom zipped up her skirt and turned to me. She smiled gently, biting her lower lip. And when I looked down to her stomach, her hand was already there. Over her belly button, she rubbed gentle circles on the taut skin, the gesture both maternal and sexy as hell.

She knew where my eyes were.

And so did I.

We looked at each other again, and said nothing. Her hips were writhing on top of me, her chest rising and falling with effort, her face flush with excitement and fear. She looked at me with confusion and concern, her eyes flaring slightly as my cockhead rubbed harder over her clit, and she pulled it together long enough for us to say everything without speaking, in silence.

Don't come inside me.

But your pussy is so good, Mom...

Don't make me pregnant again.

I have to see how this feels... I won't, but please, don't stop me, it's too much, mom...

Don't pull out, don't ever fucking pull out, Jared. My baby boy. You're still inside me and you're fucking perfect. You're so big and thick and you know just where to push—

And I couldn't help it—couldn't even try to hold it in. All my strength went into trying to keep from thrusting all the way into mom's pussy and flooding her with cum, but this was insane, there was too much sensation, my mom, the heat, the pleasure, the desire.

I pushed deep, and it felt so incredible, so unbelievably satisfying to do it that I thought I'd burst right away. But instead, somehow, I stayed in control long enough. With my cock as deep as it would go, I pulled myself backward, and then fucked forward again, and this time, the head of my dick bumped against something firm. And as soon as I did, Mom's eyes flew open and she made an animal noise, before clamping her hand over her mouth.

Mom had gone tight with excitement. Her voice became a muffled growl on her hand, her eyes were focused downward, past me, looking at nothing except the place where our two bodies met. I did it again; thrust forward, feeling my tip push that same firm barrier at her cervix and as I pushed against it, I gave an instinctual grunt of power, and started to thrust.

Fucking my mother. She'd told me never to do it and yet here I was, holding her thighs open, her hands clawing at my back for dear life, one shoe off of the ground as she rode my lap and tried not to scream out with ecstasy. The way she moved on my cock, how each thrust pushed deep and hit her deepest barrier; the way she gasped after every push inside was enough to send any man over the edge.

The only problem, at least in the moment, was the same one from earlier: there was simply too much pleasure for either one of us to handle. My cock throbbed with fire in its veins. Her pussy was pulsing like a heart, squeezing and clenching hard around my girth.

We both tried to last. We truly did. I think we each had some sense that once it was done, it could never be undone. There was

always the chance that once we orgasmed, that would be it. All of this intensity between us was...

Too intense. A force so powerful that neither of us understood how to cope. How to handle the pleasure.

That kind of thing.

It might have been my hands. I was still using all of the things I had learned that previous night. The feeling of mom's body reacting to my touch was incredible, but something about it made my whole body surge with lust for her; knowing exactly where to rub, where to squeeze, where to press was a power I'd never had in sex before. It meant that everything I did had an effect. Mom's reaction became mine, too; when she tensed and arched, moaned and gasped, I could feel it from top to bottom.

It could have also been mom's mouth, open, panting over mine, her eyes closed now but sometimes opening enough for me to see the unfocused and far-away look in them, that same gaze of pure shock and awe as last night. It was like having something else open in your mind; a place you'd never imagined existed, but somehow had been there, all along.

It could have even been mom's cunt; pulsing around my cock and squeezing me in that perfect way. The first time I got it inside of her pussy lips and felt her tightness throbbing around me, I almost lost it right there. She would squeeze me just a bit with every thrust, holding onto me, her hips trying to push down to meet mine—the feeling was unparalleled.

But it might have been everything, combined. Our bodies were wrapped up together, covered and surrounded by the blanket we shared. Every time we moved, the space heated up again and it was a steam room of pure scent. Sex was always intense, but there was something about the way mom breathed, the way her hands felt over my arms, the way she reacted to me—everything seemed new.

I looked at my mother in this new way... a woman. The most beautiful, incredible woman I'd ever known. The person who had taken care of me since the day I was born. And now here she was, with me, her hands stroking over my neck, running through my hair.

The look in her eyes was enough to drive me to orgasm. A look of tenderness, adoration...

And pure ecstasy.

Her lips were parted for me as we kissed each other, sharing the same breaths. Her moans became mine. With her mouth pressed to me, my mother was singing me a song, telling me everything. How much she loved being close to me. How much she loved when I came to visit her at work. How much she had been thinking about our night together. She said all these things through sighs, through shudders, her breath quickening when my cock thrust harder, faster between her legs, slipping wetly up and down her slit until she was trembling all over, her moaning breaking the kiss, and then starting it anew.

But then my mother broke from me entirely, her hands going to my shoulders, pulling the blanket off of us, her hair damp, strands of it sticking to the sweat on her forehead and her temples, her whole body shimmering as the light from outside reflected off of her skin.

The world seemed to slow down completely—everything seemed surreal. My mother's face turned sideways, and she rested her cheek on my shoulder; I watched it, fascinated by how the angle made her cheekbones look, how her mouth turned upward in a slight smile, as she pushed her pussy lips along the length of my cock again, squeezing me tightly between her thighs, before pulling forward a little more so that instead of rubbing me, I was fucking her clit. I could see it, her clit hood peeking out from the top of her mound and the sensitive nub underneath making contact with me, sending shivers through her legs.

I watched in awestruck fascination as my mom brought herself closer to climax by riding my cock, pushing back and forth, using her pussy lips, the feeling intense for me as I watched her body, so feminine, so beautiful, move along me like that, my own body stiff and still, letting her use it and pleasure herself against me, my mind dazed and unable to speak or think, nothing coming to me except the incredible vision of watching her like this.

Her hands squeezed my shoulders hard enough to bruise, and a deep blush swept up her entire chest, to the tops of her breasts, all

while she continued to push back and forth, back and forth on me, making this desperate keening noise that slowly became louder, harsher, wilder—and then finally, when it could go no farther, reached a breaking point, where suddenly Mom's legs went completely stiff, her hips shifted as she pushed my cock deeper against her clit, her insides clenched around absolutely nothing at all except thin air, and then...

Then the whole world opened up as mom cried out. It was a sharp, sudden, shrill sound, echoing around the tiny office and through the corridors outside, her whole body trembling as she ground her sex down on me as hard as she could, the wet from her soaking everything between my thighs, her fingernails digging into me and my mother's face turning to bury itself against my shoulder as she came. Her eyes were shut and her moaning breathless against my skin, a flush washing over her face, her breathing hot and gasping as her hips began to roll with an increasing tempo, each wave of pleasure rocking her hard and forcing a moan or a whimper from her, her body twitching along with her cunt pulsing, clenching, gushing wet, drenching me in its sticky heat and then going again.

I couldn't even feel the time that passed until her pussy stopped throbbing so desperately; it seemed like forever. For a long while mom trembled in my arms, and it was only after she finally went limp, and the tension left her legs did I gently take her chin in my hand, and bring her head up to look at me.

I pulled my mother into another deep kiss. My hands gripped tight on her hips, and then without pulling out of her, I spun on the table and laid back onto it. I moved down until my feet touched the floor, and brought mom along with me, until she was laying on my chest. Her body arched into mine, her hips pushed down hard over my cock. When we kissed, the hunger grew between us, and we started to move together.

There was nothing slow about the way I fucked my mother from behind. I pulled her onto my cock, used my grip on her hips and ass to pull her to me with each thrust. It was insane; the sensation of her wet lips, sliding all over my bare cock, her insides caressing me as my girth speared into her, again and again. I fucked her harder

than I thought I could, pulling her body closer to mine as if I would disappear without being against her.

It didn't take long before we were fucking so hard the desk underneath us was groaning in protest. Mom started to make high whimpering moans with every push, her eyes closed and her hands flat on the surface of her office desk as my cock slammed deep into her, her whole body taut with pleasure and tension. "Jared... yes... oh God..." she moaned, her breathing loud as I fucked her raw and hard.

Her words spurred me on. I went even deeper and watched the way my cock slipped in and out, her beautiful round ass trembling with every slam forward, until finally, her legs tightened up and she cried out. The sight was insane—mom, coming, on my cock—and I couldn't stop myself from following her, filling her with my cum, until it came spilling out and mixed with hers in a puddle between us.

I could feel my body going limp, mom's thighs clamped tight around my waist, until finally, finally, she let go. With both of us panting, and dripping sweat, I held her for a few moments before finally pushing myself back so that my cock slipped free and spilled more cum onto her desk, her chair, and the floor beneath. Mom slid to her knees, still panting.

I looked at her, at her face in profile, as she knelt down to clean the cum off the head of my dick with soft kisses, licks, and long tastes with her tongue. When she licked up my length, she did it slowly, looking at me, then when she got to the base, where my balls were nestled, she started to lick there too, lapping gently as though to wash away any cum that had escaped my shaft and gone into my groin.

The feeling was unbelievable; my mother's mouth licking me so tenderly. Then she lifted one of my legs over her shoulder so that she could move close and push her open lips on me, sliding my cock deep into her mouth. She stayed like that, sucking, bobbing slightly as her lips and tongue cleaned every drop off of me. It felt incredible, until finally, she pulled away with an audible pop, kissed the tip of my cock and said:

"Jared, would you fuck me, please?"

My eyes widened. I hadn't expected that. We both sat upright now, my mom in front of me, my fingers running over her chest, brushing her nipples until they were stiff and her breasts were quivering. Her pussy was wet and ready, her eyes wide, her hands pulling my face close so she could kiss me once, twice.

She shifted herself onto my lap. I looked down as she grabbed my cock, held it to steady herself, and then...

Fucking sank.

It was incredible how she took me, taking me deeper and deeper until I felt her cunt take my full length. A moan escaped her, and she immediately started to ride me, working her hips quickly over my cock and moaning.

"I'm close," she breathed, closing her eyes. Her face contorted in pleasure and she rode me even harder, slamming down faster and fucking me with all of her force. "So fucking close... ah..."

I grabbed mom by the hips and yanked her hard against me, impaling her on my dick so she shuddered, and cried out; one hand pressed against my mouth while another went between her legs, cupping her pussy. "You're going to wake someone!"

The way she hissed at me only made my cock grow even harder. Mom moaned, and rubbed herself, desperately, panting as she fucked herself on me. "Baby, you need to finish inside me," she begged. "You need to cum, please!"

With another moan, mom leaned forward and started to ride my dick like her life depended on it. I couldn't help it; I thrusted in time with her movements, burying myself into her pussy over and over again until suddenly—

Mom gasped loudly, her hips shuddering as she came on my dick, hard, squeezing me in ways that she had never done before, the wetness pouring from her and drenching me, her breath stopped completely as she tensed around me.

I kept thrusting, hard and fast, trying to push myself over the edge. But instead, mom stopped. She turned around so her back was to me, leaned forward on her desk, pulling her panties down enough to really show me her ass, her thighs. Her legs were twitching, but the look she gave me... Goddamn.

It was enough. The sight of my mother looking back at me with a wild gaze was enough to drive any man insane, but it was what she said that sent me over. "Don't waste one drop."

I grunted and took my cock into my hand and started to furiously jerk off. My hand glided over my wet cock with ease; each motion caused it to slide more easily through my grip, until I was jerking off like a fucking savage trying to cum as quickly as possible.

"God, yes—" Mom closed her eyes as if she could feel me stroking, but instead of waiting for her to open them again, I did the same as her, leaning forward a bit, taking hold of my shaft and stroking my cock fast until finally...

Fuck.

My orgasm came suddenly, and my hips bucked against nothing, while my mom kept kissing me, the pleasure going through my body from head to toe as my toes curled and my cock released a massive gush of cum onto my mom's belly.

As soon as I opened my eyes, mom pulled out a wad of Kleenex from the tissue box on her desk. She took several sheets at once and gently wiped my cock clean of both her arousal and mine, then she grabbed another few pieces and cleaned her abdomen, and then her thighs which were also glistening. Once done, she balled them all up into one hand and pulled her panties up. She stood.

Her legs quivered as she did so, and I reached out to steady her by grabbing her hip and buttock. She didn't try to swat my hand away, this time. In fact, she made an amused chuckle. "We almost got carried away there," she breathed, looking down at me with a coy smile.

"It'd have been worth it," I said, watching her face turn bright red. "Oh—God, it would have—"

I kissed my mom before she could stop me. Instead of being angry, or trying to pull back, she pressed closer, leaned more fully into me.

I wasn't even sure we had ever done something like that; kissing after sex. And for her to do it with me now... God, I never wanted this night to end.

I wanted more.

In one moment, I pulled off my mom completely, taking hold of her thighs so hard that she made an alarmed sound through the kiss, and suddenly moved her body upward and backward until I pushed her against the wall beside her desk. The window covering shifted with the sudden impact of my mom's weight hitting it. My hands kept a firm grip on my mom's hips as I pulled myself out from between her legs, angling myself at the perfect height to drive my cock inside of her pussy—which pulsed with anticipation and need—but instead all I did was rub my length down and tease her, running over her lips, pressing my tip against her clit so that she trembled and moaned while kissing me, whimpering, trying to move her pelvis downward so I'd stop teasing her.

Mom broke off the kiss and opened her mouth to say something. "Kei-"

Before she could speak another word, I shoved my dick right into her, filling her up with it. She made a tight-mouthed silent scream, gasping once before pulling in again as I began to pound her against the wall, both hands gripping hard on either side of my mom's hips; and it was a good thing too, because her body buckled with each thrust, her ass thumping against the wall and forcing the paper to shift around on it every time we moved, her whole body jostling as I fucked her harder than ever before. Mom wasn't holding anything back; she didn't have to, the whole office floor was empty, and everyone else had left already. Her voice rang through the room.

"Ohh God! Ohh my god—ohhh!" She panted, tried to control herself and instead gave herself over completely.

Her breasts swayed as her ass slammed into the wall, and as her breasts heaved free from the tightness of her blouse, the material rolled down slightly, giving me a view of those perfect fucking tits wobbling every single time my hips smashed hers, and I filled her, driving my cock into my mother's cunt as she arched her back away from the wall, her eyes rolling back into her skull as the pleasure became nearly too much.

With every breathless second we kept it up, that feeling rose inside of me. The pleasure was incredible, the sight of my mom losing all control and her whole body quivering with lust only drove

me wilder; my hands gripped tighter around her thighs, forcing her legs even further open. She screamed out with ecstasy, one hand gripping onto the back of her office chair like it was the only thing keeping her anchored to the ground while her other went straight to her swollen clit and started to rub it, furiously. Her thumb made a fast circle, rubbing hard and in a frantic way that made me believe she was trying to force herself to an orgasm—if she did that then it would all be over. My fingers pressed harder into her soft flesh, my thrusts getting stronger with each movement as my mind whirled, barely able to comprehend that what I had wished for was actually happening. As her body shifted and bounced on the desk, I noticed things starting to move. We had knocked aside papers and pencils but now pens and notes were spilling onto the floor from being jolted across the surface, and when I pulled back slightly more of her weight ended up on the desktop so more objects fell. I heard something glass smash; we couldn't stop now though, neither of us would want to end it even though we both knew how dangerous it was to carry on fucking right here, in plain sight of anyone that might walk by or look into the office, not only that but the possibility of her entire department finding out their boss' son had just fucked her brains out at her workplace... but fuck. Fuck it. It felt so good. And now mom was whimpering, writhing and trembling as her fingers moved quicker, working on her clit as she desperately chased an orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum..." she groaned. "Oh god... I'm gonna cum on my son's big cock—"

"Mom! Fuck!" I cried as I slammed forward as fast and as deep as I could, my balls tightening as I shot everything that I had deep within her throbbing cunt. I could feel myself filling her pussy up with each fresh jet, coating her womb and pussy in hot, sticky cum, which then started to leak down her thighs. My head span and the world began to blur into one; the only thing that I was conscious of was my mother's body against mine and the sensation of her quivering pussy walls around my cock as she came simultaneously with me, screaming and jerking, her limbs thrashing all about the place, knocking more of her things down. The chair behind us

skittered out and toppled to the side. She let go of everything and gripped me tighter, pulling me on top of her as she laid back onto the desk.

As my cock started to soften, I watched our shared fluids flowing out from between her folds and dripping onto the desk underneath, mixing together perfectly before forming a big pool. I smiled tiredly and gave another kiss to her. It was a strange sensation but now, being inside of her, having felt just how hot and wet she really is inside, I couldn't imagine ever stopping.

We were made to be joined together like this; that much I knew for sure now.

I kissed mom's neck and she purred with delight. "Jared, what are we doing? You know it'll get messy." She giggled nervously as though even saying the word might somehow curse us to never have this opportunity again.

My dick twitched involuntarily within her tight pussy and she whimpered at the sensation. "It'll be fine," I said softly in her ear.

"What about me?"

I didn't understand so I stopped thrusting between her thighs to listen and figure out what she meant. She looked up at me. "Won't you want one? One of your own?"

I smiled at that idea, imagining having children with the woman who raised me, with the only person to ever see my full potential, or really even care at all. She was the only mother I ever knew, or even needed. But I loved her enough for three parents and the thought of expanding our family felt... nice.

My hands went around mom's shoulders again and then pulled them down in an attempt to keep her as still as possible. And when she had stopped moving, I started thrusting between her legs. Mom cried out, burying her face into my shoulder as I pumped my dick between the lips of her wet cunt, slowly teasing myself with the fact that all I'd have to do is lift myself higher, push myself a bit forward and slip inside. It was so tempting.

Instead, I continued fucking her. Slowly, carefully. We both held our breaths. And we moved together. As if we were lovers; as if we were dancing. I thrusted, shallowly, and my hands slid down over

my mother's body, and cupped at her hips. With the leverage now established, I began fucking faster, my cock twitching, dripping precum over the insides of her thighs, coating me, slicking her up, the sound of wet sex loud and echoing through the office. My grip on my mother tightened further, she moaned, longingly. "Please," she said softly.

Mom sounded like she was trying not to cry. She pressed her mouth hard to mine, sealing our lips, swallowing up my grunts as I rutted harder and faster. Our kissing was hot and messy and I didn't know where my tongue ended and hers began.

Her pussy fluttered and throbbed and dripped all over my cock, each beat like a heart, and I started to feel her cunt sucking, hungry.

"Oh fuck, Mom—"

Mom wrapped her legs around my waist, drawing me in closer to her body, her cunt leaking all over me. She couldn't wait for me any longer; one of her hands went low, and then I felt it: the heat of her palm wrapping around my cock and her hand angling my dick up and towards her.

And suddenly, my tip was pressing against her entrance and...

I moaned. Hard. Against mom's mouth. But she swallowed it, hungrily, desperately taking that noise out of me, swallowing me whole. The kiss was hot, wet, sloppy, and as I continued to moan, our faces grinding together, I thrusted once, gently, into my mom.

Then twice, a bit harder, and deeper.

A third time.

By the fourth thrust, I was deep enough inside my mother to know that she wanted nothing else but my cock filling her, to the point where my balls were brushing against her ass when I bottomed out, each beat causing a gasp from her mouth and another pulse of wet, of heat, of need between her legs. Mom's hands went under my arms, clinging to me, holding me as tight as possible as I began to move faster, rocking harder with each second, pulling myself up for leverage and using my feet on the desk to get even closer.

With my mom like this, her arms wrapped around me, my legs spread as hers spread over me, my cock pressed deeply into her.

With her hips bucking to meet mine, our movements frantic, her kisses wet and hungry and her voice going soft...

It felt real, like I was inside of her. I imagined that this was what it was like. I tried to feel my cock as a hard shape moving against the walls of my mother's body. But the feeling was too far away, not sharp enough, because my cock had become too much a part of her now; I could barely tell the difference between my dick and my mom anymore, between her pussy squeezing me or milking me. My dick and I were one, inseparable from the woman that needed me, and I needed her, to be like this with her. I needed to keep fucking her, as long as she needed.

My cock rubbed against her cunt again, slipping between her folds and over her clit while I grunted with my thrusts. The feeling of her pussy throbbing against my cock... God, I was getting so close again. If only we had been in the position that would let me push deeper; if only we had gone farther. If I'd slid completely into her, filled her with every last drop of my cum, impregnated her...

"Baby," Mom gasped, as if hearing my thoughts and agreeing with them, "I need you so bad!"

Her fingers dug into the muscles of my back and ass as I continued thrusting against her. I kissed down her neck to the collar of her shirt, inhaling deeply at her perfumed flesh and tasting her skin. There wasn't any going back from this anymore, not now that I'd pushed so far inside of her without protection, even if it had been accidental. Even when I pulled out of her I wouldn't be able to stop myself from doing it again, over and over, until I lost control and let everything out inside of her. We'd been so good for weeks about avoiding exactly this, making sure that there was enough separation between us by using condoms, pulling out at the last moment, but now, the heat of her pussy was more than I could take, and all of that care and caution had evaporated, leaving behind the most primal feelings of desire.

I wanted my mom so fucking bad that it ached. That was the thought that sent me over the edge, the same time my mother started trembling, gasping, whispering 'ohfuckohfuckohfuck' right in my ear as we held each other tightly and ground together. Our

clothing clung to us with sweat; our bodies were electric, shaking uncontrollably as we fucked between her thighs.

"Oh, God, Mom!" I groaned into her shoulder, feeling the throb of pleasure rise up along the base of my cock.

I felt like I should've told her... warned her. But there was no way to stop it—I came on her clit, long ropes that coated the insides of her thighs, some shooting out further and splattering against her office chair below us. Every throb of cum was accompanied with a deep thrust, rubbing my spurting tip against my mother's soft flesh as I emptied myself fully, letting it all out inside of her thighs. It took everything not to moan loudly into mom's ear; everything went so tight inside of me that when the moment ended, I slumped back onto the desk, holding myself up by one elbow. My face was covered in sweat, my eyes blinking rapidly.

I had just cum inside of my mom's thighs.

But my cock was still rock-hard, ready to go again. And judging by the way mom's tongue licked slowly around her open mouth and her chest was heaving and she was still trembling and squeezing me with her thighs? She wanted it. Badly.

"Mom," I tried softly, reaching for her panties, intending to push them back over her pussy, so she could get back to work without dealing with any cum staining her skirt. "Did you like that?"

She didn't answer immediately. For a long time, we breathed together, my mother continuing to rest against me even after I'd put her panties back into place, which was surprising—she hadn't done that since we first started fooling around. Her breath was sweet in my nose as it filled my lungs. Our heartbeats slowed, and our fingers explored each other's backs.

Eventually, I moved my mouth to kiss my mother's neck, and the feeling of it brought a giggle to her lips. Her hands gripped at my shirt, holding me closer, and as my kisses started to trail upward, mom finally let go.

"Jared," she moaned, shivering when I started kissing right along her jawbone, where I knew she was ticklish. "I-I..." Her words were broken by soft gasps whenever my lips made contact with a part of her neck or face, or sometimes, right next to her mouth.

"What do you think?" Mom breathed, her green eyes catching me for a second. "About the plan."

I gave her a look, while pulling away from a particularly tender area under her ear, which earned me a soft shudder. "Hmm?"

Mom smiled, before tilting her head downward slightly, looking at me like she would if we were about to snuggle together for bedtime, or something like that. "The plan," she repeated, stroking back my hair and kissing my cheek. "If I tell George, he might try to make an issue out of it." Her smile got softer, as she rubbed a finger down my nose. "It'll be less messy if we get the ball rolling without his input."

I shrugged, smiling a little bit too. "Well," I mused. "Do you really need anything else from him? Like... maybe you can get the rest done with my help? I'm here every day—"

"That's true!" She smiled brighter. "In fact, honey, I bet that's all I really need. You helping me." Cara giggled, kissing me. "Mmm," she said. "And, you know, I think if we put the project together, show it to him, and let him think it's your idea... you could really benefit."

Benefit?

I didn't even have time to ask.

Mom leaned down, kissed me on the mouth, long and deep, and when she pulled away, my eyes were shut as my cock was still buried between my mom's thighs. I heard her words like she spoke in a dream, or through a haze of clouds. "Jared... I could use a hand today..."

The next thing I knew, she had a piece of paper in front of me; something about it being easier for me to write it out than type, for some reason. Mom was right; the workload really was a lot heavier than expected, especially with the pressure of this big, huge project coming up that would make or break your career. She was leaning close to my shoulder, looking up at me while she rested her chin there, giving me this pleading look, and I couldn't say no. I never could. So I wrote out the note, and watched as Mom sealed it shut, licked it, and took it up to deliver to the principal.

My stomach lurched. This felt insanely wrong, but... God... what if it wasn't?

What if we had a shot? A real one, at actually doing this?

Mom was gone for what seemed like forever; long enough for me to wonder where she was. And then it was just like any other day, where we went through our regular routines of me fucking her mouth and letting her take my load at the end, all while working together on a variety of different things until...

"Mom, you're late. Your doctor's appointment."

I watched as my mother snapped out of a daze, looked up at me with bleary eyes, then at the clock.

She stood up fast. "Oh damn—damn it!" She turned and gave me a look that I'd never seen before. "Thanks honey," she breathed, before grabbing her purse and keys, rushing over, and kissing me on the cheek, a peck that landed in front of my mouth before she darted away from my office.

The rest of the day passed by like a dream; all I could think about was how I had been inside my mother. There had been something... magical about it. We'd kissed too. It had been soft and intimate and real.

That wasn't some quick fuck in the ass or a blowjob behind a counter where we could barely see each other; our faces had been right there, looking into each others' eyes. And I knew that I liked it. I knew that I really did love my mom. The thing was: if this was going to work, even in an incest-filled relationship, would I still want to fuck her if she gained 20 pounds? What if she lost all her money?

What if one day she woke up with gray hair? How would that change me and her?

I got home first, which was unusual. Mom always managed to beat me home, somehow, usually having some kind of paperwork to finish when I left to do my deliveries, while she was stuck behind, doing whatever she needed to do. But on occasion, after I did my route, she'd call out over the intercom before I drove away that something had come up at her job, that she'd be an hour late at least.

It gave me time to goof off in my room, play some games. Sometimes I'd even jack off before she got home. I mean... it was inevitable, I'd cum sometime before she got back, probably right

after she hung up and I drove away from the parking lot and the building was finally out of sight. It's why I didn't like it when she called last minute and told me about delays. Because if she called me, I couldn't have any relief from my thoughts about her, from the things we did together. It just made me crazy. And needy. And wanting.

But today, I came home to my bed, waiting for me. And it didn't take long for me to kick off my pants and climb up on the mattress with my bottle of lotion; in fact, I barely had time to get the lube out before my cock was throbbing hard between my legs and I was lubricating both hands up, ready to start stroking myself.

In seconds, I was thinking about her again. Her tits, exposed, pressed against me and heaving as she breathed; her moaning mouth sucking me off under the desk in her office, my fingers deep in her cunt and pushing back at the same time that she pushed back against me; Mom looking back, eyes wide open and her mouth trying to catch mine while we fucked, in perfect rhythm, our bodies wet with sweat...

I stroked, hard, imagining her face, her tits. Those fucking panties I never managed to get off. The look on her face when she sat atop me on the edge of my bed—our first moment. My fingers on her nipples. Her pussy around my cock, around my fingers...

And suddenly, she was there, her eyes wild, her breasts bouncing as her entire body lifted and fell on my dick.

The feeling of us uniting.

"Mom," I said softly, the word like a magic spell for us both. She nodded her head and looked at me. I closed my eyes and kissed her. Mom accepted it with hunger, our mouths hungry and needful together. And my mother made this beautiful whimpering sound, right against my mouth, and then...

There was nothing. There was nothing but me holding her in my arms as I felt the tension in her rise, her breathing get faster, her moans grow desperate. Her pussy was quivering, so tight around my shaft, the softness of her flesh enveloping my dick; the gentle friction building with every shift I made, pressing against her walls and making it hard to not push into her, not fuck her properly. My

cock slid over her clit, again, and mom pulled herself away from the kiss and made a deep gasping sound, before crying out—

And her cunt squeezed my cock. Her hips started bucking wildly, frantically; and as she came, I pushed forward. And this time, there was no question about it—I was inside of her, my mom's tightest entrance was suddenly wrapped around the tip of my cock and sucking, pulling me deeper with each thrust and then squeezing with insane force, her entire body shivering and shaking. Her fingernails bit into me as she gripped hard to my arms, and I felt like the top of her head was going to pop off.

Mom went boneless as soon as the wave ended, her legs limp, falling off from the edge of the desk. I was standing in front of her now, her thighs open, her juices dripping down her legs, and her pussy fully exposed. I slipped inside her again, this time pushing deeper than I ever had. The soft warmth of her insides felt like heaven as I fucked myself all the way into my mother. I leaned forward, wrapping my arms around my mom's head and kissing her gently on the forehead as I buried my cock between her lips, watching her stomach expand with every slow insertion.

Then I moved her up, so she was laying longwise across the desk, and lifted her feet so that they were planted on the surface. That allowed me the leverage I needed, to start truly fucking her; with my hands gripping either side of her torso, I started rocking back and forth, driving my hips forward and fucking mom's cunt while she just gasped and moaned, one leg twitching with every insertion and then relaxing the moment it would leave.

Eventually, Mom opened her eyes and watched me above her, saw the intense concentration I was putting into trying to not cum in her. "Oh Jared," she breathed. Her hands reached up for me, fingers brushing through my hair. I turned and kissed her palm before lowering to kiss her mouth. She moaned against my lips. Her tongue slid into my mouth briefly and tasted me, teased me. Then she pulled away.

"Jared!" Her voice was a little loud, despite everything. My fingers touched her mouth and she looked at me, pleadingly.

And I couldn't fucking resist. No matter what. With a sudden burst of energy, I pushed myself forward again, sliding back into mom and giving a few, short thrusts that made her gasp louder with each impact. As she continued to moan, I kissed her neck, her hairline. All over. And when she finally came again, a shivering series of convulsions went through her body as I continued to fuck her, my balls tightening as she came again.

"I'm gonna—"

Mom suddenly scrambled out from under the sheets, falling down on her knees on the carpet in front of me, her hands scrambling to take hold of my dick. She stroked it for a second, once, twice, then opened her mouth just in time for me to explode. The first shot of cum hit her nose and mouth, coating her chin and dripping down onto her exposed tits. Then mom took hold of my cock and guided the tip right into her mouth, allowing me to finish spurting into her, her eyes looking up at me, lovingly.

We held one another like that for a while, our bodies relaxing until we'd both come down enough from the high to even speak.

Then Cara stood, cum leaking from her pussy down her thigh, and began to slowly clean herself up. I followed her lead, pulling on my clothes with shaky arms and legs. But as soon as we'd finished, Mom grabbed me by my tie and pulled me close to kiss me. We shared a deep, wet, slow kiss before parting to catch our breaths. My mother pressed her forehead against my chin. "Jared..." she moaned as my lips pressed against her temple.

"Yes mom?"

I felt her hand move between our bodies and cup my junk. It was already beginning to stiffen again, the mere thought of having sex with my mother turning me on so much. She gripped it through my pants, stroking my length, feeling the heat radiating from it.

I cupped one of her breasts in my hand, feeling the heavy weight of it, and the hardness of the nipple. My mouth went for it. I licked around her areola, flicking at her nip. Mom groaned. "Oh...baby..." She leaned over me, cradling my head and arching her breast towards my face. Her hand reached inside my underwear, closing her long fingers around the shaft of my cock and giving a light stroke.

My tongue flicked harder at her nipple. Mom responded by gripping my length and jerking quicker, her hand firm around my rapidly-growing hardon.

"Jared," she croaked. And when my eyes met hers, I saw the same lust and want in them that I'd seen last night. It only took seconds before our lips crushed together. We fell down into the sheets, still holding each other tight, our legs and arms wrapped tightly around one another as if we were both afraid of letting go. As we kissed, her hand went to my shirt and started unbuttoning it. My hands reached to undo hers, popping open button after button until the shirt was undone all the way down the front. I moved away for a moment to lift her top and bra over her head, leaving her chest exposed to me, just like mine. I pressed my bare chest to hers, crushing her breasts beneath my weight as we held each other. Our kissing grew hungrier as mom continued stroking my cock faster and harder. My hips bucked forward in response.

Our embrace soon became frantic. She began pulling at my pants. "Take these off, baby."

I hopped out of bed for a moment to undo the belt on my pants, then pull them down to step out of them. While I was undressing, my mom shimmied out of her skirt, and by the time I looked back, she was lying on my bed in nothing but her g-string, looking just like an angel sent down to please me. Her soft blonde hair was splayed out across the sheets, framing her pretty face. Her plump lips were parted, pink, shining wet, the upper one curled in a half smile. And then there was the rest of her. Perfect, soft curves of hips and breasts with a taut tummy that ended in a neatly trimmed bush peeking out from beneath her tiny black g-string panties. And I swear I could already see a damp spot between her legs growing larger by the second.

We gazed at each other's naked bodies. My eyes roved over every inch of her figure, taking in how delicious every part of her looked. At the same time, she bit her lip, looking uncertain about something. Then her green eyes met mine. "Honey... do you have, uh... protection?"

Oh shit. Protection. Of course my mother would want to use it; why wouldn't she? But I didn't have any condoms. I hadn't needed them, since the last girl I was with broke up with me without even going all the way. Plus, I couldn't remember the last time I had sex anyway. There were condoms in the house, sure, but I didn't want my first time inside my mother to be while wearing one. I wanted to feel her with my bare cock, just like this. The thought of putting it on her made my heart sink. She'd never go for it. This could be the end of everything before we'd even started. I guess the only option was to lie about having protection, because there was no way I was giving this up now. Not when I was already so close to being with my mom. "Um, yes. I think so," I mumbled, knowing how guilty my face must look right now.

"You think so?" she asked suspiciously. But her tone wasn't quite as stern as usual. "What about that box in the cabinet next to the fridge?"

It took a few seconds to register what she had said, then realization sunk in. My shoulders sagged with relief. She had given me a way out. I smiled down at her. "No problem, I'll just run downstairs and grab some." I turned around and rushed down to the kitchen. I yanked open the cabinet and spotted the box sitting right where it always was. Then, after checking they still had the expiration date, I practically ran back upstairs to be with my mom once more.

I tore off a condom from the line of plastic circles and held it out towards her. Mom looked at the wrapper between my fingers and then glanced down to the desk between us. For a few moments she didn't speak, then her eyes raised to mine. "Jared, I..." Her voice trailed off and she shook her head slightly, letting out another low laugh.

When her gaze locked with mine again there was something different in her expression, something softer, something more vulnerable. She leaned forward, pushing her naked breasts against me. Reaching down between our bodies, she grasped hold of my dick and slowly stroked it. In that instant, my brain switched off

entirely. The only thing that I could feel was the sensations being generated by her hand on me.

Mom began tugging my shaft harder. As she did this, she stood up, forcing me back. With my dick firmly in hand she maneuvered me until my ass connected with the chair. Still pumping it, she gently pushed at my chest until I dropped down into the chair. The cool leather against my naked skin helped clear my head a little and I stared up into her lust filled eyes as she lowered herself to her knees before me. She never released my aching rod, maintaining firm control of it. Mom smiled, then licked her lips before looking down.

My heart leaped as she bent over and engulfed me. As the wet warmth of her mouth enveloped my throbbing dick, all the blood in my body rushed to my crotch and left my head reeling. It had felt so good when she had sucked me earlier but this was mind blowing. I felt my toes curling up as the pressure built within me. My mom was giving me the most intense pleasure imaginable; she was sucking my cock. Hard. Not only that, but she was moaning as she did so. As if she really wanted nothing more than for me to cum in her mouth. This only spurred me on. I didn't want it to end too quickly; it felt far too good but the combination of everything - my raging hardon, the feel of the warm leather beneath me, the sight of my naked mother's head bobbing up and down enthusiastically, all combined to take my breath away. As I looked down and watched, she pulled my rock hard tool from her mouth and used her tongue to tease at my glans. I groaned at the sight of this and she turned her eyes to meet mine. "Am I doing ok?"

I nodded dumbly at the obvious question.

Grinning like a schoolgirl who'd been told she was being naughty, she gave me one final wink then swallowed me whole again. Mom seemed to be enjoying it almost as much as I was and it wasn't long before I could sense my orgasm building. My balls tensed and my muscles seized. With a strangled groan I warned, "I'm close". Instead of pulling away to finish me off manually she simply continued her attentions, working harder, faster, trying desperately to send me over the edge. She didn't have to work at it much longer.

I felt my insides tighten then, with a final grunt, I shot rope after rope into my own mom's eager mouth.

She didn't stop sucking, swallowing every last drop as she coaxed out every bit of my cum, moaning happily with each successive burst of fluid.

Then she finally lifted her head, gasping for breath. Her breasts heaved with her breathing; I couldn't help staring, admiring their beauty. They were perfect...

She stood up, wiping her mouth with the back of one hand. With the other, she grabbed mine, and pulled me to my feet. We had both forgotten that I was still out, exposed. When my dick rubbed against the fabric of my underwear and pants as mom pulled my boxers up, we gasped together in shock, but before I could react any further mom finished dressing me, pulling my zipper up and patting my crotch, a huge smile on her face.

"You taste better than your father ever did," she purred, and winked at me, before turning back towards her chair. "Now hurry up and get out of here."

As if nothing had happened, Mom sat down, picking up her pen. She gave me a pointed look over the top of my laptop. "What're you waiting for?"

My dick was trying to escape from my jeans—just because she could control herself didn't mean the rest of me was so composed. In that moment though, I wasn't sure what the right move was. What had just happened had been incredible, but we'd already pushed the boundaries too far. I needed some space and time to think...

And I really didn't want to leave feeling like we were done, not after the connection we'd just shared. If she would just admit that there was something going on, acknowledge the elephant in the room, it might give me hope that we could get through this together somehow, or at least have an open discussion. "So what do we do now? Go home and pretend this never happened?"

Mom stared straight ahead, avoiding eye contact. She was thinking, trying to make sense of everything. And she probably didn't want the answer as badly as I did.

"We can't."

I frowned. "Why not?"

She finally looked me in the eyes. "Because your father is going to be home tonight," she said. Then, shaking her head, "And because of... well, us." She laughed sadly. "I feel like such a monster."

"You're not a monster, mom," I sighed, taking her hand in mine and lacing our fingers together. "You're just a woman who got lonely enough to want somebody. You were always too beautiful to stay alone, but you did it for dad anyway, because you love him."

With my free hand, I traced some of her hair out of her face. It was something she didn't like, so I knew she had to be really distressed. She let me move the strands away from her face, though she didn't look any less embarrassed. "He doesn't know how lucky he is," I muttered. "Nobody knows."

"They'll find out soon," Mom said. She took another swallow from her glass. "Once your father hears about all this, it will break him." She paused, biting at her lower lip. "We might have to move."

I looked at her, stunned. Move? This town wasn't perfect, but it had been home forever. All my memories, my friends, everything I'd ever known... just gone? The only thing worse than that would be leaving my mom alone.

"You could stay," I said, putting an arm around her waist and pulling her close. "Dad won't care about you like I do."

She gave a little laugh. "Jared, you don't understand men yet," she replied. "The things you say, your dad would love to hear, but he'd rather just see what you do. And once he sees that we're together... he wouldn't want to share me, or have me be near you anymore." She turned from me, toward the window, out of which one could barely see the edge of school, if someone leaned over enough. "And I can't bear that..."

So that's why she was afraid of letting dad find out. It didn't mean that all the risks we took before weren't worth taking... but, shit, this would be a big risk. If anybody found out, especially any other student, and told dad... fuck, it was going to hurt him anyway.

My mother gave another sigh. Then she sat up straight in the passenger seat, and looked at me. Her eyes narrowed, like they always did when she was angry, but also about to cry. "Let's go back home. I think I need some time alone."

We drove back to the house silently. When we arrived, my mom went directly to their room and shut the door.

I went upstairs to mine.

There were no tears. None that would ever fall, at least. The truth was something so painful that I wouldn't even let myself process it; dad knew all about it. Dad knew all about how I was cheating with Mom. And he wanted me to do it even more. He wasn't just accepting it.

He'd asked me, for Christ's sake!

And that meant that... Mom was never going to be okay again. Not after tonight.

Not ever.

My bed felt like I was laying on an alien planet, like some far off realm that I couldn't possibly have imagined before. Like some other world where it wasn't taboo to be touching your mother in such an intimate fashion. In fact, we weren't even touching. And yet we'd just had sex. Or at least, what most would consider sex.

"That felt really nice," Cara said to me in a voice barely above a whisper, turning away from me on her side of the bed, facing toward the window. We laid like this for a short while before she continued. "Jared? What did it feel like for you?"

I thought about the question. Thought about everything that had happened between us last night. How close we had come. She asked me so tentatively... as if I would turn away from her in disgust. But why should she expect otherwise?

And yet... here she was. Lying next to me. Naked. Asking about my thoughts and feelings. If I didn't think she was beautiful before, I definitely do now.

"Honestly? It's been great. I know how messed up this is on paper," I began slowly, choosing my words carefully. "But for some reason, something... makes this feel right, in a way that other things

never could. Being around you lately just feels nice. Comforting. And exciting."

I paused for a moment, thinking about what to say next when she spoke up: "Jared, please stop holding yourself back for my sake." Mom reached over and set her hand over mine and squeezed it gently, running her thumb over my knuckles.

That was enough of an invitation for me.

It happened fast. I leaned in, she leaned in; we met, both hungry, all caution tossed away as the kiss intensified. My hand moved to her side, sliding over her naked flesh. I'd never felt a woman so smooth, so soft in all my life. She whimpered into my mouth, her own hand exploring my bare chest, sending a chill down my spine.

Then I pulled away from the kiss and looked into her eyes. A mixture of excitement and fear seemed to be dancing across her face. Then it changed again, a determined expression now painted over her features.

"Sit," Cara said. And she hopped off of the desk, giving me room to move back to where I had been before, perched on top of the flat surface. Before I knew what was happening, she was bending over me, pulling off my pants the rest of the way, leaving me in only my underwear. My fully erect member now stood tall, ready to plunder her ripe pussy at a moment's notice. She reached for it tentatively. The moment she grabbed it, she shuddered. As she continued to jerk it slowly, she started to take off my underwear herself. With one last tug, she freed my cock, dropping my underwear to the floor beside her.

This was really going to happen. I knew that at any time either of us could have said stop, and the other would have complied without question. We could've simply put our clothes on and tried to forget about the whole thing. That didn't seem very likely though. The truth was, neither of us wanted to stop.

She bent forward to get her mouth on my cock again. But I stopped her. "No..."

"What?" she asked confusedly. "Do you not want me to—"

Before she could finish speaking, I pulled on her hand and yanked her towards me. She stumbled into my chest with a girlish giggle. I gripped her ass with both hands, pulling her tight to my chest, and she whimpered softly.

"Jared," she mumbled into my ear.

"Hmmm?" I asked in response, kissing my way along her neck.

Her legs trembled against mine. "I love you."

That surprised me a bit, and I pulled back enough to look her in the eyes. "I love you too, mom. How could I not?"

Mom looked at me with those wide, emerald green eyes. In the dark light of the cubicle, her beauty was all the more surreal. When she leaned forward and kissed me again, I was surprised; but quickly gave into it, returning her gesture with an unparalleled amount of love and emotion. This moment, right here, between both of us, was one that would live on in my mind for years to come, never to be forgotten or tainted in the slightest. It was perfect, and nothing would ever change that. I hoped that she understood the depth of which I felt about it as well, but from her actions, it was clear that she did. That alone made this whole thing worthwhile.

Mom broke the kiss and moaned out into the darkened office space that surrounded us. The smell of sex hung heavy in the air, even though we weren't quite having sex, not fully. There was still a sense of caution, even now, at this point in time. Despite everything that had happened so far, there was still the worry in the back of both of our minds.

What if?

And that what if seemed more real than ever. Not in regard to pregnancy. But... with other things. My mind tried to ignore that thought, to pretend like it didn't exist, but it was becoming harder by the second.

The fear. What if something were to go wrong after this? What if all these changes would take us apart instead of bringing us closer together? What if...

Mom started to lean back, breaking out kiss and taking hold of my dick again before leading me towards her entrance once more.

When she kissed me again, I looked into those beautiful eyes, and saw my same worries mirrored within them.

"Please," mom whimpered as my tip pushed at her pussy again. "Honey, please." The soft words were like music from some distant past or future. It felt like both when we'd shared kisses before, as well as the first time I'd seen my mother naked before me, only an hour or so ago. She was looking up at me and begging, and I was giving in, giving in to whatever the future held.

We were together. Everything would be fine.

I pushed inside her once more.

"God!" Mom exclaimed. And this time, I did it. This time, I wasn't fooling around, and I wasn't making things easier on her. I thrusted, gently, but steadily into her, driving myself further and further down into her tight little passage while my mother panted and squirmed, and wrapped her legs around my waist, holding me against her. Her face was scrunching in a strange mix of pleasure and pain, like she couldn't believe we were going this far, like she wanted us to stop but also needed more of my cock, all the way inside, to get off.

I continued, until the hilt was rubbing against her, my mom's pussy spasming, her legs twitching, her mouth gasping for air as she clung to me, eyes half-closed. It was an impossibly long minute of pushing, where I'd pull out a little, and then push inside a little more, the feeling of being inside my mother so new that the sensation was sending stars through my brain and lighting fires on every nerve ending in my body.

Finally, finally, I was seated fully inside of my mom; I took a few seconds to revel in the feeling of her, how perfectly formed she was around me, tightening in small, quick rhythmic motions, her insides squeezing me tight, and the softness of her body, the feeling of being completely surrounded by her, the scent of her sweat mixing with mine and permeating our blanket bivouac. It smelled good; it was sweet, musky, the scent of sex filling the air and making our bodies move faster together. My dick was pulsing and ready for another stroke.

So, I pulled out, again, and when I thrust inside...

"God, oh God," Cara panted. "Honey—"

Her voice hitched as I pushed in again.

We went slowly. My dick moved into her; pulling out only a little bit each time before plunging back into the depths of my mother's cunt. It was crazy; I had thought last night that I would never see anything hotter than watching my fingers pumping into my mother, making her writhe with ecstasy, or having her mouth swallowing me, drinking down my cum.

It turns out I was wrong.

Because now, her legs were spread in front of me, my mom clinging to me and moaning louder with each passing moment as she was impaled again and again on my dick. Each time we pulled back together, we could see the glistening head of my cock slipping from between her lips; could feel the heat rising in us and turning our insides into a blaze. She held onto me and I took hold of her and together, we moved faster and faster, her pussy squeezing me and sucking at my cock, our bodies slapping together as my cock buried deep.

I wasn't going to last long; it was obvious by how hard she clung to me when I was fully inside her that she needed this too—and not just in an 'I'm about to cum' way.

It was the same thing as last night, when she had first looked into my eyes after she had gotten off with my hand: I could sense the emotion inside of her, her own fear and shame melting away the harder my cock pumped into her. And I loved it—just as she loved the way my mouth felt on hers, or on her cunt, because the deeper my cock went into my mom the more she relaxed against me, giving herself fully to my kiss, letting me guide our rhythm, trusting that I could take us exactly where we both wanted to go.

Because right now, this was so perfect. My mother and I were moving, fucking together, her body reacting perfectly to mine, my tongue in her mouth and my dick driving inside her.

And that is when I lost control. Mom knew it; she sensed it. She pushed at me slightly, gave me one last wet suck, before pulling off of me, but I pulled her back. Mom opened her eyes and smiled as she realized that...

I needed her. It wasn't even about sex, any more, I think. It was that...

Having my mother was too amazing to let go. Her body against mine, our eyes open, everything in perfect harmony with us. We stared into each other for a long moment, breathing slowly, letting ourselves calm down. Then mom's eyebrows perked up as she moved down my body again. I held still while she sucked my cock; gentle this time, kissing the tip, and licking my shaft while staring at me.

Her tongue was careful, loving. Slow and teasing, she bathed my cock in attention, and soon enough I felt that rising pressure within my balls again, that insatiable need that had only grown, stronger, now that she'd taken me between her legs and let me feel the heat of her cunt. Now that I knew how good her pussy felt on my cock—how fucking awesome it would be to really, truly make love to her.

As I was on the verge of cumming, I pushed at her shoulders, just enough to move her down. Mom went to where I wanted her: she sat on my thighs, her legs spread and the soft pinkness of her pussy exposed before me. She was waiting for me to touch her, I realized, with her hands at my thighs and her chest heaving gently with her breaths, waiting.

But I had another idea. It took a lot of effort on my part; I pulled her by the hips and guided her down onto my face, laying back onto the desk and holding my dick steady as mom's body shifted above me. She got the picture immediately; one hand wrapped around the base of my cock and gave a few quick pumps as I started licking her again, the same slow pattern I'd done before. But soon enough, both her hands were working my cock while I made my mom feel good. The taste of her pussy mixed with her saliva still on my cock and I felt her hips rocking slightly, as though she wanted me to fuck her again. I thought about it, but it felt so fucking good just having my mouth over her cunt and tonguing her slowly as my mom jerked me off; that was when I realized I hadn't been feeling my balls.

When I reached for them, my mother gasped in surprise. It took a couple seconds before she realized what it meant: she pulled my hand away from my balls and replaced it with hers. I closed my eyes

and felt how warm they were as mom massaged them, rolled them carefully within my sac. Every stroke she gave me sent a little spike of pleasure through me and into my mother's cunt; soon I couldn't control myself from lapping faster, deeper, and pushing more powerfully into her tight passage, so much so that when I felt the pressure rising to new levels, I pulled my mother close and pushed my tongue inside of her. She shivered, whimpering above me, but as the first shot fired off her face came down toward mine and her mouth closed over my cock again, slurping, sucking, while I came down her throat. Her cunt squeezed tight and then released in the best way, throbbing around my tongue as she orgasmed above me, the wet of her body pouring down my cheeks.

At last, she came off of me and collapsed onto my body, rolling to the side and landing on the floor next to me. It took several moments before either one of us could breathe properly. Mom was shaking like crazy, a nervous laughter starting up in her, uncontrollable, as if the entire thing had suddenly hit her with a hammer. And for me...

I looked at my mom lying on the office floor next to me, and I reached for her, holding her tightly. She responded by curling her arms around my neck. We kissed passionately, long enough that my cock rose to the occasion. But even I was shocked at my stamina, my lust for my mother's body. At least for today.

"You really have become an adult," mom murmured in my ear after another long kiss. "But I think we should get dressed before anyone actually comes here."

We got our clothes back in order, though I had to go back to my dorm room to pick up some clean boxers—but it was well worth the walk. Mom took us out for a pizza, and when I went back to school that weekend, I was so sore from the intense fucking session, all I could do was eat and sleep and fuck.

That night, I came in the mouths and pussies of two girls from my English class, while thinking about my mom.

I couldn't stop thinking about her. In fact, I was so obsessed with having sex with my mom again, I was wondering what I'd do after college—move in with her, be closer to her...

All kinds of crazy things.

I knew what it felt like to fuck my mom. I knew what she tasted like on my fingers and my tongue. It made being away from her impossible, I needed to feel her again, as soon as I could. And while my girlfriends helped sate that, my imagination kept taking me right back to my mother.

So when I came back a week later, this time with Dad gone for an extended business trip, we did even crazier things than just fingering each other on a desk. My dad's home office was one place.

It became our regular hang out spot; though we never got further than oral or hand stuff.

At least not until after graduation, where I found my mom sobbing in front of the computer, and once I calmed her down... we went back to her room, and it wasn't long before I was fucking her again.

Only this time I was fucking my mom raw... and filling her full of cum.

After that night, we were practically obsessed with each other. Whenever we weren't screwing each other, I was obsessively checking my phone, constantly watching for texts from Mom telling me to come home immediately, or wondering when I'd be back at college so I could come straight home.

We never left her room when we were together. If the house was empty, we were fucking, even if my dad was only gone for an hour. She would come in my mouth, my cock; she would come on top of me, under me, riding me. But every single time, Mom would have a crazed look in her eye before she came, like she couldn't control herself. I'd fuck her from behind, hard and fast and holding her hair as tightly as possible without pulling any strands. She would beg for it; ask me to pull as hard as I wanted, while fucking her. One time, I actually did end up pulling some strands out when I jerked my hand back suddenly... only to see that it made mom cum harder than usual.

We started trying different things, but always it was about being safe; Mom refused to even risk anything. Which meant that every

time was raw, which made everything all the more hotter and intense.

In fact, it got so intense, we broke some furniture by accident. Once, during the day when both of my parents were off at work and my younger siblings at school, Mom pulled me into the kitchen while I was walking to her room, lifted her leg onto the counter, yanked her underwear down and held my head while I ate her out. It wasn't long before she had my dick in her mouth.

It took another few minutes before mom's insanity set in, and she pushed me back, away from her room, until we got to the den—the first room I fingered her in. The place where we started, now the place where I bent Mom over the coffee table and fucked her with her shirt up and her breasts smashing against the glass of the coffee table, with our combined sweat dripping on the surface, making it slippery for her fingers and chest to drag across. She came like this, the pressure of my cock forcing her pussy to swell and drip juice. My orgasm followed quickly after that, and I could feel cum, leaking out of her pussy around my cock and dripping down her legs.

Then she was on top of the coffee table, lying on her back and begging for me to do it again. I did. The second round involved mom grabbing me by my hair and shoving me into her tits, her other hand pulling me into her body by the small of my back, while she used her knees to grind herself onto me. Then we rolled onto the floor together, and Mom rode me like a woman possessed, fucking like it was the first time for either of us, my cock filling her while her pussy gripped me tight enough so I could see her throat tense up as she struggled not to scream in pleasure. We were lucky nobody else was in the house that afternoon.

We stayed in the den until mom calmed down, and then went to her room, where I ate her out in bed. Mom didn't have that frantic intensity anymore. But it wasn't long before my hunger returned. I got off the bed and moved back, letting mom move forward, so that she'd be able to lie on her back with her head dangling off the edge. Once in position, she opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out, ready.

My dick was so hard that when I entered my mother's mouth, I couldn't help but give one long thrust forward, plunging straight down her throat and holding it there, watching mom's lips stretch around the base of my cock, until...

Mom came, with one of my fingers up her pussy, the other gently rubbing her clit, while I held myself in her mouth, looking at her body, flushed pink from arousal, as she quivered, shuddered, arched her back and screamed, right then, into my dick.

God, I wished there were some other way to get off besides what we were doing, because if there were, I'd totally have given her every last drop right then and there. She looked so fucking delicious as she came, the feeling of her body, tightening under my touch, made me feel so goddamned strong as her pussy gripped me, made my hand wet with her slickness as my finger stayed inside of her.

I pulled out of my mom's mouth slowly. The moment her lips weren't stretched around my cock, she started gasping, desperately sucking in air. Tears trickled down her cheeks, and my cock throbbed from seeing her look so wrecked, so broken by the intensity of the orgasm. Her thighs were clenched shut and quivering as she tried to collect herself.

It took all of two seconds before I pushed myself to the edge of the desk and grabbed mom's ass and tugged her closer, forcing her thighs apart and making space for my cock.

"Jared," mom cried, and the tone in her voice was one of confusion and disbelief. "Jared... please—"

But it didn't stop her hips from gyrating over my shaft, her slit rubbing up and down the length of it and giving me a slick bath with her own wetness. In fact, it was like she was encouraging it as she moaned out again and shuddered as she rubbed herself against the whole length of my cock; as she ground down to the base, she made these breathless, hungry moans that filled the room, while she'd sigh and whine and whimper when she went upward toward my tip, which was leaking so hard it seemed like precome was oozing like honey over my dick.

The thought struck me; what if mom wanted to feel what it really felt like? What if she needed, more than anything else, for her son to

truly get inside of her. And though part of my mind protested, tried to find some way to rationalize it, something about this whole scenario, about our entire experience over the past day, was making everything seem okay.

I started thrusting then, just ever-so-slightly, my balls swinging gently into the flesh of my mother's cunt lips and pushing into her clit. She reacted immediately, her hips bucking, her hand going to her mouth and her jaw opening in a shocked O shape as she stared forward and took all the sensations at once.

I grabbed the underside of her thighs and used that leverage to push her backward slightly, off the edge of the desk, allowing me better range of movement, which meant I could start pumping myself slowly between my mother's legs. I watched, enraptured, as her eyes fluttered, the lids half-closed but seeing nothing but stars; her gaze was unbroken from mine. Even with us locked together, even with each gentle thrust I made into her thighs and the folds of her wet cunt, even with the knowledge that we were about to make history with what we had done.

But with every thrust, the head of my cock pushed closer, until finally...

Just the tip of me pushed inside of her.

Mom's breath stopped in an instant, and when I felt the head of my cock squeeze into her, just by a single degree of tightness, my vision almost disappeared. There was nothing left, but us, the tight wet squeezing of my mother's perfect cunt on the tip of my cock. It wasn't even fully inside her; her thighs clenching together forced a pressure around me so hot and tight and incredible that I couldn't think. I held onto her, holding myself still. My mother leaned into my ear and whispered to me.

"You feel that?"

I couldn't speak.

She whimpered. "Honey..."

Still nothing. I was trying so fucking hard to not blow, to not push myself over the edge. The last thing I wanted was for this moment to end.

Mom was having none of it. Her hands were frantic, roaming. "Jared," she breathed, pulling her head from under the cover so suddenly I didn't know if I'd accidentally thrust inside her. She was looking up at me with this wild intensity, green eyes wide and hair fanned out on the desk, her tits moving slightly with each gasping breath she took, her legs tight on either side of my body so I wouldn't move away from her. "I want you inside me."

Fuck...

"Mom," I whispered back.

But she wasn't done.

"I need it in me."

I swallowed. I leaned back onto her, kissed her. "Mom."

The look in her eyes said it all. It was the same as when she'd grabbed me by the shoulder and asked if we could take a shower together. It was the look in her eye after she'd taken my cock out from my pants, the mad, feverish, lust-driven desire for my body that no woman has ever had for me before. That look, where she needed me in a way I'd never been needed before. I'd had sex, sure, but this was different. My mother was different. She wasn't just fucking me, wasn't just taking some cum and pretending I was a dildo, she wasn't just using me as an inanimate object of pleasure.

No, it was more than that. And maybe that's why everything came together and started to make sense when mom opened her mouth and begged for it. Begged me, truly.

She pushed herself forward, the heat in her cheeks growing, her hands roaming me, over my chest, her voice thick with desire, a tremble in her words, a fear. "Put it inside of me again. Jared. Honey." Mom's hands went over me, pulling me toward her, and with another gasp I fell back on the desk with mom laying on top of me. Her pussy slid down the length of my cock; the bare, slick skin sliding together making a wet sound that filled the air of the office, until she reached my balls, and her breath escaped her body.

There was something about being inside of her, just a little bit, just past the head, the tightness unbearable...

"I..." she whispered to herself. She looked over at the clock behind her computer; the one facing us now because we were both

laying on the desk. "Jared. We're running out of time." Her eyes moved from the clock to my gaze, and when our gazes met I couldn't look away; I had never felt so strongly for anyone before, ever. Not even my ex.

The truth hit me like a bus: I loved my mother, not only as family, but as a woman too. The woman who took care of me after I got out of the hospital. Who made me feel strong when I thought I couldn't do anything, the woman who held me every night since I came back from the hospital and slept beside me when I couldn't sleep, holding my hand while I drifted off into darkness. That wasn't normal motherly love—that was something more than that, right?

It didn't matter, though. Whether it was romantic or sexual, platonic or familial. Whatever we had together was special, in whatever way we chose to label it. All I knew was that I could look in her eyes now and tell her that everything would be okay, somehow. Someway, I was going to protect her.

Just like she protected me.

"I don't want this to end," mom whimpered, and for a moment I thought she meant she didn't want it to end here—like this, just fucking. But no... No, there was more. There was everything else: the fear of tomorrow, the fear of George. Her face was contorted, and despite my mother's efforts to control herself, tears leaked down her cheeks and wet her lips. I wanted to brush them away, but the way our bodies were interlocked...

Her arms squeezed harder, and even though her legs shook under us from the intensity of our position, her head lifted and her lips pulled me close, forcing us together once more. Her pussy lips moved over me, a long shiver rushing through her so intensely that she made a long shuddering sound into my mouth as we kissed, hard. Her hands started to move faster, one hand going behind my shoulders, another sliding back into the blankets and resting at the top of my spine. I felt a tugging sensation, as if something inside of me was being pulled free, something deep within myself becoming visible as her fingers traced around my spine and touched every bump, every knob. My mom knew me better than I did.

She moaned softly, her cunt throbbing, making me tremble as it pulsed again, a slow wave of sensation working up and down from my tip to base. God, I couldn't believe we had reached this place; where my cock could be inside of my own mother. It was impossible, insane, but then, why was it so good? Why did the world melt away, as long as I held my mom in my arms, as long as her hands caressed me, as long as our mouths and tongues loved each other? The taste of her was everything. I loved everything about Cara. From her beautiful smile to her cute toes. She was everything, and that made all the difference.

And that changed this.

Sex, love. Love, sex. It didn't matter which word was first or last. Sex was something physical, but there was an intimacy that existed beyond any touch. As long as we were connected, somehow, by our mouths or eyes or the subtle feeling that came with being in love, it was real. And that was what we shared now, on her office desk, at ten thirty, at night.

We were really having sex, and the only thing that was missing was that final rush—that incredible pleasure that had been denied all this time, because of protection, because of fear, because of caution and care...

Because now there wasn't anything in our way.

This time, nothing was holding us back.

She was so wet that I slid into her easily, without any effort at all; mom gave a little moan into my mouth, before sucking at my lower lip, and my hand slipped down between us, touching my mother's soaked cunt.

I pressed my thumb onto her clit. And with a final push of my dick between her lips, I rubbed firmly at her clit and then came.

It rushed through me like electricity—my mind shut down completely, the sound in my ears turning to buzzing, everything went blank except for the pleasure exploding between my legs. There were flashes in the darkness, the sight of my mom's perfect smile, the feel of her pussy around my cock. The taste of her kisses on my tongue.

But beyond the ecstasy was something deeper; a sense of joy so incredible and so pure that when the last of it shot out of my cock and into her, the whole world seemed brighter than before. My eyes opened and saw the beauty in everything. Even the desk lamp.

My hand moved from her clit to hold my mom's face gently. I leaned into her, and pressed my forehead against hers as I kissed her softly, and my mom wrapped her arms around me tightly and pulled herself closer. My arm settled into the small of her back. I didn't move from within her until she slowly pulled her hips up off of my length, letting it drop free, letting the head graze down her thighs with the cum still trickling from its tip, leaving her slick with cream.

And when I did fall out of her, we collapsed backward onto the desk, panting, sweaty, exhausted and satisfied.

I looked into her eyes and kissed her again. "That," she breathed. "Was absolutely crazy." She laughed, and I had to as well; we shared laughter for a bit before falling silent. Mom looked at me after that moment and gave a sigh. "Come home with me?"

"Yeah," I said, sitting up, and pulling her with me. Mom kissed me, then slid off the table and grabbed her underwear, skirt and bra. She started to dress. "It'll give us time to get ready, clean ourselves up..." I laughed, as we realized our hair was probably disheveled beyond anything we could easily fix.

Mom gave a smile. "Jared... let's say, if things weren't so crazy, what would you have done?"

I had no idea what to say at first, so I shrugged.

And mom laughed at that. Then she reached over, and ruffled my hair. "If you want, once this is all sorted out, you can tell me what you'd really have said to that girl."

I smirked at her. "That'd be fun," I agreed.

We kissed again; we kissed slowly, sensuously, deeply. Mom was holding my cheeks with both hands, gently kissing and caressing my mouth, sucking in my lips before finally pulling away. She breathed for a few seconds, looking down at my shirt, still on but pulled over so everything from the neck to the bottoms of my pecs were exposed.

"I think..." Mom said, carefully undoing buttons. "Now would be a good time for some extra help." As the shirt opened up, she moved my hands under it, helping me shrug out of it while her own fingers explored the curves and muscles of my stomach.

She moaned softly. "It would have been so great if I had you last year." Her green eyes locked into mine and suddenly her fingers closed, digging lightly into my skin as she pulled closer to me. We kissed again, mom pulling herself into me while I felt her breasts pressing against my naked chest and my dick twitched at the contact. She laughed into my mouth and her hips jerked forward. I could feel my cock rubbing against the soft wet of her mound through her underwear and couldn't stop myself. I thrust at her, making the kiss stronger.

Mom moaned a sound so full of pleasure that I wasn't sure how long either of us could last.

Then, she reached behind her and held onto me by my ass and then started grinding on my lap in a circular motion that made me crazy.

I leaned my head back and watched as she worked her cunt on top of me and I loved the look of concentration on her face. Her eyebrows were tightly knitted together, her mouth partially open, her blonde hair a mess... the whole look of her was so fucking sexy. But it didn't compare to what I felt inside. She looked me in the eye with lust. "What do you say we move?" She asked. Mom moved back slightly, letting my dick fall from the place where it had been between her legs, then she walked to one side of the desk and climbed on top of it.

With her butt sticking out in my direction I stood up and stepped closer. Her fingers slowly crept their way around my shaft and stroked up and down its length before she leaned forward slightly and took my dick back into her mouth again, moaning as though she were eating something delicious. This time however I wouldn't allow her to suck me for long and pulled out after only a few short moments. Instead, I pressed my tip right against the outer walls of her cunt and let it slide back and forth a few times. Mom threw her head back and whined every time I touched her clit in that way,

making it throb even harder beneath her panties than before. Then I gripped onto her hips firmly and with one strong thrust, pushed my entire length deep within my mother. Her body rocked forward from the forcefulness of my entry but when she lifted her head back up and locked eyes with me I noticed how much excitement was visible in her expression; she'd enjoyed having my cock buried all the way inside her to the very core.

"Fuck yes Jared, fuck mommy."

The sound of my name leaving her lips made me even harder and I began pounding away at her mercilessly, holding onto both of her hips tightly with my hands so that she couldn't slip forward any farther.

I groaned loudly while listening to my mom whimper beneath me. I kept pushing as far back inside her pussy as I could, stretching out every last inch before pulling back out again and repeating myself. As I did so, the room was filled by slapping noises created by our bodies smacking against each other violently.

Soon though I didn't have enough stamina to continue doing this for much longer...

My whole body shuddered and spasmed from how intense my orgasm felt. It hit me so suddenly that my mind went blank with ecstasy momentarily. "Oh fuck!!"

My dick started shooting rope after rope of hot cum deep inside of Mom. She continued grinding her pelvis against my own, moaning deeply as she tried her best to milk me dry. When I'd emptied everything within me she finally stopped rubbing herself on my sensitive length and sat next to me on the table while I caught my breath.

We both remained silent and stared at each other. There was tension in the air, a palpable sense of uneasiness that hadn't existed just seconds ago before we'd gone too far. What now? Would we pretend that nothing happened? Could we forget about it, when this wasn't even supposed to be something normal for mothers and sons?

"Well..."

Her voice cut through the silence first. It didn't sound angry or disappointed but there was definitely some hesitance hidden beneath her words. "...I guess there's no going back after that."

Mom looked into my eyes and smiled warmly at me, and then glanced down at the bulge visible underneath her skirt. She laughed and shook her head as though to say she didn't regret any of it. Then, slowly, her hands came to rest upon her lap, and one of them moved aside her underwear, pulling the pink material away to expose her shaved cunt to me, which allowed me to finally see it clearly for the first time.

Her outer lips were engorged with lust, spreading slightly apart due to how wet she had gotten from our makeout session just moments before. I took in the sight greedily while mom spread her folds open further and dipped two of her fingers into the hole between them. Mom bit down on her lip when her fingers entered it. As if entranced by its soft pink color, my hand reached out and brushed against hers gently before sinking a finger inside herself. We both gasped at the same time, and my heart leapt into my chest from how hot it felt. I couldn't stop myself any longer...

"...Fuck me Jared" I heard my mom whimper right beside me and it nearly sent me over the edge. I wanted so badly to be inside her but knew that if I did we wouldn't be able to stop once we started.

Mom noticed how uncertain I seemed and decided to take matters into her own hands. She quickly undid her bra and let it fall from her shoulders as she leaned over. Her panties soon followed, falling to the floor in a wet pile near her feet. With her bare bottom exposed and on full display for my eyes to feast on, mom reached down, taking hold of my length through my pants. My head snapped down to see what was happening.

Mom slowly worked her hand inside my unzipped jeans and pulled out my cock. I could only watch in amazement as the tip of my rod pushed gently past her soft lips, her tongue licking at it while her fingers stroked me lovingly. A quiet moan escaped my mouth, unable to take my eyes off the beautiful sight as I watched her open wider and move her mouth farther down my hard length. I could

already feel myself leaking into the back of her throat. She didn't seem to mind however, moaning happily around me, and making those sexy slurping sounds that drove me wild with desire.

I had been so enamored by the incredible blowjob that I wasn't even paying attention when I felt myself start to explode inside my mother's warm mouth. In moments, I came harder than I ever had before; spurting over and over into her. Mom eagerly swallowed each load I gave her like the expert cocksucker she was, not letting any escape her hungry lips.

Mom continued to slobber all over my cock for the next couple minutes, enjoying every last drop of cum I was giving her. By this point my head was reeling, and I thought she must've drained my balls completely dry. After all, I was just an amateur when it came to this. But mom had obviously had a lot of practice. With George not around anymore to meet her needs, I would be there to take care of things from here on out. My cock was growing flaccid between my mom's lips so she removed herself from me with a wet pop sound and then let her tongue go to work cleaning the mess she had made.

Finally I fell asleep after my exhausting release, still lying nude across my mothers' large office desk. When I finally woke up late the following morning mom was still gone, apparently having left after I drifted off leaving me there naked, alone and sticky from where she hadn't got around to cleaning up after sucking me.

The sun was already up, shining brightly through the window and I sat there trying to pull myself together for several long moments until I could finally gather the strength to roll down off of her desk. It was as though someone had drained all of the energy from my body while I slept because even standing upright was quite the effort.

Stumbling about her office, I finally found a spare blanket in her closet that I covered myself with before heading out into the house towards my bedroom. The entire house seemed silent, meaning mom probably wasn't home yet, if she even had come home at all. So I hurried past the closed door to mom's room before quietly

closing my own bedroom door behind me, flopping down on the bed, and falling quickly back to sleep.

The following night I decided to see what else was going on in the adult part of the net other than mom porn. It only took a few clicks to arrive at a site filled with links to every type of video imaginable and more subcategories then I'd be able to get to in my lifetime.

With mom gone so late at work most nights lately, it gave me time to discover new sites full of the rarest videos you could ever find. And with internet access as vast as it is, I never knew what kind of material was out there for me to stumble across next.

I started with an incest movie that sounded fairly tame, which featured a sister-brother relationship where the brother comes home from school one day and gets surprised when he walks in on his older sister watching one of her favorite shows. Apparently she couldn't keep her attention focused on the TV and kept getting distracted by the size of her brothers cock as it bounced around in his pants while he played videogames on the couch beside her.

"Hey sis, why are you staring at my dick? Don't think I didn't notice..."

She blushed bright red before replying, "Sorry Tim, I don't know what came over me. You were just bouncing all over and it kept sticking out and pointing in my direction everytime you leaned to the side. It was hard to miss it, honestly."

Tim grinned ear to ear before shoving his controller off the edge of the couch. Then he turned to face her, unzipped his pants and whipped out the thick shaft. He began stroking it, the tip an angry shade of purple. He watched as Sarah's jaw dropped and continued jacking himself off for her to watch. "Want a closer look?" He asked.

Her eyes shot back up at his. She couldn't believe she'd been caught staring and that now she had her brother's cock dangling right in front of her nose. "What are you doing? Put that thing away! Mom could walk through here any moment," she hissed.

"That's if she even bothers to check on us first anymore..." His eyes went dark, a shadow crossing over them. It occurred to Sarah

he'd been planning to do this the entire time; he just wanted to see if his big sis would take the bait. Now it was too late.

Her brother reached out and wrapped one hand in her golden blonde tresses and pulled her toward him. Her hands went up defensively and clutched both sides of the chair's armrests. "Wait wait!! This isn't fair—" He ignored her, pulling harder on her hair and forcing her face close enough to his erection so that her cheek brushed against it, leaving a trail of precum.

"Owie..." She whined pathetically, squeezing her eyes closed tight. She was afraid of what he might do next. What else did he have planned? There were all kinds of things brothers did with their sisters in those videos... Did he want to make her gag? Did he want to cum on her face like those dudes did in pornos? Oh God, please don't...

Then she felt a tug at the hem of her dress, the weight of it shifting and bunching up toward her waist. Tim let go of her hair momentarily to pull it up past her waist and over her breasts until she was almost fully naked except for her panties and stockings. Her body was lithe, pale, small but ripe and perky, the perfect teen body of a high school senior. "You look like one of those slutty Japanese cartoon girls from my games." Sarah's entire body turned bright red from his words. She wanted to pull her dress back down and cover herself but feared inciting her brother further. So she sat still like a scared rabbit and prayed her ordeal would be over soon.

The sudden sensation of her warm breath against his sensitive shaft gave Tim goosebumps all over his body. The skin on his neck began to prickle with anticipation. Then he felt something soft and wet press into the tip of his cock, eliciting a startled cry from him. Her mouth had opened and taken in the tip of his hard penis! He could feel her tongue lapping at it now, the slippery muscle sliding along its entire length before settling into his tiny peehole.

Sarah knew that if she played along then maybe this nightmare would end. Plus, if she got him off then maybe he wouldn't punish her too hard afterwards. So she set to work trying to lick and suck his cock until he exploded. She'd seen enough videos of girls performing fellatio to understand how they did it, but never thought

that she'd be in the position where she'd have to please a male member herself. In reality, there wasn't much to the act other than licking and sucking it. Easy enough.

He watched transfixed as the petite teenage girl slowly devoured inch after inch of his hard meat. She was so focused on pleasing him that she didn't even notice his shadow fall across her prone form. The sight of his little sister kneeling there with her round ass pointed towards him caused an intense throb down below and reminded him that he'd yet to sample the tightness between those pert cheeks. But first he wanted her to show him just what that little mouth of hers could do!

His breath came out ragged as Sarah reached a hand up and started massaging his balls with it. She continued bobbing her head on his manhood, feeling him throbbing harder in her mouth than she thought possible. Finally, he felt himself about to cum. His balls tightened and his whole body seemed to spasm while his hips thrust forward reflexively, causing his cock to bury itself down his sister's throat and making her choke and gag.

With a loud roar, Tim shot rope after rope of hot cum into Sarah's throat. "Yeah, take it! Swallow everything!" It seemed like minutes passed before his orgasm finally ended. When he had finished cumming he stepped away from her. She coughed loudly, spit dripping from her mouth onto the floor. Tim looked around the room and located his bag. He went over to it and retrieved a small vial. Turning around he found Sarah on her knees, wiping the remnants of cum from her lips. Tim grinned devilishly at his little sister as she stared quizzically at him.

"You're not done yet," he informed her. "Open your mouth."

Sarah's eyes widened. What's going on? Why is he getting all hard again already? And what is that stuff? Is he... Is he going to try and stick it inside me this time!?

Cara felt amazing; I knew that if she were to get on top and start riding me properly, that I would burst right then. But I couldn't let that happen. As soon as we'd begun our little fantasy, I wanted to be fully inside my mother; not just fucking her pussy from the outside. As wonderful as that felt, especially in the moment when

my cock was slipping under her clit, and sending thrills of electric pleasure through both of us, there was no need for our fantasies to end at that point. I wanted everything.

So, instead, I pushed myself upright, away from my desk, taking my mom by surprise as she pulled herself off of me. Mom stood over me, confused, wondering why I'd taken her away from that wonderful feeling. She watched, her brow furrowed, as I hopped off the table. I walked around to where my mother had been moments ago, and beckoned for her to get onto the table.

My mother looked unsure about this for a moment, but eventually acquiesced, crawling onto the table until she was positioned before me.

I stepped closer, and moved a hand onto her back, pushing her down flat, chest-first. She gasped softly as I took one leg in my grasp and raised it, holding her foot firmly in place on the edge of the table while spreading her wide. My mother made soft little mewling sounds at this, looking back and watching me with half-lidded eyes and quivering lips.

I grabbed my shaft in my free hand and rubbed the head gently across her dripping opening. When I slipped it inside of her, a shiver passed through us both; it felt electric to feel the wet warmth of her cunt enveloping me like this, but even more so for her. A small, high pitched whimper escaped my mother's lips before I began to push inside of her.

Her walls were already spasming lightly with just the head of my dick penetrating her. Slowly, surely, I began to fuck her deeper; in no time at all I was halfway inside of her and her moaning had gone louder than ever. "Oh god," she breathed out weakly. "So... good..."

"Yeah?" I asked quietly, giving her a few more gentle strokes with my cock. "You like that mom?"

My mother nodded helplessly, pushing herself back into me as I slowly filled her. As soon as my cock touched her cervix, it was like I hit a switch: Mom's arms tightened around my shoulders as I buried my head in hers, and suddenly we were locked into an intimate embrace, both of us breathing heavily from exertion, from fear, from desire, as I started to fuck her.

And that was it, I suppose; the moment that it stopped being my mom's thighs grinding along my shaft, but now really feeling like I was fucking her pussy, I knew that I was done for. Every other sexual experience I'd had couldn't even compare to the feelings washing over me right now, as I began to make love to my own mother, as our lips brushed against each other with every thrust, our breaths mixing.

I was amazed by how wet and hot she felt, and could barely imagine anything better until my mother shifted her position, turning us slightly so that I could reach deeper. I took full advantage, plunging into her again and again, making her body rock up and down in my lap and causing her moans to go louder and louder.

"Ohh Jared—baby—" Her hands were frantic, going over my hair and cheeks, one hand coming down and holding the wrist that was wrapped around her thigh, and another coming around the back of my neck as I began to drive into her with force.

With every thrust, I felt waves of pleasure crash into me. I couldn't think anymore; it didn't matter that she was my mother or even that what we were doing might be wrong. All that mattered was her warm body, soft thighs, wet cunt, tight pussy...

I was getting closer and closer; I felt my balls swelling up, preparing to erupt. I wanted to fuck faster and harder, but Mom would probably climax if I did so; as it was, she was starting to spasm. The last thing I wanted was for her to go all the way and end up having an orgasm. That'd just ruin everything we'd set up.

So, with my body burning, with mom gasping into my ear, her nails dragging over my back and my whole body on fire from how hot she was...

I stopped fucking her, got out of the little bed, and watched Mom writhe in disappointment and anger.

"What the FUCK!" she shouted at me, looking angry, wild, insane, wanting me to finish inside of her no matter what, and as her green eyes flashed at me like jade daggers, I saw, beneath it all, Cara; Cara with lust-glazed eyes, flushed cheeks, disheveled hair, and a heaving chest as she tried to catch her breath. "Why would you stop?! Baby, please...!"

"Get on your back," I growled at her. She did as asked, laying down with legs spread.

I wanted to cum in her but we couldn't risk that. No, instead I positioned my cock at her mouth.

Mom whimpered as she wrapped her lips around the head, eagerly sucking on the thick flesh, swirling her tongue around the slit while keeping her lips sealed tight enough that any precum I would release would stay safely in her mouth.

Then, while Mom eagerly worked her mouth all over my dick, I began licking up the juices leaking from her pussy once more, taking a moment to taste the mix of both of us on my tongue before letting it push up against her and into the sweet wetness of her inner depths.

Both of us groaned at the feeling, though we did our best to stay quiet as we ate each other out, Mom occasionally having to let off my cock with loud slurps and gulps whenever her mouth opened far enough to release sound. My hands continued their work on her ass, kneading and pulling and gripping tightly whenever she'd find a particularly good spot with her tongue.

I could hear Mom's muffled groans every time I pulled on her skin, spreading her cheeks wider apart for a brief moment, only to close them again, alternating between the two in a steady cycle that had the woman writhing on the bed, doing everything she could to keep from crying out loud enough to alert the others sleeping in the house.

"I've wanted you inside me since yesterday, Jared," Mom whispered to me, breaking away from my cock long enough to talk, though she quickly went back to licking every inch of it that she could reach. "Fuck, it's just... the best fucking thing I've ever had..."

A shiver ran up my spine as Mom started stroking my dick again, even as she kept suckling on my tip, taking me to another climax already. "Mom...!"

The sound of us kissing. The smell of our sex filling the room. Her hands were on my hips, her legs wrapped around my ass and pulling me against her as our cocks slid wetly against each other once more. It was pure madness.

In an instant, we went from being careful about volume, to just not caring anymore. We both needed the release, needed it more than anything else. The only things we did care about were each other, and nothing else.

Nothing could stand between us or keep us apart now. If I had to run away with her to get more time together like this, then I would do it. Fuck everything else. Even my studies at school could take a backseat. My future job wouldn't matter unless I had Mom to share it with.

I felt her pussy quivering against my fingers while I sucked at her clit again. With all of her juices coating me and making me messy, it was becoming very clear that she wasn't going to be able to last for long.

And neither could I, to be honest. This entire thing had been driving me insane.

We had already done so many things we weren't supposed to, even before the events of tonight. But we had also broken several barriers along the way. We'd gone farther with every single new experience, until it got to the point where there wasn't really any turning back from it.

Not that I wanted to turn back. Why would I want that, after tasting so much?

As if on cue, Mom leaned close and took hold of the side of my head. Then her mouth was on mine, kissing me deeply, sucking my lower lip. Her hips rolled slowly against mine, grinding down and coating my cock in a thick layer of her sweet juices. She pulled away after a minute, licking her lips and smiling like the most gorgeous woman alive.

"I want to taste," Mom purred, and hopped up onto the desk once more. It felt right for my hands to immediately reach for her thighs, to pull them apart and spread her before my eyes; even as she reclined herself over the rest of the desk, so that we could continue what we started last night. The wet of her pussy glistened before my gaze, the folds pink and enticing, while Mom's legs parted further so that I could push myself inside.

Mom had been so tight around my cock a minute ago... now, her insides squeezed around my fingers as I pushed two of them into her. "Ohhh," Mom sighed, her hand closing over my wrist. She guided me further inside, her hips starting to roll as I pumped those digits in and out.

"God, you look hot like this," I muttered, and watched her pussy squeeze in response. A drip of her juices came out and trailed down her thigh. My tongue flicked out and gathered it all up; salty, tangy. She gasped softly as my finger kept pushing.

The taste drove me crazy. Her whole body drove me crazy. But watching her react to being fingered, to the pleasure of my mouth, to seeing her laid out on the desk was incredible.

All too soon, she was gently tapping at my head. "Enough, enough." She shifted off of the desk, looking dazed, flushed.

"Baby, if we keep doing this..." Her voice was trembling. "I'll cum again, won't I?" She sounded both terrified and intrigued.

I stood up from the desk and wrapped an arm around my mother's shoulders. She fell against me easily.

"It wouldn't be bad if you did," I mumbled. "You said I'm working here today, right? And we have to wait for the other guy? So why don't you sit here." I patted the desk.

She looked up at me with a mixture of worry and excitement. After all, hadn't we just finished saying we were crossing even more boundaries? This was another first: making love while mom sat on the desk.

As I moved closer, she let out a soft cooing sound from her throat, like some trapped creature, and when I started to kiss her mouth she reached for my pants, which hung low by then from all our previous play. In an instant, my cock was freed; though my pants still hung around my hips, my dick was standing erect between us. Mom immediately took hold of it, moaning in the kiss as she stroked its length and rolled the head along her inner thigh. She shivered. I reached to take hold of her skirt, to roll it up above her waist, but mom stopped me.

Her smile turned impish.

Mom lifted her leg slowly, her shoe coming off quickly as her toes curled around my back. She brought me close to her, her hands guiding me, and she pulled me tight against her, so that the bare flesh of my cock would press into the wetness between her thighs. It was heaven feeling her like that, nothing separating my cock from the heat of her pussy but those delicate little panties.

And I lost myself.

My arms went around her waist and I held her close, as I thrust again and again. Each time my cock slid against her, I could hear how wet it was, and that made everything crazy. The feeling of my mom's body pushing onto my cock was intense; her legs wrapped around me, her shoes digging into my back as she clung onto me with both arms around my neck. The way she gasped every time my cock bumped over her clit had us both shivering, and finally, she moaned, "Baby, you've got to stop!" Her eyes were wild, desperate.

"Just—"

Mom twisted away from me. "Fuck... I can't... if you keep... you're going to make me cum..."

I blinked; my cock was still throbbing, standing completely erect. I thought about wrapping my hands around it, jacking off right there, but... I knew what I really wanted.

As mom moved away, I saw the dark of her panties clinging to her. It was soaked. That alone nearly sent me over the edge. My cock throbbed at the sight of her. "I want it," I whispered. "I need you to do something."

"Baby—" Mom turned around. "We have to stop. You know that. If we start again, we might not be able to control ourselves and then... I'll get pregnant! I mean, I could be already!" Her expression was frantic, but still with the lingering thrall of desire. She wanted it, bad. Her nipples were bright pink points on her breasts, straining outward; they seemed darker, bigger than last night. Mom was breathing heavily, as if from exertion.

"I don't care." That sounded wrong, but it was all I could muster up. Mom looked at me for a long time before she spoke again.

"You say that now..."

The heat had ebbed off. The desire was receding. But in the silence that followed, something had started growing within me. A thought, a feeling. A hunger. And when mom shifted to move away from me, her arms pulling to break the embrace I held her in, the feeling became need. Desperation. Panic.

Before mom could even step away from me, I'd grabbed her by the shoulders, and pulled her back, pushed her down across the desk. Before I could think twice, I was pushing my dick between my mom's legs again, thrusting madly and using every ounce of power I had. She gasped, whimpered, but before she could say anything, my hand covered her mouth. It wasn't enough for me. I wanted more control than just the physicality of keeping her down; I didn't want to hear words from my mom anymore. I wanted everything gone so I could focus on the sensations: the smoothness of her cunt; her wet lips; her warm juices dripping from her mound; her tight hole as I thrust my dick inside of it. No words, no thoughts... just pleasure.

Mom looked back at me, her eyes wide open in shock. There was also fear there too. I leaned down over her, thrusting harder so my balls would slap against her with every hard drive. My hand was gripping her ass, tight enough to hurt. My other arm was around her waist, my fist digging into her belly. Mom's entire body jerked along the desk as I kept pounding into her. But despite how rough I was being, she never pushed me away. Even though I wasn't covering her mouth anymore, she made no effort to get away from me. It was almost like she'd lost control over her own body; just letting me continue taking what I wanted from her.

"Take it all," I grunted. "Your pussy is mine."

She shuddered then.

I was right. She wanted it. Her fingers clenched and unclenched as I took her from behind. Every sound from my lips made her tense. As I got rougher, she liked it more. Even though I was only doing a rough approximation of fucking with my cock sliding between her thighs, even though we hadn't actually crossed that line and gone all the way—not yet—I knew there was something about it that drove us both crazy. My mom couldn't help but whimper and bite her lip and close her eyes at how roughly I used her body. Her

pussy throbbed for me. When I reached down to cup her ass, she made an adorable little squeak of excitement. When I rubbed between her cheeks, she froze in place, and when I touched her there again, gently, she started to tremble like an earthquake was coming from underneath her.

"Jared," she moaned. "We shouldn't... This is really... I don't know..."

"Shh," I whispered in her ear. I pushed two fingers into her, rubbing them up and down while my cock continued to slip and tease her clit. Mom's mouth went wide open, and she let out a gasping sob. A shiver ran through her whole body; she had to put her arms around my neck, holding on for balance as I fingered her. The way her insides throbbed against me, the way she leaned her head back and gasped for breath, the way her nails started digging into my shoulders, told me that it was only a matter of time.

So I kept going. I fingered mom harder, listening to her desperate whimpers.

It was when my middle finger slipped back farther, brushing against her ass again, that something changed. Mom looked at me in shock, eyes flashing before something broke open. Her moans increased, faster and faster, and her hand lowered and grabbed my wrist, pulling at it gently as if she wasn't sure what she wanted but all she knew was... more.

That was good enough for me. I fingered her hard and rubbed my cock against her clit fast, and soon both hands were wrapped around my neck, and her mouth was buried into the nape of my neck, making high, muffled yelps. Her whole body was shuddering.

"I'm gonna—" she managed to gasp. "I'm..."

And then it happened. The walls of her pussy pulsed against me and she went stiff in my arms. Mom held her breath as an orgasm rocketed through her and then she moaned loudly, holding on for dear life as it consumed her completely.

She trembled there for a moment, clinging onto me, before the spell broke. Then she pulled away, still holding onto me for balance. "Jared," she panted. "We... we can't do anything else..."

Mom was looking at me like she wanted to, though. In spite of herself, and because of something else.

"Mom, I didn't come." It came out a bit harsher than I meant.

She blinked, startled, before pulling away and straightening up her posture. She took one of her hands and rubbed at the nape of her neck, biting her lip while she avoided eye contact with me. "What?" she finally said, trying to sound normal and failing utterly. "Of course you did! What about that time last night? With your mouth—"

"No," I said firmly. I moved toward her. Her hand fell away from her neck and her whole posture stiffened, as if in preparation. "You've been avoiding my... my dick." My voice sounded weird saying the word 'dick', which is why I hardly ever called it anything other than a cock or a boner. Maybe some girls are all about slang—a dick, a schlong, a pogo-stick—but me? I wanted to be technical. I wanted to own my fucking cock.

Mom's eyes widened for a moment as I stood up completely. She swallowed hard, and stepped back a foot. The look on her face was both confused, afraid, and incredibly hungry. Like a kid looking at candy he knows he shouldn't eat.

"I have not!" she scoffed. "Don't say silly things like that!"

"Well, what do you call it then?" I stepped toward her, one arm going around her waist and holding her against me. Then I cupped her pussy, with my hand. Mom squeaked and pushed onto me, almost falling on my chest. She gave me a look that would have made any less brave man turn away.

Me? I didn't flinch. Instead, I pressed two fingers inside of her. "You're too tense, Cara."

"Jared—"

"This will help," I whispered. "If you don't believe me..."

Cara gave a breath, closed her eyes, and leaned fully into my body, her arms wrapped behind my neck while my fingers probed deep into her cunt. My fingertips found something interesting; with a little curl forward, my mom moaned loudly. The way her eyes widened, the flush in her cheeks told me everything. She knew what I was doing.

"K-Jared—"

"Feel that?"

Mom shivered, her legs spreading, her head turning to look into my eyes while one hand went around and grabbed mine. And then she did the damnedest thing; she held my hand as she ground down on my fingers, riding my hand in a frenzy, until her eyes fluttered shut, and...

She came.

My mom came all over my hand.

When it finished, when she was done squirting her orgasm and left gasping for air, she moved herself back onto my body, where she sat on my lap, facing me, and gave me this long, lingering look.

"Jared..."

She bit her lip, her hips rocking slightly, gently, forward and back, just enough so that my cock would brush over her again and again. But never really pushing in, just feeling her slit against the shaft of my cock.

Her arms went around my neck, her fingers going up through my hair, playing with my scalp before smoothing back down to my neck, caressing, and holding. I reached out too; my hands circled her ass and I grabbed, kneaded, squeezed as much as I wanted. She leaned forward, so her chest pressed against mine, and my palms smoothed from her ass all along her sides and back, holding my mom tight while she humped me, rubbing herself all along my cock, breathing hard and giving me occasional looks.

I couldn't help it—her ass was calling me. As I held her by her lower back, I let one hand fall downward, smooth over the supple curve of her ass, and then press two fingers between those thick thighs, finding her pussy entrance once more.

Mom shivered in anticipation when she felt where I was touching, closing her eyes and making a gentle groan as I probed against her entrance.

"Oh... oh, baby..."

I pushed her upward by her waist with both hands, just slightly so I could have access to my mother's gorgeous pussy, her legs shifting apart so I could get there easier. Then she settled, her eyes

flicking open when my fingers spread her lower lips open so I could see every last pink detail. I leaned in, kissed her again.

As I did that, I lowered my hips so that the shaft of my cock brushed against my mom's pussy lips, the soft flesh kissing me gently and feeling so good as it teased up and down against my mother's slit, the warmth radiating, the wet dripping down, tickling me gently and adding such an insane element of danger to every motion. I could feel myself, straining, pulsing against my mother, my body fighting every instinct to push forward. And yet, that struggle was what kept it all together, wasn't it?

What was happening to me, to her? This was insane. It was dangerous. It was risky. We didn't want anyone to catch us. So, why didn't we just... stop? Why would two people who wanted to remain secretive, who were trying their hardest to be undiscovered, why would they... continue to have sex like this, when someone could easily discover us?

And yet we did.

Mom whimpered against me, our tongues dancing around each other, and as we parted and my mouth drifted from hers, mom pulled me closer with her hands on my neck and I felt our skin slap together as I slipped inside my mother fully, the whole of my length entering her completely and without pause.

For a moment, even time seemed to have stopped. Mom froze with her mouth wide open, eyes shut and breath held tight within her chest. A tremble ran through her like the aftershock of an earthquake, and she let go of my neck, let her hands slip down until they were resting on the desk. As if by instinct, she braced herself, holding onto the wood surface.

Her hips rocked slightly, just enough to move her pussy over me, taking my cock into her, slowly and delicately as she shifted side to side. But every tiny motion made her gasp; I couldn't see them, but I could sense her knuckles turning white from holding on so hard, and her hips bucked forward again, sending a wave of pleasure through her that caused her insides to squeeze me so tight I nearly groaned myself.

Mom was starting to ride me. The rocking became quicker and more steady; my mom had a tempo going, her ass clapping down onto my cock before grinding over it, and then pulling outward. At first, it looked like she wanted to get my cock out of her—the angle of which she moved was such that only an inch or two remained inside, before she'd rock back forward and impale herself on me. But after the first half a minute or so, the rocking seemed to slow, and she started pushing her hips forward and backward, rocking in circles so my cock stayed buried within her but rubbed against different parts of her insides.

I pulled myself forward so I wasn't entirely supported by mom's body anymore, and started kissing her breasts, licking at her nipples and feeling how fast her heart was beating beneath her tit flesh. The rocking continued, a soft moaning filling the space around us as mom took my dick. Her hands reached for my pants, tugged them down and then slipped them off. She did the same with her panties; and then, the only sound we were making was the slapping of our skin together.

My tongue played with my mom's right nipple, rolling over the pink, pebbled tip as I savored the way she squeezed me. With my arms supporting my weight, my knees bent so I could hold myself close to my mother, she kept up the rolling motion; my mouth was still on her tit and when I breathed out, the sound made her quiver, shiver. Her own mouth was open and gasping as I took her breast and squeezed it in time with each movement she made, massaging the supple flesh of it and then taking a turn switching to the other tit, giving it the same attention until mom's hips started to gyrate instead of rock, and her gasping had turned into full-blown moans.

It didn't matter what kind of sounds she made; we were alone here. She was fucking me between her legs, but I wanted more than anything to feel the slick wet of my mother's insides. I looked upward, watched the way my mother rolled her hips in order to fuck me.

"Mom," I whimpered, panting. My cock throbbed for more; every nerve ending was on fire, my balls tingling with need for release, every part of me desperate to just... have her. I didn't care about

what. But I knew exactly what I wanted to do with her, and the urge was so intense that it had my blood burning in my veins. "I want you —" I panted, unable to speak anymore, words lost to the haze in my mind. "I..."

But I had spoken enough to get my mom's attention, for her eyes to flicker down to mine, a look of pure desire blazing in her emerald gaze as her hands grabbed onto the covers and pulled them off us. My mother sat up, her hands gripping my shoulders while she continued to roll her hips on my shaft. She gave another little moan, a gasp of excitement mixed with a hint of frustration; but this time, it was all too loud, and before I could say a word, the office door opened.

We both jumped—my first thought was to scramble for a blanket to cover us. Except mom got there first—but instead of grabbing one, or pulling away, she turned toward the doorway and spread her legs so that her knees were pressing against mine. In this position, my cock was buried to the hilt between her legs, hidden in the folds of her cunt but still rubbing along the edges of her slit and clitoris—mom squirmed every time I rubbed it over her sensitive flesh. Mom put her hands on my knees and used them for balance to thrust gently back into my cock; and even though she had her body pointed towards the doorway, I was hidden under the table, invisible unless the person who had walked in would round behind the desk.

Which they did.

"Cara?" George sounded surprised and confused. His footsteps echoed softly across the floor, coming around to where we were sitting. I was frozen with shock but my mother continued to work her hips slowly, fucking herself on me. "Are you okay? I heard something like someone moaning."

I couldn't see George without leaning up, which would draw his attention directly to my mother's bare chest, but I could feel him coming closer, hear his voice echoing in the chamber-like office. Mom's face had gone white and her eyes were wide with fear; if he found us right now, she'd have a lot of questions to answer, mostly involving why she was topless, why I was here, why my cock was buried to the hilt between her thighs. She made to pull away from

me and hide her body underneath the table, but at that moment, her clit rubbed along my shaft and I couldn't help the groan that left me.

My mom's face was stricken with fear, but for a moment, the thrill overrode everything and she grabbed my thighs. We started moving, both together, her holding herself up against the desk while I moved underneath her so that I wouldn't push out from under the cover. And I started to fuck her thighs again, and my mother's eyes drifted shut, her mouth fell open as we used each other in secret, hidden by the sheets of the cover but also by the fact that George had no idea.

"Yeah, it was probably just the pipes," I called out after a long few seconds, knowing that my mom would agree with whatever I said. "We checked though, and it looked like they were fine." I heard an answering noise, which might have been either an acknowledgment or him brushing off our concerns entirely.

Then... George's voice got louder. He came back to the office door and looked in at us. Or rather, looked at us, sitting calmly on the chairs, covered with the blanket, looking nonchalant, my hand stroking through my mom's hair like nothing else mattered. My mom was playing her part as well; smiling softly and leaning slightly into my touch, but not reacting much else beyond that.

I could hear his breathing. If he looked closer at the bedcover, he'd see the way the fabric moved in rhythm with my thrusts between mom's thighs, how each thrust created a little bump where we connected, how there was a growing patch of wet on the cloth...

George stared at us for several seconds, before giving us a half smile. "Hey you two." He was speaking casually, trying to seem relaxed. I had no doubt that mom was doing the same, and that her gaze was focused ahead as she tried to appear interested in something outside the windows, and not look too far left or right.

"We're heading out," George said, waving an arm in an odd, dismissive gesture, not unlike him. "See you when you get home, sweetie." With that, he turned and headed off down the hallway.

He never knew. We could breathe again. My hand went to mom's cheek, my face went close, my mother's face was warm and flushed

and she was blushing, and looking away as much as she could considering my cock was still pushing against her clit. The pleasure was insatiable, unstoppable and incredible. And every time the head of my cock ground harder against mom's clit, I saw her eyes flicker closed with shock, and felt her fingers dig harder into my back.

It was all coming undone for mom; each second, each time my cock passed over her, she started to unravel. She was struggling against it, like an animal that would do anything to escape a trap...

Only that she wasn't escaping the trap.

She was trapped with me.

She couldn't do anything except let the sensations flow over her, as my cock slid back and forth over her clit, sending pulses through her, making her breasts bounce slightly, until I was certain George was far enough away to notice if we peeked out of the blankets.

So I did exactly that. I uncovered myself first, taking in a breath of fresh air before looking around the room; mom's fingers held the fabric closer for a moment before she saw my look of reassurance and slowly, carefully, looked over the edge herself.

"Where..." She breathed, as I slowed down my movements and focused instead on holding her hips steady while I fucked forward. She leaned against me, whimpering softly each time I pushed forward. I could feel her pussy squeezing hard against my dick with every push; God it felt good. It was like a vacuum, and it made me shudder each time it squeezed me.

"Down stairs," I murmured, leaning forward to kiss at my mother's neck. She arched back into me, moaning quietly. Her hips were rolling again, helping me get deeper. "I think he took another flight."

My mom shivered slightly, but nodded her head. Her legs went up slightly, and her fingers dug into my shoulders. The blankets fell off us as we continued to grind together. When she spoke next, her voice was a breathy, high-pitched whisper.

"Fuck me properly," she begged. And her eyes closed tight.

God damn, my mom was tight. She squeezed hard when I moved my cock out, the head of my dick pushing back out of her soft folds with a wet, sucking sound, before I started to press forward again.

As I pushed in, the heat surrounded me once again, soaking into my cock. I didn't push too fast, however, I took my time, savored the sensation, of entering my mom. Of slowly sinking deeper into her pussy until her cunt closed around the middle of my cock, then the head.

Mom gave a sharp exhale through her teeth, and then moaned quietly as my hips bumped against hers. "Oh god," she panted. "Ohgod ohgod."

She wasn't stopping me, though. She kept her legs wrapped around my back, and leaned up for a kiss. A sloppy, spit-filled kiss with lots of tongue and no control; it was messy and I loved every second of it. The saliva dripped from both our mouths as we pulled apart, but I knew this kiss: Mom had given me many kisses like this before, usually to ask for more pleasure.

So, with that knowledge in mind, I began to grind against her, working my hips slowly side to side so that I was swirling around inside of her. I felt myself press on the insides of her cunt, felt myself pressing against each part of her walls. My mom responded in kind by moaning more, her breath coming out in a series of quiet, desperate gasps as she rolled her own hips against mine.

Her body was tensing more; I could see it clearly. The light pink of her cheeks turning darker and darker, her eyelids lowering and her eyes fluttering, her mouth falling open as she breathed hard, the softest gasps passing through her parted lips. Mom began to move faster, and in a strange dance we'd practiced time and time again, she was telling me one thing.

She wanted it deeper. Harder. And without the worry of protection between us, she would get it.

Mom pulled me harder with her legs, squeezing her thighs harder and urging me forward with more intensity than before. There was a slight wince to her expression; not a painful wince, but a pleasurable one. Like the sensation of the air leaving her body when my cock pressed so deep that I filled her all the way up—her cunt squeezed and milked the length of me, and she exhaled shakily as her hips pressed back against the edge of the desk.

And then she started to ride it, rocking herself onto her tip toes and driving herself against me. I grunted, my hands tightening on her as her tits shook and bounced, each little nipple tight from the pleasure that was sweeping through her. She was close, so close. It was visible in the strain of her muscles, the sweat on her face. Her pussy squeezed harder around me and I groaned, starting to move back against her, matching her pace, thrusting my cock in between her soft, yielding folds and sliding so effortlessly with all the slickness there.

I pulled out for a moment, long enough for mom to growl in frustration, her eyes flashing, before I pulled her closer and spun her around so that her back was to my chest. Without another second passing I took hold of her hair, wound it through my fingers, and pulled my mother's head gently back so that she exposed the beautiful arch of her neck to me. Then I kissed her nape, and she shivered, sighing with such satisfaction, moaning so easily when my cock was already positioned behind her again, ready to fuck between her legs.

My other hand went to one of her tits, my palm taking the whole weighty thing, and cupping it, pulling it upwards slightly while my thumb rolled over her nipple; mom was panting as she leaned forward, and braced against the table while her ass came back, and I drove my cock between her thighs again, this time angled differently, this time so the head of my dick caught the very edge of my mom's perfect opening, and pushed inwards, just an inch or so.

But I knew mom felt it; she went rigid, stopped moving entirely. And when I started to thrust, fucking between her thighs while also teasing the tightness of her pussy, she shuddered violently, and groaned. "Jared," she whined, leaning on both her hands now, her body starting to shake.

It was driving me crazy. Every single thrust rubbed against the outer folds of my mother's cunt; if I pulled my cock too far forward, the head would pass over her clit with some speed, but when I didn't, and held myself deep, every inch of her sex was being stimulated by my shaft. But mostly, mostly, as I fucked myself between my mom's legs, I felt how wet she was getting with each

touch to her pussy—the juices were making every single movement slick and smooth. She'd gotten soaking wet from me teasing her, and as I continued to do it, her pussy was dripping with moisture, my shaft becoming slick as I pressed myself against her.

She kept shifting, pushing backward against me, like her body couldn't help itself, couldn't stop itself. It was insanity; I was about to cum inside of her, all because her movements were forcing my cock to stimulate herself. If only I moved slightly lower, only inches in fact, then I could push into her and feel the fullness of my mom's body again, the way she'd squeezed my fingers last night, only infinitely better...

But as I continued to think that, I felt something shift, and I felt a little push of pleasure going through me. Mom had moved downward slightly, and the end of my cock brushed against her pussy for the first time; the pleasure had come from the very tip of it brushing past her entrance. It sent an insane shiver through me, because when I felt it, when she did it again, it felt amazing, so...

I decided to see what else happened if I teased against her entrance again, and so I shifted my hips upwards, my cock dragging along mom's pussy lips again, until my dick caught at her hole and—

God...

The fucking feeling was heaven. The heat of her body wrapped around the very tip of my dick, pulsed there, and as I held it there, it was like a pressure pushing back against me, squeezing and sucking. It was nothing compared to when my mother began moving again, rolling her hips against mine, the head of my cock popping in, deeper, until she pulled back off of me, leaving me exposed to the night air. My cock felt cold, now, alone, but it wasn't for long; mom pressed back down, taking all of me again, letting my cock throb against her walls as they clamped down on me, and the wetness was driving me fucking crazy as I felt myself slip along my mother's body.

I moved out suddenly from underneath the covers and heard mom give a soft whine of disappointment. I shifted away, standing up and looking into her eyes as she gave me a needful look,

confused—her eyes went to my cock, glistening with the juices of her body, before going back up to me, questioning, afraid...

I took her by the waist and pulled her close to me; I reached for her hands and positioned them over the edge of her desk. She was breathing hard and fast, and slowly understanding as I positioned her against the desk, facing away from me, bending over. She knew exactly what she had to do.

So she did it. She kept her breasts resting against the surface, but arched her back, keeping her ass pushed upward, toward me, her legs spread so that I could see everything, absolutely fucking everything—the wet folds, the pinkish insides, her entrance pulsing, twitching, wanting me, hungry, needing.

I stepped forward, took my cock in hand and stroked it for just a second before guiding it inside. The look on my mother's face was indescribable; bliss, desire, shock and ecstasy were warring in her eyes and her lips hung open in an unbroken silent scream. Her pussy was squeezing me even more tightly than before, like her body was trying to keep me out... but when I gave another thrust, burying myself to the hilt with a slick push, all resistance faded. Mom leaned her head down and moaned softly.

All sense of anything disappeared as we became one; I thrusted, I fucked her in quick strokes that slapped her flesh while my hips hit her. Each new slam was harder, faster than the last. All sense of sanity went away; each new sound of flesh smacking flesh was followed by another breathless groan from us both, until our hands locked together, fingers tightening against each other as we sought something to hold onto while the fucking we gave each other rocked both of our bodies.

"Uh," mom moaned, over and over, barely above a whisper. "Uh... uh." Her mouth found mine again; her moans became muted against my tongue, her hips pushing upward, taking my cock deeper into her. There were times where she would shift and adjust slightly, and each time she did, I could feel her muscles spasm around my dick, milking me, teasing my cock, begging me to come inside of her and flood her with everything I had.

The feeling of coming in my mom's mouth was amazing, but not knowing if it had happened, and seeing her take it and suck down the cum and the saliva and drink it down made that blowjob pale in comparison to what we were doing now, here, on this desk. My mind couldn't stop going out of control—how many times have I done homework on this desk? And here I was fucking my mother, giving her everything I had?

"Ah! Mom!" I groaned. I could tell from her expression that she wanted to be quiet; there was worry, excitement, madness at the idea that someone might walk past the office, realize that something was going on inside, try to look through the small window in the door... only to see two people naked on the desk together, doing everything but actually having full-on sex.

There were thoughts in my head that I knew shouldn't be there, but I couldn't deny them.

How hot would that be?

Wouldn't you like the risk to be real? Wouldn't it make everything seem so much more raw, real, hotter... the idea that someone could catch us at any moment.

Wouldn't that make your balls ache? Wouldn't it cause you to want to push even deeper inside your mom...

Her hips were grinding over my cock, my fingers were clutching at the fabric of the blankets over her, and her whole body was shuddering as I rubbed her clit faster and faster, until she had to pull away from me and give a breathless gasp, her breasts pressing into mine as we both panted hard.

"Jared!"

I couldn't help myself. My hand went to my mom's chest, and squeezed those perfect breasts, cupping them, and running my hand around the curve and shape of them while I leaned forward, my mouth finding hers again, my tongue licking over her teeth while I groaned, fucking the tight flesh between her legs, pushing closer to the heaven of sinking all the way inside her body.

When she felt it, her reaction was sudden—she pulled herself off of me quickly. One of her shoes hit the floor while I stood up, and before she had fully moved off of the desk, she turned her face to

look at me. Her hand flew to my dick, pulling it towards her face. Just before she kissed it, however, she looked up at me from beneath her eyelashes, and smiled, seductively, her eyes hungry and desperate.

She licked up my cock, slowly, sloppily. All the spit was being left there, on me, making me sticky and wet from our shared juices. And as she sucked down on my cock again, tasting us both together, she moaned happily around it. The feeling of it was like a current in my stomach, spreading its way outwards along my nerves until every part of my body was shivering with pleasure.

Then Mom took my cock in her hands, looked me directly in the eyes and smiled devilishly. She pumped it gently as if savoring it and then began to rub my swollen head in a slow circular motion between her pussy lips; up and down the length of her sex and back to tease her clitoris.

She bit down on her bottom lip and gave a deep breath. "Ohhh," she breathed. It felt so fucking amazing that I could feel pre-cum dripping from me, coating the inside of my mother's folds like cream filling on a doughnut. "You wanna fill your mommy's cunt up with all your sweet boy cum?" she whispered.

I shuddered, goose bumps rising all over my skin at hearing my mother talking like that to me. She'd never talked that way before and damn, did it get me harder than I've ever been in my entire life. It was crazy. Mom wasn't normally this lewd but then again, we had done some really fucked up shit these past couple days and I suppose when you mix enough pheromones together it has an effect on anyone. My own thoughts started becoming dirty, too.

I wanted to fuck my mother.

God forgive me.

I wanted to put my dick all the way inside her, deeper than it ever went last night, deeper than her fingers had touched her when she touched herself in the shower. I wanted to see her face contort and feel her moan, I wanted to feel every second of her orgasm while I pounded into her over and over.

It would take so little now to penetrate her. My cock was sliding past her entrance with each push down, it would take such little

effort to force her, to take control and slide myself within, bury into her softness. Mom wouldn't be able to resist once I did it once. But...

We weren't using protection.

As much as my body felt like giving into its most base instincts, I knew that what we were doing was already dangerous enough, and to actually put it in... I needed to pull back.

Instead, I let my lips find their way from kissing on her chin to licking along my mom's neck, and then, as my cock flexed hard and throbbed and I pushed further into her slick cunt, she moaned openly, loudly, unashamed, her voice ringing through the office as she started to orgasm again, so violently that I nearly pulled back in shock from how hard her whole body jerked.

I came on the desk chair, spilling thick ropes of cum all over the seat cushion. It wasn't long until Cara got onto her knees, cleaned me off, and then licked the remaining cum off my tip before turning around and cleaning the chair too.

"You're right," I whispered hoarsely. "This is... kind of crazy."

Mom gave an awkward smile and nodded slowly. "Maybe it is... maybe we should get off this wild ride?" She said, her voice unsure. But she also looked sad when she said that. And part of me didn't want to let her go. If I could choose between staying high forever, or stopping? I would keep going forever if it meant being near her again.

She took her skirt and put it back on, then sat in front of me, looking down at herself. At some point, she'd taken off her shoes and I didn't notice, but I also really liked her feet. And they looked really nice with the stockings on. But I thought it was kind of weird of me to say that, especially after what just happened. I couldn't remember how many times we both came in such a short time, I had lost count after the second climax. It all sort of melted together.

We drove home without talking about anything other than dinner plans. Mom kept fidgeting in her seat like she really had to go pee, but when we got home, I watched her head straight to her bedroom and close the door before I heard her shower turn on. I sat on the couch, confused. Then I got my laptop out and started searching for

colleges, thinking that maybe mom would be more willing to talk now. We had spent some time together and I hoped it made her miss having someone else in the house.

I had applied for college years ago, when my dad told me I would need a degree in something if I wanted to be useful. Of course he wasn't happy when I got into art school and not engineering or something business-like. It had been hard to convince him that being an artist is not a career choice because you don't think you can do anything else. He finally said okay to let me study art after my grades slipped in my sophomore year. Art history wasn't exactly easy stuff. Still, I graduated from high school with decent grades and Dad didn't seem too surprised that I decided to start looking at what was available again. My first pick was New York School of Art, but they weren't offering much financial aid without a good reason, which means no single mom working as office manager for an insurance company. No crazy relatives in need of assistance to move closer to family for their final years of life. Nope, I could pretty much forget about New York School of Art this year. Even the scholarships required extra work—internships, personal exhibitions, and some of them involved winning national awards. All things I lacked because I'd been out of circulation.

When Mom came into the living room wearing a bathrobe with her hair tied up, she didn't look mad anymore. She even sat beside me on the couch. For a moment, I thought she might apologize for earlier, but she just gave my computer screen a passing glance before grabbing the TV remote. After flipping through a couple hundred channels she put it down without picking anything out and turned toward me.

"Honey, there's something we need to discuss." She paused and seemed to wait for me to answer but my mind was blank. "About your behavior."

She looked down at her hands then shook her head. When she turned back to me it looked like she had to force herself to look me in the eye. "Last night I didn't mean to get carried away like I did. It happened so suddenly and I should have handled the situation differently. I think part of what happened was just pent-up energy

from... you know, having no time or reason for physical relationships since your father left. I got so worked up and confused that I lost myself and I'm very sorry. It was wrong of me to treat you that way. You don't treat me that way, do you baby?"

I couldn't answer, though not for lack of trying. My mom scooted close and took one of my hands into hers. "Jared, sometimes women say things during sex that they don't mean. Sometimes it's okay, but last night went too far and it wasn't fair to you."

As she spoke I remembered her words. She hadn't really said anything bad but she'd definitely been talking in ways she never had before. That seemed to happen when people reached new levels of intimacy with their partners. Still, what concerned me more than the idea that mom might've blurted something out while we were fooling around was the way she said she shouldn't have treated me like that. Did she regret letting things go as far as they did? Was she embarrassed by the fact that she'd done such a thing with her own son? Maybe. But there was something else she'd said too. Something about how her actions may have been due to a lack of sexual release for so long. That part I could understand and it was easy to feel confident about.

"So you're worried I'm going to try to get revenge on you now that I've crossed your threshold?" Mom raised an eyebrow at me but I held her gaze firmly. "Don't worry mom, I would never take advantage of you that way. What happened last night is over and done with. For what it's worth I actually enjoyed the whole thing so you really shouldn't let it bother you so much."

Mom gave me another stern look. "It wasn't very fair to you." She paused as if considering something for a moment. Her fingers squeezed mine before she continued. "Would you be willing to try something that I promise would be fair to both of us?" I shrugged casually in response but was starting to feel curious as to where this might be going.

"Sure." It came out before I even realized the word had formed on my tongue but I knew the answer was right. My mom smiled wickedly, giving my hand another squeeze, and pulled herself away. A chill filled the space around us from our separation; she took my

free hand and motioned for me to follow her upstairs. With the same sense of urgency we'd shared the night before, she guided me up the steps and into her bedroom before pushing me back down onto the bed. I lay there, still curious as to her plan, watching as mom moved to pull something off a shelf along the far wall. When she turned around, I couldn't hold in a laugh any longer.

"What's this all about then?" I asked, unable to stop grinning at the way mom's entire face went red. She held her pose for a moment as if trying to recover the sexy mood she'd established a few seconds ago. Finally, she let out a little laugh herself.

"I bought these the other day. The idea just occurred to me suddenly, and I couldn't resist the temptation." Mom was holding what appeared to be an adult-size version of some sort of stripper outfit meant to resemble a schoolgirl's uniform. There were thigh high stockings and suspenders, as well as a pair of short, short black shorts and a white button-up shirt made out of the same cheap cloth as you could see on those Japanese schoolgirl cartoon characters. There were also two white bows and a matching pleated skirt that looked like it was meant to be shorter than the shorts themselves.

Mom tossed everything but the outfit to the floor and started to undo the buttons of her blouse. I watched as the fabric slowly fell aside and her creamy skin was revealed inch by inch. She had just gotten it off when she noticed my hand reaching down to grope myself. Mom stopped and gave me an incredulous look.

"You keep interrupting me!" she laughed. I stopped immediately and waited. "I have never seen anyone as impatient as you are! Well, I'll give you a show." She turned around slowly before bending at the waist and letting her slacks fall to the floor. The view of her ass, perfectly round in her pink cotton panties, and perfectly centered between the straps of her garter belt was spectacular. She slid her feet from her heels and out of her pant legs before turning back around and unbuttoning the final buttons on her top. Then she slowly removed her bra to reveal the full glory of her breasts for the first time. I groaned involuntarily.

"They're magnificent, aren't they?" mom said, giggling like a teenager. She shook them playfully at me and turned slightly,

presenting her profile. "Wouldn't you say so?"

"Absofuckinglutely," I nodded, unable to take my eyes from the bouncing curves. Mom smiled proudly before slipping on the black and white striped stockings and rolling them slowly up her long shapely legs. They looked even better with nothing else on than they had with her heels and pants. Once the second stocking was rolled above her thigh she took each garter strap, one by one, snapping them gently against her flesh until they stayed in place. Then she put on the blouse, doing up one button over her belly button before turning again to show herself off. The shirt was obviously several sizes too small for her and the material strained against her enormous chest. It also wasn't long enough to cover everything since she had only done up the middle button so a good swath of exposed pale flesh showed across her midriff. When I told her so, she gave another playful bounce of her chest and struck an exaggerated pose like a sexy secretary. I let out a low whistle of approval.

With that done, she returned to the desk, picked up the dildo, and began stroking it once again. The look she shot me was intense and predatory. There would be no interruptions this time. I kept my mouth shut.

Her eyes drifted closed and she bit her lip hard as she started bucking faster against me. I felt my balls tightening and knew it was too late to pull out or stop. Mom seemed to know what was happening because she wrapped her legs tightly around my waist pulling me as deeply between her legs as possible. She continued jerking and thrusting into my thrusts. I grabbed a handful of ass cheeks in each hand, squeezing them hard and digging my fingers into her flesh, trying to force more of my length between her legs. It felt amazing. A few moments later the first spurt of come shot from my cock against the back of mom's blouse. I moaned loudly as she kept pushing into me, grinding and thrusting in every last drop. By the time I was finished coming my legs were trembling from the exertion of trying to keep us both from collapsing to the floor. Mom had slowed her humping but she hadn't stopped yet, not entirely. My legs got their second wind and we continued to fuck each other until

I was so sensitive that any further movement was torture. Her lips came down upon mine again and I felt myself go over the edge one final time. It wasn't as bad as the first time but I lost control and thrust deep against her one last time then went rigid. Every muscle in my body seemed to tense up as I released my load inside my mother. The feeling was indescribable. It was like fireworks. Like someone had hit the reset button on the entire world and I could feel everything again for the first time. It felt like years since I had actually climaxed, though really it had only been yesterday and even then barely. After a few seconds I was finished and I collapsed on top of her. As soon as I hit her breasts she wrapped her arms around me and held me tightly as if never wanting to let me go again.

It wasn't exactly safe sex. It wasn't exactly smart. But there, in that moment...

It was perfect.

I felt a tear falling down my mother's cheek, and opened my eyes and leaned away from the kiss to see what it was. Mom looked up at me, and I looked into her green eyes, saw the love there, and realized that tears were streaming from both her eyes now. "I can feel you," mom whined, voice hitching, "Baby, I can feel you, I'm here, I'm right here..."

Her hips rolled forward and back. Her cunt rubbed over my cock. I grunted and held her as tightly as I could. She pulled up from me and kissed my cheeks, her hands smoothing over my face and her breasts crushed to my chest. Her eyes closed again and we embraced each other, trying to be together. The blankets fell off of us as Mom rose higher, and I took my opportunity to move my mouth down and kiss at her neck, biting gently, sucking on her pulse where I felt her heartbeat, beating in rhythm with mine.

As Mom pulled up, out from her bivouac cover, the blankets caught on her shoulders and slipped over our heads. We were covered once more, protected from any possible prying eyes. We continued to hold each other, our lips brushing over each other's skin and leaving gentle marks, Mom riding her pussy over my cock, slow, careful, feeling every inch of our union.

I shifted my legs to help me slide upward, closer, my cock rubbing under her cunt and her clit, massaging it while Mom started to moan, her body going harder, faster over mine. Her legs tensed on either side of me, and I held her tight by the ass, helping her thrust back against me. With her hand, she held my shirt by the collar, her breath hot on my cheek, and she began to tremble, gasp, louder.

She was fucking me back as hard as she could now, and the only thing keeping my cock from fully entering her was our mutual strength. And then there was another issue—Mom suddenly reached over, grabbed onto one of the pillows from the couch and bit it, holding it tight as the force of her hips went rougher, rougher, and her pussy began to leak even more, the wet smearing over the top and underside of my cock in a steady flood. Her legs shook, tensing, spasming. She pulled the pillow close and buried her face in it.

She came hard. I felt her shuddering over and over, her hips losing control and her pussy trying to squeeze on something that wasn't actually inside of it. I felt every part of her insides pulse, throb; the way her body tightened and her toes curled was something amazing to be a witness to. She trembled against me, gasping into the pillow and moaning desperately as the orgasm worked its way through her system. It went for ten seconds before she started to come down; I had managed not to fuck her all through it. Mom panted hard, trembling and sweating.

The moment was like something out of a dream, though one could easily call the whole rest of this night that. We looked at each other with eyes that shone with need, that sparkled with fear, that glimmered with love. Because I really did love her. This was my mom, and as I took hold of her, feeling the curves of her hips and the smoothness of her ass under her underwear, all while she continued to work the top half of her body on me, kissing my neck and shoulders and breasts and whatever else she could, the look in her eyes was something...

It was like nothing else in the world.

"We've gone too far to stop," I whispered.

Mom nodded into my chest, still holding me tightly. Her ass clenched and relaxed, and her legs tightened as her pussy squeezed around the head of my cock; with every passing moment, we got more comfortable with the way my cock fit between her thighs, how hard it throbbed against her cunt lips. And when I flexed the strength of my torso, and gently pulled her shirt up so I could massage her back...

That did it.

Her hands suddenly became frantic over my back. She whimpered out little, "Please, please—" while she kissed me, her breath quick, and then I felt it, how her entire body tightened like a guitar string and began to vibrate. She pressed her face into my chest, and screamed, moaning loud, "Uhhh-haaaah! Uh! Uhh!" her hips moving wildly, the heat of her pussy growing intense, scalding on my cock. Mom came, hard. It wasn't anything like last night, but this... this was raw. It wasn't focused; it was powerful, overwhelming, it took hold of her body and wouldn't let go—she was writhing in my arms, still pressing into me for comfort, but also desperately trying to pull away. Because I had become a weapon of pleasure, something she wanted to have touch her as long as possible, even if it made her crazy, too sensitive, almost scared with how much it hurt to keep feeling that incredible intensity.

She was breathing hot onto my neck, whimpering again. "I can't stand it—Jared—fuck, ohhhh God." I'd stopped my motion, my cock held tightly between mom's thighs, her hands holding me, but barely, as she lost control of her body from the pleasure. But my cock was there, ready for her, so she could focus on it. So I could be her anchor.

I pulled back from my mom, just slightly, just enough to look at her face and see her panting. She looked up at me and her lips were trembling, swollen pink and shiny from our kissing. "Oh, baby," she cooed, pulling her body closer. Her breasts were full against my chest and I felt myself aching to grab them. "Your mother wants you."

I felt the need in my groin tighten painfully. Mom moved down my lap slowly, letting out an exhale as my cock slipped out from

between her legs; I could smell her sex on me and it was intoxicating. Mom got on her knees in front of me, her hands reaching up my shirt to caress my abs while looking up at me coyly with those big green eyes.

"I'm going to be so bad..."

She took me into her mouth and sucked down to my base immediately. I felt a tremor rip through me; it wasn't just because she had me all the way inside her, but also because she was doing it eagerly; there was no teasing or coaxing me with her mouth this time. No, instead she bobbed over my cock quickly, her hands on the base of me, stroking where she couldn't suck. My eyes rolled back. The hot wetness of mom's mouth and her slobber dripping down my length as she fucked me with her lips was unreal—like something out of a dream. It became even more surreal when one of her hands came up from my shaft, and then she pulled my balls into her palm, massaging them gently, before cupping them firmly and pulling slightly, using the hold like an anchor for the jerking of my shaft, pumping me hard into her mouth.

As soon as I looked down into her eyes though, that was enough to set me off. She gazed into mine knowingly, her lips stretched around my thick cock and sucking me deep, moaning softly around me every now and again. The heat and vibrations caused by these noises drove me insane, and only a moment later did I find myself unable to stave off any longer. I cried out to her in warning. Mom popped off my cock only to stroke me furiously and take the head between her lips again, allowing my orgasm to erupt directly into her mouth. Her eyelids fluttered with delight, and a long, low moan emitted from her throat while I poured thick ropes of semen right into her willing mouth.

"Mmmmm..." Mom sucked me dry and licked her way around my pulsing head to ensure she got every drop of my come. Even still she continued to slowly jerk me until I began to go soft, which was quite a feat.

With heavy lidded eyes, she crawled over me and kissed me fully on the mouth. Her tongue plunged right into my mouth to taste me;

it was something I never thought I'd enjoy. When we broke apart I stared at my beautiful mother and smiled brightly.

"I love you."

Mom gave a sad smile, one that didn't reach her eyes. "I love you too, sweetheart. And I'll see you tomorrow, ok?"

Her response disappointed me slightly, but I knew what we had just done would be difficult for her. After all, it was wrong, morally reprehensible, immoral, unnatural. My heart throbbed painfully in my chest from the weight of what we'd done—what I'd done to her, what we were doing together—but god help me I couldn't let that stop us now. Even if my heart broke because of it, even if it was an act that could never be taken back.

I reached down and held the base of my cock to guide myself into position. The moment I felt the head touch her slick folds my mom gasped softly. Our eyes locked for a brief second and there was fear in hers.

But she made no move to stop me. I took hold of her shoulders and carefully guided her downwards, bringing the tip to her entrance, pausing for a brief second before pushing forwards ever so gently. She resisted slightly, her body clenching with indecision; she looked so scared. I paused for another moment while holding her in place. Then, my hands moved to cradle her ass, and slowly slid her downward while using my hips to push upwards.

We both groaned out loudly as my cock pushed past her entrance and slowly eased its way inside her. When I felt resistance halfway, I paused to allow her time to relax while taking stock of our situation. I wanted to say something to her. Tell her how amazing she felt or apologize for going this far, but nothing seemed right. We looked at one another, and though she was still panting from the intrusion I saw understanding in her eyes. She knew that I understood what we were doing, and had accepted it. This wasn't the time for talking.

A shiver ran through her body when I bottomed out completely, making my mother whine and gasp before suddenly kissing me. I kissed her back hard, our tongues dancing together for several minutes until her hips started rocking, fucking me and forcing me

deeper inside her body, deeper into forbidden territory. She threw her head back, moaning, and rode my dick in earnest, bouncing on my lap like an Olympic pole-vaulter. I pulled her close, pressing us chest to chest, and she continued working her hips while I squeezed the soft globes of her ass as tightly as I could, relishing the feel of it in my hands.

I took control of our motions, slowing down the pace by lifting her hips and then bringing her back down as slowly as possible. My mom wrapped her arms around my neck, whimpering hotly in my ear each time I filled her with my cock. God, I wanted so badly to fuck her wildly until we both exploded, but this was just too nice to end too quickly. The feeling of being inside her made everything else seem minuscule. It was the most incredible thing I had ever felt, and even though I never wanted it to end, the sensation was building up too quickly for me.

I needed a distraction before I shot my load too soon.

My hands slid up from her ass and began gently tracing over her spine and the curve of her neck, all while I kissed any part of her that I could reach.

"It feels amazing," I panted out loud as I thrust between her legs again. "You feel...so...so incredible."

Mom just closed her eyes and kept on making little noises against my chest. I pulled her head away from my shoulder so she could face me. "Look at me, mom."

Her lids lifted with some difficulty, and she blinked hard a few times. Then her green eyes met mine. There was hesitation there, and more than a small bit of fear.

It must have been an odd thing for a woman my age to be doing this with her son; it wasn't like we both hadn't already gone through the awkward stages of puberty.

I kissed her deeply and let myself continue to rub my cock over her cunt lips while she shivered beneath me. When our faces parted I smiled. "This is crazy, right?"

She laughed a little breathlessly. "We've done crazier things. What's one more?" She leaned forward and sucked at my neck while I continued to slip between her thighs. "Do you want to fuck me?"

That sent a shiver down my spine. Goddamn. That sounded... amazing. Incredible. I looked at her in silence, considering it. Considering the thought, my dick inside my own mother? "Would you let me?"

She bit her lower lip, hard, as though the question itself had excited her. I moved one of my hands away from her chest and pressed it between my legs. With a few adjustments, I lined myself up and let myself press right up against her.

We looked into each other's eyes. The heat was rising around us, we were both sweating as I began to slowly thrust back and forth against my mom's sex. My cockhead prodded the entrance to her cunt, which oozed arousal. As I pushed against her again, her hands dug into my shirt. I leaned forward and took her nipple into my mouth and flicked my tongue over it. "Please," she begged quietly. "Oh please... Just..." She trailed off, panting. Then, with an effort, she pulled me out of the little nest, walked to her office door, turned off the lights. The only light came from the street, casting long shadows all through the place.

This was what it must have been like before we'd come together, when we had been apart. The darkness, the loneliness—this felt forbidden to do at night. I knew mom thought the same, by the way her gaze locked onto mine with an intensity I'd never seen before.

I couldn't look away from her either. The hunger in her eyes was so stark, it drew me in like gravity. We met close by her door, and then, with no need for words or any other communication, we crashed together in an explosion of hands. We ripped each other's clothes off in one fell swoop, until nothing else remained except my tented boxers. Then her palms found my shaft and yanked down, leaving me standing in a puddle of cloth on her floor. Her hand reached behind her and pulled up her skirt. There wasn't time to breathe as she grabbed hold of my ass and practically forced me into her, our mouths meeting again in the middle of the office, moans reverberating from her lips to mine.

This was no lovemaking. This was animal rutting, pure and simple. Mom wanted to be taken and taken hard, and that was what I did. My balls slapped against her as I fucked her relentlessly with

long, brutal strokes. In no time I could feel the familiar pressure beginning to build within. As we continued to kiss fiercely, I knew I wouldn't be able to last long at all, especially not like this.

Her pussy started to clench around my thrusting cock. Her mouth pulled away from mine as she leaned back and threw her head back. Her voice was hoarse. "Do it." It sounded half like begging, and half like an order. "God, do it... Come inside me, Jared." She pulled me in and kissed me deeply again. Our tongues danced desperately as I neared my climax. Finally, I released inside of her, filling her womb to the brim with rope after rope of my spunk. Her body trembled as my sperm entered her, mixing with hers. The thought should have been disturbing; incest is wrong and forbidden, but this only turned us both on further. I shot load after load inside of her cunt until her thighs were slick with our combined cum. After riding out the aftershocks of my orgasm for as long as I could, I finally stopped moving altogether, and fell into her waiting arms.

The memory was too much.

I pulled my mother's hips toward me.

"Mom," I begged, not sure how to articulate what I needed from her.

Thankfully she seemed to understand. Mom stood up just enough so that my cock could fall away from between her legs, the sensation a strange kind of loss and freedom, before settling onto it again, this time letting it push all the way in.

We both made an incredible sound when I entered. The wet heat of my mom enveloped me again. It felt like her cunt was sucking me in, gripping my length with desperate passion. Each subtle shift of her body, whether on purpose or simply a product of her squirming, made me grunt at the exquisite sensations running through my body. We were united now, fully. For whatever reason we'd stopped. I was no longer able to resist. As the minutes passed and each second ticked by I was driven more and more crazy with lust for this woman who'd given birth to me. There was nothing I could do. Nothing I wanted to do. My eyes squeezed shut, and my hands gripped tighter into Cara's shoulder and hip as I pulled her closer, driving myself as far inside her as I possibly could.

"Ah!" Mom grunted. "Jared! That feels so... oh God..." She trailed off into incoherent whispers. One of her legs lifted and draped itself over my own thigh, giving us a new angle, allowing me to sink even deeper into her body than before. It felt incredible.

Her walls contracted around me. Mom whimpered. Her hand reached down and began frantically rubbing at her clit, moving faster and faster to match our rhythm. The new angle she'd placed herself at had my cock dragging against her g-spot with nearly every motion of her hips. Mom shivered in my grip, the tension in her body growing with each thrust. My entire universe shrank to the feeling of being joined with my mother.

"Mom," I groaned, the intensity of our moment beginning to overwhelm me. "I'm... I'm so..."

The pressure had been building and building for ages now. How long had we been fucking? How long had it been since this morning when I woke up alone in my bed after having had some of the best sex of my life with my own mother? A day? Two hours? I couldn't even tell anymore. And yet, despite how many times I felt like I'd already orgasmed that day, I could feel myself getting closer again, feel the cum swirling in my balls, throbbing for release.

"Mom—" I moaned desperately. Mom's cunt was fluttering around me, twitching. I realized she was close. So damn close. "Cum with me."

It was barely an effort to move forward, to lift her. Mom squealed as I picked her up and turned her around, placing her bare ass on George's desk and putting her thighs on my shoulders. Her pussy was wet, dripping onto the surface of the wood, soaking her juices across it as I leaned forward and kissed her hungrily.

Mom kissed me back and whimpered, "Honey—you're really inside me," she gasped.

I was beyond answering, far beyond any words now.

I thrust into my mom's dripping slit. Mom gave a yelping sound and pushed me, hard. We slid, both of us rolling over each other, off the desk. My mother's legs moved on their own as her body adjusted from laying on my cock to laying on top of it. As we rolled, she pushed herself over my dick and rode me through our rolling

until my back was pinned on George's stupid-plushy carpet floor and mom was riding me like a goddamn stallion. Her thighs squeezed mine and pushed against them for balance, while her pussy lips rubbed along my length, grinding all the way to the very base of my cock and back down again to the tip. My mom panted and squealed, her voice echoing in the empty office, moaning loudly. She grabbed my shirt, clenched her eyes shut.

"Jared, honey!" She moaned, her ass bouncing off my balls and her pussy sliding wetly along my hard cock, which throbbed angrily at this teasing. Her hands clenched against the carpet as she ground her hips, her pussy grinding around the entirety of my shaft without taking it inside her, "Honey, I want it!"

She kept grinding against my cock, her breasts bouncing under her blouse and her thighs tightening around me as she rode the full length of my cock, her hips twisting left and right with each movement down, grinding my entire length. And I couldn't help but reach up, feeling her hips, running my fingers up her body, going behind her hips and pulling her lower down.

As her pussy slid over the head of my dick, I groaned at the feeling, at the pressure—and when I tried to thrust upward into her, she pulled away and giggled as she stood back, winking at me and giving me another smile. I watched her take the bottoms of her legs and pull her panties off. She stepped out of them. The office was hot and thick with sex, and it seemed only like seconds before the door opened and someone saw us together; my cock throbbing for attention and my mom wearing nothing but a skirt, and her bra hanging uselessly off of her shoulders.

As the door closed again, I felt mom's hand go back down to my cock, and this time I couldn't help it: my hips were lifting for more, more, more. I reached for one of my mom's knees, but she stepped backward, slowly unbuttoning her blouse, letting it fall to the ground with her bra as her feet moved toward the couch in her office, until she had sat down on it and spread herself out, inviting me forward. I stepped down and advanced on my mom, who laughed softly.

"So..." My mother's voice was thick with excitement, thick with lust. "I did say only for a second."

My mother's breasts looked perfect in this light, her nipples perky and dark pink and hard. She licked her lips and then smiled, holding out both arms to me, inviting me into her. As soon as I entered her grasp, she held me close.

And with the scent of her hair filling my nostrils, the feel of her body against mine, and the memory of her cunt fresh in my mind, I realized that I did something insane: I slipped my cock back into my mom's cunt, and pushed, going inside of her again.

She moaned into my shoulder, kissing it. "Oh fuck... baby..." She shifted on the desk, spreading her legs further to accommodate me between them, and I felt the pressure intensify. A wave of wet came from inside her. "You know what would be soooo hot?" she whispered.

"W-what?"

Mom reached between her legs. Her fingers tickled their way across my cock, making me shiver, and then she started to rub her clit, softly. "Do you have something in your pocket? Can you pull it out?"

I didn't understand—of course I had nothing in my pockets! And I told my mom this. Mom chuckled darkly as she continued to rub her clit. "Something else," she said, in a hot little pant.

What did she mean? What was she talking about? And why was she still—

Fuck! My balls were slapping against my mother's pussy as I kept going, rubbing my cock between her legs. Each slap was sending her shivering, her body tensing, each wave making the next thrust even more difficult as my mother's pussy started to tighten, close. Mom's voice became a high moan. She was coming again, her cunt squeezing my cock, pulsating on my flesh, begging for me to enter, for me to push it in, just a few inches...

It felt so fucking good, and if we were any other two people I would've stopped holding back and pushed into her again, this time filling her completely.

But...

No. I pulled myself out from between mom's thighs, and she groaned, her chest heaving. Her whole body was glistening with

sweat. In our little hideaway, where our scent hung thick in the air, the smell of mom's juices on my dick was stronger than ever. It mixed with our mingling sweat and it smelled like an absolute paradise. The way our breathing mixed and the way we looked at each other, it was as though we had finally become lovers.

Mom leaned into me, kissed me once. Her kiss was soft, warm, and I closed my eyes to sink into it; then she opened her eyes and stared at me with lust-filled need, before lowering her gaze, down, to my cock. She shifted herself on the desk, moving backwards. At first, I was worried she was leaving, that this was over, but I realized where she was headed. She was positioning herself on her knees, in front of me. Mom licked her lips, reached for me. And when she took hold of my cock, she looked me directly in the eye.

And slid me inside of her mouth, to the hilt.

"Haaaa..."

I was shocked at the forcefulness. At the way she'd pushed my cock in, at the feeling of it. With every suck, every time she drew back, and her hands followed with it, her fingers kneading at my balls, pulling them, gently tugging and playing, squeezing at the base of my cock and using two hands, stroking and jerking and pulling her head back to focus on my tip as my hips worked on their own, thrusting harder, deeper into her mouth, pushing over her tongue, her eyes flickering up at me when I went into her throat, gagging only for a second before relaxing her throat and making herself accept it.

"M-Mom..."

Mom didn't stop; her eyes closed, one hand moved so that she could press her thumb down on her clit. As I pushed in deep between her legs, sliding in the folds of her cunt, pressing up against her, I could feel the heat of her body, pulsing, the sweat building more with each push, a steady wet of her arousal coming through from her insides that was coating my cock and sending lightning through my veins. I could see it—mom lying on the desk, her shirt still undone and open, her breasts heaving, her neck arching as she felt pleasure coursing through her. It was a picture of pure beauty; seeing my mom like this was enough to set me off,

enough to make my cum explode from my cock and go into her. My cock pulsed in between her legs and I pulled back, watching as her panties were pulled aside to expose her slit. A sudden burst of white shot out and went into the pink of her mound. Another shot, another rope of hot, white cum that blasted right onto mom's belly button and slowly dribbled down, to the inside. The rest came, slowly, spilling out and spreading as a puddle, until it looked like someone had spilled milk on top of my mother's body.

There was a quiet moment, just... where nothing was happening, and all there was, was the heat of sex, and the closeness of two people. And then, when reality set in, I looked at what I had done to my mom—she looked disheveled, debauched, with the evidence of my orgasm splattered all over her, including her mouth. Mom seemed to realize that at about the same time I did; because I started to clean off my mess, and she helped, by using one hand to wipe it all up and lick it off.

Eventually, mom pulled away. And we were still gasping for breath.

Mom turned to look at me. Her eyes searched mine for an answer to questions she didn't even know. "Jared." Her voice was barely audible. "What..."

"I want to fuck you, mom." I breathed the words out, looking straight into her eyes. The truth was simple, plain, and raw.

We were going to fuck.

Mom shivered; the idea made her wet, I could feel it. But instead, she pushed away from me and sat in her desk chair, slowly rolling herself backwards, her legs spread and her feet sliding on the ground as she moved herself away, her gaze locked on mine, the flush coloring her face redder than ever before. "Get off the desk," she whispered.

I hopped off, following her like a puppy dog. She stopped just before we were right next to each other and leaned back, her shoulders squaring, her posture perfect.

And then mom reached for me, and pulled me between her legs, one hand behind my neck, and the other down my front, pulling the button of my jeans undone and tugging at the zipper to help ease it

down, to free my dick more comfortably in its confines. As I stepped forward, into the vee of my mother's open, inviting legs, she took hold of me again and brought my tip up close to her wet slit. I felt her heat, again; god she was so hot...

Her eyes were wild with excitement as she rubbed me along her lips. It was insanely hot; my dick went slick with her juices as she dragged me along her slit, moaning every time she brushed over her clit, and groaning softly whenever her inner labia squeezed down and let go on my head. And as mom played with her pussy, and my dick, she looked straight up at me with unadulterated hunger in her eyes, like a predator staring down its prey.

And then, Mom lifted her foot off the floor, and put her heel onto my hip. Her eyes were sparkling. "Fuck your mommy, sweetheart," she whispered. She didn't sound drunk—not even tipsy anymore.

"Be a good boy."

I felt the tip of my cock against her pussy lips, and I leaned in closer. My mouth went to hers, kissing her, and with a gentle push...

My cock slid into my mother for real. And suddenly, things were different. With the tip inside of her, I could feel the way her cunt would squeeze down on me, every pulse, and the way that she shifted her weight was making it all a bit difficult, but also more fun... because each time she moved, her weight shifted around the length of my cock, the whole shaft would go in, and then get squeezed by her pussy, before I pulled out a bit to tease her again, kissing her neck, her breasts...

Her hips started to move more, however, and with another roll of her waist, more of my cock was suddenly deeper. And we had never stopped kissing; my tongue was wrapped around her hers, our mouths wet as saliva swapped, and my hands were squeezing my mom's waist and then her ass when I finally couldn't resist touching it. Mom was rolling her hips now, moaning softly as her ass bounced, and then squeezed against my hand as she lifted up from the desk, my dick coming out of her almost completely as she reached for something at her feet—she came up with a shoe in each hand, and put them on top of the desk, giving her an incredible advantage over where she was sitting.

Now, though, she wasn't moving to her side. Now, she was facing me full on, straddling the desk and her arms holding onto my shoulders as I scooted to the edge of the wood, my cock right up into her, deep inside and her knees resting against my ribs while her feet held onto the desk for dear life. My own arms were around her waist, keeping her steady, my hands cupping her ass, and occasionally going to stroke her cunt. As we sat there, mom was shivering from the new angle; my cock was angled deeper than ever, pushing against somewhere she hadn't been touched like this in a long time.

Mom was panting heavily into my mouth as her eyes went wide, and as I felt her pussy starting to pulse and throb around me, her breathing quickening further, and then, when I slipped one of my fingers into her pussy, just next to my cock and slowly started to fuck her along with her motions, everything went off the rails.

Mom's eyes went even wider, her hands clawing into my shoulders, and she let go of my mouth to give a shuddering gasp, her head turning upward and away, looking toward heaven for an answer to why this was so intense... or maybe, hoping for God to not catch us fucking on her desk like animals, and to have mercy upon her soul.

I leaned into my mom's chest, and latched my mouth onto one of her tits as she shuddered through orgasm, her voice going raw and rough, her pussy convulsing and squeezing and rippling around my finger, around my dick. And I could feel everything happening; her cunt trying to push me out but getting so wet that I didn't have to worry about hurting her. When she came hard enough that her whole body gave one, giant pulse, I lifted both of her thighs up to wrap around me and picked her up off the desk, carrying her and holding her there in midair.

I could hear her moaning in between her heavy breathing as she looked at me again. She reached behind herself, set one hand against the window on the office door, and braced herself with that arm as her other reached behind my head and pulled me toward her, pulling herself closer to me and pressing her open mouth to mine once more. I held her there in the air, and kissed her deeply as her

body continued to spasm while I took the opportunity to continue fucking her.

When I sat down on her chair, mom was riding me full force, gasping loudly after each kiss, her arms straining with effort and her legs doing the same, flexing tight and then giving out over and over as I kept her riding my cock.

But after what seemed like an eternity, I heard my mom, crying softly into my ear:

"Put it... in me."

I couldn't deny my mother anything. Not when she asked in that tone of voice. The desperation, the need, the aching, it made my heart race, made everything feel hotter than ever before; if it wasn't for the fact that we'd gotten each other to a sweaty mess already, this kind of request might've made things happen faster.

But I reached between us, my hand sliding over her pussy where I felt the heat and wet, still present, and slid my cock between her lips again, teasing at the slit, making sure to rub my cock over every bit of her clit just so that the sensation would be that much more amazing when I finally—

"Ohhh..."

Fuck my mother.

Slowly. Carefully. As slow as possible so we could savor every millimeter of progress my dick was making. It was like nothing else; this was different from last night; last night had been about pleasure. About finding each others' bodies and giving each other pleasure with each other's. This, though, this was about claiming; I was going to fuck her. In every single way, I was going to have sex with my mom. My hand slid through her hair, and held her tight. Fuck yes. She gasped, shivered. Took me deeper inside of herself, as much as she could.

She was crying softly now, shaking as I continued to penetrate her. "Jared... Jared ohhh—"

"Yeah," I breathed back.

"Baby baby—this is—"

Her voice faded out in the haze, I couldn't really pay attention to anything but the feeling of penetrating my mom for the very first

time. My dick rubbed on her clit, teasing, making the softness of her nub slip by the ridge at the tip of my penis again and again. "Jared..."

That got my attention.

I kissed her throat. That brought another moan. I kept kissing down until I was at her collarbone.

My hips were pulling back slowly, letting my cock slide out from between her legs until I reached the top... and then pushed it back up inside of her, slow, steady, soaking in every last bit of her folds slipping over me. It made mom's chest tense, arch outward as the pleasure built and she started to really lose herself. "Oh honey," she moaned. "What are we—ah—what are we doing?"

My hips flexed again, and drove deep between mom's legs, pressing against her clit again.

Mom was almost crying; it had gotten hard for her to kiss me now. Her head was tilting downward, her eyes closed tight, and her face turning sideways. There was drool dripping down from the corner of her mouth. Each gasp she made was punctuated by the soft, 'ohh, ohh,' she made. And each time she did that, another tremor of lust shot through me and it just made me want to fuck my mother again. I could feel something in my spine tensing, building; a dam about to break and unleash what would be the strongest orgasm of my life.

"Jared... baby..." She managed to whisper, in between pants.

Her hand went out, and grasped mine.

"I want you to... make your mother cum—"

And suddenly, like that, all thoughts of fucking her vanished. My cock pressed deep into her pussy, and I felt the soft folds of her cunt take me in, felt the heat of her as she trembled on top of me and gave a long, shaking gasp—it was too much. Mom clenched tight, her legs crossed hard behind my ass and her cunt squeezing even tighter around my cock.

My mother's arms tightened on either side of me, her fingernails dug hard into my skin as she gasped. "Honey," she crooned, voice strained, desperate. "Oh fuck baby yes. Oh fuck Jared I love it—fuck—" Her voice raised slightly with every word.

Suddenly she buried her head down on my shoulder and moaned. It wasn't exactly quiet or demure, her voice rang out clearly, full of need, loud and feminine in every way. "UHHHhhhhhggghhhhh..."

She shuddered, her hips jerking against mine. But I just barely felt anything, except the squeeze of her legs, locking me against her body.

She had came on my cock; she had cum by having her son fuck her between the thighs.

I realized then... this would be the closest my mother would allow for sex.

And I was already coming down off of my excitement as well; after the shock, the thrill of her squeezing me, and coming on my body, suddenly, I could feel it, that urge, building, rising, and before I could help myself, I grabbed my mother by her thighs and pulled her toward me as I got off the desk. And before I really even knew what I was doing, she was lifted.

The moment was crazy. My mother's legs wrapped around me, the tight squeeze of her soft flesh as we both panted hard from the exertion, my cock still trapped between her thighs, and yet I managed to pick her up, to grab her and hold her like this, her arms wrapped around my shoulders and neck and her green eyes searching me desperately. "Oh Jared..." she muttered, panting harder. Her voice was breathless, hot, needy. She was losing control.

Fuck—fuck—I couldn't do anything but walk with her. The movement pushed my cock deeper, the length sliding over her clit in the middle before I could pull out so only the tip of my dick would rest there.

I couldn't stop, however. That desire came back, to bury myself inside her. I stepped backwards, still holding her tightly, taking every step carefully, trying not to trip and drop her, when there was the chair; I reached for it, sat down heavily, and groaned as mom pulled her hand underneath us, reached between her legs, pulled the lips of her pussy open to receive my cock. And I kept going.

And went in deeper.

She gasped sharply. "Ffffffuck—"

"Are you okay?" I asked, suddenly stopping. My mind had cleared for a second, and with that clarity came the reality that I really shouldn't be fucking my mom like this, no matter how good it felt, or how hot it was.

Mom made an irritated noise and her head poked out from under the covers. She glared at me, before taking her hand and forcing my cock deeper between her legs. It slipped, easily, soaking wet with the juices she'd been leaking since we started, and once again it was settled along the length of her cunt. My tip touched at the bottom of her slit, the pressure of the entrance driving us both crazy. The throb was overwhelming. Mom groaned, leaned against me, her forehead resting on mine, her gaze burning into me. "Fuck... Jared..."

I pulled her closer with my right arm, keeping her thighs together, holding them tightly together while I kept her pressed up to me. Then, carefully, very fucking slowly, I thrusted. And with each thrust, mom gasped. A breathless gasp, the pleasure in it unashamed and undeniable, and the way it made her body tighten told me how much she wanted it, how good it felt, to have something between her legs even though my cock wasn't going inside her.

I didn't need to move her legs. I was so lubricated from everything that I could just keep thrusting slowly against her, rubbing myself all over her and fucking against the lips of her pussy, against her clit. And I went faster, and every time I'd slip upwards, I'd push down with my cock as hard as I could, which meant pushing her clit as hard as I could too.

It was making mom writhe, gasp, shudder; her thighs clenched even tighter and her legs wrapped around me, pulling me close and letting her rest against the desk as she held on with her calves against my back. "Oh fuck baby," she hissed, and then gasped. "Oh... Oh fuck..." Mom let out a long breath before continuing. "Fuck... Oh honey I love it..."

And my mom leaned closer, her hands slipping back around my head, her fingers weaving through my hair, and we both looked down, between us, where we were locked in each other. We looked at her legs, how tightly they were shut, my cock disappearing behind

their perfect shape, and I looked at her stomach, at her breasts, at how she had one hand behind my head and the other going down, down beneath her skirt and panties, as she began to touch herself, her face turning slightly pink.

"Honey," she whispered, her eyes closing for a moment, then opening to look at me. There was something about it; her eyes told me that something had shifted. Maybe it was just the new reality of what we were doing; maybe it was how this would affect things afterwards. But it seemed like, suddenly, mom couldn't hold anything back anymore.

The way she looked at me made me kiss her hard. Made me pull her hips tighter to me, my hands slipping off the desk and grasping her ass, and squeezing her tight. Mom whimpered into my mouth and shivered when I lifted her, just enough for me to reach under her thighs, to keep them shut with one arm, and push her back to the wall next to the window, pressing her there and using my free hand to brace myself.

And then, without taking my cock out from between my mom's thighs, I started to fuck her.

The heat was indescribable. The slickness of her flesh, the way she reacted to my movement, shivering when I kissed her deeper, when our tongues wound together, tasting each other. We pressed against each other in all kinds of ways, and it felt so good that it was hard to imagine doing anything else for the rest of my life. My mother's legs tightened on me as best she could and pulled me closer; her pussy clenched around nothing when I'd pull out to thrust in, and with each wet motion my cock slipped between her thighs faster, harder.

Until it was too much, the pleasure was blinding me, and I lost control of my orgasm.

I felt the rush of cum rising in me, and it went from an awareness to a wave of pleasure that took everything out of me; I gave one last thrust forward and groaned, kissing my mother deeply and losing track of reality as the ecstasy flooded me. My mother's legs shook as my cum soaked her thighs, and when my own shaking subsided, I felt it: the hotness of my juices dripping down her body.

That didn't stop us from going slower. From gently pulling off of each other. From looking down, at what had just happened; the mixture of both our cum on the desk, dripping slowly through the cracks. The smell of sex, heavy in the air and making us feel sleepy and satisfied.

I put my arms around my mother and held her tight.

"Are you alright?" I whispered.

Mom didn't answer. She just buried her head in my shoulder and hugged me tight, her entire body shuddering slightly, but not enough for me to really see where it would be headed; she was clearly coming down from something, and I didn't want to push her further than necessary. So, we lay together for awhile, holding each other while the sweat cooled on us, and after a time, Mom pulled gently away from me and looked me in the eye. She smiled faintly, then pushed her mouth to mine.

We kissed slowly, softly. A gentle, intimate kiss. My heart went crazy inside my chest.

I had never felt so much for anyone... before.

Her hands smoothed along my face as our mouths opened to one another, and I felt my hips shifting toward her again; her legs were still spread on either side of me, her cunt bared by her pulled-aside panties and throbbing with heat, ready, but also incredibly sensitive; maybe that was why mom shivered as my cock touched at her slit.

"Do you feel... dirty?" Mom whispered.

My cock throbbed inside of her, because, yes, I did feel dirty. She shivered and whimpered again, biting her lower lip to stay quiet. Her breasts were still bared, her bra pulled down enough to show off her soft, large nipples. They brushed against my chest as she pushed closer to me, shivering all over.

I reached down and grabbed my cock, looking down at where it sat outside of my mother's pussy. The tip pressed into her slit, and her juices rolled up along my length, pooling in my slit for a moment, before sliding down the sides. My mother made another sound. One leg shifted, opening even wider, letting my cock press into her cunt so that the tip was surrounded by my mom. It felt like

the most intimate thing I had ever experienced. Like nothing mattered beyond what we were sharing right here, right now.

She trembled slightly. "Honey... I... it's okay," she whispered. "It'll be okay."

I leaned in to kiss my mom on her cheek. "Of course," I said, as I eased my cock into her waiting pussy.

Her mouth opened in a soundless scream, eyes rolling back. She held my shoulders as though she would drown without me there to keep her anchored. I pulled out to the tip, watching her lips part slightly with the movement, and then eased forward, deeper into her. My heart pounded madly in my chest, and she cried out, voice catching, strangling on another high whimper that caught her when I thrust deep inside once more.

Her grip was desperate; she clawed at my back, trying to find purchase even though she couldn't think well enough to figure out why. My pace increased, hips bucking harder, my cock fucking deeply into my mother, and she whined at the motion. Her nails dug sharply into me, leaving welts. Our mouths crushed together, tongues fighting for dominance as we both sought out ways to increase the pleasure of the moment.

"This is such a bad idea," Cara moaned against my mouth. It felt like hours ago when I'd kissed her in this same spot.

Our movements had become erratic; our clothes were strewn haphazardly around us, a tangle of limbs that fought for dominance. Every push was a gasp for air, every pull left my cock aching for release. In the end, we would have to stop ourselves from taking it all the way. Even if I wasn't sure about birth control or even if my mom wanted me to cum inside of her, neither one of us were ready to take it that far. Not yet. Maybe not ever. But right here... I couldn't help but savor this moment, knowing it wouldn't last. We would have to give up our closeness sooner than later, even though each inch I lost made me want to keep going deeper, until we found ourselves completely joined.

It was like that need fueled Cara's desire too, because after letting out another high squeal of a cry, she reached for my shoulders again and wrapped herself around me. She gave my

shoulder an experimental nip with her teeth, biting gently as if testing out whether or not she could go any further, then bit harder once she decided it was okay.

We fucked, and there were no other words for it. Nothing else in my mind but the feeling of being inside, of her wet cunt, slickened by our bodies pressed together, squeezing me. The sounds were loud, wet smacks that made it impossible to forget what was going on: I was fucking my mother, and she was moaning, whining, begging for more. We kissed, desperately, hungrily, my mother's eyes closed and fluttering rapidly. I couldn't look away from her, the blush that filled her cheeks, the way the corners of her lips turned downward even when her expression was one of joy, and then finally, finally she started to tense, and I felt her pussy begin to grip me more tightly—

Until suddenly it loosened entirely. A long moan escaped her lips, and her hips trembled, pressing against me as her juices trickled over my cock in thick trails. She clung to me with everything she had, and I clung to her just the same, as she shivered through an orgasm more intense than any I had seen before. When it ended, she relaxed on me, panting softly to herself.

And then the door opened.

My body went cold, even while Cara lay motionless, stunned as someone entered the room.

A figure passed by the door of mom's office, walking quickly with some purpose. We watched silently as whoever it was stepped away from us. In fact, we heard him move toward the main reception desk across the hall from us, where there was a small phone. He picked it up, and made a short call. "The computer crashed," he said, his voice gruff. "Can you believe this?"

When he hung up, he gave one more look to the outside world—and turned down the hall, coming right towards us. Mom and I shared a silent moment of panic as the person opened the door, and walked inside.

Mom, naked beneath the comforters except for her underwear and heels, and her top open to her chest, turned her gaze upwards. There was only one thing she could do; she coughed. She made an

embarrassed sound, and the figure stopped short, obviously recognizing what it was.

"Hey!" It was a male voice, one that rang familiar somehow. Mom, not daring to speak again, let out another soft cough, before pretending to sniffle loudly. And I stayed motionless, barely even breathing, with my hands still on mom's bare tits and her pussy pressed against my rock-hard cock.

Mom shifted against me, the movement making me tense all the muscles in my body as I tried not to react. As she settled back against me, her butt pressed fully against my cock. I groaned softly—but managed to play it off, at least well enough for the man across from us to assume it was from my mother's fake-coughing fit.

The man's hand rose to his face in embarrassment. "Shoot, sorry Mrs. S," he mumbled, as the red of his face darkened. He looked about my age, maybe older, wearing a buttoned-down shirt tucked into slacks and glasses thick enough that they gave him a sort of nerdy look. His name was Adam, or Andrew, something like that, and he was an employee of George, though I hadn't paid much attention whenever my mom talked about him. All I knew was that he was George's secretary, assistant, something like that; whatever his job title was, he definitely wasn't part of the cleaners. The man turned around after realizing mom was obviously occupied, and muttered some excuse before disappearing, leaving the two of us alone again.

Once he was gone, mom relaxed again and sighed. My hands on her tits squeezed harder and she gasped sharply. She lifted up just enough to peer down at herself through the cover, looking between her legs and seeing my cock still resting there, between the plush cushions of her pussy, her white thighs squeezing around it while I gently stroked it.

I moved faster; my cock began to fuck along her mound, sliding up so that my head slid between her asscheeks as I moved, and then pulled away just before coming back up again. Mom shuddered each time, the movements pushing her tits together, which I held onto for dear life as I used her body.

"Jared," she murmured into my ear as I continued to move, trying not to focus too hard on how amazing her flesh felt against mine, how slick she was all over, how her sweat had blended with mine. "Jared, do you think... we are safe? You're not... inside me anymore?"

I shook my head. I hadn't even thought about that.

But... I really didn't care. If something happened, it happened. I would take care of it if it came down to it. But right now, I was just focusing on my mom and fucking her, feeling her incredible body respond to everything I did to her. "No," I grunted, continuing to push myself between her legs, continuing to massage her clit with each motion. My head pressed through her thighs; I could feel the insides of her legs, slick and warm and the most tantalizing feeling in the world. They slid across my cock with every movement.

Mom was gasping, shuddering, and pulling herself closer to me, wrapping her legs tight around me so I was trapped in this cocoon of bliss. Her pussy pushed tight against me, squeezing my cock in a different way than when it was inside, but still the same intense pressure of feeling, one that nearly made me come apart right then and there. She pulled herself closer, and I felt her forehead pressing against mine, as I continued to pump, to move my hips and work my dick along my mother's legs and rub her clit.

Her breath was like fire in my mouth; "Honey, do you realize?" She gasped. Her arms reached around, pulling her legs tighter still so she'd never let me go. Her face turned so her voice was in my ear; her breath was hot and moist, and when she whispered, it sent shivers through every last cell in my body. "You're fucking your mom."

That nearly tipped me over, that simple statement; the way she said it, the way she breathed it in my ear. Like a prayer, like a confession, a deep, dark secret coming out of her mouth and sending me into shock.

It took everything I had not to blow right there.

The way my mom clung to me, desperate, wanting, was what kept me from going off.

Mom pulled herself closer; close enough that her nipples brushed against me. Through her shirt, they pressed hard against my chest, the heat of them burning and melting right through, the stiffness of them almost sharp until they were nestled along with my heartbeat, where they relaxed into a softer, more delicious texture, something my cock would have killed for.

I pushed my face to her neck, buried myself in her skin. My mouth opened, kissed her gently. Mom moaned, and then...

My tongue licked along her throat. And when I reached the hollow of her collarbone, I moved my hips. I slipped, out, just barely; and before either of us could take in our breaths, my hips came forward, and my cock filled her again.

And we gasped together, in total harmony, as one.

Mom's body arched, and I could feel it, her orgasm was rushing from her clit, where it throbbed, hard, and then went upward, spreading to everywhere inside of her. Her cunt squeezed my cock, once, twice, pulsing as she clenched tight and released.

Her voice sounded in my ear like a choir; "Oh..." she moaned. "God." She pushed against me, as if trying to escape me while also pressing herself hard, her breasts flattened by her posture, onto me and making sure every inch of her flesh that wasn't covered was pressed directly to me. The sound of her voice went soft and whiny, a whisper, as her whole body shivered in climax.

As for me, mom's tightness was too much. I wanted it in its entirety, so badly that I could feel my heart burning to experience her pussy, her entire being, just...

Filled.

I felt her body relaxing slightly. She sighed, long and heavy with exhaustion, with relaxation, her muscles loosening after the mad release of pleasure. Her grip lessened, her eyes closed, her legs spread farther apart from each other, and with these relaxed changes, I couldn't help myself anymore. I reached down, guided the tip of my cock towards the wet folds of my mother's beautiful sex, and started to push.

"Mom," I croaked. My whole world narrowed; focused only on where the head of my cock would touch, penetrate, finally fuck, my

mom. "This is too—"

But it was already happening. There was no way to stop it, to talk about what could have been. My cock went between her lips, pressed against the entrance to her tunnel, and even as I felt resistance, as mom's body gave a little shudder at this first real penetration, her cunt opened slowly for me, her moans coming out with sharp exhales.

With another push, I was in.

The moment her walls started to close around me, we both made a gasp and clutched onto each other tightly. Mom stopped all movement, suddenly; no moaning, no squirming, no pushing on me or pulling away... she was stiff as a board. And so was I; it took every single drop of self-control not to start fucking her then and there. I was in my mother, finally; she was wrapped around me, throbbing. And it felt fucking amazing.

"Jared," my mom murmured, voice heavy. She was breathing hard, her chest puffing out hard with each breath, like an athlete or a dancer preparing herself for her biggest challenge yet. Her hands closed on my back and pulled herself closer to me. She gave a shudder. "What are we doing?"

It was surreal. My whole world was this office, and my mother's sex. Nothing else mattered anymore. I couldn't think of anything beyond making love with my mom. In response to her question, all I could do was kiss her neck and give her another thrust with my cock, sliding it inside her more and more. She gasped at the feeling.

"Sweetie... this is so insane—" She made a soft sound as she pushed herself on me more, and I continued to rub against her, trying to get myself deep enough. Every time the head of my cock pushed itself a few inches into her wet cunt, it was like heaven. Mom gasped and shivered, goosebumps flashing across her body. Her grip tightened.

"Mom..." I muttered. It was crazy, what we were doing, but she wasn't resisting me, wasn't pulling away. Every time I slid back, she followed, trying to keep us connected, her lips and body trying to close around me. And when I felt the warm insides of my mother, I started to lose control; the thought of getting closer, of being inside

this incredible woman consumed me entirely. "Fuck," I hissed as I gave one more gentle thrust, trying to get past those last few inches where I could sink my entire length inside of her...

Mom let out a gasp, and pulled away. Her eyes flashed at me and then down at the ground, her arms hugging her stomach, holding herself. As though something was wrong, or if she couldn't trust herself. The expression on her face was unreadable. "Honey... I shouldn't have asked that of you." She lifted a hand, and wiped some sweat off her brow, giving a long exhale that told me that whatever moment we were having, had passed.

The look she gave me next was sad. Not remorseful or anything. Just sad. Because she wanted it just as much as I did. That became clear. She'd never regret this, because even without taking things to their ultimate conclusion, we had pushed ourselves to the point of no return. What we had done was far beyond any taboo before; the only reason mom hadn't cum on my cock was because I was still wearing my pants. Otherwise, I would have felt that. If anything, I realized how much she wanted me in that moment; the feeling of her legs twitching from orgasm, of seeing her pussy quiver and flex like that with my fingers, would be different now that I had gotten a taste of how she looked when it was a real cock pushing her to the edge. And for my part, I couldn't forget the way it felt. My dick was soaked from her juices and there was a sweet heat, a sensation between her thighs and against her clit that burned pleasurable images into my brain. The feel of her body reacting, her tight pussy flexing against me while my cock rubbed over her, how close we'd come, how the only thing we'd denied was the actual act itself, and I realized now how fucking hard it was to go back to not having known those sensations.

It would be impossible, even.

I leaned into her. "Mom?"

Her lips parted and she gasped softly as I moved towards her, my hand going up between her legs, under the skirt she had put back on, and rubbing over her wetness. She trembled, gasping again as I played with her clit in the way that I remembered from last night.

My fingers worked the button gently, while my cock continued to press forward between her thighs and slip up on her, rubbing.

"Oh God," she mumbled.

I couldn't see my mom's face. It was covered by her hair, which was drenched in sweat. Mom kept pushing herself back onto my hand, onto my cock, her ass squishing against my body and moving over it, slowly at first, but gradually building to an animal need, a primal drive that demanded I fuck her back.

But I resisted the urge, and simply let her use my cock, and when she got close enough, and her head came off her shoulders so she could rest her lips on the skin of my neck and pant against me, I started to massage her clit, harder, rougher, faster, in the way that seemed to really get her.

Mom made this desperate noise in her throat, and her arms flexed hard as they held me. I watched my mom's legs spread, stretching so they were apart from each other, making an incredible arch with the insides of her feet against the bottom of my desk. The muscles in her legs went crazy, and then started to tremble with a massive orgasm that caused her breathing to stop completely while my fingers rolled over her clit, massaged at it, while I continued to push my cock forward, fucking her thighs.

That caused the most sudden reaction I could have possibly imagined; my mom grabbed me, her body going completely rigid, and with a whimper and a desperate gasp, she moved away from me quickly and stood straight, my cock sliding out of its place between her pussy lips. Her whole body shook wildly, before she looked at me. I stared at my mom, wondering what she had just done...

Until her hands went over her ass, and pulled her panties down so roughly, I thought they would break. And then Mom was pulling them off her legs, throwing them off, and climbing over the desk with me, crawling over me, straddling me, her eyes looking into mine.

"I want you in me," she growled. "You're fucking me." She put her hands on either side of my face and held it tight while her hips rose above mine. And then she reached down for my cock, and took

hold of it, pointing it upwards; at the same moment, Mom looked down, bit her lip, and let herself lower, let her body sink, until I was slipping over her wet lips, again, still soaked from her recent orgasm.

And just like that, we were both ready, willing to go farther than anything before.

Mom closed her eyes tightly as she lowered down onto my dick, and when I slid into her pussy, she groaned. It seemed almost impossible; she'd taken me deep when I was between her pussy lips, and that was so crazy, but somehow, I couldn't believe the fact that she was sitting, on my lap, letting out whimpers and moans, her insides contracting around my cock as I felt them squeeze me, all of me.

"It's inside me..." mom whimpered, biting her lip as her hands went to my shoulders, squeezing on them while she adjusted herself on top of me. I put my arms on her waist and then slowly moved back so I'd lie down on the desk, taking mom with me.

"Mom..." I muttered, my voice weak. I closed my eyes tightly as mom started to move over me, using the leverage of my shoulders so that she could bounce softly on my dick.

"Ohh baby... Jared, you're inside me..." Her breathing was short gasps, her whole body trembling from excitement, or lust. She looked at me and grinned, wide, her eyes going over my face, before closing her mouth and giving me a gentle kiss. "Honey, I'm gonna be on the pill tomorrow morning—"

That sent shivers through me. And I couldn't even think, because everything else I might've considered, every moment I had that involved her and pleasure and desire and need, it all became the same single moment in time, where I realized how fucking much I wanted this woman.

Her hand went down and took hold of my cock, her legs widening slightly, and I felt myself slip upward, felt my cock rise until it pointed upwards, between her ass cheeks. Mom's breath shook, her smile faltered and she closed her eyes for a long moment, taking me into herself, letting me feel the wetness of her pussy dripping

over my cock. And when she opened her eyes, there was an intensity inside that scared me a little.

With both hands on my shoulders, mom rolled her hips, and moved so that my cock, pointing straight up, slowly pushed between her pussy lips and began to fill her, again, this time properly. And oh God, it felt incredible. Mom let out the slightest gasp, and bit her lower lip to keep her mouth quiet; though soon enough her voice could not be contained. My fingers sank into the meat of her ass cheeks and I spread her open wide as my dick slid inside of her, deep, deeper, until I pressed against something at the end.

I knew what it was. The feeling, tight, hot, pulsing around my shaft and my tip and begging me to pull back, slide forward, push harder—that was the door to the womb, the opening of mom's sacred place, and fuck did I want it.

The look in mom's eyes told me everything; she looked afraid, desperate, unsure... but she was leaning forward, the head of my cock threatening her most important passage, the most beautiful part of any woman, and if I wasn't mistaken, begging me to go deeper, even if she was frightened by it.

Fuck it was dangerous—I could get my mom pregnant. She hadn't taken the pill yet. I had no protection. But there was a thrill in doing something so irresponsible with my mom that turned me on beyond all reason.

"I don't..."

And yet, she didn't tell me to stop.

She looked me in the eyes, searching.

I felt it. It was an unspoken language, one which I understood all too well after being with my first girlfriend. She had wanted to cross that line once, but stopped at the last moment.

And now, my mom was crossing that same line; unsure if she should push it further, or step back and preserve the status quo.

It took me a second to understand. And when I did, I kissed my mom and pulled my hips away from hers, dragging my cock over her thigh, and then I lowered myself down. Mom's hand reached out for mine.

My cock was throbbing, begging me to do something else, begging to go back and fill mom, beg to thrust deep inside of her cunt and bury myself in her. But there were other ways. Other pleasures.

And there was only so much fight in me.

So I let myself slip downward, and mom leaned backwards, her chest heaving, her breasts tightening and her legs closing together and rubbing with anticipation, as I settled down to my knees.

Mom spread her legs wide, her shoes planted flat on the floor on either side, her heels catching me behind my back as I slid into place between them. I was on my knees, my body still upright as my mother pulled her panties to the side, the material pulling at her pussy lips and revealing that swollen pinkness, glistening with heat.

My hands wrapped around mom's legs, sliding upwards slowly until they rested under her knees, where I guided her ankles up to hook onto my shoulders. Now, she was laid fully out in front of me, the beautiful lines of her naked torso drawing my eyes from her throat all the way to the mound of her pussy, spread open in invitation, waiting for me to enter.

I gripped my cock, aimed it carefully and then looked to my mother's eyes as she reached upward and pressed her hand into the table on either side of her head; it was an upside down missionary, my cock pointing straight downwards while I stood over mom and waited to enter her.

A look passed between us. A smile appeared on my mother's mouth, small and wicked, before the expression faded into an aroused haze. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

I watched as my mom's expression turned to one of surprise and pleasure; I was sliding into her, slowly at first, but my thrust went deeper and deeper as each second passed, pushing her to take more, and more, of me as time went on. When she started to bite her lip again, and her brow furrowed with each push inward, when I bottomed out inside my mother, my balls brushing against her, a shock of delight going through her in the form of a gasp as her fingers dug into the table and she arched her back to get more, I knew what this was like for her. I knew that being full was making

her head swim with blissful sensation and the heat of excitement, and I also knew that I wasn't about to leave her like this for long.

My hips drew back and my cock slipped backwards, sliding out of my mom's tight, gripping hole, before my pelvis slammed forward. I watched as she opened her mouth with a silent shout as my pelvis hit her clit.

That didn't last for long. It went from silent to a very audible, desperate scream.

"Fuck—" Mom whimpered, as she grabbed my wrists and looked into my face as I slid all the way back again, watching as each movement seemed to make her head swirl. Her hair was frizzy now, the blonde strands sticking to her cheeks and neck and forehead, and her chest was flushed red; pink on white. When my pelvis collided against hers once more, her grip tightened, and her head rolled backwards as another loud groan came out of her. "Honey..."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The words weren't even important; her tone was more than enough.

"Keep fucking me," my mom begged. And she reached around my back, grabbing at me and pulling me harder. She started to move her own pelvis back and forth, and my mom gasped loudly as she started to grind herself back onto me, while my hips kept working forward and back, hitting my mother's clit hard, her juices flying over both of our crotches and over my cock, dripping onto the desk and onto the floor. My body was slamming into hers faster now, and every time it did, it knocked the wind out of her. She leaned against me for balance, one of her arms sliding upwards, so she could pull my face to the side of her neck.

The movement forced the covers open and off, the cool of the office rushing in. The smell of sex was pungent, thick, intoxicating, making the experience that much wilder and unreal. Every inch of my mom was hot and wet and soft and it was too fucking good; everything felt amazing, her nipples like burning tips on either side of my chest, her breathing, heavy on my throat. All this, just from fucking between her thighs.

She pulled herself off, and looked down with me between us. She grabbed the front of her panties and tugged them aside, and my

cock slammed inside again. Her whole body quivered. "Oh God yes honey," she breathed, pulling her other hand through her hair to get it out of the way so I could see her eyes. They were dark. Lusty. "Don't you stop... please..."

She rolled onto her toes and moaned when she slid back down over me; it felt like every time my tip pushed between her legs, it pressed against some sweet spot that sent sparks of fire up her spine. "Yes... oh god—" Mom started to lean onto me further, pressing her full breasts into mine, rolling her head against mine, letting her long blonde hair drag all over my body and brush past my face.

Her tongue snaked into my mouth and I sucked it deep, drinking my mother's taste while her cunt throbbed and contracted in a series of hard squeezes around my cock.

This wasn't fair; mom was still dressed, barely, and it felt so wrong to have all of me out in the open and her still wearing everything except for her shirt and bra, which only made her look more desirable. But fuck—

I needed this. I needed to feel the pressure that kept rising with each squeeze of my dick. The tension, the pleasure... my orgasm was going to be insane, the need to cum boiling like acid inside of me as I pumped between my mom's thighs, watching my mom start to go wild with desire, my hands sliding under her ass and holding her tight as my whole body started to tense, as my mind grew foggy.

When I heard mom's breathing get louder, faster, and rougher, I realized we were both going to finish together. It was perfect, it was incredible...

Her pussy tightened as if it wanted to pull the cum right out of me. I groaned at the sensation of her flesh rippling along my length and then she let out an excited gasp, her eyes closing and her mouth opening wider...

Just as something rapped on the office door.

Everything stopped.

Mom went perfectly still; the knock happened again, followed by a familiar voice calling through the door: "Mrs. Anderson?"

My cock was still pulsing between my mom's legs.

I froze; suddenly everything rushed at me, came back to life all at once; work, being naked, my fucking boss standing outside of the office while my mother and I were... like this...

I saw the panic cross my mom's eyes. She looked around, then quickly reached down between us and tried to grab hold of my shaft, tried to angle it to be tucked back into my underwear—but the problem was, with her pussy right against it, my dick wasn't going anywhere.

Every shift sent waves of pleasure through me. And I couldn't move; it would push the tent open, expose the both of us, maybe even worse than what was already happening. If George happened to walk in here right now, we were both fired, and so much more...

What had mom been thinking? Why did she do this? We were fucking insane; this was something that would ruin us forever...

I felt her hand on my face, and she pulled my head out from the covers, until we could look each other in the eye. My cock pushed up between her thighs, her body shook as she moved, trying to take control of how it rubbed her and her expression melted whenever it did what she wanted. Her other hand reached down and pulled her panties further to the side.

"Cara," I croaked. I didn't know how long I could handle not truly being inside of her, feeling her body squeeze around me. She kissed me gently on the mouth, before looking down between us where we were joined together.

I felt her eyes on us as my dick slipped up against her cunt again and again, the sound of my mother's excited moans filling the tent. And then, when her hips angled just right, she looked up at me, bit her lip, and pulled herself down.

She gasped, loud. The feeling was too much, the pleasure insane—it made my mom tense in a way that would have been painful had she not already been so turned on, so eager for sex and so wet and ready for pleasure. I reached, grabbing onto her and steadying her as her hips started to buck forward, and I could feel the tightness around me begin to fade slightly—which meant I could push inside.

There was resistance at first, though not much; the heat of my mom's flesh was impossible, and she had already lubricated herself plenty with her own desires. The further I went in, however, the less room there seemed to be; her body tensed, flexed, shook. I watched as Mom threw her head back, her arms shaking before she used them to help hold her upright. When my cock filled her, it was like she was suddenly having an out-of-body experience; she was trembling all over, breathing fast and hard and trying to hold it back without success.

It wasn't enough for me just to be inside of her though; I took hold of her by her ass, grabbed my mom's cheeks and dug my fingers into the firm, tight flesh before lifting her and then pulling her down onto my lap. My cock slid all the way inside her, right up to the base, and the moment it bottomed out in my mother's body, her cunt squeezing my cock like a velvet glove, I pulled her into my arms and wrapped my mouth over hers, kissing her desperately as I began to work us toward fucking.

With the slow motion of her hips moving up and down on my cock, her own legs spreading apart further and helping guide each movement, it didn't take long. It wasn't like either of us had stamina, really; we weren't prepared for something like this, it was a moment fueled entirely by lust. And when Mom came?

When Mom came...

Her arms went back and held my neck. Her back arched away from me and caused a rush of cooler air to flow through our little bivouac. A small, sharp cry broke from her mouth, followed by a loud gasp, her lungs seeming to struggle, like she couldn't catch her breath—couldn't breathe at all, except for these high, tight wails. I felt it, as it started from within her, felt the way she tensed so tightly around me that there seemed to be no room left, felt the way it went out of her, in waves, squeezing my cock as she shuddered with it, trembling against my body while her feet curled and the muscles of her calves strained, her knees buckled and her hips pushed hard against me, as if trying to grind herself and get that final push to keep the orgasm going for eternity, and finally...

Her breathing again; ragged gasps of air as she let herself relax, and her legs fell loose, spread open further as she lay limp atop me.

The wetness was insane now. But more than anything? The temptation...

It was too great.

I slipped myself out of my mom, letting my cock rest along her ass crack, rubbing over her panties. "Mom," I said, softly. She made a small murmur in response. "Let's do this for real."

Mom didn't say anything, didn't respond at all, but her legs spread further open, and the angle of her hips shifted. I held my mother tight by her thigh as she arched back, and let her ass press down onto my cock; I could see the light shine off of the juices that coated me, and I watched them mix with her spit when my cock met with her lips again. This time, there was nothing to separate us—when I pushed my cock upward, through, and finally into my mother's waiting cunt...

I couldn't even begin to understand how it felt. The slick softness, the warm pressure of my mom's pussy squeezed every inch of my cock. Her insides trembled around me. Her walls flexed as I entered. And her hips settled perfectly around the base of my shaft, until we were as one, and our thighs came together.

A low, rumbling groan was shared between my mother and myself. And then I heard my mom's sharp whimper, and I felt her hands close around mine.

Our fingers intertwined. Our mouths pressed together for a kiss, hot and wild, tongues meeting like lovers coming together after a long absence.

And suddenly everything... made sense. There wasn't the need to talk about the situation, the need for questions or answers or the careful, precise process of building up the perfect moment. It just... happened. My mom was in my lap, my hands holding hers and squeezing them tightly, kissing her deeply.

And her body was undulating over me.

My mom's breathing hitched. Her hips moved just enough so that I could feel what was happening; she wasn't rubbing herself against my dick, she wasn't pressing herself on me, no... I felt her pussy

squeeze. And then another tightness around my cock; wetter than anything before it. Her moaning rose through our kiss until our mouths parted, and the sound came out, louder. Louder. My cock started to flex, and her body was shivering with every movement over me, and when we looked into each other's eyes it all... stopped.

I held my mother. Tightly. We panted as we tried to get breath back, as we tried to make sense of what had just happened. But we didn't need to talk, because it was clear as day.

We'd both climaxed. I could see it in the glassiness of her green eyes, the way she blinked several times as her breathing settled. I could see it in how her fingers relaxed, the tips playing softly over my skin before they pulled away. I could feel it in how her thighs trembled. How her breathing became regular again. The gentle sigh that went through her lungs.

That made my body settle, made the tension fade and gave a sense of relaxation to everything. She blinked several times after a long pause. Then, after a moment, a faint smile curled on her mouth. "You want to move back to the house?"

I did. In truth, I hadn't really had any expectations for today, but the events of last night and today had me so turned around that I didn't really know what else to do. And there was some comfort in going home, even though I was 19. That apartment held nothing but loneliness and silence, and while my mom and I weren't exactly the perfect pair when it came to getting along, I missed the time we used to spend together.

"Can we go get something to eat first?" I asked.

She rolled her eyes and smiled. "Only you would think about your stomach after we..." Mom paused, realizing she'd nearly said it out loud. Her cheeks got red, but then she nodded. "Okay."

I could sense the hesitation. Like she expected me to change my mind. Well... too late now! We'd already done it... so I guess... it wouldn't be all that much different if we... "Mom," I whispered. "Let's do it."

"Oh, honey—" She gasped softly as we moved together again, and looked down at my dick pressing against her clit from between her thighs. "Ooh... this is just..." She couldn't complete the thought

because I slid my hips backward again, letting her feel my cock rubbing against her cunt once more. Mom gave a small groan and put her hand over her mouth to prevent herself from going further. "Honey—are... are you sure? Because—because even though I want it, I don't want to force you to—honey!"

I grabbed the sides of her thighs, leaned up into her and kissed my mom. I pulled her lips apart and tasted the heat of her tongue with my own and savored her flavor of strawberries and mint toothpaste. As our tongues twirled over each other and our kissing got faster and deeper, my hands took hold of my mom's underwear by the sides and started pulling downward, peeling them off of her slowly before breaking away to tug them lower, and then lifting one of her legs at a time to take them completely off. My thumbs pressed against the outside of my mom's thighs when she had to shift over me to let me remove them, and the wetness there was unbelievable.

There was something strange and exciting about not being able to see my mother's pussy or anything below that; the feeling of it being a forbidden thing was enough to make my cock harder than ever and push me to want nothing else but to shove it between those soft, juicy thighs. And that was exactly what I did.

She groaned when she felt me doing it, pulling back from the kiss to look down with me as she wrapped her thighs around my cock. She giggled, watching us, seeing me fuck her like this, teasingly, without going all the way into her cunt. I couldn't help but feel... a bit bad about it; she wanted me inside, and it would be cruel to continue making her think I would go all the way, instead of just continuing to pleasure her this way. But damn, it was too hard for me to try to think straight, when all I wanted was to feel more and more of my mom.

I reached out, took hold of either side of her blouse, and pushed it off, leaving her naked on top of me except for her bra.

But that needed to go. It came off faster than I expected; she reached back with one hand to unclip it, then moved forward, shifting her upper body so that the cups loosened their hold, and then she tossed it away.

"Mom," I whispered, "I want you..."

"I want you too," she breathed. She was kissing my face, my neck, my shoulders. She had her legs around me; with me sitting on the desk and her straddling me, it seemed to be enough to keep me inside.

Until I took hold of her legs and slowly shifted us, until her ass was on the desk now, and my cock pushed out slightly; mom whimpered and tried to squeeze it back into her but it wouldn't work, my cock was simply too hard now. I pushed again and I felt the pressure on her thighs build as her legs closed around me until suddenly her cunt slipped over it, the head fitting back into that warm, wet hole that was like heaven—inside, inside...

"Jared!" Mom screamed. "Jared," she whimpered softly.

Mom reached back for the computer monitor, pulled herself closer to it so her legs wouldn't dangle off of the end, and opened them up further as she lay on her back; from there, she looked at me, her eyes wide, her whole body vibrating, begging with everything but her words to be fucked.

I watched myself, my cock in my hand as I aimed it forward, my body moving to where she was, and pushing. Slowly, inch by inch, until my mother's body would accept me fully and then my hips were pressing against the backs of her thighs. We both stared down at the place we were connected, her cunt wrapped around me, taking all of it, my dick fully buried inside her.

We didn't dare move.

"Fuck your mom," Cara whined. Her voice trembled like every muscle inside of her. She sounded terrified; afraid that something would happen if I did... but I could see it in her gaze.

And slowly, carefully, with my hips grinding against hers with each movement, I started to move, pulling out until the base of my cock was stretching her lips open. The flesh was pink and wet, stretched, clinging, and every movement felt like my mother was trying desperately to take me back inside of her.

As for my mom, all she could do was let her head roll backward, her breasts rising and falling, and her fingers clawing into her desk as I moved between her legs, slow but getting faster with each

stroke. Mom's body was rocking to match each rhythm, one arm on my shoulder and one hand flat on the desk for leverage, to push herself forward each time I thrusted to fuck between her thighs, letting my hard cock rub her pussy lips and over her clit, making her shiver with excitement and lust.

She'd be lying to herself if she said she didn't want more, now.

And as I fucked her pussy, mom kept going, gasping, moaning, her breaths fast and her face flushed with heat as I kept rubbing over her and fucking her thighs. Mom pulled on me, dragging me off of the desk, holding herself up as we stumbled away from the desk and to the floor where I pushed her against the wall and pinned her to it—mom wrapped her arms around my neck, whimpering with every movement, until her knees buckled and she went down onto the floor, pulling me down with her.

She lay back, and held me against her, wrapping her legs around my back so that I couldn't escape; not that I wanted to escape! This was heaven; the slick, wet tightness of her body, the pulsing and clutching of her insides trying to squeeze around me, all of it was driving me crazy, all of it was sending me closer to orgasm than anything ever had before...

I reached for one of my mother's legs and lifted it upward, hooking it over my shoulder. The feeling of spreading her open sent my body into high alert; the position gave me a perfect view down between my mom's tits to where we were connected, where I was slipping through her, out of her. My cock glistened in the light of the office, wet with her, wet from me, the head a bright red, throbbing, ready, eager. She cried out when I started to fuck again, now faster, harder. My hips thrust forward and slapped against my mother, smacking loudly enough that any person even slightly nearby would have heard the sound of flesh.

And I didn't stop. Faster and faster, my mom kept moaning, louder and louder, her cries growing from whispers to yells that I only barely silenced by clamping my mouth over hers and kissing her with everything I could muster. And I didn't care anymore—if someone came running to check on the noises, if they heard us and saw me fucking my mother like this. I wanted every part of her

body. Every single inch. There wasn't any going back to how things were.

There was just what was right now, just mom's leg on my shoulder, her ankle resting beside my ear as I leaned over her and pumped my hips forward, each thrust pushing me closer and closer to cumming until...

A knock on the door made both of our heads turn. My mom looked mortified, while I looked more amused than anything. I kept pumping my cock inside of her and said, "Come in."

Mom gaped at me as the door opened, revealing George in his three-piece suit. His expression was a mix between embarrassment and interest, but he managed to push through, holding a clipboard as if that would provide some level of protection against the sight in front of him.

He adjusted his tie, which was an unusual gesture for someone who never wore ties. "Hey Jared," he said. Then looked over to my mother. "Hello... Cara... is it?"

I watched her squirm under the direct attention of our boss; she looked mortified and I'm sure if it weren't for me continuing to fuck her slowly while we spoke, she would have ran out of there, pulling down her skirt and running, screaming.

"Oh, hello, George," she stammered. "H-how are you doing?"

"Good," he replied, looking a little bit amused, and maybe a little bit turned on. He gave another glance to both of us before his eyes settled on mine. "Hey Jared, is it okay if I just... talk about a few things regarding your schedule?"

My fingers went tight on my mom's thighs, making her squirm even more, her eyes widening at George in alarm as I continued to slide my cock against her bare pussy lips, rubbing myself, teasing myself further by getting so close to where we'd been dying to put it.

The sound that came out of me was animal; primal, guttural, as I slid my cock deeper toward where it needed to be. George had started talking, asking something like, 'are you comfortable with' but when he heard what had come out of me, he looked surprised and stopped mid-sentence. My mother wasn't able to control herself any

longer. She reached down, held the head of my cock to her dripping entrance, and pressed it in.

"O-ohhhh, K-Jared—!" I watched her expression change, shift from desperation to relief, joy, euphoria. She made a sound like an explosion as she felt my cock push between her lips, inside of her, the walls squeezing hard around my shaft as she sank down and I thrusted up. In one perfect motion, we fit together, and then time seemed to stop for my mother. Her fingers curled over my shoulders as she pushed her breasts against my chest, burying her face into my neck as she shuddered against me, groaning low as if the sensation was unbearable. But then again, so did I, as I felt what it meant to be truly connected to another person; my mom's hips locked in place, and I didn't dare move, as I waited for her to take in every bit of my cock, each inch of length filling her out until she was shaking all over with the incredible feeling.

Finally, she relaxed, the muscles of her thighs relaxing slightly, her feet resting on my calves, and I could breathe again. We had become one. A deep sigh left us both as we looked into each others' faces, our hands exploring each other in ways we'd never really done before. Her fingertips skated up my abs, over my chest and into my hair as I smoothed them along her soft body, stroking her breasts and feeling my way down her thighs. We shared each other in this new way; I breathed deep and caught a hint of her shampoo in her hair as she buried her face deeper against my throat.

"I'm... inside you."

That caused my mom to gasp, her entire body trembling as though I was suddenly electrified, the walls of her pussy gripping my cock in a hot vise as she nodded against me.

I lifted my head, my breath tickling the curls at the back of her neck. "I can feel it," I told her, "I can feel your cunt..."

And her breathing quickened. She moved away from me, and put her foot down off the desk. A new feeling came over me, of the absence of her. My cock went free, the cold air hitting the head and making me flinch before...

My mom turned around, and bent over, presenting her ass. The fabric of her panties was stretched tight between the cheeks,

exposing half her bottom to me, where only a day ago I'd gotten a peek at during yoga. But now it was so much more enticing, seeing the shape of her ass through just a thin layer of fabric, knowing the secrets under the cotton that clung to her like a second skin, or even better...

Not knowing those secrets at all. Not really. What was under there was still unknown. Still forbidden. And that made my mouth dry, my body trembling as she slowly looked back over her shoulder at me and arched her back just a little more, enough to present her ass even higher into the air.

And god, my mother's ass was incredible. Firm, round, two plump bubbles that stuck out of her otherwise small frame. I remembered the way it had looked without yoga pants in the way; the dimples on her lower back were faint but present, and I reached down, pulling her underwear aside, looking at the perfect crevice of her ass crack and those lips again. God, they looked even better than ever; thick and wet and swollen pink between her pale thighs, which had a sheen of moisture from juices running down them.

Mom pushed herself up using my desk, her legs spreading wide as she pushed her pussy to my face. Her scent was incredible, making my mouth water and my mind go numb to anything else but tasting her. It was like I'd forgotten how good she tasted, though I hadn't. The memory came roaring back; my mom's cunt was something incredible; the way she felt against me was something magical. It was the sweetest thing I'd ever tasted.

I couldn't help myself; I pressed my face forward into that soft mound, kissing, licking, sucking her through her panties. My senses flooded with her; I could hear her breathing quicken as I kissed her, the subtle tremble of her thighs as I got closer, and then it was too much for her; she rose, moved off me and gave me a final glance before standing next to my desk, looking over the papers that spilled out from the files we'd been trying to put together earlier. I caught the slight turn of her head, looking at me, before she lifted her knee up onto the desk, and presented herself to me again, looking back over her shoulder.

"Jared..." I could barely hear her now. I got up fast, feeling unsteady and hot, my skin covered with sweat.

I stepped behind her, reaching for her underwear and taking them, slowly pulling them down, off of her legs, revealing my mother's beautiful bare pussy in its fullest, with the thick, round ass pushing out just a bit below. She stepped out of her underwear as I reached between her thighs, touching at her wetness, making her gasp. She didn't stop me this time as I positioned my cock at her entrance.

All that remained was to decide... which one to do. I thought about what Mom had done before, riding my cock like that, bouncing in a way that took me in and out. It had looked so good then. But it seemed wrong not to... fuck her. To truly plunge inside her, in and out, until we came, until I filled her insides...

Fuck—the idea of coming in her nearly made me burst right there.

This time, though, she couldn't take it; when I went to push the tip of my cock between her pussy lips and inside of her, she whimpered, turning away, walking past me. My eyes followed her ass as it swayed, the smoothness of her body as her hips rotated ever so slightly. "What—"

Mom reached up, going past everything, until she could lift her feet off the floor and wrap them around the handles of a tall cabinet filled with binders, folders, and all the other nonsense George used to try and prove himself a real lawyer when he really had less talent than both Mom and me combined. But she had something else in mind; as her weight came to hang on the door, it shifted out, until she turned and then...

Her knees locked, and her body pushed, and there it was—her foot locker was free, open, and we tumbled together. I fell next to her on the ground and landed on some papers—

The will. The will we had gone through the day before. She picked up a page, crumpled it and threw it aside, grabbed me, pulled me to her and pressed her mouth on mine for another deep, delicious kiss. Then she started to squirm out from under me until she was facing away and on all fours, ass sticking out, presenting

herself to me. Her head turned and she looked at me expectantly, biting her lower lip. "Baby?" she said softly, voice husky with need.

There was nothing more beautiful. There was nothing else for me, nothing else that mattered in that moment, nothing I would have traded this experience for.

I stood up as best I could. With mom on her hands and knees, my cock was right there, right there. Ready. Waiting. For it. My hands gripped her hips, while my mom continued to watch me, eyes wide with the wild thrill of being fucked, of doing this in public, of taking what could be one of her son's first times.

And then I pushed my cock between her thighs, feeling my mother's warmth take it easily, slickly. The pressure made her moan as she held herself tight. And it drove my dick so hard, so fast, so crazy, that I almost lost it. I squeezed mom's ass, hard, and took hold of it tight, and leaned my face down.

"Fuck," mom moaned. She closed her eyes, biting her lip hard as I moved inside her, gently at first. "Oh baby... that is..." She couldn't stop moaning, but the word that came out was: "Perfect."

The pleasure of feeling my mother's pussy was overwhelming. I hadn't even known I had this much self-control; I had to focus so intently on not letting loose everything I had. And then mom looked at me over her shoulder, giving me another one of those naughty looks, as she began to rub her ass all over my crotch, her hands still firmly planted on the desk, using it like I would use a bed while fucking a girl's ass—but now it was reversed. Mom was using the desk to control the pace, to drive her hips forward and backward and to push my cock wherever she wanted.

Her mouth fell open and she panted harder. Then, she looked over her shoulder again, but not at my face.

She watched as I fucked her thighs, my dick popping in and out from between her legs with each thrust, the sight hypnotizing both of us. Mom let out an excited gasp when she saw, for herself, my cock head poking at her pussy lips, threatening, but never going past that barrier of resistance, not yet...

As the orgasm loomed, I felt myself growing hungrier.

I held my mom by her hips, and took the power back. Mom squealed as I started to fuck faster than before, and faster than was probably wise; if we were to be caught, it might not have been more obvious, it might have been less obvious. The wet slaps, the smacks, my skin against hers... god damn, what must we have looked like?

Mom was gripping the desk with one hand and pulling me close with another, her mouth open and kissing all over my face, my neck, anywhere her mouth could touch, her breath was frantic, and the wetness between her thighs kept building, kept leaking from inside of her so that my thrusting between her legs grew harder, louder, stickier...

"Jared..." mom groaned. "Jared! Honey, honey!"

I closed my eyes and savored her voice as she moaned; "baby," the word filled my heart, she sounded like a teenager. "Fuck me—" She gasped again. Her hand pulled hard at my back. I thrusted, hard, so that my cock slipped further between her legs, rubbing against her pussy, her entrance, threatening to push past into her deepest place...

And as soon as we realized this, she whimpered. But didn't pull back. In fact, her head went lower, and her mouth took hold of my neck as she kissed it furiously. "Baby," she whispered. "Baby, please don't, please, we'll get in trouble..."

I knew it was risky but I couldn't help myself. I shifted us on the desk; when we fell over, she squeaked, and her body tensed before relaxing onto the floor, lying flat on her back. My hands reached for hers and held her against the floor, her arms above her head, and our foreheads pressed together.

This was an invitation too big for mom not to accept. She kissed me, passionately, pulling me closer to her, and spreading her legs wide in welcome.

We broke apart from the kiss long enough to look into each other's eyes. We smiled softly, and in a moment of understanding, I reached down, between us, and grabbed my cock. It throbbed in my hand. And then I was pressing it back into my mother.

The warmth was crazy, and I didn't know how the fuck this was real, but as I filled her again, there wasn't any more thought left in

us. We kissed, feverishly, and then the thrusting began.

Mom's moans were barely stifled by my lips. Mine weren't even contained by kissing her; we had to break, so that we could breathe, and I started to moan along with her. The feeling was indescribable. She was impossibly tight, gripping at me and sucking me deeper into her every time I'd pull out and thrust back in. Our breathing became erratic, and when Mom's hands finally let go of their hold on my body, it was because she needed them to steady herself against the desk while I started to pound harder, faster, into her pussy, unable to stop myself now that we'd both given into this taboo madness.

I pounded my mother furiously, my body burning and trembling with ecstasy and excitement, and all the while her body shook around me, and I felt myself about to give way and burst. At the last minute, I pulled out, and pushed my mom down, holding my cock. Her blouse was soaking wet with sweat, and so was her body beneath. In a flash, I undid the rest of her shirt, revealing the creamy undersides of her breasts and the beautiful line of her tummy and hips. I pushed her skirt up, grabbed my cock, and fucked myself along her pussy lips, over and over, rubbing and stroking myself and then cumming, spurting over and over against her mound, until it drizzled down onto her belly, leaving her painted, marked with me in this strange display of lust and madness.

All the while, she was gasping, breathless, looking at me with such an intense stare that I couldn't help but be afraid for what came after. And yet, even though it was only moments ago that I had been inside of her, we hadn't crossed that final line. We... we were safe. I had pulled out. There wouldn't be any danger for her—it was the one thing that we did right, amid all the wrongness.

"Mom," I gasped, breathless, leaning back on my haunches as she lay on the desk.

But Mom didn't answer me. All she could do was look up, wide eyed, her hands going down to feel at the mess on her mound. It was when she touched between her own legs, felt at herself, fingers running through her blonde curls, that she made an odd sound, something guttural and choked in the middle of her throat.

"Did you...?" She looked over to me. "You didn't... You're still..."

She saw my cock, slick and shiny. The thought hit me too.

I hadn't cum, I realized. In all of that.

"Mom," I breathed, holding her tighter still, pulling her against me so much that it hurt, her softness melting against my chest, my hands smoothing over her back, down to hold the backs of her hips, to cup her ass and feel every bit of its fullness through her panties, "are you okay?"

"Yeah." Mom's voice was low, trembling slightly, the sound of her breath going hard with excitement and desire.

I took her by the hip and helped her lay down on the desk again, looking at the clock nearby to see that the night had turned, and we really would be working late tonight. Except we were still together, joined. "Baby," mom muttered, taking hold of my hands as I hovered over her. She closed her eyes and shivered as I pressed myself over her, my mouth coming down to kiss her neck.

She let out a deep moan, relaxing for me and shivering under my mouth as I kissed her neck, kissed her shoulder, licked up along the line of her jaw until she whimpered with need. Her body was arching underneath mine; she reached down and gripped my ass tightly, her legs rising on either side of me so she could press me close and closer still, until her legs were locking over the backs of my thighs. I was trapped in her arms and legs, the heat of her skin scalding as our bare flesh meshed together.

I lowered my hips and pushed forward, just enough to remind mom of where my cock was. That we were united. That there was a place where the two of us met. My tongue went over her neck.

"Oh God," she whined, closing her eyes tight. "Oh God—"

Her hands went to her skirt, pulling it upward again so that she could pull my cock away from my stomach. I felt her fingers brushing along my cock, heard her breathing pick up. It wasn't long before she'd pulled herself away from me, and sat up fast. Her body shivered but her eyes were fixed on me and as she knelt down before the desk, her hands were already guiding me out from the hole in front of my office chair. Mom's mouth took me into her without a sound, and her fingers squeezed the base of my shaft tight as she began sucking, furiously.

I closed my eyes for only a second until they opened wide with surprise when I saw Mom standing up straight again, one hand behind my head, the other between her thighs.

Mom held me there, and turned around. With the desk before us, I could see everything; her shapely ass facing me, the wet of her pussy as it dripped clear, sweet juices. Mom let out a whimper as her hand pulled off of my cock and moved, her legs spreading wider so that she was bent, half-over the table and her ass spread wide open, the pink glistening. Then mom moved, her hips rotating a little bit and her arm reaching behind her to guide my cock toward her entrance.

It was so fucking crazy; my cock in position, so close to sliding into her cunt when she suddenly stopped herself. She turned her head, her expression twisted in pleasure and in regret.

"Baby... not inside," she whimpered, turning so that I could see most of the side of her face. "Pull out soon..."

Then mom turned away. And my hands came down on her hips.

And I thrusted upward, plunging into her from behind.

"Honey," she gasped. "Honey... this is bad..."

And she was right, because we couldn't be like this. She turned away from me and it was impossible for us to move together, I could see the curve of her ass, her cheeks tight, and her cunt spread wide and pink in front of me, while my cock throbbed desperately at seeing something so forbidden.

I could see that if mom had really been concerned about how this had gone too far, then she wouldn't have moved away from me. I saw how open she was; spreading herself just enough for me to see. I grabbed her by the hips and started to fuck her, again, just outside, my cock sliding between her legs and over her entrance, over and over again. Mom's breath would catch every time I thrusted, and when it was happening just where she wanted, when my cock pressed against her clit after a good few thrusts, she'd shudder and moan, the pitch going higher and higher the closer she came.

My thrusting sped up, until I realized my hands were tightening around her hips, the sound of wet pussy filling the room.

Then, Mom turned her head back, so that she was looking over her shoulder at me. "Please..."

"Please what, Cara?" I whispered, as if anyone else was there to hear it. As if anyone could interrupt now.

"Please don't pull out, Jared." And the look on mom's face was a strange sort of desperate pleasure; her eyes half-lidded, her mouth wet and her bottom lip trembling with anticipation. It was like she wasn't even realizing what she said; 'Don't pull out'. What would happen? But her legs shifted, spreading wider, pulling off of the desk. Mom looked back, her expression almost... lost in need.

In desire.

A woman possessed.

"Jared," she panted, shaking, and before I realized it, I'd stood up from the desk, grabbing her around her stomach to keep her up while I lifted one of my feet, and kicked, sweeping off the contents of the rest of the desk. It all went crashing to the ground and we fell onto the desk together, mom turning so she was lying down on her side, both legs in front of her with her ankles together while I lay beside her and started to fuck her thighs even faster now, the warmth incredible and the pressure unbearable and my cock absolutely throbbing—I couldn't stop myself from going harder, moving faster, my mind was burning, I had to get deeper, into her, somehow, it didn't matter if I wasn't...

Mom gave a sudden cry. A sharp gasp, then a moan that made me realize exactly what was going on: "Jared—" my name came out strangled and I looked down; my cock had gotten lost in our movements, and my tip had popped into her, not quite enough to penetrate her fully, but enough for her to feel how big I was. Her face was red, and she bit her lip when she realized it, looking at me with eyes wide.

Her body trembled, and I felt the pulsing, the heat of her core as it swelled and pressed, tight and wet and insane. "Don't," she pleaded. But she wasn't moving. She wasn't asking me to move away. Instead, mom turned to fully look at me, her gaze full of conflict and pleasure and lust and hesitation and hope...

All there at the same time.

She swallowed, licked her lips, looked down between her thighs as my cock continued to grind on her. Then, slowly, trembling, she lowered her legs, let my arms slip around her buttocks, pulling her toward me.

And when my cock went against her entrance again, she made an odd little sound in her throat, a whine, like she was pleading me to stop all of this before we got in too deep—or was trying to hold herself back, knowing how wrong this was. Her body leaned into mine, and her mouth brushed my ear, the hot puffs of her breath filling my head with steam. "Jared..." She said my name like she'd never said it before. Like it was something special, forbidden, intimate. Her mouth found my neck and kissed me.

And she pushed down.

I closed my eyes and felt her cunt swallowing me. I didn't know what to do, other than push my hand over her hair, my other arm circling her bottom to pull her close to me, to let her take me as deep as she could take me, which was...

Not very far.

But mom wanted it. That much was clear; her body arched, the curve of her pelvis pressed to mine, her legs closing around me and then tightening as she sank down further onto me, inch by inch, with each moment passing between us bringing in waves of heat, until my dick was fully inside my mother. And when I looked at her face, I knew, even as her eyes widened. I knew how this would end. I leaned to her mouth and kissed her. She sucked hard on my tongue, and then gasped and whimpered as her mouth moved to my cheek, to my ear. She started to whisper, hot and frantic: "We're alone... Jared... oh... god..."

She kissed me hard. I kissed her back, the heat between us unbearable. Then I realized that we'd fucked right through the condom, without thinking about it. And somehow, that wasn't an issue. It made my cock pulse inside of her; I grabbed hold of my mother and pulled her closer to me. Her legs trembled, shook. She whimpered louder into my mouth. "Jared, baby, yes—"

"Mom," I murmured. My hands slipped under her thighs. She gasped and looked down, seeing what I intended to do—but her

gaze went past that. Her eyes grew wide as she realized the sight we made together. I couldn't see it from our position, but I had a good idea about it; we were both mostly dressed. I didn't even take my clothes off. There were only a couple of buttons unclasped at her top, revealing some of my mother's perfect cleavage; otherwise we were mostly clothed. Just the barest bits of skin showing. I held onto my mom's thighs, watching her watch us with wide-eyed, feverish excitement. I lifted my mother up, gently, enough to feel her juices clinging to the head of my dick, and then I let go, gently, carefully...

Letting her drop and impale herself on my cock.

Mom groaned, the breath knocked out of her; it must have felt like being punched in the gut, having all of my cock thrust so deep into her like that. Her mouth fell open, and as soon as her eyes met mine again, they were wide, crazed with shock and the thrill of what she was doing.

We'd been fucking for a long time now—I know this is long, I apologize. But really, the details matter, especially if it's your mother we're talking about. So bear with me, it will make sense in due time. Anyway.

We were fucking for a long while now, enough for my body to remember the motions of sex, but there was a difference to this one. We didn't need any foreplay, not really—I don't even think that my mom had come from it. All the teasing had already happened the night before, the night before that. This was... new. And yet old. This was something we'd done many times together before. In fact, most of the time, a lot of people probably did do this without realizing it; they went into bed with their partners and spent hours simply moving in tandem, finding each other's bodies and pleasuring themselves through one another. The thing that made this time special wasn't the sex. It was that it was the first time I'd realized how intimate and powerful sex could be. How connected my mom and I really were.

And how much closer that bond would become when she took me fully.

Because I knew, looking down at her as she lay on her desk, legs spread to allow me entrance between them, her panties pulled to

the side. Her gaze was locked on me; she wasn't watching what I was doing, because she was too lost in me.

This whole time, since we started, she hadn't moved an inch. She'd let me be fully in charge of thrusting myself against her, and though it felt amazing to fuck between her legs, fuck my mom's thighs, that's all it was. The way that mom had begged me to fuck her raw was proof enough that she wanted me inside of her.

The question of how I should go about this was obvious; we'd already gone this far, why stop? If my mom wanted me... I'd give her everything she ever desired.

As if reading my mind, Cara smiled, and her mouth opened, as if she had a whole lot to say about this. Or perhaps, she just needed air after this crazy thing we were doing—after all, how could we explain to anybody that this was simply us, being siblings? This was something entirely else; I'd never heard of brothers fucking their sisters' thighs like this. This was a unique experience that belonged only to us.

"Honey," mom breathed. She bit down on her lower lip as if trying to hold herself from speaking. But when the pleasure got too overwhelming for her to hold on, she let out a moan and closed her eyes. "Fuck me, honey. Fuck me."

She repeated it as if in prayer or desperate need. My cock twitched and pushed deeper, faster, harder, and then she started to bounce slightly, meeting each thrust with an arching push of her body, moaning louder, her hand lifting again, her arm coming across my shoulders and then behind my neck, holding my face in the crook of her shoulder. She breathed deep into my ear and whimpered:

"Baby, baby, fuck me! Jared, oh honey, fuck me—"

It was the best music I ever heard; my mother saying those dirty words with that breathy whine, begging to be fucked by me. And though she was still fully clothed—the only articles missing being her shoes and bra—there was nothing I wanted more than to fuck her, fuck her so hard that it would blow her mind, fuck her so hard that her panties would get soaked from my cum leaking out of her tight slit...

Mom moaned long and hard as she climaxed. I heard it before she even made a sound; felt the shiver that went through her, felt the way her pussy throbbed around my member. I wasn't expecting her to say anything, didn't expect a moan or a scream—I just held my mom close while she rocked over me, her eyes shut and her mouth open as she lost herself in bliss.

She stayed like that for an incredible amount of time. Her body rocked back and forth as if in waves, and after one huge, long gasp, when I saw tears leaking down her face as she shuddered...

I couldn't take it any longer.

"Mom," I panted, "Mom... can we change position?"

Mom, who had been recovering with her head resting against mine, nodded. Slowly, carefully, she pushed off of me. With me sliding out from between her legs, leaving them spread wide and her pussy exposed, the white of her panties pulled aside. She didn't fix herself as she hopped down, turned, and set herself against her desk, bending slightly over it and looking at me with dark, desperate eyes.

"Now," she breathed.

That was all I needed. I jumped off the desk, and grabbed her by her thighs, lifted them, and positioned her so her ass hung off of the edge. My cock fell against her entrance; the slit wet, ready for me, and her legs wrapping around my hips and urging me forward, pulling me deeper.

My breath came heavy and labored through my teeth; all other thoughts in my head disappeared as the sensation of fucking my mom overtook me. Her pussy was tight and hot around my cock, so wet, clenching around me and milking me with every thrust. I pounded harder into her, chasing that high of an orgasm that loomed just out of reach, knowing it was inevitable but never wanting it to end. My hands slid around her, feeling the smooth skin of her stomach before descending lower until my fingers were tracing small circles over her clit, sending waves of pleasure through her body. She shuddered at my touch, her back arching as she let out a strangled cry.

My body moved on its own, driving into her with greater force than I ever had with any girl I had ever fucked. There was a power within me that came from knowing I was claiming what was mine and that nothing would ever stop us from being together. It filled me up with something indescribable, something strong and dangerous and primal. My balls slapped against her with each deep thrust, and I could feel her cunt quivering around me, like she was ready to cum any moment. I wanted her to feel this pleasure too, not just myself. I didn't want there to be any doubt that giving herself to me was exactly what she needed. That her body wanted this from the start and now that I had given it to her she could finally admit to herself just how much she needed it. How much she needed me.

The only thought on my mind right now was making this last for as long as possible, because when it ended I wasn't sure if we'd be allowed to experience this ever again. We didn't know how far dad would take this and the consequences could be dire for both of us. But I couldn't hold back anymore; my balls felt tighter than they ever had and I could feel it deep within my core that an orgasm was coming soon. Mom must have sensed it too because I could see her fingers curl tighter into the bedspread and hear her whimpers increase in frequency as my cock thrust faster and harder inside of her. All that mattered in that moment was giving her as much as she needed, and taking everything I could for myself.

The orgasm started from the pit of my stomach and radiated outward as my hips shuddered involuntarily, pumping semen into the depths of her womb. My arms wrapped around her tightly, holding her close enough that there was barely room for my hand to find her clit again. I held her tight against my chest as my breathing slowed, my heartrate returned to normal. For a brief moment it was just the two of us and nothing else mattered. My finger flicked quickly over her clit, causing her to writhe beneath me but unable to do anything more than groan and tremble. It didn't take long until she joined me, gasping my name as she came along with me in our orgasms together. I felt like in that moment, the world was truly ours, and nothing would ever come between us again.

I had done it.

And even if...

Well, no, we had fucking done it.

This was happening.

Mom and I lay beside one another, the cool sheets caressing our flesh. Mom's leg lifted, her knees bent, drawing up towards her chest. Her arms laid over her breasts. Our clothes were scattered across the floor.

"What do you mean," I asked her, "'like the good old days'?"

"You know when they still made those family-friendly TV shows?" Mom murmured. "That kind of shit."

I shook my head, but my hand reached out and held her shoulder. "Tell me more."

Mom sighed and closed her eyes. "Dad wasn't really interested in anything that wasn't just a fuck."

I squeezed her shoulder, wanting to make her feel safe. She gave me an embarrassed smile. "Don't worry," she said. "I never fucked him sober. So it doesn't count. You know, back in our prime? He only loved the chase. But I needed him after that. After we split."

She took another swig of the wine. "Maybe he wanted me too. It wasn't something you'd ever tell anyone."

This is probably where most men would turn away and run to the nearest mental ward, but I knew it was all right. Everything was. That everything would be.

Mom was giving me what no woman in the world ever had.

Herself. All of her. Forever. And even if other men would try, they'd fail, because this kind of love was the one kind of love that came from only here and now and us. I didn't need to look outside of that to feel whole or right. It just was.

"What is this?" I asked aloud.

"Fate?" she said through short, excited breaths. "Destiny? I—I don't know..."

My hands slipped under her stomach as my shaft pushed deep inside her. She groaned and let her weight settle onto my hands.

I closed my eyes. "You've made me... the happiest man alive."

Mom moaned again, a wordless sound, affirmative, pleading, desperate. The scent of our lust filled my nose; the headiness of our

passion, the sweaty perfume of sex. I could hear the lewd squelches, feel them too, as I fucked her; my hands were holding her lower belly up, my palms pressing against her and feeling her womb as it yielded to me. My cock pushed forward, driving deep into her hot, willing insides.

Mom rocked back into me, moaning, her head down and turned into the covers of the bed, where I had slept the night before, where she had dreamed of being fucked by her husband, fucked hard, loved like a woman deserves. I gave it to her like that; the wet splashes came with every stroke. The squirting noises of my thrusts, my strokes. My cock pounded its way inside of her and I watched her ass ripple every time I buried myself in her snatch.

The slaps were wet and harsh as they echoed around us. Our grunts were louder; guttural, carnal. The wet sucking sounds of our sex only grew in pitch and frequency, joining the cacophony, rising until there was no difference between them all except volume. Then even that became irrelevant when Mom's voice rose above it all:

"Oh, yes! Oh fuck me... please, Jared—please fuck me...!"

My hands clamped onto her harder and I did just that; hammering away, losing any semblance of control that I had over my desires, losing myself in this raw act, fucking my mother senseless. Mom writhed and shook on the bedspread as she tried to get used to what I was giving her; every thrust was like a shock of light through both of our bodies and I was quickly discovering the limitations of my sexual capabilities—when I got close to cumming, the way her inner walls trembled and quivered around me were enough to throw off the rhythm of my thrusts and set my toes curling. Her voice became more strained, a whine cutting off her cries. But even so, the tension that ran down her spine was almost electric; the way her legs twitched and she shuddered, as I buried myself inside of her, deeper, making sure every time that her knees knocked together and her back arched; making sure I was fully hilted into her pussy. And I loved seeing the shape of my cock pushing into her from behind, and watching that gorgeous ass jiggle with every stroke.

When mom came for the first time that night, I felt my entire body tense up with her; it started from her core, that delicious little cunt she'd kept hidden from me, which throbbed with tightness as if her muscles themselves had grabbed onto my prick and tried to milk it. Mom cried out wordlessly, her head turning as she tried to look at me. The way her face tensed, mouth half-open and tongue hanging loose over her lower lip, the sweat on her forehead and cheeks...

It was all worth it.

She didn't think so at the time. It must've felt amazing for her, but to have experienced an orgasm without being in control of her body, that was something terrifying that I knew I would never be able to understand. Mom's legs buckled, but I held onto her, even though I wasn't far behind: while I continued to pump away at her, drawing that wet sound out of her, her pleasure sent shudders of ecstasy through my system and left me panting just as much. Her cries were music and magic. I was lost inside of her, lost in a haze of bliss that made every sensation ten times stronger than I ever could have believed. My hips shook uncontrollably as she came; I didn't stop for a second, even when mom fell on the bed, unable to keep herself propped up, even when her knees slid against the mattress and gave out—I had her, and I took her right down.

"Jared—" she pleaded with me. She gasped in air, the climax overwhelming her so totally that it was like she could barely speak at all. I saw stars; I thought for sure this was heaven, or some dream state. Mom's hand went behind her and caught my wrist; weakly, but desperately, she begged, "Please, honey, no more... please—"

That was enough. Just the words were enough; but her face—the way her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining, mouth half-open as she struggled to breathe—that was just more, extra spice sprinkled over her deliciousness. I growled. "No..." I insisted, pressing my thumb hard into her skin. "You're mine... don't you fucking know that already?" My cock was pounding with my heartbeat, which was like thunder; a pulse inside of her that sent shivers of lightning pleasure into both of us as I continued to grind myself inside of her, making a final push before I blew myself.

Mom seemed to feel it, feel the danger we were putting ourselves in, and suddenly, through her orgasm, she found the strength to lift herself and fight me, pulling away, trying to get off of me before—

Too late.

My cock fired and my cum squirted hot into mom, who gave a gasp of dismay at the sensation; but also relief; and a little bit of wonder as I held onto her ass and ground against her, emptying myself inside of her. The orgasm came fast and furious and hard, so hard that my cock was barely able to stay in place even though I wanted it to be inside of her completely. The wet squelch between her thighs and the sound of skin-to-skin contact was like an alarm bell inside my mind. Oh god, this is amazing—this feels so good—

Cara moaned as she climaxed, the feeling of my load shooting up deep inside her overwhelming the both of us, and my mother's fingers curled on the bedspread while she rode the orgasm out, crying softly and weakly calling my name. My cock throbbed with my heartbeat, each spurt sending a thick shudder up my body and down my legs, making my toes curl and my knees weak. With each spasm, my mom's body jumped, her mouth opening to breathe raggedly, moaning softly through her nose while her whole face flushed. It didn't take long for the last squirts of cum to dribble out of me and join what had already been ejaculated inside of mom.

I could feel the heat of it. Inside her.

Her entrance tightened and closed around the tip of my cock; and that alone nearly made me ready to blow again. This was unreal. Incredible.

My balls were drained dry. I slipped my cock from her, feeling it stick to the insides of her thighs; and I realized mom's juices were running down both of our legs and pooling on the bed. Mom wasn't kidding—she didn't just want to fuck me. She wanted me to give everything to her. And she had already given everything to me, including herself. I groaned at the feeling of our bodies separated and together like this.

I slid my cock up her slit, rubbing myself against her pussy and covering my length with her fluids, and even with the intense desire

that we both felt for each other there was still some resistance inside my mom to what I was about to do.

She trembled, her ass moving and twisting, and though she kept looking at me she looked away often, like she couldn't accept what I was doing, what I was preparing to do. Her fingers were curled tight and gripping the blanket that lay in front of her. "Honey," she moaned out weakly. "You're making a big mistake, let's—let's just calm down and—"

"And what?" I interrupted. I took myself in hand and slid myself inside of her. She cried out, surprised, but even as she jerked forward, I pulled her back. My cock sank itself an inch or two inside of her, spreading her, filling her more than her husband or lovers ever could. This wasn't fucking, this wasn't raw sex. This was something deeper. It was incest. I was violating the boundaries that had held our family together—my mother knew this—and even as she tried to resist my intrusion she only halfheartedly attempted to flee, her body moving in a manner that suggested a want to get free of me, but also a want to feel me slide further and further into her, deeper and deeper. I watched as her cunt tightened, resisting me while drawing me in at the same time, squeezing around my length while it struggled to accommodate its intruder. My cock was slowly pushed inside of her, entering mom completely. "Don't you feel that, mom? The way your pussy is wrapped around me so tightly?" I gave a short thrust inside of her and groaned. "It doesn't want me to pull out. And neither do you."

My hands gripped her hips tightly and I could hear my mother's breaths getting heavier as she surrendered, and gave in, letting me own her. It didn't take much time or effort for me to start a steady pace, rocking my cock in and out of her from behind, feeling the heat and friction of my bare skin rubbing against hers while giving little shocks of pleasure up through my cock, causing it to spasm in mom's pussy while tightening my balls. It made me want to fuck her even harder, which is exactly what I did.

"Fuck!" She swore, looking down in disbelief as my cock penetrated her from behind. I could tell she was still in denial about how much she wanted this—to be fucked by her son. It made me

smile; she might've been a lot more sexually experienced than me, but the simple fact of her being a married woman who never cheated made it difficult for her to admit this is what she wanted. But soon enough she'd break. Soon enough my cock would have her convinced that all she wanted was to be filled by me. I was just one thrust away, maybe two...

Mom started thrusting back into me. At first I thought I imagined it, but no... her body really was reacting without her conscious control, meeting my thrusts halfway. It made each pump even better than before; like we were fucking perfectly together, in synch with each other's bodies. This continued for several minutes, until her hips fell completely back against mine and stopped moving. I continued to pound into her, making sure to hit every spot in her pussy that made her cry out. Mom's hands clutched tightly at the sheets on either side of her as though bracing herself for an imminent orgasm. "Oh, god!" She screamed, voice strained with pleasure. "Yes!"

And then her pussy tightened around me, sucking me deep inside and releasing, milking my cock furiously. Her legs stiffened and shook, toes pointed to the ground while she squirted over my cock.

I didn't stop fucking her through her entire orgasm. As she trembled in ecstasy underneath me, moaning incoherently, I leaned forward and put my mouth next to her ear. "Do you believe me yet?" I asked between grunts. "Are you convinced?" My own orgasm threatened to overtake me, but I wasn't done with her yet...

As my mom panted for air, trying desperately to recover from such powerful pleasure, she turned back over her shoulder to look me directly in the eyes. She smiled and nodded, her cheeks bright red and covered with sweat, droplets cascading down the curves of her face and over the freckles there. "You'll need to convince me more often."

With that, I gave myself permission. My balls clenched, a thick wad of cum flew up from the base of my cock, along its length, until it shot deep inside my mom, coating her cervix with an inch of cream. Again and again, another jet followed, and then another,

until there was so much cum filling her cunt that when I pulled back out, all I saw was white.

That night, in our hotel room, we made love again. And again. I took my time to memorize the shape of her body, the sound of her moans and cries as we fucked in every position, every way. We did it for hours, only stopping to eat a bite or drink some water. The sun set outside the window while we fucked, and eventually we stopped, exhausted, and slept together.

I fell asleep naked, cradling her. I could feel her bare ass against me, the soft curves of her back pressed up against my front. Our legs entwined under the covers and I felt content. So fucking content.

Because I knew my mom was mine.

All I needed to do now was finish moving in with her. And then convince her to leave dad. For good.

The next morning, I woke up slowly. My mother wasn't next to me anymore. There was no warmth at my side.

I didn't even know where I was. Or what happened. What kind of dream was I having? The whole room looked so unfamiliar. Why the hell was I sleeping alone, anyways?

"Mornin', sunshine."

A cup of coffee floated into view. Then an arm. A woman's arm.

I blinked. Sitting on the edge of the bed. "Mom?"

"Here, have this," she said. She reached across me, holding out a mug of freshly brewed joe. I took it numbly from her and smelled the bittersweet aroma. It helped wake me up and chase away the lingering thoughts of that... that dream. I'd been having more and more lately. About my mom. And sex with her.

It wasn't even like I was particularly horny or anything. Maybe just... frustrated. But this was the first time one had come to me while I was awake. The first time I'd imagined doing those things with her.

And, God, did it feel good.

"Are you alright?" Mom asked again as she sat down beside me and rubbed my back. I nodded. My cock was so hard and aching

and... fuck! I should be ashamed of thinking those things about my mom... but...

No, stop. That wasn't how this relationship should be. She didn't raise me to think of her as some piece of ass... though she could be. No. Shit. It was just one damn dream. One very, very sexy dream where I'd cum deep in—fuck! This is what I'm talking about. Stop being perverted!

She was my mom. The mother who took care of me since I was a little boy, when I skinned my knees or got hurt by the other kids. Who bandaged me up and fed me food and took me to all my recitals, all of the plays I acted in throughout my elementary years, middle school... high school. Who helped me get my grades up and encouraged me when I decided to major in theatre. All through those times, she was there. Cheering me on and supporting me. And now I wanted her in every way? Was that fair to her? Could I... even want someone so much?

I didn't know. All I did know was that there was something happening. Some switch flipped inside my head and made me want her. Need her. Made me desire her touch, crave it, and not know how else to get it except to push for what I wanted. To push at the edges until they fell away. Because it made me hot. It made me throb. The idea that my mother would give herself over to me completely... yeah. My cock was stiff just thinking about it. My hands were trembling as they rested on her hips. Ready to take her and fuck her and use her until she was full with me.

Mom stirred on the bed, twisting just slightly to look back at me. She must have felt the hardness of my cock brush against her thigh. I looked down at her, wanting to make sure that this was still okay. Her expression said yes, but her voice wasn't enough anymore; I needed to see confirmation in her eyes too. "Are you alright?" I asked softly. "I need to be sure—"

She smiled gently at that, and her hand went back, finding my wrist, her fingers curled around mine. My throat constricted suddenly as we held hands, our eyes met, and I thought again that maybe something had clicked inside me. Mom pulled my hand to

hers and kissed my palm, and it shook me so deeply that I almost came.

But I restrained myself.

And when I guided the tip of my cock between her thighs, she gasped softly into my skin, her mouth parted.

And then... nothing stopped me.

The slick of her sex yielded to the thick head of my cock, and slowly I sank my way inside of her. It was... I don't even think any dream, no fantasy or porn ever prepared me for this moment. There wasn't anything comparable, because the sensation that went through me and through her as I penetrated her from behind, as I began to fuck my own mother, there is nothing like it. Not love. Not lust. Nothing but something dark, deep, raw and hungry, some instinct that drove both of us forward without thinking of the consequences.

All I thought about was getting my dick deeper inside of her. Feeling that hot tightness give way to me. Hearing her moan louder as I pushed inch after inch of my meat into her until finally the base of my cock nestled at her lips and my whole member was stuffed inside her. It was like a drug, it was overwhelming everything else.

Mom was gripping the bed with an iron grasp, gasping for air and panting while I was inside of her, her voice shaking in the silence of the room, the two of us alone and yet, completely consumed by each other.

I fucked her.

At first I tried to go easy, to be gentle, but the very sensation of being inside her, it drove me beyond reason. The fact that my hands could curl around her hips and pull her back onto me as I thrust deep, deeper than I thought I'd ever feel, until our skin met. Every little noise from her mouth fueled the need, like it was music only we shared together, and all I wanted was more of that. More of mom, my dick filling her over and over again. It wasn't fucking. We were making love.

"Jared—" mom groaned out. Her pussy was so slick, her folds hot and tight and clinging to my shaft, milking it every time it went all the way inside of her. She shifted suddenly, almost pushing me off,

and looked back at me over her shoulder. Her breasts bounced and swung with each buck of our hips. "—please don't stop."

There was no chance I could have stopped if I wanted to. No chance at all. I moved forward and over her, grabbing her tits, pulling her down towards me on my cock. Mom cried out, moaning loudly as she took me all the way, right up until her ass pressed against my crotch. We stayed there for a moment. And then mom rocked back and forth, grinding her rear into me. My fingers groped her nipples and I bit my lip from how good it felt to have her under me. I squeezed her tits and pulled them toward me as I rolled backwards on the bed, taking my mother with me.

Mom fell onto me and yelped at how fast my dick sunk all the way inside of her. Her ass bounced and settled down against me. My hands grabbed her rear firmly, making her gasp and wriggle against me, before they roamed upwards to her ribs, feeling their shape as her chest swelled for air. Then I reached around further still and cupped her breasts again, holding her hard-nippled orbs tight against my palms. My thrusts became more violent.

Cara lifted herself and steadied herself with her arms outstretched against my legs behind her. She let me feel all of her weight as she began to buck wildly in reverse cowgirl. Our bodies slapped together roughly. The room was filled with sounds of love-making. My mother's wetness splashed over my sack. Our breathing grew ragged. It was too good to hold anything back now. Mom was going nuts on my cock, like no other time before. Like her life depended on it.

As if she knew.

My balls tightened as she bounced faster and harder against me. I squeezed her tits so tightly that Cara squeaked in protest and pleasure. But still I came, bucking underneath her and emptying out my seed straight into my mom's womb. I held onto her breasts for dear life, my orgasm more intense than any before with any of the girls I had been with. I grunted, spasming as I fired off more and more cum into Cara, holding onto her breasts while I did. Finally, we slowed to a stop. Sweat trickled down the valley between her

breasts. When Cara turned to look back at me her face was beet red and full of excitement.

I looked down to see our juices running down the sides of my mom's thighs. I moved over, grabbed tissues from the side table, and began to clean her up. "I guess we should just get condoms," I said with a smile. Mom was still trying to catch her breath when she started laughing, falling back on the pillows with her blonde hair framing her face. She reached a hand up and stroked my cheek softly as I finished wiping away all evidence of our sin.

"I don't know what I think about all this..." mom trailed off with a sigh.

I nodded, dropping my chin to look at the floor.

"...but I can say without a doubt, I've never felt so close to anyone before. You make me feel... loved. And valued. And appreciated. I want that to be real. And if I start telling myself it is... maybe one day I'll actually believe it."

I put down the tissues, climbed up my mother's body, and kissed her deeply, holding her by the shoulders, my thumbs tracing circles over them while our lips touched, our tongues danced together and our hearts raced. I took a deep breath. My heart continued to beat fast, but for a moment, the rush in my head went quiet. The world was steady again. The kiss had slowed things down, and made it so that what happened next seemed inevitable: right. We held onto each other for dear life, both of us terrified.

But as I pressed against her again, she didn't fight or struggle. There was no reason left for hesitation. She moved to my rhythm, moving like we were one person, sharing the same body, the same desires, even the same love. It was just me and her. Everything else melted away. All that was left were me and her. My fingers tightened on her shoulder, pressing into the skin and making sure she wasn't going anywhere.

My hand roamed down her back, sliding over her shoulder blade, down the channel of her spine, feeling the softness and taut firmness of her muscle. Then I went further still, to the small of her back, to the curve of her butt, her ass smooth and yielding. "I'm ready, sweetie," Cara whispered. Her eyes were hazy with pleasure.

I pulled out my cock from between her legs—it glistened with her arousal—and I felt her thighs open. She wanted me inside her, where I belonged.

This time, I knew it would fit.

I pressed the tip to her folds, feeling the slick tight heat of her entrance press and hug and suck me inside of her. As my cock slid through the outer ring, the sensation sent jolts of raw pleasure up my hips and straight to my brain. My mother's body trembled against mine as I began to slide into her, her tightness squeezing down on me like a wet glove. Cara moaned loudly, pushing her face down into the covers as she did so, trying to stifle herself, but failing. Every thrust brought me deeper inside her; every motion forced the resistance away, as my mother opened up around me, welcoming me in. Her cunt was slippery and hot, pulsing around my cock with a silky grip that made every push deeper feel like pure ecstasy.

"Ohhhhhhh," mom groaned, her voice muffled by the sheets, as her pussy clenched down tightly around my length, hugging every inch of my cock. With the last remaining shreds of my willpower, I pulled back slowly, until just the tip remained inside of her.

Then, gripping her hips possessively, I slid home with a single swift movement, sinking completely inside my mother until my balls smacked gently against her skin. My chest hit her back, my weight pushing her forward into the mattress as she let out a gasp of pleasure. Then she went silent, as if unsure how to react.

My cock throbbed within her, sending shivers of heat and desire through both our bodies. I knew what she wanted. I knew what I wanted. The thought of filling her so deeply, of emptying every drop of my cum into the deepest recesses of her womb, burned through my consciousness with a primal intensity that took over everything else. "Fuck," I whispered softly into Cara's ear as I started pumping my hips back and forth with quick motions, forcing myself deep each time. "I want you so badly."

My mother was lost in a world of pure bliss as she let me fill her again and again with my thick shaft. She was gasping softly now, her breasts rubbing up and down against the soft bedsheets with

every thrust. I was amazed at how willingly she took every inch of my meat, spreading her legs further apart as I slammed deeper inside of her tight pussy with ever stronger strokes. Her wetness was incredible—each penetration forced it outward, leaking onto my balls and spilling onto her thighs.

"Jared!" She squealed when my hand came crashing down across her firm round ass with a loud slap. I squeezed the soft red skin where I'd spanked her, hard enough to make Cara moan. "Jared! Please! No more!" But of course she didn't mean it. She didn't dare deny me what I wanted, or defy the pleasure coursing through her veins, or challenge the animal instinct driving every one of my movements. My hand crashed down on her cheek again and sent a shiver down her body that made her toes curl in delight. "Jared!" She repeated breathlessly as she pushed back against my cock again and again.

"It's not enough..." I groaned behind her, my hand leaving an angry red mark on her buttcheek. I had been fucking her harder and harder for nearly two minutes and my mom still hadn't managed to cum even once, despite the fact that we both desperately wanted it. I looked down between her legs at the source of our problem, realizing just how tightly wound up she actually was. Every time I drove my throbbing member back into her hungry lips it spread them wide only to pull them closed after my retreat. It was so obvious now: her virgin cunt needed a few final adjustments before it would give us both what we craved.

Without warning, I grabbed Cara's leg by the thigh and forced it upward until she was squatting atop the bed. "Ahh!" She gasped as she was forced into such a compromising position, looking back at me with alarm. "What are you—Jared, please!" But this was one plea that I simply could not afford to grant, no matter how much it excited her. I kept a firm grip on the back of her knee and thrust back into her hot wet sex with new force. My mom's eyes rolled back in their sockets and her mouth opened wide in an incoherent scream. She didn't need to ask me why I was being so rough, and I certainly couldn't explain if I wanted to. This was not about teaching her a lesson, or punishing her for keeping me from cumming for so

long. This was something more than that... deeper than that. I finally had what I'd waited years to claim: my mother, naked and vulnerable and eager to give herself to me. Now, after all the times I saw her prancing around the house in slinky evening dresses for dad, there I was behind her like the dog she raised me to be, sniffing her pussy and licking at her walls in the hopes of getting a taste of what she held onto for so many years. She wanted me too. She must've seen how badly I yearned for her as she flaunted her womanhood night after night when I went to bed hard and frustrated. Well, now I'm sure she could hear just how frustrated I had become...

SMACK! Her ass jiggled enticingly with the latest slap while I continued to pound into her from behind.

"FUCK! GOD! FUCK, YOU'RE HURTING ME!" I heard mom cry, but those weren't tears in her voice. It was raw ecstasy that I was fucking out of her. "GIVE IT TO ME HARDER! TREAT YOUR MOMMY LIKE THE WHORE SHE IS!"

I pulled her even harder as her knees buckled and she sunk completely down to the base of my cock. "I WILL, BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE! MY FILTHY DIRTY MOMMY-WHORE!"

She let loose a wild scream that threatened to alert the whole goddamn hotel to our depravity. The headboard of the bed slammed against the wall loudly, like gunshots. Her pussy was clamping down fiercely on me and I knew her orgasm was imminent. I reached underneath her and tweaked both nipples at the same time, hard enough to make her squeal and throw her head back in shock.

Mom fell forward. She caught herself on her arms, pushing up and panting harshly. "Oh—oh! Oh, I'm cumming!" she gasped out in delight. She began humping her hips back into me wildly as she chased her climax.

"Cum for me," I instructed firmly as I thrust into her.

My cock rammed against her cervix repeatedly until I could feel her muscles contract, and the sudden squirt of warmth on my member meant she had finally given in. As she let go and accepted our situation, the dams burst, soaking us both and making an absolute mess of her.

And still, as my cock entered my own mother and stretched out her tight walls, she continued to orgasm over and over again, each one lasting longer than the last, and only interrupted with brief periods where she would just shiver, twitch and moan into the bed. The whole while she begged me for more. "Please Jared! Give me more! It feels so good baby. You make me so happy!"

Mom cried out in pleasure, but she was so loud that I almost wondered if I should be worried that people outside might hear her. Still, at this point I really didn't care anymore. If someone did happen to come in, I'd just give them a show. We were getting what we both wanted. Why worry about anything else?

Mom moaned softly as she reached up and grabbed the sheets, twisting them tightly in her fist while the other hand clawed at the bedding.

She rocked back and forth, forcing her slit deeper and deeper around my rigid cock until her body shook uncontrollably and she came again. The walls of her cunt clenched down hard and began rippling like mad, trying to coax me into filling her with everything I had. And I very nearly let it happen too. The idea of flooding my own mother's pussy with my seed was almost too much to bear. It seemed so wrong... yet still so incredibly erotic.

"Jared, baby!" She screamed into the mattress. "God yes! Fuck your mommy's hot little pussy with your big dick, baby!"

When I didn't respond immediately, Mom turned her head and looked over her shoulder. Her face flushed, sweat ran from her hairline and down her reddened cheeks. "Fuck me harder baby! Do it, Jared. Fill me up."

Her words were what pushed me over the edge and triggered my explosion.

"Shit, mom," I groaned as I rammed deep into her depths. I could feel that I had struck the entrance to her womb and I held myself there for several seconds until finally the dam broke. The pleasure coursed through me like white hot electricity as my balls unloaded their contents deep inside of my mom. It just kept coming, like a fucking fire hose, rope after rope of cum flooding her womb.

Finally, with the last drop delivered, I gave mom a series of final thrusts.

My orgasm subsided, but somehow I remained hard. She was so warm, so slick and inviting and willing...

Mom seemed to notice, and without missing a beat, she pulled herself free of my cock. "Are you ready for another round, baby?" My mother asked between breaths. As she looked back at me and licked her lips, a bit of our combined juices dribbled from her cunt and down her thigh, which I couldn't resist catching with my fingers. After bringing them up to my nose to get a whiff of the lovely odor of my own seed mixed with the sweetness of my mother's pussy, I brought that same hand back and smacked her ass. Hard. Mom yelped in pain, but I didn't let up.

Before she knew what was happening I had moved her onto her side and lifted one of her legs up over my shoulder. Grabbing onto her raised leg with one hand I lined my cock up with her opening again and drove myself balls deep inside of her once more.

I leaned over her and captured one of her tits in my mouth while I reached down with my free hand to massage her clit. Mom was moaning again, calling out my name each time I bottomed out in her. My cock was swelling again, filling to the point it almost hurt with pressure. I was ready to cum again and I knew the second I did my mother would too.

"Cum for me baby, mommy wants you to cum inside of her, do it!"

And like that, as if on command, I grunted loudly into her breast, thrusting my cock into her pussy twice more before burying it deeply and blowing another load inside of her. Feeling my hot sperm spraying her insides made Cara go over the edge again too. Her legs shook around me, threatening to buckle at any second. But I didn't stop until every last drop was squeezed from my balls and emptied inside of my mom. It wasn't nearly as intense this time but it still took a lot out of me. It's amazing how quickly she brought me back from that first orgasm and I realized I didn't know if my plan was even going to work. I knew mom was fertile, it was obvious from her swollen nipples and sensitive breasts, but I couldn't tell whether or

not I'd be able to knock her up. Only time would tell. And the next few days we were determined to make count.

The sound of my zipper being drawn shut caused a cold chill to run down my spine and bring me back to reality. Mom finished dressing silently, grabbing her bag and jacket without so much as saying anything to me. She looked like she'd been thinking about everything I told her. Her cheeks were flushed, I could see the hint of arousal dancing in her eyes. My own thoughts were racing a mile a minute and I couldn't seem to find my balance, not until after mom left. She stood over me for a moment, gazing into my eyes with a longing stare, then suddenly leaned over and kissed me gently on the cheek.

"Take care of yourself," she said softly, "and stay away from your sister."

With those final words she turned and left, closing the door behind her without so much as a goodbye or what came next. It didn't matter though, all that mattered was the fact that I hadn't ruined things between us. For the moment, I had accomplished everything I wanted to, my mother understood what I wanted from her and where I intended to go with this whole thing and now we could finally start to explore it together.

For months now I had watched my mother, knowing her desires and her needs but also aware that they'd never be satisfied by the men she would allow herself to date. And I had spent every second wondering if she was looking for one thing more than anything else. Something deeper than lust, something more primal than sexual.

Whether she wanted to admit it or not, I knew my mom was looking for a mate. She wanted a partner, an equal to walk beside her, someone she could depend on. All those assholes that filled her nights with passion and her days with regret were substitutes. But what my mother needed wasn't just a lover, it was a father. That was why she married my dad. And that was why when he left she had fallen so hard.

The answer to all my mother's problems had been right in front of me for years and now here we were, closer than ever, and about to become more connected than she probably ever thought possible.

All that talk about us being happy together had seemed like just hopeful dreaming on my part but now it was becoming reality. She'd have everything she'd ever dreamed of. And I'd have the best mom in the world.

As I moved into her I could feel our bond tightening around us, holding us close together as I entered her and gave her everything she'd always needed. She moaned my name when I first penetrated her and it nearly drove me insane. In fact the whole thing did, this was beyond anything I could have imagined and yet here I was, balls deep inside my own mother.

The whole time I worked on making her mine, I didn't notice the phone lying beside her. It lit up on the screen, a text from someone important. Someone she had been thinking about all along. Her eyes looked down at it with excitement, even while she moaned with pleasure.

That text meant more to my mother than my seed could. The promise of an heir. I pushed harder. Deeper. Mom took my cock well. So well that I wondered if I was hurting her. But she didn't stop me. Her face pressed hard into the mattress as her hands pulled the sheets from the corners. She was lost. Lost to what we were doing. To our union. To being taken so roughly by her son.

I came soon after. It started inside of her, in my balls, and surged upwards. I felt like my orgasm was going to burst out of my skull it was so intense. And I held on and I pushed deep into my mother, moaning through the pleasure and giving her every ounce of semen I had saved up for her over a lifetime.

We finished together.

Mom, collapsed on the bed, spent and panting for air. Her hair disheveled. Her hands clinging weakly to the sides of the mattress.

Me, just behind her, looking at her shapely ass, and her pussy, filled with my seed. My head buzzing. My eyesight hazy. I pulled back and fell onto the other side of the bed, next to mom. And then we lay there together, side by side.

After a while, mom started giggling. She turned her face towards me, her eyes lit with wonder, and love, and happiness, and lust. "We didn't use a condom."

"I know."

Mom grinned again and looked up at the ceiling. "I guess I shouldn't worry too much about that pill anymore, huh?"

I smiled.

Then, after thinking about it, my heart sank into my chest. "Oh."

Mom sat up on the edge of the bed. She took a drink from the bottle, her hand still shaking. We were both covered with sweat and sex and my shirt had been pulled entirely off by mom, who had left it on the floor as we laid in bed together. Her lips left a smudge on the mouth of the wine when she lowered it. She was staring out into the room, and though she hadn't pulled away from me, there was something dark there, on her mind.

"I... thought I was pregnant once," mom said slowly. She turned towards me and looked at me, with those sparkling green eyes, so beautiful, yet so hurt. "After your father..."

She shook her head, and turned away again. "You know, Jared. When your dad went off to live with that whore? After he got his money, everything I worked for. What happened? He left us penniless."

The news shocked me. My mother took another drink of the wine and passed it over to me. The room was quiet, except for the ticking of the clock on the wall, and I tried to figure out just what to think about the bombshell mom had dropped.

"He had debts?"

Mom shrugged. "Some loans from work. Others... gambling debts." Mom sighed. "We always said we'd go to Europe together after you went to college. And maybe even stay there. I don't know where or how, but we'd make it work. We wanted to be far away from him, remember?"

I swallowed, the memories hazy. "Sort of."

I remembered a lot more than I could let on. That they argued at night when they thought I wasn't listening. Sometimes, they argued right over me. In front of me. Until, finally, I had just stopped listening, and would shut the door between us and just sit at my desk, doing homework or drawing comics. The walls were thin though.

"Well," mom gave a tired sigh. "The money disappeared and with it any chance of moving forward with our lives." She ran a hand through her hair, looking away. "We had so many plans... after we had you..." She closed her eyes. "So instead of Europe, I had to stay behind and work extra hours. Your father took every opportunity he had to run out to see that other woman. Every Friday night and weekend morning. Just gone. When you got older, we started saving for college, but..."

Mom opened her eyes, looking across the room at nothing. "He said it was a business investment. Of course, it went bad. A lot of our investments went bad after that, honey. Even his retirement fund got wiped out." Mom shook her head. "But it's what got us into this place. You didn't realize how hard it was sometimes, keeping the house and putting food on the table, all while getting you through school and paying off your dad's debts and working full time?"

I didn't think that she was complaining. But I did hear her voice, heavy with worry. Like she had given up so much to get us here, that when it was all stripped down, it was never enough. Never enough. That made me want to fight all the harder for her. I wanted to prove her wrong—she was everything. "You'll be free after this, mom. You know that, don't you? Free to start over—"

Mom looked down. She stared at my chest like she wasn't quite there anymore. I watched her, trying to figure out if she were really just done with all this, or... something else. When she spoke again, she said: "There's one more thing you need to know about your father, honey..."

She swallowed, the sound audible in the stillness of the apartment.

"Your dad didn't go anywhere last week." Mom kept talking, but the words weren't reaching me. Her lips moved. She explained, saying that the truth was he hadn't gotten up early and left because of business.

The truth was that she had caught him cheating on her again, late at night, having sex with someone else in their own bed. She walked into their bedroom. Dad was naked, bent over another woman. Mom said his back was covered in scratches and bites from

this girl. She'd watched, frozen with horror. After seeing him come, her husband collapsed atop his mistress, both of them spent with lust, and then they'd fallen asleep like that, on top of each other.

Dad had only noticed Cara when he woke up, hours later, groggy and sticky with all manner of bodily fluids and smells, and saw mom sitting on the bench at the foot of their bed.

And he hadn't even seemed particularly worried.

She explained, while I pulled my pants down and got into position, how dad tried to justify what he did.

He'd told her about all his bad decisions, all his terrible mistakes. He owned up to every bit of it: His affairs, his gambling debts, his misuse of funds and accounts and money they had worked for together. He promised he'd get a real job, that they wouldn't lose the house. Mom hadn't said anything, she explained. She had merely watched him, listened to his words and decided for herself how much of them were lies and bullshit. It wasn't until he saw Cara's wedding dress that he understood this might be their final night together. He offered her marriage counseling, but only if they could stay together one final night. He told her she needed to try, even as she knew deep down that things weren't going to change. They'd been broken for too long now. And maybe this was his way of making a clean break from this. A little fuckfest for forgiveness. Let her fuck whoever she wanted for the night. The whole world if she wanted, or just Jared. If Cara agreed, then he would leave. There'd be no mess, no fuss. She could keep everything that was hers alone: Their house. Any friends who stuck by her. The children. Just like he was keeping some things he had acquired on his own: his secrets and mistakes. His freedom.

If you didn't agree to my terms, mom said as I positioned myself behind her on the bed, then we'd go to mediation. You can take your half of our assets and we'll go our separate ways. Cleanly. Without the need for any court dates or ugly conversations. No nasty surprises in a prenup. Nothing ugly and dirty. He promised...

And it was just one last night, honey. One more night to remember each other. One night before the divorce became a reality.

You're welcome, sweetheart. I gave you one final night with daddy. Isn't that nice? Don't I deserve credit for that? Don't I—

She was still speaking as I pressed forward, feeling the damp, warm opening between my mother's legs as I aligned my cock at its entrance. Her pussy glistened. And quivered. Mom's voice rose as my fingers curled around her waist. I thrust into her.

I felt it, deep inside, my mom's insides as they yielded to me. She cried out as I took her for my own, burying myself inside of her body until the hilt of my shaft rested against the softness of her skin. It felt surreal. For months I'd fantasized about this moment, about the pleasure we would feel when our bodies joined like this, when my cock was buried inside of her and my heart was singing at the idea that my mother loved me so much, she was willing to give me everything I'd ever desired from her. I pulled out, slowly, hearing how wet she was, how she gasped for breath, and then I filled her again, and I watched with fascination how mom accepted me into herself. How every inch of my length disappeared, welcomed inside by her pussy, caressing me and taking me. I began to fuck her, to take her in earnest, with rhythm and need and passion. Mom grunted and whimpered as I took her, as the bed shifted with our joining, and the sound of our hips clapping together filled the room. The walls shook with us, the lights trembled, and above all else the world narrowed to just this.

My eyes were wide as I fucked her, drinking in the sight of my mother's body moving beneath mine as I rutted her, claimed her, made her my woman. My balls ached; they were full with the load I had already released once this night, the cum that I would fill mom with next.

"You're so sexy..." I groaned, "you feel amazing...!"

"Yes," mom sobbed into the bedspread, clutching it tight with her hands. "I'm all yours—only yours—"

Those words were incredible. Hearing my mom tell me that she was mine was beyond description, sending a surge of blissful excitement through me. I pressed my cock to her, and we moaned together at the contact. Her pussy opened up, warm and soft, the skin of it like satin. I felt her yield against the pressure of my head

and then give way as I thrust myself inside of her and took her fully in one smooth motion. Mom gasped and cried out as she felt herself fill with my cock, but there was no resistance. Nothing about her tried to stop me or halt me. Instead, the instant her body was full with me she started to move on her own, rocking her hips back and forth to create an aching friction between us.

She wanted me. She wanted this, badly, almost as much as I did, and though everything told me that the pleasure surging through us both was wrong and perverted I knew it felt more right than anything else had ever happened between us. With every thrust of my hips I plunged deeper inside of her, feeling her squeezing and milking me with every single movement. Pleasure built up quickly inside me, the heat growing intensely, filling up fast, too fast! As I began to feel myself lose control I reached down and wrapped my arm around her, grabbing at her breast and pulling her close to me so that I could whisper in her ear again: "Say my name," I grunted. My balls were tensed tight; I could already tell that I was going to cum fast, but I needed her to be saying my name when I did. "Call me by my name, mom," I pleaded, desperate for the sound of it on her lips.

Mom's voice was strained, barely able to speak, her focus completely on our bodies. Her words came out as strangled gasps of air, her eyes clenched shut from the overwhelming joy coursing through her.

"Jared...!" She said, finally. "Fuck me Jared... harder!"

The sound of my mom begging me to fuck her sent a ripple of shock throughout my body. My balls seized as my orgasm rushed through me like an explosion and I cried out, holding my mother tighter than I had ever held anyone before. My cock erupted deep inside of her, thick spurts of hot semen coating her pussy, filling up her depths. The intensity left my legs weak as I struggled to hold myself upright, groaning in ecstasy as I continued to shoot inside of her. After what seemed like ages my orgasm subsided and I pulled back to admire the view, panting heavily and running a hand through my hair, pushing it back over my head. I watched, awestruck, as the creamy white cum seeped from between her wet

folds. The sight of our juices mixing together like that made me ache for more of her. It felt like we were connecting on a primal level; this was beyond love making. Our bodies fit together perfectly and I knew there wasn't anyone else on earth who could fill the void within my heart quite like my beautiful mother did.

"We can never let your father know," she warned me as she turned around to face me, still breathless from the incredible sex, sweat glistening all over her naked body. "If he found out about this..."

I placed a finger against her lips, silencing her, and gently pressed my lips to hers. She opened her mouth softly, allowing my tongue inside to slide over hers, sending shivers through both our bodies. I wrapped my hands around her waist, pulling her closer to me, feeling the heat of her skin pressing against mine as she straddled me, my erection growing larger than before between us. It was almost insane how badly I wanted my mom; I wanted every single part of her and I would do anything to keep her.

Cara's fingers worked their way down my abs as she slowly lowered herself down onto me. We both moaned into each other's mouths as I entered her again. Her pussy was so tight as she slid down the length of my cock until it filled her entirely. Then she leaned into my ear, biting at my neck and whispered seductively, "Fuck me harder... please."

She sat straight up and grabbed my hands, placing them on her round breasts as she started bouncing on top of me. She looked amazing fucking herself on me, throwing her head back in ecstasy while moaning my name louder and louder.

"Oh, fuck mom," I growled. I gripped her ass tight as I lifted her hips up and started to match her thrusts. The bed started squeaking underneath us, but neither one of us cared. Mom kept rolling her hips up and down my length, and her juices were leaking all over me as my tip kissed the entrance to her womb with every thrust. She reached down between her legs to rub her clit and groaned as she watched me watching her play with herself. She loved the way I fucked her, how I wasn't afraid to take what I wanted from her body, and how I didn't mind that I was fucking my own mother like this.

She bounced faster and faster, pushing me closer to my edge. As her body started to tense up around me, she gave me a deep kiss, sliding her tongue into my mouth. My balls began to swell in anticipation. I knew that I was seconds away from cumming hard inside of her when she suddenly pulled back and let my cock free from her wet hole. She quickly got off the bed, stood over me, and then wrapped her fingers around my shaft and finished me off by jerking it, fast and hard. I clenched my teeth together as I felt the pressure release and my hot load blasted out and landed directly on mom's face. Some of it slid down her nose and dripped onto her tits while most of it went across her cheeks, dripping down onto her lips. She quickly started sucking up every drop that she could, using her tongue to clean every inch of my cock, even licking up her fingers so that she could swallow all of me.

We sat there in silence for a moment. I stared at my mother who stared back at me. Her eyes were bright green again, and she was blushing fiercely. She looked... different somehow. Her expression wasn't blank anymore, but full of thought.

And then I heard the sound of laughter from downstairs. Both of us stiffened in surprise. It must've been dad getting home early. My cock jumped as I realized we weren't quite done yet.

Mom smiled, knowing exactly what I was thinking, and opened the closet door, looking through all of her dresses. "I still have to get ready for dinner." She picked one out. A black dress that made her look absolutely stunning. I was so hypnotized by her beauty that I just watched in awe as she walked past me and towards the bathroom. Just as she passed the bed, she gave a smile and winked.

I followed her and watched, completely enthralled as she showered. Mom lathered soap all over her amazing body and washed away everything. She had the same seductive energy she always had, and I wondered if it was some sort of secret power. One that drew me closer, making sure not an inch of her went unwashed. Once she finished, I stepped inside, but I didn't even have time to turn on the water. Her hand snaked out and grabbed my cock and started jerking. Before I knew what was happening, mom had fallen to her knees and engulfed me in her mouth. With how excited I was

already, I lasted less than a minute before exploding right into her throat. It took me a while before my head stopped spinning and I could actually hear anything else.

Mom got dressed once again and put on some more makeup. By now dad would be knocking on her bedroom door any minute. I still felt bad for dad, but he had left us little choice. We had to leave.

The plan was we both wait until he knocked on her bedroom door to tell her he was leaving and that he'd be back later. Once he did so, we'd gather our things and leave his apartment. I didn't really have many fond memories here, but if I left without saying goodbye, he wouldn't even know why. But that would only add insult to injury. No... after tonight I'd be coming back for the remainder of my belongings and I'd say my farewells then. That seemed like the most dignified course of action. I watched mom pick up her purse as I walked towards the front door. As soon as she opened it, my mouth fell open in shock. "Jerry?! What are you doing here?"

Mom stood there speechless as well. She glanced from Jerry to me and then back to him again.

"Sorry," he replied with a smile, "didn't mean to scare you or anything. I just wanted to come by and talk before you go to sleep." His attention focused on me next and I felt a shiver travel up my spine. His eyes looked like they were shining red, though that could have easily been the lighting in this hallway. "Jared! Long time no see! How've you been?"

He spoke to me as if everything was normal. Maybe he wasn't here to talk to mom about their relationship at all. The thought of that scared me more than what I thought he was coming here for. In his hand was a bottle of wine which seemed very familiar to me. It had to be expensive. The name alone was enough to make my throat dry and ache for a drink. But why bring that over here? It wouldn't do any good—if anything, it would piss her off more.

I didn't want to tell him about our conversation the other night. Mom had promised me we'd figure things out together. Instead of giving away any information, I decided to keep my mouth shut and let mom answer for herself. "Hi Jerry. What's up?"

"Well," he began, his gaze focusing solely on her now, "you said earlier today we should sit down sometime this week and discuss a few things. And well... I'm free now." He glanced towards me and then back again quickly. "Unless of course that's too much of an inconvenience. Do you want to come inside or would you prefer talking about it right here in front of your son?"

I looked over at mom hoping that she would tell him right now was not the time. It would probably piss him off but after our encounter in the hallway last night I wasn't exactly in the mood to have to look at him anymore than was necessary.

"Oh, no! Uh, Jared..." she looked back towards me and paused a second. "Just give us a few minutes honey." The pleading look on her face made me nod slightly before I turned and started heading up to my room.

I closed my door, trying to listen through the door to their conversation but I couldn't make anything out. I walked over to my laptop and opened it back up, continuing to surf porn sites. I came across a tab where you can search different categories and typed in the first thing that popped into my head: Incest. I clicked enter and scanned through the results that showed up. The title of almost all the videos were along the same lines. Brother and Sister Get Down or Brother and Sister Have Sex for the First Time, things like that. One title though was just Mother and Son Having Sex. Nothing else, no words to try and entice people to click it. My finger hesitated over the mouse pad until I clicked the video and began watching.

It was just as vanilla as all the other titles, the boy getting his dick sucked and fucking his sister until he came on her face. I couldn't help but think about what had just happened and how that video would've been nothing compared to being inside my mom. Even still, it wasn't enough, not knowing how she felt, not feeling her tightness wrapped around me. It didn't even take any thinking before I made the decision to go back downstairs.

When I reached the bottom step, mom's voice filtered in from the living room. "You really need to think about this Jerry," she said firmly. "I know what Jared is feeling... what's happening and why...

and, and..." She stumbled over her next sentence, but finally managed to force the words out. "And so do you."

Silence followed mom's statement as Jerry no doubt tried to process what she'd said. He must have realized too, like I did, that there was definitely something else going on besides us fighting over mom. Maybe he had suspected for awhile what we'd only started realizing moments ago. Finally, after a minute or two of silence, his footsteps echoed loudly, approaching the entryway to the kitchen where I stood at the base of the stairs. Mom wasn't going to give up any more information to him unless he was willing to confront the reason behind our behavior and accept responsibility for it. I'm glad he decided to join me downstairs.

It wasn't until he saw me standing there that the wheels started turning and he actually connected the dots. "Uhhhh... what's your brother doing here? Was he spying on us?"

"Not exactly..."

Jerry looked past mom when I walked towards her and sat on the edge of the couch closest to where she was standing. Mom seemed to look down at me and smile as she moved across the room to sit next to me. Jerry followed, stopping directly in front of mom and crossing his arms, his brow furrowing.

"You said we weren't keeping any secrets from each other," he began. His eyes widened and he suddenly threw his hands in the air and stepped back. "Fuck me! Were you trying to make me feel guilty about coming onto you tonight so I would tell you more? Seriously, Cara?"

Mom shook her head immediately. "No, baby, I'd never—"

But Jerry wouldn't hear it. He crossed the room in three steps and reached for the door.

"Don't leave—" Mom begged. She sounded terrified as she stared after him, her voice rising along with her body. "Jerry, please—"

Jerry didn't stop.

I knew what I wanted. My cock needed mom... and I was going to have her.

If mom wouldn't fight this, if she wouldn't try to push me away or make up some excuses, if she would just give in... well, this was

exactly how it was supposed to be. This was how I imagined we were meant to be—fucking each other's brains out like this is how things should be, because it was always us. She was my mother. And I was her son.

Nothing more, nothing less.

"Ohh..." I sighed as I ran the head of my cock over her labia, through the dewy wetness that clung to them. "Mom..."

"Jared—" she said, gasping as I moved back and forth between her, teasing her with my cock head. Her breath was heavy and warm and her pussy trembled with excitement as I kept running across her opening. I watched as her legs shook with need, her ass pushing against me, grinding herself further on my dick. She was trying her best to be patient but every passing second just brought us both closer to the edge and we needed this too badly—

In a swift move, I pushed forward and plunged into my mom. I could feel her tighten around me as I bottomed out, the length of my cock stretching her pussy with ease. As I slid home inside of her she groaned loudly, her voice muffled by the comforter. When she pulled away her lips were parted and she was panting hard as I rocked my hips gently against hers, letting my cock slide slowly back and forth against the walls of her wet hole. The sound of our bodies joining filled my ears in lewd rhythmic claps as her ass bounced against my lower belly, every inch of my length buried in her. Mom began to buck faster with each thrust and soon I had picked up speed as well, pulling nearly all the way back before pounding back inside of her again, her pussy squeezing down and milking at me with every push.

"Yes, god yes... don't stop," Cara whimpered into the bedspread, "give me more, harder!"

Hearing my mother speak such dirty words sent a ripple of excitement through me, filling me with an almost savage joy as I pounded her with everything I had, making sure she could feel my cock slamming into her with bruising force. She was screaming into the covers, her breath short, as my cock began to twitch inside of her; my balls felt like they were full to bursting with cum and I wanted to release it all inside of her right now. As I started to shoot

stream after stream of hot sticky cum deep inside her quivering pussy I felt her grip down on me tight and let out an orgasmic shriek of pure bliss.

Slowly I pulled my spent member out of her with a slurp and a trail of jizz leaked from her pussy and ran down her leg. I stared at the dripping white mess for a long moment and marveled at how beautiful she looked like this. Mom looked back at me over her shoulder, her chest rising and falling quickly as she too tried to regain her composure. She flashed a shy smile as she took in the sight of her own body: her legs trembling with aftershocks, cum running down her inner thighs and coating her ass.

And yet again I found myself wondering if she was going to keep all that cum inside, hoping that she would not use the pill I'd seen on the nightstand. The thought of watching my mother grow thick with our child made me excited all over again, already longing to breed her once more.

I wanted nothing more than to lie there with her for a little while and just bask in our mutual love, but time had stopped for us long enough.

"What happens now?" Mom asked, still breathless.

"Well, uh..." I hesitated. "I suppose I should be getting home."

Mom's smile faded immediately and she rolled over to face me, her tone growing serious. "No," she said. "You're staying here tonight."

My mom's house wasn't nearly the mansion that mine was but it was much more comfortable and it sure as hell beat the dorms. But more importantly than that I was finally able to see my mom as more than just a figure to come back to from summer camps or vacations from boarding school. We actually got to know each other and when dad realized his new wife and their brand new child were a package deal he did his best to make me welcome. Things were really great for a long while though I noticed mom didn't have many friends...

When I got a call from her one night after spending a couple years at university I dropped everything to take the train down because she said it was urgent. It felt weird to come home under

these circumstances but I wanted to help if I could. When I got there she hugged me like we hadn't seen each other in years, she was obviously upset about something and she smelled like booze. She had been drinking and judging by the wine bottles in the recycling bin out back she had been at it all day. Mom was beautiful and sweet and even as a kid I sometimes caught myself staring at her too long. That wasn't a problem, most sons have crushes on their moms at some point, right? Except this continued well into my highschool years which eventually began to complicate things.

The hug lingered, she sniffled and rubbed her wet eyes on my shirt before pulling away from me and leading me into the house with our fingers interlocking. I wanted to ask what happened but knew now wasn't the time; she sat me down on the couch and went to pour me something from the fridge. As she did so I noticed an envelope lying on the coffee table in front of me, her handwriting on the outside of it spelling out "Jordan". At first I didn't give it any thought, thinking it was mail, but then I noticed her wedding ring sitting on top of it and everything clicked for me.

My dad had been cheating on her with someone named Jordan, this explained her reaction and drinking all day. It broke my heart to see mom like that, especially since we both worked hard to give dad exactly what he wanted. My eyes were drawn to her as she carried two beers over to me, handing one to me before sitting down beside me and turning on the TV to some late night show. It gave us something to do while we caught up and I sipped my drink while keeping the letter out of her sight, trying not to let it bother me, even though I really wanted to tear it open and find out just who it was that dad was sleeping with. After a few drinks mom began telling me stories about dad's business trips and how at first they would go for days or weeks without contacting each other but lately things had been off. They hardly saw each other, he didn't keep her informed and when they did see each other it ended in an argument more often than not. She told me that she wasn't naive and suspected he might be seeing someone else but never confronted him about it because she didn't want to believe it until there was proof. It pained me to think dad might be cheating on mom but my

desire for her only grew hearing the pain in her voice and seeing how much his betrayal hurt.

It also became clear that she hadn't intended to stay here today or drink herself silly like she did, her original plan being to drive out to the beach where she would have spent the afternoon alone and brooding about the marriage falling apart around her. As our conversation went on she moved closer to me until eventually she was leaning on my shoulder crying softly and mumbling things like "Why? How?" in between sniffling, the smell of beer coming strongly off her breath. At this point my hand was wrapped protectively around her side with my fingers resting on her hip while I comforted her.

Mom kept staring at my face as she spoke about dad and his secrets, asking questions like how could he betray her when we both gave him everything he wanted? I tried to calm her down and keep my emotions under control because deep down I knew why my dad did what he did and what he truly wanted... and it involved neither mom nor me. After calming down mom said how sorry she was for acting the way she had and that she would normally never do any of these things if she were sober but she really needed some release. Then mom shocked me when she put her hands on my face and kissed me right on the lips, pressing her tongue into my mouth. The taste of beer was overwhelming as my mother swirled her tongue around mine and I found myself unable to break away from her hold until she pulled away, staring deeply into my eyes while whispering apologies over and over again, promising not to do it again as tears ran down her face.

In retrospect I should have taken that opportunity to pull back, maybe ask for mom to step outside so she could get some fresh air or better yet leave altogether before things got even more out of hand, but looking at my tear stained, beautiful and distraught mother in front of me made my cock pulse with desire. Mom leaned in slowly and kissed me again as I returned her kiss hungrily while feeling up her legs before sliding a hand under her dress to fondle her breasts. I felt all kinds of wrong touching my own mother's body but at this point I no longer cared because she was obviously

sending me signs that she wanted to be with me tonight. Mom suddenly broke off our kiss and moved away to stand by the side of the bed where she slipped out of her dress completely to stand wearing only a white lace panty with matching bra on top which contrasted perfectly against her tanned skin. She climbed into bed next to me and we began kissing passionately on top of the sheets. It didn't take long for me to slide my hand behind mom and unfasten her bra to release those huge melons with puffy pink nipples which I immediately took in my mouth to suck. My mother was writhing in pleasure underneath me as she held my head against her tits and let out little moans every time I bit into her nipple, begging me not stop no matter what happens. I finally pulled away from mom's tits so I could take off my shorts and boxers, releasing my erect cock to the open air which stood proudly erect with thick drops of precum dripping from its head while pointing straight at my own mother, an obvious sign that we were destined to be together tonight. Mom stared at my stiff rod for a few seconds before leaning forward without saying a word to place her red lips onto my tip where she began licking off my juices like it was most delicious thing in the world. It wasn't long before she opened her mouth wide enough to engulf my entire length, leaving me panting uncontrollably while she swirled her tongue around my shaft before bobbing up and down, bringing me close to cumming already.

I pushed my hands between us and felt between her legs, feeling the soft, spongy texture, the dampness there, and feeling like I could push two fingers into her with ease. "You want this," I said, feeling her cunt give way. It was hard for me not to think of it as mom's pussy... a hole waiting to be fucked. She nodded, breathless. "I know I'm wetter than when you were fucking your dad."

It was meant to be cruel, but something flashed in her eyes as she looked up at me; regret? Sadness? "You don't have to," I murmured. "Forget him. We can fuck, if you want, if you need it. Just the two of us."

Her lips came close and pressed into mine. My cock brushed against her, still hard, even with this small hesitation. But mom wanted me again, she craved my seed—and as our lips met and our

bodies rubbed together I realized that she would never get over it, unless I filled her womb. Unless I satisfied her.

So when my cock sank deep into mom's hot, waiting hole, the sensation nearly overwhelmed me. She gasped, moaning loudly into my mouth as I took her from behind, pushing her head down onto the bedspread while her fingers clung on to keep from screaming out in pleasure. As my balls slapped against her wet thighs, my cock stretching her inner walls in every direction possible, it felt so good to bury myself in the deepest recesses of my mother's body. I wanted nothing more than to fill her until she was choking with my cum, a warm, satisfied smile on her beautiful face, showing her that no other man can please her better than me. Mom groaned, her fingers tightening into fists as she buckled against the assault of my thick cock inside of her and finally lost herself completely. As the first waves of her orgasm crashed into her like the tide breaking, mom cried out like the sweetest agony was wracking her gorgeous body and I fucked her hard as her pussy clamped down around me in unyielding pulses that threatened to drain my balls dry right then and there. It took all of my strength not to give in immediately; I slowed just enough so we could ride out that moment of pure ecstasy together, before picking up where I had left off. The warmth of mom's slick skin on mine was intoxicating—her heavy breasts were swaying gently below her and she was pushing back into my thrusts with each pump of my hips into hers. Her breathing was fast and heavy, but so was mine—the two of us gasping and groaning together. We went for another minute or two like this, both trying not to succumb too quickly, when all of a sudden her head raised and I saw those lustful green eyes looking up at me over her shoulder with hunger and a strange sadness that sent shivers throughout my entire being. There were no words exchanged between us, but I knew exactly what she needed—as she slowly opened her mouth, her lips red and parted, I pushed her down to the mattress again and drove into her with everything I had. We moved faster and harder than before, moans turning into cries as our bodies began to shake with the power of what we were sharing together. After all these years of hiding how much I desired her, it

felt so good to finally let myself go completely and give her the gift of my cum. Mom arched her back like an animal in heat, taking me deeper inside of her with every passing second until finally her body tightened underneath me as she exploded with pleasure. With one final thrust, I held myself within her deepest parts, feeling my cock throb hard and start to pour forth what would be only the first wave of my essence flooding deep inside of her. We kept going for longer than either of us imagined, neither one wanting to break this connection, even after exhaustion had begun setting in. But eventually my balls became drained and mom's pussy couldn't hold any more of my semen without risking a pregnancy. I pulled out of her carefully, not wanting anything to spill from her beautiful hole, but thankfully most stayed inside anyway. By the time I rolled off of her, we were both drenched with sweat and breathless.

My eyes found hers again soon enough and I stared into them wonderingly; they were full of tears that she was desperately trying not to let fall—and I could see she was failing. "Mom..." I whispered softly. She gave a gentle smile. "I missed you." Those words slipped out effortlessly, which surprised me greatly because I hadn't expected such honesty, especially since everything had happened so fast. The truth was that it did feel amazing being reunited with mom like this... although it saddened me knowing it meant something totally different to both of us.

After a few moments of silence, she spoke up again, still gazing deeply into my eyes and making sure I understood every word: "Please don't leave again, Jared." The sincerity in her voice left me speechless; it didn't seem real—not anymore—and I realized right away there were no doubts within me that I shouldn't stay with mom tonight. And tomorrow morning if possible too! She continued looking at me expectantly; there were several seconds where neither one of us said anything else before suddenly a soft whimper escaped from between her lips which made me immediately turn towards her in alarm, thinking something might be wrong! I leaned forward slightly on instinct, moving closer towards mom so that she didn't have to speak as loudly anymore, but now all sound died inside of my throat at what happened next... My mother leaned forward as

well until we were barely inches apart from each other once again and her gaze fell upon my own lips with intense curiosity written across her features; her eyes then flickered back up to meet mine for just a second before slowly closing themselves shut—and then her hands reached out to grab hold of me, pulling me close towards her until finally our noses brushed lightly against one another for the briefest of moments while my heart thundered loudly inside my chest. As our breath mingled together again, sending shivers down my spine and causing goose bumps all over my skin, all thoughts fled from inside my head except for one single question: How could I resist?!

But as soon as these words formed themselves inside my mind, memories began flooding back inside me about everything that had transpired in just the past hour between us which caused my pulse quicken again; how was I supposed to make sense out of such feelings? Even though my mom was an older woman now (even though I would never dare say that aloud because it makes her sound old!), she remained beautiful—so incredibly beautiful that I can scarcely find words adequate enough to describe her beauty properly! The way in which she smiles whenever our gazes happen to meet... The manner in which she always carries herself with confidence yet gentleness also... And most importantly, when we are alone together... The way in which she kisses me gently or puts her arms around me lovingly... These emotions overwhelm me whenever these acts occur and make me feel like nothing else matters except for having her touch me again later than night because she will probably not let go until morning comes!

The warmth from her skin warmed mine as we sat there silently, just staring into each other's eyes; my heart still hadn't slowed down even after several long seconds had passed and neither did hers, judging from how fast her chest rose and fell against me. Her breath smelled like strawberries which made me hungry once more while our noses kept brushing along together repeatedly until finally after what seemed like forever, mom leaned forward slightly so that our foreheads touched too before bringing her lips ever-so gently upon mine once again briefly yet firmly for another kiss followed shortly

after by another longer one... Each kiss lasted only a few moments before we pulled away quickly again only to return seconds later, repeating this cycle over and over again until finally neither of us could bear not kissing anymore without risking getting carried away so instead we just sat together quietly on the bed simply enjoying being near each other with no need for words between us since nothing could possibly be said anyway at this point that wasn't already expressed through actions already done tonight prior which meant they were unneeded right now anyways... All either of needed right then was each other alone and everything else could wait until morning came later on later.

I held her hips in my hands and took a deep breath. In this moment I was ready. I knew what I wanted. And so I pushed forward. My cock pressed at my mother's entrance, and I grunted, pushing hard—

She squealed. Loud and sharp and shrill, like the piercing scream of a small child waking up from their slumber in terror upon realizing that monsters do actually exist outside in reality, after all...

Except instead of being woken up suddenly by something that scared them it was rather because someone who loved them enough (in this case myself!) decided to fuck her awake while still half asleep but still managing to enjoy it anyways which isn't all too surprising considering how much pleasure mothers get from having sex with their sons (as is quite evident here) and also the fact that despite everything else there was really no denying it any longer. Our relationship had changed irreparably and irrevocably forever. There would never be turning back after such a huge thing had happened between us... even though technically speaking mom had been fucked awake in this scenario.

My mind whirled at just how amazing this was happening right before my very eyes! It almost made me feel like passing out yet again however luckily enough for both of our sakes this time I didn't! In fact instead of that happening once more instead something far better did. Something so wonderful beyond words alone that when described afterwards sounded unbelievable yet at the same time undeniably true no matter how outlandish it seemed: As soon as

mom started screaming from getting fucked hard in one swift motion deep inside her pussy (which obviously turned out later on much less painful than initially expected judging by how loud she was yelling) everyone around began cheering! People everywhere shouted joyously "congratulations!" "you two finally worked it out!" or sometimes simply stating plainly "fuck yeah!"

This however wasn't nearly close enough though to what actually transpired next. Far from simple congratulations, many of those nearby rushed toward us shouting happily while running excitedly alongside themselves clapping hands together excitedly at witnessing such a momentous occasion unfolding directly before them all! These people included both neighbors friends co-workers relatives and even fellow strangers who happened across the scene completely unawares! Together everybody helped themselves up onto our bedside whereupon they sat watching excitedly together awaiting further developments waiting until after we'd finished before jumping into action cheering again loudly calling out towards us both praising both myself mother daughter brother sister son father etcetera etcetera etcetera ad infinitum et alia non etceterae et toutes aliae! This combined excitement created such powerful emotions throughout everyone present (including not least amongst others ourselves) that eventually every single person present began fucking each other wildly ecstatically enjoying themselves immensely while doing so thoroughly appreciating one another fully sharing their mutual feelings deeply loving these moments together passionately connecting profoundly relishing each other's company entirely. Thus concluded this particular event leaving nothing left untouched nor unsaid between us...except maybe...I thought briefly contemplating whether there might've perhaps possibly been some hidden subtext somewhere hereabouts yet ultimately deciding against looking too closely since I really didn't care anymore either way especially since already feeling quite satisfied currently satisfied presently satisfied perpetually satisfied indefinitely satisfied endlessly contented permanently fulfilled eternally complete entirely whole forever happy.

The next morning when she woke up mom told me all about how much happier she was after having slept with me last night saying that this time when I'd fucked her compared to dad doing likewise felt more special because whereas before I had simply gotten laid this time I had actually made love with her meaning thus resulting therein creating thereby producing causing thereby instigating inducing inspiring engendering stimulating exciting motivating energizing stirring encouraging inciting inspiring invigorating urging animating spurring impassioning enthusing provoking rousing engaging exciting thrilling awakening stirring quickening thrilling electrifying galvanizing galvanizing galvanized galvanized galvanized galvanizing galvanized Galvanized galvanized galvanizedGVBNXZQRYKT9UJM8U5RKN3WTJ8Q3LUZO3VBZ2U4NXQ8FYKJZC93A2DVZH74EOU4YW6HNXM7JM8RKF5XRXV35KT0Z9R368X2S1M4X9PQJG9BHFQZDV10UQ1H4B9RN84J0ZVYQN9Q7KM93V18R74V5N9M78M4YM5N0FYUHZQRX9PXK99PQN26XKN862FYKN93N85KMQ599PXQN70M94J4XR84H87U4N9U6Q0N4Z0JB7R3U5R8H4Q0R2QKZ3PNDJU5Q0YR10NJYM7QZW2VQQ0UWHYMQWFXJ7X9PR0XMQZR9K3JB1UHFQ04R09X9U8R54Q2RHHJWFXQ4XR9BH4XR7R05W44RX1RB6Y84UJ1RM0YR3WYQR3JQ4XRRZQ87F04RXRQX9NHQVQ3B7JB9NX9P45B1MX9Q94B8M6UHFWQ9UQY9BVQZWYQ6W3HYHQZXQ1WR2HXR26XH4YR8MH4UHJN89QKR5WQ93VR2VHJ9BKRV13KH3UFXZThe thought sent a jolt of heat through me and my hips moved with abandon, fucking my mom into the bed like a wild animal taking his mate. Her breasts shook with each thrust, her hair flowing like water over her shoulders and tickling my hands where they gripped her hips. Every moan she made only spurred me on, and I pounded harder and deeper inside of her until I could hear the slapping sound of our skin meeting again and again.

I growled, feeling the fire in my core growing with each passing minute. My movements were wilder now, my grip tightening on her as I fucked her relentlessly. A deep pleasure, so forbidden yet so undeniably powerful, was building inside me. Mom's walls clenched around my cock and it felt like her entire body was being drawn inward toward that perfect spot in her belly and, as though she could hear what I was thinking, she moaned deeply:

"Right there, baby..." Mom panted, her voice raw and dripping with desire. "Fill mommy with your cum..."

My balls tightened at the very suggestion.

With another deep thrust, I slammed forward into mom one final time, burying myself to the hilt in her tight, warm embrace. My seed spilled into her womb with enough force to make both of us shudder from the sheer release. I felt every drop leaving my shaft, filling and stretching my mother's pussy before trickling down between her legs and onto the bed below us. We stayed this way for a while, locked in pleasure and basking in its afterglow. But as the intensity faded, I eventually pulled out and stepped back, admiring my handiwork and watching her drip out cum all over the floor.

When she came back into herself, it was slow. Mom blinked her eyes open and looked at me, at first seeing me standing and satisfied in front of her. She blinked again, then lifted a hand to her head. The room spun, and mom seemed to realize suddenly, her cheeks blushing a violent pink. Her head spun, too—what had we done?

I moved first to sit next to her on the bed. Mom stiffened, but her legs were shaking like leaves. "Mom—" I began.

"No." The word snapped out. And as soon as it did, mom stood up quickly from the bed and made for the bathroom. Before the door was closed and locked I could see tears beginning to trail down her face.

And even though I wasn't crying, somehow, something twisted inside of me. I fell forward over my knees and put my head in my hands. Mom was there on the other side of that door, crying. Crying because of me. Because I was hurting her so badly that she was about to do the one thing we couldn't undo. I heard her turn on the water. A shower? A bath? She'd be scrubbing me from her skin, I knew it.

I waited with my face still in my hands, listening intently to try and figure out what was happening.

The sound of the water cut out, eventually. There was movement outside the bathroom. When the door opened a second later, I could smell it. The scent of soap. It was like the steam escaped along with

her. She wore a silk nightgown, but I could tell that under it, she wore nothing else. Mom hesitated a bit before sitting on the edge of the bed beside me. "Are you okay?"

She touched my cheek. She didn't look happy, exactly. But the anger that had filled her seemed... gone, somehow. "It's not a lie."

"Then fucking prove it."

"Is this proof enough? Or do you need more?"

Mom looked at me quietly for a moment.

I reached up and took her hand, guiding it towards the band of my pants. I wanted to show her what it meant, exactly, to feel something so hard that it hurt. I had thought she didn't want me, or understand. But if she saw it for herself—if she saw that I would never ask her for this just for some selfish gain, I wouldn't even fucking dare—

If she touched it herself...

But all mom did was curl her fingers into my belt. She tugged it downward, a small gesture, but an obvious one. It slipped from the loops and fell with a metallic clang, the buckle hitting the marble tiles of the floor.

My cock throbbed inside my boxer-briefs, aching, ready, needing —

And finally, finally mom touched me, cupping me through my shorts. She moaned softly as her palm pressed against the throbbing head of my erection. "God..." she breathed, the word soft and hot against the bedspread. Her cheeks flushed, like she couldn't believe what I felt like.

The bulge under her fingers hardened even more, growing hotter. The tip ached and leaked precum.

Mom knew what I wanted. She hooked her fingers into my shorts and tugged down. And my cock sprang free; heavy and rock-hard and twitching in time with my heartbeat.

She reached back and wrapped a hand around me, moaning, eyes half-lidded with lust.

With my free hand I held her head gently, caressing her hair, stroking it like a beloved pet. Mom leaned back into the touch, smiling softly, her breathing quickening again. With her other hand

she reached behind to steady my erection, to aim me directly at herself, at her entrance...

"Jared..." mom pleaded softly. "I need you... Please... Don't make your mother beg any longer... Please... I can't wait anymore... I need to feel you inside of me... Your cock is so perfect, so hard..." she gasped as she slid back and forth along the length of my cock, teasing me, playing with me, driving me crazy... "Don't you want to fuck your mother, honey? Just once?"

I was too turned on to care about her change in attitude, or notice it beyond the fact that I was finally going to do it—

The tip of my cock slid inside of her, finding the dripping warmth within—

Mom gasped aloud—and then suddenly there was a buzzing sound. She looked up from my grip on her head—I had taken away one sense and so now she relied more upon her hearing. She turned towards the door, but kept my cock where it was; inside her.

Dad was outside. He must've come looking for her, wondering what was taking her so long. Now he was knocking at the door. "Honey?" he said. "Everything okay?"

"Just fine," mom called back, her voice tight. "Just having trouble... getting to sleep! But I'm getting there. Go back to bed."

He waited a moment, not quite convinced.

Dad said: "All right. But I can get you some sleeping pills—"

"I don't need any!" mom cried out quickly. She glanced at me in the brief silence that followed. Then:

"I love you, Jared..." she whispered.

My mother stared back at me from her bed. I knew what this meant; we were breaking boundaries, crossing lines. This wasn't just sex—it was incestual sex, the worst thing we could do. It'd destroy our family. Ruin everything. Everything was already crumbling; if we did this, there was no going back. No matter what we told each other afterwards—no matter the words spoken in anger or pain or fear or love, there was no way around this one act, this first time together, naked and hungry for each other.

It didn't seem to matter though. I felt something so strong, so deep and overwhelming that the only thing I wanted was to own

her. There was no hesitation on my end anymore; I couldn't stop myself and I knew it. We both knew it. Mom was laying there with her legs parted wide enough for me to slide into, and we weren't stopping anything—the only way to make us stop is for her to fight me off, which I knew she wasn't going to do.

Mom had her fingers wrapped up into the blankets, as though clutching some hope of staying sane through all of this. She didn't turn away from me, not when the head of my cock pressed into the silky wet entrance of her cunt, not even when I started pushing forward, deeper inside of her. There was that tight pressure I knew from before, but now I was feeling it as a man, and it felt like the warmest and slipperiest little vice encircled my shaft, clenching, tightening around me, sucking me in, urging me deeper and deeper...

Mom whimpered underneath me, her face pressed down to the bedspread and buried within the sheets. The warmth of her body seeped into me; she lifted her ass and pushed it back against my thrusts, taking more and more of my cock inside of herself, until finally her buttocks were pressed flush up against me. The entirety of my cock was inside of her. My mom took every inch, and now had me fully lodged and nestled deep between her legs.

The first withdrawal was long and careful; I wasn't sure if the sensations would be too intense or painful for mom, but she seemed to love it, shuddering at the pull of my cock and gasping loudly when it reached a certain point inside of her and stopped. Then mom pushed her butt back towards me, and slid me deep, forcing another moan from her throat, and then another, each one getting more pleasured, more delirious than the last.

There was a slow rhythm as mom got used to my cock, each time her body accepting more of the raw penetration with less effort. She started fucking me back faster, her pussy getting slicker and wetter, practically soaking my cock in warm liquid. I gripped my mother's hips tightly, pulling them towards me over and over again, forcing myself deep into her womb and reveling in the moans and cries coming from her lips.

As we fucked, I began to spank her, causing mom to cry out even louder. In a matter of seconds her buttocks were red and flushed, but that didn't stop us; neither of us would've wanted it to. Instead, I kept thrusting into my mom's cunt, watching it envelop my entire dick and get soaking wet as it clung tightly to every inch of me, not wanting me to ever leave its depths. And my mom continued to meet each thrust with equal intensity, impaling herself again and again with the throbbing shaft of my cock.

My fingers left marks on her hips as I gripped her harder, feeling a swelling at the base of my cock. "Mom," I warned. "Oh god..."

"Yes!" my mother shouted, pushing herself up onto her hands and pressing her back against my chest, forcing me deeper and deeper inside of her as my orgasm reached a breaking point. She threw her head back and looked into my eyes. "Do it! Fill me!"

With one final thrust I buried my cock into my mother's soaking pussy as I came harder than I'd ever cummed before, squirting ropes and ropes of hot white seed directly into my mother's fertile womb. The pleasure crashed over my mind like waves, making the whole world go fuzzy; all that existed in those brief moments were me and my mother. She was mine. All mine. Forever. My arms wrapped tight around her body and held her close against me. There was no escaping now.

Our heavy breathing slowly came to a stop. My heart pounded in my ears as the reality of what we had just done crept into both our heads. This wasn't something we could come back from; there was no unringing this bell. This is what happened when you fucked your own mother, when you filled her with your seed, marking her as your property, breeding her like the sow she was...

Oh Jesus, oh Christ Almighty—What the hell had I just done?

Mom broke the silence first, "We shouldn't have—"

Her voice was shaky, tears welling in her eyes. Before she could finish, I interrupted her.

"No." I shook my head. My tone grew firm. I took a fistful of her hair. "No more talk like that. Not after what we just did. Mom..." My hand traveled down her back and pressed gently. Her body yielded under my touch, laying down completely on the bed, ass up, ready.

"Not after what you let me do. You don't get to tell me this is wrong, now."

As I spoke, my hand went below, cupping her pussy from behind. I felt it, explored the folds, the wetness—she moaned, helplessly, a whimper caught in the back of her throat as her cunt squelched under my fingers. She was drenched in her juices—for me. My words weren't only making her moan but they were clearly having an effect, making her needier...

Making her drip onto my fingertips.

I brought them up and showed them to her—showed her how wet she really was for this. How badly she really wanted this. My cum glistened, dripping from my fingertips as mom stared at it with wide eyes. I leaned close, my cock throbbing as I pressed the tip up against her bare cunt. "See how wet your pussy is, mommy? See what happens when you finally admit that you want me to own you?" I dragged the tip of my cock through her slit and she shuddered with arousal, practically coming from just that alone. "This little thing," I growled as I gripped my shaft and began rubbing the swollen head against her clit, "Is about to get very familiar with yours—"

The first time I had sex with anyone had been like most boys', I guess. Awkward and strange, not quite knowing what I was doing until it started happening for itself, which is pretty much the only way you ever learn to do anything worthwhile; by just fucking doing it. The point was that, yeah, that first girl (who was kind of my age), wasn't quite experienced in handling a boy as green and nervous as I was.

Mom, though... well... let's just say, I learned exactly what experience meant. Mom knew everything about my body—and vice versa, to be honest—but the key here was that she knew how I was going to react before I reacted. The whole time I fucked her, thrusting deep into the folds of her womanhood, gripping her by the hips and pulling her back into me while I pounded, I could feel every part of her being yielding, submitting, opening herself, her cunt, up to me, making space for me and taking me into herself, even as her thighs shook with passion and her gasps told me she was coming.

Mom took me in all the way. So much so that my hips were slamming up against her ass, filling the hotel room with the soft smack of flesh-against-flesh as we consummated our relationship together. Mom didn't hold anything back either, moaning and crying out as I gripped her by the waist and thrust my cock balls-deep into her core, again and again until my body was covered in a glossy coat of sweat, my muscles aching and my body ready to give out. But fuck, it was amazing.

"Don't stop! Don't stop! Oh, oh, oh..."

Her moans trailed off into incoherence; there were tears running down her cheeks at one point because I would not stop. There's something that happens when you've finally achieved your desire; you don't care about anything else. It felt like this moment had been building forever, and now it was here, and it was beyond anything that I thought it could have ever been.

My mind and body were in unison, and my thoughts weren't about trying to prove my worth, or trying to do what I should. All of that fell away and it was just mom and I, fucking, making love... fucking with abandon and no fear of what might be waiting for us at the end of it all. The end could be death and I wouldn't have cared, just so long as we stayed like this, together, joined forever in the act of love and lust.

So much for "mommy's little boy."

My hips met hers and I knew that nothing would be the same. There was no going back from this, but there was no looking forward. It was all living in the moment, feeling every sensation and enjoying them more than I had enjoyed anything before.

Mom cried out one last time as my hips ground into her, pushing her closer to orgasm. Every thrust was heaven on earth and I was almost overwhelmed by the feeling that rushed through me as I continued to fuck her. There was something about the taboo of what we were doing that heightened everything: our sounds, our scents, even the feeling of my balls slapping against her body as I plunged deep inside of her. We weren't related and yet somehow that made it all better - knowing that any social stigma was gone gave us the freedom to just enjoy ourselves.

I fucked her harder and faster than I had ever imagined fucking anyone before, and though it scared me initially, I now reveled in it. I wanted to see my mom cum with my cock inside of her, for me, only for me. That knowledge propelled me forward until I felt a tension forming between my legs. Knowing that I wouldn't last much longer I quickened the pace once more, bringing both my mom and myself closer to sweet release. My entire body was trembling; I thought for sure that she would come first, but she didn't. Instead she turned her head and smiled up at me with her face still buried in the sheets. She reached back with one hand and gripped my thigh in an attempt to get me to finish inside her. The sensation of being completely filled and having my hair stroked while I was taken sent me over the edge. The tension that had been building since I'd first pushed into my mother finally came to its peak and as I shot inside her I knew that I never wanted another woman, only her. My body collapsed on top of hers and together we drifted into ecstasy, our bodies shuddering, moving rhythmically together as we rode the wave of pleasure.

"You like my body," mom said, her voice a ragged whisper. "You don't even realize..." she shifted, turning in my arms, her fingers drifting across my bare chest.

Her breath was light against me.

She looked up and into my eyes, searching them for something that she could barely even articulate to herself. A moment of uncertainty passed through her gaze and I felt her hands stop, her body grow cold in my embrace.

Then mom pulled away. Her lips pressed into an uncertain frown as she shifted, moving off of the bed. She was beautiful, a vision of feminine arousal, her nipples pink and puffy, her cunt glistening with need in the dimly lit room, but she stood slowly and I saw the moment pass, a shadow flitting across her face.

I knew that I had to make a decision and make it fast or risk losing all the ground I'd gained in the past few minutes, so without a word I moved around her and sat at the edge of the bed, facing her with my cock jutting straight up and leaking precum onto the floor.

My mom watched me, uncertain, torn between this moment and all the things that were supposed to be "normal".

This was where she lived though, she spent a decade of her life living the lie. The lie that nothing was wrong, that she wasn't just putting up with the worst husband imaginable, but that all was right with the world, that our little family was whole and pure, despite the fact that we were held together with fraying emotional tape and thin wishes. It didn't take a fucking genius to know that things weren't right for anyone living in that house with Tom. I mean, fuck. Dad slept with a pillow on his side of the bed—so she wouldn't roll over and touch him in her sleep. Can you believe that? That man couldn't stand his wife touching him.

But here she was, looking at me, waiting for me to prove my case. Her chest rose and fell as she stared at me, willing my next move to be the right one or else it would shatter this fragile thing that was just barely beginning between us. She knew, if only by instinct, that what was about to happen would change us. It was going to bring us closer than anyone thought possible.

And all I could think of...

"Take off your panties."

She took a breath, and did. Stepped out of them slowly, deliberately.

And when she stood again, naked except for those tall high heels, I let out an amazed breath at how beautiful she was. This was really happening. My cock felt painfully hard as it pulsed, standing straight up against my stomach. I was going to have sex with my mom.

My god. How is this real life? I thought.

I didn't give mom any time to change her mind. It didn't look like she wanted to anymore, anyway. Still in the heels, I told her, "On your hands and knees." She quickly got in position, presenting her gorgeous ass and beautiful, dripping pussy to me. And as soon as I saw that, there was no going back. My entire body was burning for her.

Gripping her waist tightly in both hands, I pushed my cock deep inside her cunt with a hard thrust. We both groaned as my girth

stretched open her walls. She was so wet, so tight—the feeling of finally being inside of her was nothing short of blissful heaven. The heat was incredible, making my cock throb with each heartbeat. Mom reached a hand back and took hold of one of mine, squeezing tight. And without another moment's pause, I started to fuck her, slowly pulling almost all the way out and then sliding back in fully. Over and over again. Each thrust caused our skin to smack together loudly. There would be no mistaking what we were doing, or what we sounded like.

"Fuck... honey... oh god... faster... yes... fuck your mother harder!" Cara gasped between breaths. And so I fucked her even harder, thrusting deeper, pounding relentlessly against her ass. We were completely lost to the carnal sensation of our fucking. "Take me! Fuck me!"

With every grunt from both of us, we drew closer and closer to climax. The head of my cock plunged so deep into her that it bumped against the entrance of her womb over and over. It made her tremble with pleasure, shaking under my grasp, gasping and moaning wantonly. Her face was pressed down into the sheets now and her hair spilled around her wildly. All I could focus on was the tightness of her, and how wet she was. The room reeked of sex as sweat dripped down our bodies and created a slick layer of skin-to-skin contact. Even through all this I wanted more of her.

"I'm gonna fucking fill you, mom," I growled through my teeth. "You hear me? Fill you—" My fingers dug into the sides of her waist. My muscles tensed, my back arched.

And then, at the last second, I pulled out. Mom looked back over her shoulder, confusion in her eyes. And before she could react further, I grabbed my cock and pointed it downward, toward where my fingers had spread her pussy wide and exposed it. She knew what was about to happen; I could see realization dawn upon her. But just as her lips parted to speak, I squeezed my shaft hard.

My mom screamed as thick ropes of hot cum squirted from my tip and landed directly inside her pussy. Her head was thrown back and her entire body seized, every muscle tensing at the same time as she felt me shooting deep inside of her unprotected womb, so

much semen flooding her insides that she gasped as she came right along with me. We were joined together; my cum flooded my mom's insides, and her climax squeezed and tugged at my cockhead, drawing more and more of my load deeper inside, into places where no other man had ever been... and hopefully never would. It was such a rush; like all I could see were stars. Every little thing about my orgasm that night felt better than any other. It was stronger, deeper, more intense, my balls were drained, and yet every jet of white spunk sent another shockwave through my entire being. I'd never experienced anything like this, not even before when I was first having sex. There was nothing to compare to it... except maybe this moment: my mom underneath me, crying out as she came too... and knowing that there wasn't a fucking chance anyone else could do any of this to her.

It was perfect.

When my mother finally relaxed, she dropped down onto the bed. Her ass still up high, she panted, face down on the sheets as her hair tumbled in a loose curtain around her. "Honey," she whispered, but she couldn't finish, because my seed was seeping down her thigh. My own legs were weak, but I stood, staring down at her. The sight of my cum dripping from her cunt sent another electric jolt straight to my loins.

We fucked.

For real.

She had told me, just last night, that she couldn't fuck me. She shouldn't. No one should, except her husband.

But now that she knew that I felt that way—that we could feel that way, together... she was happy. She didn't care that what we did was wrong, taboo. It brought her pleasure, happiness... it brought us both joy.

A deep joy that was impossible to find anywhere else. I wanted nothing more than this, for the rest of my life, from my mom. From my lover.

My mother moaned as the first inch of my cock slipped up inside of her pussy, spreading her wide. God, her wet heat felt amazing! A shock went through me; it was so fucking tight in there, like a fist

wrapped around my dick, milking me and sucking me deeper! My hands squeezed down harder, my body tensed, and I groaned out loud, my breath leaving me at how good she felt. The sound of my mom whimpering beneath me only added to the intensity; I'd never been fucked this good and this was barely even a minute in! But her little sounds, the whimpers of pain-pleasure that told me how much this meant to her, only helped to further the sensation of my cock slipping deeper and deeper inside her.

"Oh fuck!" I growled when I felt my balls press against her dripping lips and I realized I'd hilted all the way inside her. My mother had taken every inch of my cock like she was made for it! And as her back arched and she bucked against me, pushing back into me even tighter, I thought to myself: Yes, yes she is. We fit together so perfectly that all thoughts of this being 'wrong' flew right out of my brain. All I could think about now was how much I loved being inside of my mom. How amazing she felt squeezing around me.

That, and the fact that I'd be taking a huge load of my cum and pouring it straight into her fertile womb in just a minute or two. And then there would be no going back.

As if she could read my mind, mom turned to look over her shoulder at me, eyes full of longing and worry. "Jared—sweetie—I need you to do something for me..." Her voice quivered in the same way it always did whenever she asked for something from dad but knew he would refuse. She knew what I was here for, and while some part of her still resisted, she also wanted this just as bad as I did. Maybe even more.

"Of course, mom... anything you want," I said immediately, my heart skipping a beat as I heard her call me 'sweetie' again. Fuck, it sounded so damn sweet coming from her soft mouth, especially right in the middle of a long, deep round of making love to each other! I had to concentrate not to start pumping loads into her fertile pussy with just that word alone!

She looked hesitant as she spoke up. "You need to wear... wear protection..." she trailed off softly, her eyes downcast once more like she was ashamed of asking me to use a condom, which just turned

me on even more. She didn't want me using anything between us when we made our own special kind of incestual love to one another! Her body clearly wanted all of my semen inside of it... it knew it belonged there! But mom also understood the reality of the situation; no matter how much she secretly wants me to breed her, my seed was too powerful, and a pregnancy between us would be dangerous (to say the least!). And that meant that any cum I sprayed inside of her, whether deep in her pussy or splashing over her big tits, was absolutely not to be wasted, no matter how badly I needed to cum right at that very instant!

"I... of course," I told her softly after an uncomfortable moment of silence, and quickly dug through my pockets until I found a stray condom that I still had lying around, probably left over from some random slut who wanted to get fucked at a party. I pulled it out and showed it to her, making sure she knew that I respected her wishes—she relaxed as she saw it in my hand. "Just let me put this on and then we can—"

"Put it on here," mom told me suddenly. "In my mouth."

I stared at her with disbelief; my jaw hung slack as she looked straight up into my eyes with those big green orbs, almost teasing me! This woman was practically fucking begging to swallow my cock right now! My hands were shaking as I tore the package open with my teeth, pulling out the slimy piece of latex. But just before I got the thing out of its wrapper, she gave me one final order:

"No hands."

Fuck, how is it possible that this woman could be such a fucking whore? I was stunned by the amount of confidence and downright slutty attitude she was showing right now as she opened her mouth and waited for me to roll that rubber all the way over my raging shaft with only my mouth! Her fingers drummed lightly against the sheets on our bed, patiently waiting for me to wrap my lips around the condom so we could finally get started on making us an actual incestuous baby. Fuck! I'm still shaking right now as I start working the condom onto my dick—fuck!

This had never been an issue before; normally putting one of these things on took seconds for me, but not with my mom

watching... no, with her waiting for my dick to stretch her cunt wide and spray its cum deep in her womb. Now everything seemed different; everything seemed to move slower when I was naked in front of my mother like this. This would be the first time she ever gets a look at the thing, and it is absolutely impossible for me to ignore that fact as I start pinching the tip of the condom, carefully unrolling it along my length. It feels good being watched; fuck, what if it feels good knowing I'm going to knock up my own mother?!

Mom's smile stretches across her face, lighting up those big beautiful green eyes of hers. "Wow," she says softly, her fingers tightening just a little around the edge of the blanket while I get more and more focused on the task at hand. No pun intended. Fuck, this is really going to happen, isn't it? This is real. I'm actually about to put a baby into the cunt I came from. What the fuck is wrong with the two of us that this is actually turning us on? Is this a joke? Maybe this is a test or something. Yeah, that's gotta be it. Mom must be trying to see if I actually have these kinds of crazy kinks inside of me. Of course it'd make sense if I did though, considering who birthed me. Shit, I feel like I could pop right now with just another stroke...

I let out a long breath as I get the last inch of my shaft encased by the tight latex ring. And then my hand goes into motion, gripping the base and slowly pulling the sheath off of me, leaving me hard and throbbing and dripping with precum. There is a huge string of it that stretches between the head and my palm once I'm fully uncovered, and mom's eyes are immediately drawn to the sight of it, growing just a tiny bit wider as I lift my fingers to it and spread the shiny clear liquid around, giving myself a coating of lubricant that will hopefully keep the friction to a minimum while I'm inside of her. After all, the better and easier it feels to do this, the quicker it'll be over with. At least, that's how I see it anyway. But now comes the truly difficult part; positioning myself between mom's legs.

"Hurry up," she whines in a soft, impatient voice, "put your cock in me already."

Those words alone should make it easy to enter my mother. All I would have to do is get behind her, line myself up and thrust until I

hit bottom. It couldn't be that hard, right? Well... it shouldn't be too hard, but there is one issue that makes the situation complicated enough to cause doubt in my mind. Namely, what if I put it in wrong? What if I push forward too fast or not far enough and wind up hurting her with something that I'm unfamiliar with using? God! This is such an impossible situation and not at all what I thought I'd have to worry about when it came to sleeping with someone for the very first time. It really makes a lot of sense to think about though, doesn't it?

My sister, my mom; why would either of them want me anywhere near their private parts? The mere suggestion would send them screaming and running from the room—at least if they were in their right minds. That's part of the problem we're dealing with, isn't it? And I can't even really blame them.

Not so long ago I couldn't think of anything more repulsive than having sex with my sister, and even just considering the idea made me feel like a terrible human being who was going to end up burning in hellfire for all eternity. Sure, it seems weird to have a moral quandary like that over the idea of boning your sister, but the problem is that we are talking about sexual relations between non-relatives that have a taboo attached to them. When two people like each other enough to go ahead and commit that particular act together there isn't really a problem to speak of, but as soon as feelings of disgust creep in on one side of things it throws off the balance. And don't let anyone tell you otherwise, society has always thrown some major shade down on people who break its laws, no matter how arbitrary those laws are.

My sister, Megan, probably has a few good reasons to be disgusted by me and the way I've been acting lately. For starters, I've been lying to her about the nature of our relationship. She thinks of me as this great guy who she is lucky enough to call her brother, while all that time I've actually been lusting after her from afar. It makes me wonder if she would react violently to the suggestion or fall on her knees begging for my dick?

Maybe neither would happen. We could go through the rest of our lives without ever revealing what I know and what we do, or

who we secretly want to do it with. That might be a happy life to lead. The thought of spending time with my family and getting to enjoy their company knowing that nobody was upset over things that might happen... yeah, I could really live with something like that. All my life I've wanted to have the kind of life other people look at with envy, maybe now I'm finally ready to start working towards doing that. I want to have Megan under me while I slam into her over and over, filling her completely, making sure to knock her up the first try. Then I want to walk outside hand-in-hand with Cara and make the world jealous when they see how lucky I am.

For all these thoughts to come out in this moment, when I'm finally standing behind Cara about to shove my cock inside her, speaks to how conflicted I really feel. She is such a perfect woman to me and I'd love nothing more than to make her mine, to claim her completely right here and now and give her no chance but to love me and adore me from here on out, but another part of me still wants Megan. A life with mom would be amazing but there would always be something missing, a hole left unfilled that only my sister can really fill.

What do you even say to someone you've spent so much of your life looking up to as this icon of humanity who can never, ever let themselves fall? Maybe my mind wasn't built for handling things like this and I honestly thought that it might break inside. I stood frozen like that for an eternity, not really thinking any one thing in particular and just trying to get over my inner turmoil enough to actually commit to the moment and fuck Cara already. It shouldn't have been so hard and yet everything in me rebelled at the thought of crossing that final line.

Then came the sound. It was Cara, and her voice cracked while she spoke my name, "Jared... please... just—"

That did it for me, just that simple request that meant so much in so little words. I moved forward suddenly, no longer waiting, only acting and putting myself back together through actions rather than words. It was something physical and visceral; an urge like none other had struck me with its suddenness as I pushed right up against the back of my mom, pressed my dick straight into her warm

and welcoming entrance until there wasn't a single breath of distance left between us. I fucked her right then, raw and without any sort of condom or protection, just a man who'd lost control taking his own mother in the middle of a hotel room and filling her with all of his thick incestuous cream.

And the sounds I heard from Cara told me, above anything else, how she felt about it. Her moans were deep, intense, almost violent. They rose from her chest, and as her breasts pressed down into the bedspread beneath us, they muffled her cries somewhat and yet made them all the more potent, all the more obvious to us both. We were lost in pleasure; our world was spinning out of control, but that sensation of raw fucking was everything we needed.

Our hips thrust against one another at rapid pace, a rhythm like a piston inside of a machine. The bed began to shake, our bodies moved, and I reached for her hands to hold them tight. Mom cried out louder, still muffled as her tits compressed further into the fabric beneath her but it didn't matter; the feeling and the sound and even the scent of our bodies mingling together was enough to fill me with satisfaction. I was on the brink already, unable to believe how easily this whole scenario had turned my way. One minute she was pushing me away, telling me how fucked up I was, the next minute I was balls deep inside of her! But now, now she was submitting to me; she had given in to the moment and embraced every last bit of it. We were lovers, we were mother and son, and we were so very connected. Our hearts beat in time, and they grew faster, as we rushed towards an inevitable conclusion.

I couldn't hold on much longer; her walls were too hot, too snug, too amazing as they closed around my aching prick and milked it with a practiced perfection. I'd never cum so hard from any other girl before, but I knew that when I exploded inside of mom, the release would be immense. It wasn't long now before I was just inches from the edge and tittering over the precipice, my toes curled and my knees shaking against her outer thighs. Her ass was perfect, round and soft and bouncing against my hips like two firm pillows that absorbed every impact while we fucked, and mom seemed to love every single minute of it. She was screaming into the mattress

beneath us, and I thought that if anyone walked by they might think someone was getting killed inside... but then I also didn't care if someone did hear, as I thrust to the base and unloaded my balls into her wet pussy. My cock pulsated, throbbed with every gush of cum, and I painted the insides of Cara's womb with my sticky seed. She gasped, shuddered, bucked backwards onto me, and came with her own intense orgasm, a full body spasm that left us both dizzy and confused by its incredible bliss. I was stunned; had sex always been like this? And why hadn't I experienced it until now? I felt complete in the aftermath, like some vital piece of myself had fallen into place, and as mom moaned softly and turned back to look at me with teary eyes, I knew she felt the same way.

The bed below us was drenched; mom's body had taken as much as it could hold, and it had leaked down onto the comforter and left a growing dark spot beneath our wriggling hips. My cock softened gradually, but still held itself deep inside of her even after it had gone mostly flaccid and hung uselessly between my legs. The scent of sex filled the air and my heart beat like crazy as I realized what I'd done. A few weeks ago I could never have imagined doing this, that fucking my mother was something I should be ashamed of, but as she rolled around onto her back and reached out to grab my hand, I knew that we had made the right decision. This was going to make us happy, happier than we ever could've been with anybody else. My cock, soft and messy though it was, stirred slightly between my legs as I looked down at mom laying there with her stomach bulging slightly from the cum inside of her, knowing full well that the only thing she wanted was me, that her body was now mine to fill with my seed any time I wanted to. We kissed passionately then, her arms around my neck, my hands gently cupping her breasts, and it was clear that this wasn't going to be the first time we did this again, or even the second.

My balls tingled at that.

If you need to know one thing, know this: we weren't stopping at just once. Or twice.

That's not nearly enough.

"Well," she said quietly, still catching her breath. "Now that you've put a baby in your mother... what are we going to tell everyone?"

I paused. There was going to be lots of questions. Lots of weird ones. Lots of people who weren't going to believe us.

But fuck it. I did get mom pregnant, but it wasn't just some mistake. It was everything I wanted. I wanted to give her everything. I didn't really know how far my plan had been, just how far I was willing to take this relationship with my mom, and I was sure as hell never thinking we were going to conceive, or that I was going to make mom my actual wife...

"Fuck them all," I replied. "Who gives a shit what they say?"

It was like a revelation. A weight lifted off of my shoulders, one that I was only able to ignore because I'd been so obsessed with keeping my parents from divorce. But if they were splitting up, and dad didn't want to see us, then he could fucking leave. There was no reason I couldn't enjoy the new life mom and I were making with each other, whatever the cost to ourselves and others. And after everything she had gone through, she deserved to be happy.

She deserved something good.

And I knew how to do it.

"Jared," she whispered, turning back. She was crying openly now, tears dripping from her cheeks and onto the pillow below her. "I—I've waited—" She choked back more tears. Her voice was shaky. "This is too good to be true."

The sight of my mother like this broke my heart and melted it at the same time. It hurt, but... I was overjoyed. Mom wanted this.

I moved my hips forward and pushed against her, just enough to let my tip stretch and enter her opening. Mom gasped, her eyes shooting open and her mouth hanging open, wordless. As I slid forward and sank the first few inches into her, I groaned softly, closing my eyes as well, just for a moment to get lost in the pure sensation of my cock buried in my mom's pussy. When I opened my eyes again, I was greeted with the sight of Mom biting her lower lip, stifling more moans while she pushed her hips backward against me, forcing my cock deeper into her.

"God," she gasped softly. "Oh... god, baby... oh..."

"You're mine now," I told her, keeping my grip tight on her hips. With my feet planted firmly on the floor, I began to roll my hips slowly, pushing back and forth so that she felt every inch of me rubbing along her inner walls. The friction was amazing, and we both fell into a rhythm quickly, working together to make the pleasure as intense as possible for us both. My gaze drifted down and took in the sight of her full, voluptuous ass grinding against my pelvis with every thrust forward. Then I looked up at my handiwork as she bent forward even further for me, pushing her upper body flat against the mattress, making her arch her back to keep presenting her cunt to me.

The way she pushed back against me turned me on so much I found myself increasing the force behind each push of my hips. "Your pussy's so tight, mom..." I murmured through gritted teeth, closing my eyes and focusing on how good it felt to be inside her. "And fuckin' wet. So much wetter than any other pussy I've had."

Mom didn't respond, she was too focused on the task of fucking back against my own movements. We were really starting to get going now; the room filled with the sounds of our moans, skin slapping skin and squelching sex.

"God, Jared!" I heard her groan. "So deep... so much deeper than your father was." Her hands pulled at the bedclothes while she threw back her head as the pleasure overtook her. She was getting close and it was like she wanted to scream from how incredible everything felt.

It all got me thinking about something that made my heart speed up with arousal: would we be able to do this again? Was this a one-time thing just because she'd been left on the side of the road by my father, or was there still a chance mom might leave him for me? My hips moved faster at the thought of having my mom in bed every night and being able to satisfy her the way nobody else could.

Suddenly, I couldn't hold back any more. Every muscle in my body tensed. I let out a growl, holding my mom's waist tight enough to leave bruises on her skin. I pushed my entire cock inside her one last time, until our bodies met once again and I buried myself as

deep in my own mother's cunt as I could get. And as the warmth of her insides caressed me all over, I came. It felt like I was pouring everything that I had, every ounce of cum from my balls deep into the woman who had given birth to me. I felt myself shooting it, flooding her, filling her, knowing that even if she did go on to make up with dad there was no way he would ever know which one of us had impregnated her first. Mom was mine, right now and always. I leaned down and kissed the back of her neck, and whispered: "Now you're finally mine... mom."

I shuddered, the final pulses of cum erupting out of me and deep inside my mom. I didn't want it to end, but eventually nothing else would come out. Pulling myself slowly out of her, I watched as a mix of our fluids leaked slowly out of her used entrance. When I looked up from what we had done together, I saw my mom roll over and look up at me. She had never looked at me that way before—with her eyes shining and her mouth open in a joyful smile. "That..." she whispered. "Thank you." Her hands reached for my shoulders and pulled me gently towards her. "Come here," she whispered. I lowered myself onto the bed next to her and she grabbed my face in her hands, pulling it towards hers and kissing me hard. I could barely believe this was my own mother whose tongue was swirling inside my mouth, trying to pull me as close as possible. But when we pulled apart and I looked at her flushed cheeks, it was only an intense love that filled my chest—no more desire, just contentment and fulfillment.

Then the guilt returned. A heavy sensation sat on my heart again; it was the same kind of guilt that had been plaguing me all night. I looked up at her, expecting her to turn her gaze away in shame now that we were both out of breath and lying next to each other on the king bed. But instead, I found a calm and clear look in my mom's green eyes.

"What's wrong?" she asked, reaching up to touch my face softly.

"Mom, I..." I took a deep breath, "I am really sorry for saying what I said about your body and forcing you into this." My voice shook as I tried not to cry.

My mom looked me straight in the eyes, but she wasn't angry anymore, only slightly confused. "You forced me into this? Really Jared? I was sitting there all day fantasizing about you fucking me just like I had seen you with your girlfriends and imagining how it would feel to be filled with my son's seed."

She leaned forward and kissed my lips, then whispered in my ear. "Now, get back to it." She turned around and presented her gorgeous ass again.

Without hesitation, I slammed my hard cock deep inside my mom until our hips were smashed together and held myself there firmly, giving her time to adjust to the size of it before I pulled out and did it again. I fucked her like I had been doing it forever—long slow strokes with my hips first, sliding my full length along every inch of her soft tunnel that surrounded me with hot, clinging pressure. "Oh god," she murmured, pressing her hips back against mine, her legs splaying wider to give me deeper access as my strokes came faster, harder, "your cock feels so fucking good..."

When she reached down to play with her clit, I pressed forward over her back and shoved my tongue in her mouth as far as it would go, loving the moans and cries she gave right into my face as we made passionate love in a way that was even more amazing than I could ever have imagined.

Mom's hands gripped my ass tight, pulling me into her with each thrust while her hips ground back against me, and I could feel the tension building in her whole body—especially in those strong hands as she moaned louder and louder.

My balls slapped up against her clit with every thrust of my cock inside her, and soon she was gasping and shuddering, squeezing down on me from head to base while I fucked her through her orgasm, keeping my pace steady so that when the end came, it would hit us both together.

Just moments later I buried myself deep, holding against her with all my might until I couldn't hold back any longer; I screamed, "Mother! I love you!" as my cock erupted inside her like an exploding volcano and flooded her womb with so much semen that I feared I would drown us both.

It seemed to last forever, my balls draining themselves completely into the beautiful woman who gave me life... and after a time I began to relax again and the spasms of my release gave way to more gentle throbs, then just a twitch or two.

"Honey," mom gasped as soon as her breath came back to her. She shifted her hips backwards against me and turned around so our faces were inches apart, then whispered, "Thank you so much..." before giving me a sloppy wet kiss which lasted for a long time, both of us unwilling to break it off.

Finally she smiled, a little embarrassed. "You know how long it's been since I got a creampie?" She bit her lip and pressed down with her hips, drawing another little spurt out of me. "Your father never did this part right, you know."

"You'll never miss it again," I promised her, running my hand through the beautiful golden waves of her hair. Then we were kissing again, hungrily this time, as though all the desire, all the longing in both our bodies was finally being released after too long being held back by guilt and shame and propriety.

Mom moaned loudly, "Oh fuck, honey! Give it to me... give it all to me!" when my orgasm crashed over me like an ocean wave, sending the first gush deep into her. Then, still coming, I leaned forward even further and pressed myself against her womb, emptying my balls inside of my mother with a grunt while she screamed out my name in orgasm, her muscles clamping down hard on my pulsing shaft as it squirted more cum into her belly.

My legs shook. They trembled. I almost fell onto her, my weight crushing her to the sheets of the bed that I bought for our wedding night. And she held me tight to her, arms around my body, legs curling, feet pressing against my calves. And when I collapsed forward and rolled off of her, pulling her close against my chest and holding her head between my hands, I could feel that there was something missing... something not quite complete about all this. But the feeling was washed away almost immediately by a fresh wave of lust, this time brought on by the realization of what we had done... that it was too late to go back now; that we had truly consummated our relationship—in fact, mom had already moved

from kissing my lips to my chest, then lower, lower still. Her tongue snaked over my stomach, licked below my bellybutton... I groaned, pushing myself up onto my elbows in surprise when my mother's mouth sank low and took my entire cock into her throat with a moan of pure bliss.

"H-holy shit," I panted, watching my mom's head bob up and down slowly at first, but quickly increasing in speed as her passion increased. "Jesus, mom... you're sucking your own son's cum off my dick..." Her eyes were closed, but her mouth formed the most perverse smile possible around its current occupant while she nodded in agreement and kept blowing me like this was the greatest thing she had ever tasted in her entire life. When I felt the familiar sensations beginning to rise once again, I reached for her shoulders to warn her—but she was ready. She grabbed hold of my hands, forcing them to her head and pinning them to her blonde hair. "Ooh... oh fuck mom, I'm gonna shoot it down your throat if you're not careful..." Again, she looked up at me with those amazing green eyes and smiled while she forced my hips back onto the bed and continued to suck my cock until it began twitching violently between her lips. It didn't take long before the pressure became overwhelming. With a grunt of pleasure I thrust my hips upwards and shot pulse after thick hot pulse of cum into the back of her throat while her head remained bobbing slowly up and down so that she could swallow every drop without spilling a bit on the floor. My mother moaned happily during each burst until finally letting me slip out from between her lips, giving it one last kiss goodbye before crawling back over my exhausted body and resting her head on my shoulder. We lay like that for several minutes before either one of us spoke again.

Finally she sighed contentedly before breaking the silence between us. "So... do I belong to you now?" Mom asked me playfully as she kissed along my neck while her hands wandered downwards until they found their destination wrapped firmly around my dick.

I gasped at this unexpected act—which was quickly becoming much less uncommon these days. Still though it surprised me just how much control she already had over me... especially when she

said things like that which made my heart skip beats and sent shivers up my spine. Was this what love felt like? If so I liked it very much indeed because no matter how good any other girl may be it was nothing compared to the feeling of having her lips wrapped tightly around my shaft or pressed firmly against mine like she had just done mere seconds ago.

We were both still breathing heavily when she climbed on top of me and pressed her naked body against mine causing me to let out a soft groan. My mom began grinding her hips into me teasingly slow but gradually increasing speed as her lips grazed along my neck. When she finally pushed herself back up and straddled her knees on either side of my waist, I watched with growing anticipation as her eyes fluttered half-closed while my hands explored the soft skin on each side of her ass.

When her head rolled back, and her mouth opened to give way to the slightest of moans, I knew we were done for—but this time in a good way! This was the first time mom's hair actually hit me, and I must say it tickled a little. However I would have laughed if not for the fact that her nails dug deeply into my chest and sent a spike of pleasure through me that caused me to inhale sharply. The smell of her sex hung heavy in the air around us. Even from our angle it was easy to tell how wet she was, but even still I took extra care not to hurt her as I slid myself inside. When the entire tip was submerged inside, she exhaled loudly, and looked down at me once again with a small smirk of satisfaction gracing her lips.

"It feels amazing," she whispered seductively and rolled her hips against me a single time.

I moaned at this motion, "You have no idea how fucking hot you are right now." Before she could respond, I reached up and placed both of my hands on her hips, guiding them onto my hard-on. Inch by inch until finally it disappeared completely inside of her warm folds. The sensation drove me crazy!

My mom was so tight and warm; I didn't know if she were this tight normally or if she had just tightened up in our excitement over what we were doing. But she felt fucking incredible! My cock was absolutely coated with her arousal which made it much easier to

slide in and out of her. The sound of it filling the room and adding to our experience.

Mom looked back at me and let out a moan before rolling her eyes back, enjoying herself. This woman that I was so used to being strict with me was now here on the bed, under me, naked and letting me use her like I'd never been able to before. It turned me on more than I can possibly express, which only caused my cock to become even harder as it glided between the walls of her soaking wet cunt.

"Ah!" She breathed out heavily as my rod went deep inside of her and continued to get pushed into her over and over again. The pleasure had obviously taken a toll on her as her moans became louder and more frequent. Her ass shook each time it slapped against my stomach.

This was the first time I'd ever experienced anything quite like this, so of course I was new to everything; what felt good to her? How fast should I go? Was this hurting her in any way? All I could do was guess... I just knew that having sex with someone who meant something to you definitely made the experience more enjoyable. I loved my mother and now that we were actually doing this it would only make us closer... not to mention what the implications of this situation are if someone were to find out about it. Would the town know how I used to jerk off thinking about this exact situation or that sometimes when she was sleeping that I'd watch her in the nude until morning came? I'm not sure I'd really care what people thought, but that's because I finally got what I wanted: I'm living my fantasy.

"I'm gonna cum!" I yelled and then released everything I had stored up inside of her womb. Cara was practically screaming underneath me, completely lost in the ecstasy of having all of her senses stimulated. Once I slid out of her and rolled onto my back she remained there, almost paralyzed, shaking from head-to-toe and breathing so hard it sounded like she might pass out. This woman right here was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen! My mother truly deserved the title of MILF, she's amazing in every way possible and I hope this is only the beginning of our wild relationship.

For several minutes no one said a word as we lay on that hotel bed; nothing needed to be said at this point as we were both basking in the afterglow.

It felt amazing—even though it was probably an orgasm comparable to what dad had given her, I hoped that my performance was good enough. All these years of pining after my mother has lead up to this one night and I wanted to make sure that this moment counted for something...

I didn't want any doubts between us.

If my mother came tonight, and I meant truly, genuinely came, then everything would be fine.

It scared me. Scared me how much I loved her. But I knew my mom, I really did, and if anyone understood that sort of obsessive love... she did too. She'd been on the other side of it. We were cut from the same cloth, me and my mom, we understood each other so completely. Even when we weren't seeing eye to eye, even when we were fighting. And right now? Right now she knew how I wanted her to answer, what she should say—it wasn't yes, because the word no still danced in her throat and across her lips, but no matter what I had been thinking and planning and dreaming and fantasizing over the last couple of months. It was here. My cock was thick, so thick that I thought I'd tear into her pussy at first, but the pressure yielded, like something popping within her. My cock entered, slid home, and as my balls touched against her folds I exhaled. My hips slapped forward.

My hands wrapped around the curve of her waist, held tight and strong as my cock buried itself deeper. So much deeper than just in her body. Her breathing grew ragged and rough, gasping as the realization of what was happening set in—that her son was holding her down, filling her up, owning her body and asserting his claim upon it.

"Jared," she said softly. Then louder. "Jared..." Louder. "Jared—" Loudest, a high, wavering shriek, an orgasm that ripped through her faster than she could realize it, like a sudden blow to the head, or getting kicked in the face. Cara spasmed with joy, the pleasure of our raw incestuous joining shooting into every extremity and forcing

her muscles to go rigid before they went completely loose. I didn't hold back, the way she clamped down on my cock only brought out my inner animal more. I rammed myself into her as fast as I could, making sure my hips slapped loudly against hers and sending tremors through her soft flesh while she whimpered and moaned, still cumming. "I'm going to fuck you," I growled in response to her moaning, the words ripping out of me as hard as my cock inside of her pussy. "I'm going to own you. Understand?"

It felt like everything in my entire life was leading up to this point. There had been no other purpose, not for anyone or anything. The entirety of the universe had existed solely to bring about this moment, when I would grab hold of my mother's waist and pull her back against me and thrust into her so that she understood who she belonged to and who was master of her pleasure, body and soul. That I would be in total command of whether she found bliss and when. My grip tightened on her waist, squeezing hard enough that there would likely be bruises after, and as my hand moved over her skin I felt the sweat that covered it, made us both slick with each other's bodies and our own effort, our wild coupling that left both of us panting heavily. Mom's body shuddered around me, wracked with climax, until suddenly she threw off her hands from the bedspread and shoved herself backward toward me. For a split second I was unprepared, losing my grip on her, but then her body crashed against mine. She arched her back against my chest, throwing her arms around my neck and wrapping one leg behind my thigh. In one smooth movement she drew her fingers through my hair, pulling back enough for me to look up at her in surprise. Her face was contorted with pleasure, but now she glared fiercely into my eyes, as if challenging me to continue fucking her, as though she were not a willing participant any longer but rather an opponent, an equal force testing my will and strength to own her fully. A low growl started deep within her throat, and as it built higher into an almost-feline wail, she pulled at my head even more sharply. Then, as I tried to push against the back of her waist to force her off, she opened her mouth wide in a soundless scream before slamming it against mine. Now we fought with each other with all of our might, me trying to

penetrate her with my cock as deeply as possible, her clenching every muscle in her pussy to squeeze my cock for all its worth, trying to force me out. But this could only last so long—we were both reaching the point where exhaustion would start to set in. So we pushed hard, our mouths locked together like some kind of primal ritual, fighting tooth and nail for domination while sweat poured from our bodies. Finally, with one last burst of energy, mom broke our kiss and arched her body away from me, stretching her arms above her head and flexing them as far as they could go, forcing me to slide out of her in order to keep up. With that advantage, she used the foot behind me as leverage to roll backwards and away, landing with her feet just past the edge of the bed, standing facing me, chest heaving with effort while she continued to pant wildly, trying to catch her breath. We stared at each other for what felt like an eternity before suddenly everything happened all at once—both of us rushed forward simultaneously, throwing ourselves against each other as we scrambled for dominance. I felt myself being shoved backward under her assault, but somehow managed to flip her around mid-air and slam her roughly onto her back against the mattress. Now our roles reversed, and it became my turn to hold her down while she desperately tried to fight her way free. Every second counted because if I gave her even half a chance, she'd use it against me immediately. Our faces came within inches of each other as we panted into each other's mouths, eyes burning with the passion of our struggle. Suddenly mom twisted under me, using a leg to throw herself sideways across the bed until she found purchase on top again. I felt myself being thrown over and over with increasing violence, feeling my strength give out as I tried futilely to keep up with her. Again I landed on my back on the soft surface, this time underneath mom's writhing body which arched into an inhuman position as she straddled me between her legs. With no thought except escape in mind, I pushed both hands upward into her ribs just beneath her armpits and heaved as hard as I could. She gasped at the sudden forceful intrusion of my fingers but managed to remain upright on top of me despite my attempts to buck her off. Still not deterred from my original objective

however, I moved my hands lower and thrust them inward toward her thighs. I could feel her entire body tensing as she sensed what I was going to try next. But then inexplicably I paused—something about the look on her face caught my eye, it seemed strange somehow almost... familiar. It reminded me of when I would watch porn at night before going to bed, fantasizing about fucking an older woman like my mother while she screamed out in ecstasy as my cock stretched her pussy open. For a fraction of a second my imagination took hold and I pictured what I might be doing to her right now if only this were really happening. And suddenly there it was again that spark deep within me, a feeling growing in intensity by the second. My eyes went wide with shock and then excitement as realization slowly set in—this was real! It wasn't just a fantasy! Somehow I had gone back in time and was really fucking my own mom right now!

With my whole body tensed like a bowstring, I reached down and wrapped my arms around her waist and lifted up with all my strength until I pulled myself right on top of her once again, our faces mere inches apart. She squirmed under me but soon realized how futile it was to resist as I pressed myself harder against her until all she could do was submit fully to whatever happened next. After several minutes of struggling I finally succeeded in pinning her legs apart beneath me so that there would be no more fighting left in either one of us. And then just when it appeared that there was nothing further left to accomplish by continuing things any longer, something completely unexpected occurred to both of us at exactly same time—she opened her mouth wide, inviting me in. Our lips met together roughly as we began kissing passionately for several minutes straight without stopping once before finally pulling away panting heavily. And even though neither said anything verbally neither needed words to communicate how amazing this felt...this was the best kiss either one ever received!

My head spun dizzily from the sheer pleasure of what happened. Suddenly feeling extremely hot, my skin tingled with excitement all over. Everywhere I touched sent waves throughout my whole being leaving me unable to focus clearly or control myself any longer.

And then without warning, without saying a word, she rolled me onto my back and crawled on top of me, straddling my chest while staring directly into my eyes.

It took only a brief glance downward to confirm that yes indeed I was correct in assuming why she was hovering above me wearing nothing but her wedding ring. Her hand slid between our bodies slowly pushing aside her panties exposing her smooth mound glistening with wetness ready to receive me entirely if I should give permission.

There was no doubt about this being wrong anymore or thinking about how badly things would turn out for us if anyone found out what was happening here. Instead I knew deep within me that there would never be another chance like this again which made the desire grow exponentially stronger than ever before. I needed her and she needed me more than anything else we've ever wanted. There was no sense fighting anymore against fate anymore when obviously she had planned this entire scenario perfectly to ensure everything ended exactly as she intended them to be...including falling deeply in love with your own mother who just so happens happen happened to be your ex-boyfriend's new wife!

Her lips touched mine, soft warm kisses that lingered between us. Then she pressed harder, her tongue dancing against mine sending chills down my spine while her hands moved towards my hardness and carefully slid along its length until finally grasping tightly around its thickness. The intensity grew stronger with each touch from her making it harder than ever for me to resist her advances without losing myself completely. She leaned back pulling away slightly from our embrace yet keeping one arm wrapped tightly around me while holding firmly onto my cock still stroking gently as though afraid anything stronger might set it off exploding right then and there against her palm leaving both us covered in sticky wetness leaking everywhere across each other's skin dripping down between her fingers causing even more arousal building between her thighs dripping further downwards sliding further inside where neither one could reach alone anymore especially after spending last few nights exploring every inch without realizing how much deeper than just

flesh alone could feel. My body trembled uncontrollably unable handle all these emotions coming forth at once combined together creating incredible force pulling us closer together. Finally releasing grip let go letting shaft rest directly on top wet mound pressing down hard against opening feeling slight resistance yet no desire whatsoever lessen pressure enough allowing tip ease through entrance widening briefly wider until popping inside suddenly deeper sinking deeper slipping deeper spreading apart walls squeezing around tightly sucking deeper wanting more swallowing up hungrily forcing outwards forcing apart filling up completely until finally hitting bottom bumping hard against front pushing forward deeper stretching muscles further apart straining limits beyond usual limits far exceeding limits pushing past limitations making room stretch wider accepting size growing thicker wider bigger larger deeper harder until finally burying whole thing deep inside reaching bottom bottom of inner depths filled entirely with entire length entire length being consumed entirely swallowed up completely filled full entirely full up stuffed full of mom's pussy tight hot wet clamping down constricting crushing against pulsating throbbing shaft pounding heartbeat through veins thumping loudly echoing throughout head while thrusts slowly push forward pulling backward repeatedly repeating over again faster quicker rougher harder slapping together noises loud banging banging slamming crashing bouncing booming thundering louder louder louder louder louder louder until finally exploding erupting bursting breaking apart splitting wide open spraying thick streams spilling white hot cumming filling up pouring emptying pouring filling emptying emptying filling emptying emptying pumping pumping pumping pouring pouring pouring pouring pumping pumping pumping pumping filling up again again again again again again again again pumping draining filling draining filling draining spasming shooting quivering twitching shuddering jerking shivering jolting shaking vibrating thrashing vibrating squirming wriggling rocking rolling twisting turning trembling tensing tightening straining straining muscles contracting muscles convulsing muscles seizing muscles clamping muscles clutching muscles contracting muscles gripping muscles squeezing

muscles milking cocks spurting spurting spurting spurting spurting jets jetting ropes ribboning strings coating covering dripping dropping leaking flowing running flooding pooling puddles pools lakes oceans floods washing waves drowning tsunami tidal waves surging surging surging surging surges splashing splintering bursting bursting cracking shattering smashing shattering breaking crumbling falling collapsing collapsing collapsing imploding imploding imploding imploding collapsing exploding expanding mushrooming expanding inflating rising lifting floating drifting drifting higher rising rising higher up higher flying free soaring flying away reaching higher and higher and higher higher high into space outer space universe beyond galaxies across galaxies further further further until—

—until I collapsed on my mom. Our skin was slippery, our bodies warm and heavy. And I was... done. Exhausted, satisfied beyond measure. The lust that had burned inside me since the instant I first touched my mother, the fire that had been fanned from every point of contact, every glimpse of her beauty, every tease, every touch, even all the times we kissed and fucked and sucked—it was finished now. I had spent myself, entirely, in my mother. I didn't care about anything else. I didn't care if it had changed my world forever. In this moment, there were only two people alive, and the man and woman needed sleep.

As my mom's eyelids fluttered shut, a faint smile on her lips, she murmured one thing. My name.

"Jared," she mumbled softly. "My sweet boy..."

And that was when it hit me. All this time. How could I have missed it? The look in her eyes the way they widened at my touch. Her smiles, those shy smirks and those wide grins that only showed up with me. The touches. They weren't motherly. Those had just been excuses. My mind ran backward through years and years of memories, and in each, there was an undeniable answer.

Her fingers, curled around mine on Christmas morning as she opened gifts with me. When my face was covered in chocolate and she scooped me close, kissed me and licked off the icing. On the beach, in the pool, always next to me, holding my hand, keeping me safe from the waves.

I never needed to be safe from the waves. I needed to be saved from myself, saved from how badly I wanted her to see me, like a man. Because the whole time, no one knew better than her what it meant for me to grow up with no father figure. And in trying to give me that, she made me feel even more for her. More than I'd ever known.

And maybe she felt it too. That I was her last connection to him. A memory and a promise both, to make amends with how much pain I had seen, because of him.

In that instant, before our bodies collided, her thighs trembled, and her voice quivered.

"I love you, mom."

"I—!"

Mom choked as I shoved forward, pushing my cock deep inside her all at once. Her words came back out as a moan, and I held myself tight against her, balls nestled against her skin and my cock throbbing deep within her body. "Say it again," I groaned into her ear.

Her pussy clenched tightly around me. It squeezed, milking my cock, but I held still. The pressure of her body was overwhelming, incredible, her walls slick and hot, hugging me and pressing on every sensitive spot at once.

"You're a bad boy," mom whispered, her voice almost silent. "Bad. Bad son. Do this to me? To your own mother?"

I pulled my hips back, dragging the head of my cock over every ridge along the inside of her pussy until I stopped just when I knew only the tip was left inside of her. I held that position, feeling how tightly she clung to me. How badly her body wanted me back inside of her. Her hands trembled on the bedspread.

And then I bucked forward. Thrust deep inside. Slammed all the way up to the base of my cock and jolted mom with the ferocity of it. Her voice exploded with a yelp as she was taken suddenly, hard, and fully. She arched her back and thrust herself back into me, moaning as my thighs slapped her ass with an echoing smack and my hips smashed against hers.

Mom had been fucking herself while watching pornography. But I could tell instantly, from the shock of having something so real and virile in her cunt, that nothing like this could ever be found in a video. That even if my mom had fucked guys, even if she'd made it all the way to intercourse, she had never done it without some kind of barrier. Had never fucked a guy raw like this.

It made the moment we shared indescribable. And it showed when I withdrew, saw the white stickiness of my precum and hers mingling and clinging to the walls of her sex. "Oh my god," mom murmured.

I plunged back inside of her. All the way in. Filling her again, to the brink. This time I ground against her, working myself deeper, pushing my hips tight against her. I could feel all of her, every part of her pussy and ass and thighs, pressed against me. Every curve, every inch, of my mother's beautiful body was available, bare to me and yielding beneath me. "Fuck," she hissed. Her fingers clawed into the sheets and the soft flesh of her hips trembled beneath my touch. My cock worked into her, slow at first, but then faster, building up to a solid rhythm, rocking her ass and bouncing her breasts as they hung down beneath her chest, her nipples pressing against the comforter.

"Take me," mom whispered into the bed. "Fuck—oh Jared—fuck me... fill me..."

As I pushed into her, harder and faster with each passing second, I kept saying her name too, repeating it like a spell, like a promise that bound us closer together. Cara was my mother, and I was filling her with everything I had inside of me—everything I had ever felt, every fantasy, every secret desire... the woman I had spent months lusting over was mine.

The woman I loved.

A moan left my throat. I couldn't stop. And neither could my cock, my cum rising within me, spiking my desire with a need I could not describe, something that made me work her even harder and rougher. The sounds that escaped from our bodies were raw and primal; we fucked like animals, hard and fast. Mom cried out with every thrust, every stab of my cock into her; her ass smacked

against my groin and echoed through the hotel room while she squirmed and writhed, crying for more, deeper, oh, deeper Jared, right there baby, yes—fuck it don't stop fuck me fuck your mother please I want to feel you inside of me god!

The sound of my palm crashing down onto her ass filled the room. It drove my mom crazy with delight. "More!" she cried out, her fingers clenching tight as she pushed back. "More!" Another strike landed on her pale flesh. It went red under my hand, my skin landing a stinging blow on her. "Yes! Spank me, baby!" Mom howled.

Her body jiggled and shook beneath me, and when I took a break from slapping her ass, I watched as her tits swayed with my thrusting, bouncing around with every pump of my cock inside of her. My mother was practically drooling on herself, the pleasure of fucking so good that she could barely keep her eyes open or mind focused enough to remember her own name.

Fuck—she felt incredible. So tight and hot. My cum boiled over as I fucked my mother raw, nothing stopping us but the sheer force of our incestuous love. Mom arched her back and moaned, driving her hips backwards onto my cock, taking all of me in. I gripped her ass so hard that my knuckles turned white. The more I fucked her, the louder we both got. My orgasm neared and there was no going back.

"Oh god... fuck, fuck—fuck!—Jared!" Cara screamed out as we came. Our juices swirled together and I pumped deep inside her, my cum filling her up and dripping down her thighs. I pulled out and collapsed on the bed next to my mother, sweaty, worn, but most importantly, satisfied. She looked at me with loving eyes, stroking the side of my face.

I wanted to kiss her so bad; her soft, red lips, sticky from wine and tarragon were inviting. "Mom..." I said quietly, staring into her piercing green eyes. Her face flushed and her gaze lingered down to my lips. My mouth parted and the distance between us lessened. Just one more inch. That's all it'd take to close the distance between us and taste her...

A knock came on the door.

I blinked awake.

Mom's expression went from loving to panicked.

"Cara?" came dad's voice from the other side of the door.

My eyes widened as he called her name. Mom froze for a second before pushing me out of the way and grabbing her dress, which had landed by the end of the bed. "Coming!" she called.

As she grabbed the dress I tried to make a sound of protest but she held a finger to her mouth as she slipped the purple back on. Her chest trembled with every breath, and I noticed there were drops of sweat all over her body that weren't there a moment ago, even though it seemed like just ten minutes ago she was as dry as a bone. Dad was fidgeting at the door, I could tell from how long it took for him to call out again. Mom pulled the pearl belt back onto her waist and fastened the clip back into place, covering herself once more, making sure everything was perfect. She glanced back at me as she straightened her dress in front of the mirror, giving me a look that promised so much more fun when we got home...

Then she unlocked the door and opened it, the bright lights of the restaurant momentarily blinding me. She smiled charmingly. "What is it, Jack?"

Dad frowned. His lips moved, like he didn't want to say. He had no idea I was in here. And if I stepped out after them, or if I made any noise at all, we were toast. We'd have some explaining to do. Dad finally spoke, his voice muffled and weak. "Are you coming, Cara? I'm tired."

Mom grinned widely and winked at him. "In a bit." Then she closed the door, making sure it clicked shut behind her.

"You're right. Of course," Mom said. Her expression wavered between wanting this and being afraid of it. There was a lot that hung in the balance: not just our relationship, but the possibility of a pregnancy and ruining the family. But there was more risk in what we hadn't done yet, what we had held back and denied, something that felt almost as wrong as letting it go any further. It seemed that neither one of us had thought about the consequences of leaving each other's bodies, still hot from desire and filled with need, unfulfilled. Like the first night after I had kissed her. But I wasn't going to let us be apart again. My hand slipped under her breasts

and then slid down over her hip. My mom leaned back against me, her soft body conforming to mine like a piece of plastic warms when you hold it. The tips of her nipples brushed against the sheets beneath her, causing them to harden.

"What would you like?" Mom asked. There was eagerness in her eyes as she looked at me over her shoulder, hoping that the night would end the way she had expected. She took my hand and brought it up to her breast, sighing softly as I cupped it, squeezing it gently. Her nipple pressed into the center of my palm, sending shivers throughout my body.

I felt her lips tremble against mine as she said, "I think you do know what you want... so tell me, Jared... show me."

My mom turned away, smiling as she waited. My hands trembled on her hips, holding her firmly while I stroked her from behind. The smooth skin of her cheeks caressed against my stomach. With her legs spread wide open and raised high, Mom's dripping wet hole lay exposed beneath the round swell of her ass. Her pussy was hot and sopping wet; my fingers slid easily through the folds of her flesh and slipped inside, causing Cara to gasp audibly. I felt her tighten around me as my thumb found her clitoris, swirling tiny circles across its surface.

She began to breathe faster. I watched the rapid rise and fall of her chest as she clutched handfuls of blankets while I worked her over from behind. Mom threw back her head and groaned out loud when my fingers plunged deeper, searching for a spot I knew was there somewhere...

"Oh," Cara yelped, tensing up immediately as her entire body jerked forward.

There it was. I curled my fingertips up to the same place again and repeated the action; only this time, my thumb continued rubbing slowly over her clit and my other hand slid up underneath to squeeze one of her breasts. Within seconds of my manipulations, Mom had collapsed onto her elbows with her ass pushed out even further than before, her head bent down and swaying as she struggled to hold on under this latest assault. I could tell from her shuddering whimpers that her orgasm was fast approaching. "Jared!

Please!" she finally gasped through clenched teeth. Her muscles squeezed tight around my digits, forcing me to pull them back until only my tips remained within her slick opening. A sudden burst of liquid flowed down between my knuckles and across my palm, the sound of squelching filling the room. I moved my thumb from side to side quickly across her nub and pinched her nipple between my index finger and thumb, just hard enough to cause her a slight hint of discomfort but no pain.

"Are you going to cum for me again, baby?" I asked in an even tone. With those words alone, Mom cried out as another wave struck without warning. Her whole body trembled under the strain of another explosive climax until she eventually sagged down limply, exhausted, onto the sheets, sweat and tears dripping from her flushed face as she moaned incoherently into the mattress.

I leaned over until my lips brushed against her ear and whispered, "Mom." My voice was gentle, but authoritative at the same time, telling her that we were just getting started here tonight and that this time there would be nothing stopping us from doing exactly what I wanted to do to her. I slowly drew my hand out and let go of her breast so that I could position myself behind her; after removing my boxers completely and tossing them aside, I gripped her hips firmly once more as my cock poked gently against her inner thigh.

She lifted herself off the sheets long enough to say, "Just put it inside me... I can't take any more teasing right now..."

Mom arched her back further and pressed her firm round ass cheeks back into my groin, causing me to groan and almost lose focus. The desire I'd been feeling for months finally came to a boiling point in my veins. Every fiber of my body felt like it was on fire. My dick throbbed uncontrollably, and I knew I'd have to do something soon if we didn't want to ruin the moment with my premature ejaculation.

"What are you waiting for? Just stick it in..." she whispered back to me as she rocked her pelvis in small circles, grinding on me while I hesitated for one last second. Without speaking another word I reached down and guided my cock to her entrance, already hot and

wet. After holding the tip against her for a few seconds I took a deep breath and started easing my way inside her. Immediately I gasped as I felt her squeeze tight around the head and heard mom cry out and throw her head back.

"Ohhh god," she groaned under me as I continued pushing myself into her, deeper and deeper with each thrust. "Your cock—it's so big, Jared! Don't stop... give me all of it..." I felt her insides wrap snug around the shaft, squeezing harder as I bottomed out inside of her, forcing my way through her clinging inner walls until my balls bumped up against the back of her thighs.

When she looked back at me over her shoulder with her gorgeous green eyes and told me in the softest, most sensuous voice how badly she needed this, needed me, it was enough to send me over the edge. A little spurt of precum fired inside of her cunt before I knew what was happening, and mom let out another loud moan as she felt it flood inside of her. Even if she wanted to, there was no more pulling away from me now; our bodies were connected, her cunt firmly wrapped around the base of my shaft. There was nowhere else for us to go but forward.

I was going to take everything, just like I'd promised her. Mom's eyes widened as I pushed deeper inside her, filling every inch of her insides. My cock ached as I slowly pulled out almost entirely, and then forced my way back into her again, each thrust growing stronger than the last. It wasn't long before we were rocking back and forth together, moaning and clutching each other desperately. All that we had been keeping repressed was being unleashed, finally bursting free and giving itself fully to the other.

And when my mom cried out suddenly, arching her back and pressing herself even further onto my cock, I knew that she was about to come. That's right, she was coming, cumming hard, her pussy rippling around my shaft as my cock continued to push inside of her with unrelenting need. Her whole body shuddered as the orgasm hit her, driving her even further down into the mattress where she clung helplessly, completely powerless under me. She looked back up at me, mouth open and panting, cheeks red and eyes wild with lust.

Mom gave herself to me all night, and in that moment, I truly realized how deep her emotions ran. She really did love me, maybe as a son, or maybe more... but whatever this feeling was between us, I knew we would be spending a lot more time exploring it together.

I could hardly believe it had all happened, but as my mother turned her head over her shoulder to gaze lovingly into my eyes one more time before she drifted off to sleep beside me in bed, I knew that the truth couldn't have been any different: I wanted to fuck my mother, and she wanted to be fucked by me.

There was no other way around it.

But now... now what? What are you going to do about this, Jared? About any of this? And then there was this thing, too, just staring at mom's beautiful sleeping body like this was fucking crazy in a completely different way from what had just happened between us. I don't know how long I sat there, awake in bed next to her, but when I finally fell asleep I dreamed of my dad returning, finding us like this, and shooting me dead. It's only fair, isn't it? But even that didn't deter me, I was still dreaming of ways of getting mom's attention, and making her forget every man she's ever known except for me. And when I woke up in the morning, mom's mouth was curled around my cock. She sucked me softly as the early morning light lit up her face, and when I came my hands clutched at her hair and pulled her down so that she took everything I had in her mouth. Then it was breakfast. Then, well... back to school. This day couldn't come fast enough.

It was like some dark part of me emerged that night, something that had always been there, dormant. As crazy as it may sound, as impossible as it should have been—as wrong as it all was—it felt fucking good to own my mother. To feel like, finally, someone else was doing things for me. That someone else would put me first, make sure that I was satisfied above all other concerns, take care of my needs ahead of their own...

...and maybe the biggest difference was that my mother knew how important this was to me. That there wasn't anyone else on

earth more important than me. So if I wanted her, that meant everything, for her, and she'd do anything to show it.

Mom drove me to school; neither of us needed to say anything, we both knew. My eyes fixed on the road while hers shifted from the streets to me, to where they lingered long enough for her to run a red light or two, or swerve into someone's driveway. It was like we were both living a dream, the entire car ride from my high school to our house. The sun had set, and the lights of the cars driving down the highway lit up mom's face with an unearthly glow. Sometimes she was smiling; sometimes not. Most of the time I was looking out the window.

At one point, mom's hand came over to mine, and she clutched it and held tight. That helped to ease some of the anxiety I was feeling about having just fucked my mom again. And cum inside her again. This woman had been married for years, had a college-aged kid, and she looked more content in those moments, happier, than she had in... fuck. Years. Maybe ever.

"Jared," she started.

I looked over to her and saw that smile on her lips, like she was going to burst with laughter.

"It's going to be okay," she said. "Don't worry, baby."

I let go of my breath; my whole body had been so tense I hadn't even realized that I had stopped breathing. Then I eased inside of her. It happened so fast I don't even remember doing it but suddenly my cock was completely surrounded by the warmth of her pussy and it was everything I'd imagined—it was tight, but not so tight that I couldn't feel the ridges and texture of her insides sliding across the surface of my dick. With a firm grip on her hips I started to pull back out, leaving just the tip inside of her before I rocked them back forwards and filled her again with a deep thrust. The moan she made was barely human, her voice came out as a high pitched squeal, muffled into the bedsheets as she arched her back against the sheets and pushed her ass up towards me, her tailbone grinding against my lower stomach while she spread her thighs farther apart and gave me a better angle to start working into her with slow, measured thrusts.

I was fucking my own mother! Her tight hole was gripping onto me for dear life every time I started to pull back out and I wasn't able to hold back, this felt way too good and it had been all that I thought about for days now... how could something that felt so good ever be wrong? She was begging me to cum for her, the sounds coming from her mouth were animalistic like she didn't even care any more whose cock was pounding into her, all that mattered was the thick shaft that was splitting her open. We moved together as one, our bodies entwined in the act of forbidden love as we fucked hard and rough in the center of the bed with nothing separating us. There were no limits to what we did or how far we went: I smacked her ass roughly while she sucked my balls and took my seed deep in her pussy at once until I couldn't hold it in anymore. As our passions finally began to die down, I found myself laying beside mom on the bed panting heavily with sweat dripping down our naked bodies as if we had just finished running a marathon together, not fucking for the first time as mother and son.

As we lay there, breathing hard and struggling to catch our breath, my thoughts began drifting once again and I couldn't help but feel slightly embarrassed about what we had just done. Sure this may seem amazing in theory and it was pretty incredible while we were doing it, but now that my emotions had calmed down and my mind cleared up a bit... what would happen tomorrow morning? Where do we go from here after everything has calmed down between us tonight? What exactly did being lovers mean anyway, did that mean that we would live together happily ever after like some kind of fairy tale couple or were there rules involved somehow that I wasn't aware of? So many unanswered questions filled my brain which caused my anxiety level to shoot through the roof as I worried over every detail imaginable. What if I end up messing something up accidentally and ruining everything forever? What if my feelings aren't real and it's just some weird temporary phase or something like that? Would I even know how to properly pleasure someone so beautiful in both body and spirit such as my mom or would she just laugh at my pathetic attempts to make her happy?

The sound of soft moaning suddenly brought me back into reality and it didn't take long before I realized what exactly those noises meant as my face turned bright red instantly upon seeing my mom fingering herself right next door as she let out quiet whimpers each time her digits entered deeper into her soaked pussy causing wet squelching noises with each stroke inside of herself while saying things like: "fuck... please don't stop baby..." under heavy breath over and over again until finally climaxing onto bed sheets below after which point there remained nothing else left to do except fall asleep completely exhausted physically yet mentally wide awake wondering about possibilities beyond tonight alone.

So instead of worrying though it all later when there is no one around me anymore... I will embrace every second we have together right here and right now as long as possible before anything else happens between us because who knows where life could lead either one of us tomorrow anyways given current circumstances so why not enjoy ourselves now without regret later on? Just remember one thing most important though - NEVER TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY NO MATTER HOW DUMB SOMETHING MAY SEEM IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED IT BEFORE SO DON'T BE SCARED TO TRY EVERYTHING ONCE!

This thought filled my head once more and gave new courage within while also making it harder than steel once again! I looked over to see mom watching me with eyes burning bright blue just like mine only hers are filled with lust unlike before when they were cold as ice before this whole event began which made sense considering her current condition given what had transpired between us lately especially when considering current situation itself! My gaze drifted down towards chest area noticing how large breasts look underneath gown dress covering entire body except arms leaving little mystery remaining anymore...

She noticed immediately without needing to glance anywhere else whatsoever before finally saying quietly: "It's yours... If you want." Her voice trailed off quietly towards end though there seemed some confidence returning inside words spoken even still after recent events taking place before us both currently. I

swallowed hard realizing exactly what was happening now yet finding myself unable to refuse offering being presented up towards me like free candy waiting patiently nearby begging everyone walking past take some away home afterward. Especially when it comes from such attractive women willing do anything required in order fulfill desires growing stronger everyday since we first met each other many moons ago as little boy back when things were much simpler than what's happening currently right now anyway...

But that changed soon enough however once mother started moving closer towards edge side again slowly reaching arms outwards hoping grab hold tightly onto me once more pulling deep inside chest tightening feeling growing stronger within chest knowing this would end badly somehow somewhere down road eventually however far away might be remains unknown at present point anyways without warning without explanation why either...

All he could hear right then was silence surrounding him completely except occasional soft moans coming from room next door which sounded familiar sounding almost exactly like ones belonging person laying naked across bed sheets staring back directly eyes locked together staring deeply searching desperately trying discover something hidden within depths themselves wanting answer important question hanging over heads since beginning this strange relationship between mother and son developing into something very similar feeling love itself only without any sense whatsoever meaning making absolutely no fucking sense whatsoever either anymore whatsoever regardless fact remains simple plain truth being truthful with yourself regarding feelings own heart feels about another person regardless circumstances under which relationship began initially...

I didn't give her time to regret, or reconsider. I pushed my way through and into her. "Fuck..." I groaned, sinking inch after inch of my cock into my mother's tight slit, filling her up until I couldn't go any farther. My eyes rolled back at how good it felt to slide deep inside such a beautiful woman as I grabbed onto her wide hips tightly holding them close letting myself enjoy her body while simultaneously pushing deeper feeling walls stretch wide

welcomingly embracing every inch offered so willingly giving little resistance other than natural reflexes telling muscles fight against foreign object invading place which shouldn't normally fit anything inside whatsoever but somehow manages anyways anyway shape form somehow does work despite looking impossible normally otherwise usually always anyway without fail basically without exception too unless special occasions occur sometimes occasionally rare occasions happening occasionally every once awhile even occasionally sometimes even rarer though happens eventually anyways probably inevitably will happen eventually naturally eventually one day...

All thoughts seemed leave mind completely immediately soon replaced only feelings emotions overwhelming pleasure coursing through entire body creating sensation unlike any before experienced previously already already know know what's happening know exactly know precisely know exactly perfectly precisely what taking place right here right now however cannot seem able prevent continue occurring either do nothing simply allow events unfold themselves completely totally unrestrained without reservation whatsoever without hesitation stop myself despite knowing exactly what should happening instead merely watch everything occurring directly front of eyes seeing things nobody else would possibly ever able witness either unless happened happen them personally rather just observe third party outsider somebody entirely outside experience rather someone actually experiencing fully participating actively enjoying immensely delighting intensely living every second passionately fiercely loving madly desperately truly...

"Holy fuck, mom—" I gasped, my voice echoing throughout room, and as those words came out of mouth echoed loudly clearly loudly definitely loudly distinctly distinctively plainly outrightly undoubtedly resoundingly unquestionably decisively affirmatively confidently unequivocally definitely certainly obviously positively without doubt inarguably utterly beyond any reasonable shadow doubtless inexorably undeniably absolutely...

I was fucking my mom.

She wasn't doing a thing to stop me, either.

I thrust forward, hard, the full length of my cock sliding inside her until her ass pressed tight against my hips. Mom grunted and moaned into the bedspread, gripping it harder and wriggling her hips at the feel of my cock.

Oh, god. Mom...

Was so wet, so hot, so unbelievably amazing to fuck. Her walls tightened and squeezed around me, milking my dick, urging me deeper. She moved with me, pushing back every time I thrust forward, her eyes closing while her body focused entirely on pleasuring both of us. God, it felt so right, so perfect. There was something missing before, when we had sex earlier... it just didn't click together like this moment did. We were made for each other; our bodies fit perfectly with one another. The feeling was almost overwhelming.

There was nothing more amazing than being inside of her, but even though I knew how good it would feel, I had no idea it would be like this. I thought maybe the first time we had sex that something wouldn't add up right or it wouldn't be good enough or my dick would end up sore—but oh god, no. Now that I was with her again, it was easy. So, so easy. Just like that first time, when I slipped inside of her, I felt a jolt of joy from being accepted, of belonging. It wasn't something I could explain or rationalize away. I just knew, deep down in my heart, that I was where I was always supposed to be. And everything else, all of those feelings of jealousy, all of that anger and fear of abandonment I had... none of them mattered now. How could they? When we were moving against each other like this, giving ourselves pleasure through the connection of our bodies, it was obvious. She cared about me. More than anything. She wanted me happy. She wanted me near her. Nothing else mattered except us.

We moved together, in sync. We worked as a team. And as much as she took care of me when I was a child, now it was my turn to return the favor. My mother deserved to have someone there who would make her smile, take care of her needs, be the perfect partner in every possible way. As soon as I came inside of her, we both moaned aloud. Her fingers gripped at the bedsheets as she cried

out, her hips bucking wildly, trying to get even closer than before. It was such an incredible orgasm, something else entirely different than all the rest I had had. We stayed pressed against each other as our bodies shook. The intense sensations rocked me down to my very core. Every fiber within me seemed to come alive. Her pussy clenched tightly around me as wave after wave of pleasure crashed into my entire being. A sudden rush of heat erupted throughout my body until I was left shuddering against her. And that same intense heat burned away any remaining doubts or concerns that might've lingered in either of our minds. This was the beginning of a new chapter.

Our bodies fell limp, exhausted. For several moments we laid there completely still, just catching our breath and basking in the afterglow of what happened between us. Then my mother pushed back against me once more, turning her head to look back at me with those beautiful green eyes shining bright with emotion. She opened her mouth slightly, almost like she wanted to speak but couldn't find the right words to say. So instead I leaned forward, closing the distance between us to press a tender kiss to her soft lips.

Her whole face lit up. Seeing how happy I'd made her caused another burst of warmth deep in my chest. There was no hesitation on either side when she returned the affection. This time it wasn't a mere peck, though. Neither one of us held back, pouring every ounce of feeling and desire that filled us into this intimate act. Her lips felt even softer than normal beneath my own, parting slightly to invite my tongue deeper into her mouth. Our tongues explored each other languidly, slowly caressing every inch until we needed air desperately.

"Are you okay?" My voice sounded husky and strained from the overwhelming emotions flooding through me. All of my attention focused solely on my mother's flushed features as I searched her expression for any sign of regret. Instead what I found staring back at me reflected everything I felt; relief mixed with hope, fear, excitement, confusion, adoration... love... It brought tears to my eyes because that meant I was capable of loving someone without

limits, boundaries. That I would be loved in return without conditions attached. That my happiness really mattered for once instead of being brushed aside or ignored. The only thing missing was my dad out there waiting for us. Waiting to embrace his family and keep us all safe together.

This was too fucking much for me. What did this mean? That I wanted to live my life with my father? With my mother? Fuck, what if they fucked off somewhere else? And I'm left here alone, wondering what would've happened. No. Fuck no. There was only one way out, and it was through them. We were a family. And I wasn't going to let them get away from me again.

"Oh God! Oh, fuck...!" I gasped as I buried myself balls deep inside of my mom, her snug hole squeezing my cock wonderfully. Mom cried out softly as her insides were stretched around her son's rigid shaft, and then moaned happily when he started pumping his hips gently at first but gaining speed with every thrust. She reached back with both arms, wanting nothing more than to hold onto something, anything to give her some kind of anchor because the overwhelming sensation of Jared's thick meat filling up her pussy was threatening to completely overcome her already frayed senses. She had no idea how her husband managed to go about his business without constantly thinking about doing this; just that one stroke had sent a jolt up her spine and through her brain, making her see stars for a moment. "It feels so good! Faster!" she whined, grinding her hips against his groin each time he rammed into her from behind, driving her further along towards climax. "Daddy... Ohhhh yessss..."

Her hands shot down under their bodies and grabbed hold of both cheeks tightly, giving them a squeeze and spreading them apart slightly so that my cock could slide even deeper inside. "I wanna cum, baby! Please make Mommy come! Please don't stop! Don't ever stop fucking me! Never leave me again!" she gasped breathlessly as she felt his dick slamming relentlessly into her womb now, hitting every single nerve ending along its length until she couldn't take anymore and burst into orgasm, screaming incoherently, tears pouring uncontrollably down her face while he

continued pistoning his cock furiously into her spasming cunt all the way through her climax. At last her muscles finally gave out completely, leaving her exhausted and slumped over, barely able to remain on her knees anymore. I looked down upon my handiwork proudly; she lay before him completely drained, gasping and whimpering softly with every tiny movement she made due to the waves still passing through her. It seemed almost cruel to do so but he couldn't help himself so he pulled slowly out of her dripping snatch and watched intently as thick globs of milky fluid dripped freely onto her bedsheets beneath. Then he pushed deep in again, holding himself there momentarily while his cock throbbed uncontrollably inside her quivering hole once more before pulling all the way out, spraying another volley of semen right between her firm round buttocks, splattering her skin and hair and dripping messily everywhere else. As soon as I was done erupting all over mother's backside he collapsed beside her, utterly spent. "Holy shit," he breathed heavily while wiping sweat away from his forehead with trembling hand. "That was incredible..."

"Fuck," I muttered after we were finished and rolled off my mom. I lay on my back staring at the ceiling trying desperately to catch my breath. My entire body shook uncontrollably, drenched in sweat and sticky cum dripping everywhere around me, unable to move an inch. The room smelled heavily of sex, making it hard for us not get aroused again. Mom rolled onto her side next to me. Our eyes met briefly before we instinctively leaned in to kiss deeply while our tongues intertwined passionately. All the while we kept groping each other feverishly as though neither one could ever get enough of touching the other. We only stopped kissing long enough for her to straddle him once again. Her large breasts hovered above my face which made it even harder not reach up grab hold tightly against her chest, pinching nipples between fingertips playfully before moving hands downward along smooth silky stomach until fingers found slippery slit below waiting patiently awaiting attention. Her pussy was already dripping wet by now yet still soaked with earlier orgasms which lubricated entrance sufficiently allowing entry into hot tight opening without resistance. As soon as tip slid inside mom

let out moan instantly followed by another louder one as more cock followed behind pushing further along clenching walls until buried completely within. "Oh fuck yes!" she screamed in ecstasy then began bucking wildly atop cock, sliding quickly up shaft leaving head just barely peeking outside before slamming down hard. The feeling was incredible and lasted for quite some time until finally both reached climaxes almost simultaneously, nearly passing out afterwards. Once done we lay there recovering from intense activity together resting peacefully beside one another. Our breathing gradually slowed until returning to normal eventually falling asleep cuddling tightly with each other still fully clothed but exhausted physically emotionally spiritually satisfied at last...

As mom snuggled up against me, her hand wrapped around my body. My fingers brushed through her long silky hair absentmindedly while contemplating whether or not she would approve of what I had done. Even after all that had happened tonight, she still might balk when realizing everything involved sex. But somehow I just knew instinctively right now laying here with her curled up alongside me wasn't something she disapproved of whatsoever which put mind somewhat at ease momentarily before remembering tomorrow reality sets in. There will be plenty time later to worry about consequences however so decided focus instead enjoying warm softness pressed firmly against side relishing moment. Hopefully forever because love feels damn good!

Mom stirred in bed beside me pulling herself closer towards center. She seemed restless though still half-asleep as arms wrapped around torso gently squeezing tighter. It felt incredible having another human being touch me again especially considering fact no one did ever since dad died five years ago today.... Well that is excepting tonight obviously but doesn't count due circumstances behind event taking place meaning does not represent normal behavior between us normally speaking rather special occasion requiring special set rules governing interaction between parents/children outside context regular life situations where anything goes regardless usual standards applied otherwise. So yeah basically saying sex isn't part everyday interactions unless under

these conditions specifically outlined beforehand prior occurrence happening anyways though if happens naturally occurring anyway then so be it happens regardless circumstances surrounding matter. Anyway point being mom's hands wandered slowly across bare chest exploring new territory unknown territory previously never been touched prior experience existing solely within imagination alone which makes sense considering how old she actually appears being nearly sixty years young compared twenty one currently experiencing first sexual encounter together despite already knowing each other well beforehand having known her whole entire life spent living underneath same roof sharing many moments both beautiful ugly sad joyful terrifying traumatizing amazing exciting interesting inspiring comforting exciting frightening horrifying wonderful breathtaking amazing unforgettable forever memorable throughout existence eternally remembered long after death occurs leaving behind memory living beyond physical bounds extending into realms beyond comprehension existing only within memories themselves becoming immortalized immortally preserved eternally preserved within collective subconsciousness collectively held onto by everyone who knew loved cared for those lost never forgotten despite being gone forever never coming back ever again except for dreams where appear before us bringing happiness sadness peace serenity joyful sorrowful grief overwhelming guilt feelings remorse regret relief comfort relief solace pleasure pain happiness sorrow anger love hate sadness fear anxiety excitement exhilaration awe wonder amazement surprise delight amusement laughter tears joy ecstasy orgasm relief release orgasmic ecstasy intense sensation release bliss pleasure contentment relaxation tranquility serenity peace calm quiet stillness silence absence noise quiet noise nothing no sound sight smell taste touch feeling emotion thought thoughtless blank empty peaceful restful rejuvenated refreshed reinvigorated replenished restored replenished rejuvenated restored revitalized recharged renewed rejuvenated recovered restored reinvigorated reenergized replenished refreshed revived vivified awake alert aware attentive lively spirited enthusiastic perky upbeat chipper happy cheerful jolly pleased merry satisfied thrilled elated delighted

overjoyed ecstatic exultant rapturous jubilant euphoric inebriated high as a kite intoxicated lit blitzed buzzed high wasted stoned baked hammered fucked up drunk sloshed soused smashed loaded blasted trashed shit-faced plastered obliterated sauced slaughtered obliterated bombed wrecked out of one's skull fucked up absolutely goddamned batshit fucking crazo—

Cara gasped when I pressed my cock into her body.

"Oh—god—!" My mother bit off her words, eyes closing tight and fingers balling the sheets. "God... please, honey—" she looked back at me over her shoulder, helplessly desperate. "Please be gentle... It's been... it's been such a long time..."

I leaned forward, my hands cupping her hips, stroking them as my thumbs played along the edges of her cheeks. I pulled on her gently, but firmly, keeping her steady, in place as I fucked her slowly, deeper and deeper.

My mother moaned as she took my length. "Ahhnnn," she gasped as my hips connected with her ass, fully sheathed. I stayed like that, buried in her, letting my cock pulse inside, filling her up. I was taking in everything: how she felt around me, the sweet scent of her skin, the taste of salt in the air. I had never felt something like this, a woman so vulnerable and submissive, who yielded herself to me wholly. As I pulled out of her I heard mom choke off a cry. She looked back again, looking dazed. "Honey... why does it have to feel so good? Please be gentle... okay?"

But no, I couldn't. And not only because my cock was begging for more, but because it didn't matter if mom was begging me for gentleness, what mattered was what we wanted, and what we needed. We both wanted this; it was our bodies driving us towards each other and this forbidden union. It couldn't end quickly. No. It had to build. Slowly, until there was nothing left between us, no doubts, no regrets. We would take from each other the full depths of our incestuous passion until it had taken us over, consumed us.

"Don't—oh fuck," I groaned as I filled her, and then began to pull away again. The tightness, the way her cunt squeezed and hugged every inch of my length, drew me down, beckoned me into the pleasure that awaited me there. It was like mom's whole body was

begging me to cum. Like she knew the longer we fucked, the closer we'd get to an incredible climax... And, like a drug, the ecstasy of fucking her only made me need it more. I leaned into her, pinning her legs closed with mine, her ass snug against me. Mom squealed, biting into the sheets, and began to push back.

"Oooh yes, yes, don't stop, just keep going..." she cooed. A smile grew on my face, and I felt like for the first time in my life, my mom was really seeing me. Looking at me. For all those times she had seen me as nothing but her son, here and now I felt like I was finally breaking through and seeing the real Cara. My hands curled up her body, from her waist to her shoulders, where they held her fast, and we began to fuck in earnest.

Mom bucked back against me with her own desperate need, our hips grinding together as the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room. I thrust harder into her, the pressure rising inside me again as our bodies moved together towards another mind-blowing climax. I couldn't help myself: With one hand on her shoulder to keep her steady, I pulled on her hair until I could look deep into her eyes, her mouth hanging open in a wide grin, eyes sparkling with pleasure. Her arms stretched back to hold on to mine, clinging to me with desperate force as I rode her hard enough to shake the bed beneath us.

Mom's cunt began to twitch and throb around my shaft, sending spasms of blissful electricity through my entire body. She let out a cry of rapture, her body going taut, thighs pressing together as though to stop the inevitable tide of pleasure washing over her. "Jared... fuck..."

But I didn't slow. I grabbed both her wrists in one of mine and pinned them down on the mattress so she was helpless against the relentless pounding from behind. Mom shrieked out in a mixture of agonized delight and unbridled bliss as her pussy quaked, clamping down on me like she was trying to milk out my seed.

Mom collapsed forward onto her belly, her hips still in the air, gasping for breath as she recovered from the second orgasm of her life, courtesy of her son's thick cock. "That was... Jared, that felt incredible! Oh God!"

"Oh mom... you are amazing," I sighed contentedly, stroking the pale curve of her spine and marveling at how smooth and warm she was. I loved feeling my hands upon her and knowing that this beautiful woman belonged to me and me alone. That I had every right to touch her however I wanted, to explore and caress those secret places she'd kept hidden for far too long. I leaned over her back, my lips tracing lazy paths along her neck and shoulders as I whispered in her ear.

"This isn't the only hole I want to explore..." I teased, nibbling on her lobe playfully.

Cara shivered as she came out of her post-orgasmic stupor. She looked over her shoulder, locking eyes with me questioningly, though I think she had some idea where I was going. The thought of what I wanted excited her, but she was nervous at the prospect.

She said nothing, though, and simply rolled onto her back and waited expectantly. Taking that as a signal, I knelt down between her legs, bringing my face close to her sweet scent and taking a moment to appreciate the view. Her pink lips were soaked with arousal, inviting me, almost begging to be probed deeper. I gave her another light stroke, earning an involuntary twitch, followed by a moan as I flicked her clit once more for good measure. Without waiting any further, I positioned the tip of my cock right up against her tight little hole before pushing in as slowly as I could.

With just the head inside, I grabbed hold of her hips, making sure I had the leverage I needed, before thrusting my hips forward hard enough to sink about halfway in on the first try. Though Cara was slick enough to make my initial entry painless, her walls immediately clamped down on me from all sides with so much force I could barely even pull out for the next thrust. It wasn't just the pleasure—which was immense, incredible, like velvet wrapping around the head of my cock—but her eagerness to take me that drove me to pump into her even harder, sinking almost all the way in before withdrawing again. And as I picked up speed, Cara became less quiet and soon we were both moaning together each time our hips met.

After only a few minutes, I was already nearing my limit. My mother was hot, wet, and tight inside, and every passing second brought us closer and closer together in mind, body, and spirit until we felt more like lovers than mother and son. As a powerful orgasm washed over me, I shoved as much of myself into her as I could manage, driving her down into the mattress and holding her in place as I finally exploded after months of buildup, flooding my mother's womb with the proof of my desire for her. The idea of giving her yet another baby sent a shock of excitement through me, urging my cock to unleash yet another jet or two of potent cum inside her. I looked down, watching intently for the tell-tale signs of excess cum leaking out past my shaft. Sure enough, after only a couple of seconds of observation, I caught the beginning of a thin line of white trailing downward across her inner thighs, causing a sudden spike of disappointment. Still, the knowledge that I had marked her in some small way was enough to sate me, at least for now.

Once we had settled back down and regained some semblance of proper thought, mom pushed herself off of the bed while I watched in confusion. Before I could ask where she was going, however, she answered for me by lowering herself to her knees on the floor at the foot of the bed. "You might have marked me, honey... but I'll mark you."

When she grabbed me, I sucked in a sharp breath, overwhelmed by the tenderness of her touch, so unlike the desperate grasping from just a few minutes ago. I looked down in awe as my mother ran her tongue along every inch of me, licking away all traces of our shared ecstasy before slowly pushing me all the way into her mouth. At first she simply held me there, allowing her throat to adjust to my length, and as I felt her moan around my cock, I couldn't resist letting out a few small noises of my own. After a minute or two, she finally began to move.

It wasn't much at first; she bobbed her head up and down slightly, gradually working more and more of my shaft into her mouth each time until suddenly her lips pressed up against my body. Her throat muscles quivered around my tip while she held me there and allowed herself to get used to it. Once I felt her relax slightly,

she moved her hand to cradle my balls as she pulled away slowly, leaving them slick with her saliva. When only the head of my cock remained inside, I heard a brief smacking sound before the heat and tightness of my mother's throat descended upon me once again, eliciting an involuntary groan as my entire length entered her mouth.

Mom sped up quickly, her fingers still clutching and caressing my testicles until she suddenly stopped and stood up in front of me. Without missing a beat, she straddled my legs and sat on my lap, grabbing my face and kissing me deeply. I returned the kiss with equal fervor, tasting myself on her breath before moving down to her neck and letting my tongue explore every part of it. After a few minutes of this she turned away from me, reaching back to pull my dick between her cheeks as she pushed them together around my shaft.

Her movements were slow yet deliberate, like she was putting on a show just for me. The way her hips rolled with such grace was incredible to witness, her toned ass undulating and grinding against me; when I glanced to the side to check her reflection in the window, however, I couldn't tear my eyes away. Every curve of her body was illuminated perfectly by the moonlight coming through the glass, the way the shadows fell so delicately across her soft skin...

Before I knew what I was doing, I reached out and pulled her hair back, making her tilt her head until it rested gently on my shoulder. With her eyes closed and her jaw hanging open, she looked absolutely divine; the only word that could possibly describe this moment was ecstasy. Pure, unadulterated euphoria emanated from us, our bodies entwined on the couch, and I felt my soul ascend to another plane. In the span of a heartbeat, it seemed that we went from having sex to making love, an intimacy and passion unlike anything I had ever experienced surged through my veins; for as deep inside me as Cara was, it felt like I was even further in her. I wasn't simply having sex with my mother; I was making love to her, truly and genuinely loving this woman who brought me into the world, who raised me and cared for me... this person that I shared so much of myself with. It didn't matter to me anymore that she was supposed to be my father's wife; he was dead, gone forever, but I

was alive and here and with her... my cock throbbed violently within the hot confines of Cara's snug tunnel and we both gasped in pleasure.

"Oh, god...!" My mother moaned softly, her fingers clinging to me tighter. "Jared, you're going to make me cum!"

Hearing my name called out sent me over the edge; as Cara trembled against my body, her pussy squeezing and spasming rhythmically, I could hold back no longer. I wrapped my arm around her waist tightly and thrust up into her as hard as I could muster, the sensation of her hot slickness enveloping me sending a bolt of electricity through my body that finally exploded at the tip of my dick. I growled, gritting my teeth as jet after jet of potent cum gushed out into her, her pussy massaging each and every drop out of me like it was milking my cock... the only way that my orgasm could possibly have been more powerful would have been if I was dumping a fresh load of semen straight into her womb. The idea made me groan in pleasure as I squeezed my eyes shut and pressed my face against the top of her head, breathing deeply as the two of us came down together from such an intense rush.

We remained like that for what seemed like minutes but in reality was probably only half a minute. It wasn't until we had stopped panting so heavily and our heart rates slowed down slightly that I leaned my head to look down at my mom, who was also looking up at me. I wanted to tell her how amazing this felt and that there was no one else with whom I'd rather share this moment than her, but instead I just smiled goofily, which was enough to make Cara smile back and giggle lightly.

Then she said, "Honey... You'd better clean me up so we can get you home, okay?"

I did as she asked and gently pulled out of her (the both of us wincing and moaning slightly) and helped my mother sit down on the bed and then laid her down, placing a pillow under her head and then sliding into bed beside her, taking another couple of minutes to cuddle with her until she stood up again. When Cara stood up she gave me a little wink before turning around and leaning forward onto the bed, her forearms resting on top of it and her ass sticking

up toward me. She looked over her shoulder and bit her bottom lip while wiggling her butt enticingly. The view made my cock stir and after a few moments it regained some hardness and I slid off of the bed, getting on my knees behind her and licking a few fingers to rub on her clit while spreading her swollen lips again with my other hand, watching as her juices slowly dripped out of her. My cock hardened further when I saw those thick globs of cum leaking out of her well-fucked pussy.

"Oh, mom," I groaned, my dick becoming rock hard almost instantaneously as I got turned on by what I saw, "Look at all the cum you've collected..."

It was really something special seeing my own ejaculate oozing out of her like that, slowly gathering together and trickling down to hang in a long, glistening strand from her pussy, eventually breaking off and landing on the floor, making a tiny, gooey pool beneath her feet. And then my eyes drifted up, to look at the mess that I'd made of mom's backside; the white streaks of cum on her asscheeks, running down between them and onto her thighs, and her skin looking red from me slapping and gripping it so much. God, I loved how messy things had gotten back here...

"You like what you see?" Mom said teasingly, looking back over her shoulder at me. "Does this turn you on?"

"Uh-huh..." I breathed, still taking it all in. She must have taken quite a lot of cum inside of her; there were a bunch of big pools under her knees and she even had a bit on the tip of her tongue because when she opened her mouth to moan I could see it gathered around her teeth. "Fuck that's hot..."

Mom giggled. "You get turned on pretty easy, don'tcha, baby?" She winked. "I bet I could tell you to just stick it in right now and you wouldn't be able to help yourself..."

I looked at her incredulously. "What are you trying to do to me, woman? Make me blow my load in, like, two minutes?"

She laughed again and rolled onto her back, pulling me along with her and wrapping her arms around me while we kissed. I couldn't help myself, I reached down and put a hand between her legs, cupping it against the hot mound of her pussy, feeling the silky

wetness as I massaged her labia with my palm. My cock throbbed again; god, this woman drove me fucking wild, why did I feel so powerless to resist her...

My eyes drifted over to the wine bottle, still resting on the dresser. Fuck, why didn't I think of this earlier? A nice bit of liquid courage would really calm my nerves. But I'd been drinking all night; I figured one more little sip wouldn't hurt, and so I left my mom's pussy to grab the bottle from the countertop.

I drank straight from the bottle, took a few long swallows and replaced it before returning to my spot next to my mom. She smiled when I returned; she seemed very satisfied that I had made such an effort to take care of myself tonight, that I wasn't letting my emotions overwhelm me, that I wasn't falling apart like I'd done before... she was happy that her little boy had learned to keep himself under control, just for her, just for this special occasion. The smile stayed on her face even after she turned back onto her stomach and lifted her ass up toward me again, offering herself back to me.

That's right, mom, I'm fine now, everything is under control. I was starting to think maybe I was going too far... Maybe I was going overboard with wanting to fill her with my seed, trying to mark my territory, trying to claim her as my own permanently. But what can I say; the thought of another guy inside of her sent a shiver of jealousy up through me. It was enough to make me angry, actually, that thought of a man fucking her and cumming inside her, especially another man that wasn't me... So, yeah, I decided in that moment: I'm definitely going to fuck her raw, because no matter what else happens, when it comes down to it, we're mommy and son, and no matter what happens, there will always be some part of my body inside hers... Always.

My hand returned to my cock, pumping my shaft as I stared at my mother's cunt, open and wet for me. It throbbed at my touch, pulsing hard as I gripped the base, pointing the tip of my cock toward that hot slickness that awaited me. My balls were aching to explode, they'd been full ever since mom started riding me while wearing that sexy black lingerie earlier today; all that buildup with

no release, coupled with the anxiety over seeing my dad again, was making this moment almost more than I could bear. Just the feeling of my own hand around the thick rod of my shaft was making me dizzy with pleasure; I knew that I wouldn't last long once I plunged into that tight hole of hers. But maybe that didn't matter; I knew that with this first round, anyway, I was more focused on just making sure that she was really mine, truly possessed by me. She may think she belonged to daddy, but it's about time I showed her who she really belongs to. And if it takes cumming deep inside her several times throughout the night, then so be it... That's not exactly the worst problem for me to have.

I looked up at her again, the sight of her face staring back at me through the mirror only further spurring my desire as I positioned my cock between her folds. As I entered her, I felt her walls opening to accommodate my length, spreading and stretching around my girth as I thrust in deep. Mom sighed deeply, moaning loudly as she reached her hands back to grab and spread her own ass open for me, baring herself completely as I filled her with my cock. She had surrendered completely now, giving herself fully to me as I buried my shaft within her and began pumping in and out, the lewd sounds of my dick entering her filling the air alongside our grunts and moans. As I increased my pace, pounding myself harder into mom, the whole bed shook, threatening to break underneath us as I began slamming into her faster and deeper, pushing against her G-spot and causing her to moan unashamedly, even yelling out at how good I was fucking her. I could feel my orgasm already building as mom moaned again, telling me that she could feel me expanding inside her. "Don't worry," I said. "You'll get plenty more once you tell dad about us. In fact, that might be a fun thing for the two of you to talk about." As I said this, I pushed myself balls-deep inside her, exploding in pleasure as my load poured out of me, filling mom up with everything I had. I grabbed tightly onto her hips, holding her close to me as we both groaned at our simultaneous orgasms, and my eyes were glued to her face in the mirror as I watched her mouth hang open wide, tongue hanging out slightly, a look of ecstasy plastered across her face. The sight only caused me to erupt

more into her, squirting every drop I had into mom's sweet hole as I leaned forward and whispered into her ear, "That's right baby, take it all... You're mine now..."

She gasped loudly, her walls clamping down tightly on my cock as I felt a rush of fluid escape from around her pussy; Mom had cum with me, her eyes rolling back in blissful pleasure as I filled her completely. When it seemed we had finally emptied out everything we could between us, we both fell on the bed in exhausted satisfaction.

"Holy fuck... That was intense," mom breathed heavily. "I can't believe how much you just came inside of me..." She looked at me over her shoulder and grinned. "Good thing I'm going to the pharmacy first thing tomorrow."

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My mother stood by the car as she waited for me. We'd gone home and eaten some food. Ate dinner together. Like a family again. My father called me. Told me that he'd fucked everything up and asked to come back home. It sounded pretty bad. But what can I say? This kind of thing isn't a surprise when you fuck around with a lot of women like he did. I told him no. It was over. He protested, and threatened to call the police again. He knew he didn't have anything anymore, though. No leverage. All he could do was keep calling until one day we might answer. Or not.

Anyway, I wanted to take mom out, tonight. So after getting something to eat and getting ready to head back out again, mom was standing in front of her car, dressed in black leggings and boots and a light jacket and gloves, waiting for me. The cold January night brought mist along with it, a faint frost that made all the streetlamps shimmer faintly. She looked perfect in the light of the lamp-post.

I unlocked my car and climbed in. Turned on the ignition. Cranked up the heaters. Mom smiled as she got inside and shut the door. She looked around, at the seats, the ceiling. "This is a really nice car," she said.

"Thank you." I put the car in drive. We pulled away from our house, into the quiet streets, heading towards downtown. It was about forty minutes to get there, maybe thirty on a good day. "How do you like what I did to the interior?"

Mom smiled as she leaned back and closed her eyes, enjoying the warmth. "Very tasteful," she said. "If anyone has a car like this, it would be you."

"That's very reassuring," I laughed.

We settled into silence. The quiet roar of the tires rolling against the road filled the cabin of the car. Everything seemed new and fresh and exciting. I was with my mom, alone, after everything that had happened today. The sex at work was wild, sure, but it hadn't been anything we both could get too carried away by. Just something fun and naughty. But this? This was more than a secret office thing. I'd just confessed that I wanted my mom. All the time. Permanently. And I wasn't letting her go.

"You know what kind of guy I always thought you should be?" mom asked, softly. "With a girl like me?"

"What?"

Mom shook her head. "A good guy," she murmured. She smiled. "You want to marry me? Take me as your own? Make love to me every day and every night? Make babies with me? That's... well... it's what a really good guy does."

I nodded. "Yeah."

"So..." mom sighed. "Why don't you?"

She gave me a look.

And my eyes went wide. Oh shit. She wanted me to start now. Like this. In this position, me kneeling behind her, holding her still like she was some sort of animal, ready to get bred. And here I was thinking about it, trying to make sure things went the way I wanted... but there was something very appealing about how mom was suggesting this.

She wiggled her hips back towards me.

This... this might not be as hard as I thought. This might even be as easy as mom had suggested earlier. The difference between me, and dad... was simple, and clear: she actually wanted me, fully and

completely, without reservation. I didn't have to work for it. All I had to do was go with the moment, take what I wanted, when I wanted, and she would love me all the more for it.

I took my cock and slid it between her lips. Mom moaned at my touch, whimpering, shivering. The head of my cock ran through her, up and down her entrance, gathering her juices and then pushing at her slit—mom squirmed, gasped, tried to press backward, tried to take me, but my grip was iron around her waist; I was leading her, and all she could do was follow. My cock throbbed hotly against her lips, and with a sudden burst of heat, the head pushed into her, sliding in so easily... it wasn't until the thickness of my shaft started to open her that we both tensed up. Even I felt myself hesitate as the width of my cock parted her folds and began to push, deeper inside her—mom cried out, softly, as the pressure inside of her became unbearable; just like she had told me earlier, how my fingers would hurt more than any man...

It was obvious mom was right. And I didn't care.

If it hurt her... it meant she was mine.

"Jared," she called. "Oh God... oh God, honey... please—"

"That's it," I murmured, holding her ass steady against my hips while my cock burrowed into her depths. "Let me fill you up."

My mother was shuddering against me. I could feel her legs trembling, and as I pushed myself deeper into her pussy, she gasped. Her hands balled into fists around the blanket while she accepted the intrusion, my thick girth stretching her open.

"You can take this," I whispered. "Take all of it."

"Oh God," mom whimpered into the bedspread. "Please, sweetie... don't... I mean, your father..."

My response was to fuck my cock, slowly, steadily, pushing more and more inside of her.

"He doesn't own you," I said to her. "Tell him yourself. He owns nothing."

Mom didn't speak. Instead she let her body respond; the wet folds of her pussy stretched around me, her legs shivering as I worked even more of my dick inside of her. Even though I knew it

would happen, the intense tightness still took me by surprise. "God —"

"Don't hurt me, Jared," mom said breathlessly into the blankets. She lifted her head, looked back at me. "Please... take your time..."

"I will..." I murmured, looking down to focus, as I eased slowly forward, letting the head of my cock part through her until half was inside, just below her opening, her hot wet walls caressing my shaft while my hands tightened on her ass. I slid deeper; the rest of my cock sank into her and the last few inches opened her up like it had never done before.

Mom made an almost feral noise, like it came from a wild animal deep down in the jungle. Her mouth opened wide and she trembled.

She was mine now.

And when I pushed, all the way, to the base, burying myself completely within my own mother's pussy... I knew.

My father was never going to forgive this.

He wouldn't understand why. He'd assume it was for control, or revenge... but that wasn't it, really. It wasn't even about him. At least, not directly. If it was about anyone, it would be about Cara.

It was for her. I wanted to be there for her, to save her from being abandoned by my father. I wanted her to know that someone out there... cared. Someone loved her more than she knew.

But beyond anything like that. Beyond kindness, or altruism. I just wanted her.

Mom cried out as my cock sunk deep into her pussy, filling her in ways that no other man had done before, and that was only the first few inches; I was going slow, but steady, pressing firmly, and every time she took another bit of me her cries became louder. But it wasn't pain she was experiencing, and I knew that it wasn't anything close to a feeling of betrayal. Mom was moaning because her body was telling her how right this was.

There was no shame as I buried my cock inside of her pussy, filling my mother completely with the whole of my cock. Nothing about this was wrong. It felt amazingly right to have this gorgeous woman taking my cock. Her voice filled with lust as I pumped myself back, watching the whole length of my cock retreat, and then

disappear between her lips again. Every thrust was pushing us further into madness. Soon our bodies were slamming together, hard, loud, and we were moaning like animals, wild and reckless with pleasure. I could feel the cum boiling up inside of me and I knew that the moment when I filled my mother's womb would be upon me soon.

"Jared," she managed, reaching behind to touch my thighs as I plunged myself fully into her, my balls tightening as they slapped against her. "Jared—I want you to cum—I want to take it all."

I fucked her harder. Her words sent me into oblivion. We moved like mad creatures, possessed and out of control and utterly unable to stop what was coming, until the instant arrived: my mother's body tensed under me and I knew she was cumming too, the wet walls of her pussy convulsing, tightening around my shaft. I gave one last great thrust and erupted. I cried out as I fired everything I had deep within her. There was nothing left between us after this moment. Our hearts and our bodies were connected and forever after, they would be joined as one.

We were both silent for a few minutes afterward, breathing heavily with relief, exhaustion, and the weight of what had just transpired between us. Then, without saying anything, Cara pulled herself from underneath me and lay down on the bed. She patted the space beside her and looked up at me invitingly.

I curled up next to her on the bed. Without saying anything else, we fell asleep together. I couldn't believe it but my mother seemed to be glowing and even in the middle of this crazy fucking night I knew that we had just done something real. Something amazing.

I woke up with my head nuzzled into the crook of her neck, with mom still in my arms and holding me tight, too. I didn't dare move. But after a second I could hear her breath change, indicating that she had awoken, and we were silent as we just sort of enjoyed each others' presence. I couldn't remember the last time I'd slept so well, or felt so relaxed waking up. When she turned around, facing me, there was an adorable little smile on her face, her features bright and warm and welcoming. "Hey."

"Morning," I replied, smiling back at her.

We didn't need to say anything else. As she wrapped an arm around me and pulled me close into her again, our lips met and my hands explored her naked body. I was instantly hard, aching with desire from the way her skin felt under my touch, the smell of her perfume mixed with wine. "Good morning, my little man," mom said with a wink as my fingers found her sex, already hot and wet with desire. Her voice lowered to a whisper, "How would you like to fuck mommy's pussy?"

Mom rolled onto her stomach, pulling up her knees to keep her ass lifted, arching her back deeply into a curve. This drove me wild; with the pale skin of her back flowing to meet her ass and my cock throbbing painfully at how gorgeous and open she looked to me—all for me, all of this was mine. I gripped the base of my shaft, guiding my length to her entrance as she moaned into the sheets. The head of my cock pressed against her wetness and pushed firmly inside, finding her unbelievably slick and eager to take every inch. Mom whimpered in delight as I sank my full length inside, feeling the tight and perfect shape of her inner walls envelop me completely. I let out a sigh of satisfaction and began to rock my hips, slowly, enjoying every part of my mother's cunt.

My hands grabbed onto her firm, fleshy ass cheeks, pulling them apart so that I could see just how incredible it felt for me to pound deep inside of her, again and again. Every time my tip touched the end of her and I drew back, the wetness of her folds grew to something like a waterfall, splashing on my groin. I groaned deeply, closing my eyes, pushing aside any guilt or shame at taking her—mom was all too willing and desperate for this!

As if answering me, she called my name, over and over, begging me not to stop fucking her. To fill her with everything I had... she wanted me to cum inside. I bit my lip as a new rush of pleasure surged through my cock and I knew I was going to erupt soon. "Yes," my mom pleaded, "please, baby—fill me..."

With my head swirling from the heat of sex and her moans becoming unbearable, I pushed deep inside my mother's cunt and came powerfully, spurting hot cum directly against her womb. She cried out in ecstasy and clenched around my pulsing cock while

wave after wave of semen flowed inside her. At last, I had emptied the final squirt of my seed into mom's satisfied pussy, and our shared heat slowly began to dissipate. My body went limp and I leaned into mom's sweat-covered back as we collapsed onto the bed together, exhausted.

After several minutes of silence, our breath returned to normal and I began to worry. I lifted my body up slightly to see what state she was in. She appeared to still be awake, but she was lying still with an expression I'd never seen before. It looked like a cross between shock, relief...and guilt. Then her hand moved toward my face slowly and stroked my cheek. I relaxed and laid my head down beside her on the pillow. She turned to face me and kissed me again. It seemed different than before. Not as desperate or hungry, just loving and affectionate. After a few moments, she sat up and began gathering her clothes. "Come on," she said, "we should get back home now."

I put my clothes back on and looked at the room. A mess. Like mom was. She didn't say anything to me about it as we exited the suite and caught the elevator down. In fact, she was silent all the way. Even while we were in the car together, heading back. We rode through downtown for ten minutes until she finally spoke: "Honey, don't be mad at me. What we did was...wrong...and I shouldn't have let you do that to me—"

"Mom, I love you more than anyone in the world." The words left my mouth without thinking.

"I know. And I love you too, honey. But it wasn't right, what we did." Mom was looking at me with tears in her eyes. She reached out and brushed my cheek with her hand. "Do you understand?"

"No, I don't," I blurted angrily. "It seemed like it felt pretty good from where I am." I leaned back in my seat and crossed my arms. Why wouldn't she just admit that she loved being with me? That everything felt too good to stop?

"It doesn't matter how it felt. We shouldn't have done it." Mom shook her head. "I shouldn't have let you do that! It wasn't part of our plan."

Her words hit me like a blow to the face. So that's why she'd been avoiding me. This was all still about some plan, something that was way more important to her than actually letting go for once and fucking her son without an ulterior motive. I clenched my jaw tightly as the pain in my chest quickly turned to anger. Was this seriously happening right now? We had come so far! How could she possibly look me in the eye and say it didn't feel good after I'd made her cum so many times. After she'd fucked me and swallowed every drop of my cum? The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. "What plan? The one where you pretend to be with dad when in reality you're just using him to get his money?"

Mom stared at me open-mouthed, like she had no idea what I was talking about. Then her lips curved down and her brows pinched together in a scowl. "You know, that's really messed up for you to say. After everything I've done for you—"

"Oh fuck off!" I yelled, throwing my hands in the air. "I saw the fucking texts!" Mom stood back with her arms crossed over her chest as tears began to well up in my eyes. All of this had been an illusion, a fantasy. She'd only fucked me because of the money, and that's what hurt more than anything else. I couldn't believe this. I should've known better from the start but a small part of me really believed she loved me. That she actually wanted to be with me... "How could you do that?" I choked. "To him, to us...?"

"Look," mom said, taking a step forward and raising her hands. She tried to touch my arm but I stepped away, not wanting her to come near me. "It wasn't like that, ok? Those were old texts. Yes, it happened in the beginning... But once we got closer, once he showed me how much he loved me... things started to change." Mom sighed heavily before continuing. "He started talking about marriage and a family... You think I'm trying to get pregnant? It's him! He wants a son to teach his little tricks, someone to carry on the family name when he dies... Not to mention some other things..." I watched as my mom turned her back to me and lifted a finger to her eye and wiped away a stray tear. She sniffled a few times before speaking again. "So yeah, I guess you're right about

one thing. When it comes to having kids, maybe your dad is going to have to deal with being disappointed in the end..."

I stared at her for a second, speechless. I honestly had no idea how to feel. My dad wanted to replace me...? It was like all of my childhood trauma came flooding back at once. All of the times he made fun of me or belittled me in front of others. It explained why he was so adamant about me being in the will... How he never even showed love towards mom before the day she almost walked away. It was almost too much. I shook my head. None of it mattered anymore. We were free now.

"Mom...," I said. When she looked over her shoulder I saw that a new tear had made its way down her face. My voice caught in my throat but I forced myself to say it. "Let's get outta here."

That night, after everything, the two of us got in the car and left.

We went somewhere secluded. A place I knew because I'd been there plenty of times before. The lake house, our old family summer home where mom and dad first met and fell in love. It was strange driving through the trees at midnight but we found it.

Inside, we stripped naked and climbed into bed. The sheets were fresh; they didn't smell like them anymore. Just linen and dust and mothballs from the closet. Outside the window the moon and the stars lit up the lake and I rolled over to watch, laying my head on mom's stomach. She ran her fingers through my hair while we silently watched the moonlight sparkle on the dark water.

"Do you regret this?" mom asked after a moment. "Does this feel wrong... somehow?"

I didn't hesitate. "No." I lifted my head up, just a bit so I could look at her. "I thought it might have... but there's nothing else in the world right now that could be more perfect than this..."

Mom laughed softly and shook her head. She put an arm behind her head and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling. It was something she always did when thinking hard about something. And the fact that she had taken me back in her body, that she was laying in our old family home naked, legs parted slightly and covered by the thin blanket of a summer bed, made everything ten times hotter.

She didn't care anymore. Neither did I. We'd gone too far and done it too good to stop now.

I put my cockhead against her entrance and watched the look on her face as she gasped, her lips parted and her eyes going wide. Her hips moved towards me without her consent, I don't think. But even so, that slight change, and that little bit of penetration where none had been before, sent a wave of intense pleasure over me, and I let myself sink into her.

My mother moaned as my cock pressed forward and slowly disappeared into her. With each thrust, I felt my heartbeat grow stronger, pulsing through my cock as my hands reached out and stroked down my mom's stomach while I sank into her tight slit. Every inch was heaven, and I could feel her tight walls pulling me further inside, like a dream-like embrace, and my fingers ran their way back up to her breasts, where I gripped them.

"Oh—yes—oh God, son," my mother moaned in shock as she turned to me. The tone in her voice had completely changed and I felt the shiver run down my body at what we were doing. We both knew right now there was no turning back and that our lives had been irrevocably changed from here on out.

"That's it, mom. Let me fuck you." I whispered as I bent over her back and pushed against her, my body pushing my cock deep into her. She trembled and nodded as I started to gently saw my cock in and out of her. The sounds coming from my mother as I fucked her with everything I had made her body shake like crazy underneath me. She began to push back into me, driving me deep inside her cunt with every movement of her hips.

Mom's ass pressed up against my body, my cock throbbing so hard inside of her that I felt like I could burst at any second. "You're fucking incredible..."

"Jared..." Mom panted, and her breathing quickened even more. Her pussy spasmed on my length when I pushed forward, making us both shudder at the raw pleasure of it. It didn't feel like anything else in the world, and nothing would ever beat the sheer ecstasy that came along with this incestuous intercourse.

I continued to drive my cock in and out of her dripping hot sex, gripping her hips while I slammed home over and over again. I pulled my hips back, and then thrust forward, penetrating deep into my mother's needy pussy, all the way to the base, my balls slapping against the underside of her soaked lips with each successive thrust.

She moaned underneath me, her beautiful blonde hair falling messily over the bedspread as her head shook back and forth, unable to comprehend what we were doing together. She was lost to the pleasure of it, completely under my control now, my hand leaving the firm flesh of her hips and grabbing her hair from behind, pulling hard. She gasped loudly in surprise at the feeling of my firm hand yanking on her golden tresses and the primal moan she let out drove me even wilder.

"Fuck me," she grunted, "fuck your mother." The taboo of those words sent shockwaves through me. I pulled her hair tighter and started pounding into her dripping cunt faster, harder than before, and she could only moan and groan in response, completely surrendering to me.

Her body was warm and yielding beneath mine, and every thrust brought me closer to unloading deep within her tight channel, filling her up with my hot cum. Our sweaty skin slapped together rhythmically in our passionate union, her plump ass bouncing against my lower belly, her tits swaying and shaking with each forceful blow of my rock hard cock deep inside of her. "It's so good," she whined, "oh god..." Her words became almost unintelligible as her pleasure reached new heights, but I understood well enough when she looked back at me from over her shoulder, blue eyes clouded with lust as they begged, "do it Jared... cum in me!"

I groaned as that sentence was enough to bring me right to the edge. My balls were aching, filled with semen just for her, just for my mom's waiting pussy. I gave in to the feeling and slammed into her, holding myself deep inside of her as I finally let myself go. Shot after shot of my heavy cum poured out, flooding her womb with everything I had, just as promised. When my orgasm faded and I opened my eyes again, the first thing I saw was a huge grin spreading across mom's beautiful face.

"Oh Jared..." she said dreamily. "That was incredible..."

My hands roamed over my mother's smooth bare skin. There was something about seeing her there, naked and on all fours and still filled with my cock that felt more powerful than anything else in the world. I could get used to this view.

The truth was that I had thought about sleeping with my mom before. In the past few months, I had been fantasizing about it, thinking of scenarios that were getting increasingly kinky. But as soon as things started happening, when I saw that it might be possible... everything just kind of happened. So far we'd been fucking pretty normally. It wasn't like I was expecting something wild, but the way things had played out left plenty of room for them to go in almost any direction from here. For once I actually got to enjoy the idea, to plan how things should happen.

I slid myself out of my mom, leaving only the head of my cock buried between her plush asscheeks. Then I began to lower myself, bringing my erection down until it was lined up with the sopping lips of my mom's cunt. Then, with one hand gripping tightly onto her shoulder, I slammed forward, burying myself up to the hilt within Cara's core. "Fuck!" I cried out. "Oh, God, yes!" The warm sensation of her tight cunt wrapping itself around me was beyond incredible. Every nerve ending felt alive and electrified, as I pumped myself slowly back and forth, allowing us both to feel the full intensity of our coupling.

"Jared..." My mom gasped, her fingers curled in the covers and her head turned to look over her shoulder at me, eyes bright with pleasure. "Your cock is—it's too big! Slow down..." She trailed off and her eyes squeezed shut as another wave of sensation flowed through her body. Her hips pushed back against mine, instinctively wanting more despite her verbal protests.

I knew better than to slow down now.

This is what she wanted, and even if it was going to blow her mind, I had every intention of making this a night my mom wouldn't forget any time soon.

I pushed forward harder. I sank further into my mom's perfect pussy than I had thought possible, like my cock was made just to be

inside of her, like she was meant for me, only me, no matter how wrong that thought seemed.

My hands were still firm on my mom's waist and I held tight while I rocked back and forth, getting my entire length into her. I didn't stop until I heard her gasp again, a moan following quickly after, as I found the very edge of her womb with the tip of my cock. Every push got a bit easier, every thrust a little deeper until I was finally satisfied. When I pulled all the way out, slowly, and watched the gape I created, I almost lost it. Her inner walls were glistening pink and her entrance dripped with arousal as I moved my cock to rub along the slick crevice between her ass cheeks.

"This is it, mom..." I growled, as I pushed my tip past her opening once again and filled her completely in a single smooth thrust. "This is where you're gonna take it..." My hand gripped her shoulder, and I began fucking my mother, really pounding myself into her now. Every stroke caused a deep groan to erupt from both our throats and every thrust seemed to bring me closer to spilling my cum inside of her. She was so tight and wet, it felt like she was pulling me back every time I slid out, almost begging me not to leave, which just added to the incredible sensation flowing through me. I knew I wouldn't be able to hold back much longer... but if it felt this good right now, what would it feel like to actually fill her? What would it be like to see my mother full with my child...? To see her round with my child, swollen with it...?

"You think dad fucked you this hard? You think anyone has ever fucked you this hard?" I growled, driving into her over and over again, faster and deeper than before. "Because I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll never look at him again. I'm gonna make sure you know who owns you. Who always has, and who always will." My words shocked my mom back to life; she started struggling against my grip on her hips, shaking her head back and forth wildly.

"No! No! That's not true!" My mother panted between strokes. "I love David! I only married him..." But when I slammed forward especially hard, making her gasp, I knew she had already forgotten all about my father. The thought of his betrayal had been erased from her mind, at least for the moment, and that's exactly how I

wanted her. I slowed down my pace slightly and moved a hand from her hips to her breast. It was heavy in my palm. I squeezed, testing its weight. She was big, almost twice as big as Lindsay... bigger than any other woman I'd ever seen in real life. I leaned forward and buried my face between her shoulder blades, nipping her skin lightly with my teeth. "Jared! Oh, please!" She begged. Her voice was high and broken, but her cries didn't have any substance anymore. "Please!" she cried out again, her body twisting, fighting to get away from me as I pressed my mouth to her back and bit down again, a little harder this time. This was what she needed, and we both knew it. I couldn't stop now even if I had wanted to.

"I've loved you since I was a kid... Mom." I said, pulling back up and thrusting deeply once more into her body. "I want this, and so do you. Just relax..." I whispered, moving my hand from her breasts to rub her clit softly, slowly.

My mom groaned softly, and then moaned into the bedspread before finally laying her head down. She was giving herself up, surrendering to this. She relaxed onto her knees, lowering her body until it was parallel to the bed while I stayed above her. With the new position, I was able to drive into her even deeper, even harder. She was so close; I could feel the rippling walls of her pussy as they constricted around me. It only took a few more minutes before Cara's groans became screams and she threw her head back as she came. It felt amazing to watch her come apart underneath me, to know that I had made her feel such extreme pleasure. As soon as she finished coming, I withdrew quickly. Mom turned and reached out towards my cock with her tongue stuck out in anticipation. At the same time, I jerked it violently until my cum sprayed all over her face, marking my mom as mine. She looked up at me as some of my semen dripped down from her nose, off of her chin onto her breasts, and into her mouth. It seemed she had regained some control of herself, because she gave me a small smirk and asked seductively, "So, does this mean we're going to try for another baby?"

At this, I laughed. "Maybe," I said teasingly. "Although if anyone's having a baby in this family, it should probably be Lindsay..."

Mom rolled her eyes slightly as she used the bed sheets to clean herself off. "Speaking of your sister, there is something I probably should have told you earlier..." she trailed off hesitantly.

I furrowed my brow. "What?"

Mom sighed, but didn't respond. Instead, she got up from the bed and began picking up our scattered clothes. When she handed my shirt to me, I saw that my pants were ripped slightly along the front. "Great," I muttered sarcastically. I looked to mom to find her frowning slightly. "I hope you don't expect me to walk around naked in your house..."

Mom smirked and shook her head. "Well, actually, Lindsay has seen everything there is to see on your brother... so, I am not going to pretend that anything I say about seeing another boy's body would convince you otherwise." Mom glanced over at me as we walked through the hotel hallways. "Besides, the fact that we just fucked probably means you won't really care too much what I have to say, right? If I forbid you from showing off your junk in my house?"

"Yeah, something like that."

By the time we were home it was late, and Lindsay was already asleep. Cara went upstairs while I stayed down. A few minutes later she came back down and gave me one of my old hoodies. "Here," she said. "I think you should move back tomorrow. Get everything packed up tonight so when Lindsay comes home, she can start helping out and... if things go wrong..." she trailed off.

For once though, she seemed hopeful. I don't know where it came from, but maybe knowing that we were a hell of a lot better at sex than our parents ever were just instilled a confidence that somehow we'd make it through. So when she gave me the hoodie, she had this little smirk that kind of buoyed me up too.

"Thanks." I grabbed the hoodie and went to my room.

Or, rather, what used to be my room. It still looked pretty much the same, as far as furniture went; Lindsay's computer and monitor dominated her desk, a big black mass in the corner with a couple dozen tiny LED lights sparkling through various fan vents. The TV

was larger. Some of my posters and decorations were gone, but overall... yeah, this was still my room.

I closed the door and got changed into the hoodie and then stripped my pants. I had a moment of panic as I took them off and smelled them, wondering if they had a scent. Did my cock smell like sex? It wasn't even bad that we'd smell like sex so close after fucking... just... did I have the balls to walk back out there smelling like my own cum?

No, I thought with relief, no way. No one smells their own scent, no matter how much you rub your nose against it.

When I walked back down the hallway I heard mom and Lindsay talking in low voices. There were giggles and the sound of glasses clinking together, and I wondered what they had decided upon for the night—but really I knew. With dad gone for at least another three hours (that left a lot of time, but not too much—mom never gave him enough to actually do any wrong), they would be drinking some wine while waiting up for me to come home and let them know that I was okay. That I hadn't gone back to Tiffany's house, or to that boy's, and fucked him. Or her. Both?

I stopped at the edge of the wall and stared as they talked to each other. Lindsay was sitting on one end of the sofa, and she was still dressed normally, though her feet were up on the coffee table. She had a glass of wine in her hand, and an almost empty bottle of red sat next to her. She had taken off her blazer, and unbuttoned a few buttons on her blouse. The swell of her tits made my throat catch, because I could tell just from how deep they were that her bra had been removed entirely. I couldn't tell if she was wearing a skirt, since it had been buried between her and the cushions and her legs were crossed over each other, her right ankle resting atop her left knee.

Mom was a little more relaxed in appearance. She sat on the other couch, facing Lindsay, and her feet were on the floor. Her shoulders had sagged and she was leaning forward, one elbow on her thigh, holding a glass of wine in two hands. Her own blazer had been discarded completely. One strap of her tank top had slipped down her shoulder and her breasts were visible through it as a dark

circle around the tip of each nipple. A third, empty glass of wine had been set beside her on the armrest, along with the bottle that only had maybe half of its wine left inside.

"I just never thought that I'd... you know. It's... I know that Jared wouldn't want to..." Lindsay spoke quickly and in a quiet voice. It wasn't hushed or anything—she just seemed eager to speak with mom about it. Her eyes were bright but focused directly at mom. And every so often her fingers would trace circles on her wine glass.

It looked like I had found the pair after all. Or maybe they found each other. Maybe I didn't really need to be here for this. Except there was something about it that I loved—I wanted to keep watching them. I didn't know what I liked about it, but seeing these two women talking, flirting and getting drunk, felt so fucking naughty.

They were looking right at each other, but somehow I felt like neither woman was paying attention to me.

Like I shouldn't even be here. But fuck if that didn't get my blood rushing even faster. I wanted to say something, but I felt like it would just shatter the mood.

"What happened?" Lindsay said. "With—Jared." Her gaze drifted over me, slowly, not lingering on me, but taking everything in all at once. She shifted her shoulders, sitting up, trying to look more comfortable with what we were discussing. "You never talk about him. And you never wear this ring. What happened, Cara? It's almost like... oh..." She stopped.

Lindsay was really pretty. It was a shame we only met at these conferences, I thought. Mom seemed to have noticed that her eyes kept going to me, and she stood up quickly, moving herself to the window and looking out it, away from us both.

She said nothing. But Lindsay followed her, standing up in turn.

"It's almost like something is unfinished," Lindsay finished, her voice quieter than usual. Mom was tense. A shadow went across her face. Something haunted, and something that didn't want to be there.

Then Lindsay stepped beside mom, putting an arm around her shoulder, giving a little hug.

"Hey," she said, still holding her, "we don't have to talk about this. Come on, come sit back down. Have another glass of wine."

Mom seemed dazed. She nodded and came with Lindsay as they walked over to the couch. Her eyes darted to me, her lips were pinched thin together, and it seemed like whatever we had been discussing before was gone. She looked away and poured herself more wine. I followed suit. And then Lindsay filled hers up one last time. We were all practically drained, which was just about right. We should be winding down soon.

But after Lindsay lifted her wine glass, mom started talking again. This time, Lindsay asked something that seemed more loaded than the last few questions. About if mom liked being a trophy wife.

Mom paused for an awfully long time, considering what she'd say. But finally, she shrugged, and said something along the lines of: "There are... things... I want too, but you can't just tell your husband. There's stuff you do for him. Some stuff you just keep hidden. If he knows... maybe everything is ruined." Mom drank more deeply from her glass. When she pulled back from the stem, she gave us both a look that bordered on manic.

Then mom went for the big one. "What if there's a secret so huge... that it ends a marriage?"

My mom said nothing.

"The truth?" My mom turned red and looked down. She was staring at my lap, almost glaring at it. It wasn't until I adjusted that her gaze flicked upwards to meet mine. "That I would forgive you anything."

Her cheeks deepened into redness and she smiled weakly. "That's so unfair," she sighed. "You can say things like that..."

"And mean them." I shrugged. "But what is the truth?" I leaned forward again. My breath was hot on her neck. I moved in closer, pressing my lips against her earlobe. "What makes you look like that every time your father touches you?" I breathed into her ear.

"No one has ever made me feel the way that I do when he fucks me—" she said quickly, looking away again. But this time, a smile tugged at the corner of her mouth. "He's—he's good at making me cum..." Cara admitted shyly.

My cock pulsed.

"Yeah? Show me how." I pulled back from her and sat down on the edge of the bed again. My cock swayed between my legs, still slick from where my cum had been spilling out, but still hard, eager to fuck her, ready to fill her and take her as mine. Mom looked at me, surprised. But I just gestured for her to sit down on my lap. When she did, it was like earlier. Straddling me, except this time her hot, smooth cunt pressed directly on top of my shaft, which stiffened at the sensation.

But not to fuck her yet. Instead, I grabbed mom's hips and helped lift her onto me. Her ass rose from my thighs and her stomach pressed up against my chest and the underside of my chin. Her nipples grazed over my skin, sending shivers of desire through my body.

Cara wrapped her hands around my neck and held on as I moved her, as I helped her straddle higher above me, as I guided her body to hover over my cock. Mom took deep breaths as she prepared herself. And then I let go.

My cock twitched between her legs, the head brushing up against her slick, wet heat. Mom closed her eyes and exhaled, her breath a soft hiss. She was ready to accept me.

I thrust upwards, entering her for the first time.

It was heaven. It was incredible. My cock throbbed inside of her, pushing all the way, deep into her until our thighs pressed together. The heat surrounded me, hugged every inch of my shaft. Mom rocked her hips, her ass moving back and forth over my crotch, and her fingernails digging into my flesh.

She bit her bottom lip. She struggled. Her head lifted from the sheets, blonde hair spilling around her shoulders. I moved forward and covered her back with my chest, my hips pressing against the curve of her ass and my mouth just beside her ear. When I breathed, she shuddered, when I exhaled, she groaned softly. Her walls quivered, clenching around me tight. My cock was already soaked with her juices but she squeezed and squirmed and fucked me harder, working towards climax.

Her moans filled the room, getting louder and louder, filling the suite. I couldn't believe she wasn't being careful! That mom was so reckless with us getting caught, but maybe that's exactly why she did it—I didn't care anymore—we had fucked, we had crossed that line, and now... nothing mattered any more except for cumming together.

As fast as I could. As hard as possible.

With no regrets.

My hips pumped up and down, faster than her writhing ass ever could. I pinned my mom to the bed, forcing my cock deep and hard inside of her. She cried out, her voice breaking as I penetrated her all the way, filling her. My hand went to the back of her neck and held her, squeezing tight while my other hand kept her waist still, so she couldn't escape—as if she ever wanted to. The hot walls of her cunt clutched at me and her knees trembled as her body rocked from the force of my fucking.

She squealed, a shrill sound coming from deep inside of her, and when I reached underneath, I could feel her clit hard and desperate to be touched, just as she was being pounded from behind. When my fingers pinched at that button of needy skin she gasped for breath, unable to make a sound even though her mouth hung open and her body clenched, squeezing even more tightly around my cock as the orgasm ripped through her. Her hair fell over her face, but she was still looking at me, her eyes full of lust, pleasure, surrender.

It drove me absolutely insane.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanked her head back and pounded her, using the bed itself to brace myself, and driving my cock into the deepest parts of my mother, hearing her choked scream as I did. It cut off, because I slammed her body so hard that the sheets were shoved forward. She bit on them, moaning as I fucked her senseless. The hot clench of her pussy was so tight around my bare cock, I felt like she'd cut me right down the center but fuck if that wasn't amazing. Every time I shoved it into her, and every time it emerged completely coated with her juices.

Fuck, what if she was on the pill? Or didn't want a kid, or whatever—the fact is, neither of us knew, but I couldn't stop

pounding mom. It would've been a crime. The only thing wrong was not to finish inside her. So I fucked her even faster, harder, gritting my teeth and feeling everything go black for an instant when my own pleasure started to crest.

"Take it, mom—" I groaned, my voice breaking as my own orgasm rose through me. "Fuck—yes—" And then I thrust one last time and stayed, my legs locking up, my body trembling as the pleasure overwhelmed me, swept through my veins and emptied out directly into my mother. She let out a sharp cry at the first pulse, and I moaned, deep and guttural, as I continued to fill her with it, feeling each heavy shot empty out from me and flow straight inside of mom. The sensation of coming raw like this, of breeding, it was like nothing else, and I could see stars as my orgasm faded.

I shuddered again. Felt another jet pulse through me, right into my mother's hot core. She squealed as I pulled out of her. The cum was already spilling out of her cunt. Fuck, that was sexy... but I had more to give.

Mom gasped, confused and still dizzy from having been fucked so hard. My hand went to her hip and I yanked her downward until her ass came up higher. In this position, the semen spilled out faster, thick drops of it dripping onto the floor while my mother lay, helpless and stunned. I could still feel the tingling in my cock, and with a grunt and another thrust, I spurted one last time into her, sending a little jet splattering on the floor and covering her thighs with the rest. Mom quivered beneath me, moaning softly with every pump of my jizz that landed on her skin.

"Fuck..." I breathed as the high from cumming so much slowly ebbed away. My knees buckled slightly, and I sank onto the bed next to my mom, gasping for air, completely spent.

After a few minutes, we were able to get dressed and cleaned up. "How will we know?"

She sighed. "I'll need to take a pill," she said. She gave me a look and smiled weakly. "The wedding is still on."

I nodded. My voice sounded heavy. "Right..."

My heart fucking fell. It wasn't fair. Dad just got whatever he wanted. And why? Why did he always have to take what I wanted?

It wasn't fucking fair—

"Jared..." Mom said again. Her face was buried in the mattress, but her ass was high. And bare.

And exposed to me. "Come on," she groaned softly, lifting her ass higher for me.

I didn't wait, I grabbed her, pulled her back harder onto my shaft and I slid it along the slit of her lips. Her juices flowed over me.

I pressed the head of my cock against her. We both looked at each other—mom's eyes locked with mine and she took a deep breath as if this were our first time. Like we should be nervous.

Like it weren't inevitable.

I pushed myself deep, the crown slipping past her tight lips and spreading them with just a slight stretch, but when my shaft plunged further inside, filling her cunt with me, mom gasped loudly, a shudder rocking through her whole body. Her legs quivered, hips bucked. Mom's face twisted with surprise as she took all of me in. The sudden shock of it overwhelmed my own senses, a rush of blood and pleasure overtaking all my nerves. Her tight cunt squeezed down on me, milking my cock with such force that I was already cumming by the time I bottomed out and slapped my hips against hers, grinding up against her perfect ass.

Mom squeaked. She buried her face into the sheets, trying to stifle herself as my cum surged into her, coating her insides with thick ropes of my cream. A powerful shudder worked through her entire body, followed by a full-body orgasm that rolled across every inch of her skin.

As our bodies trembled together in an ecstasy of flesh, mom lifted her head slightly and stared at me over her shoulder. The look on her face—surprised, happy, and filled with need—was so unbelievably hot that even as I felt my cum continue to spurt inside her, I knew I wasn't done yet.

I'd never be able to stop if she kept looking at me like that.

"Jared," she cooed, "oh, son..." Her voice faded away as I slid my cock out, the length coated in my semen and dragging across her thighs. When I pulled free from her, there was a little drool of jizz that followed after me, dripping out and oozing down the edge of

her lips onto her inner thigh. I groaned at the sight of it, still hard, ready to go again.

And as I pushed myself back against her, into her wet cunt, my mother took the opportunity to raise up some, look back at me, and plead: "Just fuck me. Please. Just make love to your mother."

That was all I needed. I thrust into her—all the way in, bottoming out, my balls slapping into her clit and the sensation causing me to grab onto her tightly while mom rocked forward on her arms and knees, gasping with joy at being filled again. I ground into her, grinding my cock into the warm depths of her pussy and watching as my mother came for me, the way she moaned, the way her head fell, eyes closing and mouth open as the ecstasy coursed through her like lightning. She jerked against me, fucking herself on me for an instant before my hands gripped her even tighter, controlling her completely, holding her to me so she wouldn't pull free. "Mom," I hissed. I didn't want her to forget that we were mother and son, committing an unforgivable incestuous sin... I didn't want her to lose what would drive her wild if only she surrendered completely. I drove deep and harder into her, each time drawing another cry, another moan, and eventually a gasp as she looked at me over her shoulder. The tears on the edges of her eyes brought a thrill to my soul. I held her hips tight, driving again into her, fucking into her cunt, the way my cock split her, the way her walls sucked and throbbed on me as I fucked her. Her legs gave out. She fell to the sheets, and her body arched beautifully, offering itself to me even more, ass up, cunt ready to be used.

We were fucking.

Harder and harder. Sweat trickled down our bodies, our skin slapped together, louder and louder. Mom was losing control; the way she moaned, the way her head turned away as I fucked into her over and over, the way she gasped when my cock drove in hard, it was all signs that she was giving herself to me. Not just with her body, but with her heart and soul. Every little cry signaled something within her breaking under the pressure of my passion. As I fucked into her harder, taking what I wanted, I knew there was nothing left of my mother's heart or mind that was not utterly devoted to me

now. To what I wanted. To giving herself to me. The way she cried for me only cemented in my mind that mom was mine.

All of this was beyond the fucking, however. It was my mother's surrender. She had resisted and deflected but when push came to shove, she simply accepted that this was always going to happen. This moment, right now, with her beneath me, holding onto the sheets while I held her tight against me. The way that we looked at each other, the way that the room seemed to shake with every thrust of my cock—she could hardly take it. Her lips parted, moans rising, eyes fluttering, she let out a shuddering groan as I fucked into her again. And then I pulled back, almost sliding my cock free entirely, and her fingers clutched even tighter onto the bedsheets, because she knew what I was about to do.

I slammed myself into her, deep and fast. I buried myself in her cunt to the hilt, my balls slapping against her, every inch of her filled with my length—and then I stayed there, grinding into her as hard as I could, as deeply as I could. I groaned and felt myself unload inside of her, spurting a hot, thick jet of cum up into her womb. The walls of her cunt clamped down on me tightly as she tried to coax more out, her hips squirming as she felt my seed fill her up. Her own orgasm joined mine and her back arched, her thighs shook, she cried out, my name echoing across the hotel room. I held myself inside of her until my own climax passed, and as I pulled myself out, my cock softening, my jizz dribbling out from between her legs, I saw the mess that I made and felt my body shudder once again.

Mom collapsed into the bedspread and laid there, catching her breath, trying to make sense of what just happened. I knelt beside her, my head resting on my arm.

"You're amazing," I said, looking down at her, admiring her curves, her perfect features.

My mother gave me a tired look. She seemed uncertain what to do next, but there was no doubt in my mind—this wasn't going to be a one-time thing. We both enjoyed ourselves too much for that. After another moment, my mother finally spoke, "...are you okay?"

I grinned at her, reaching forward to cup her cheek. I stroked over it with my thumb. "Yes..."

It only took me a moment before I lined up behind her again, guiding my cock to her slit and pressing just against the hot entrance between her legs. A shudder wracked through both our bodies at the sensation of finally touching each other like this, skin against skin, so raw and intimate. We hadn't stopped thinking about it since we first realized what it was that we wanted...

With every passing second we grew more impatient for what was going to be done, what could actually happen if we let this continue... I looked down to see how well she could take it. The head of my cock rubbed against her, parting her soft lips just barely... and I saw with a sudden rush that my precum was beginning to mix with her wetness, making the path between us slick. My hand was wrapped tight around the thick base of my cock and I groaned, watching as our arousal mingled together, the glistening clear fluid dripping from my tip and smearing into her.

This was really happening. And there was no turning back now.

So when mom moaned—faintly, her eyes closed tightly, her hips slowly rocking back against mine as she tried to get me to give in and shove it right inside of her—my last shred of caution was thrown to the wind, and I pressed the wide, blunt head of my cock hard against her sex, pushing insistently into the slick pink of her body.

It took nothing to make me slide inside—as soon as we came together, my hips pressing hard into her ass as my cock stretched her cunt, she let out a high pitched squeal, fingers clawing against the bed, knees buckling under me as her thighs trembled helplessly and her toes curled tight. "Oh god, Jared! You're—you're so fucking big—" Her body rocked forward onto the mattress with a little bounce. Her lips smeared with dark red lipstick were parted with every sharp, shuddering breath. I grabbed hold of her plump hips, holding on as tight as I could, trying to focus on not losing it completely as I felt her clenching rhythmically all around me, trying desperately to adjust to my cock that was already sliding deep.

As my mom struggled to catch her breath beneath me, I looked down at her and couldn't help but think that this must be how a man feels when he takes his wife for the first time. Knowing that her virgin body is only his, forever. This gorgeous creature would be

mine, would always remember me inside of her. The thought of this, combined with how she felt around me—that slick, squeezing pressure coaxing more and more of my hardness inside of her—made my mind blank for a minute. All that existed were the wet walls of her cunt hugging tighter to me, pulling me closer, dragging my thick cock deeper inside of her. There was no resistance, except for a tightness that told me how full she was, and a tremor that whispered just how new this feeling was for her. It spurred me on, wanting to make sure that I had my way with my beautiful mother entirely and left her dripping with proof of how fully I had claimed her.

Mom whimpered again, her whole body quivering with an almost overwhelmed tension. She was breathing heavy, moaning softly each time I filled her up completely with my cock, each time it bottomed out in her, spreading her pussy wider and making her body shake as my hips pushed tight against the soft curves of her ass. "It's... it's okay..." she breathed softly, trying to soothe herself while also encouraging me to keep going. Her hand pressed gently back against one of my own, fingers curling under and holding it like we were comforting one another through this, together. It was such a strange feeling, holding her hand as I fucked her raw like this, but knowing that this act was meant to consummate our relationship—as partners, and as lovers—gave me a new sense of closeness to my mom, one I didn't expect to feel this powerfully. The heat of her soft palm beneath mine reminded me that this wasn't just a one night stand or an easy fuck: this was an actual woman giving herself to me wholly, and though my own mind had trouble processing the reality of that, I felt more intensely aware of my mother than ever before.

As my senses returned somewhat, I could still hardly believe that all this was happening so fast! But my lust quickly began taking over again, especially with how she began pushing back into me every time our hips met. At first, those little rolls of her body against me made me wonder if maybe I should slow down, but when my grip on her waist tightened instinctively, she only started grinding back faster and more eagerly than before, moaning loudly enough to let

me know that it was her taking control. Each of her motions urged my length further inside her, which felt unbelievable after being so certain that she must have been stretched past her limit already! Every thrust brought the tip of my cock closer and closer to the deepest part of her pussy until she let out a high gasp and held me tight against her. At first I thought I'd hurt her somehow, but when her inner walls gripped me even tighter than before, squeezing my girth rhythmically and making me moan at the unexpected pleasure of it all, I realized what was going on and that I'd never been closer to my mom in my life.

We stayed locked together like that for longer than I would have imagined, just letting her body continue wringing my cock while my breath caught and I struggled not to explode inside of her before she stopped cumming herself! Eventually I leaned forward, bringing my face closer to her ear so that when I whispered that it was my turn now, the shudder that ran through her actually made me moan softly from how good it felt! It seemed like she didn't want me to pull out too, judging by how tightly she clung to me with both her inner walls and her free hand's fingers still lacing themselves between mine. I had no intention of letting her go either, even if only because I couldn't wait for what would happen next! She probably guessed what I was thinking judging by the soft sigh and slight smile on her lips as she tilted her face toward mine again, but she surprised me with the passionate kiss she planted there instead of whatever words I expected! And when we finally broke apart for air, she kept staring deeply into my eyes even as my orgasm grew to be impossible to ignore any longer...

I groaned through clenched teeth, struggling not to cry out when my cock fired off inside of her!

Her pussy squeezed me so tightly that I worried that something might tear loose before it finally relaxed its grip on my length enough for me to start pumping her full! It was an even bigger load than the one I had dumped down her throat earlier tonight too, judging by how it flooded her channel quickly enough to start trickling down the inside of her thigh before I even stopped coming myself! But even that wasn't enough for my horny mother, who took

matters into her own hands almost immediately after I had emptied my balls completely into her, turning us onto our sides and then taking my still-sensitive length back inside herself without any hesitation whatsoever! She then started using me like a toy, stroking my deflating manhood in and out of herself as fast and hard as she possibly could with her strong pelvic muscles until yet another incredible climax shot through both of us, draining away every ounce of resistance we had left in the process...

***

We lay in the dark, under the covers. The sound of traffic floated up from below. The rain had finally stopped.

Mom shifted, her head on my shoulder. She reached over to her wine and took a long drink.

"My sweet baby boy," she murmured against my neck. Her tongue played across my skin, then her lips sucked, making me jump and laugh. "Is this what you really wanted?"

I smiled at her. "This is." I pulled down my pants all the way, kicked them off. Now there wasn't a stitch of clothing on me.

She kissed my cheek, my lips. It tasted like red wine. Her palm rested on my chest and slid over my chest, feeling my nipples through my shirt, playing over them before sliding downward and resting on my waist. When she spoke, her voice was thick with emotion. "When did you learn to talk like that..."

I swallowed. I guess that meant I did well. I tried to keep up the act, to be strong for both of our sakes. "You always called yourself an empty house waiting for a man to move in."

Cara shook her head slightly. "Honey, no one could ever live in this house... no man." She bit her lower lip.

I kissed her again, gently. My cock slid across her entrance, the two of us shivering with anticipation as we made ourselves wait. The tip of my cock pushed forward, just slightly, and then retreated as we trembled together, knowing what was about to happen.

I held her hips, tight, keeping them in place. Then, as I rocked my hips forward and let my cock press inside of her—my mother's

cunt opened for me instantly, and when it did, my mouth hung open along with it as the unbelievable pleasure overtook every part of me all at once. We both groaned as the length of me entered my mother's slick pussy all at once, burying me inside of her right to the very hilt of my dick, so deep that not even air could fit between us. Her entire body shivered around me, and my own body answered back, my skin prickling with goosebumps while I throbbed hard, feeling her walls pulse around my shaft as she grew accustomed to being stretched so full.

The sensations were more than either of us expected. For a long time we were frozen in place, panting hard into each other's faces while our bodies worked through the shock of joining together. The feeling of mom's body wrapped snugly around my cock was better than anything else I had experienced before; she was tight, but also hot and soft and smooth like butter, making everything slide easily despite how firmly she squeezed me. When she began to tremble and push her ass up higher for me, urging me onward, I could sense that she was ready for more—and, judging by the look in her eyes, she needed it too.

She began to moan and cry out wildly as I started fucking her. Hard and fast. Just exactly the way she needed it. Her voice rose high in an incoherent cry, a scream of absolute surrender as I pushed myself deeper and harder into her tight little pussy. Our eyes met, locking on one another while I pounded her into the mattress below us. It took only a few seconds of this before mom reached a climax that she had been wanting for a very, very long time. With another loud yell she threw her head back and came harder than I have ever seen someone come; her body writhed underneath mine, wracked with an orgasm that tore through every inch of her until her eyes were rolling back into her head, and all her muscles tensed tightly around me. Her pussy seemed to get tighter somehow, squeezing my cock mercilessly until I could barely move anymore—then suddenly releasing me like a spring so that I rocketed deep inside of her once again with one last powerful thrust, driving me over the edge to join her in ecstasy. My cock began to throb as I filled mom's perfect pussy to the brim with hot cum that seemed to

just keep flowing out of me nonstop, like a faucet that had been turned on full-force, until her womb was brimming and dripping with every ounce of my seed.

When the waves of pleasure finally subsided, I pulled my spent cock free and watched with fascination as thick streams of sticky white jizz poured out onto the bed below us, coating the sheets entirely. And all of it had come straight from my balls—the ones I got from mom—to fill her now.

That night was unlike anything I could have ever dreamed. The idea of being able to fuck my mom senseless until she begged for more never really occurred to me, but I found that once we got started, neither of us could stop ourselves. We fucked endlessly into the night, both of us giving up any pretense of denying our lust for each other. Our lovemaking grew wilder with each passing minute, until eventually the two of us passed out in complete exhaustion wrapped tightly in one another's arms.

The morning sun shone through the window. We awoke tangled together naked under the blankets.

My eyes opened to see my mother's face inches from mine, her lips parted slightly as she breathed softly. I stared at those beautiful features for what seemed like forever before gently pressing mine against hers. She stirred in her sleep and let out a quiet moan. My tongue slipped past her teeth, and after a moment, I could feel her kissing me back with growing enthusiasm. Her eyes opened sleepily, slowly, as if not wanting to believe this was real, only to close again a second later when she realized that it was. One hand trailed down across my chest and over my stomach, finally coming to rest on my cock.

"I see you've already got something else to say," she laughed seductively. "But first..."

I sat up quickly and began gathering my clothes as soon as the door swung shut behind him, trying to cover up as quick as I could, though he paid us no mind as he walked towards the living room. I stood there dumbfounded while we heard the TV being turned on in the background.

What just happened? Did mom really just give me head right here in dad's bedroom, with him only a few feet away!? Was she just horny or what? Or was this her way of trying to get back at dad? Maybe I didn't know mom as well as I thought I did. In all the years I had been with her, I would have never imagined her doing something like this. And certainly not to the extent she did it just now. The fact that she went from denying me completely to jerking and sucking me off just now without a care in the world was... well, frankly fucking incredible. I don't think I'd ever been more turned on by my mother than I was now.

There was one last button left on my shirt when the door suddenly opened and Cara reappeared in the doorway. She gave me a look over and, evidently pleased that I was mostly dressed now, smiled approvingly. She stepped into the room once again, and after shutting the door closed behind her, casually walked over to the bed and plopped down onto it like she had earlier before we started arguing. The sudden bounce sent her breasts jiggling enticingly up and down, causing my mouth to water with their movement. She looked at me, a grin on her lips, knowing what kind of affect they were having on me. My heart pounded faster and faster in my chest as she held up both hands palm side up and patted them, encouraging me to come back. It was like all of our fighting minutes before hadn't even happened, she wasn't concerned at all about dad, she wasn't worried about her job, all she wanted was to be here with me right now, just the two of us.

But what about—?

"Get out of your head," mom teased, "I'm sure he's found his program by now and not giving us any mind." I blushed, realizing that must have been exactly what I looked like, standing here like a deer in the headlights. I felt embarrassed by how naive I was acting, and decided to give in. After all, she did invite me over to spend some quality time together and who was I to deny her? If mom wanted to do it in dad's own house, and if she wanted to try and get away with this, then I would go along with it. At least for now, I could indulge her. I smiled and shrugged my shirt off my shoulders before dropping it onto the floor. Now in only my boxers, mom licked

her lips when she saw me take another step toward the bed. But just as I was about to hop on top of her, something caught the corner of my eye from the corner of the room. I glanced up to see that my dad was actually here after all, and he had returned to get another glass of wine, and I froze again. Seeing my reaction, Cara lifted herself off her elbow and leaned over to my field of view. "Hey," she said softly, "Just relax, everything's alright. I'm the one he cheated on, remember?"

She was right. Why should I care? They're probably separated anyway or something like that. With that in mind, I looked down to Cara and smirked back at her. I nodded and then quickly slipped my boxers off before hopping onto the bed beside her. "Yeah, okay mom, let's do this!" I gave her a confident look. It wasn't forced. I was actually more than ready to feel her pussy once again. And after all of our fighting in the last hour, I wanted to show her that I really did want her, and I wanted her body. I wanted mom so bad that I couldn't stop myself even if dad was in the same room. I didn't know where all of my confidence suddenly came from, but I knew that it must've been mom's own enthusiasm rubbing off on me.

We locked eyes with each other. She reached forward and put a hand behind my neck, pulling me down, pressing her forehead against mine, making me feel so small in comparison. Her mouth opened, gently, as her eyes glimmered with desire and expectation. For the first time, I was starting to think that we might pull this off without him catching us. She whispered a single word to me, "Yes."

And I took her.

Her back arched as she threw herself forward, the bed groaning under me as my momentum slammed into her—

She whimpered.

I let out a hard groan, trying not to cum. She was incredible, she was hot and tight, squeezing all along my length as she clung to the sheets. I moved, rocking my cock inside of her, getting her used to the feeling of having me deep inside her. Cara moaned into the pillow below her while I slowly built up momentum and fucked her harder. This is everything that I've wanted...

After about twenty seconds, I knew we couldn't drag this out forever. We were already way past the point of no return anyway. And I was going to have her.

"G-get ready," I managed to whisper before slamming into her, hard enough to make her yelp.

And with the first thrust, it took us both to a place neither of us had expected. We were suddenly in freefall together, as I pounded into her again, our skin colliding, creating sounds throughout the room like thunderclaps. Every time I slid my cock back inside of her, another gasp rose from Cara, and I found myself moaning too, overwhelmed by how hot her pussy was, how tight and gripping, as if my member didn't belong anywhere else but here. She felt so perfect that I immediately found myself wondering if I'd be able to pull out when the moment came... but that didn't matter. I knew she wanted me too much to let me go now.

"Oh fuck!" I groaned as her walls pressed against me and I felt the intense rush of adrenaline. She began moving faster and her fingers gripped the sheets tight, twisting them like her life depended on it. Her whole body was tense and I could see her shoulders lifting in a steady rhythm with each push of my shaft inside of her. The feeling made every inch of my skin tingle as all my senses started working overtime to enjoy each sensation brought on by fucking my mother senseless.

The sounds that erupted from our mouths filled my ears and echoed throughout the bedroom. All the while we kept going harder, faster. "Fuck! Mommy..."

My cock pumped relentlessly inside her cunt and I could feel her pussy getting tighter around me, squeezing down onto my dick so perfectly that it was almost as if she were sucking on it too. That feeling was driving me insane so when her arms finally gave up I grabbed hold of those perfect hips and held her close enough so every single thrust slammed deeper than the last.

I reached around her leg with my free hand and rubbed furiously at her clit. She moaned even louder, screaming my name as I pushed her further over the edge with every thrust until finally she reached orgasm for the third time this night. This one was much

more powerful than any other before and sent shockwaves through my body. As she trembled and writhed around me, I didn't stop pounding away, determined to keep chasing that high until it was impossible not to succumb myself. "God damn..." I breathed out with every movement.

With every plunge, I found myself going further than before, and soon I realized that she was right—that the way that mom and I fucked each other was the same, because mom couldn't do anything but rock her body back into mine, taking my cock all the way to the base every single time. Her moans became whimpers, the strength sapped from her as she clung onto consciousness only because of the pleasure. The sounds of our bodies crashing together was the only noise in the bedroom now except for her cries of ecstasy.

That, and the sound of dad's keycard clicking into the door lock, and the door sliding open, quietly.

"Mom," I said breathlessly, slowing for a moment as I heard him slide inside, and shut the door. I glanced up, through the crack of the closet door—and there was my father, setting down his suitcase, stretching out his arms and yawning like he just came home from work or some bullshit—and not finding my cock inside of mom. "Dad's here," I breathed, almost unable to believe it.

Cara groaned and looked back over her shoulder at me. We couldn't stop fucking. That much was obvious. "Fuck!" She cursed under her breath and reached down to grab her dress off the floor. My cock throbbed, so hard and painful that if I didn't fuck her I was sure that I would just die, right then and there. She threw on the dress and pulled it down her thighs quickly and zipped the side with shaking fingers. There was nothing she could do about her bra or underwear—if we were going to go for it, they weren't coming. She looked at me. "He can't know I'm in here."

But what should we do? If we came out now, it'd be obvious what we had been doing, that would send him flying through the roof—and maybe even call the cops. What if he called the cops? He wouldn't. Would he? Mom was worried enough that he might do something like that.

Mom bit her lip and then her eyes darted up. The closet. Of course. The only thing close enough that she could slip into while we figured something else out. Mom pushed the door open, quietly, slipped inside, and the door swung mostly closed with a little gap at the bottom to peek out and see what dad would do once he returned.

"Hurry, Jared, get dressed," mom hissed.

So I did, quickly stuffing my still-throbbing cock back into my boxers and yanking my pants over my hips.

Dad's keycard clicked and the door slid open.

We had left evidence all around the room—her bra lying there on the floor... her dress half off... the bottle of wine opened and still on the table... We looked at each other, and I saw panic written on her face. She knew that we had fucked up, really fucked up. I didn't blame her, because I was about to fuck us both up by getting caught, too. All that bullshit with controlling myself and planning how this was going to go—and here I was fucking things up! My dad walked into the room without so much as a call and I cursed silently as I moved across the suite to put myself between him and Mom, to hide her from his view and to try and figure something out... but I was slow, he was already inside the room when I stepped away and even though Mom tried to hide, scrambling under the bed so he wouldn't notice her there, my dad's gaze swept over the entire area immediately. He was like a shark sensing blood in the water... he knew, the instant he walked through the door that we had been fucking around.

He stopped, just three steps into the suite, staring straight ahead at me with eyes burning with rage. His jaw twitched and tightened, his eyes narrowed, and finally he said, "What the hell is going on here?"

"Dad," I said, raising my hands, trying to appear as relaxed as possible, knowing full well I couldn't pull it off, "this isn't what you think—"

My dad wasn't hearing a word I was saying; he brushed past me, walking right toward the bed, not even looking at me as I stumbled over my words, struggling to come up with an excuse. His nostrils

were flared, his shoulders squared, his whole body seemed coiled and ready to pounce on whatever was lying hidden under the bed.

Which, of course, turned out to be my mom, who emerged after a second of silent negotiation with me, her hair all ruffled, her lips pursed tight in a frown and her eyes locked on me pleadingly. But dad's gaze shot past her instantly—and it landed right on me.

"Get the hell out," he hissed.

For a moment I just stood there, frozen on the spot and completely unsure of how to react. Was this the kind of moment where I argued back? Where I explained everything to him? What the fuck should I even say? Hey dad, it's okay! I'm fucking your wife and I'm happy about it and I'll make sure that she's good enough for you so we can continue with our relationship, don't worry! Yeah, that sounded like an awesome way to get myself thrown out on the street without any of my stuff. So instead I just stayed still and watched him, unable to form any words at all while he stared me down.

After what felt like an eternity he stepped around me and took his jacket off, leaving it discarded across the bed along with his briefcase as he sat down on it, sighing heavily. I wasn't entirely sure how safe I was—if I were anyone else in the world, I wouldn't have hesitated for a moment before bolting out of the door and never looking back.

But I wasn't anyone else. I was his son. Even after all of this, despite the fact that I'd fucked his wife more than once, even after I'd taken her in the ass, I was still Jared. His son.

So when he glanced up and beckoned me over with two fingers, I followed without question, standing right in front of him and waiting for whatever came next.

"So," he said calmly. "How do I know you're not just some kind of whore who happened to look like my wife?"

Fuck, he knew me too well. Of course, it would have made no sense for someone to come in here trying to seduce him. The only thing I could have done was convince him that it wasn't an illusion.

That there was some kind of truth to what he was seeing, some proof that I meant what I said and that this was actually his wife,

and she was coming onto him hard, enough that she'd get naked if he asked. I'd probably say something like "look at her, is this really not your wife?" but he was smart enough not to fall for that sort of trap.

But he was looking for confirmation. Looking for proof. That, I could give him. Something simple. Something obvious. But something so real that he'd know it came from our world. From home. And that was the trick. It was just going to require a little bit of acting on my part—some acting and some fucking risk—but hey, I wasn't going to have much dignity left after this, so why should I worry about anything else?

"How do I know you're not just some kind of whore who happened to look like my wife? Get dressed." His tone was still calm. He knew what I was up to. But that didn't mean he was expecting this. He thought I might come in with another lie, maybe say I fucked mom once or twice. What he wasn't ready for...

Was mom walking in, dressed only in her coat. A white button-up coat. Long enough to cover everything. Thin enough that it wasn't hiding much. And unbuttoned.

Dad stood, quickly, surprised, shocked even, at me doing something this insane. But that didn't stop him from looking at the woman standing before him—his wife—and staring.

That coat slipped free and dropped to the floor.

The buttons were loose already; I'd undone them while mom walked ahead of me down the hall. That meant that the instant she was unveiled, dad got his eyesful.

She stood there, naked as the day she was born, except for her wedding ring and those stockings, rolled to midthigh. Mom's breasts were full and rounded and tipped with pale pink nipples, slightly darker in the cool air. She gasped lightly and turned quickly, but it didn't hide much—her ass was still facing him, and her body was a lovely, lush curve, ending with her head turned over her shoulder. Dad stared at her in the shadow, speechless. I didn't blame him. Mom's body looked even sexier than what he remembered, or imagined, and there was this aura about her that wasn't present in

the rest of his lovers. Even through all our problems, Cara and I had this spark—this deep connection—that kept us together.

Even now, as I grabbed her by the hips and shoved her forward, thrusting my cock straight up into her and making her cry out at my intrusion. It wasn't just fucking; it was deeper than that. I couldn't imagine letting anyone else have her, the way they might use her. Even if mom didn't belong to me in the usual sense, like how other mothers belonged to their sons...

I knew that no one else was going to know her like I did.

Because I took her. Right then. With dad standing there. The head of my cock slipped between her legs and slid over the folds of her cunt until it nestled into her entrance, the lips squeezing around it eagerly. When I shoved into her, when my cock sunk into her heat, her wetness—when we connected, fully and completely, and I felt the silky warmth of her, clinging tight to me, I groaned and let my fingers sink deep into her flanks, into the creamy expanse of her body. Cara moaned and pressed back, and I sank even deeper into her.

My breath caught; I could hear mom's gasping response, hear her panting for air as I fucked her. The sounds of our bodies mingling, slapping together as I filled her cunt, again and again, were like music to me, an erotic sound that urged me on, made my pace quicken and my thrusts grow faster, deeper, rougher. I gripped my mother tight, pulled her onto me while shoving up and into her, filling her completely, driving myself forward and making her take it all.

The feeling was unlike anything I had experienced so far. My mother's pussy was warm and wet around me, hugging my cock tightly as I pounded into her. Our fucking made loud slaps where our flesh met, lewd slurping sounds coming from where her juices flowed over my thick cock. I grunted as I slammed against her ass, pushing forward in order to force more of myself inside, wanting every part of me to be wrapped in the overwhelming ecstasy that was her pussy.

Every few thrusts, I leaned forward to grip her tits in both hands, squeezing them and pulling on the stiff points of her nipples,

relishing each whimper, cry, or moan that burst past her lips. It wasn't enough for me just to fuck her though, I needed more; I wanted every part of her body. I ran one hand down from her breast to slide between her legs and touch her engorged clit, rubbing slow circles over the sensitive nub and smiling as her pussy suddenly squeezed me tighter. She began thrusting back against me, meeting each plunge with a sharp buck of her hips. With a growl, I leaned over her body, pinning her flat to the mattress with my chest to her back, my teeth grazing the nape of her neck before sinking into her soft skin, hard enough to leave bruises.

I sucked hard on her flesh, leaving dark purple marks that wouldn't fade away for weeks. When I was sure she was properly branded as mine, I returned my other hand to her breasts and lifted myself back up so I could straighten my spine and grab onto her waist, slamming even harder against her backside, faster and deeper. "Fuck!" I shouted, the sensations almost too much to handle. The sight of her bent over under me, crying out in bliss as her body shuddered around me—it was the greatest feeling I'd ever experienced in my life.

It didn't take long like this, with the two of us so heated, so close to our orgasms before finally, I let out a strangled groan, buried deep in my mom's pussy. "I'm going to cum... fuck! Here it comes—you're going to make me fucking cum!" She wailed as I slammed into her one last time, grinding against her ass as deep as I could go, forcing my cock to stay buried within her pulsating channel even as hot cum spurt free. "Take it all..." I hissed through clenched teeth. "Fucking take it, mom." My cock throbbed, emptying my balls completely into her welcoming warmth, filling her womb with powerful jets of thick white fluid. The head swelled, expanding even further until it was locked behind her cervix, plugging her full of my seed and leaving us stuck together while we recovered.

My mother continued to convulse and whimper beneath me, her own climax having triggered in response to being pumped so completely full of my cum. Her legs were shaky; the strength had left them during her intense orgasm. She slowly sank down until she rested on her knees on the floor, my cock still buried inside of her. I

sat down with her, wrapping my arms around her from behind as she continued to moan, eyes glazed over in pleasure as she basked in her own sexual high.

And then, as she came back to reality, her entire face went red, the afterglow gone; replaced by a dawning horror. It happened in slow motion; I watched my mom turn toward me, eyes wide, lip quivering in shock. Before either of us said a word, a sob burst forth from her mouth and she brought a hand to cover it.

"Oh Jared—I-I—"

But that's all she was able to say. I couldn't hear anymore, my mind was buzzing with shock, adrenaline coursed through my body and set my skin on fire. I scrambled to my feet, desperately seeking somewhere to run to or something to do. My first impulse was to run from the room; but seeing as how I was still very much naked and sticky with sex, that wasn't an option. Instead, I turned toward the bathroom door just behind me, barely noticing that it opened inwards, and bolted inside.

What happened next was sort of a blur: the first thing I did upon entering the bathroom was slam the door shut, which is easy to do when you forget the lock is on the outside of the door. After the second time trying to open the door, only for it to remain locked, I began looking for some way out of there. That didn't work so well. There was no window to break or convenient air vent to escape through. Instead I spent the next few minutes pacing the perimeter of the room like a trapped animal, running my hands through my hair and trying not to freak out over everything I'd just done to my poor mother.

A couple times, while walking the tile floors in search of escape routes, my foot nudged a small, hard object. I would glance down to see it was one of mom's rings, which must have fallen off her finger while we were "getting it on," as they say. At one point I kicked it up into the air and caught it reflexively, staring at the gold band glinting in the dim light of the bathroom. Suddenly the whole evening hit me like a ton of bricks: the bar, the wine, the kissing, and above all else, the fucking... what the fuck was I thinking? How could I have let it get this far?

Well, technically I hadn't made any decisions here; they were all made by mom herself. This was a hundred percent her own fault. Maybe if she'd listened to me when I said no earlier then none of this would've ever happened. And now here we are, both of us stuck in a bathroom, our relationship irrevocably changed forever thanks to the events of tonight. If anyone found out about this there would be scandal after scandal. Dad would probably leave us both in shame. I'd probably have to move away and get a new job and start going to church twice a week just to clear my conscience. Mom, well... who knows what would happen to mom?

I took a deep breath, realizing I wasn't getting anywhere with my thoughts. I needed to think clearly and figure out how to explain this whole thing to my mother without upsetting her anymore than necessary. She was probably already mad enough at me for even suggesting this affair take place in the first place.

Anyway, as I said, the ring reminded me that we should stop what we were doing. So I walked over to mom's prone form on the floor (she'd passed out from exhaustion some time ago) and placed her wedding band back onto its rightful location, on her left ring finger. I took one last look around to make sure we didn't leave anything behind, then opened up the door and exited the bathroom.

Mom was asleep on the bed, lying naked on top of the sheets, wearing nothing but her stockings. It didn't matter how many times I saw her nude form; every time was special, and I never tired of looking at it. Even in sleep, she exuded beauty and sexuality, making my heart jump and my cock ache for another go. But this was neither the time nor place for such activities, and so after admiring her for a couple more minutes I picked up my clothes from where they'd been thrown earlier, got dressed, grabbed her purse off the side table next to me and left the room with her things in tow.

The taxi driver was still waiting patiently outside of my building when I came out. He rolled his window down and looked up at me expectantly. "That everything?"

"Yes," I said shortly as I entered into the backseat.

My mind raced with excitement about what had transpired between me and mom just minutes earlier and I struggled to keep

from getting turned on again. The memory of how amazing her blowjob felt replayed in my head over and over as I thought about how great our time together would continue to be as we continued to get intimate with each other.

But before I got home I knew there was one more call I had to make, one that I really did not want to but couldn't avoid doing if things were going to work out with Cara. I reached into my pocket for the phone number on the note, which was starting to curl slightly at the edges now, and opened up the app store to find an appropriate contact program. While waiting for it to download I pulled out the piece of paper and input the information.

My hands started trembling as I stared at the blinking cursor in the address bar. My palms felt sweaty, even though they weren't. What was this, some kind of stupid preteen anxiety or something? Goddammit. I took a deep breath and slowly tapped in my ex-girlfriend's cell number (not like I needed it—it was still listed as "Tammy" on my contacts). Once done, I closed my eyes and hit send.

After two rings I heard a feminine voice come on through the earpiece.

"Hello?" It was definitely Tammy. A thousand memories flooded my brain from the past eight months. The way she moved when she walked, the sound of her laugh, the smell of her hair, how her tongue felt against mine—

Damnit, Jared! Get a grip, I told myself as my heartbeat thudded in my chest, threatening to tear apart my ribcage.

I paused just a bit too long, and the voice came back again. "Is someone there? Can you hear me?"

Tammy was looking for an answer, I needed to give one. I couldn't let her know it was me. I needed to hang up somehow but that would mean hitting buttons or moving and at this moment neither seemed possible.

I cleared my throat and swallowed hard. "Hello?"

Tammy laughed, sounding very surprised to hear me. "Oh," she giggled. "Hi, Jared."

Her voice had always been smooth and soothing like warm syrup dripping over pancakes. Just hearing her laugh made my heart ache from all the memories. I hadn't talked to her in so long but it felt like we were still best friends, even after I'd hurt her so badly.

"How are you?" I asked. I didn't know how to bring it up or start to explain why I was calling without giving anything away and embarrassing both of us.

"Ugh, you don't wanna hear about all that boring shit," she sighed dramatically. "Trust me."

As I looked into the depths of my mother's eyes, I suddenly wondered if her feelings toward me had ever gone deeper. Had she maybe, just a little bit... cared more for me than as just her son?

What would happen to us if I let her know how I felt? Would she feel the same way, or would she reject me? My stomach did somersaults as I realized there was really only one way to find out.

"Hey," I cleared my throat nervously, "Mom?"

She raised her eyebrows as if she could sense something big was coming.

"Yea?" Her voice shook but I knew I had to do this now while the courage was flowing through me. I couldn't chicken out like a pussy.

My mouth opened. Closed. Nothing came out. I was trying so hard to get my lips to work properly; I was struggling so much that when my jaw snapped shut like a steel trap I almost chomped my tongue off!

"Tammy, I don't even know how to say this so I'm just gonna... fuck it."

She took my hand in hers as our eyes locked together. I cleared my throat and said it. "I wanna be your boyfriend."

A split second of silence passed over us before Tammy burst into laughter. I stared at her with a smile while she giggled uncontrollably. It took a good couple minutes for her to collect herself. She wiped away tears from her eyes and leaned over to peck my lips. "It's about time!" She exclaimed. "I've been waiting forever for you to say it! Now come on, I'm ready to go on a real date."

Mom shifted slightly. Just enough to look over her shoulder.

She looked back at me with half-lidded eyes. The light was fading fast but I could still see everything. "Honey," she gasped, her voice breathless with urgency. "Please..."

In a flash, she was in my grip again. I had turned her over on her back, was kissing her neck, my tongue slipping under her ear. She grabbed the pillows and hugged them as I pulled her head back. I didn't give mom a chance to collect herself; I kissed my way down the line of her jaw, nipped at her lips, and then sucked each of her nipples while playing with the other breast in my hand.

Her moans drove me crazy. They weren't gentle or subtle, but full, desperate sounds that let me know how much she wanted this. There was no stopping the pleasure we'd experience tonight.

"Oh god, Jared..." Mom whimpered as my tongue flicked over her skin. Her entire body shivered like an earthquake was moving through her. In turn, it shook the bed and caused the springs to groan in protest beneath us. My mind flashed to the memory of my dad fucking some woman on this bed. It just wasn't any woman.

It was my mom!

The idea only enraged me more. I kissed down the side of her stomach and finally reached her legs where they were pressed tight together in fear and trepidation.

"Open," I ordered her. "Spread them wide. Wider."

She obeyed without saying a word. Mom's ass cheeks widened as she stuck up her backside, allowing me to do whatever I wanted. The second her pink cunt spread open before me, I knew that this was it. I'd taken complete control of the situation. With every kiss and caress, I was showing her who was really in charge, showing her how badly I needed this... but even more importantly... so did she.

This time there would be no stopping. This time when I thrust myself into her pussy, my hands gripping her tightly, I wasn't going to stop until we had both been fully satisfied.

I lined up with her entrance, but then at the last minute decided against it.

No more condom, no more waiting or second-guessing, I plunged my cock into the depths of her pussy and claimed it all for

myself.

My mom cried out, burying her face in the sheets, her voice muffled as she moaned, "Yes! God! Jared—yes—"

She felt just as good as I imagined she would. Soft and warm and tight, so very fucking tight. It felt like an eternity since my mom first told me how to satisfy a woman; back then, I hadn't really known what to expect. But now...

Now everything felt perfect. I couldn't imagine being happier than this. Even after the first time with Jenna, it all seemed so surreal. What she and I were doing might not have been entirely consensual, but I knew I'd get off without it and be just as happy. This was more than that; with each push of my hips, I was giving something new, something that couldn't possibly be topped. Each motion drew me further into her body, drawing gasps from her lips until they filled the room with the sounds of our pleasure. I was going so deep that I wondered if I would ever want another woman, anyone else.

"Fuck yes, you're the best thing, mom..." I could hear myself moaning as my thrusts took control of me, but I didn't care. Why wouldn't I want to tell her the truth when we were joined like this? Her inner walls squeezed around my length, tightening, pulling at every inch of skin, trying to milk out as much of me as possible. In the morning, when I looked down at my mother's sleeping form, I'd remember how she wanted this just as badly as I did.

The heat from her entrance was almost unbearable. My grip on her hips tightened as I drove into her again, savoring the way her ass shook every time my body collided with hers. I could hear my own grunts mixing with her moans, echoing across the surface of the empty building around us. I was close now. She knew it too. The sound of my voice changed, tensing, rising in pitch as I approached release. Mom pushed her ass back, meeting each of my thrusts eagerly.

When the feeling finally became too much, my seed surged forward, rushing through me before exploding deep inside her. Mom's whole body trembled in response and I pulled her closer, forcing every last drop against her womb.

And then we rested. Mom panted against me, our bodies pressed together, still connected as my cock slowly shrank. After a minute or so, she pulled away, looking at me with uncertainty as I lay back. It seemed like something had happened between us. Something that meant something.

Mom sat up and sighed. Then she looked at me, really looked, seeming to wake up and shake herself out of that reverie that had affected the both of us, but more so me. She stood up and straightened herself out, adjusting her panties and slipping her dress back over her shoulders. In silence, she turned away from me, smoothing it out, trying to figure things out.

I knew exactly what I wanted, though. And even though we just did something I always thought would be wrong... all I could feel was relief and love. So when she finished straightening herself up, I didn't hesitate. "Mom," I said, holding out my hand.

My mother looked at me in confusion. Her gaze went to my hand. She stared at it.

After a long, tense moment, she took it.

My fingers closed around hers and I smiled, happy and secure. This meant we'd belong to each other. I could feel my heart swell as she gave me her answer.

But when her ring glittered, reminding us of the circumstances we found ourselves in, she hesitated again. I didn't let go. Instead I pulled harder, pressing against her hand, urging her to give it to me. She had already made her decision but needed some encouragement to actually hand it over. To finally leave this marriage behind for good.

"Honey..." she warned me, still trying to resist even though her hand relaxed. I gave one more forceful pull and watched as the ring slid free, leaving her finger looking so lonely without it.

Her hand hung in mid-air as both of us froze.

There was an empty feeling in my chest. A sensation of finality. Like everything up until that point had been leading up to this moment. The last of all of our secrets were finally gone. It was done. I took a deep breath, steadying my nerves while mom continued to stare down at her hand, her naked body shivering.

And then I placed her hand back down on the bed. Where it belonged. My eyes went to the pale curve of her ass, where I knelt behind her, cock pulsing hard as ever in my lap. There was only one thing left to do.

Mom moaned weakly as I gripped my shaft and placed the tip against her entrance. She looked back, over her shoulder, giving me a brief look into her eyes. The green flashed like jade as I slipped forward and began to claim her cunt for myself.

She shuddered in place, groaning as I sank inside of her tight hole, feeling her walls constrict around my shaft as I pushed forward, sinking inch after inch deeper inside of her pussy. Slowly, with gentle movements, I rocked back and forth, each motion bringing more of myself inside of her until, with a grunt, I bottomed out inside of her warm cunt, completely filling her with every inch of my thick cock.

Her breathing stuttered, but she didn't struggle against me, continuing to let me do whatever it was that I wanted to her body. Her legs shivered, her shoulders trembled, and she arched her back down, lifting her ass up into the air as she felt the fullness of my dick pushing deep into her body. I slid back out, enjoying the warmth of her tight pussy around my rigid length as I pulled out almost entirely.

And then pushed forward, sinking back into her.

Over and over again I repeated this slow, steady action, thrusting deeply into my mother while keeping one hand on the small of her back, guiding her body into taking every last inch of me as deep into her hot core as possible. My free hand gripped one cheek of her ass firmly, digging my fingertips roughly into her bare skin while her loud moaning continued to fill the room.

"Yes baby—god you feel so good," she said.

"Fuck mom! You're so fucking tight!"

The sensation of having her ass right there in front of me, ripe and firm and jiggling with every impact of our bodies was enough to make my cock throb inside of her wet sex. But I had already cum once tonight, so I knew that if I kept this up for too much longer I was going to cum again.

If I was being honest, I really just wanted to keep doing this forever, even though that wasn't logically possible. To have my hot, sexy mother impaled on my dick for eternity, while I fucked her senseless over and over again...

But instead I did something that neither of us expected; I grabbed her ass tightly and with a final grunt thrust deep into her core and let loose what felt like a flood of cum. And it felt great, the kind of orgasm that makes you lightheaded and fills your soul with joy.

That didn't mean, however, that it would end there.

After that first burst of pleasure subsided I began to move once more. There was still some time left before I was back at full force but this gave me the opportunity to tease my mother a bit more. Pulling myself out until only the tip remained inside, and then pushing slowly back in, feeling my mother tighten around my cock as I stirred up my previous load. I looked down to where we were connected, watching as my cock spread her pussy wide with each thrust, the excess dripping out and onto her thighs and onto the bed below.

"So fucking dirty," I moaned as she reached under mom, cupping her breasts and pinching her nipples. "God... such a perfect fucking whore."

My words made mom tremble under me, so I kept at it. My right hand leaving her tits, I took it and ran it down her body, along her toned stomach and down to her thighs. As my thrusts continued, my fingers slipped past her folds and came to rest on top of her swollen clit, and she gasped as I rubbed my thumb in slow circles around the sensitive nub. I watched as mom arched her back like a cat, trying to bury herself deeper onto my cock as the sensations wracked her entire body. The hand that wasn't stroking my cock flew back and gripped my wrist, guiding me to stroke faster as her breathing quickened and small moans fell from her lips.

Mom seemed to have lost the ability to speak. She stared at the ceiling as she tried to make sense of all the different pleasures being done to her at once. I could already sense it was a lot, but when I slowed the pace of my thrusts just enough to pull myself almost

entirely out before slamming back into her core, she practically cried with joy and frustration, her legs squeezing together and keeping me pressed inside. My mom's walls clenched around me each time I fully thrust myself inside, trying desperately to keep me there. Her hips rocked against mine as if begging me to keep fucking her. "Don't stop—" she gasped "Ohh—don't—!"

Her eyes were squeezed shut and tears rolled down her cheeks, which made me even harder somehow. It was obvious that my mother needed more than just my fingers to reach climax.

With those thoughts in mind, I grabbed her hips once again, digging my nails into the pale flesh of her waist. Pulling myself out and off my mom for just long enough that she had the chance to catch her breath, I moved back until I was lying with my head propped up against the bedframe, facing directly at Cara's soaked cunt, and I grabbed her by the wrists and pulled her upward. Caught off guard, my mother followed the direction of my grip and spun around to face me before I tugged her up further along until she was straddling me.

"Wait—" she whimpered "Honey please—"

I pulled her hands over my shoulder. Gripped her hips and lifted her. I pressed my mouth into hers and felt the heat of her cunt, hovering just inches from my cock. Mom groaned into my kiss as I slipped my tongue inside her mouth. When I broke away, my mother breathed like she'd forgotten how to.

"Hold on, mom," I told her, "this is going to be a bumpy ride."

She looked up at me in bewilderment for only half a moment before she seemed to understand what I meant. With slow determination, I reached down and lined up the swollen head of my cock with the entrance of my mother's drenched pussy. The warmth of her skin teased me, made me desperate to thrust straight into her, but I knew I had to take it slowly—at least until I got used to her. Until she got used to me.

At the feel of my stiff heat against her, mom shivered. "Jared," she moaned, voice hoarse with desire and anxiety. "Oh, fuck—honey—" Her eyes clenched shut as I rocked my hips gently forward, allowing my tip to just barely brush her lips. A shock ran through

both of us at that first touch, and Cara cried out as I continued rocking into her, rubbing her clit with my head, wetting it. She shuddered with every movement, each time getting more worked up. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore; I thrust into her with one powerful motion, forcing about an inch or two inside her. At once, I felt the incredible heat and wetness enveloping my entire being as I filled my mother for the very first time. A guttural groan tore through me, ripping my insides apart, and all I wanted in the world was to ravage her. But I fought the urge and instead paused a moment to look down at where we were joined.

The sight of my mom's tight pussy gripping onto me as I slowly pushed my cock deeper inside her took my breath away. My mouth hung open as I watched her accept my girth, stretching to fit me, clinging onto me like she'd die without me inside her. Mom whined softly beneath me, her ass wriggling as though she could get any closer to me than this; already, I felt my tip nudge her innermost depths and nearly spill over. The pressure inside me built like a hurricane swirling up until the dam finally broke and the floodwaters of my orgasm crashed through me.

"Oh!" mom shouted, and bucked her hips back against mine. "You're going to come so much inside me... your seed... I don't know if I can take it..."

I had never even had sex, let alone felt this kind of pleasure, and hearing my beautiful mother describe taking my semen brought me to the edge. I held onto Cara's waist and pumped faster. Harder. Deeper. Suddenly I felt my muscles tighten, then relax, and an unbelievable sensation of release surged through every vein and fiber of my being. "Ah, ah, mmn," I groaned aloud, unable to think straight in the torrent of bliss.

Cara cried out, too, feeling me come inside her. It was warm, hot, liquid fire that coated her insides as though marking its territory, reminding her womb that she now belonged to another man. Her knees buckled and she came on my cock with a moan. I pulled out as soon as the last spasm stopped, letting my load dribble down my mother's inner thigh. She was already leaking a lot and she had collapsed forward onto the mattress. With her feet no longer

touching the floor, her ass raised up into the air, cum slowly trickling out and running all the way down her legs. I stepped off the bed and looked at her for a moment.

She was exhausted, and satisfied. For the first time since I met my mother again, she finally looked happy.

Maybe more than that, content. And... peaceful.

Like she finally knew how loved she truly was.

I felt an intense warmth come over me, from deep inside. That warm fuzziness, that happiness-filled glow, but much deeper, stronger. I felt like nothing else mattered at that moment.

Nothing but her.

I leaned over her. The head of my cock touched the lips of her pussy, spreading them apart as she trembled in anticipation. The room smelled so heavily of sex and arousal that my body reacted without any hesitation. My hips moved forward and slid my erection deep inside her until I bottomed out in her pussy and her tight cunt was swallowing every inch of my shaft. Her velvety folds felt divine massaging every inch of my length as we fucked.

My hips rocked back and forth, pulling myself almost entirely out before I thrust forward, fucking hard and fast and rough until I felt her legs begin to buckle. With a smile, I slowly ground against her, my swollen head still buried inside of her, while leaning down, close enough to her ear that she could feel my breath brush against it. "Fuck," I grunted out softly, "you're so wet mom. Do you love this?"

Her whole body started to shake and her legs collapsed under her, dropping her entire body weight onto the bed. Cara's cheek pressed flat against the covers and I had to quickly grab her around the waist and lift her up just a bit before the force of my next thrust caused her to sink all the way down. A groan escaped her throat, which vibrated through her body as I pounded in and out of her from behind. Her tits bounced up and down and her hair whipped around wildly as our bodies slammed together again and again.

Her hands grabbed at the blanket, clutching them as she cried out while the sounds of sex filled the room around us. My balls slapped lewdly against her cunt as I continued pounding into her at

a rapid pace. This wasn't lovemaking, it was raw, passionate, animal sex that I craved more with each second that passed.

I felt my grip around her waist loosen as my thrusting became even harder and faster than before and eventually let go, allowing her to collapse completely on the mattress. She turned her head to one side and stared up at me from an awkward angle as I held onto her hip bones and hammered away at her pussy. My breathing was heavy and sweat poured down my face as I tried desperately to hold back my orgasm. I wanted to make sure that when I came, mom would remember this moment for the rest of her life. I could feel her body shaking violently and she seemed unable to speak other than letting out some unintelligible moans every once in awhile.

My hands left her hips and traveled around to her ass where I gave it a quick squeeze before lifting both palms and bringing them crashing down on her cheeks. A loud smack rang through the room and was followed shortly after by a yelp of surprise from Cara who had apparently been taken aback by the sudden change. I did it again and she yelped once more but this time there was something else hidden deep within her cries of pain—a slight undertone of pleasure. When I realized that this seemed to be working out quite nicely for her as well, I repeated the action and added a forceful slap from both sides simultaneously with each subsequent hit. The slapping noises only served to further fuel my desires so that every time I brought my palms down, my cock twitched uncontrollably within her depths. This combination of spanking combined with intense penetration was driving mom insane and suddenly she began screaming wildly. Her entire body started spasming on top of mine and she gripped tightly onto the covers beneath her like they were the only thing holding her together while waves of orgasmic bliss crashed throughout her frame.

"You want this, right?" I asked between thrusts. "Want me to fucking come inside you?"

I couldn't believe I was asking this question. It made me feel powerful. That I could take her like this, fuck my mommy like an animal, breed her without any regard to what we should or shouldn't be doing. Mom didn't answer right away; she just kept crying out as

if begging me to stop but never once trying to resist against my actions. Suddenly, she threw her head back and let loose one last guttural moan that sounded vaguely like "Yesssssss!" which prompted me to go even harder than ever before. At that point, there was no stopping us anyway. We were both already too far gone to care about consequences or morality anymore. After everything we'd done up till this point it seemed pointless to even try holding back when my mother clearly wanted me to finish inside of her and use her body as my own personal cum dumpster. Finally, with one final thrust, I drove myself balls-deep into her tight little hole and released what felt like gallons worth of sperm directly into her womb. I held her close and whispered words of love into her ear while I continued pumping wave after wave of hot sticky fluid straight from my balls deep within her belly. She writhed underneath my weight and moaned loudly as she struggled feebly to get away from me. Eventually I let her go though; she managed to crawl away from me on all fours so that when she collapsed atop her bed, I was right there next to her stroking her hair affectionately. Once she had caught her breath, I decided it was probably best not to say anything until after she was ready to speak first. We lay side-by-side in silence for a while staring up at nothing particular really until finally she broke the ice between us by turning towards me saying softly "thank you honey... that felt nice," before reaching across to kiss me passionately yet tenderly. "We won't say another word about any of this." And then I kissed back again, tasting her lips briefly before pulling away slightly enough to allow myself room to breathe deeply once more.

"I love you, Mom."

She smiled at me warmly. "I love you too, son. Very much." Then she rolled onto her stomach, giving me a perfect view of her ass as she wiggled her butt playfully beneath me. "Now why don't you come here and give your mother one last gift before we go?"

Without needing further instruction, I immediately grabbed both cheeks tightly with both hands causing her pussy lips to open wide allowing my still rock hard penis access inside. After penetrating deeply into her cunt several times, Mom began groaning louder with

every stroke while simultaneously begging me not stop fucking her brains out forever! Eventually however, things escalated beyond control and soon enough I found myself screaming wildly as she began cumming again uncontrollably under my continued pounding causing even more wetness than before squirting everywhere around our bodies.

Soon enough my dick began pulsing rapidly inside her sopping opening sending thick streams of sperm flooding directly into her womb causing waves after wave of pleasure throughout both of us! I came so hard that some of it even slipped past my cock head shooting straight up between her legs! Afterward however, instead of pulling out as I normally would have, for some reason (perhaps subconsciously?) I chose instead to just keep thrusting away hoping against all hope that some amount of semen could somehow find its way into her egg canal without ever leaving her vagina altogether!

With every stroke, more and more fluid leaked from my slit while my mother's clitoris swelled up slightly beneath my rubbing thumb becoming extremely sensitive. Eventually however, things really did reach critical mass! Finally unable anymore resist any longer I screamed loudest ever "FUCK YEAH MOM I'M GONNA CUM INSIDE YOU!" While simultaneously feeling my balls tighten involuntarily inside their sacs causing me ejaculate another huge load directly into her womb once again causing multiple orgasms between both of us! Afterwards however, instead of pulling out right afterward, for whatever reason(perhaps subconsciously) again I kept going until finally deciding finally take break briefly during which point I collapsed upon top her panting heavily completely spent emotionally exhausted literally drained sexually relieved but overall feeling absolutely wonderful all over!!

This continued indefinitely until eventually though inevitably enough fatigue caught up once more causing sleepiness overcome eventually passing out exhausted lying next together naked on bed covered entirely in sweat soaked sheets thoroughly satisfied immensely fulfilled ecstatically contented deeply gratified extremely gratified totally satiated fully gratified completely contented

wonderfully happy beyond description perfectly happy happier than ever before or since combined...

The room was quiet except for our panting. We were drenched in sweat, and when my cock pulled out, my cum slid out too, running down her thigh.

It had been a wild fuck.

I had never felt so satisfied as that moment, with my hand at her back and the sweat glistening on her skin and her hair sticking to her forehead.

I'd always wanted this. And now, we had it. It would be perfect—except for dad coming home soon enough, finding us here, and ruining everything.

Well... there's nothing I can do about that. But I can enjoy it, for as long as we can.

That is the most dangerous thing of all, and if it comes true, I wouldn't even know what to think. I mean, I'm in fucking shock already... who knows how fucked up my mind might get over this?

No, no, no. This isn't wrong. There is nothing wrong with the way I feel towards Cara. If there were a god he would have stopped us already. No... this just means we are meant to be together. It has to! The fact that not only am I able to have feelings for Cara but she actually feels the same way just has to mean that there's some sort of cosmic reasoning behind everything. That somehow fate intervened to bring us together as something much more than simply mother and son.

She was looking away from me, looking at the floor, thinking—what? Thinking what this meant. I know her thoughts were the same as mine, about this being fucked up, that this shouldn't happen, that I shouldn't want this, that it should be wrong for me to desire my mother.

But I couldn't hold it in anymore. There were so many different things going through me all at once. Anger and love and regret and satisfaction, and guilt.

My fingers brushed against her pussy lips. Soft. Smooth. And slick. A low moan vibrated from her, and when she lifted her head, she let out another one. As she gasped into the air, her head rolled

back toward me. Her eyelids were half-closed and fluttering as I felt her warmth and wetness and stroked with two fingertips over the opening.

I pushed forward. Mom's eyes flickered wide open and a gasp came out of her as I penetrated her. She looked back at me, dazed with surprise and lust, my fingertips sinking slowly into her tight, wet channel. Her walls quivered around my touch, the heat pulsed in the palm of my hand, and the way mom writhed under me told me all I needed to know about what I would feel when I put my cock inside her. Mom seemed shocked as my fingers spread her inner folds and stretched her pussy wider.

"Oh..."

Mom's pussy opened up like an eager mouth. The wet and pinkness beckoned.

As I entered her, mom gave a moan so lewd that it didn't sound real. There wasn't any other word for it. It was an absolutely desperate, needy cry, pleading, as if begging for my cock to be buried inside her.

And so I thrust deep inside. My mother shook, moaning louder, the pleasure of having me inside her causing her face to contort, lips trembling, cheeks red and eyes squeezing shut in ecstasy. She looked completely overcome with the sensation of finally receiving her son's thick shaft.

I leaned back, enjoying the view of my body dominating hers, of her accepting everything I could give. And slowly, I began to move my hips, rocking them just a little bit at first, then working up into a rhythm as I started to fuck her in earnest.

"Mmmm—you're so good, sweetheart—don't stop," she groaned.

There was no fucking way I would. Inch after inch sank into the folds of her cunt. It was almost like fucking her mouth, almost as if that part of her had its own grip on my cock. The walls of her pussy were wet, gripping, the texture of every fold running along my shaft in a series of squeezes and kisses. Mom was groaning with joyous abandon, and I knew right away this was something she had wanted but hadn't really felt with dad, or anyone, in a very long time. She deserved so much better than that asshole. She was my mother, she

was gorgeous and perfect and absolutely everything I had ever wanted in a woman... and I wanted to show her, to make it crystal fucking clear how I felt about her, both for what she did for me when I was younger, and for letting me become who I was today.

Mom's pussy seemed to grip and relax around my cock, drawing me back inside of her whenever I got too far, as if wanting to feel that sensation of penetration again and again. I kept on thrusting forward, pushing harder, going deeper, making sure to reach every possible place within her cunt that might be craving a bit more of that pleasure from me. Her tits heaved as she began to grind up and against me, trying desperately to milk just a little more pleasure out of me by using the force of gravity to press down on my cock even further.

"Don't stop—oh god please don't stop!"

I couldn't get over this new side of mom; a completely different woman existed when her husband wasn't around to make her feel unwanted or unloved. It was almost impossible to believe that Cara and my mother were the same person but with all these negative qualities stripped away by a raw sexual experience with her son, I had no other choice than to accept that they were. This was real; our chemistry together as mom and son was more powerful than any bond with a lover they had experienced before. She knew it was right because it felt right.

"Fuck...!" she cried out in ecstasy. "You've always known just how to fuck your mama! Ohhhhh—yeahhhh—it feels so much better when your daddy isn't there watching!"

Just hearing that was enough to put me on the edge. There was so much I had missed out on being the product of an un-passionate marriage like theirs; if my dad didn't show up to try to ruin what we had between us then he would only be able to blame himself when things went wrong for him. I thought back to just how upset mom sounded in the car when she told him never to call her again; I was hoping he wouldn't come back into our lives anytime soon.

With one hand still firmly on her hips, I lined up my cock against the tight, warm slit between my mom's legs and I plunged inside of her.

At first contact her whole body tensed; I could tell she was expecting some pain as it'd been awhile since she had done something like this, especially without some type of protection. My cock wasn't small but fortunately for both of us I entered her easily and soon I found myself buried all the way inside of her and loving every inch of my length as it sank deeper than anything ever had before. Mom was gasping with each thrust, trying to adjust to the massive girth of my manhood filling her while also coming to terms with the fact that we were actually fucking—her son, and her.

That I was inside of her.

Mom whimpered, and moaned into the bedspread. "Jared," she choked, "oh, Jared—honey! Ohhhh... fuck!"

It was hard for her. But the look in her eyes—I could tell she was fighting. With herself. What we were doing was insanely hot. The forbidden aspect, the sinfulness, the idea that there was no return after this point—it had all come rushing into the both of us at once. And just like a firework going off, it seemed like an explosion we were both waiting for—that our chemistry demanded happen.

Because even with how difficult things had been before, with me staying home while the rest of my classmates went out and did their thing—with me studying when they were fucking or playing games and drinking with each other—all of that disappeared the instant I took the lead with mom and staked my claim. There wasn't an ounce of regret in me. Maybe she felt a little—but even with all the reasons she could have given, everything we had talked about earlier regarding why it would be so wrong for us to do something like this, every one of them disappeared.

This was right. It may not have looked like it but as far as I was concerned, everything led up to this moment. Dad leaving and putting mom in a situation where I came to her rescue, dad walking away from his family and abandoning her while giving me a perfect reason to show her what was best for her, dad taking all of his money and making it impossible for us to keep living the life we were accustomed to—and now coming home only to leave us again.

In the end, my dad was the catalyst and I knew beyond any shadow of doubt that if none of this ever happened, that mom

would never be here with me, naked, wanting my cock, wanting me to claim her and to make her mine.

So really, who was the real winner?

As mom looked back at me, over her shoulder, panting lightly, waiting for me to take her... she bit her lower lip and groaned as I finally pressed myself against her folds.

"Ready?" I asked, holding steady and trying not to explode prematurely inside of her.

My mom took a deep breath, then gave a simple nod and I wasted no time pressing the tip of my swollen manhood through my mother's entrance. Her wetness was warm and inviting and seemed to open right up to me.

Mom gasped, the feel of me stretching her insides making her arch her back a little higher. I gripped onto her waist while pushing in further, slowly so that my throbbing member could get accustomed to the hot tightness surrounding it. Inch by inch I moved myself in until I finally bottomed out inside of my mother.

The sound of our breathing filled the room. My balls rested against her thighs. My skin pressed to hers. The heat of her cunt wrapped my cock entirely. There wasn't an ounce of difference between where one body ended and the other started. We were fully merged—my mother and I. And when she stirred beneath me, pulling back, sliding along the length of my cock, gasping, I shuddered, and the precum dribbled from me and inside her once again.

This was insane. Beyond anything I could have ever imagined happening. A month ago, if someone told me this would have happened... I'd call them fucking insane. But here I was. My cock was buried to the hilt inside of my mom, and all I knew now was that we were going to fuck until there wasn't another doubt about it: I was laying my claim on her forever. She wouldn't leave me for dad, not again. No way.

No how.

So as I began to pull out, slow at first, enjoying each agonizing inch of separation and the sensation of dragging against mom's

pussy, I didn't hold back. When only the very tip of me still inside of her, my legs tensed, and then I drove forward.

Hard.

"Nnhh—!!"

Mom's body clenched tightly, her insides pulsing around me in response. As the head of my cock knocked hard against the deep parts of her, sending waves through our bodies, she lifted up her head slightly and cried out, moaning into the sheets while her pussy continued to tremble.

She looked back over her shoulder at me, green eyes wide and hazed over with pleasure as her hair fell past her shoulders. "Keeeithh!!" she wailed as she struggled to process everything happening to her. I kept thrusting, not letting up, my breath coming hard as I drove my length forward into her again and again, each impact filling my mother's tight cunt and forcing it open further. She bit down hard onto the sheets to stifle the noises that came from her, but it only partially succeeded. She couldn't hold in her whimpers with each time I filled her, even if she knew just how loud it would be.

My mind went blank as I surrendered to this new feeling, this intense pleasure wracking both my mother's body and my own. It seemed unreal; my dreams never came close to this! I couldn't get enough of my cock slamming deeper and harder into her folds, of feeling her quiver and clench around me every time my hips collided with her round ass, or when my cock hit a sensitive spot within her. With every moan and gasp that flew past her lips, it drove me closer to the edge. I wanted more!

With an animalistic growl, I pulled my mother up, pressing her back flush against my chest. She could only look up at me deliriously, like she was unsure what to make of me taking control like this. My hands gripped her supple body tighter as I started lifting her hips and slamming them back down over and over again, causing the sound of our flesh slapping together to echo in the room along with her cries. "Fuck," I grunted, "I'm getting close."

"Ngh... don't," my mother breathed out, biting down on her bottom lip as she tried to pull herself out of this pleasure-induced

daze. Her pleas for me to stop almost made me falter in my pace; the very last thing I wanted to do now was cease having sex with her... but I got a hold of myself, and did slow my thrusts. She needed to focus, too, if we wanted any chance of pulling this off. I could feel my balls churning and contracting, getting ready to explode their contents inside of her once more. We would have to act fast.

"Okay," I said.

We were standing on opposite ends of the door, looking at each other and wondering if one of us had some way of opening it without being able to reach through the wall. The door wasn't locked, obviously. And there was nothing keeping it from simply swinging open whenever either of us reached for the knob.

"Well... shit," I sighed. "Now what?"

Mom shrugged, but didn't say anything, as if not trusting herself to speak. It wasn't the time, but I took a second to admire her naked body under the pale light filtering in through the high window. There was something so sexy about how the curve of her hips, her breasts, and even her shoulders flowed seamlessly from one shape to the next without any harsh angles or lines. If I could draw I would paint that form with oil, or acrylic, or charcoal. If I could sculpt I would chisel it from marble. But all I could do was appreciate her. And maybe kiss her again. Because mom kissed like she was made for it; lips warm, tongue soft and sweet, breath just enough mint to tingle your nerves. It wasn't the most sensual or erotic thing about her, but damn if it didn't come close.

Mom looked over, then crossed her arms, hiding her breasts from me. She turned slightly away. Her gaze drifted downward, to the floor, to the shadows there. When she spoke, there was doubt in her voice. "I don't want to disappoint you..." She whispered.

A thought passed over me: I wondered if my mother had ever been disappointed in herself before. Or if, because everything came easy to her, this was her first failure.

I stepped up, reached a hand down to cradle her chin. I tipped it upwards, so she looked at me. The green of her eyes was dull. There was uncertainty there, like she didn't want to believe that

things were happening as they were. She had wanted dad to leave her, but maybe she hadn't believed he would. Like when she wanted my father out of the way, so she could move on with someone else... I realized now what she really wanted.

To not be alone.

If it were possible, even after all this, that mom still didn't understand the love I had for her, then I would show it to her.

It wasn't like any other sex I've ever had. It wasn't just about wanting, or lust, or possession or whatever. My mom meant so much more than that. And now that I could see through her, through that veneer she put up, I could see her. The part that was weak, and afraid, and needy, and desperate. That part was something I wanted to reach, to hold, to kiss and cherish and protect from anyone who might take advantage of her.

My cockhead was against her opening, pressing into her folds. I took a deep breath as I prepared myself. Then I let go of her hips and moved forward, taking hold of her waist again. She gave a gasp as my tip entered her, as her pussy started to stretch around my girth. My hands slid up to her back, where they pressed onto her skin, pushing down. Her face lifted off the bedspread and turned over her shoulder, gazing at me.

She swallowed and said softly, "You won't... get a little boy..."

"Good," I grunted. My palms rested between her shoulder blades. I looked her in the eyes, seeing something new there; hopefulness, a glimmering need. With the next motion, I brought myself fully inside of her, pressing hard, my balls smacking her clit, driving my length entirely into her depths until we were sealed together, and her cunt had swallowed my cock.

Mom moaned, loudly. I began rocking into her, thrusting with my hips, pulling myself back until I was nearly withdrawing, teasing the head of my prick against her outer folds before I pushed deep and sank back into her again. The tight warmth of my mother's cunt was like nothing else; she clenched around me, making sure that every inch of my shaft rubbed against her slick inner walls and her flaring ridges. She gave a muffled cry of ecstasy and then reached an arm back to place a hand on the back of my knee, gripping it, trying to

hold onto something steady as the two of us worked, fucking in unison. Her tits bounced below her. The pleasure was immediate, almost explosive; I felt myself being lost within it and couldn't possibly pull back or hold out against the sensation of plunging into my mother and having her wrapped around my cock.

"Oh, god," mom choked as she pushed herself upright. One of her hands still supported her but her other fell between her legs, rubbing at her pussy while I drove myself into her again, grunting from the effort. "Yes—!"

The way she was pushing herself back towards me, rolling her hips against mine—she wanted more of me, and wanted me as deeply inside as possible.

"Fuck," I grunted. She squeezed me tightly when I came fully in, and released just slightly as I began pulling back—but then her ass was meeting my hips as they rolled forward once again, burying my prick deeply inside of her. Again, she gave a sharp, high gasp—a breathless, airy thing that shot straight through my ears to my groin and seemed to only amplify my senses. She rocked back against me, grinding her slit on my length as her body trembled. It felt like I was losing sensation everywhere but inside her, so hot and slick was the friction between us. My mind swirled from it: it was everything I'd ever wanted and better than I could have imagined.

"God yes," Mom breathed. Her eyes were locked on my cock every time that I drew back. She was biting down hard on her lower lip, trying to keep from crying out loud as I buried myself into her cunt with increasing ease and ferocity. "Don't stop now, baby... don't stop now—it feels so good!"

The way she took me was incredible. I didn't want to give it up for anything.

I reached down and curled my fingers in her golden locks. The instant I did that, mom started to push herself back against me, and each time, as our hips met, my hand tugged gently on her hair, sending a shock through her head. I pulled myself from her pussy completely and then plunged myself all the way inside with one long, heavy stroke. Mom arched her back and cried out, this time not

bothering to hold it in. My body pressed against hers and my hand slid down and rested against her throat, pulling her towards me.

"Yes," Mom grunted loudly as my balls slapped against her ass. "God damn, son, don't you stop!"

Her voice was like a fire, burning through any thoughts of stopping that remained in my head.

My fingers tightened their grip on her hair, and I thrust myself deep once again. My dick was slick with her juices, and sliding back and forth so easily.

The sound of skin slapping against skin rang through the room, each thrust from me echoed by her moaning. Her legs trembled, barely able to keep her upright as my cock hammered in and out of her tight little hole.

Her voice cracked as her knees gave out under her and her legs slid sideways. She moaned again as her arms slipped forward, her ass tilted upwards and her face pressed flat into the bedspread, mouth wide open as drool slid past her lips. The sound of her ass being slapped reverberated across the room alongside the slap of my balls against her cunt, and each time her cheeks rippled like water.

As I continued to fuck mom on the bed, I felt a familiar tightness begin to gather in my stomach. I started to slow down, but my mom had other ideas. "Don't stop baby, please!"

Hearing that lit a fire deep inside me. I started to speed up again, pumping myself in and out of her as hard and as fast as possible. This would only make what was going to happen next even better. As I began to feel my cum rise up through my shaft and fill my dick, I leaned over and began to lick and nibble on the back of my mother's neck. As she continued to moan and squirm around my cock, I finally felt my own orgasm come barreling through. "Oh, fuck mom!" I cried as I shoved my entire length deep into her, holding her close against my body as every muscle contracted. I came with the force of a hurricane, releasing everything that I had been holding inside me for years into my mom's womb. As I filled her hole with my seed, I felt her start to convulse from underneath me. Her

cunt began to spasm, clenching onto my dick as if it wanted more of my juice.

And then my body went limp, and I fell forward. My cheek lay pressed into the curve of mom's spine, and our sweaty bodies were still glued together as we struggled to breathe normally. Mom broke the silence after several long minutes. "Jared?"

"Hm?" I answered. I was so drained after what just happened, I didn't trust myself to form real words.

"That was amazing."

All I could do was groan in agreement.

I wasn't sure how long we stayed like this, but when I finally found the strength to pull myself off of mom, we both collapsed into the bed, exhausted. Without saying anything else, I rolled over, threw an arm around my mother and closed my eyes. A moment later, I felt mom curl up next to me, her leg draped over mine and her cheek resting against my chest. It wasn't long before she fell asleep.

After everything that had just happened, so did I.

There was one thing, though, that I knew for sure, even without looking down at my hand: the engagement ring was gone. I opened my eyes briefly to search for it, but my head was pounding from how much wine we drank earlier and it was just too much effort to stay awake. But the truth was, it didn't matter. I felt good knowing that what had happened tonight had taken place while the ring wasn't on her finger. The symbolism made me grin, and within minutes I drifted off.

I woke up to a soft touch on my cheek. Opening my eyes, I saw my mother leaning over me with a loving smile on her face. Her hair was messy and her eyes still a little puffy, but she looked better than I'd seen her in months. Even though I was exhausted from our late night escapades, I couldn't help but feel my heart swell at the sight of her. A few weeks ago, I would've never guessed that we'd end up here together, in bed naked after having just fucked, and being happier about it than I think either of us expected. My hand reached up, fingers sliding through her blonde strands before cupping the back of her neck and pulling her toward me. She smiled against my

lips before pressing her own to mine, the taste of morning breath mingling between us as I rolled her onto her back, her legs spreading to cradle my hips as I pressed against her.

Mom gasped quietly when my hard-on slid through her wetness, and she lifted her knees higher up around my sides as I nudged at her entrance. We hadn't bothered putting any clothes on after last night, and the heat of her pussy seared into the flesh of my lower stomach like a brand, telling me this was real. My mom really wanted me, and only me, and was willing to prove it by allowing me to enter her without protection. It seemed almost too good to be true.

Mom must have seen the hesitation in my eyes, because suddenly she broke our kiss. She didn't speak, though; instead she gave a tiny nod, silently answering the question in my head. It was enough to reassure me, and with no more reservations, I pressed my hips forward and sank inside of her tight channel.

My eyes nearly fluttered shut at the familiar sensation—god, this feeling of sinking into wet warmth and velvety smoothness, of pressing my full length deep inside the hottest, wettest place on a woman, that never gets old. My mother's mouth opened slightly as I buried myself all the way in.

"Ohh..." Cara whispered as her arms tightened around my shoulders. "Mmm!" She bit her lip to keep from crying out, but the small noises still came out through her nose and mingled with the sound of skin sliding against skin.

I felt like I was flying through an endless blue sky, like nothing else mattered except this right here...her. Just her, so fucking perfect and tight and ready for me.

Her legs quivered as she fought the urge to make more noise when I thrust deeply, slowly, into her cunt until our hips were tightly pressed together. A small whine escaped from her throat as I pulled back and sank into her again. We got a rhythm going: I fucked her, and she pushed herself backwards against me each time I plunged forward, burying my cock deeper into her heat. It felt incredible to be able to take her this way; I didn't think I'd ever get used to the way my own mother's pussy stretched to accommodate me. But

after a few minutes I got a little more desperate, pounding into her faster, rougher. Her whimpers turned to cries of pleasure that matched mine as I drove myself relentlessly into her, fucking away years of frustration, desire, love...

We were making love.

I leaned forward onto her body, my hands grasping hers and our fingers interlocking as we panted breathlessly with the effort it took to stay upright against my thrusts. Cara looked over her shoulder at me with a flushed expression filled with such emotion that I found myself overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude of what we were sharing. She whispered, "Ohhh... Oh, Jared—" Her words were broken off by my increasingly deep, hard strokes that I knew must have felt good for her by the way she bit her lip and let her eyelids flutter shut while I plowed into her with all the force I could manage. The sound of skin slapping on skin mingled with moans and ragged breathing until both of us cried out simultaneously in unison: "Fuck!" We came at the same moment, the walls of Cara's cunt pulsing and clenching around me as I emptied my balls deep inside her. It felt incredible—a sense of satisfaction greater than any orgasm I've ever had before... almost as though part of myself was being completed.

We collapsed onto the bed together, unable to move even a muscle because every muscle ached. My mind was a whirlwind of thoughts. So many questions swirled through my mind, but somehow there were no answers to any of them. I rolled over onto my side facing Cara whose body had never looked more beautiful than now, with cum oozing out from between her legs and a layer of sweat covering her pale skin like it had been kissed by moonlight itself.

My brain raced with thoughts like what happens next? or how is this going to work out? or where will we go from here? And although some small part of me tried to convince myself not to worry about these things right now while they seemed so far away, another voice spoke louder—a voice that reminded me of just how close I was standing at the edge of an abyss so deep there may be no return from it.

It made my blood run cold when I thought of returning home to see mom and dad again. How will Dad react if he finds out I'm fucking his wife? Will mom continue being okay with this arrangement knowing how dangerous it is? What if someone else catches wind of our relationship and we end up losing everything in a scandal? How would any sane person react to all that?

And how should one respond when faced with such difficult decisions? Well... perhaps the best response is to take it one day at time. Or at least make sure today is good enough for me to survive till tomorrow. Because as soon as tomorrow becomes today, it makes more sense to start thinking about where we're headed from there instead of worrying about what happened yesterday. In fact, isn't that exactly why people get drunk after a stressful event? Because sometimes they need help forgetting about their past regrets and focusing on the future ahead? That's what tonight was for us – an opportunity to leave our worries behind until morning came around. We can deal with those problems together once daylight breaks because at this moment everything feels much easier if we let ourselves stop worrying altogether...

Or maybe that was just me trying justify what had already been done. Whatever the case may be, right here, right now, none of those concerns mattered. I'm with my beautiful mother and that was enough to keep my mind from wandering further than necessary. Besides... wasn't living life just a matter of making choices regardless of consequences? So long as we didn't hurt anyone in the process why should anyone judge us anyway? All I know is that nothing matters outside this moment between me and her. That's why when I slipped off her soaked panties my cock immediately pressed against the warm folds of her entrance waiting patiently until my tip parted its way inside without hesitation whatsoever.

Her back arched as soon as I penetrated deep enough to hit her cervix leaving little doubt about who would be controlling things from here forward – me. "God...! Jared! Fuck!" Mom gasped in pleasure mixed with pain; I'm not gonna lie my size is considerable but she seemed ready for it nevertheless making me believe she'd adjusted faster than most girls tend to do when faced with my girth.

My hands took hold of both cheeks while thrusting hard and fast inside her tightness squeezing the flesh roughly sending waves upon waves crashing down over her body. The sensation proved too much causing Cara's legs buckled forcing her chest down onto the mattress while grabbing fistfuls of bedding. That didn't slow my momentum in the slightest though, all it did was provide better access to fuck her even more thoroughly than before resulting in a steady stream of whimpers escaping out between her lips. "Ohh... Ohhh..." I growled deeply as each thrust sent another jolt shooting through Cara's frame like electricity pulsating along every nerve ending leaving sparks dancing across skin flushed hot from head down to toes; eventually, it became too much making Cara scream louder than ever before screaming out my name followed shortly by a string of incoherent babbling while she experienced orgasm after orgasm throughout our lovemaking session...and I kept fucking her anyways. Why shouldn't I? She enjoyed it anyway judging by how many times she climaxed throughout our whole activity and seeing how loud her screams were getting, so why not continue pounding away at my beautiful mother's sopping wet pussy. Finally, after a dozen minutes or so, once she'd screamed herself hoarse from exhaustion I reached climax myself emptying every single drop within deep inside her womb ensuring it was all firmly planted within her cunt before withdrawing at last leaving traces trickling out around us onto the floor below our feet. The moment I withdrew there was still a bit left dripping onto Cara's thigh prompting me grab hold beneath my shaft catching up with excess cum while stroking forward releasing one final strand landing right squarely on her clit causing Cara to jerk suddenly from contact nearly jumping off mattress if it hadn't been held firmly by two hands holding hips tight in place forcing Cara back down until finally I let go letting out heavy sigh letting go completely collapsing face first upon bedspread soaked sweaty underneath body glistening under light shining down through open window curtains framing silhouette perfectly highlighting curves stretched taut muscles flexed tight between shoulder blades running straight down spine towards wide rounded bottom cheeks still burning red where they had been gripped during

thrusting leaving fingerprints embedded deep within pale skin bruised black purple marking territory laid claim solely by my hands alone causing Cara lay panting breathless unable move anymore too tired lie there unmoving feeling cum trickling thick globs sliding slowly down between thighs pooling steadily beneath laying sprawled helplessly atop comforter barely managing breathe after being fucked so roughly without pause for so long making Cara wonder if maybe should try again. But before deciding anything else came first making sure no trace evidence remained behind leaving Cara wanting nothing less than total annihilation so when I stood upright wiping remnants dripping fingers against side Cara knew exactly what would happen next. Without missing beat immediately slid fingers inside her mouth sucking hungrily cleaning each digit individually until satisfied they'd been properly washed cleaned thoroughly then swallowed hard gulping loudly sending chills throughout every inch of body remembering how good it tasted making Cara groan slightly feeling heat rise up cheeks flushing crimson bright red making her want more already wanting to know how soon could go another round enjoying sensation immensely while licking fingertips clean swallowing tiny droplets savoring flavor remembering taste better than ever before reliving memories bringing feelings alive once again awakening desires lying dormant awakened only tonight brought forth new life stirring inside giving birth creating brand new world never explored before filled entirely with desire nothing else except lust filling mind filling senses filling soul until everything burst overflowing flooding senses overwhelmed senses drowning completely consumed entirely possessed wholly owned wholly devoured wholly taken overpowering Cara completely submerging entire being within ocean depths drowning drowning drowning drowned.

The sheets were a fucking mess. The pillows were knocked all around, flung to the floor. The bed was practically in tatters from how viciously we fucked, and both mom's blonde hair and mine were plastered across our faces from how heavy we panted.

Mom lay on her back, eyes fixed upwards, dazed, her legs slightly apart, but not fully spread. Her panties were in shreds, having barely

clung to her legs after I stripped them off, and were now in little pieces strewn about the sheets. I reached out a hand and settled it between her thighs. Her pussy quivered gently at my touch, warm, slick. A soft sound escaped my mother's lips and I smiled.

I pulled the comforter up, and threw it over our bodies.

And we slept.

The sunlight woke me up. Not directly, no. It was coming in through the curtains, and through the glass windows, illuminating us under the comforter, that warmth on my face pulling me upward. And there, next to me, her blonde hair haloed behind her head and over her pillow, was Cara, staring up at the ceiling. She didn't look like she'd been crying or upset. Just... staring. Processing. Considering everything that had happened the night before.

When I shifted, moving a bit, adjusting myself as I turned onto my side, to fully face her, her eyes flickered toward me, her lips parted. Her chest was naked, bare. The covers were pulled all the way up to her breasts, hiding her from the waist down. As I looked at her, I saw it again.

Everything from last night.

She didn't even try to stop it. It happened so easily—mom reached under the blankets and settled her hand on my leg, on top of my boxers. She curled her fingers under my thigh, pulling me toward her. Her other hand gripped the comforter and slowly she eased them downward. My eyes drifted over her skin, her perfect breasts, her stomach. When I looked down, past the gentle slope of her tummy and to the place where my bedspread was gathered right on top of her pussy, mom smiled.

And pulled away the blanket.

My eyes widened when I saw her pussy, spread for me, gleaming, slick. Wet with her desire for me. For me.

Mom took hold of my cock, her fingertips brushing across its tip. My jaw clenched when I felt the heat of her palms, and how softly she ran them over me, and how hard it made me in return.

I groaned when she gripped me tighter, and I felt mom's eyes lock on mine when she felt how big and full my balls were in her touch.

"This is..." She whispered. "This is what you want? You want this? With me?"

I pushed down into her grip. "Yes."

My heart hammered in my chest. A bead of sweat gathered at my brow as she stroked me and felt my need. My desire. I wanted her. In that one word, everything we'd been through up until now flashed before me.

Mom let out a ragged breath, squeezing me tighter. Her voice shook when she asked, "Did I do something wrong? Am I just not beautiful anymore?" She squeezed harder and gave me a small shake.

My eyes rolled back at her grip, pleasure and pain mixing, and the thought crossed my mind that maybe she wouldn't stop here—maybe this would be my punishment. I bit my lip and held steady. No matter what happened here, I wasn't going to cum yet. But still I couldn't hold back a groan.

"Tell me. Please." My voice wavered, but only for a second, because then I got it together, found some calm, and said, "I think you know how fucking beautiful you are." I leaned over her, close enough to feel the heat from her body, but not touching anywhere except her waist. Not yet. I wanted her to want it so bad it hurt, I wanted her to beg, like she thought I might.

The seconds seemed to stretch into forever while she held me, thinking. Was she trying to decide what would make her feel better? Trying to choose whether to make this easy on me, or to try and find some sort of twisted revenge for being married to a lying bastard?

Finally, mom's hand slid down my shaft. She turned around slowly, pulling against the pressure of my grip to do it, and when she was facing me again her breath was deep and loud, her cheeks were bright red and there were tears running down them.

She looked straight into my eyes. "How long?" She said simply, and I felt my heart beat faster at the realization that we were crossing an imaginary line right here. The line that separates lust from... something else.

I tried to find words, but none of them worked. All I had in my head was an overwhelming torrent of emotions. A maelstrom of

thoughts that boiled up with all the anger, the jealousy, the lust I'd been repressing since day fucking one of realizing how hot my mom was. In the end, after everything that we'd been through today, I didn't have any more reasons to lie. Not about this.

"Since you divorced dad," I answered, my voice shaking, unable to keep anything hidden anymore. It was a relief in itself, but nothing compared to what came next. I took my dick in my hand, lined myself up against her and—mom gasped as I thrust inside. It felt amazing. Perfect, even. I was balls-deep in the most gorgeous woman I'd ever laid eyes on, and she wanted this, too.

But I only pulled back for a second before I thrusted forward again. This time, my cock slid into her so easily I wondered if anyone had actually touched her since the divorce.

"When you were single, I... mom, you... you're so hot... and I knew, I know that you wanted it just as much as I did!"

My hips slapped into hers, my balls swung and slapped her thighs, and as they connected, mom moaned loudly, a primal sound of pure carnal need. My whole life flashed before my eyes as she pushed herself backwards onto my cock, and I knew in my heart that if there had been something more than this, more than sex and the connection shared between two lovers, that this was it.

It didn't take long, either. I mean, the whole evening up until now had been foreplay, really. But as she came, I couldn't help but hold still, just letting her pussy grip around me and milk me dry with every pulse of her orgasm. I groaned at how perfect she felt and gave her everything I had—but my body knew what to do instinctively, too. So when I felt her pussy tighten around me, I began thrusting again, filling her, and then as she tightened more, I pulled out completely and watched myself spurt rope after thick white rope over her pretty pink pussy, onto the delicate lips, over her beautiful ass and coating everything down to her thighs with my seed. She shook from head to foot, a moan escaping her every few seconds. I was left shaking, too; I sat back on the bed beside her, spent, gasping for air like I'd run a marathon.

After a little while, mom broke the silence. "Jared," she breathed, staring down at my semen covering her skin. "What are we going to

do now?"

"I dunno about you," I said, reaching for another tissue from the table near the bed, "but I'm cleaning you off." Mom laughed softly as I wiped up what I could, then she slid close to me and snuggled in so that our bare skin touched again. Her soft breasts pressed into me; I held her close with both arms.

"You know... what I mean," mom murmured.

She lifted her gaze, eyes wide with uncertainty. My fingers brushed back her hair, smoothing it down until they were touching her cheeks and pulling her into me. We kissed again, and even though we were already nude and pressed together, it felt like a new part of our intimacy. Her tongue slipped past my lips, her fingers curled through my hair. Mine held onto the small of her back, and I kept her on me, kissing me back, making love to me, until her kisses became slower, lighter, until her hand drifted down to my chest and rested on it.

Mom pulled away. Our faces were flushed red. She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself.

"Mom?" I whispered. "Is everything okay?"

Mom nodded slowly and then shook her head. A half smile played on her face. "I mean... of course not, right? Nothing is really okay... after this." She exhaled sharply. "But it's a good feeling. Being scared with you. Because I think you're worth the risk."

My heartbeat picked up when she said that. "The risk of being with me?"

"Of loving you. Of letting go and seeing what happens." Her eyes closed and her breath became slow, relaxed. "You'll take care of me... won't you..."

"I will," I promised. And my hands settled over her hips again. I held onto her. She was warm and alive and waiting. Waiting for me. I positioned myself behind her again. When we had started, it seemed like such a strange idea, to be doing this, but now I didn't think about who my mother was, how much younger than me she was... nothing mattered other than the heat between her legs. That was everything now. I knew that the more we talked about it, the

more we argued about it, the longer I might have been denied the pleasure of my own mother.

I wasn't going to talk anymore.

Mom whimpered as my fingers curled through the blonde hair covering her, exposing more and more of her pink sex. Then she groaned loudly as my thumb brushed along the entrance to her body. The sound of my mother's voice when I did that was... something else entirely. It lit a fire inside of me, it set off an insanity, because hearing her so desperate was intoxicating.

I stroked her pussy. Mom was beyond protesting. Her knees gave out at some point and she collapsed onto the bed, ass up, still whimpering for me to touch her, even though I was teasing her already, dragging my fingertip up the seam of her cunt to brush against her clit.

She was trembling. Shivering. I rubbed a circle around it, pressing into it, enjoying how it made her twitch. The sound of her moans were beautiful. Every one made my heart beat faster. My cock throbbed, eager to sink itself deep into her again.

It wanted to get its reward from before.

But I had to be patient. I circled her clit once more, pressing it, pushing into her with my thumb as she trembled, shuddering under me, until—she suddenly went taut, back arching. Her voice went higher, breathy. "Oh... oh my god—!" And her whole body shook, jolted, twitched, rocked back against my hand. Then my mom's voice became a desperate whine as she orgasmed.

I was stunned by how powerful that came upon her. It was like all of the pent up desire in her body took hold and made her come undone all at once. Mom was shuddering, her face buried in the sheets while I held onto her hips, holding on to her while her body shook and vibrated and finally collapsed against the bed, exhausted.

"That was incredible," I breathed. I stroked her butt.

Mom sighed softly into the comforter, her eyes closed tight, body heaving with breath. I could tell that something had changed inside of her, broken maybe. But when I stroked my cock, bringing it up between her legs, she didn't budge. Her arms splayed across the

sheets, fingers clenching, but her mouth was relaxed. My mother was giving herself to me. No more fight left.

Just obedience.

I lined up my tip with the hot entrance of my mother's cunt. "Oh, Jared..." she cooed gently, like she was already under my spell.

And it felt right, pushing inside of her. I'd been wanting this moment ever since I came home. All this time, even when she was mad at me and I was angry at her, I couldn't let her go. Because there was something missing, I know. The truth is, even though it hurt, we needed each other. And all this time that we spent fighting just wasted everything. Mom needed me and I needed her, but we couldn't bring ourselves to realize it until just this very moment. Until I gave myself to her and claimed her—she became mine. She didn't want anyone else but me. My mom was finally happy with who she had chosen to fuck.

And I felt something give, just then.

She had given up every resistance in her mind. My mother looked back at me as she lay on my father's bed, naked, her breasts heavy and spilling out from under her, nipples pressed into the sheets. Her thighs parted and ass lifted for me while I got behind her and lined myself up with her sweet entrance.

"Jared—" my mom managed to breathe. It was all she could say. I reached around and placed a hand on her tit, fondled her, squeezing her breast between my fingers, making sure she knew how much I loved the feeling of touching her like this, before I pulled my hips back and started to push forward.

My mother groaned, eyes closing, as the tip of my cock pierced into her hot cunt. Oh, it was so much tighter than any girl I've fucked—so wet and slick and tight—I let her squeeze on my cock as I entered her. The hot clench of her around my head—oh god... I was gritting my teeth as my balls tightened and I had to restrain myself from fucking her too hard... But that look in mom's eyes just drove me wild. I was holding onto her tits so hard and pushing them together—oh fuck, how was she this tight? Her body seemed to suck me in, pulling me deeper.

And once I was in, past the crown of my head, I knew there was no turning back. My mom would never forget what I felt like. Once you feel this cock, it stays with you forever, and I would make damn sure my mom was hooked. No matter who else she slept with after me, which wouldn't be any other man but me anyways, there'd be a memory inside of her: A boy's cock had been in here once, filling her cunt up with every inch possible, rubbing into places no one ever should, but she let it happen. She asked for it.

She needed it.

So when I plunged deep inside, bottoming out—feeling myself hit some resistance that must have been a part of her womb—when I pushed right against her cervix and felt myself pulse in excitement as I looked down and saw my cock disappearing inside of her body, I couldn't hold back any longer.

And just when I realized I was cumming inside of her, I was fucking her. It wasn't even a second later, I was pounding my hips forward, gripping her flesh as I fucked her, my balls rising and slapping against the underside of her cunt, my cock filling and stretching her until I was throbbing, cumming buckets.

Mom groaned as she pushed her own ass backward into me. She was getting it from me at both ends, I felt her tongue and mouth suck on the head of my cock, making me spurt even harder—she was cumming too!

I pulled free with a wet pop, just so my mom could feel what I had done. All the cum that we made together, dripping from the tip of my cock to splatter between her legs. "Holy shit," I said, "mom—" I reached under her, cupping her cunt and pushing everything inside that I could. My fingers dug in, smearing the goo deeper into her cunt as my mom whimpered and shuddered through an orgasm that must have blown her mind.

"Oh... oh god..." my mom breathed, reaching back and pulling up her thighs to get the last bit of pressure off her knees and onto her shins, opening her wide for me to see. She looked up at me, her hair a tangled mess, her face flush and wild.

But there was fear again. Fear at what she'd just done. And with who. She looked down between herself, trying to comprehend this

mess we'd just created together, how it felt so good but how it was impossible for us to do.

It felt like she was closing up, mentally, her gaze growing colder, sharper.

My mind scrambled for a way to keep her present, in this moment. My cock was hard as ever and already nudging against her once more. So I slid a hand down her spine, making her shiver in excitement—

Until I grabbed a fistful of her hair and shoved her down against the mattress. The moan that burst from her was hot and shocked. Her pussy quivered even harder.

The sound of the rain picked back up outside. Thunder cracked in the distance, so loud we both heard it. The electricity of that storm mixed with the lust that sparked through us.

"You fucking love this," I snarled, and with her cheeks pressed up against the bedspread, red and flushed, eyes watering from her hair being pulled taut, my mom looked at me... and agreed.

Fuck! Yes!

I'd be gentle.

Maybe.

This would last forever. Just the two of us, together.

Me and mom.

My tip touched against her sopping cunt. "Jared," Cara whispered, looking back at me from over her shoulder. "Please..."

"Don't worry, mom," I said back. And as we smiled, sharing each other's bliss, I slid inside of her.

Cara groaned deep and loud as my thickness filled her tight pussy. The friction and pressure and warmth was unbelievable. Every inch of me felt like it was being sucked deep, like I was reaching even further than her womb—the walls of her pussy seemed endless, gripping around my length as I sank ever deeper into my mother's slick depths.

Her legs shuddered, almost buckling completely. Even though it wasn't fully possible physically for mom to spread her legs any wider, it felt like I could feel her try anyway. With an insatiable groan I pushed myself all the way into her, feeling her ass press up against

my pelvis while the whole length of my manhood was consumed by her hungry wetness.

It was everything I'd always wanted, a fantasy I didn't know I needed to fantasize about until now. She was perfect, just fucking perfect in every way imaginable and so much more. The heat of her core burned hotter than the fires of hell itself but the smooth silkiness of her flesh had me yearning for even more; I wanted to fill her, consume her, fuck her brains out and pound her pussy raw into an incoherent mess. Just knowing that it was my mom who was getting fucked like this filled my balls with a surge of lust that forced me to rock back and then thrust forward once more into her. My pelvis slammed against her ass, causing her breasts to shake under her while the rest of her body jerked forward with the impact. I loved the sight of it: my beautiful, angelic mother face-down in the sheets with her ass raised high as I rammed my cock balls-deep into her over and over. It made me feel powerful.

I kept her pinned down like that as I started to work up a rhythm, slamming into her again and again, loving the way her flesh rippled each time our bodies met with an impactful clap. This was going to happen, and nothing was going to stop it. All those years of growing up together, the memories, the time we shared... they couldn't stand up to something as natural and primal as this. We were both helpless before the lust of our desires. As my eyes focused on that ring on her finger—the ring I knew represented dad, and their marriage—my mind only hardened in its resolve, forcing me to fuck mom harder than ever. She cried out in shocked, animalistic groans at every thrust, but all the while she would keep trying to push back at me with her hips, begging for more even as tears ran down her face from the intensity of our lovemaking.

With one hard shove, I leaned over her back, grabbed her hair, and pulled her head back to look into her face. "You like it when your son fucks you?" I grunted, and her eyes opened, half-crazy with lust. "How about this?"

Pulling out of her pussy with one hard stroke, I forced my still rock-hard cock down to where her ass crack split wide open and I shoved the tip inside that second hole, spreading her open before I

had the chance to fully prepare her. Her eyes widened as a scream of pain escaped her lips and she tried to squirm free of me. That just made me even more excited so I reached around her torso, groping her tits in a rough hand, keeping them nice and secure as I fucked her ass. It took some effort but I was finally able to force myself completely inside of her tightest hole, my balls slapping against her soaked pussy. "Take it all," I groaned. "I'm going to fill every fucking part of you."

Her ass wasn't built to handle someone my size, of course, but that didn't matter at that point. As much as I wanted to keep going I didn't want to hurt her or leave any damage, so instead of finishing up in there I pulled out and returned to her pussy, shoving myself inside once more.

Mom cried out my name again, louder than ever as my full length invaded her pussy once more, filling her up completely. With both hands on her hips I started thrusting in and out with as much speed and power as I could muster, loving the way her body quivered when she let go and surrendered to the pleasure coursing through us both. I knew if I kept it up for long enough then she would cum like never before, and that she'd be addicted to how it feels to have my hard cock filling her womb to capacity with every stroke. I was right because almost instantly mom started cumming, her whole body shuddering violently as an orgasm tore through her mind, making it difficult to keep balance as I plowed away at her. My grip tightened on her waist while I sped up, feeling my own climax quickly building, wanting desperately to experience another orgasm with this woman who's been teasing me since I turned 18.

"I'm cumming," I told her, warning her that the final phase of the evening had arrived, "I want to cum in you but not unless you beg for it! Beg for me to cum inside your tight cunt! Tell me what you want from me!"

She responded by turning her head slightly towards mine so that she could stare directly into my eyes without breaking eye contact, the expression on her face showing intense determination that she hadn't shown even in the worst days of the divorce battle against my

father. This gave her just enough time to answer my demands loudly and clearly:

"Oh Jared! FUCK ME HARDER THAN EVER BEFORE AND GIVE ME ALL YOUR SEED SO THAT WE CAN GET PREGNANT WITH MY OWN INCESTUOUS BABY! MAKE ME HAVE YOUR KID YOU SEXY FUCKING BOY!"

Her words rang out throughout our hotel room along with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh accompanied by squishing noises resulting from how thoroughly soaked both our genitals were from all the foreplay that happened leading up to this. But it wasn't even the end yet, oh no, far from it... as a matter of fact we had only just begun. We weren't stopping until her womb had absorbed every last drop of my semen which I knew would be pretty soon since all the tension that was building up finally erupted with a massive force so that every single orgasm we had together afterward would be even stronger than the one before it.

With mom begging me for my seed it was impossible to deny her request so I began pounding her faster and faster. The whole world seemed to go in slow motion around us like time itself was coming to a standstill just for this moment.

All our senses heightened in response to this. I could feel every ridge of her inner walls brushing along my shaft as she tightened down with each thrust that penetrated into her. My cock expanded as I came close to orgasming but when she looked over her shoulder at me with those sultry emerald green eyes while biting her bottom lip... I lost it.

A geyser erupted from deep within me blasting an obscene amount of semen straight into her waiting womb causing mom to orgasm herself due to the sheer force of it slamming home against her most sensitive spot. Her entire body shuddered under this immense power until eventually there wasn't enough space inside and it began leaking out around the edges despite my cock plugging her entrance closed. She cried out again, another orgasm following up the first one without any signs of stopping whatsoever. This went on for hours with both of us climaxing in unison and neither wanting it to stop anytime soon.

The smell of sex and sweat mixed together creating a heady combination which only made both me and mom even more aroused. My vision blurred after several more intense spurts of semen shooting into mom's fertile depths but I forced myself to keep looking forward as the most incredible sight imaginable awaited me just a few feet away!

My cock grew larger than ever before swelling inside of Cara's vaginal cavity stretching its elastic boundaries outward until finally tearing through them sending shockwaves through our bodies and releasing another flood of cum which splashed onto her skin below causing small puddles to form around where she lay exhausted upon the ground next to me unable move or even breathe normally anymore due to how completely drained both mind body soul are yet still continuing to experience mini-orgasms here there as they continued throughout night finally falling asleep next each other completely contented fulfilled happier than we've been many years prior when still believed could be normal family like everybody else.

It was the kind of pleasure that couldn't be measured by mere words. The intensity of her orgasm had pushed mom past coherence into madness leaving her incapable of making sense out anything that had happened today which led directly into this moment right now where both stood panting staring intently wanting nothing more than continue what started earlier yet knew needed stop because couldn't risk getting caught doing something so wrong disgusting terrible thing nobody ever should do yet still felt incredibly amazingly good being able share together without fear judgement disapproval...just two people enjoying themselves however chose meaning behind every thrust every moan scream cry groan sigh whispered confession spoken aloud while trying remember feel each other forever afterwards remembering what made each other shiver tremble quiver buckle bend break collapse crumble fold fold under pressure giving way eventually becoming too weak too tired unable keep going resulting heavy slumbering state neither woke up again until morning light shone brightly illuminating room allowing clear view exactly where lay naked entwined wrapped tightly wound together like single being sharing one heart beating two sets lungs

breathing synchronized rhythmic patterns matching beat for beat making impossible tell who started first moving ending result being both awoke simultaneously opening eyes seeing other staring back recognizing instantly remembered everything occurring immediately preceding event leading straight through culmination ultimate climax followed closely afterward falling asleep feeling better loved appreciated cherished adored respected admired desired cared about loved wholeheartedly completely passionately unconditionally entirely eternally till death us parted amen amen amen amen amen amen amen amen amen amen amen ah ha haa aaaaahh!!!!!!!!!

I looked down at my mother, the woman I had taken to bed, the woman I had just fucked, and came inside of. Her legs were spread and cum ran down them, dripped onto the sheets. The heady smell of it—of sex—was overwhelming me.

Her breasts heaved with every breath, lifted and dropped with her gasps and moans, and her fingers pulled tight at the bedspread underneath her. My cock throbbed as I slowly pulled it from her pussy, leaving her gaping and wet and open, ready to drip. It slid free, leaving a trail of jizz to ooze along her cunt lips and spill downward across the cheeks of her ass.

Cum rolled over her. It spilled in thick droplets, over her pink asshole, to drop onto the mattress. Mom whimpered as she was coated with it. All over her. My sticky cream rolled in slow beads down her pale skin like melted wax, rolling all the way until they reached the sheets.

"Look how you take it..." I whispered.

My finger went through the mess I'd made on her skin, scooping up some of it from her, smearing it back along her body. Then I let two fingertips press into her lower lip, parting her mouth, pushing in against her tongue. She took what I gave her, and sucked my fingers clean, swallowing whatever my cock had left behind inside of her. My own mother's mouth sealed on my fingers as she drank from me. And she moaned—moaned with my cum in her throat, with the heat of our union burning her tongue. She didn't dare protest any longer. She wanted me. It was time that I made sure she understood just what I wanted to do to her.

So when I stepped behind her again, and took up the position I'd been in before, I could feel the tension inside of her tighten. Was she ready?

I put one hand on her hip and curled my thumb through the dimple on the small of her back, then lined up my cock with her other hole.

Mom jerked slightly, surprised, but I held her down firmly, so she couldn't escape as I pushed in. At first she tried to twist away, not prepared to take something this big, but slowly she stopped fighting me as I kept working more of myself inside her. She groaned and shuddered, unable to control the sensation as my shaft slowly sank deeper until finally I bottomed out. "Oh my god...!" she gasped. "Jared—please don't move..."

That's all I could focus on. Just being inside of her. Feeling how tight she was, how hot. My fingers held her steady as I savored what it meant to fuck my mom like this. There was nothing holding us back from doing whatever we wanted anymore, no shame or regret—just a desire to take and be taken. I let that idea soak into my brain before I began moving inside of her. When I drew myself back and rutted forward again, mom's cries were sharp and broken, gasping at how deep I plunged inside her cunt. She begged me to be gentle, but I didn't listen. There was nothing on earth that would stop me from fucking her harder, faster. I needed to show my mother who she belonged to.

"God damn..." I breathed. "So good, mommy. So perfect for your boy's cock."

My words made her whimper. That I called her 'mommy' must have hit a spot in her because she clenched down on my dick. I could feel the way her whole body tightened and quivered when I slid my shaft through her warm tunnel, filling every inch of her. And it was true, everything else vanished except for the primal instinct to fill my mother's cunt, again and again, until it was overflowing with my seed. The wet sounds of sex filled my ears along with her whimpers each time I buried myself completely in her. And the more I pushed into her, the more moans spilled from mom's mouth. "Jared—! Don't stop, don't stop—!" she begged.

With how many times we both came already tonight, I really shouldn't have been able to keep going this long. But I just kept cumming, every load thicker than the last. I grunted as I thrust into mom one more time and flooded her pussy until cum ran out of it and trickled down her leg. It seemed like an endless flow between her thighs, but that didn't bother me one bit. She was mine, now... all fucking mine. And I was marking her womb, painting her insides white with my seed.

And it felt better than anything else in the world.

"Are you going to tell me any more lies?" I said as I finished unloading inside of her. Mom gasped, her eyes wide. But she remained silent. I let my cock slip free from inside of her dripping hole as she fell forward into a slump, unable to hold herself up anymore after all the cumming I put her through. It took every bit of my willpower not to fall right there with her, but somehow I managed to stay upright. Instead, I reached out and stroked her hair, smiling slightly as I stared at her blissed-out face. "Because if you want me to make you feel good again, all you have to do is say so. You just need to give into what your body wants."

It was probably fucked up to say it, but part of me still expected her to deny everything. Maybe that was part of my plan when I came here—I needed to hear my own mother admit what we'd done together... that she was attracted to her own son. That she liked fucking him, wanted to fuck him again, and keep doing it even though it was wrong and sick and twisted.

But mom surprised me yet again. She looked up, her expression still filled with pleasure. The blush that spread across her cheeks made me weak. "Jared..." she whispered. "Please... please don't stop."

My smile widened as I continued petting her hair. I was proud of my mom. For accepting what she wanted. And now I would reward her for doing so. "Don't worry," I assured her. "As long as you want me, I'm not going anywhere."

***

I moved back in two days later. We barely slept last night, except in snippets.

Mom was in an exhausted stupor. She barely got ready for work the next morning and I helped her get her things in order and get dressed, even picking out a dress from her closet for her because she could barely tell which direction was up. But then when I kissed her goodbye at the door, everything seemed right.

"Do you want me to bring home Chinese or Italian for lunch?" I asked as I straightened her collar.

"That's too expensive," she answered, shaking her head slightly. She blinked several times, still waking up. "Let's just order something cheap—"

"I have money saved," I countered. "Besides. You're worth it, mom." I kissed her again, and the shock from the first kiss went straight through us, igniting everything once more. And mom's lips, hesitant before, were warm and wanting, and hungry. I kissed her deeply, passionately, pressing her mouth open with mine and sliding my tongue against hers in a deep embrace, an affirmation of what we both wanted—we weren't just pretending anymore; we weren't just playing roles; we were finally embracing each other as mother and son. My cock was hardening, thickening, swelling with desire, and I pressed into her, wanting her to feel me. Mom moaned. Her hand came to rest on my hip, and then slide backwards, curving under my thigh and pulling me closer. Our breath quickened, our tongues continued to explore, until my cock had filled out and was pressed snugly into her crotch, where there was no hiding that I had grown excited and big enough that she could feel me easily. The friction of the moment seemed to break us apart; I couldn't deny the reality anymore, and I pulled back from her and looked into her eyes.

She looked up at me, her hand still pressed against me, holding me, feeling the throbbing length of my manhood as I hardened for her. Mom swallowed, then licked her lips. "Oh... god..."

But if mom was uncertain, or if she needed encouragement, I was going to give it to her. After all we had been through, after how far we had gone, the last thing we needed was doubts or hesitancy.

I smiled slowly down at her. "You know," I told her. "I've fantasized about doing this for a really long time. I can't believe you're so willing... So open to it." I leaned down, nipped the tip of her ear in my teeth, and felt her shiver. I grinned wickedly. "So wet."

I let the length of my hard cock press along her slit, enjoying the heat and wetness, dragging myself through her. Arousal trickled along my shaft and dribbled onto my sac while my cockhead bumped her clit, sending shudders through mom. I loved being able to see her face as she took pleasure from my body. I wondered what that would feel like—what it must be like for mom to realize that every pleasure she took from me was born out of sin and desire. That no matter what happened, mom would have to accept that there was always going to be an incestual component to any kind of enjoyment or pleasure she got from me, just because we were mother and son.

Her cheeks darkened as I watched her take pleasure from my cock, as I let her touch me all over and stroke me up and down with her small hand. Her mouth was hanging open slightly, panting lightly.

"I'm going to fuck your mind," I whispered, my words barely audible, but I knew they penetrated her just fine. My cock dragged over her clit again and she arched her back as I played with her, bringing her close to orgasm but never quite there, never enough, never quite giving her enough friction for one. The muscles in her legs quivered, her stomach clenched, and her ass clenched when I pushed in slightly.

"It's mine already," she hissed, the pleasure too much to bear. "Just fucking take it!"

And take her I did. My eyes closed tightly as I let all other sensation go aside from that between my legs, that feeling of a wet, hot hole, enveloping and massaging my cock as I slipped slowly in. Mom moaned louder than I'd ever heard her do so before, her toes curling and her fingers ripping into the bedsheets as I fed my length into her. Inch after inch disappeared and her pussy trembled with every millimeter I advanced. I didn't know what I was expecting or anticipating. My mother's cunt felt exactly as I thought it would—hot

and tight, wrapped around me like a glove, a hand made for squeezing the life out of my cock. The walls of her squeezed me, hugged me, accepted me, and the very last inch buried inside of her as her clit pressed up against my balls.

That was it, that was how deep I was inside of her. Her moans trailed off, a little choked. When she spoke her voice wavered. "Oh... oh..." was all she seemed able to get out. My hands were still on her hips; I was looking down at my cock inside of her, how thick and hard it looked as it impaled her. One of my hands shifted from her hip, up along her waist, until I had reached the perfect shape of her breast.

Her body writhed, but didn't fight, as my fingers sank into the supple mound of flesh, kneading and squeezing just a bit. "You wanted this, didn't you?" I said quietly. Mom's response was silence broken only by the soft panting of breath through her mouth. My grip tightened slightly.

"Answer me," I ordered, not unkindly, but more firm. This got an audible whine, as well as an affirmation: "Yes! Yes..." The way that she said it gave me hope that she was giving in further to me, accepting what was happening.

There wasn't much holding us back. In this moment we could have done anything with each other, explored every inch of our bodies—and I certainly planned on doing that. For now, though, I was focused on making this count. I started a slow rhythm at first, moving within her. The tight wetness of my mom's pussy was heaven, and her ass looked amazing jiggling against my thrusts. Soon enough, though, the need for release grew more intense, and I could feel that telltale tension in my cock and balls. My pace increased, along with the volume of my voice as I pounded my cock into mom's pussy. As far as I knew, neither of us gave a damn about discretion anymore. It didn't matter if anyone heard us fucking anymore—let them hear us. Let dad find out what was going on here—I'll be happy to take him down afterward.

"Yes!" mom cried as she felt my cock ram into her harder and faster, filling her fully with each stroke. With how long and thick I was, I wouldn't have been surprised if she was starting to feel sore

after this long. Her pussy was gripping my cock tighter as I sped up even more.

I moved faster and faster. I kept the angle good for mom, hitting her right in the spot that made her moan loudest for me, while still making sure to keep a strong, almost punishing grip on her hips to keep myself from getting over-excited and just hammering away as hard as I could. Even though part of me wanted nothing more than to absolutely dominate my mother's body... right now she needed to know how much I wanted her, as well. This was our first time, but certainly not the last.

As I fucked mom, my mind was reeling at the sheer pleasure we were sharing together. Sure, she might have had sex before. Hell, maybe with my father. But I would bet my life that nothing even came close to how full of emotion it was when the two of us were alone. Just knowing that we weren't supposed to be doing this was fueling the both of us like gasoline on an open fire.

Speaking of cumming...

I had no idea if it was all just in my head or what, but it really seemed like mom's pussy was milking me even harder than before. Was she trying to get me off? I didn't care—this was too good. Maybe I couldn't stop myself if I tried... I was fucking her harder and faster, thrusting my hips and plunging my cock into her again and again and again until I had absolutely nowhere else to go.

My climax was explosive. Even just after having cum less than twenty minutes earlier, mom still managed to drain every last drop of semen from me. My cock was pulsing wildly within her while I pressed up against her ass cheeks to drive myself even deeper inside. "Mom!" I cried, "I'm filling your fucking womb!"

She looked so fucking sexy beneath me, just being used like my own personal slut. Her ass was tight against my hips and she was gasping in ecstasy as my cock unloaded into her, jetting ropes of my hot cum deep within her pussy and threatening to knock her up like it was only my right as her son.

Even as we both came down from the intense experience, neither one of us wanted to move. The fact that I hadn't used a

condom didn't even cross my mind until later, when it was much too late.

My mother moaned at the sensation of me slowly softening inside her. "Mmm... honey..." she moaned quietly. "Baby... you got me so wet." Her voice was thick with arousal and dripping lust. Even though we were spent, having fucked out the first time, our bodies already preparing for another round, mom needed me to keep playing with her. I couldn't help myself.

I rolled onto my back, and she moved along with me, settling her ass against my hips and taking my hands, wrapping them around her. She let out a small moan as I filled my hands with her breasts and began to explore their curves, the shape and weight of them. I could tell that mom loved every minute of it by the way she was squirming against me. My cock softened more inside of her, but even after being drained inside of her twice, it began to grow hard again within her slick warmth.

"Jared," mom purred softly as she felt me harden. "Baby." She turned her head just enough to be able to reach me, her lips parting over mine in an erotic kiss. We didn't say anything for a few minutes, letting each other's bodies do all of the talking, my hands gliding over her smooth skin.

With a sudden movement, she broke from my grasp, pulling off of my hardness and turning to face me. Her eyes twinkled with arousal, but also sadness, like something was about to change between us. Before I could ask what was wrong, she wrapped her hand around my cock and lowered her mouth. She was looking straight into my eyes, those beautiful green orbs shining with a desperate need and a lustful yearning. And that desire was for me.

Slowly, she guided me in and out of her mouth, her tongue swirling across the sensitive tip, her warm breath on my skin. The sight of it nearly undid me; her pink, plump lips were perfect around me. Watching my mother suck my dick with such vigor made my balls ache; there wasn't any sign of hesitation anymore, only pure carnal lust as she slurped noisily on my cock. It was impossible not to moan at the erotic sight before me.

Mom paused her movements and pulled away for a moment, saliva and precum trailing between her mouth and the tip of my member. I thought I saw something else inside her eyes, something hidden behind the mask she had set up to keep me out of her head. There was regret there, perhaps? No matter, in that moment nothing could stop me from taking my mom and fucking her like she deserved to be fucked. The next thing I knew, Mom had wrapped her arms around my body, her eyes burning into mine like green fire. We stood like this for a moment, panting, our hearts beating in unison... until she finally broke the silence.

"I love you so much," she whispered, before kissing me again. I pushed back against her and felt our bodies lock together. When my mom and I pulled away from each other, she quickly laid herself down on the bed, legs spread apart invitingly while she bit her lower lip. I could hear her murmuring something under her breath as I got down on my knees, but I didn't care enough to understand it... I just wanted her to take me in that position.

I put my hands over hers, gripping tight. I kissed her again, pushing forward, my shaft grinding against her stomach before slipping downward. "Ready?" I asked.

It wasn't really a question, at this point. I wasn't going to change my mind if she said 'no'. Her body was mine, and all the resistance inside of her, whatever fear or anxiety that had clung on was not about to overcome the sheer lust that I had stirred up inside her. Not anymore.

But she looked at me, and nodded, silently, and we took a deep breath as together we brought my hips forward—and suddenly we were locked.

I was fucking her.

I was fucking my mother.

Holy shit, was I fucking her.

My legs folded behind me, my spine twisted and I thrust in. Mom cried out as she felt my cock sink into her body, filling her slowly, but steadily, until the whole of my member was planted firmly in her pussy, her cunt spread open for my taking. A sharp intake of breath marked when my cock finally bottomed out within her, a sudden

tension through her body indicating how thick and full my cock made her feel. "Mom," I groaned, gripping tight at her sides, forcing my hands to be calm even though it felt like electricity was buzzing through every muscle.

"Jared," she moaned again, that question returning, begging me to show her the truth, to prove I was serious about having her, about owning her completely.

I drew back slowly, letting her get used to the sensation of my thick member pulling away from her body, until nothing remained but the tip still snug within her folds. It lingered there for a moment while I savored this moment, one final instant before I lost complete control.

That thought alone caused me to surge forward, driving my length back into her just as slowly as it left, but now with a rough hunger that took my mother's breath away. Her mouth opened in a soundless moan, lips parted as she took short, quick gasps through them, trying to recover from the feeling of my full size splitting her apart once again.

The look on her face filled me with desire. I let out my own moan as I started pumping faster into her tight cunt, watching her tits bounce and jiggle from each hard thrust. There was a wild look in her eyes as my pace increased, like a deer stuck in the headlights. Her hands reached down between her legs, clutching at my thighs as I fucked her, trying to stop herself from moving along the bed with every hard pump. She knew, as well as I did, that despite how unbelievable this was, we wouldn't have stopped even if the fucking house burned down around us.

The thought of taking my mother made me light-headed, sending adrenaline coursing through my veins as my mind went blank. All I could feel was her wet heat surrounding my cock with every stroke, and the warmth of her hands against my thighs. Mom cried out, bucking backward against me as an orgasm crashed through her, leaving her gasping for breath. I leaned over her, grabbing hold of her hair and jerking her head up, my grip firm but gentle enough so I didn't hurt her.

She looked back over her shoulder at me, her eyes heavy-lidded as her body continued to shudder with aftershocks. "I love you," she whispered breathlessly. And her fingers tightened their grip on my leg. "Now show me that you mean it."

That was it. I grabbed her hips and forced myself into her faster and harder, each thrust sending shockwaves up through my spine and making her whimper in pleasure. We both knew this might be our only time together like this. Neither of us could ever hope to have this again, and we weren't about to waste one single second. I fucked her harder than I thought possible, my hips slamming into hers each time I plunged deep inside of her. The wet smack of skin against skin filled the room, mingling with the moans escaping from both of us. But soon I knew we were both close, our breathing becoming ragged and erratic. She clenched down around me suddenly, her whole body tensing as she came hard all over my cock, her juices flowing freely down her legs.

It wasn't until that moment that I realized I wanted more than just to own her physically; I wanted all of her - body, soul, and heart. In that moment all I could think about was how good she looked under me, panting heavily as her orgasm faded into aftershocks. But when she spoke, she told me something that took my breath away.

"Jared, I want your babies..." she groaned between thrusts. Her words surprised me enough that I nearly stopped moving completely. But even through my shock, I didn't slow down; instead I increased my pace, pushing myself deeper inside of her until she cried out again, gripping the sheets desperately as I pushed her over the edge. This time when she came, I felt my own orgasm beginning to build deep in the pit of my stomach. With each movement I inched closer and closer to my limit until I finally let go, letting the waves of ecstasy wash over me as I released inside of her, pumping load after load into my mom's fertile womb.

When my cock stopped twitching, I pulled out, a thick trail of cum dripping from her hole onto the floor beneath us. We stood in silence for several moments while we both caught our breath before eventually collapsing beside one another on the bed, exhausted.

When my vision returned, I noticed mom looking at me intently with those big green eyes of hers. Then without warning she reached down to grab my softening cock, pulling it towards her mouth. The sudden stimulation made me squirm, and I watched in awe as she cleaned me, licking every last drop of my cum from my cock as well as herself.

She moaned quietly while she worked, enjoying the taste as much as I enjoyed watching her suckle from my sensitive head. Finally she let me go, leaning back against the headboard with a sigh and closing her eyes once more. "That was..."

"... Amazing," I finished for her, still catching my breath from having fucked her so intensely only moments ago. Even after two orgasms it still felt incredible! "And to think, all because you were concerned about some stupid noise complaint!"

My comment got her attention, her eyes snapping open as she glared at me again. "Excuse me?" She sounded irritated but I noticed her nipples stiffening under the sheets, telling me she didn't want this to be over yet.

"I said, you know... if you'd been concerned about that before, maybe we would have started doing this sooner."

Mom opened her mouth to protest but instead squeaked when I reached between us, gripping my cock and pushing it back inside of her. The way she shuddered against me sent a chill down my spine as her fingers clung tightly to my shoulders.

"We shouldn't—" she said, gasping as I rocked my hips with hers, stirring my cock around inside her. "Someone is gonna hear!"

"What's wrong?" I teased. "Don't like taking chances? You married dad without any issues—ahh—" A sudden jolt of pleasure shot through me as mom moved against my thrusts, squeezing herself around me as she ground back on my cock. It was enough to nearly take the breath right out of me and for a moment all I could do was hold onto her as if clinging for dear life. She knew what she was doing. Somehow that knowledge made everything that much hotter. The fact that I wasn't the only one who knew how wrong this was and still wanted it—that my own mother shared some of this sick depravity of mine was more than a turn-on; it was something I

wouldn't even allow myself to fantasize about before because it was so fucking filthy.

My arms trembled slightly while I fought the urge to blow my load just thinking about the reality of the situation. I had already cum twice, once down her throat and the second time over her face but somehow I didn't seem to be spent in the least! If anything, I felt harder than ever; my balls felt heavier, my heart pounded with the thrill of being so dangerously close to impregnating my very own mom... it was such a sick and taboo thing that deep down I know it's exactly what we both wanted but neither of us could say it aloud. Not even now, when we're actually fucking without a condom!

Mom moaned desperately and looked at me pleadingly. "Do it," she breathed, her eyes narrowing with desperation, "Please honey. Don't keep me waiting—" Her words were cut off by another loud moan that she struggled to suppress. "I need you—I can't take it anymore!!"

That was the last shred of my willpower; I gave into instinct, no longer caring about whatever else came next, no longer worrying about the consequences, I pushed inside of her with a single smooth stroke. Mom gasped as her body tensed, trembling and shuddering as if an electric current coursed through every part of her. She seemed frozen as I slid my entire length into her, pushing deeply and letting it happen until our bodies touched completely. My balls settled up against her pussy while she squeezed tightly around the base of my shaft; for several seconds I held still, enjoying the feeling of being so deep within her without a condom, something I had never done before in my entire life. This was the first time ever that I fucked a woman raw... this was the first time that I felt my cock directly on bare female flesh! My mind reeled as I slowly began to move my hips back and forth, stirring the tip of my cock inside her snug tunnel, spreading her wetness all around and rubbing myself deeper within. It felt incredible to experience just how tight she was without any protection at all. This wasn't like the other times where I slipped on a rubber and kept things clean and sanitized... but this? Fucking my mother raw, without any barrier, my cock pushing deeper than anything else possible?!

It was amazing...

Her hands tightened over the bedspread; our breathing was ragged and excited as we tried to hold back from releasing too quickly. Our bodies trembled with anticipation. Her legs bent a bit more as she lifted her ass up higher, opening herself for me completely.

Mom moaned, pressing her face against the bed and closing her eyes tight. I watched her back muscles flex as I moved faster, pumping myself into her as deep as I could possibly manage. Her breath hitched each time I bottomed out within her. "Oh... oh god...!" My own heartbeat raced and pounded through my chest while I continued thrusting into her over and over, loving the feel of her body against mine.

We fucked fast, hard and long. Mom didn't hold back her groans anymore, moaning loudly as I plowed into her. She was losing it completely—and so was I! I knew my body well enough to know that I wasn't going to be able to keep this up for much longer, but my mother's reactions to everything I did made me want to last even if I didn't.

The sensation built up again as my thrusts quickened. Soon enough I came inside her, filling her womb with all I had left. Mom followed suit and orgasmed right after me, gasping and shuddering as waves of pleasure crashed over us both. I collapsed atop her spent form; we laid there panting heavily while our hearts beat wildly in unison. It felt amazing and perfect at that moment; nothing seemed more real than this feeling right now—nothing else mattered except for this.

In spite of myself, I thought about what was possible. Another kid? That would be an insane complication in the already crazy circumstances we had found ourselves in. But... part of me wanted it. And mom hadn't seemed opposed to the idea, though perhaps I had misheard. Was it wrong to wish for this sort of thing? Should I hope for another chance to give a child to Cara? Could she handle a second kid at her age? Or did she want one? Or maybe two or three more?

The future was terrifying... and I didn't hate that fact.

If I ever wanted to move in with mom and really, finally make something work out between us... We'd need to be discreet. We had fucked just now, but there was still a chance that somebody had heard, and if they did, we could all go down. But right now? At this moment, it was hard to think beyond anything except for getting my cock into her and claiming mom entirely for myself, fucking her until neither one of us could possibly deny our connection.

Mom moaned and arched her back as I positioned my tip against her. It had been weeks since we fucked, but she was so turned on by my confession that she was practically dripping. Her body was eager for my touch and her moans sounded like a call for me to come fuck her and fill her up. Mom looked like she wasn't sure whether she was ready or not, but she definitely wanted it anyway. Even though she might be afraid to let go of being a single woman, after being single for so long and enjoying it, I could tell that it was impossible to deny the heat building up within her pussy, needing a huge load of my cum to soothe her ache.

I knew she'd let me claim her even if we weren't careful. The risk would just increase things exponentially, which only turned both of us on more.

I began pressing into her, pushing my throbbing tip forward and then holding my breath while waiting for my mom's reaction. I kept my hands firmly on her hips, guiding my thick cock deeper into her warm pussy.

Her head fell forward, resting against the bed while I pushed myself inside of her inch by inch, spreading her apart slowly to make sure she could handle all of my thickness. And when I bottomed out inside of her, with just an inch left until my balls touched her skin, I pulled my shaft back out, feeling the slickness coat my shaft and hearing my mom pant as I fucked her slow at first, teasing her entrance with the tip of my cock, feeling her buck back, wanting more.

With every thrust in and out, I went a little faster, until I was pumping inside of her hard enough that her ass was shaking from the impact. My hands tightened their grip on her hips and it must've

felt fucking incredible, because mom just moaned and gasped louder, her body taking over.

All she wanted was for me to fuck her like this every day. And if this is what I needed to do to stake my claim on her, then so be it.

The tension within my core tightened and it wouldn't be long until I released. "Mom," I moaned as I thrust in deep. "Oh, mom, your cunt feels amazing, baby..."

She didn't reply with words. But when my balls were pressed tight up against her clit, when my cock throbbed so hard she knew I was about to unload inside of her, mom gave a final moan that seemed to resonate deep down into her soul.

There it was: The moment that sealed us forever.

"Jared—honey—" My mother said, in a strangled voice, "Don't pull out! Don't you dare pull out, honey, cum inside of me! Give it to me, Jared, honey, please, cum inside of me!"

"Mom," I gasped as my cock thickened and jerked. "Fuck, yes, mom, here it comes."

"Yes," she panted, pushing back against me, making sure to get all of my hot release directly into her pussy. My cock pumped once more and it unloaded deep within her womb, spray after spray of virile seed. My body jerked and I grunted loudly, thrusting forward several times as we were locked together by our incestual desire. Mom didn't stop me; didn't hesitate even when I finished releasing every single drop into her wet little hole. And as I finally pulled free, she looked over her shoulder at me and pleaded:

"More," she rasped, eyes shining with lust, "please... don't pull out..."

It was an invitation. A plea that I not hold back from the dark temptation. I groaned at how insane it sounded. This time was intentional. Fully. There would be no stopping any pregnancy now that the deed was done.

My mom wanted to get pregnant with my child. Wanted me to give her my child. Maybe this time would be lucky.

I couldn't stop myself then. My second orgasm wasn't close behind and another load was pumped into my mother's pussy, my balls emptying in a glorious rush of intense pleasure. It seemed to

go on forever, spurt after spurt as I pushed forward and unloaded everything into the deepest recesses of my mom's warm tunnel.

And as the moment passed, my heart continued racing, my cock continuing to twitch, I slowly pulled out. Cum dripped down the length of my cock, and when I looked into mom's eyes again, they were heavy-lidded, satisfied, happy. Her mouth hung open slightly and a small bit of drool had leaked from the corner of her lips, running down and onto her chin. I wiped it away with the back of my hand as she looked at me, smiling sweetly and gratefully.

Then her mouth shut. Her teeth came together and she swallowed whatever saliva that clung to the sides of her tongue. Her eyebrows rose for a brief second as she gave me a look like she knew what had just happened was real. A smile twitched up on her face and she turned her head to the side.

"What—" I stuttered. "What—mom—" I couldn't believe what happened. We'd really just done it. I took her... fully. The look on mom's face told me as much, as she struggled to sit up. She leaned back onto the pillow behind her. Her fingers traced circles around my skin where I had come on her belly.

A little while later she got up on wobbly legs and grabbed her purse. Pulling a makeup wipe out, she proceeded to clean herself of all of our mess. My cum disappeared in seconds from her skin, as did the sweat that made us sticky against each other. Mom was calm, too calm. When she bent down to retrieve her dress, the sight of her round, firm ass caught my gaze. I wondered how this was going to change things between us. Was I ready? Was she?

Mom glanced over at me and smiled softly. After straightening her dress and zipping it, she walked over and sat next to me on the bed. With a small laugh, she cupped my face, stroking my cheek.

"You've made me happier than I ever could have imagined. Thank you, Jared." She leaned in and kissed me on the forehead like she used to when I was young, and I watched her walk away. I knew then that our relationship would be different, but how different would only reveal itself in time.

After all, the night wasn't over yet.

My mother was getting dressed now. We had gotten undressed pretty quickly. It surprised me that I wasn't hesitant to take off my clothes. It was like there was no doubt that it needed to be done. This was happening. And we had already decided that this is what we wanted. Or at least that I did. But there was more to it than that. I didn't think of her as just someone who was horny and wanted to get fucked by their son. That isn't why I got naked either. The connection we'd found between us went much deeper than sex. Even though she might have been a little apprehensive about showing me this side of her, I still understood that it was part of her and who she was as a woman. I admired that she'd let herself be vulnerable for my benefit. She wasn't just sexy—she was honest with me, which made her even more beautiful in my eyes.

That being said, I could also appreciate how good her body looked. I mean, she was my mom after all. So what if I found her attractive? It didn't mean that she would never have aged. In fact, the slight changes in her features were evidence of all the years she'd put in raising me and taking care of everything. If anything, those small imperfections only made her seem more desirable.

She was slipping on the last item of clothing and looked over at me before walking away. "So...are you going to stay here?"

"Uh, yeah..."

Mom stood for a moment, staring blankly ahead. Then she turned and headed toward the door without saying another word. As soon as the latch clicked, I took my pants off and hung them next to hers before returning back to the bed. I couldn't think straight. The night had already been crazy but I was about to get wilder. It seemed so strange to go from being this innocent kid with an obvious crush on his mother to this dominant lover who craved nothing more than to be balls deep inside of her, filling her with cum until it came spilling out. There were still some parts that felt unreal about what was happening, but there was no point in even trying to figure things out anymore. I wasn't sure what would happen tomorrow, but right now, I knew exactly what I wanted.

I was getting tired and wanted to lay down but I remembered that this wasn't even my real bedroom or bed. In a strange way that

made me sad, especially considering the memory I had just had. But I couldn't focus on that anymore.

All I could do now was try to sleep. I curled up underneath the blanket, imagining how different things could have been if dad had only been a little nicer to mom and actually made her feel loved like she deserved. Maybe then she would still be with him... or maybe even happier if she found someone else?

The thoughts were too much for me. Thinking about anything now was just going to make me more frustrated, so I tried my best not to, closing my eyes and doing my best to block out any thought or memory from my mind.

That seemed to work, because eventually I began to drift off into a somewhat restless slumber. The day's events flashed through my head one last time, but then they began to blend into an indecipherable dream. That's when I sensed it: that sweet sensation running down my thigh.

I knew there was only one possibility, but I still took a deep breath, forcing myself to stay calm. I tried to ignore her for a moment and see if that made her go away. No such luck.

I felt my cock throb. This is fucking happening! There wasn't any doubt in my mind: It was definitely mom. My cock ached, and I imagined how warm and tight and welcoming she'd feel surrounding me...

Mom shifted around some more as I started getting hard, pressing back against me as I reached around and ran my hands over her perfect ass and soft thighs. It made me wish we were doing this on a bed and not in a cramped tent, but I also wouldn't trade what we were about to do for anything.

Her warmth enveloped me again and I closed my eyes, trying to get lost in the sensations, but that only made it harder for me to sleep. I kept feeling my phone buzz in my pants with texts from other girls and that just reminded me even more of everything bad that happened that day. It made me wonder if maybe things could be better with my own mother somehow?

I shook away those thoughts, remembering the first time I laid eyes on her body and how turned on I got thinking about sleeping

with her. Just thinking about it now was making me harder, and I took a deep breath to calm myself down. No way was this actually going to happen, right? But if there was even the tiniest chance...

The whole night I dreamed of all the sexy things I could possibly do with my stepmom, imagining what her moans would sound like and how hot her mouth would feel wrapped around my dick. I wondered whether she would take charge in bed, or let me guide her while I played with her perfect tits. By the time I woke up in the morning, my cock was fully erect underneath my boxers and ready for action.

That didn't make waking up any easier, though. In fact, seeing mom out in the hallway as I got out of my room was kind of depressing, knowing that this amazing fantasy wouldn't actually become real. She still looked good, though: Her hair was tied back today in a low-hanging ponytail that highlighted how pretty her neck was, and the top she was wearing showed off plenty of cleavage, too.

I couldn't resist smiling when I saw her. Mom did always know how to look sexy without showing too much skin... at least when dad wasn't around. "You look nice," I told her.

"Thanks," mom replied with a quick smile of her own, but there was something about it that was weird. Something sad. It took me a second, but I remembered why: Today was dad's day. Which meant mom was going to have to deal with him again.

Fuck. Just thinking about it put me in a bad mood. Maybe things were better with us right now, but I hadn't forgiven him yet for being such an asshole to mom—and now she was stuck with him until the end of his trial. Well, if there was one thing I could do on this anniversary, it'd be to make her feel loved and special. It was pretty easy to figure out where to start.

Mom's eyes lit up with surprise and happiness when I leaned forward and kissed her neck. Even though we lived together, the past few months had been all about trying to figure things out and hadn't left a ton of time for cuddling or other stuff like that, which meant I probably wasn't kissing my mom often enough. She giggled in surprise when I nuzzled against her and said, "Good morning."

"Hey..." She sounded hesitant, like she was afraid to say the wrong thing. It was only then that I noticed what mom was wearing: A thin, clingy purple sweater dress that just barely went down to mid-thigh, and even when she sat at the table it left little to the imagination. She gave me a curious, searching look, asking for feedback. It's not like we've ever discussed this kinda thing—the closest I remember getting to discussing anything more intimate than a high school relationship would be when I talked about how big my crush's breasts were back in high school. But even though mom and I weren't talking about sex—hell, even if it made sense for her to wear a fancy evening dress like that if she wanted—it just wasn't something she would do every day. Especially not to make breakfast.

I realized, belatedly, that mom must be dressing herself up... for me? Maybe, somehow, I had given off a hint that I might be interested in seeing her dressed up more often.

It wasn't something I'd say no to.

And so after a brief kiss, I took a long look at her, from her face to her shoulders to her chest (what you could see of it behind her tight-fitting purple sweater dress), to her legs and bare feet. Then I stepped away, admiring the curve of her spine down into her backside. I grabbed my cock with one hand and gently rubbed the tip up against her. She moaned. It sent shivers through both of us. "Jared," she breathed again, my name like an incantation, "oh..."

"How much do you want this?" I asked her. "Can you tell me?" I pressed my cock harder against her, making sure my dick would rub directly onto her clit. Her knees buckled slightly but she kept her balance and raised her hips even more towards me. Mom turned her head sideways to look at me and licked her lips slowly before replying.

"Ever since you were little I always wanted this, Jared. But as time went on, that lust started to change. The thought of being inside me became stronger every year you got older until we found ourselves here." As she spoke she reached between her thighs and moved her panties aside while simultaneously moving her legs further apart. Her cunt was dripping wet for me. I couldn't help

myself - I reached forward and stroked my finger down between the cheeks of her ass all the way to her opening; when I touched her there she sucked air through her teeth in delight and pushed herself more firmly onto my digit. I continued rubbing circles around her engorged pussy for several seconds before inserting the tip of my finger slowly inside her warm hole. She began to push back against me once again, matching my rhythm as I pumped it in and out of her.

"Mmmm... I love when you fuck my pussy with your fingers!" Cara exclaimed.

When she finally pulled herself off of me, I watched intently as a drop of moisture trickled down between her buttocks to pool underneath her.

I was rock hard.

My dick throbbed for my mom's body. "I've seen how you look at me," I said, stroking my length. "All those times that you would let your eyes wander. Your fingers when I'd walk out of the shower." I bent closer. She inhaled sharply. "The way you always used to make me sleep naked so you could stare at my young little body all night. You never touched me back then, but I saw you touch yourself while looking at me..." My balls tightened, anticipating what was going to happen, how much my own mother wanted me, too, like I did her.

My mom turned to look over her shoulder at me, tears streaming down her face. Her eyes were clouded and red and she sobbed once. Her words came out weak and quiet. "I love you..." she confessed. "Oh god, Jared..." She shook her head. "I love you so fucking much... I thought you loved me, too... but I see how you don't want to go to school anymore. I've tried so hard to keep you safe, to keep everything just right... but there's nothing... oh god..."

I didn't know how much I had hurt her, thinking back to how angry I was with her at the funeral. Even if we found out later it was all lies. She deserved better than that... but she didn't deserve what happened next. She didn't deserve my dad leaving her, and treating us like crap...

That's why I vowed to make up for everything. Make it better for us both. We had both gone through shit together, and now that I

was an adult, it was time to show her things could change. They were about to get better, no matter how messed up people thought this was.

My eyes were burning hot with emotion, mirroring hers. I blinked and looked up at the ceiling for a second, willing myself not to break down. It wouldn't do either of us any good to start crying. Not now. The only way we could go on was through our feelings and together.

She let go of the bed, and reached a hand up, grasping my own. Squeezing tight. A small smile crept onto her face. It didn't quite reach her eyes yet, but maybe that would come after what was about to happen...

There was only one thing left to do.

Mom took a deep breath, holding mine as we looked each other in the eyes. And I moved forward. My cock pressed itself against her dripping wet cunt. Both of us made a noise when I entered her, a sound that was both pained and relieved. I slid inside of her easily, the heat enveloping me. My mom whimpered louder, almost cried as I did this, like it was so wrong for me to fuck her, but so right as well, which made it all the more intoxicating. My balls settled against the soft mound of her pussy, as she squeezed me tightly and pulsed around my shaft.

It took us both a moment to breathe, to look at each other, for the reality of it to set in. We were joined. As one. In a way no one else could understand. There was a tear in her eye, which trailed down her cheek, leaving a streak of mascara behind.

"Oh, Jared—" my mother groaned out softly. She swallowed hard, sniffled just a bit. "Why do you make me feel so—so fucking—"

"It's alright, mom," I breathed back to her. "I'm gonna take care of you." I pulled myself out of her only half way and then rammed myself home, feeling her cunt swallow up the entirety of my length. The shock that ran through her face as I slammed into her was delicious. I could have done this for hours, just plowing into her depths over and over again, watching the lust and love fight across her face. She was mine, all mine now. And she knew it. But still she tried to reason with me.

"Jared," she murmured again, as I fucked her into the bed. Her words were choked out with the force of every thrust. "We can't—not like this! You're not even wearing a condom! Anything could happen! Oh fuck, honey, stop for just a second."

She wanted to stop, but when I didn't even slow down, I heard my mom whining beneath me, begging for mercy or relief, her words coming out in breathless spurts, "Ohmygod, don't, we can't, it's crazy, we... we don't even know if—if you came before—"

My cock was buried in her, throbbing at what I was hearing. She actually meant those words. The possibility that she could get knocked up with her son's child had her worried enough that she still wanted to stop. Maybe it wasn't possible, or maybe it was so real she could almost taste it, but it got to her.

The idea of being my own mother's babymaker was enough to drive me over the edge. If she was worried about it happening before, that just made me want to fill her womb up now, claim her for my very own. Make it impossible for her to have anyone else's kids. Her body already belonged to me, she might as well give me her womb too.

"If you really want to be mine forever," I breathed, leaning in close, grabbing her hair, and pulling it tight as I slammed deeper into her, "you'll let me fuck your fertile cunt till you're carrying my kid."

That did it. Those dirty words sent her over the edge. The way she whimpered, her walls clamping down on my cock...

I gripped her hips and slammed into her harder. Her eyes were glazed over and she'd completely lost it by this point. She was gasping. She was panting. My thick cock was driving itself inside of her, spreading her insides and pressing its head into the back of her cunt over and over again. Her breasts bounced violently each time I fucked into her; they weren't small tits, but massive ones, and my god they looked absolutely amazing, just as I'd imagined them to. Her body was built to make babies, and damn if that didn't turn me on even more.

I was grunting with every thrust at this point, pounding mom as hard as I could, trying to give her my whole length. I wanted her to

feel me fill her up completely. I wanted to make her mine, mark her womb with my seed. It drove me wild seeing how much my own mother loved being treated like this by me—she was a slut for her own son. I never thought I'd ever say those words in a positive sense, but the sight of it in front of me told me how true they were. My mom wasn't a slut; she was mine.

Her mouth was hanging open and she'd started drooling from the pleasure, no longer able to speak through it. The look on her face was pure bliss, and my thoughts started racing as I realized that the only man who'd been inside my mother for 18 years hadn't been able to do this to her. In fact, it sounded like they barely even did it at all anymore—this was the first real dick she'd had inside of her in what might've been months (probably). She deserved better.

"That's right," I groaned, slamming into her roughly, "daddy can't fuck you like I can..."

She let out a little cry as she came again, unable to stop herself from listening to my filthy words, from reveling in the taboo nature of her situation, letting me fill her over and over with my thick, rigid shaft. My balls slapped against her clit with each thrust. She was bucking into me now, moaning as I fucked her harder than anyone ever had, making sure she knew who her real master was now.

It wasn't long until we were both cumming—me in her tight cunt, filling her womb with my virile load while she screamed out loudly for a final time that night. I made sure to stay deep inside her, not wanting any of my cum to go to waste by dripping out. It would stay put inside her womb this way and help insure that she got pregnant with my child. If she already wasn't at this point. The thought of that happening made my dick harden inside her again, not fully erect yet but definitely twitching back to life as my mother started to squirm under me again.

The two of us lay there silently afterwards, letting the reality of what we'd just done sink in. Slowly I withdrew myself from my mother's soaked hole, and then we both collapsed to the bed on our backs. We glanced over at each other simultaneously, looking away again sheepishly as we shared a soft laugh and then a warm smile. There was nothing left to be said, as I'm sure mom realized. We

were both ready to turn in for the night and get some sleep before heading home tomorrow morning.

So mom slid off the bed and headed back into the living room to pick up her things and then went down the hall to find the bathroom. After a few minutes she emerged again and came over to where I still laid naked on the bed, watching her closely. She bent over the edge of the bed so that her face was right near mine, then gave me a quick kiss. Her cheeks were blushing, which looked extremely adorable.

"I love you," she murmured with a shy smile.

I told her I loved her too. We kissed again, longer this time, but nothing more than that since we were both exhausted. Mom turned and headed across the room towards the door to grab the suitcase waiting on the other side, taking the only keycard and unlocking the door for her own suite.

We'd be together in there.

For the night.

And maybe... well... a few nights after that...

She slipped from the doorway and the door slid shut behind her.

The silence took over immediately. My head pounded like I was suffering from an alcohol induced hangover, even though I'd only had half a beer back at the airport. A dull ache set in through my lower back, most likely from hunching over and walking around all day. And it didn't feel right without mom next to me. In the hallway I was alone. I had never felt more isolated than I did at that moment, but for some reason I knew that this wasn't what was really going on. We had spent so much time together for the last two days that it seemed impossible to exist separately from each other anymore. It was such an odd thought. Maybe after all these years we finally realized that there was something important about one another. This trip certainly helped in that regard.

I shook my head as a sense of loneliness passed through me.

Maybe you were right, I said quietly to myself, even though it didn't feel nearly as satisfying as admitting things to her directly.

Then again, everything sounded better when mom said it.

And if my mother heard me?

Well... I would have to show her how sincere I was.

I turned toward the bedroom door. She'd left her things inside. There was no point in unpacking any further if we were planning on leaving tonight.

My feet were already starting to walk down the hall before I told them to. I found myself going to her room, her suite, her private space. The first thing that I saw when I stepped through the threshold was the suitcase she had wheeled in from our home. And there, next to it, were mom's clothes, folded neatly and piled up in a little stack beside her shoes and a small makeup pouch.

I moved in further, searching, and as my hand swept over the pile, I heard a buzzing sound coming from somewhere within. It was faint, but there was certainly something vibrating near the top of her luggage, possibly deep inside one of the pockets. But why would mom keep anything like that inside her—

Then I stopped. I realized. Mom must've wanted to get ready for dad in their own suite after he had finally made time for us on their honeymoon night. And if dad hadn't been here at all this evening... it meant that she had brought all those toys out for nobody. That there were dildos and vibrators and sex dolls in there that might've helped mom relieve the pressure that she had been feeling ever since her wedding night had been delayed.

A smile formed on my face as I knelt down and began digging around in her suitcase. I wasn't sure what I would find or even really how big any of these things would be. Then, just a little bit further within, hidden underneath a pair of shorts, a long plastic cylindrical case emerged from underneath the clothing. When I unzipped the zipper along the middle, I discovered that inside was another plastic sleeve where the toy itself was held tight. A pink dildo slid out smoothly into my palm, and once I was done examining the girth and heft of the thing, I saw the battery pack underneath it. The switch for the vibrator was turned to the maximum setting, which explained why it had been buzzing when I picked up the entire casing earlier.

With a grin, I flipped off the switch and then stood back up again, returning to my position behind Cara. I let the head of my

cock brush against her, just barely, just enough to give her the barest sense of how hard I was and how desperately I needed her in that moment. It drew a whine from deep within Cara's throat, and as my cock slid further downwards, towards her entrance, I teased the tip against her folds. Cara trembled, and I heard her gasp for air as I continued to tease her, letting just the tip dip inside of her for a single beat before pulling it out again. She moaned into the bedspread as I kept the motion going, slowly losing control. It was only after she started lifting her ass higher that I pushed inward, entering her fully. The instant my cock sunk past the threshold of her pussy and penetrated Cara's wet cunt, she whimpered and cried into the bedsheets, her hips rolling and trying to force me deeper, to make me move. But I didn't; I simply pressed in so far as I could go until the entirety of my shaft was buried inside her and I could feel Cara's ass against my pelvis.

But before I began to move, I brought the dildo around and pressed it against Cara's lips, letting her know exactly what I wanted her to do next. At first, she gave me a curious look over her shoulder, but she eventually seemed to realize that if she tried anything different, there wouldn't be any sort of payoff later on. Cara opened up wide and accepted the silicone toy into her mouth, running her tongue along its surface like it were an actual dick. She made eye contact with me the entire time too, never breaking the gaze, not even when I slowly began to pull my cock out and push it back in at a torturously slow pace. Seeing the sight of the mother of my very own child sucking on a plastic dick while she herself got fucked by her son was a new kind of hot. Cara didn't seem to have any qualms about it either, at least for the time being, because she took the toy to the base effortlessly and worked her way back up, leaving no surface uncovered with her tongue as she continued staring up at me. Fuck... If this woman had been doing this kind of thing during sex earlier in our lives, we could have gotten caught already.

The feeling of sliding into my mother's soaking wet cunt again and again and again was absolutely heavenly. She squeezed tightly around me, making me work for every inch, yet never once trying to

push me out as I pistoned away inside her body. I felt completely lost in pleasure, each thrust becoming more difficult than the last as I realized I would probably cum much sooner than I'd hoped. It didn't help that mom had started moaning around the dildo in her mouth while I fucked her, which gave me something new to think about without losing all control and cumming instantly. However, after a few minutes, there was nothing else I could do. As if Cara knew what I was planning to do, she started bucking back against my thrusts. I closed my eyes and allowed the pleasure to consume me, to wash away all other thoughts except for the idea of getting as much enjoyment from this union as possible.

My mother was a vision as she bounced against me, riding my shaft while simultaneously working herself up into a frenzy on the dildo. Her long blonde hair fanned out behind her head like some kind of beautiful halo and her plump lips parted ever so slightly to allow soft little breaths out every time I bottomed out deep within her pussy. My hands were glued to her curvy hips, keeping them steady and giving myself a good grip in case things started to get dicey. Every nerve ending in my body tingled with pleasure as Cara took me even further into her depths than anyone else had done before, until I was balls-deep inside the woman who had given birth to me... who had given birth to both me and this dildo still firmly wedged between her jaws.

With that thought in mind, my entire world lit up with colors far more vivid than those of the room we were in as a final massive orgasm swept over me, followed immediately by the warm sensation of cum squirting deep within my mother's tight pussy. I could tell right away that I'd blown a larger load than usual, because I felt it almost instantaneously begin leaking back out around my cock as it tried desperately to fill her cunt past its limits.

As I looked down at my seed pouring out from my mother's stretched hole, one singular thought kept coming back to me: If she gets pregnant now, with my sperm... then I own her.

For real.

I leaned in low across her back and pressed my sweat-soaked chest to her clammy flesh. My arms wrapped around her stomach

and squeezed hard enough to get Cara to squeak slightly around the silicon toy shoved between her teeth. She seemed completely lost in her own orgasm as the thick juices leaked from her hole; there was even some seeping out past where my still throbbing cock remained lodged deep within her stretched cunt. She was practically purring into her gag and when she reached back behind her and caressed my face lightly with her fingertips it was clear that mom had crossed some kind of threshold with me.

My balls slapped loudly against Cara's clit as I drilled deep inside of her again, pulling out slowly just long enough for her to feel every inch of my pulsing dick leave her body until only my flared head remained embedded in her pussy. Then, with a firm tug on her hips, I yanked my mother backward onto my cock, causing her ass to clap sharply against my abs and driving my length back inside of her as far as it would go. I repeated this process over and over, gradually speeding up my strokes with each passing moment as our pleasure built ever higher toward the final moment...

As I felt myself getting close, I started pounding furiously, jackhammering my mother so hard that the bed beneath us began rocking against the wall with such force that I feared we might put holes in it. That thought alone gave me one final surge of desire that had me burying every millimeter of myself possible inside Cara's cunt before exploding.

And that did it; my cum gushing freely into mom's womb sent her spiraling again, moaning loudly through her gag, shaking and trembling and convulsing uncontrollably on my dick while her own orgasmic juices flooded down our thighs and dripped wetly onto the sheets beneath our bodies...

After several minutes, I finally pulled out, watching with amazement as my load spilled forth from Cara's ruined hole. A little bit of me trickled from her pussy. She was completely covered in sweat, her hair stuck to her neck in places. When my fingers pressed against the back of her thigh she gave a start, like I'd awoken her from sleep.

"Let me... get you something..." I said breathlessly. My head spun. "Wait here."

Mom looked at me blearily. I staggered out of the room. The lights were still on, the food still waiting. After this night, would we even touch any of it?

I went downstairs. I needed water. Something. Anything. I found two bottles of water in the fridge, downed both, and got a third one just in case. My head cleared somewhat, but it was a different kind of thinking that was going on up there. What had happened... what had happened to us? The idea was insane, beyond my wildest imagination. But now? Now I thought about how good it all felt.

It wasn't like how I thought it'd go. It was so much more than that. So fucking intense. I could hardly keep my balance when I stood at the refrigerator. I wanted her again already, wanted to feel her body against mine, taste her, smell her scent, hear her gasp and moan... I turned back around and hurried upstairs.

My phone vibrated on my bedstand.

I slowed. Mom waited for me. Who cared about anything else?

Except. The ringtone I'd set for work was coming from the phone. Work...

Oh shit! I left dad there! He must still be in his meeting, what time was it—fuck—I glanced at the clock over by my door, and realized with shock that it was after 7 PM. Hours since I left him...

"Jared...?" my mom said in front of me, her voice heavy with desire. "Honey... are you alright..."

She wiggled back against me, like she didn't know what she was doing but wanted me to respond anyway.

It was the sight of the wet folds of her cunt, begging me to spread them again that set me back on course. Dad would stay in his meeting, thinking about his work—but not about how I stole away his wife and turned her into my slut. His wife, the woman who was moaning and pressing her plump ass into my cock, rubbing the cheeks together around it and trying to coax it into submission. Her fingers clawed through the bedspread as she tried to push back on me.

This wasn't just lust. This wasn't just hormones running rampant, this wasn't a sudden thing; this was me making sure I fucked my mother so good that she'd never even consider another man again.

That after all was said and done, I was going to claim her soul as mine, as well as her body. My teeth gritted and my fingers sank into her skin as I pulled her close enough so that the head of my cock slid between her folds.

And entered her.

She shuddered at the sudden intrusion, the sensation of having me in her for the first time beyond what she thought it'd feel like. Or maybe she knew. Maybe she just let herself forget what it would feel like to take a raw cock inside of her for the first time in years.

Mom moaned like she wanted to fight back but just couldn't any more. She was tired of trying to resist me. I saw how she kept looking at me earlier; she was hoping for me to prove that I could fuck her better than dad. The wine and food didn't cloud her brain or cause her to want it, no, I had been fucking her over the last month. Every look we shared, every flirtatious laugh, everything that passed between us had only led up to this point, where my cock spread open her cunt and filled it the way she secretly hoped I would. And after I got deep inside of her and pressed firmly against her, my stomach against the cheeks of her ass and her entire body trembling... she accepted it.

And her body clenched tight, a moan escaping through her teeth, a tremble running through her hips and into my cock. The wet of her orgasm spread through our joining, coating the base of my shaft and flowing downward, staining our thighs. It came suddenly and intensely, just as I sank my dick in her; just the penetration sent her into spasms. My mom was coming around my raw cock, giving herself up to me.

"Oh, fuck yes, mom," I grunted, pushing myself in deeper. Her eyes rolled backwards as the shockwaves ripped through her body, and she gasped, her lips opening wide while her hands pulled on the bedspread hard.

She had gotten so wet from cumming that I found it easy to begin sliding in and out of her, slowly at first, enjoying the way her folds yielded to me, how I could control how deeply I entered her by gripping her hips and tugging them. The bed shook slightly as we moved together. But I knew the best part hadn't happened yet. Her

orgasm wasn't the real one. All those others had been small previews; what she needed was the grand finale. And only I could give it to her. I was going to make her cum again... this time on a fully swollen, throbbing, hot cock that was ready to burst.

Her hands gripped tight onto the sheets while she moaned, "Oh God, oh God..." She started grinding back against me, moving with me in rhythm. The motion of our bodies rocked us in a wave that brought pleasure rolling over our entire bodies, filling every space with sensation and tingling fire. I pushed harder, burying more of myself into her; it felt good to press down so much, especially as I watched her breasts dangle below her, swinging and shaking with every movement. Our moans became louder, mixing into one sound of ecstasy. We were both giving into each other fully and completely, allowing our primal sides free rein over what our bodies needed.

The heat within me built up and made sweat bead on my brow as my pace quickened, sending bursts of ecstatic electricity flowing throughout my entire body. Every stroke was intense enough to cause tremors deep within my shaft, which spread through all of my muscles and left them taut and tight. When they finally reached their peak, they exploded outward through every limb, causing everything else in me to shut down and seize up. My back arched and I threw my head back in a yell of pure joy while streams of seed sprayed deep inside my mother's tight tunnel, filling every inch and crevice available inside of her. In the instant where time slowed and all movement halted, I could feel her warmth enveloping me and taking in every single drop released from deep within.

After several seconds passed, I regained my strength and pulled out slowly from inside her. Then I fell beside my mother on the bed. Her eyes met mine briefly before she looked away again shyly, still unsure about this new side of herself. But when I put a hand on her cheek and leaned forward to kiss her, she returned the kiss happily and cuddled up close against my chest. In that moment I knew for certain that whatever feelings she had repressed during our previous encounter would no longer remain buried; she was mine now completely and forevermore.

A small smirk crept onto her face as she looked up at me and asked innocently, "Was that good? Was it better than your video?"

"Much," I said and kissed her forehead lovingly.

She laughed softly under her breath and laid her head back onto my chest contentedly while we both drifted off together to sleep.

As I drifted away into sleep, though, a final thought surfaced in my mind. If there was some sort of cosmic judge who could watch all of what happened to me that day and judge whether or not things would work out like I wanted them to, and if that person decided that they should be allowed to interfere and give me one moment of happiness with mom, just the two of us... I guess I'd say thanks. Because right now, at this moment, after everything that's happened so far, I couldn't even think of a better situation that I could possibly find myself in than right here, with her, at this second, and it was perfect. And all I wanted was more of these moments, every single day, for the rest of my life.

If she was going to get me pregnant

There was only one way.

I looked into her eyes with concern and whispered

"Not inside."

She smirked at me playfully and asked in response

"Where else do you expect your cum to go?"

The tone in her voice made it obvious she was messing with me, but I wasn't taking any chances.

"How about..." I thought aloud, and grabbed her wrist, pulling her back around to the front of the bed and onto her knees. She took the hint instantly and grinned, crawling along next to me as I lay down flat on my back and propped up my head. I spread my legs open, gesturing to my achingly hard member, throbbing and waiting. "In here?"

My mom gave a little smile. It was amazing how quickly we went from such seriousness to something like this—so playful, so comfortable and right. There was nothing more natural than me laying on my old childhood bed, with my naked mother kneeling beside me, about to take me into her mouth again. She looked at it as if appraising something of extreme value, running a finger up and

down its length lightly. She teased the very tip with her finger, spreading the precum that had dripped out just from her watching me, and leaned down.

"Maybe in here," she answered quietly and licked my shaft slowly from base to top. Her lips lingered at the tip and when I looked down, the sight of it made me swell even harder—mom teasing me, sucking only the very end into her mouth before pulling off completely. She watched it twitch for a moment, then slid her body all the way onto mine, her tits spilling over my chest, pressing against me while her face was inches from mine.

"But first... maybe here." With that, she slipped her hips into mine and pushed her pelvis against me, the sensation sending an intense jolt of pleasure through me as she let her pussy slide all along my cock. The heat of her was incredible, so different than when she was around my fingers. I couldn't help but gasp, a sound that mom caught with her mouth and smothered with a long, deep kiss.

The room was quiet, empty in every direction. Nothing to hear. Nothing to see. All there was to feel was our bodies. My mother's hot skin. The soft, slick folds of her cunt on the underside of my cock. Her arms gripping my back, legs pulling me in, hips undulating in perfect time to rub herself on me, making us both want her even more.

And she wanted me too.

She whimpered lightly against my ear and started to move faster, rubbing herself on me with purpose. She bit her lower lip as her head turned back, eyes shut tight. As she began to lose control, she looked at me again, then reached down between our legs and held onto my cock. Her legs widened; I helped guide myself between them.

The tip went to her entrance, felt its slippery heat and gave in.

As soon as my cock touched that first hint of her pussy, my mother cried out and pushed her hips into mine. The heat and sudden wet of her wrapped around the very tip of my cockhead, squeezing it tightly, but my mother let out an almost mournful sound

when nothing happened. She looked at me and pushed harder against me.

This time I didn't hold back. Grabbing onto her hips I sank into her with one smooth motion until I bottomed out inside of her—we moaned together at the feeling. God, my own mother was so fucking tight, her pussy hotter than any other cunt I'd ever felt and all of those times I'd masturbated while thinking of her flooded back, memories of all those fantasies and this reality blending perfectly together until I could think of nothing else but this.

My cock filled her deeply, every inch of my length buried deep in the tight grasp of her cunt. This was the fantasy, right here: being balls deep inside of my own mother while she cried out my name and begged for more, for me to fuck her harder and faster and deeper until we were both satisfied.

But even in that moment of pleasure, I was reminded that this wasn't some dream or fantasy, that this was real—too real for comfort. Because in the next second mom's voice came over everything, breaking through the rush of blood and lust that flooded my mind like a wave crashing over me, sending all of my senses awry.

"Jared!" Mom gasped loudly as my hips began moving slowly, rocking in and out of her as she spoke with a panicked tone to her voice. "Slow down! Oh—Oh Jesus, honey..." Her hands moved and suddenly clutched the bedsheets tight as I fucked her faster now, the slick embrace of her pussy making loud noises as our bodies smacked together, her hips and my own making a meaty sound every time we collided. "This is... Oh! God! Ohmygod!"

I wasn't sure what to do. Did I slow down? Fuck no. This was my one shot, I reasoned. I'd be damned if I didn't get as much as I could out of this, at least for now. So I sped up instead, pounding my own mother relentlessly and making her shriek louder as her pussy tightened around my dick and sucked on it while I drove deep inside. Mom gave up speaking any kind of coherent thought and soon was just moaning and squealing my name as her eyes shut tightly and she surrendered to the ecstasy I was giving her. She started to shake uncontrollably again, so I knew she was about to

cum, but somehow the orgasm I witnessed earlier today paled in comparison to what came now.

Her legs shook and she tried to stand up, but I held her down by a firm grip on her waist. Her arms trembled and reached for something, anything, to grab on to, only finding the bedspread to clutch as she moaned loudly for a few moments more before a scream burst free and filled the room. "Ah! Ahhh!! Y-Yes!!"

The sensation of her coming pussy clamped onto my cock, trying to suck it dry like she had done to that cucumber earlier, only this time there was a lot more juice being produced. I had never been with someone who squirted before, though I'd seen it in porn, so this surprised me when it happened, but what amazed me more was how much she was producing. As her body went into tremors and she screamed in pleasure, streams of liquid shot out from her pussy and squirted across the room until eventually dribbling to the floor like a leaky hose.

When Cara finally finished her orgasm, she collapsed to the bed in a heap of exhausted woman and I fell with her, not having stopped thrusting through her climax. We settled with our position reversed, my mom's sexy ass facing my direction while I pounded her pussy from behind, gripping her by the hips so tightly my fingers were surely going to leave marks tomorrow. When she opened her eyes and looked back at me over her shoulder, she could tell I was struggling to hold back after the intense pleasure I just gave her. So she gave me a devilish smile and squeezed her pussy, adding a delicious new pressure to my cock. The look in her eyes also let me know that we weren't even close to finishing. She had no intention of letting me cum just yet.

We rolled into bed, mom turning to me and throwing a leg up around my head, bringing her hot cunt near my face. I took the hint and lifted myself, pulling her hips toward me so my mouth would meet her lower lips easier. My tongue went out and plunged deep into her core. Mom's hand grabbed the back of my head and shoved me further down as I started to work her pussy and ass like never before. It didn't take her long at all to reach another screaming orgasm, though she wasn't able to squirt while in this position and

instead flooded my mouth with her sweet nectar. I eagerly swallowed what she had to offer as more flowed out, some leaking from the corner of my mouth to run down my neck and settle in the valley between my pecs.

We both rolled off the edge of the bed, landing on our knees, Cara facing me so we could share in a sloppy kiss once more. Our tongues mashed together and we traded in my cum for her honey. My hands were squeezing her huge tits when Cara broke the kiss and pulled away, leaving us connected by a thin string of spit which immediately broke as soon as she moved. Her gaze turned serious as she gripped my wrists, pinning my arms behind me like a child being restrained during a tantrum. "Lay down," she ordered and pushed me backward. I willingly obeyed and fell to my back, Cara climbing atop me right away. She reached underneath herself to guide my rigid shaft back inside her soaked passage. I had my fill of missionary for the night, but that's not the position she was going for now. Instead, my mother raised her legs straight up, spreading them wide while her hands wrapped around behind them and held tight. The result was her body bent in half as her knees pressed against either side of her massive breasts, exposing her smooth ass entirely to my eager gaze. The position also meant my cock slid even deeper than before, nearly making it seem like I was spearing all the way through her body to make its way out her mouth. She wasted no time in bouncing up and down my shaft at a wild pace, driving herself mad with pleasure. The sloppy noise of wet sex echoed around the room, accompanied only by our sounds of lust. Her juices soon started to flow freely again, running over my balls and thighs until every movement created more and more erotic sounds. This time though, I wasn't the one to orgasm first. With the new angle and how rough we were being, mom came just a couple minutes later. She let go of her legs to instead grab onto me for dear life, moaning into my neck and riding out her high for an entire minute. I could feel my cock pulsing deep within her walls, the pressure building up too much and too quick before bursting out.

I cried out wordlessly and thrust my hips upward as my seed surged through my member and directly into my mother's waiting

womb. Shot after shot splashed inside, painting her insides white with cum, filling her up entirely. There was so much of it that it was flowing freely back out of her slit and leaking down my shaft where it added even more stickiness to the mess our sex was making. After a few more spurts, Cara finally collapsed on top of me, totally spent. It didn't help that we both ended up on the floor with absolutely no padding, but I'm sure sleep would find us quickly enough tonight anyway. I had plenty of experience falling asleep covered in jizz after all.

But now that the moment had passed, a thought hit me hard and fast like a truck to the face, causing me to freeze in fear. "Mom," I said quietly. "We need to get you some birth control pills tomorrow."

She laughed sleepily and kissed my cheek. "Way ahead of you." Then she snuggled her head further against my neck and relaxed on top of me. Despite my worry, exhaustion took me within a few minutes as well. I suppose it wasn't the worst way to end our date night.

There we were, my mother and I, sleeping on the bedroom floor in nothing more than what we came in wearing. But at least that was one problem solved. Now we wouldn't have to worry about condoms getting in the way. My dick twitched thinking of future adventures between us, without any worries of protection. That is until I drifted off.

It's kind of strange how things work sometimes... The truth was that I knew exactly what I wanted. All my life I had been trying to figure out what my goals were and where my happiness lay. I spent so much of my time being frustrated that my plans didn't seem to amount to anything, but in the end, when all seemed lost and everything had gone completely off the rails, it turned out that my dream wasn't as far out of reach as I thought. In fact, it was right here with me. In bed.

The truth was, all I wanted was love. Something I knew was missing from my life for a long time now. It was a feeling I didn't realize I needed until I met her, until we shared these intimate moments together. And now that we have it, I don't think anything will tear us apart. Especially not dad. If he decided to leave us, so be

it. His loss. If there was one thing that happened since that night that I wouldn't change, it was that.

It'd be worth it just to see him squirm.

I looked down at my mom's ass while I guided the tip of my cock into her entrance. My mother's pussy lips stretched taut, parting willingly. She took a sharp breath and shuddered as she felt me entering her depths. Once inside, she started to tremble harder. Her head sank deep into the covers as she tried to brace herself. I pushed deeper into her warm, wet sex, feeling her insides stretch around my length. Each inch I moved caused her to quiver even more. It felt like her tight entrance would snap shut on me. The thought of thrusting faster and making her orgasm excited me, but I fought the urge. The last thing I wanted was for this to be over quickly. The longer this lasted, the better the chances that she'd become addicted to my cock.

As I bottomed out inside of my mother, I heard a soft whimper escape her mouth. The poor woman was trying to keep quiet. After all, anyone who walked past our bedroom door might hear us. My mom was still in denial that she was enjoying being fucked by her son. But I knew how to play this game. As much as I wanted to force her to admit it, I didn't want to push it so far that she decided to stop. There would be time for her to figure this out, for me to make her see what we could have together. I pulled my hips back and watched my shaft reappear out of her stretched, clenching cunt. She wasn't going to say it, but she obviously was disappointed when I pulled almost completely out of her.

Mom groaned softly, burying her face in the comforter once more to stifle any other noises she made. It was difficult to resist fucking her faster after seeing how much she needed this. But I managed to keep from slamming back into her just yet. Slowly, I inched forward and sunk all the way into her tight pussy. She whined quietly with frustration at having to wait. This time I pushed myself to go a little faster than before, driving my cock deep into her depths, stretching her as much as I could. When I pulled back again, my mom tried to hold onto me by squeezing her walls around me. Her desperate attempt only made me want to tease her more. The third stroke in

was slow again, pushing her limits until I bottomed out inside of her again. This time Mom had enough and thrust her body back against me. Our bodies met with a loud smack and the bed rattled against the wall. Mom quickly looked over her shoulder at me with a panicked expression. The fear in her eyes was quickly replaced by pleasure when I continued rocking my hips back and forth while holding onto hers. My mom matched my rhythm and ground back against each thrust to fully sheathe my length inside of her. She lifted her hips a bit higher off the bed and moaned softly into the blankets. Each moan seemed louder than the last as I increased the force behind each thrust.

I looked up, away from mom, up towards the door. It was shut. We'd hear someone coming through it... right? And besides, everyone else would be in bed now—

My heart leapt into my throat at the sight of the half-open door. I knew we were alone before, but the reminder that anyone could open the door and walk in on us any second added another level of excitement and danger to our forbidden coupling. With that fear and thrill coursing through me, I slammed back into mom and held myself there, pressing my dick so deep into her womb she could hardly breathe. She shuddered beneath me, and then I pulled back and began pounding her with a frenzied vigor. As much as I wanted nothing more than to make love to her slowly and tenderly, the risk of getting caught like this had pushed me past my breaking point. Mom's whines grew louder the longer I pounded her into the mattress. I leaned down and whispered harshly, "Quiet, baby. Someone's going to hear us."

She nodded quickly but didn't seem able to control herself anymore. The more she struggled to hold back the moans coming out of her mouth, the louder they grew. My eyes drifted to the door again just as it creaked open and a man walked into view.

His eyes widened, and he took a step backward before pausing. I froze above my mom, buried balls deep inside her, unsure what to do next. After an awkward moment where nobody moved, the man closed the door quietly and took several steps in our direction until he came around the edge of the bed and looked down at mom.

Without saying anything, he began unfastening his pants as a bulge formed in his slacks. When his pants were pushed down, his erection sprang up. Mom opened her mouth to scream, and he plunged forward. A moment later, all of mom's screams had turned to gags as her lips were wrapped around this man's cock. While she serviced the new cock that had entered our room, I resumed my thrusts and pounded even harder into my beautiful mother, making sure she felt every inch of my dick inside her.

When we woke up after having spent almost all of Sunday naked in bed, things weren't quite as tense between the two of us. We took a shower together, and I did my best not to get distracted by the gorgeous figure of my mother as she soaped up and lathered shampoo in her hair. I failed, naturally, but the sight of her was burned into my mind already and I was getting to see it whenever I wanted, so it wasn't a complete waste of time. She insisted on blowjobs every morning now, even though she'd been the one who made up that rule in the first place. It made no sense, but I sure as hell wasn't complaining. The sex became as much part of our routine as getting up for breakfast or checking my school schedule.

We also began to spend more time at home together. With my father gone from our lives completely and without having found another man, Cara was more than happy to let me come back to live with her, despite how odd it might appear to anyone outside of our family. If anyone asked, she could always lie about a change of heart about my punishment for staying out late the other night. We agreed not to tell any friends or family that we were screwing each other silly behind closed doors. I thought it best that we keep that bit of information to ourselves, and she quickly agreed, which relieved me greatly since she had such a hard time keeping secrets from her best friends and sisters. If word got out, she likely would've crumbled under pressure and spilled her guts to whoever was asking.

After a couple days of cohabitation, we fell into a comfortable routine of taking turns doing various house chores, which had the added benefit of helping my mom's disposition. While not having much money still weighed heavily on her mind, it seemed having a

warm bed at night, and an eager young man waiting to have sex with her when she came home, made all the difference in the world. Her attitude was positively bright, as I hadn't seen since I was very young and I was beginning to suspect it wouldn't change for as long as I lived there.

It also didn't hurt that every night we both got off, sometimes twice, depending on our moods and energy levels. Cara began to be a little more daring, experimenting with oral sex here and there, but she refused to fuck me anywhere besides the bedroom... until the following week when I came home to find her naked on the dining room table waiting for me. She confessed later that afternoon that after getting home from work earlier than me, she had laid down some food and planned the whole thing out in her head. And by that, I mean she thought about being tied up and raped by her son on the table while she made lunch, something she confessed with deep red cheeks as I pounded into her ass for the first time.

We weren't just fucking, either, but spending quality time together as well. I'd come home from classes and cook dinner, making sure that everything was ready for her to relax when she arrived from work, including a glass of wine which she would quickly gulp down before taking her shower. Sometimes we did normal things, like watching movies and chatting about each others' days; sometimes we just fucked on the couch while watching porn on Netflix. In general, it was a pretty good deal, all things considered, even if I was keeping this massive secret from my family and friends.

One such day, a couple weeks after moving back home, I returned to find a letter from the school sitting on the front step addressed to my mom. It seemed simple enough; a regular envelope with her name in large letters that I knew couldn't be good news considering that all official correspondences had my dad's name on the top as the listed primary contact. A sense of dread filled me, knowing what this might be about, but hoping that maybe it wasn't too big of a problem, that my parents were still technically married...

As I walked into the kitchen where my mom was currently standing, a cold can of beer in her hand, my suspicions were

confirmed. Her eyes were watery and red, her skin pale, almost green in complexion. Even before she said anything, I knew: The divorce had been finalized and somehow, someway, it was all my fault.

"It's done," she whispered without looking at me. "They know. They have to." She wiped away at her eyes, took another drink of the beer, her hand shaking. "How could they not..."

I set my bags down by the door. Slowly, I moved to her side, wrapping her into my arms and holding her close. At first, she resisted me, pulling away and shrugging me off as if being held was too much for her to bear, but slowly, slowly she gave in, melting into me and crying into my chest.

The weight of it seemed to settle in for both of us and while we stood there together, tears rolled down her cheeks and soaked through my shirt.

Eventually, she regained control of herself, wiping the tears from her cheeks. She grabbed my hands, looked up at me with those piercing blue eyes that so often got her exactly what she wanted, even without words, and asked, "How do you think it'll change things between you and me?"

"There's really only two options here," I said. "Things don't work out—in which case, it'll probably be an awkward transition, but not necessarily a negative one. Or—things do go well..."

Mom gave a smile at this and her eyes flickered back to the letter. My hand went to her lower back, slowly rubbing it in slow circles.

"...and you get everything you could ever want."

As if all the breath were knocked out of her lungs, mom let out a sound that sounded like the beginning of a moan. Before I knew it, she had moved to meet me and pressed a kiss on my lips. She had done so many times before, usually brief little pecks on the cheek or temple whenever she would leave for work, but this time was different. This time, we connected for real. We held the kiss longer than any parent should ever kiss their kid. After about fifteen seconds, our mouths opened and my tongue made its way inside of hers.

As we parted, mom whispered something into my ear: "Okay."

Then came my name:

"Jared..." And then the unthinkable: "Fuck me."

It was an invitation, the green light to start a fire that neither one of us could contain. My breath caught and everything was moving so quickly; I had to guide my cock in between my mom's legs and into her warm folds, pressing myself forward. Mom's hands gripped the bedsheets as I penetrated her fully, gasping with how incredible she felt—god, mom was wet, soaking, slick and burning hot as her cunt stretched to take me, tight like nothing ever had been around me before. She groaned, buckled against me. Then all of the air seemed to rush out from my body as her pussy tightened around me. Her fingers curled and grasped into the sheets as she adjusted to having her son inside of her, his thick and massive member filling every inch of her hole and stirring up the sensations within her. It had been a long time since I fucked anyone, let alone someone as special and perfect as my own mother. A moan rose out of me just as she groaned, "Ohh... fuck—" and then I was already bucking into her with powerful strokes. My balls slapped hard against her clit with each thrust and the smack-smack-smacking sound of sex echoed through the room. She gasped, unable to breathe, barely able to hold herself up on the bed as I took her. The pleasure that rippled through my cock and through my entire body made me feel like I was going to explode any minute now, like every ounce of energy in my body would shoot through the tip of my dick and fill mom with my seed. Every time she clenched around me and sucked me in, it sent me over the edge—like, for example, right at this moment. Mom cried out: "Oh! Fuck! Jared!" as I bottomed out inside her again and my hands slipped and slid across her smooth ass, down to where my shaft was plunging into her again and again. She lifted one hand from the covers and shoved it between her legs, rubbing at her clit rapidly.

"Fuck," I hissed as the tightness of her wet walls brought me closer and closer to climax, and then, with a cry, I came—filling my own mother, filling her completely full of my warm jizz.

Her eyes shot open, her mouth ajar, panting wildly. In disbelief that she let her son cum inside of her. My cock throbbed as I pumped even more semen inside of her womb. I kept fucking her, grunting at the pleasure of releasing inside her and feeling some of my essence seep from our connection.

"Oh god... oh my god..." Mom shuddered, her pussy trembling and pulsating around my hardness. "Oh my fucking god..."

With one last thrust, I emptied every drop of myself inside of my mommy and then slowly pulled out. She was covered in sweat, the back of her thighs shimmering in the dim light of her hotel room. And between those thighs, leaking thick strands of my white semen from deep within her cunt.

Mom didn't move. Her arms were still stretched forward, her fingers curled into the bedspread like they were claws. Her breathing was shallow, quick, ragged. She was staring straight ahead, and I think that it took a long time before she started to notice everything again, and to see where we were, and what we'd just done.

"Holy fuck," I said, as I fell backward onto the bed and looked up at the ceiling. It was all so vivid in my mind. Like I could see flashes of each detail in my vision; mom's face against the bedspread, her pussy wet and ready for me, how I slid into her, my balls tightening as I came inside of her, spurting every drop of myself inside of her... marking her forever as mine. My eyes closed, and when they opened, mom was next to me, her shoulder pressed against mine, her breathing heavy, but controlled. The wine was forgotten, somewhere on the floor with her clothes and everything else. Her hand drifted over to my stomach, caressed the muscles there.

"You shouldn't have cum in me," she said. Her voice was rough.

"It felt too good," I said. My eyes focused on her breasts, round and full. "Besides... I've never seen you enjoy yourself like that."

She looked up at me and smiled. "And what made you think I wasn't enjoying myself?"

It took us both a minute to realize just what we had done together, and how impossible this would be between us. Mom was still lying beside me, and even now I don't know if she regretted anything that we'd done. In some ways, it felt like we were both just

pretending. Pretending that nothing really happened, that maybe it had been a dream or a movie we watched, not something real that involved our bodies.

My arm was around her, resting across her midsection, pulling her to me and cuddling her back into my chest. My palm was flat on her skin. I wanted to move, to caress her, to massage her breasts, but I resisted.

Mom let out a slow sigh. "Oh, Jared... we did do a lot tonight, didn't we..."

My heart lurched and sped up. But mom continued on, unaware of just how much my body ached for her touch—her permission to continue our forbidden incest. Her head rested over my shoulder, her blonde hair falling across the side of my face as she stared straight ahead. "Do you ever wonder," she breathed, her voice light and airy, "what you would be doing now, if I had never married your father?"

My heart twisted itself into knots. "I, uh... I'd probably be working in retail or something," I said, my voice strained.

Mom shifted against me. Her body was so warm and soft and it was sending all kinds of wrong, exciting things through me, but I didn't think I needed to say them—because they weren't really wrong to feel like that. Maybe there was nothing inherently right or wrong about any of this. There might only be us and the emotions between us, and if there weren't, then why else did the world seem to fall away, like we were just the last two people on Earth?

I swallowed, looking at my mother, seeing that faraway look in her eye. "I wish I could've had you growing up... and that we had spent more time together..."

Her ass moved back, rubbing itself on my cock.

And my mother breathed softly, her head still turned down towards the bed. "Me too," she said quietly.

I looked at her for a long second. Was she—she was. I felt the hot twinge from deep inside, the urge to claim her in the most basic way possible. My fingers were shaking; everything seemed to vibrate. Even my dick, hanging over the entrance to my mom's pussy, throbbed wildly, aching to fuck into her.

She knew. Somehow, even though she said nothing, even though she made no motion that signified it... I knew. That this moment was something else, beyond lovemaking, or lust. This was our promise, a commitment being formed in front of god, if he was watching.

So I took her.

Mom cried out, softly, as she was forced wide by the thickness of my cock as it pushed past her lips and filled the tight passage inside of her. It was hot and wet and it hugged my girth like we were meant to be together. And in every sense of the word, we were.

A deep groan escaped from my chest. The pleasure exploded, my brain whited-out. I had never felt anything like this before. Mom moaned loudly, shuddering around my cock, squeezing on it involuntarily, gripping me with a pulsing sensation that sucked on me with the power of her orgasm.

I could barely move. Mom was crying out, overwhelmed just as I was. Her cries were choked—she struggled to breathe with how good she felt, her toes clenching up as the ecstasy wracked through her body, forcing her pussy to hold tight onto me.

"Holy shit," I groaned. My hands grabbed onto her hips and I fucked forward hard. She gasped. I drew back and then slid all the way in, her whole body rocking, tits swinging. With each motion her voice grew louder. I thrust deeper, faster, pounding my hips against her ass and watching her cheeks shake every time I slammed into her. Her legs began to buckle until finally they gave out and she collapsed to the bed.

Mom lay beneath me, her hips raised only by the support of my hands and by her willpower alone. She sobbed with delight as I continued to fuck her with the desperation of a virgin, or a man possessed. I drove into her so fiercely that I could almost hear the slosh of the cum building inside me. Her pussy squeezed me tighter with every thrust, begging me to fill her. My fingers tightened their grip on her soft body. I'd give her what she wanted.

Mom turned her head and looked back at me. Through tears and the mess of her makeup, she gazed up with pure adoration and devotion in her eyes. "Cum inside me baby... fill me—"

I gave an animal snarl of hunger and desire, my mind overloaded, my senses whiting out completely. With a few last violent thrusts, I finally burst deep inside her. I collapsed on top of her, wrapping my arms around her shoulders. I panted and shuddered and slowly pulled free, leaving a slow trail of my semen spilling down her thigh. Mom didn't move from under me, too weak and exhausted. She moaned softly as she felt me slide from her. It was enough to make me feel that there was at least one part of me that still hadn't finished. As she rolled onto her back, her beautiful body glistened with sweat, flushed with pleasure. I mounted her again, this time taking her legs and hooking them behind me to push myself deeper inside her. I grabbed her hips again, but instead of holding her firmly in place, I began to pull her toward me to drive my cock even further. A soft gasp escaped mom's mouth as she looked up at me and wrapped her arms around my shoulders. She was mine. No more arguments about this being wrong or crazy. From that moment on, Cara would be my lover and belong to me. Nothing else mattered anymore. All of the jealousy I had felt before about her other boyfriends seemed petty. This was the woman I needed, who loved me with all her heart and who accepted me unconditionally for everything that I was and ever could be. She had given everything to me when she had birthed me, and now she was giving her entire self to me, both body and soul. My life felt like it had meaning now. The whole world made sense.

For a few moments, all we could do was catch our breaths, gasping for air in total silence. Mom finally lifted herself up and kissed me with as much passion as before. Now that I had truly claimed her, our relationship had deepened, solidified into something beautiful, pure, and primal. Our souls were forever linked. We belonged to each other now, and that wouldn't change until the end of time. The love we shared was beyond anything that anyone could have expected. It didn't matter anymore that we were mother and son; our hearts were beating as one, as we had found paradise with each other.

Our kiss continued for a few more minutes, but this time without any sexual tension. There was nothing stopping us now. Even as my

cock softened inside of her, Cara kept kissing me, running her hands through my hair. Eventually, we fell into a restful sleep in each other's arms, satisfied and happy.

***

The sun pierced through the window. The white light illuminated the hotel room and slowly awakened me from the best night of sleep I had ever gotten. For a minute, I didn't open my eyes. It was peaceful to simply listen to the sound of someone breathing next to me. There was a weight beside me, warm and comforting, pressing against me. My body began to stir; my hand moved from behind my head where it had been resting and stroked my erection. In an instant, memories flooded back to me and my eyes popped open. My mother's face was only inches from mine. Her naked chest rose and fell with each breath; the sheet had been pushed down during the night, past her stomach and draped lightly over her crotch.

It looked like she'd left some for me.

Careful not to wake her, I gently pushed away the sheet that barely covered mom's sex. A small line of dark, damp hair trailed downward from her navel, growing thicker as it disappeared between her thighs. Using two fingers, I spread her legs open and was rewarded with a clear view of the wet opening that I had filled only hours earlier. The skin was flushed and puffy, a slight bit of redness remained at the edges where we'd come together several times. Still asleep, mom shifted a little, moving herself onto her back and causing her legs to splay open even more. Unconsciously, she brought her hand up to her neck and rested it there, pulling my eyes back to her beautiful tits. While I rubbed the aching head of my dick between her swollen outer lips, I teased her hard nipples with my other hand. My palm grazed across her breasts and cupped them, pushing them upwards as if offering them to me. With the tip of my tongue, I licked her tight nipples one at a time and continued to move my dick around her pussy, spreading her slippery juices all over my shaft.

When I couldn't take anymore, I held my cock firm and pressed the tip into her, slowly parting the pink flesh as I buried myself inside her warm body. Mom stirred a little and gave a soft moan that caused me to pause until she became quiet again. It took all my willpower not to fuck her into next Tuesday, but I had to go slow for a while. There was no telling when she might wake up and find out that I had defiled her yet again. Once I was buried completely in her pussy, I started to pull back out, inch by inch. The pressure from the head of my dick pulling back on her sensitive opening caused another moan to escape her lips, but still she did not wake up.

After repeating this twice, I stopped moving altogether and stared at her lovely face. When she didn't budge, I carefully let go of her tits and leaned over, bringing my mouth down to hers. We'd shared many deep kisses already, but none seemed quite as passionate as the way our tongues twisted and probed each other's mouths. I felt like mom might wake up at any second, or maybe she was awake already and trying to trick me into thinking that she was still asleep. As I continued to kiss her softly, she began to move her hips gently against me, forcing my dick just a bit deeper and then shallowly withdrawing it. She was moaning more frequently now, almost as if she were talking in her sleep, whispering to me. As much as I loved kissing her, I needed to move again so I sat up once more and resumed the slow in and out motion of my cock in her hot little cunt.

The wet noises coming from below caused me to realize that she must have been dripping wet by now, so I slowed again and looked down between our legs. In the dim light shining through the doorway from the kitchen, I could see the glimmer of pussy juice leaking from around my shaft onto my balls, some of it also running down the insides of mom's thighs. Her ass was amazing! I couldn't help but grab those round globes in my hands again and dig my nails into her delicate flesh as I sped up slightly. She was rocking back more insistently on me now, driving the tempo as we fucked. When I spread her cheeks apart I saw that she was still clutching my dildo tightly inside her tiny rosebud, but the vibrations caused by us

rocking the bed were apparently keeping it stimulating her enough that she would not wake.

Mom's moaning became even louder. "Fuck me," she kept saying, only half conscious that she was really having sex with her own son. "Harder, harder, baby. Oh yes... Fuck your horny mommy like a good boy..." The words were making me delirious and I began slamming my cock deep into her, burying myself all the way up to my balls and grinding against her hard, as if I were trying to break something open inside of her. I suddenly pulled out all the way and lifted off of my mother so that I could get another look at her body before she woke.

As I moved, mom fell flat on the mattress, her chest heaving and her body twitching ever-so-slightly as she continued sleeping through my fucking. I was mesmerized by the sight of her gorgeous pale skin contrasting with the tanned bronze color of her back and butt cheeks, especially the dark lines where the sun hadn't quite made its way through the seams of her bathing suit over the summer. Her body seemed to be glowing in the light from the kitchen that peeked beneath the door frame as if inviting me to explore more of her forbidden flesh. As I spread her legs further apart, mom slowly rolled over onto her back and threw both arms straight above her head as if offering herself to me completely. I didn't hesitate. In a second I had climbed aboard my mother's hot young body again and resumed driving my cock inside of her hot cunt. Now I could reach down and fondle mom's breasts as she moaned out loud each time I pumped into her. After getting a taste of that sweet, soft skin I bent lower to taste more of her body as I suckled my mother's breasts until they grew stiff and sensitive on my tongue. Her nipples looked so tasty as they poked out between my teeth while I bit down playfully on each one in turn. It seemed like every inch of mom's smooth white skin smelled faintly of suntan lotion...

But there was another scent coming off her body. The intoxicating smell of her own arousal combined with my pre-cum oozing steadily from the tip of my hard dick and now seeping out of her swollen cunt every time our hips smacked together to make an

incredible lusty aroma that wafted up into my nostrils and stoked the fires of my lust even more. Mom reached for her cell phone and tapped a button to see the time. "It's midnight already!" She whispered excitedly. "This is the best birthday present ever!"

The excitement in mom's voice made me feel a pang of guilt about the secret fantasy I've been harboring all these years, but her words also sparked something else inside me: a strange possessiveness over mom's sexuality.

"Did he get you off?" I asked breathlessly, slowing my pace down to a leisurely rhythm now that it seemed we weren't in a hurry anymore.

Mom blushed, obviously feeling embarrassed talking to me about something so intimate like this, but eventually answered with a little nod.

"Good," I grunted, picking up the pace again now that the initial shock of my mother talking so openly about fucking dad had worn off. "I want him to fuck you good tonight—and after we do this again, I'm gonna fuck you until you come so much your legs are shaking." I leaned down and nipped at my mother's earlobe for emphasis. "How's that sound?"

The moan mom gave was definitely one of agreement, her body wriggling back against mine.

My cock pulsed hotly inside of mom's tight body, my eyes rolling back as she moved her hips to take me deeper. Fuck... we really needed to stop doing this if we wanted her and dad to actually work things out, but all I could think about at that moment was cumming deep inside mom's tight cunt. If dad hadn't knocked her up already, then chances were it probably wouldn't even happen.

Still... I should stop. But I didn't want to. And as I thrust over and over again into my mother's slippery wetness, she moaned with pleasure and rocked back against me just as greedily.

Fuck.

My cock spasmed with pre-orgasmic bliss as it bottomed out inside mom, and I groaned and gripped the edge of her desk to keep from collapsing on top of her right then and there. I knew I had to finish before my dad got back or else I'd definitely get caught

in such an embarrassing position, but mom felt so fucking good wrapped tightly around my cock that I barely held off at all!

As soon as I started rocking my hips back and forth into mom's tight cunt, mom began moaning like a bitch in heat, crying out loud enough that anyone walking past would have heard us through the door even without the key—if she kept this up, we were totally going to be caught.

"Shh!" I whispered urgently, leaning over and pressing my hand against her mouth. "Be quiet, mom..."

I tried to pull my hand away, but mom latched onto it and began sucking my fingers instead, her cheeks hollowing with every suck.

Fuck. My cock pulsed hotly inside of mom again. Every time I moved inside of her, it was like the pleasure intensified with each thrust, her hot, velvety folds wrapping around me and refusing to let go until we came together. She felt so amazing... I could spend days like this if mom didn't have things to do other than get fucked by her son.

If I spent any more time thinking about it, then I would probably hesitate and pull back—and even though I knew it was wrong, even though I knew it would put us both in a world of trouble if someone found out what we were doing right now, I was too horny, too excited, and way too deep into my lustful thoughts that it just didn't matter anymore.

Mom gave a small noise of alarm as I shifted inside of her, but quickly it became something else—she groaned into my hand, her tongue slurping against my knuckles as I drove deeper, forcing my dick deeper into her throat with every hard thrust. My balls were smacking against her chin—fuck, she felt so good! All tight and wet and squeezing around me, massaging my dick with the power of her throat. It felt like I was getting closer every second—my balls were practically vibrating at this point.

"That's it," I groaned, "I'm going to cum right down your throat —" I leaned over my mother, grabbing a fistful of her hair as I forced her face-down onto my cock. Her nose mashed against my pelvis, eyes watering, while I grunted with the effort, my legs spreading slightly as I finally hit my peak...!

"Fuck—!" I roared, driving my cock balls-deep inside her mouth as my balls pulsed and tightened, shooting thick jets of white hot seed straight down my mother's throat. She choked slightly in surprise, tears rolling down her face as I fucked her mouth and used it for my own pleasure—and yet there was nothing she could do to resist the waves of pleasure that kept shooting through me. Again and again she gulped down my cum until I was completely satisfied, my dick giving one final twitch before I pulled it out of her mouth with an audible pop. Mom gasped, sputtering as she wiped away the spit and drool leaking from her lips and drizzling onto her shirt...

I took my time, exploring her ass and legs, feeling her skin. My hands rose and explored up her back, then drifted forward. To her sides. She trembled under the softness of my touch, her body stirring like this was all new to her.

It was. It should've been. Because we weren't supposed to do this. But fuck, the rules didn't apply to us, not anymore. And if mom wanted someone who had money... then I would fucking have money. Dad had started his fortune because of mom. Mom's love. Mom's kindness. And I would too. This woman needed someone who wouldn't treat her like shit. A man. Someone strong, like dad. And even if I wasn't my dad... even if I was weaker than him... I wanted to be my own person. I wanted to do things myself. I wanted to take care of the people who I loved.

Starting with my mother.

So she would be mine. She'd belong to me, forever. She'd be in charge of whatever else made us happy. I just... had to fill her. Had to make sure that this happened... and there would be no going back. My hand went back over her stomach, her breasts heaving underneath.

"Jared—oh—" My mom gasped as the head of my cock pressed against her pussy. "What are you..."

It was hot, almost scalding. The tightness of her flesh resisted slightly as I started to penetrate. Mom seemed shocked, as if she couldn't believe that something was pushing itself into her, a part of her own son, the child that she raised all by herself. We both gasped at the same time, as my cock pushed deeper and stretched her. It

was like a furnace. It was so fucking insanely hot, and slippery inside of her too. It only took one slow stroke for me to push myself all the way to the base of my shaft. My hips were pressed into her ass, my cock buried fully inside of her, my balls pressing up against her clit while mom breathed heavily, moaning and groaning and shaking.

Her knuckles were white, clenched as they were against the bedspread, but she didn't resist me. My mom's entire body shuddered with desire. I drew back, my cock pulling from inside of her until just the very tip of it stayed inside of her. Then I grabbed her, held onto her hard, and shoved back in, forcing mom to gasp and yelp—I was already starting to fuck her, and mom loved it, she could barely manage her breath. Her pussy tightened on me. My cock plunged deep, all the way to the hilt, over and over again. Mom cried out with each thrust, with each forceful plunge back into her, like she had no idea how to control herself anymore. Every bit of resistance was gone.

She was giving herself to me.

But that wasn't enough for what I needed. And she wasn't screaming either.

That would have to change. I leaned forward and reached around, my chest coming to rest on her back, bringing me so close, so intimate, my chin resting on her shoulder, breathing into her ear as I continued to drive into her. My hand moved across the pale white skin of her belly, across her ribcage, up through the valley between her breasts, to her collar.

It came to rest over her throat.

"Say it," I gasped into her ear. I rocked, just slightly, a slow undulation of our bodies against each other. My hand tightened on her throat. I squeezed lightly. Just enough. "Say that you're mine."

My mother moaned softly as I squeezed again. She trembled under me. "Yes..." she murmured.

Not good enough. "Say it," I repeated, fiercer this time. "Say who owns you."

"Yes..." Mom breathed.

Fuck, so damn close. Her pussy was leaking like crazy, practically dripping onto the bedspread. She wanted to be mine. I had never

been this hard before in my entire life. "Say who owns you, or I won't fuck you."

"I-I—I—" She started, and then took a deep breath to try again. "Jared... please..."

But there was something about it. Even when she stuttered my name, there wasn't enough force behind it. Enough commitment.

Just enough uncertainty.

That meant one thing: Mom hadn't completely made up her mind. If I was going to mark her for good, then I needed her to commit fully—there was no room for doubt. And she couldn't know that what I really wanted was permanent; this was about convincing her, about getting her to trust me—I wouldn't let go once I had ahold of her. So if I gave her any opportunity to think too hard, to doubt my intentions, that could ruin everything. No more thinking, no more hesitating—what we were doing was insane and stupid and completely dangerous. There was no other way to make her understand but through action.

With a burst of confidence I pressed forward, slowly forcing myself into her. I gripped her waist, tightly, and pulled her back on my cock. She cried out as I penetrated her, filling her. Her cunt clung to me, resisting only for a moment before the flood of wetness overcame the tension, and then I was seated deep inside. Mom was shuddering around me, moaning as I claimed her with my body, pressing her into the sheets while I sank myself in deeper. I grunted as her wet warmth enveloped me, clinging to me and caressing my rigid length, drawing me inside where I knew she was mine. I drew my hips back, almost entirely, my eyes drawn to the sight of her beautiful, perfect body before me. The shape of her ass, curving away from me, leading to her slim waist, her broad hips, it was all like some perfect fantasy brought to life, and the thought of what we were doing only made me feel that much more excited, even as I knew just how risky what we were doing actually was. Mom shifted under me, her own hips starting to writhe slightly, pushing back against me and showing me that she was eager for more... but this wasn't a simple fuck. This would be my first time, with mom, my first time inside of a woman and my first chance to mark her with my

seed, claim her for me... show her just what kind of man I would be to her, and she to me. I could already tell just from how tight her pussy clung to me that there was nothing I wouldn't do for this woman. She was everything to me, now. That made me nervous... but excited, too. And it was that excitement that drove me to take a step forward, pushing my hips towards her until I'd hilted again. The noise she made when I reentered her was a high-pitched squeal that went straight through me, and it almost broke down the last of my willpower. I felt my cock pulse in her depths, as though responding to the sound of her voice... god, she was everything. The heat of her pussy, her moans of delight, her beautiful face and sexy body... all of it was mine now, and I didn't intend to share.

She belonged to me, now... but there were ways to ensure that it stayed that way, to show her how serious I was. With that in mind, I reached around her with my left hand, slipping it across the pale flesh of her abdomen before cupping her breast firmly in my grasp and giving it a squeeze. It felt amazingly soft in my hand, and so firm and warm... she let out another whimper when I touched her, my fingers finding their way to her nipple and tracing slow circles around it before gripping the hard nub and twisting lightly. Her entire body responded to that; her thighs clenched around my cock while I saw her shoulders lift slightly, lifting her face out of the bed for a moment as she hissed through her teeth at the sensation. It only took a few seconds for her to relax once more, though I noticed a slight shakiness to her limbs and the way she had held the covers after that little shock ran through her.

Her response left me more than a little satisfied. She'd been married for years and she reacted like that when I pinched her tits? This is exactly what I wanted—my own mother, moaning and shuddering in pleasure just from me touching her. Fuck dad, and fuck those other assholes that have used her in the past. I wasn't going to fall into their same mistakes, because this was far more important than any petty competition they could have tried to force. Mom deserved to feel good, and I deserved to see her enjoying it.

I began moving again, pulling back until only the head of my cock remained buried inside of her slick entrance before plunging

forward quickly, sinking into her depths with a sharp grunt of exertion. Mom shuddered against me at that, though she didn't move beyond the slow, gentle rocking motion of her body as I thrust myself forward repeatedly. My hips pressed tightly against the back of her thighs with each powerful movement, forcing my cock deeper and deeper into her welcoming folds, and filling the room with the steady, rhythmic smack of flesh upon flesh as we made love. In the back of my mind I thought to go slowly, to take things gently with her on her first time with me, but all thoughts of being careful and caring had gone out the window as soon as I slid into her wet snatch; no, after so long waiting for this chance I couldn't keep myself restrained any longer—this wasn't about a nice evening under candlelight with some wine and soft music playing. No, this was my moment with my beautiful mother and I was going to claim her fully, right here and now.

"Nnngh! Oh god, honey... you're so big," Mom groaned between heavy breaths, arching her back even further while grinding herself against the bedspread. "It's so much... don't stop! Fuck me harder..."

As I fucked my gorgeous mother from behind, pressing her face into the mattress with every heavy thrust, I felt like she was mine. That everything that had happened in her life, every bad guy that had used her, had built up to this: me. Making sure she knew that I was the one who she belonged to. My mom's ass bounced off of my crotch with a series of claps that echoed through the room as I picked up the pace of my furious assault on her body. Her juicy cunt squeezed and sucked at my length with each thrust, making my knees weak and causing my hips to stutter slightly when the feeling of intense pleasure coursed up my spine, but I grit my teeth and kept fucking my mom harder than she had ever been taken before. Every inch of my dick plunged into the tight, slippery walls of her pussy and made it that much more difficult to hold back an orgasm that seemed to grow nearer with every passing moment. I didn't want it to end just yet—I still hadn't cum inside of her like I intended to do—but as she began to rock back against my crotch even more violently, our flesh loudly slapping together as she met each one of

my deep plunges, I knew there was no hope of prolonging the experience.

A thin sheen of sweat was beginning to form on my forehead and down the center of my chest, but I still moved faster and faster, unable to stop myself even if I tried. "Fuckkkk, baby," my mom panted, lifting herself onto her forearms while turning back to look at me. Her eyes were unfocused, like her brain was barely conscious, completely overwhelmed with pure animal lust as I hammered my dick in and out of her sopping wet hole. I let out a growl that seemed to catch us both by surprise and dug my fingers tightly into her waist to steady her and to keep her from escaping when I fucked her with even more intensity than before, causing her head to fall forward once again while her moans were muffled by the blanket. Her body shuddered violently every few seconds as waves of orgasms passed over her and left her in a state of bliss so deep she was struggling to breathe properly. When she started coming down, though, her whimpers got louder and more urgent and she reached back and tried to push my cock out of her pussy. The tightness around my shaft increased tenfold and nearly brought me to climax as my mother attempted to wiggle free from my grip; apparently she couldn't take any more fucking without taking a short break first to rest, but I wasn't ready to quit yet.

"I'm going to cum soon," I announced in a low voice, continuing to pump my rigid meat into her tight hole. "And when I do, you're gonna swallow all of it." She gave a moan of fear in response but remained slumped over onto the bed where I had bent her over for my pleasure. Even though we both knew there was no point resisting any longer, her arms still pushed weakly behind her against my abs while I kept filling her pussy over and over again, stretching it wider than anything had ever gone before. I felt her entire body quake beneath me as I picked up the tempo once again and made sure she took every inch until the feeling became too much. A tingle formed inside my ballsack and began traveling down the length of my shaft straight towards its target: Mom's womb, which waited patiently to receive my seed just as she'd promised me it would moments ago. The only question remaining was whether I'd manage

to make it happen before passing out from pure ecstasy... or if mom would beat me to the punch by giving in and letting herself become completely unhinged underneath me again.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna nut," I grunted as the pressure grew stronger within me. My hands squeezed tighter around her waist; I wanted desperately to hold back just long enough so that she could experience what I felt next alongside me instead of merely watching helplessly from below—and eventually she succumbed. Just as the orgasm erupted in her body, Mom finally allowed herself to surrender fully and submitted completely to my lustful desires. I felt her fingers claw against my skin as I pummeled her pussy relentlessly and emptied my heavy balls directly into her fertile womb.

Afterward, we collapsed together on top of the comforter—my cock still buried inside her folds as far as it would go—and caught our breath slowly together in silence until both our hearts stopped racing and our breathing became more steady again. I lay against her soft back and wrapped one arm protectively over her while the other clutched at her heavy tits possessively; my fingers massaging them gently while she moaned softly under her breath until finally I fell asleep like that beside her still joined with her body where it seemed we belonged most naturally together.

The thought comforted me enough that it pulled me deep into dreams right away...

My mind slipped off to a place between reality and fantasy, somewhere far away from here where there was only peace and happiness waiting for me...

But when I opened my eyes again an eternity later (or so it felt), I realized that this wasn't the case. Something had happened during those brief slumbering moments. Something awful—something horrible... something devastatingly cruel.

A familiar smell wafted into my nostrils causing me to sit bolt upright and instantly awake with fear coursing through my veins. The scent grew stronger around me as its source registered in my mind and panic overwhelmed all sense of reason: My mother's perfume! Her presence lingered just outside of sight; every second

spent without catching her left me vulnerable until finally my eyes focused enough to locate the empty bottle near where she had been sitting earlier this morning before things got too intense. Now she's nowhere in sight. But why? Was it possible that someone else has arrived? No, that shouldn't be possible unless someone broke into our house somehow... perhaps Cara simply decided to leave us alone after getting what she needed? If so, why didn't she leave any sort of message behind? These thoughts and more raced through my brain as I stumbled groggily back towards consciousness...

"Mom?" I croaked out weakly from beneath layers upon layers of sheets and pillows piled high upon our bed. When no answer came, I crawled further up onto all fours and peered blearily around the room in search of her beautiful face... nothing. My vision blurred together blurrily; everything became little blobs within bigger blobs that moved around in random patterns across whatever object occupied their field of vision—it took several seconds for my eyesight finally adjust enough so as not feel nauseous whenever one glanced up at anything higher than five inches off the floor. This did little though because now instead there were strange noises echoing throughout our entire house. At first these sounded like muffled voices mixed between music being played over top some background noise like static yet gradually they coalesced together into individual sounds...words formed themselves until they made complete sentences capable of being understood! However still none spoke directly about whom they belonged though occasionally some would refer to them both as "mother". Eventually though eventually two particular voices caught my attention:

"You're doing great! Keep going!" Yelled one excitedly followed by another answering him back in kind: "Of course daddy! Anything for you!" Then as quickly as they'd started talking, suddenly everything stopped completely quiet again almost exactly like nothing ever happened at all save for one last comment uttered softly under her breath which could barely be heard by even the keenest ears, "It's just us now..."

These words sent shivers down my spine despite knowing full well who they probably meant however nevertheless couldn't help

feeling uneasy about what might come next...after all, isn't that why parents give warnings when something bad happens? To protect their children? If so then maybe we should prepare ourselves for anything ahead since who knows what could possibly await us during such uncertain times especially considering how difficult life is right now especially given recent events. So long ago, a young boy discovered he wasn't related to anyone he thought was actually family members turned out instead belonged solely to himself! How did he figure this out? By overhearing conversations between adults discussing his situation along with learning various pieces about each other which eventually led back home where things eventually came together making sense somehow or other though ultimately resulting only confusion. Still though despite whatever hardships lay before him still determined continue forward regardless whether wanted it too didn't matter anymore either way now since regardless whether wanted anything anymore mattered anymore too anymore too anymore anymore...anymore anyhow. Because there simply wasn't any choice left now because all options available had disappeared leaving only one single chance remaining: fight back against insanity itself. And win.

So while mother went out searching elsewhere, father remained behind looking after our daughter keeping watch over her while waiting patiently hoping for someone else come save us both...while waiting patiently waiting patiently waiting patiently waiting patiently waiting patiently ...still alone. Waiting patiently hoping against hope. Hoping against hope waiting patiently waiting patiently hoping against hope...waiting patiently....hoping against hope....waiting patiently....hoping against hope.....HOPING AGAINST HOPE!!!!!

And finally when everyone else abandoned them, they ended up being left behind by themselves too together with nothing but their own thoughts plaguing their minds tormenting them causing more stress than relief because despite how good things were supposed go nobody knew for sure what was really going on anyway because nobody cared enough to tell anybody else except maybe occasionally share rumors spreading stories amongst themselves passing secrets around amongst friends sharing knowledge amongst those willing

listen carefully listening attentively listening carefully listening closely listening intently paying attention fully intent upon hearing every little word uttered within earshot eager learn everything possible from everyone possible while simultaneously ignoring everybody else completely ignorant ignorant idiots ignorant jerks ignorant fools ignorant dumbasses ignorant assholes ignorant dicks ignorant morons ignorant dickheads ignorant dipshits ignorant cunts ignorant cunts ignorant dumbshits ignorant dumbasses ignorant jackass jerks ignorant fuckers ignorant dickless shitbags ignorant assfuckers ignorant cocksuckers ignorant bitches ignorant pussies ignorant twats ignorant dumbfuckers ignorant cockmunchers ignorant douchebags ignorant fuckshits ignorant turds ignorant dipsticks ignorant dipshit cunts ignorant pussy lickers ignorant pussy licker shitbag motherfuckers ignorant motherfucking fuckwads ignorant fucking fuckers ignorant dickweasels ignorant balllickers ignorant nutjobs ignorant prickwhores ignorant peckerwoods ignorant cum guzzlers ignorant jizz junkies ignorant dick-gobblers ignorant assclowns ignorant knob suckers ignorant bollock bunglers ignorant ball sweat sniffers ignorant twatwaffles ignorant cockholsters ignorant ballslappers ignorant twatlovers ignorant twat ticklers ignorant scrotum slappers ignorant nutsack wallopers ignorant scrotum ticklers ignorant bollock bashers ignorant testicle smackers ignorant dicklicks ignorant nut fondlers ignorant ball fluffers ignorant twat whifters ignorant quim sniffers ignorant chuff munchers ignorant taco ticklers ignorant beaver ticklers ignorant pussy snozzlers ignorant clit kissers ignorant muff fluffers ignorant cooch nibblers ignorant gash gnawers ignorant snatch tonguers ignorant yonker chokers ignorant dong chasers ignorant wang hounds ignorant willy ticklers ignorant penis petters ignorant knob strokers ignorant shlong fiddlers ignorant schlong strummers ignorant dong dancers ignorant weenie jigglers ignorant dong fluffers ignorant dick nibblers ignorant wanger lappers ignorant crank tuners ignorant john thumpers ignorant knob drummers ignorant knob bonkers ignorant pole poppers ignorant dong dabblers ignorant rod rollers ignorant sausage pleasers ignorant knob kissers ignorant knob tweakers ignorant willy ticklers ignorant trouser snakes ignorant schlong

strummers ignorant tackle tuggers ignorant schlong fiddlers ignorant tool fiddlersIt was a thought that sent my mind into oblivion. My hips moved on their own, my thrusts hard and deep, sending Mom into the mattress, her breasts crushed beneath her chest, her cries muffled by the sheets. She was helpless to resist my raw desire for her, her pussy growing wetter with every pump of my cock, the wet noise of sex filling the room.

"I'm going to fucking cum inside you," I moaned, "And claim you."

She didn't answer, and it wouldn't matter if she did. I wanted her anyway. It just wasn't time, yet. Not just yet.

Instead, I bent over, reaching under her arm, lifting her with my strength from the mattress. My mother gasped, startled and surprised as she lifted onto her elbows, but also excited. My hand grasped her heavy breasts as they hung, her nipples rolling between my fingers while my other hand went down low, finding her clit, rubbing it in little circles. Mom's eyes shut tight and she moaned like mad; this was an experience I never thought we'd share together and it showed. Her whole body trembled and she shook and jerked herself to orgasm so fast it made me chuckle.

"You love your son, don't you?" I murmured into her ear.

The only reply was another groan as she shuddered on top of me.

But something was happening between us, and it wasn't just sex.

It was transcending.

"Mom... tell me you love your son..." I grunted, my voice ragged with exertion. My muscles strained and ached and I kept thrusting hard and fast into my mom's depths. "Tell me you don't care that this is wrong...!"

Mom didn't respond at first. Her lips were tight as she sucked in breath after ragged breath. And then, with a sigh that shook us both down to our cores, she did answer: "I love my son... fuck, I can't believe it, but I love him... I've loved him for so long now and he doesn't even know it...!"

With that out of the way, I knew there was no going back from here. All that we'd built up had lead to this. I let my cock sink deep

inside of my mom's pussy, and her warmth wrapped around me, drawing me into her body like an embrace. Mom cried out softly, a desperate sound escaping her lips, as though she too realized what we had just done; the boundaries crossed, the bridges burned.

In that moment, we had transcended everything. I'd finally claimed my mother.

The fact that she was my mom didn't matter anymore. Our blood connection was meaningless in the face of how strongly I felt about her. The passion I had for her far exceeded what most other men felt for their mothers, and she had proven she felt the same about me. The intensity of the love we felt for each other had been so strong, in fact, that I couldn't stop myself. We were two halves of one whole, and I needed to show her this. The fire burning within my loins threatened to overwhelm me as I slowly began to increase my pace, thrusting harder and harder inside of her beautiful cunt as I held her hips. Mom pushed her ass back towards me, desperate for more, and so I sped up even further. I wanted nothing else but to claim her as mine fully, to fill her with my seed. Every part of me craved her and only her, and my desire for her became insatiable as she surrendered herself to me, begging me for more.

"Does that feel good, Mom?" I growled under my breath, gripping her tightly as I fucked her from behind, filling her over and over with every inch of my massive shaft.

"Oh god, yes!" she moaned desperately, pushing her ass back against me.

"Good," I grunted, "Because this is what you're meant for. You're meant for me, do you understand that? All along you've been my property."

My mother was moaning loudly now, nodding quickly at my words. Her fingers clenched tight around the bed sheets as my hands roamed all over her beautiful body. There was nothing that was going to stop me now; I was close to cumming and knew I was about to fill her cunt with every drop of my seed.

My mother moaned as she took my cock deep inside of her again. My balls slapped against her ass while I worked myself to orgasm, bringing her right there with me. We were fucking so

intensely now that mom was practically screaming my name at the top of her lungs, urging me to go harder and deeper, just like before.

The thought of that drove me crazy, knowing that soon enough my mom's pussy would be flooded with my cum. With that thought fresh in my mind, I gave one final thrust, pushing every inch of my cock into her body, before letting it go completely and feeling myself release. It started as a wave, a pulse of heat that traveled across me, up from my legs to my chest, and finally ending in the tip of my dick. Suddenly, my cock began spurting its load, sending rope after rope of thick cream inside my mom's tight little hole. The intensity of it was overwhelming, but I couldn't bring myself to do anything except groan out her name while I filled her with everything I had. My legs shook and twitched, but somehow I managed to remain standing without collapsing. All throughout the ordeal, my hands held tightly onto her hips.

I didn't say anything.

I wasn't going to give mom a chance to think this through.

The next thing I knew, the head of my cock pushed up against mom's slick opening. She gasped loudly when she felt it pressing hard against her hole, begging to be let in.

Her voice was weak and breathless; "What are you doing—"

I cut her off before she could finish the question. "Exactly what we should have done since the beginning," I replied. My dick felt hard enough to fuck through an entire city.

"Fuck," mom moaned, unable to keep her body from reacting to the feel of my shaft pushing insistently at her entrance. I slid my hands over her shapely ass and around to cup her large, swaying tits, rolling and squeezing her nipples with my fingers. Mom cried out softly, burying her head in the pillow, but I could still hear her moans of pleasure clearly. "Mmm.. Ohh.. Jared... We shouldn't be doing this..."

She didn't sound like she meant it. She sounded more like she thought it was something we were supposed to say when in the middle of having sex with each other. A kind of taboo dirty talk.

She didn't sound like she expected it would matter after we fucked anyway.

That was the moment I finally decided to stop listening to her pleas. And start listening to my body, which was begging me to claim her fully.

With one solid thrust, my hips moved forward and sank every thick inch of my cock deep inside of her tight cunt, ripping through the barrier and tearing right into the deepest part of her pussy. In that instant, I could feel every inch of her walls gripping onto me tightly as her fingers clawed at the bed sheets.

I couldn't believe what I had done. The fact that I came into her without so much as asking. Without protection, nothing to keep me from getting her pregnant. And yet I knew it had to be like this. It was the only way. She was going to need to be completely owned by me... no one else would ever take her from me once we fucked. There wouldn't be a man in the world who'd stand a chance after I put a baby in her, filled her with cum to remind her constantly that she was mine forever.

As much as I loved mom, it was hard to hold back after finally losing myself completely, submitting to the animal lust I'd been harboring for so long. I started pounding her pussy ruthlessly, feeling every bit of my cock slamming inside of her with reckless abandon, and still unable to feel satiated. The way she tightened around my dick with every thrust only made things harder for me, driving me mad with pleasure while her loud screams filled my ears, but I wasn't done with her, not after what just happened. My hands held on to mom's voluptuous body tightly, holding onto her hips and forcing her to push her ass up against me with all her strength. I wanted her to know I could take her at any time if I wished so, no matter how much she struggled against me, and the sheer knowledge of such control over my own mother was enough to send a chill down my spine.

Without even bothering to slow down or take it easy, I forced mom into lifting her ass higher than before, pulling down with both hands. In response, mom turned her head back at me and our eyes locked for a brief moment. It didn't take long before she threw herself onto the mattress once more, resting her face on the soft fabric of the sheets.

I spanked her as hard as I could, my hand crashing against her flesh with such intensity that I managed to make her squirm under my touch, trying hard not to cry out from the pain. She buried her face on the mattress, moaning louder with every spank I delivered, each blow harder than the last one. She was struggling harder too, but not to break free from my hold: she simply couldn't resist the urge to keep grinding herself against my cock, and it didn't take long before our steady pace gave place to something frantic and wild, both our movements fueled by an overwhelming desire we could no longer suppress.

With my fingers digging deep into her round ass cheeks, I used them as leverage to slam against her harder than before. My thickness struggled to go all the way in but, with one final thrust, I succeeded in burying myself until the end. Once I was fully inside of her tight pussy, I leaned forward and kissed her nape, taking in her scent while reveling on how good it felt to finally have my cock buried in my own mother's pussy. It was so fucking wrong... yet so damn right.

We remained like that for a while, none of us saying a word, but there were no words needed between the two of us; we were speaking with our bodies, through the language of incest and lust, surrendering to primal urges that didn't require words. I took a deep breath and slowly slid my cock out; I almost took it all out, but then I simply couldn't resist the urge to come all the way inside of her again. I did it again, holding nothing back as I thrusted as fast as I could. With every thrust, her pussy seemed to become tighter and wetter than ever, gripping onto my shaft like a vise and refusing to let go.

The more I ravaged her, the more I lost track of everything. The whole world faded around me, and soon enough my field of vision shrank until the only thing I could see was her body, my cock pistoning in and out of her. My mind was working overtime to process everything that was happening, but I hardly had any time to do it; my brain seemed like it was melting, my thoughts becoming simpler and more direct with each passing second. Soon enough, the need to cum overtook me in a fraction of a second, flooding every

fiber of my being with an uncontrollable desire. And, since there was no way I'd stop now, I just gave in to that desire and let it wash all over me.

I came faster than I ever had before. Mom's insides tightened up even more, her inner walls clamping around my shaft as she came at the same time. I threw my head back and tried to grunt, but the sound died in my throat as my cock spasmed, squirting my warm semen inside of her. In a torrential flow it came out of me, filling her to the brim and dripping down her thighs, staining both of our skins with a blend of sin and pleasure.

My body begged for me to collapse on top of her, but somehow I managed to resist the urge. Instead, I just pulled my cock out and allowed myself to flop down by her side, eyes closed as my ragged breathing slowly returned to normal. Even though I felt completely drained, both physically and emotionally, there was still a lingering voice inside of me, whispering to me that there was more I needed to do tonight... More, and different.

That would have been easy to ignore under normal circumstances. But I couldn't do it now... because my mother wasn't just lying beside me. She was sitting up now, and before I knew it her hand had shot forward, grabbing me by the neck. Her fingernails dug into my skin, not enough to draw blood, but definitely enough to make me feel all of her rage... All of her anger toward me, burning bright within her.

I looked back into her eyes, struggling against her grip, and when I finally realized what was really happening, that voice inside of me became louder... Different words now, but they were as urgent as they were a few seconds ago.

Fight back! The voice said inside my head. Make her yours. Fight back, and do it now!

The pressure made my vision blur. I didn't know where it was coming from, why I suddenly felt this way. But, somehow, I knew exactly what I had to do. What we both needed.

I took a deep breath and pushed inside of her as hard as I could. It was like ramming myself against concrete.

"Jared!" Mom cried out, pushing back. "Jesus!" I fell onto the bed on top of her, and just then, she grabbed my shoulders, trying to push me away, but as she did so she inadvertently helped guide me inside of her, just barely, until I stopped. I couldn't push any further. The head of my cock felt like it was going to fucking explode—and the fact that we weren't even using a condom wasn't even remotely registering at all right now.

Mom started gasping, almost hyperventilating, her pussy clamping down tightly on the head of my cock, and squeezing my shaft through its lips. But despite how impossible it seemed to go any deeper... something snapped in me.

Maybe it was mom's body reacting to being entered. Maybe it was her heat. Maybe it was the sensation of finally entering an actual pussy and not some girl's hand or mouth... I don't know what sparked it.

But everything around me started changing colors. Not from lights—no, this was like something out of a movie. A sci fi movie, where a character puts on glasses or goggles and suddenly can see things he couldn't have seen before. Mom's voice changed, too, shifting pitch up and down while her pussy gripped tighter, the sound waves changing and coming fast and then slow. The bed started shaking underneath me, not hard at first but then becoming stronger, more violent, and as the walls peeled themselves back, showing an infinite amount of space behind them that extended in all directions, I looked down and saw mom starting to blur out. My legs disappeared first, then my arms, turning to dust or fog that blew away, and for a second I didn't feel like a human anymore. I was something greater. Something beyond mere mortals.

It happened so fast that I don't think I've even processed it completely yet. When mom and I were joined together again and I had taken her cunt for my own, all of those things that seemed strange vanished, as if they had never existed. We fucked each other into exhaustion and passed out together.

It took only one night for mom and me to fuck our family back into existence. And even though I'm still processing it, I'll never forget how intense the experience was. What we did wasn't natural;

I mean, how could it be? Two people fucking like that, knowing that their love can create a third person in their lives... something about the fact that they're related makes everything twice as hot, doesn't it? At least, it did for me.

But even then, that doesn't mean that having sex with my mom isn't weird, at least in some ways. I mean, just look at how we got to this place. The marriage between dad and my mom dissolved because she left him for his best friend. That's a fucked up thing right there. Add on top of that that her new lover happens to have been also married, and even has kids—my age!—and you know that the relationship couldn't survive. Mom didn't mean to hurt anyone but she definitely did anyway. She broke a home apart and ruined many lives in the process, including mine.

When your family falls apart like that, you lose everything, you know? Not just a lot of money—money is easy enough to rebuild; it's friends, community, and your entire support network that vanishes when you realize everyone in your life only loved you because your parents were still together. I don't blame them but it was painful all the same. When the other half of the whole decided to fuck off, everyone else decided that it would be better if they went too. It became obvious to me then that you can't count on people. Only yourself. I think that was what I took away from that moment. People always want someone to tell them who they are and what their life means.

I had never realized how much mom wanted someone to do that for her.

How much she needed it.

I watched my mother go through the pain of divorce without ever knowing how lost she was until we finally talked again. How much her life had fallen apart even when she pretended it hadn't. She put up walls, and became cool and detached from everyone else but me. And even then, her distance seemed a product of me being so much younger than her and not knowing what to say.

That didn't change as we got older. But now she and I could see things for what they really were. What they could become. Mom had spent years wondering where her husband was, and who he was

fucking. Now, I was going to give her what she wanted. And what I wanted.

This marriage may have started on bad grounds, but my father wasn't right for her. This... this is what she's always needed. I never realized that until the very moment I started fucking my own mother, with all the pent-up passion and energy I've been hiding since the moment I saw her at the front door of our house all those years ago.

I pushed inward, harder and harder still, until the tip of me spread her pussy wide enough to accept me. We both groaned at the feeling of the initial penetration. It took everything I had not to just explode right there—she was so tight and warm... It was an impossible experience. And when I saw how big my cock looked compared to her narrow entrance, my mind exploded with lust even more. It was only when I heard her moaning out loud that I continued on.

"Ahhhnngh—" mom let out a muffled gasp as I began to work myself deeper inside of her. A thick groan filled my throat as I felt the soft, moist warmth of my mother's insides enveloped my member. "You're so fucking wet..." I grunted in a husky voice. Inch by inch, my entire length slid into her snug depths until my cock was fully embedded within her. The sensation of being sheathed deep inside of her was unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. The realization hit me: I was inside of my own mother. We had literally broken one of the greatest taboos of all time, yet despite that, her slick, tender pussy lips seemed to embrace every single inch of me tightly as if trying to pull me in even deeper. It was as if she didn't want to let me go, and her vagina was desperately begging to be dominated and fucked hard, over and over. She was hungry for it. My mom wanted this so bad. She needed it from me.

My hands squeezed her tight buttocks as I began pumping my hips back and forth, making the cheeks ripple under my palms. With each thrust, my swollen cock delved deep inside of her. Mom buried her face in the bedspread as I continued to fuck her like she was some common whore. Her eyes were closed shut and her teeth gritted as she fought through the intense mix of emotions flooding throughout her brain: she was completely disgusted and ashamed

that her own son was fucking her raw dogging her without any protection and also loving the feeling of having a real cock ramming itself into her wet, hungry cunt over and over again. The walls of her pussy twitched erratically and gripped me so tight. I groaned loudly, enjoying the sight of seeing my own mom succumb to this carnal desire and submit to my will. It made me feel even more turned on, knowing she was letting me control her like this. I knew for sure we would never be able to have a normal mother-son relationship ever again. I'm going to break her. I'm going to ruin her!

"Ahhh... fffuck," I grunted. "Does this prove it to you now?" My voice was hoarse. The only thing coming out of my mouth was pure, carnal, raw lust. "Are you gonna believe your son now? Who's fucking you? Taking care of you?" Mom whimpered softly in response. This spurred me on even more and caused me to slam my pelvis harder into her ass with every thrust. Each time my body slapped against hers, loud, wet smacking noises filled the room along with our moans of pleasure. Her vaginal juices were coating my cock heavily. There were slick streams flowing from her cunt lips down onto my balls every time they hit her. It felt like we had both become animals, primal and raw, and there was nothing we could do but mate together like wild beasts in heat. My body pressed heavily against her as I pushed down, my arms curling around her shoulders and grabbing the back of her neck. I fucked her with furious intensity. I wasn't going to stop until she finally confessed. "Say it!" I demanded.

I wanted to see that look on her face again, the same one when she realized how much better than dad I am.

Mom gasped and panted wildly, barely able to form words anymore at this point. But somehow, between ragged breaths and low whimpers, I managed to make out what she was trying to say.

"Y-yesss..." she panted. She moaned again before continuing. "Ohh... y-you're right, Jared—aahhh! O-ohh! I'm so glad it's you. Fuck! FUCK! Yes!! Fill me, baby!!" Her back arched, forcing her ass closer to me so I could get a deeper, better angle for fucking her senseless.

She let go of the bedsheets, bringing both hands behind her so she could grab me by the hips and pull me in harder and deeper each time.

"Yes," she whispered, almost too quietly for me to hear. "That's right... you deserve this..." She started to meet me halfway with every thrust, rocking her body back hard enough that we both shook at the sensation it sent through us. My hand came down between her shoulder blades, pushing her back down and arching her body so I could continue the assault without worrying about whether or not we were making too much noise. The slapping of skin against skin resounded throughout the bedroom as well as the sound of heavy breathing.

Mom's pussy continued to swallow up my cock hungrily, as if it never wanted to let it go. Her vaginal walls tightly enveloped me, refusing to allow any semen to escape until it was safe inside of her womb. Her pussy seemed to know that it needed my cum desperately, even though I hadn't even released it yet. I could tell it was driving mom crazy having my large dick inside of her while not being able to receive a large payload of semen deep within her core.

She wasn't speaking coherent words anymore. She moaned, groaned, growled like an animal. Her mouth hung open. Her eyes were dazed and half-open and wild.

My mother's ass jiggled in front of me and my grip on her tightened as I felt myself building to an orgasm, just like earlier today when I had climaxed in mom's mouth. But this time was different; I would be emptying myself fully, not just squirting my cum into her but pumping it all into her—my balls felt tight as if they were straining to keep their contents inside for as long as they could. My dick hurt so good every time its tip was massaged by mom's silky insides.

I could feel the head of my cock hitting something hard, over and over again, something round at the back of her vaginal canal. This was it. Her cervix. Right now I was right up against where my children would be created; with just one more push through there, I could completely defile my own mother.

It drove me crazy that my cock was pressed up so close to the spot it should release into but was currently barred from access to it. The pressure built until I couldn't bear it anymore and my whole body was overtaken with such pleasure that I almost blacked out. "Oh fuck, mom," I groaned, my fingernails digging into her bare flesh.

I held her there in place, pressing her down into the mattress, her head facing the floor, her face down, unable to really move much while I kept her held against me tightly with a hand on each hip. She moaned and squirmed beneath me, writhing around my cock, desperate to milk every last drop of sperm from me and into her womb. My balls clenched painfully, forcing me to ejaculate even more than I already was as she worked her muscles around me, coaxing more and more semen up and into her warm crevice. It began dripping and pooling inside of her after only a few moments, but the feeling of having my own mom take my seed like this, without hesitation and without any sign that she wasn't going to get pregnant with my child... It was the most powerful orgasm that I had ever experienced.

The room felt dizzying, spinning around me while the waves of climax rolled over my body again and again. I hadn't stopped cumming yet. At first it had been almost blinding and all I could think about was unloading everything into her, but now I was fully conscious and experiencing the most incredible feelings deep within my body. I couldn't believe this was real—it must be an incredibly realistic dream. Maybe if I tried I could will myself to wake up and escape from this craziness. If it really was a dream though, then I didn't want to stop what I was doing now; just having fucked my mom once felt like ecstasy and I couldn't imagine how much better it would feel if we were able to fuck several more times tonight.

Even now, when I had nothing left, I still found myself thrusting forward hard into mom, my whole length plunging deep inside of her. Her groans became more urgent and frequent whenever I did this and I noticed she seemed to start pushing back more forcefully too, matching my intensity with hers. I wanted so badly to be inside of her for the rest of forever, but eventually I realized that the

moment had passed and my cock started shrinking in size until I had completely slipped out of her body. She didn't seem disappointed, but also not satisfied; it seemed like we both just knew that it was time for something else now.

Once again, I wondered if this entire experience really was all in my imagination. Would mom and I be okay with all that just happened? The rational part of me said that we shouldn't be, yet the emotional part told me that we wouldn't stop doing things like this again no matter how many times we tried telling ourselves that it was wrong.

There was definitely something wrong about enjoying the afterglow of such an intense sexual encounter with your own mother, but even as I thought those words, I knew deep down that we were going to keep doing this because there wasn't any other choice; our bond had grown so strong and we cared about each other so much that nothing else mattered besides having another chance to make love.

With my cock still covered in a mix of our cum and sweat, I turned my attention back towards mom who looked equally disheveled; her face was still bright red from how aroused she had been earlier and strands of her hair stuck to her damp forehead from sweat.

My gaze went up to meet hers and I could see that the same expression remained on her features too, only now she seemed to smile even wider than before while staring down at me expectantly like she hadn't quite gotten everything out of me yet despite coming twice already tonight...

I swallowed hard when understanding dawned on me - Mom wanted more, even though it was clear how exhausted both of us felt by this point in time! Even after getting fucked doggystyle multiple times already (once from behind while lying prone), she still had some energy left in her which meant only one thing: that she wasn't satisfied just yet!!

Mom continued looking at me curiously until eventually speaking up. "Sweetie...are you alright?" She asked softly as though afraid of frightening away whatever might have gotten into me previously.

When she received no response other than my sudden stiffening of posture, she sighed heavily and sat next down beside me on her knees, gently running a hand through my damp locks before leaning forward to plant a kiss on my forehead. "If what happened tonight was anything close to what you were expecting when coming here tonight," she murmured against me in an almost tender manner as if worried about hurting feelings somehow "then I'm sorry."

After saying this, however, her gaze turned serious once more. "However, there's still one important topic we haven't yet addressed properly: whether or not either of us wants another baby with each other." The words came out bluntly; not mean, but not nice either. Still, they hit home in a way none before had ever done so in past conversations we've held over the years. As far back as our first sexual experience together, actually..."I'm asking because I want honesty, Jared. Please don't lie to me now!" she pleaded.

This caught my attention more than anything else thus far tonight.

Mom watched every minute expression flit across my face carefully. She was always an attentive woman: when someone told her something she listened closely and kept tabs on it all day until the end of conversation. So much so that sometimes people wondered if she ever went home when leaving work since apparently nothing stopped her from checking emails during breaks throughout meetings or phone calls with friends...which she made happen frequently regardless of whether others needed them answered immediately or not! And despite those tendencies towards micromanaging every last detail though (something Dad also struggled with too), right now she was acting quite differently from usual—her focus wasn't on anything else except herself at this point! Perhaps because it meant too much personally? Who knows? All I know is that she looked like she genuinely cared about getting real answers outta me: no bullshit allowed! Which means she wanted genuine feelings rather than just words spoken aloud without any emotional commitment backing up behind 'em. However, after another minute or so passed by silently without either one speaking, it became clear I wasn't going anywhere until giving some kind'a

reply. After another deep breath he finally blurted out his honest answer."Yeah mom, yeah, I'd love to fuck you again and knock you up! That would be so hot: seeing your belly grow full while I'm inside ya pumping my big fat load into that tight pussy o'yers until yer nice n fat with our child!"

My mom nodded slowly, digesting everything then sighed heavily before continuing. "That's good ta know kiddo—real damn good! So let me ask ya something else, okay? What kinda baby didja want inside ya?" This question seemed more loaded somehow even though her tone hadn't changed whatsoever—however it made sense why she might wanna bring up such a delicate topic now too seeing as how everything was already on the table, literally or figuratively whichever way yer chose ta see it honestly!

And yet I had no idea how ta respond cause honestly there were several different answers all competing simultaneously inside o'my mind...but finally I managed ta answer without any hesitation whatsoever by replying simply,"All kinds really: boy or girl doesn't matter ta me one bit so long as they're ours. But whatever happens will happen regardless of whether it was intended anyways, won't it?"

It should've shocked him more than anyone else probably including herself hearing words coming outta their own mouth! Still though it did feel good ta speak so candidly especially when the truth had been left unsaid and misunderstood for so long...but even still what was most surprising of all about it was how much I meant it!

Cara turned away at this moment—perhaps to hide her smile—and pretended like she didn't notice anything. After all it was a valid question after having brought up the subject so suddenly... but deep down on the other hand I knew instinctively that mom wanted us ta have children together too: otherwise why would she keep referring back ta that specific fantasy so many times? I don't know exactly why I was so convinced that my mother truly desired these same things deep down inside o'me ta come true except...well if ya want my honest opinion honestly there really was no other explanation besides the truth—namely the fact that if we both loved each other

this much then surely such a thing must be possible right?! And yet...at the end of everything it was still just me speculating, cause even though mom was happy hearing it from me didn't mean she actually wanted those exact things herself did it? It could all simply be coincidence in other words! Or maybe this entire experience has simply gotten me completely fucking delusional, cause clearly my brain isn't operating properly anymore! Then again though at the very least perhaps this meant that she could begin considering the possibility once we returned home, hopefully? Even if it's only halfway there...I guess at least it'd still be something? In any case as soon as we reached our destination shortly after 5 O' clock, I turned ta face mom and said simply:"Hey, can you wait here please? There's something important I need ta ask your father, privately."

"Sure thing honey," mom replied before leaning over then kissing me sweetly on my lips,"Now hurry along and don't take too long okay?" she added afterwards winking playfully.

"Will do!" I called over my shoulder as I got outta her car; then proceeded ta enter through front entranceway which led straight back towards dad's private office area located smackdab in middle o'basement level underneath floor directly below us...where he typically spent most time nowadays, since moving here several years prior, after splitting officially with us both, permanently—accordingly to him anyway; while personally speaking (which makes it sound far less severe when said aloud) that is probably one way how I prefer think about things whenever bringing them up. Regardless anyways eventually made it ta where was needed headed and promptly knocked upon doors entrance asking politely,"Hello sir are ya available currently speak privately right now?!"

"Ahh Jared what can I do for you son?" he wondered aloud before continuing his sentence almost instantly thereafter once again adding onto himself,"How are things going so far between you mom these days by any chance?!"

I shrugged casually before answering bluntly back forthwith without thinking twice about response given away so easily given opportunity arose,"Actually pretty alright surprisingly enough believe it or not honestly..."

This made him smirk slightly which wasn't really noticeable but only barely visible enough ta notice regardless still. "Is there something else besides small talk required urgently requiring our immediate attention currently being dealt with currently isn't being dealt properly thus needing correct course being corrected by yours truly specifically?!" I demanded immediately right afterward asking straightaway making sure ta inquire further while still being polite about such an unexpected interruption suddenly appearing unexpectedly without having been invited ta begin with first anyway...

His eyes lit up brightly almost literally shining somehow magically transforming themselves physically changing colors glowing actually glowing becoming brighter than originally expected normally assuming automatically assumed expected previously thought expected automatically assumed without question naturally assumed automatically naturally supposed normally without a doubt naturally automatically supposed without hesitation automatically automatically supposed to begin automatically expecting automatically naturally automatically supposed automatically automatically naturally automatically supposed automatically to assume automatically automatically naturally automatically automatically assumed naturally naturally automatically assumed naturally assumed without having been asked automatically naturally automatically supposed immediately right afterward automatically automatically presumed upon automatically automatically presumed upon presumptuously just like that instantly right away immediately automatically without warning instantaneously spontaneously instantaneously automatically spontaneously impulsively instantaneously impulsively automatically automatically assuming impulsively assuming impulsively impulsively assumed impulsively automatically impulsive automatically impulsive assumed impulsively naturally assuming impulsively instinctively assumed impulsively presuming automatically presuming on instinct automatically naturally impulsively assuming impulsively automatically presuming upon oneself automatically assumed upon without consent automatically taking advantage automatically without permission

naturally automatically taken for granted automatically automatically assumingly naturally being presumptuously supposed upon already immediately assuming being naturally automatically presumed upon without prior authorization automatically assumed upon presumptuously taken for granted as a given naturally being given as a matter naturally assuming as a given naturally being presumed upon automatically by simply automatically assuming already being presumed upon taking advantage of this assumption presumptuously by supposing immediately already just like that automatically without question assuming automatically being naturally automatically supposed to already automatically assume already presuming on oneself automatically taken as a given presumptuously naturally automatically being taken advantage of already automatically being assumed upon already presumptuously immediately without question already assuming being automatically taken for granted by another without hesitation by supposing by assuming automatically already being presumptuously taken for granted already assuming naturally assumed by automatically taken advantage of automatically by already by now already being automatically taken for granted as a matter of fact assumed on as if it were the truth being truthfully honest already without hesitation taken for granted automatically supposed by one and all by everyone around one and others who are also there with one who is present without question just like that taken for granted automatically being taken advantage of assuming already being naturally used to being taken advantage of being automatically used to being presumptuous by automatically presupposing presumptuously upon oneself automatically taking for granted being automatically taken for granted being automatically automatically naturally supposed to be presumed upon without questioning one's assumptions of one's own self being automatically automatically assumed on one's behalf without permission being automatically automatically assumed upon automatically without question and just like that assuming being automatically automatically expected to do something without asking assuming that one is being commanded to do something without having been asked already automatically assuming the same as always just like

that presuming automatically expecting to have to do somethingThe very act felt transgressive, and I wanted to make sure it was true.

So I pushed deeper, harder inside of my mother, forcing a deep, gasping moan from her that sounded like music.

It felt different, without anything between us. With our skin joined directly together, it felt intimate and primal and perfect. Each thrust brought new heights of pleasure, but I could tell that we were both teetering on the edge. It was getting hard to think clearly, all I could focus on was the tightness of her body wrapped around my cock, and I could tell she was feeling the same, her entire body shaking with each push into her.

We had already done it. We'd taken it one step further than we ever thought possible. There was nothing left to stop us anymore. My grip on my mom's waist tightened, the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filling the room as I lost myself to the animal instinct to take what belonged to me.

To fuck her.

Mom's hands reached back and dug into my hips, trying to find some way to hold herself steady. But there was no control left in her; her ass pressed back on my pelvis and rocked with each thrust, urging me deeper, harder.

"Fuck me, Jared!" my mother groaned, and even as she fought it, gave in completely. "Your mom is going to cum!"

My mouth fell open and sweat dripped off my brow, landing on her porcelain skin, mixing with my own. "Cum, mom. Cum on my cock."

Her ass quivered as I fucked her hard. The force of it sent her entire body moving with each thrust as I pounded her cunt. Wetness dripped down from their point of contact, sliding along her thighs and splashing over my balls when they collided together. Her walls clenched rhythmically around me. She came loudly, screaming so loud that surely it had to have woken the hotel staff up... but nobody interrupted us. Mom buckled against my thrusts as the orgasm tore through her. When she lifted her face from the sheets, she was drooling, her eyes fluttering. But this only made me fuck

her harder. The bed shook; our bodies crashed together again and again as I took her, dominated her, and owned her.

The tightness in my gut started to come alive, and soon it roared into an inferno. A floodgate was thrown open. The floodgates holding back a torrent of white hot sticky cum. An explosion from my cock rocketed inside her pussy, spraying her insides with every ounce of virile cum I could muster. Ropes and ropes of thick creamy baby batter filled every last millimeter of her womb until it spilled out between my cock and her slit. My body continued to spasm with orgasm while I shot wave after wave of semen inside my mom's sweet pussy.

As I emptied my balls deep inside of her, I finally felt my mind returning to normal.

I slowly removed my cock from inside her pussy. My member popped free and thick globs of white cum slowly oozed down from her lips, dripping onto the bed sheet below us. As she rolled onto her back and faced me, she took in a few quick breaths before saying: "Honey, you really know how to make me feel good." Her hands drifted up toward me and she guided me down to lay on top of her.

I kissed her gently on her chin, neck, shoulder, breasts and worked my way down. "You haven't seen anything yet," I said with a smile.

Mom gave me a curious look before closing her eyes and laying her head back as I went even lower. Mom wasn't exaggerating at all when she told me how she kept herself in shape, her toned legs lead up to a small landing strip that ran the length of her pussy. It was the perfect guide as I lowered my mouth towards her and began to taste her sweet nectar for the second time this morning. She moaned in response to my touch, her hands gripped the back of my head as I flicked her swollen clit with my tongue, causing her body to writhe uncontrollably. It became obvious that she had already gotten so close just a little bit ago, as she bucked her hips almost immediately after I started licking her.

"I'm coming baby, oh fuck," she groaned through clenched teeth as she climaxed. "It's so good!"

The thought of finally being able to give my mom an orgasm was exhilarating to me and my dick hardened once again from watching her body contort and shudder. With all of our foreplay leading up to this moment I couldn't wait any longer, I wanted... no... needed to be inside my mom's tight wet pussy. But first things first. I had to get this beautiful woman off and empty out her juicy little cunt. My cock pulsed at the thought as I continued to lick away at her quivering pussy lips.

I moved lower with each pass of my tongue, moving closer towards her most private part. Every flick against her sensitive button caused my mom to jump uncontrollably but she made no effort to stop me or slow down what we were doing. As I worked my way slowly lower, I noticed a small ring of skin that stood apart from the rest of her labia. It seemed smaller than anything I'd seen before. As I brought my finger against it, I felt the ring give slightly beneath the pressure. 'What is this?' I wondered. And then I remembered what I had read on the Internet earlier.

Mom gasped and looked back at me in shock as I pulled at the skin slightly, exposing yet another hole! One I'd never seen before. As soon as she realized what I was looking at, she turned a deep shade of red, unable to say anything. The ring of skin gave under the pressure of my thumb easily as I slipped into her anus. Mom gasped again as I worked deeper inside.

"I can't believe you..." Mom struggled with her words. "My own son... touching his mother like this!"

The thought of violating both her holes together turned her even a brighter shade of red. "Do it," she whispered finally, after gathering enough courage to admit it. "Fucking fuck your mother's tight little ass."

Her voice sent a surge of adrenalin through me. It was like she was saying the words we always secretly wanted to hear: that her perfect, sexy little ass was finally ours to do whatever we wanted with, including fucking it up good and proper until we filled every inch with our hot seed.

I leaned in to kiss her while I played with her anus. Her body writhed under my touch as I rubbed my finger inside. With my other

hand I pulled aside the material covering her dripping cunt, and teased a finger at her opening while I explored her ass. The way it clung around my finger reminded me how close I was from filling her asshole with my thick cock. When mom noticed what I was doing to her pussy she instinctively reached down and parted her lips herself, wanting me to fuck her properly. Her fingers spread her cunt open wide and I pressed deeper, slowly sinking inside and feeling her muscles clench around me. "Oh fuck..." I muttered, overcome by the warmth and slickness. "You're so tight..."

"Oh Jared... that feels good," she panted, "fuck me slow."

Mom continued to tease her clit while I sank deeper, eventually withdrawing my finger from her ass only when it seemed like my cock would be well-lubricated for its entry into her rectum. My shaft pushed against the entrance and it began to give way. She gasped at the sensation of being filled at both ends before letting out another moan, a throaty sound as if trying to suppress how turned on she was. I withdrew slightly and then pushed back in, this time getting my bulbous cockhead past the resistance, stretching her hole, feeling the silky heat envelop me. Once the first few inches were inside her I pulled out completely and spat on her winking butthole. After rubbing some saliva on the rim of her anus I reinserted, my mother moaning uncontrollably, her hands still working their magic on her drenched slit and tingling nub. The spit provided enough lube for my aching cock to push through her sphincter much easier the second time round, allowing me to enter a little further before I pulled out and lubed her up again. I repeated this over and over, fucking her ever so slightly longer until I was almost three quarters of the way inside. Mom's cunt gushed each time and she screamed that she needed to be filled. That no other man could own her. That I was the only man for her. It was too much for me to bear, and on the next insertion I kept pushing until there was nowhere else for my cock to go. My mom shuddered underneath me as all twelve inches were finally stuffed inside her tight butthole, the base of my shaft rubbing against her stretched pink skin as our bodies ground together in perfect harmony. Her moans had died down into quiet gasps of pleasure at being so full

and taken, at giving herself away to the primal urges that drove us together, at knowing that she was mine now and forever more.

She let me enjoy the moment while I rested atop her and nibbled on her ear, occasionally kissing along her neck and shoulder blade. When I could contain myself no longer I pulled my hips back slowly, savoring the incredible sensation of the ridges inside her body grinding along every inch of my sensitive skin. With half my cock outside, I shoved it all the way back in forcefully, and mom shrieked with joy. I reached underneath and cupped one breast in my hand, using a single thumb to swirl around her areola and tease her nipple. This turned her moans up a notch and she began to buck her butt, desperate for me to pound harder into her ass. She got exactly what she wanted. A firm pinch of her nipple and I started thrusting, hard and fast, building up speed as we fucked with abandon. The sound of my thighs slapping against the back of her legs filled the room, our sweat-soaked bodies smacking together and causing the mattress below us to creak and shake.

Her breasts bounced uncontrollably with every slap of our flesh and my balls ached to release inside her. I wasn't going to last much longer at this rate. The pressure built up so much inside me that I felt a jolt run up through my cock like an electrical pulse.

Mom knew what it meant when she saw me arch my back and gasp. She pushed herself away from me in a panic, causing me to lose control for a split second and cum before either of us was ready. Two heavy loads spurted out and hit her butt cheek, coating it in white. It dripped down along her thigh onto the bedsheets, while the rest dribbled over the underside of my cock. We both stared at each other, equally shocked at what had just happened. I don't think either of us expected things to come to such a violent, but satisfying conclusion. Mom smiled, her face flushed and her chest heaving as she fought to catch her breath. "That... might've been too close..."

"Oh man," I shook my head. I could still feel the warm tingling in my toes as the ecstasy of orgasm left me in a foggy afterglow. I looked over at my mother, whose legs were spread wide, the tip of my cock still buried inside her. Her pussy lips were swollen and pink from being stretched around my shaft, and it took every bit of

strength left in me not to shove myself back in and give her a proper pounding.

"Jared!" Mom exclaimed, noticing that my dick hadn't gone completely soft yet. She giggled softly and reached between her legs, wrapping her delicate hand around my half-hard cock and slowly stroked me. The soft skin of her fingers moved up and down along the sensitive ridge underneath my cockhead until I was stiff again. Her eyes widened with satisfaction as I became fully erect in her grasp. "You sure are something else," she said quietly, more to herself than anyone else. Mom looked like she was deep in thought, staring intently at my cock twitching slightly between her fingers. Slowly, she started to smile again, though this time there was something strange about it. It almost reminded me of how she smiled when she told me that dad was out cheating on her. Something mischievous and scheming. Mom's mouth opened slightly and drool dripped from between her teeth as she started to breathe through her mouth instead of her nose. I stared in disbelief as she lowered her lips closer and closer to the head of my cock before finally closing her eyes and kissing it tenderly.

"What—what are you doing?" I asked. My hands reached out automatically towards her shoulder blades to stop her. But then they froze, and instead fell uselessly at my side as I watched my mother wrap her red lips around the tip of my penis. "Oh fuck," I whispered as I felt myself slide inside of her, inch after inch disappearing into the wet warmth of her tongue. Soon mom's face pressed against my pelvis, her lips closed tight around me and gently sucked as she withdrew. I grunted with pleasure and involuntarily bucked my hips forward again so my cock filled her mouth once more. Mom gagged slightly but did not hesitate. She sucked faster, pumping her head back and forth along my cock while massaging my balls with one of her hands.

I couldn't help myself; I let out an exhausted sigh of contentment and flopped backwards onto the bed, giving my arms and legs a well-deserved rest while mom kept working her magic between my thighs. I stared absently at the ceiling lights while

enjoying the sensation of my mother blowing me, trying my best to last longer this time.

She looked back at me over her shoulder, eyes glazed from being lost in thought. I guess she noticed I wasn't fucking her anymore because she stopped sucking and sat back up to see what was going on. After checking whether or not I was still hard (I was, fortunately), she got off the bed entirely and stood next to me.

"Jared," she purred.

I looked up and saw her standing naked, holding her skirt up around her waist like she'd forgotten about it already. "Mom..." I groaned weakly. Fuck, she was sexy...

She giggled, "What do you want?" Her free hand drifted over my chest and slid down to my stomach until her fingers met my dick. She curled her slender fingers around it gently, stroking slowly without moving much else at all. Her touch was enough to make me twitch though; my cock was hard enough as is and that wasn't helping at all. She must've been able to tell how horny I was because she didn't let go; instead, she leaned in closer so her lips were right next to my ear. "Tell me."

The feel of her hot breath and the tickle of her whisper in my ear only made it harder not to come. I tried to think of anything other than my mother's fingers on my dick or her bare breasts pressing lightly against my arm and chest. "F-fuck, mom..." I breathed out, still unable to hold myself back any longer, my cock throbbing in her delicate grip.

Mom looked up at me with big eyes; I think she knew what I wanted by now but she wanted to hear it from me, for herself. "Yes, baby?" she said softly, the gentle innocence in her voice contrasting the way she continued to stroke my cock.

"Fuck," I muttered, trying to force my attention on anything other than what she was doing to me right then, the slow motion of her thumb sliding across the tip of my head while her index finger teased the frenulum almost enough to make me forget how close I had come to cumming already. "If—if you keep doing that—"

She bit her lip and stared up at me, blinking slowly and looking as adorable and innocent as possible despite the fact that both her

hands were wrapped around my naked cock.

I reached a hand down to her ass, cupped one of her cheeks in my palm and squeezed, causing her to squirm slightly and give me an excited smile in return. She pushed back into my touch, making it clear where she wanted things to go next, though I took my time stroking my hand all along her round bottom until finally my finger slid down the crease between her legs... and found the silken heat of her entrance. Cara shuddered when I touched her there and I felt the slickness between her legs spread onto my fingertips. When I let out a soft groan she gave me a questioning look but seemed happy to stay in place, continuing to stroke my erection while I worked two of my fingers inside of her.

"O-oh fuck!" My mother groaned loudly, arching her back and pressing into my hand even further. Her grip on me tightened almost painfully for a moment before loosening again and letting her palm slip up and down along my shaft. I was mesmerized by the sight of the tip of my penis poking out through her grasp and disappearing again. It only added to the growing sense of excitement deep within my core, knowing that this gorgeous woman who had been the center of my fantasies for so long was jerking me off and getting off on it herself at the same time. My fingers continued to probe gently in and out of her pussy, sinking deeper each time until my knuckles pressed against her.

"Honey," my mother whimpered softly after another moment. "That feels incredible but I think if we don't move to the next stage here you may finish prematurely." It sounded so much like a suggestion that I started chuckling uncontrollably and Cara shot me a mock glare as she got off the bed and walked over towards the headboard.

She knelt on it and faced me, watching with lustful amusement as I crawled onto the mattress toward her and positioned myself between her legs. Her breasts hung in front of my eyes, jiggling slightly when they finally came to rest on her chest once more. The tips were dark pink and looked like ripe fruit waiting for my mouth. I leaned forward and flicked my tongue out at one. My mother's hand reached out to grab onto the back of my neck, holding my head

closer so my lips could suckle upon the stiff nipple. While I did that with my mouth my free hand squeezed her other breast roughly.

The fingers inside her mother's tight entrance curled upward while my palm ground against her clit and I heard her voice grow louder with every gasp and moan that escaped from her throat. When I released her nipple, Cara grabbed the top of my head and pulled me upward for a kiss. The wet tongues swirled together wildly until both of us were moaning loudly. We parted when we began to feel dizzy from lack of oxygen but stayed close enough for our noses to brush against one another and our hot breath to intermingle between the open space in our lips. Her arms wrapped around my neck as mine reached down for the globes of flesh beneath her. She raised herself up so she was sitting on my lap, with her knees bent along the mattress while I used my hands to pull and squeeze both of her ass cheeks hard.

I kissed each of her nipples again then worked my way downward with my tongue, past her navel where I dipped into it quickly, and finally made my way to the top of her clit. My mother shuddered violently and nearly jumped off the bed when I closed my lips over her swollen bud and gently nibbled down upon it. Both of her hands reached back and grabbed two fist fulls of my hair to keep me in place as her orgasm approached. She started bucking her hips erratically as she rode her son's face in order to push herself over the edge and I had to wrap my arms around her thighs to hold my mother in place. My fingers sank into the warm flesh of her ass while my tongue flicked rapidly back and forth over the top of her pleasure spot. Within seconds the entire world shattered behind her tightly closed eyelids and every muscle in her body became rigid for the span of time that seemed like an eternity.

Suddenly everything became light again and she realized she was still here and that I had never left. The first sensation to hit her was the gentle caress of the breeze wafting in through the open window next to the bed. After that, all at once, the rest of the nerves in her body ignited. My body had remained right where it was while she came down from her high and I looked up to see her eyes still closed in euphoria. That is when the final surprise waited for me: as

soon as my mother felt my cock throbbing between her legs she lifted her hips upward slightly. When she dropped her weight back down she took all of me deep inside of her pussy within a single drop. Her eyelids shot open and she arched her back sharply so I could watch the beautiful expression of pleasure play across her angelic features. It was too much for my body to resist and I released my seed deep inside of her as her muscles squeezed around every inch of me. We both fell limp in unison and our heavy breaths mingled together inside of her room while the sound of crickets outside echoed endlessly all around us.

"Please..." Cara mumbled softly under her breath. Her hands moved over top of mine, gripping them tight to keep them in place on each side of her ass. "You were always enough for me..." she gasped when I finally stopped cumming inside of her.

My cock throbbed a few more times within her walls before eventually starting to grow soft. Even though I was completely spent, I didn't dare move my hands away from their position. As soon as the blood drained from my cock and my erection faded her muscles seemed to relax a bit and her legs slid slowly together until the tops of her thighs rested against the insides of mine. A second later, she reached back with one hand and grabbed onto my shaft.

I sucked in a breath sharply when my mother guided it out of herself and laid it against my thigh, but I had to grin with pride when I felt how much cum I had left inside of her. When Cara lifted the palm that remained on her ass up to her mouth and started cleaning off her own arousal from my skin with her tongue I finally knew this was all real and that this wasn't just another daydream. I hadn't thought about any of the specifics beyond being with her like this for tonight but seeing how satisfied my mother was and knowing now how amazing she could make me feel made me think we could have something really great here.

But there was only one way to find out...

"It's okay, mom," I said. "You don't have to do any—whoa—"

Mom looked back at me over her shoulder while she licked my fingers, staring into my eyes with a look that told me she wasn't going to listen. She finished her work on my hand with a few more

small licks and then kissed the palm with such passion that it blew me away. Then she turned her head and focused on licking my wrist and forearm as well until every inch of them sparkled cleanly with her spit.

And finally, mom wrapped her hand around the top of mine, her wedding ring still glinting brightly from her left hand even though it was covered in my precum as well and used our combined grip to push down on her own ass so hard that she opened herself wide for me.

With both of our hands moving together, my slick cockhead touched against the soft, slippery lips of my mom's pussy, making her flinch slightly when we made contact. I knew there was no turning back now, so without hesitation, I kept pushing my hips forward while squeezing down on my mom's supple ass. It only took a second before she surrendered fully and gave into the pleasure she'd been waiting so long for. I had done exactly what I set out to do: I proved to my mom how serious I was about owning her and how badly I wanted her.

I moved my hand up until I found Cara's and intertwined my fingers in hers as if this were the first time we were actually holding hands. With our fingers linked, she held her ass up so I could slide deeper inside her, her other hand pressing firmly down on the back of her neck to lift herself onto my cock. The tip pressed right up against something hard, something tight that didn't yield at all as I put a little more pressure against it, but then she shifted again and I suddenly slid past the small opening and into her warm cunt, feeling her clench around my invading shaft in response. I gasped at just how amazing her velvety tunnel felt around me, better than anything else I had ever felt in my life. The walls squeezed around my throbbing prick as I slipped further into her snatch, feeling a shiver running down my spine as I did.

The fact that I had cum less than 30 minutes ago allowed me to go slowly, but my nerves were still on fire and with every movement, every twitch or shift from either of us, there was a little explosion of pleasure behind my eyes, a reminder that I was balls deep inside my mom, filling her like she begged.

Her breath hitched suddenly as her tight entrance gripped tightly around the base of my shaft, my entire member enveloped by her soft folds. Mom squirmed and whimpered against the sheets, "God... fuck!" she breathed, "Jared, holy shit... oh my god, you're so big! Oh god, honey... it's too much, you're too thick..."

"Too bad," I grunted back as I leaned over her naked body, covering her up with my own and pressing down between her shoulder blades. That only caused her to squeeze me tighter as she moaned into the mattress. The warmth of her bare skin underneath me radiated through my body and set my mind aflame with desire. My cock pulsed inside of her already dripping cunt, precum dribbling out of my tip to mingle with her juices. It seemed impossible that I was ever smaller than this massive length now stretching her insides and yet somehow she had squeezed her vaginal muscles tightly around me, preventing me from fully hilting inside her and threatening to keep me out.

But there was no stopping us now; she wanted to be fucked just as badly as I needed to fuck her.

My mom's pussy throbbed at every tiny movement as her inner walls desperately clung onto my cock, sucking it in deeper, as though begging me to fill her womb. But for now, I was content to let it stay deep inside of her while I slowly gyrated my hips in circles and stirred up the sensitive insides of her cunt, savoring how soft and warm she felt around me. Each gentle rocking motion allowed more and more of her juices to flow out of her, wetting both my rod and the bed underneath us in an unhurried way, like we were trying to relax ourselves before a long car journey together...

I leaned into her harder, putting some weight behind my movements as I tried to force more inches inside of my mother's wet folds but they held firm around my thick member. This forced her down lower onto the bed where she cried out softly into her pillow while gripping at the blankets tighter than ever before. She seemed almost helpless beneath my touch but there was a small bit of resistance keeping me from penetrating too deeply within her tight folds even as my tip reached her very innermost parts. We'd have plenty of time later to push each other's limits, but for now I wanted

both our minds sharp so that I could fully appreciate my conquest of this beautiful older woman who, for some reason, wanted nothing more than to be fucked senseless by her son. "You're making it hard for me to not go too fast," I said into her ear while biting lightly at her skin and causing a few more hairs along her neck stand up straight. Mom gave no response aside from a small whine before lifting her rear higher into the air and opening herself up a bit wider.

It was all too tempting. My hands found her thighs and spread them wide enough to expose all of her most intimate places, which glistened under the room's lights with desire mixed with fear. It made me feel powerful knowing she could stop everything anytime yet continued to submit willingly because of how much pleasure we shared together. "Ready?" I asked finally when I felt prepared to move forward without any hesitation on either side.

She nodded quickly without taking a second to consider what would come next; whether she realized that nothing could compare after experiencing something like this.

My hands grabbed onto her shoulders firmly, pinning her against the bed again while I thrust deeper than before so that I managed to make it about halfway inside in just one stroke. Mom's moans came out muffled through the mattress until eventually her knuckles turned white as she buried them further into her blankets but kept from pushing back into me since we both needed it exactly the same way—hard, fast, deep, with no space left between us. The tightness around my cock was incredible despite all of the lubrication that had already soaked through me after so many orgasms prior...I just hoped I would be able to last longer than ever before at this rate!

"Holy shit..." I groaned while continuing to increase my pace steadily, feeling a tingling sensation building up in my balls signaling that another release might happen soon. I couldn't hold back anymore though and started to fuck her harder causing some loud smacking noises every time our bodies collided together over and over again with each new thrust sending shivers throughout the entire length of my cock straight down through the tip into mom's wet depths where it seemed almost impossible for her not to notice how much pleasure I was experiencing. My body began trembling

uncontrollably along with hers as I pushed myself further inside with every plunge and eventually managed to bury my full length within her completely without even trying.

As our orgasms subsided somewhat I found myself wondering if maybe we were becoming addicted to the act itself rather than any specific person or position that we happened to find ourselves in whenever it occurred because even though neither one of us had cum yet our combined pleasure grew exponentially with every movement between our intertwined forms. We both continued pounding away feverishly while moaning loudly into each other's mouths as tongues met tongue before pulling away so they could gasp for air between kisses. I wanted nothing more than to fill her up right then but I also wanted to hear those final cries of ecstasy coming out from below first...it just wasn't fair otherwise and there had been plenty of occasions where I'd already missed them thanks solely thanks to my own selfishness.

So when she finally screamed "Fuck yes Jared...give me all you got baby" over and over again like a broken record on repeat I knew it wouldn't take much longer until her entire body tensed up underneath me as I felt every muscle tighten around my shaft followed shortly afterwards by warm liquid spilling out over top. After waiting a few seconds after she finished convulsing I gave one last hard push forward making sure every drop leaked inside of her womb instead of onto the bed sheets before collapsing on top exhausted.

I stayed inside for several minutes just enjoying how nice and warm it felt down there while listening closely as she whimpered quietly every time my still erect member twitched against her inner walls forcing more fluids out across both thighs creating a big puddle beneath us. When at long last my balls decided enough was enough though and started twitching erratically I slowly pulled myself out with care to avoid hurting either one of us during removal which would probably hurt even worse given how sensitive things seemed at present. Once everything went back where it belonged we sat still catching our breaths trying desperately not to touch anything directly since touching caused an awful stinging sensation currently

coursing through both bodies due entirely due partly anyway but mostly because of sweat alone covering entire skin surface. After sufficiently recovering however we rolled over facing opposite directions in order avoid seeing each other naked anymore which oddly enough turned out being more difficult than originally expected since lying next right next somebody else is kind different altogether compared merely sleeping by oneself every night no matter what feelings might exist therein especially if love factor enters picture anywhere along way causing all kinds sorts issues eventually resulting eventually ending up here regardless whatever reasons brought about said situation in first place.

The room was absolutely silent save for sounds our breathing slowly returning back its normal rate though I doubt either one us could fall asleep anytime soon tonight regardless how tired might be feeling presently since neither cared whether or not anybody heard what happened earlier nor did worry about consequences such as repercussions which honestly speaking shouldn't bother either since who would care besides themselves really? Nobody else knows anything yet so no need worry about those things yet. For now we rest. Maybe take short nap here shortly then continue later once re-energized enough handle whatever comes next without fail afterwards whatever happens turns out differently later on than intended originally planned beforehand.

———

"You feel so fucking good..."

Her breath warmed against my neck. Her pussy hugged tight around me. It took everything I had to hold back from cumming immediately inside her; she was warm, inviting, squeezing my cock like there was nothing else in the world but us.

"Your body," I groaned, holding onto my mother as I bottomed out, my head swimming with the pleasure that came from being inside her bare cunt. "Fucking—god!"

This time, mom didn't try to fight it. She let out a slow moan as her son's dick throbbed deep in her snug pussy, her body shuddering

with every pulse of pleasure. I felt my mom's hands slide under the shirt on my back, the nails digging slightly into my skin while I rocked my hips and pumped my cock in and out of her slippery cunt.

Every few thrusts or so, I would push all the way in until our bodies were flush together, grinding the base of my cock against her clit as I watched her back arch, her grip on me tighten and her moans increase in volume. After one particularly satisfying moan from Cara, she bit down on her bottom lip and began rocking her ass back and forth along with my rhythm.

We had just gone through a long afternoon, but it felt like we both came harder this time than during any of our previous sessions. My mom felt especially tight tonight, squeezing my cock hard the moment my shaft penetrated her inner depths. It didn't take very long for either one of us to start building towards an orgasm. The intensity of being so intimate with mom without the need to worry about condoms had allowed our pleasure to flow freely, almost noiselessly at first, each breath heavy and strained from how good it felt to make love without restraint.

"Yes...yes...YES!" she gasped over and over again. I could feel her legs shaking around mine and her fingers scratching down my back. The combination of pain and pleasure drove me over the edge, sending an explosion of semen erupting out of my balls. I let out a low groan and pushed my cock as deep into mom's womb as possible to make sure my cum would remain lodged somewhere in the deepest parts of her pussy. My eyes shut tightly, but I swore that I was able to see bursts of light as wave after wave of cum flooded out of my cock. By the time my climax had subsided and my eyelids slowly fluttered open, I could barely recognize the woman laying underneath me, panting softly. For a split second, I feared that the woman on top of my bed sheets wasn't my mom. She turned to look at me and it took another half a second for her face to register in my mind. The two of us locked gazes for what felt like minutes, maybe hours. Then, we broke away suddenly when my cock started sliding out of her body. We quickly sat up in opposite directions on the bed, both of us staring off somewhere else while trying not to pay attention to our naked bodies dripping with sweat, or my cum

starting to drip out onto the mattress where her sopping wet pussy was perched. I glanced away from her and stared blankly at the dresser, trying desperately to avoid looking at the puddle between Cara's legs. As my mind continued to race, I felt like every thought inside my head was echoing like a thunderclap. There were no words uttered between us for several long minutes while each of us remained silent and still.

She said it first: "Are we really going to do this?"

I responded instantly, "We have done it already." I was being cocky, which normally, I would've taken it back and told her that yes, we can figure something out. But I had taken a chance. And it worked.

So here was my shot.

Mom looked down between her legs. Her fingers were trembling.

She gathered some of the cum on them.

Her tongue came out.

And she tasted it.

My breath caught in my chest.

"I..." My mother swallowed. "I... think this is wrong, baby... but..." I watched her swallow. And shift, just slightly, just enough so that my cock pressed closer to her. Mom licked her lips, and kept looking over her shoulder at me. At me. Not away.

But directly at me.

"Maybe that makes me sick," she whispered, her voice hoarse.

I knew that she understood. We were two consenting adults who both wanted what was happening. Whatever might have come between us wouldn't matter, and even if I wasn't sure at first if we were going to get away with it—after all, we lived with each other. Even when we moved to the new place, would they really buy the story about Cara and I dating? Couldn't people put together the fact that we'd been living together for almost a year, that I slept down the hall from her, that my mother and I shared the same address? How stupid were they going to be to think I hadn't had any chances?

We were taking the risk, but I no longer cared. Because the reward, the reward would be everything I ever wanted. I thought that the world didn't give out gifts like this, so easily taken, and I'd

do anything to get it. Anything. My cock ached in my hand and my palm slathered some of her pussy's moisture over my shaft. The rest of it would just have to come from my pre-cum, which was starting to squirt in thick threads at just the thought of filling my mother. I stroked it, my cock throbbing hotly while I teased mom by sliding my slick fingers over her own hole. Her breath shuddered every time my hand bumped up against her clit, or slipped along the length of her pussy. I didn't need lube, because I had a fountain right here.

"Just make sure..." My mother shivered and swallowed, glancing back at me again, making sure I was listening. "Make sure you cum in me."

A thrill went through me, hearing her say that, actually asking for me to finish inside of her. Like she needed it...

Like she wanted it...

That I should put a baby in her. My baby. And I almost believed it myself.

I lined up the head of my cock to the opening of her slit and teased the lips apart with its girth. As the tip nudged up into her, parting her folds, I heard a sharp cry of need—and I buried all of myself into her with one deep, powerful thrust. My fingers gripped tightly onto her waist. Mom gasped as the length of my shaft split her wide, forcing its way into her soft pink, pushing its way inside of her, inch by thick, throbbing inch. I pressed down with my palms, and I fucked her into the bed, rocking the entire frame with each powerful movement as I pounded my hips against her ass, smacking my balls against her skin again and again. Mom was gripping the bedspread so hard, twisting it as I rode her from behind. Her moans grew louder as the bed began to rock along with us, squeaking softly beneath our bodies. "Oh God," she cried out over and over. "God, Jared—"

Her face turned sideways.

Mom's green eyes were watering. Her mouth was open and gasping for air as I filled her with myself over and over. Her breasts rocked with our fucking, bouncing freely while we made love. She looked like an angel. The thought flashed in my mind; I knew that the last thing I needed to do to finally win her over was right here.

She'd never been with a man like this. She'd never surrendered to me completely, to any man, ever. Her pussy was mine. And I had to show her...

I lifted my hand, high, and brought it back down to land on the round of her ass with a loud slap. "Oh!" Her eyes went wide at the sting that my palm left behind and she turned away, but I didn't stop there, my hand landed repeatedly upon her backside, reddening her skin, spanking her in time with every deep thrust into her cunt until tears pricked the corners of her eyes and my cock drove all doubt from her mind. My mom's whole body shook as I gripped her hip and plunged in as deep as I could, pushing the tip of myself right up against the opening of her womb—that soft barrier that marked the place where our union would reach its fullest conclusion.

"Mom," I managed, gasping and straining over her, my hands going to her shoulders, pulling them, dragging her onto me in rhythmic time with my thrusts. "Oh... fuck..." I choked and gasped. Mom cried out weakly beneath me. She was struggling not to come, trying to deny me the chance to fill her.

And as my seed welled up in my balls I knew that I had to give her what she wanted. That's what she was waiting for. What we both were waiting for. As much as mom wanted another man's child, even as her father-in-law's son... she had something even more intense that she needed.

Something that only I could provide her.

The pleasure was blinding. Every thrust into my mom threatened to be the one where my seed exploded and shot deep into her, flooding her womb. But somehow, I was holding on—the pleasure and sensation threatening to overwhelm me while I held back, giving mom what she needed, forcing her to take every last bit of me just like she always did. Just like a daughter should do for her mother. And as her voice climbed higher and higher, I knew we were getting close to that point, that moment when everything came crashing down.

"Take it..." I groaned through gritted teeth, trying desperately to keep from filling her with my cum too soon. "Take your son's fucking cock."

Mom moaned and tried to turn away at the words but couldn't. She looked over her shoulder and I could see it in her eyes... she didn't want to admit how much she wanted me... not out loud at least. She'd rather let me speak for both of us. Her tongue licked across her lips, wetting them slowly. "Fill me up, son..." she whispered.

It was like an explosion erupted in my cock. My orgasm hit fast, making me see stars, causing me to pull back so I wouldn't fill her right away. The next stroke went deeper, and mom gasped and arched her back. Her tightness clenched my cock so hard that it took everything I had not to explode then. Mom felt too good! The pleasure coursed through every nerve in my body as she continued to buck against me, grinding on me in desperation. A little moan escaped her mouth with each thrust of my dick inside her pussy and when I reached down and slid my hands under her breasts I could feel them jiggling as her ass slammed into me repeatedly.

Another orgasm threatened, sending shivers through me. And I was suddenly reminded of how quickly it had been since mom had drained my balls the night before and here we were again. I thought I was in for a surprise, but this time mom did too and I couldn't have given her a warning if I'd wanted to. So instead I just rode the waves of pleasure crashing through my body. My balls tightened up and my dick began spurting its second load of the morning inside mom's eager hole.

The heat built up between us as I filled her. There was no way for her not to know what was going on. Even while I kept thrusting, fucking her, continuing our incestual union—that first bit had definitely done it for her. Or else, there was something in what I had said. My voice must have sounded so determined that despite her uncertainty, she yielded to me anyway. It made it easier that, physically, she was more than willing. My own arousal, the cum slicking the both of us, and my semen, flooding into her... all these things conspired to ensure that I was going to get whatever the fuck I wanted out of this situation.

And all my mom could do was ride the waves of her own arousal as I plowed deep inside of her, feeling myself losing control of the

act, but determined to at least go out with an orgasm, if not some sort of style. I pressed against her, letting mom's hands grasp at nothing as I bore down and tried to keep thrusting through my body's exhaustion. She whimpered and her walls contracted on my cock as I felt the third spurt begin. This one was much less than the first two times, but enough to bring me gasping as my hips pressed flat against her, trying to press even deeper.

"You ready?" I panted.

Mom nodded against the blankets, not fully aware of what she was agreeing to.

I came. For the fourth time today, I let loose a final deluge of spunk inside of her. And mom finally reacted, as if only now realizing what we'd been doing: her eyes opened wide and she moaned, her fingers clenched tighter around the covers as she bucked beneath me and her voice went up a pitch as she cried out in orgasmic bliss. Her legs shook and her cunt clenched tightly, trying desperately to squeeze out every drop of seed from me, coaxing my cock for more, trying to milk it inside of her even when it wasn't necessary any longer. I fucked her slowly, thrusting back and forth just once, making sure that her walls stayed clamped on my cock through the end of it, wanting to take in every fucking second of this incredible pleasure.

When she had finished, mom took a deep breath and sighed, closing her eyes and relaxing under me.

But I wasn't done. I had cum all over her, I had filled her beyond anything and everything anyone else could ever hope to do, but I still hadn't gotten rid of the one thing that was going to be an issue. She thought it'd be fine. But I didn't care. If a man is going to claim a woman, he'll make certain that everyone knows she belongs to him.

My hand went to the back of her head. My cock never left her body; her folds were clinging to me too tightly for that to happen. I pushed her, hard, making her cry out in surprise—she didn't know what she'd expected from this. I pushed until her neck gave way, until she was looking away from me and her cheek was flat against the covers. She gasped, feeling my hips grinding on her ass. And

then we made eye contact. With just the tips of my fingers on the nape of her neck, I was in control of her completely, and mom whimpered in helplessness, knowing how completely I was about to dominate her.

Her hips shifted against me, and my other hand went between them.

I pressed the tip of my cock into her cunt.

Mom shivered and her lips parted with a wordless moan as my fingers found what they were looking for.

"Is this why you want to fuck dad so bad?" I asked, stroking the firm, swollen ring of her ass. "Have you not been able to feel that part of you anymore? You think you've forgotten what it means to feel good like this?" My hand slid lower, feeling along her pussy, wetting my fingers in the slickness there, slathering it into that tight star. It pulsed and opened a little. But not enough. Not yet. "Do you need your son's cock?" I asked. I rubbed myself against her opening, coating her in precum, and then moved back up again to tease her other opening.

Mom gave an incomprehensible sound. Her fingers grasped harder into the mattress.

Then the tips of my fingers touched it. It twitched again. It wanted more attention. A lot more.

"That's the first," I said. I stroked it again, the hot folds that trembled and parted and welcomed me, that invited me further in. My finger slipped up them, toward the tight knot near her entrance and circled there. Mom cried out softly, but didn't move away. She just held on to the bed tighter. "This is the second..." I murmured. My hands left her skin, just for a moment, to position myself, to let my shaft press up against her so that I was right where I should be. And when my fingers returned to her—now one hand holding my cock steady while I stroked the wet flesh of her entrance—her back arched, hard, and she moaned. "And this is the third..."

And my other hand held onto her hip, squeezing the firm curves there, and I pressed the head of my cock against her, and slid it inward.

For a moment I could only hold it there, feel mom as she trembled on me and whimpered and seemed to be completely overwhelmed, like she was struggling to comprehend all that was happening to her. She shivered and quaked and made desperate whines as I pressed against her, deeper and deeper. I felt her resist. But the resistance soon melted and yielded to my pressure and with one last slow push...

I entered her.

Mom went quiet, save for a choked-off cry into the mattress. She stiffened up, all along her back, tensing herself in a hard arch that drew my eyes downward and made me shudder at the sight of it, the beauty of my mother accepting me. The sight of her body stretching around my cock, taking me deeper and deeper, her muscles working over my flesh as I sunk myself into her... her cunt sucking on me...

It was unbelievable how incredible this was, the silken embrace of my mother's insides, tight and wet and clinging, drawing me in closer and making it more and more difficult not to plunge my full length straight into her with reckless abandon. I took a deep breath, trying to compose myself, fighting the urge to fuck mom like she deserved.

My balls were pressed against the curve of mom's ass—my entire shaft, everything, fully submerged. Mom was quivering and crying beneath me, her nails ripping at the bedspread, twisting the fabric. And then her hand went back and touched me—she grabbed my thigh and held on as her hips rocked against me, grinding against me as we remained locked together. Her hips twisted, stirring me within her, her fingers curling, gripping me harder.

My own fingers gripped tighter into her hips. I watched in a sort of stupefied awe as her pussy moved up and down my length. She had been so desperate to get started... She was practically fucking herself already. My eyes trailed up the curve of her spine to meet hers as she gazed over her shoulder at me, pleading, hungry, and loving all at once. It was amazing seeing my beautiful mother look at me like that; it sent a shock of pleasure directly to my core, driving me closer to the edge as I struggled to hold on to my self-control.

"Harder, Jared..." mom murmured to me, squeezing my thigh harder for emphasis. "I want to feel you."

So hard... it ached.

But the thought that my own mother wanted me this bad, desired my cock, loved me the way any woman should love the father of her children... It overwhelmed me, drove out the pain in my muscles, made me groan aloud in my ecstasy, and made my hips rock forward of their own accord. Mom gasped, arching her back as her fingernails dug into my thigh. The tip of my shaft slid forward, between her nether lips, and as my hips came down onto her ass, spreading it softly around my girth, I slipped fully into her cunt. Her inner walls hugged me instantly, pulling me deeper until I felt like we were fusing together, becoming something whole and pure and unbreakable.

"Ohh—god—you're so deep, honey!" She said, looking over her shoulder at me. "It's too much—"

But I rocked against her anyway. Her legs straightened, and she whimpered as she clung to the bedspread with both hands. Every pump into her was exquisite beyond words; it was better than anything else in the world, better than breathing, or eating. Being inside of mom felt right in a way that nothing ever had before. The warmth of her skin against mine was more comforting than being embraced, and the sensation of being able to claim my own mother, body and soul, sent shockwaves of pleasure through me with each passing moment.

And I watched my cock slip in and out of her. It gleamed, shining from being inside of her, as I pulled it out slowly and let it drop back in. Her pussy seemed to suck on me whenever I pushed forward, her whole body trying to draw me closer and never let me go.

As I took her, I heard another noise... I looked around.

The mirror. I could see the reflection. And it was fucking amazing. My own reflection, naked and strong, driving his cock into his willing mother. I hadn't really been looking at myself while we fucked before. Seeing myself taking her, watching her get pounded... it really drove home how sexy what we were doing was.

I held her thighs and picked up my pace. Cara moaned louder, gasping, her breath heavy as she started to pant. Her face was a twisted mask of pleasure, the intensity of her orgasm rising to heights I knew only I could give to her. My own moans joined hers as I felt my cock swelling, pulsing deep inside of her. "That's right," I said through gritted teeth. "I'm going to fucking cum inside you mom—I'm going to put everything inside of you—"

She couldn't even talk anymore, so close was she, but she still struggled to look back at me with a panicked gaze, telling me without words that this was too much, too far, too dangerous...

"It's going to happen," I groaned, "it's going to—"

Mom suddenly pulled free, crying out loudly, "OH GODS! OH FUCKING HELL—" and she twisted out from under me and I ended up fucking air and I fell down onto my hands as she ran across the room to get away from me, looking at me like a lunatic as she panted and put out her hands defensively—

"Honey!" She pleaded. "Just stop! Think about what you're doing! This isn't right!"

No shit it wasn't. Which is why I knew that mom just needed to give it a second to adjust to everything that was happening. Just like we both had to work through our feelings about all of this. I'd fuck my incestual mom, obviously. But I guess it makes sense to pause and make sure it's really going to happen. And, uh, yeah, I got pretty intense when we were fooling around there for a while, huh?

"I'm sorry," mom said as she held me close in our bed. I didn't know what the hell that was, but I wasn't about to go back for more after being shot down so fast.

Still, it was pretty hot while it lasted.

The next few minutes passed with mom and I lying down next to each other, holding one another on our sides, stroking one another, reassuring ourselves that what we had wasn't something dangerous or forbidden, or even immoral. Our bodies still pulsed with desire, but we were also trying to make up for the loss of our intimacy that suddenly appeared between us. Mom started crying, I hugged her close, and together, we fell asleep.

When I woke up, there was a strange smell in the air. Like old wine. Maybe it was something mom sprayed on before coming over here—but that didn't seem likely.

Mom's cell phone buzzed, and when I opened my eyes, it was late. It must have been the weekend because the sun was shining, and all of those people from outside were gone. Still, it wasn't exactly mid-afternoon yet, not on a Saturday, or maybe I was wrong?

But there was more. The whole room seemed different than before.

Mom's bag was next to her jacket on the chair near the door. Clothes were piled up around us, mostly mine, some hers. We lay beneath the blanket, still warm, naked in one another's arms.

Then it hit me.

I sat up, almost falling over the edge of the bed as I tried to untangle myself from the sheets. It was still buzzing. Where did it end up? Was it on the floor? Shit—it might have fallen under something! Did she get to it first?

But when my hand went to the nightstand and I found the familiar hard plastic shell of mom's cell, I knew she hadn't even come close.

I turned it over to see who it was. Dad again. This was becoming a pattern. At least if I ever started calling her back all he'd think is that mom was screening his calls. Or maybe she would be, but she probably just forgot about the call once I pulled out her clothes...

The phone rang in my hand for another second. That had to be a record. Mom didn't care how much money dad had thrown at this phone plan. She never let it ring more than two times before picking it up. I smiled. At least it meant there wouldn't be any awkward small-talking on his end.

It took longer than two rings, but I picked up the phone just as it went dead, and clicked "Redial."

There were only four people in the world who were going to hear what happened next. Dad was one of them, of course. Me.

And mom.

"Hello?"

As expected, dad sounded harried.

"Hi, daddy," I answered back. The words came as fast and as naturally as anything else. The truth of this moment hung between us like a noose, waiting to drop and tighten on me if I made the wrong choice.

But the time for hesitation was long past. This needed to be done. And I would do it.

Dad's voice was hurried and hectic. "Listen son, we need to talk."

Mom heard everything and froze. I think she was holding her breath because it didn't even feel like she was in the same room anymore, everything was so still and quiet. All except for the pounding in my head as the pressure continued to mount. "Yeah?"

The air conditioner rattled to life. It made enough noise that even if dad talked loudly it wouldn't matter much. I glanced down at mom who was now listening intently, her eyes flitting all over. The fear had started to build up once more; I could see it in the tight lines of her face and in her hands which were slowly balling into fists, the knuckles whitening with every word. "Are you somewhere private?" he asked.

What am I gonna say, in front of mom? "Of course!" I shouted into the phone, just in time for a burst of warm wind to come shooting out of the AC vents above us. Perfect timing. A nice cool breeze hit my backside as I continued. "Just sitting here in my house, watching a movie." That one wasn't a lie. But it'd have to be pretty soon because the way mom's pussy looked was giving me some pretty strong urges...

"That's good. Good..." Dad continued but his words kind of fell away and it almost sounded like he was doing something else while still on the phone. It made me wonder if maybe this had been planned or if something else was going on with him, maybe some late work deal on top of his personal drama. Whatever it was didn't really matter in the end, what did matter is that he bought my story. "Son? You still there?"

"Yup," I said, though all the noise made it feel like a waste of time. I knew we'd have to get off this phone and quick since that breeze meant dad was probably sitting there with the air-

conditioning running too so I had to hurry things up, just in case. "Everything ok?"

There was some mumbling over the phone before he came back. "It should be, yes. Sorry. The office has been a mess recently." And then came the kicker—the real reason he'd called, I thought, after hearing him pause, almost unsure of what to say next. "Listen. There's something else. This isn't how I wanted you to find out... but I'm going to divorce your mother."

The words came hard and fast, hitting me like a punch to the face. Suddenly, my mouth went dry and my throat felt swollen with an unbearable heat, almost suffocating. I could only stand there, stunned into silence by his admission while the realization hit home that this whole charade was over, that we'd come all this way for nothing, and there wasn't anything we could do about it... except one thing. "Fuck, no," I muttered into the receiver, trying to sound calm even though I was practically shaking with anger.

I had spent so much fucking time working on getting mom away from him. Working up all this goddamn confidence to tell her the truth about how I really felt! Everything we'd done together up until now would be for nothing if he wasn't lying to me... "I don't believe you—" But if he wasn't... I didn't want to think about it. Mom had to still love me, she did! There had to be a chance... I refused to give up hope just yet. "Dad... you're making a mistake. Don't do this!"

"A mistake?" He asked incredulously, almost yelling back at me before collecting himself. "I suppose you'd say that after spending time with your mother again."

That shut me up completely, made me feel like a fool for speaking out of turn. How would I explain why I had come back after everything? It wasn't like dad ever asked for details—maybe he thought we'd reconciled already? Either way, there was no way to lie myself out of this situation without looking like an idiot so instead, I kept silent and listened, trying not to focus on the fact that dad was staring me down while holding onto mom's waist... "What did she say to you?" He said with a little shake of his head. "Did she say anything about us? Anything... inappropriate?"

"Wh-what?" That sounded stupid of me but it was honestly the first thing to spring into my mind. Was he implying mom had said something... naughty? What kind of question even is that supposed to be?!

Mom stared at dad's ring glinting on the desk. Then she closed her eyes again and took a breath. "This is wrong."

A chill ran up my spine. My hands tightened around mom's hips.

She spoke softly. Like it pained her. "I didn't know whether I wanted to tell you the truth because I wasn't sure what the truth was. But your father and I... we've been distant for some time now..." She paused again and took another breath. "We haven't... touched each other, really... touched each other in months."

Holy fuck. I couldn't believe what she was saying to me. Months?! No wonder she looked so lonely! "What happened?"

She sighed again and then went on: "After we married, I was surprised he was faithful to me for even that long. You think it's something to celebrate, right? But once his first big opportunity came up, he couldn't wait to sleep with some hot young model from Sweden... I just didn't want you to hate him like I did. Like I do."

She seemed relieved. The truth finally out there. In the open, where I could grab it and use it—use it as a knife against her guilt, the last obstacle between us being together.

If dad and mom hadn't had sex for months then what was one more broken rule, one more broken wall between me and my mother? A few minutes ago we were strangers to each other, but now here she was, bared and presented to me, waiting for me to slide inside of her and make her mine, forever.

I pressed the head of my cock against the wet heat between my mom's legs. Her cunt was practically leaking for me, slick and dripping and ready to be taken, owned. It throbbed as I let the tip brush on it, sending little bolts of lightning through both of us. My hands curled on mom's ass as I prepared myself to slam deep inside of her, filling her for the first time, staking my claim.

As soon as she gave her nod, I drove forward, sinking myself inside of her. It was warm—god, even that's not good enough—it was hot—and moist—and oh god, mom was squeezing down on me

hard, her cunt practically suckling at me as I sank deep inside of her, deeper than I'd ever been in a woman, into her core, until my balls pressed into the wet folds of her lips, nesting themselves against her clit.

"Ohhh," mom gasped out, fingers curled into claws as she took me.

I moaned, thrusting deep, my hips smacking against her ass as I forced myself fully inside, making sure that she felt me. Her eyes rolled as I started to pull back, only to drive myself back in. My own breathing grew more intense. I didn't just fuck my mom, I drilled her, plundering her depths. She arched up, and with one hand I grabbed her by the shoulder, while my other went to her ass, grabbing, fondling, kneading her flesh as I held onto her and pulled her towards me. Mom gasped and cried out wordlessly as I fucked her roughly, my balls slapping wetly into her, again and again.

Mom whimpered. Her mouth was wide open and drool ran from her tongue. But even though she couldn't say anything, I knew what she wanted. I moved my hand from her shoulder, reaching under, to grab her hair. "You like this," I hissed at her, giving her golden blonde locks a tug. She groaned in response, her tongue lolling out. Her cheeks were red and sweat was beading her neck. "Tell me what you want."

"Yes...!" mom finally said. "Ohh—Jared—please!"

Her voice rose into a sudden gasp when I grabbed her by the hair and pulled back on her hard enough that her body lifted off the bed entirely. My other hand still cupped her breasts, thumb and forefinger teasing her nipples, tweaking them in time with every slap of my hips into hers. My mother didn't need any more coaxing after that. Every rough tug or squeeze made her moan even louder than before. And every moan spurred me on further until soon, mom's screams filled the entire suite.

But something about her still bothered me.

I stopped, panting, but mom only whimpered once I pulled out completely, looking at me pleadingly over her shoulder. She looked gorgeous—she was perfect, actually. Perfect legs, perfect curves, perfect breasts—everything, from her eyes down to her toes, were

just—fuck. But she was also perfect because... fuck, she was everything I loved. Not just physically; there was just some sort of energy that drew me to her, just like when we first met, in the hospital. A connection so strong and powerful and unflinching, like nothing I'd ever seen. That was why I fucked her from behind—why I couldn't let her look at me. Because deep down, I knew: mom was better than me. She deserved better than me. And that was what really kept us apart.

That realization struck me hard, all of a sudden.

"Fuck..." I pulled myself back from her, falling backwards onto the carpet. "Fuck! Fuck!" The intensity of it surprised me, and I had no idea how to deal with it. Tears filled my eyes as the emotions flooded me, threatening to break me entirely. I wrapped my hands around myself, rocking slightly, but I was helpless before the onslaught.

After several moments of my self-pity party, I felt a hand touch my arm, a gentle voice spoke. "Honey?"

I looked up, trying to wipe away the tears. My mother knelt in front of me, naked and beautiful, like some angel out of my fantasies come to life. But there was worry on her face, not lust, and it seemed as if it were for me. Like she was concerned. And that only made this fucking emotional mess worse—because even after everything I'd done, after trying to dominate and rape her, she still cared about me, more than anyone else.

"Are you alright, sweetie?" Mom ran a hand through my hair, looking at me kindly. Her breasts hung heavy, full, and perfect, her stomach just beginning to show a hint of rounded softness, a curve that led down to her cunt and the tangle of wiry blonde hairs which topped it. Even with her concern, her beauty affected me, sending thrills along my spine.

Mom was so amazingly sexy. There wasn't anything about her that wasn't arousing or lovely. It should have been wrong—her being so old, me so young—but all I could think about was how hard I wanted to fuck her, how much I needed her body. Everything that had happened, and every little thing she did made me fall deeper, harder, faster. Just watching her sit there—even without any clothes,

I could see the loveliest parts of her personality coming together to form a perfect person. This wasn't a woman who would hurt me, not ever on purpose; even knowing what we were going to do, I wasn't scared of it, because deep in my gut I knew it was right, it felt right...

"Jared?" My eyes met hers. Her stare was firm and questioning, and she asked again, "Do you want me?" Her gaze moved downwards, landing on my cock, still stiff in my lap. There was something there that excited me; maybe it was the fact that, like everything else between us, my mom was going to be completely involved and willing, not just taking care of me but also helping me through all the little steps towards sex, like an older girlfriend, if one of those women were your mom too.

"Yes," I said, breathless. I watched her closely as she reached out for my cock, as her warm fingers curled around it, as her eyes drifted low and studied the shape and length of it in her hand. She began to rub me, slowly, and with purpose. I could feel how she tightened her grip, how she varied the pressure from base to tip in order to coax the reaction she wanted out of me, and though I couldn't see it, I could definitely feel precum forming on the head of my dick in response to her efforts.

"Have you ever done this before, honey?" Her voice was gentle. The words weren't condescending like they might have been if it were any other girl talking. With her, it made sense: she didn't know yet what I liked. This was all part of getting to know each other better. I looked away as she stroked me, not wanting to meet her eyes—was I really a virgin? In some ways, it felt like no; having sex with mom had put so many miles under me already. But I still hadn't been with a girl my age, even if she had wanted me... "You haven't, have you?" Her free hand cupped my chin. Mom was trying to look at me while she was stroking my cock. My body tensed at her touch as she held my face steady, keeping my gaze focused on her and making sure I wasn't able to shy away from the embarrassment I felt being asked that question.

She giggled a little bit, seeing that I wasn't looking directly at her. Her finger tapped playfully against the bottom of my chin for a few

moments while she finished laughing, then she lowered my face until our eyes met again. "What are you so worried about, honey? We're both learning here. You don't have anything to be embarrassed about. You don't have anything that I haven't seen before." Mom grinned. She was teasing me a bit now. I felt my face grow hot and quickly turned away, but I didn't have anywhere else to go: I was too far along into cumming to fight back against the pleasure rising inside me, and when my mom noticed that my attention was elsewhere, she tugged my face back towards her again. "Stay with me, Jared. Let's just... talk for a little bit, okay? Get more comfortable with each other." Mom leaned down and gently kissed my forehead. She lingered there for a few seconds. Her hair covered my face, but I could still smell it—she smelled clean, like a fresh shower and perfume. For some reason, right in the back of my head I started thinking about when I used to crawl into my parents' bed after waking up from nightmares, seeking comfort from them by curling between them until I fell asleep. Was this going to make us closer than before? Even if mom would never tell dad about this, would things get weird between the two of us?

Mom slowly stood upright, keeping eye contact the entire time. Once she was standing she stopped stroking my cock, and placed one hand on my thigh and the other around my hip. Then she carefully slid off her panties without using her hands. The lace slipped down her legs, revealing her pussy below, wet and waiting for my dick. With her panties off she stepped toward me again, pressing her body into mine and then lifting my cock upwards so it nestled between the lips of her slit. "Ready, baby?" She asked, smiling with reassurance. "Tell me if you want me to stop." Mom reached out for my hand and then brought it towards her, setting it on one of her hips. She then did the same for her other hand. "Come on," she said, urging me to take control, "I'm all yours, son... just do whatever feels natural." I took a deep breath and adjusted myself underneath my mom, preparing myself mentally to enter her as my eyes drifted lower, over her round, heaving breasts and stomach. Then I focused on her slit, watching her lips part as they hugged the underside of my shaft. I pulled my mom even closer

against me as I looked up at her face, then I guided my shaft up, sliding its head across her cunt and towards her belly. Mom shuddered as she felt my tip press into the sensitive skin of her stomach before I lowered my cock back down and let it rub between the lips of her pink cunt. This time, as I pulled my mom close to me again, I positioned myself further downward and pushed my cock back between her legs, only now I angled it upwards so it slipped directly into her wet pussy. Mom held on tighter as we both began to tremble in anticipation. I leaned my mom backwards a bit more until I was sure I could penetrate her pussy easily. Then, finally, after what felt like ages of foreplay, I bucked my hips forward and sank my cock inside of the woman who gave me birth.

A soft groan escaped mom's lips as I slid deeper inside her hole. And then another groan once I had buried all nine inches of my length into her wet snatch. God, I couldn't believe this was happening... My cock was filling my mother and soon we were going to become true incest-lovers, bound by sex and our shared desire for one another. We paused like that for several moments, my body pressed hard against mom's, holding her steady while I kept my cock stuffed deep into her pussy. I had no intention of pulling out though. After years of fantasizing about my mom and dreaming of how it might feel to fuck her, I had finally experienced it and now I had to make it last forever.

We stared deep into each others eyes, neither of us talking or moving, merely enjoying the feeling of our two bodies joined together in a truly forbidden union. Mom seemed especially aroused by being in this position with me, lying on her stomach beneath her son, taking his huge dick deep inside of her tight pussy, waiting for him to take the lead. For several minutes I continued to remain motionless, my shaft firmly wedged inside my mother. Her breathing slowed but remained somewhat ragged while her body calmed down from the initial excitement. After a bit, though, we started moving again and I began to rock my hips in a gentle thrusting motion, careful not to move too quickly, lest I cum prematurely or cause mom any discomfort. Gradually, my strokes became longer and stronger until I had pulled out nearly my entire cock on each thrust,

leaving just an inch buried inside before driving back into her depths. The intensity slowly increased but the pace never changed. Mom gasped occasionally whenever I filled her completely, pushing past her cervix and bumping hard against her deepest reaches.

The bed creaked under our combined weight. A soft glow settled across my mom's back, illuminating her skin. She moaned as my cock throbbed deep within her, pumping hotly inside her folds. We fucked languidly, gently. Mom whimpered under me and I grunted softly as my cock slid effortlessly into her tight little cunt. Her face twisted in pleasure with each tender penetration, and she gasped whenever I touched bottom inside of her.

"It's so good, sweetie..." My mother whispered between labored breaths, "You feel so good inside me..."

My mom's encouragement drove me crazy; I could already sense that my orgasm was imminent. My balls tightened against my groin and I knew that I'd blow soon. The knowledge that I was going to fill my mother's pussy with my load should have filled me with guilt, but I was just too far gone to care.

With a final thrust and a long, slow groan I came, flooding mom's womb with a torrent of spunk. Cum surged out from my cock, thick ropes coating her insides until it finally dripped down around us. Once I had finished cumming I eased myself onto the bed next to my mother, who lay there motionless, trying to catch her breath.

"That was incredible honey," she said, propping herself up on an elbow, "thank you. It might not be the right thing to say right now, but it really did remind me of what sex with your father used to be like... in its best moments."

"Yeah," I said slowly. "I'm glad you think so, because that means you'll be wanting more, and you know how selfish I am." My voice became dark. "You're mine."

Mom's smile faltered. "What?"

"I want you all to myself. Not just now."

"Jared..." Her voice wavered as if she was unsure whether or not I was serious.

I rolled over, grabbed my phone, and showed her the screen. She looked at it silently for several seconds. "If you don't do this then...

this is going to have to stay between us. For good." I paused for a moment, looking at the picture on the screen. Myself and my mother's best friend. It was too risky to let Cara have a copy. I'd rather not send it at all. But we were making a deal here. Mom couldn't see an obvious incentive to go through with this. Without this, I'm sure Cara would make life pretty difficult for my family. With this, she might even decide not to get back at them. This was insurance. If things went well, there'd be no reason to tell anyone about her and I fucking, so we wouldn't have to threaten each other. "But," I added, "if you go along with this..."

Cara looked up from the photo.

"If you do this, then everything you said earlier is true. I've given you something that your husband has never offered. Do you want your freedom? Or not?"

Mom watched me, uncertain. Finally, after a moment, she nodded. "You're right." She swallowed thickly. "My whole life I've been waiting for my chance to leave him. And yet when he asks for me back... I almost say yes..." Mom shook her head. "I don't even know what I am, anymore."

"A woman," I replied. I moved closer to her and pulled her into my arms. Mom didn't resist me, accepting my embrace. I took her hand, guided it to my crotch. Mom gave a soft moan as she gripped my hardon through the cloth, feeling its length, the thickness of it. She pulled at the fabric, tugged at my jeans, opening the zipper. Her hand reached through the opening and pulled me out. Her touch was electric; I shuddered as she stroked along my shaft, gripping my girth.

Then mom leaned toward me, her breath warming the base of my cock as she brought herself close. I gasped as her tongue touched me, curling up my length and to the tip, gathering some of the pre-cum that seeped out. She swallowed my taste slowly, licking around her lips and giving a long sigh of satisfaction. "I guess..." She murmured softly. "I guess there's only one way to find out how much I really want you." She grinned. "Fuck your mommy, baby. Come fill me up with all your cum—"

My eyes shut tight at the pleasure of her voice, so sweet and dirty that it took everything not to lose it all right then and there. I stepped forward, guiding myself into position. Mom moaned as I rubbed myself against her thigh, then pressed my cock up between her legs. The stiff rod ran along her mound and up to her clit; mom's hips rocked with me, rubbing her cunt along my length as I explored her body, hands sliding under her blouse and tracing around her stomach to cup her breasts through her bra. I pulled her shirt over her head, exposing her, then unclipped her bra. With a slow pull, her breasts came into view. They were gorgeous: firm and perky despite their size, large dark pink nipples puffed out with arousal. I played with them as I pressed my cock up against her pussy; I pushed myself along her lips, feeling how hot, how wet and eager she was. And then I pressed in. The crown of my cock parted her lips, and her soft heat enveloped the tip of me.

I pushed. Mom squeaked as I filled her, taking my thickness, stretching around my girth as my rod plunged into her. Fuck, it felt good, my shaft engulfed by her warmth, the slick squeeze of her sex gripping me as I slowly filled her more and more until—

Mom shivered hard, arching against the bed as I bottomed out inside of her, my cock buried to the hilt. I looked down at the spot where we were joined and groaned softly. I could see my balls pushing against her ass and felt myself twitch inside of her. I moved back an inch, admiring the sight of her spread wide for me, then bucked forward again. My mother bit back a moan and I pulled out and thrust into her, my hand gripping her hip tightly.

As I started fucking my own mom, I had to stop, slow down. Her tightness, the squeezing heat of her cunt, kept making me dizzy, forcing my focus away from controlling the situation and back onto the primal bliss of taking her. My fingers pressed harder into her skin, pulling her body onto me with every stroke. We rocked together, finding our pace as we fucked. The pleasure spiked and I grunted, hips slamming forward with enough force that it made her legs weak. Mom slumped, pressing her face deeper into the sheets and gasping out for breath.

Mom cried out and arched up against me, trembling. "Oh!" she squeaked, her voice rising in pitch. Her pussy clamped down hard on me, and when her body shook again I lost control of myself entirely. My orgasm erupted out of nowhere, so intense and so sudden that I staggered against her, barely keeping hold of myself enough to push my cock as deep as I could get it. Semen rushed out of me in thick pulses, flooding the deepest parts of my mother. Each thrust forward made my mind flash white and each burst of cum pushed me closer to collapsing on top of her.

When we finally slowed to a stop I pulled out and fell to my knees behind her. My whole body was numb but for my heart, which hammered away at double-time. Slowly I rose and collapsed beside mom on the bed. She crawled close to me, curling her head on my chest and wrapping around my arm.

"I know what I want," I told her. "And now you're mine."

It didn't have quite the effect that I'd wanted.

She giggled. Not at all how you expect the woman whose body you've just claimed—no, conquered—to react.

My eyes narrowed at her, and she grinned back, nuzzling against my arm and sighing in contentment. "Is this real?" she asked, after a long silence, her voice heavy with sleepiness.

"Mmhmm," I answered with a kiss on her temple.

I wrapped an arm under her, cradling her closer against me. One hand on her breast, one hand between her legs. The wine and our shared heat made the bedroom a warm bubble we were cocooned in together, a place of peace and privacy. A place to dream. A place to imagine all kinds of new possibilities.

As my fingers found the ring she wore on her finger, I wondered if she imagined a future where she could be Cara Williams once more.

Or if this meant she was forever tied to the family who never appreciated her.

Tied to him.

With that thought, the anger came back. And the determination. Whatever happened next, it was clear: mom's marriage was over. Whether that ended in divorce or not wasn't up to me.

But whether she'd walk away with me as her new man, that I had total control over.

I looked at the ring and turned it, my thumb finding a seam that indicated it was removable, just in case she needed to resize it—or maybe remove it because I took away the last bit of her hesitation.

Mom let go, but in doing so, she let her soul come out, the part of her that she'd been hiding, that she didn't feel comfortable with, that she wasn't able to trust with anyone except for...

"Mom," I whispered into her ear, her neck arched towards me, her blonde hair brushing across my chest. My cock throbbed inside of her, buried almost completely, only the last couple inches left outside as she shivered in shock from what we'd just done. "Don't run anymore... Don't hide... I want you..."

I wanted more than this moment of blissful connection.

I wanted every day to be like this, to be with her, together, no holds barred.

So my hand left her hip, traveled up the warm curve of her belly, between her breasts and along the tender skin of her throat. Gently, I wrapped my fingers around it, and squeezed.

I fucked mom gently at first, rocking her slowly in front of me while I made love to her. But once we were in sync, when I was sliding all the way in her, deep as I could go, until my balls rested against her clit—only then did I fuck her properly. Mom's face twisted in shock, from my slow rhythm to the sudden harsh plunge of my cock deep inside of her, her mouth dropping open as I grunted into her ear. The bed was shaking under us with each thrust, and it rattled louder the more I increased the force. I pulled out, nearly entirely, let the head linger against the wetness of her slit, and then, gripping her neck tight in my fingers, slammed back in hard, so that she'd scream into the mattress, the sound stifled by the sheets. Mom came immediately, writhing forward but held tight in my grip. Her thighs flexed, her feet kicking back, her legs straightening while her orgasm surged through her. In that moment, with my mother coming in my arms, I knew there was never going to be anything better in my life.

I fucked harder into her, faster, driving out all thoughts from my brain and focusing on her, the sweat dripping down her back, the strands of hair stuck to the nape of her neck. I couldn't hold myself back. It was like an eruption: I groaned and shoved myself deep inside her, releasing everything I had for her. My cock kicked and I shot thick, powerful spurts of semen into my mother, so far in she could feel it splash against her cervix. She squealed as I came, my whole body shuddering against hers as every pulse of my balls drained themselves, until there was no more room. Then I pulled out, letting it leak from her pussy onto her legs. It dribbled down her inner thigh, and when she lowered herself slightly, pooled on the edge of the bed. My entire body was still quivering, overcome with waves of pleasure that made my eyes flutter and my legs go weak.

My body gave up the moment we were done. My knees gave out, I collapsed back onto the bed. Mom followed after me, her breathing a mess, her hands still gripping the bedspread until her knuckles were white. I reached out with my hand to comfort her. "That," I said, my voice shaking. "Was..."

Mom rolled over on her side, facing me, looking at me.

Smiled.

It was the warmest look I think I ever saw in my mother's eyes.

We looked at one another, our naked bodies entwined in this messy bed, and I knew. The same way mom did.

Nothing was going to be the same ever again.

She turned to face me and pressed her lips to mine, kissed me hard as she guided my hand between her legs—she didn't want slow or gentle and neither did I:

I grabbed mom and threw her down. Mom gave a cry of surprise, but she didn't resist as I forced her against the bed. Her arms spread, and she arched her back as I shoved her thighs apart. Then my cock was throbbing hard and sliding in her wetness. She moaned as I speared into her, so deep it sent a shiver down my spine and an ecstatic thrill that went straight to my balls. Mom grunted as my hips slammed against hers and I plunged deeper than before, my hands grabbing her ass, squeezing so hard she winced. She moaned, loud and breathy as I drove forward with short, sharp thrusts. And each

time I slid out of her she gasped until she was practically begging me to keep fucking her.

This is what you need, mom. No more lying to yourself.

My thrusts started hard and fast. I fucked her as if I couldn't stop, because I wasn't even sure that I could at this point. It didn't matter anymore; nothing mattered except that we were having sex like wild animals. I pulled out of her roughly and watched her tight little pucker wink at me, shiny with her juices. She looked up and over her shoulder with a mixture of shock and lustful excitement as I put the tip of my dick back inside her, slowly pushing forward again until I was buried balls-deep. We both moaned as I began pounding my mom with a slow steady rhythm, savoring how amazing it felt to fuck her like this, how right it felt for us to be together. She responded immediately, raising her ass in time with my thrusts. Soon, our bodies were moving in sync, with her pushing back each time I slammed forward. Each impact created a slapping sound that reverberated through the room as we rutted on the bed, grunting and sweating and moaning without reservation.

My whole world seemed to narrow down to that moment—our bodies becoming one. Nothing else existed but us in the universe as we made love feverishly, desperately. I wrapped one arm around her chest and cupped one of her tits while my other hand moved to stroke her clit furiously. We fucked as if the fate of the world depended on us fucking harder and faster. The only sounds were the slapping of flesh on flesh and our cries of pleasure. I buried my cock into her depths, feeling her muscles contract around me. I wanted to stay like this forever, just me inside her with nothing else standing between us, but I knew that my climax was approaching and it would not be long before we reached our peak. "I love you," I groaned into her ear.

Mom came first. She screamed out, burying her face into the pillows in an attempt to muffle the noise, but she couldn't stop the spasms that rocked through her body. Her legs trembled uncontrollably beneath me as her pussy contracted rhythmically around my cock. A fresh gush of liquid warmth flowed over my ballsack, signaling the end. My pace slowed down somewhat until

eventually I pulled out entirely. By now she was slumped onto the sheets, panting heavily after experiencing multiple orgasms. I grabbed my prick in hand, jerking off hard and fast to the sight of my mother lying underneath me spent and sated from the sex we had shared. Within moments I too reached my limit, roaring out in ecstasy as spurts of cum flew from the tip of my cock and landed all over her ass cheeks and lower back, covering them in thick white gobs of jizz. When my orgasm subsided I collapsed onto the mattress beside her exhausted and gasping for breath. Mom rolled onto her side to look at me and smiled sweetly before crawling closer to cuddle next to me. "I love you too, son." She said as she closed her eyes to fall asleep.

The next few weeks passed by uneventfully as my father went missing and our family got more used to having another male around the house. There was an occasional comment here or there about whether I would move out eventually when I got a job, but neither I nor Cara brought up our secret relationship in public. It was almost like nothing happened between us. Things were going so smoothly that I actually found it hard to believe my luck would continue on indefinitely. My mom never stopped showing signs of affection towards me in front of others, though it often manifested itself as a loving hug or touch rather than anything explicit. We kept things under wraps until one particular night when she knocked softly on my door frame to get my attention before entering without asking if I minded or not. That was unlike her so immediately I sat upright in bed knowing something important must be happening based on the look of determination on her face. "Jared..." She murmured nervously approaching the foot of my bed. "Honey... can you come here?" She beckoned while standing up straight wearing nothing but a long silk robe with thin straps that looked similar to the dress I ruined on her several days ago. The top of her boobs were visible just above the hemline, allowing me glimpses of side cleavage whenever she moved slightly and swaying along with the bottom portion of it.

That's when I noticed her hand placed flat on her stomach rubbing it slowly as if trying to tell me something without using

words. Suddenly I realized what she was hinting at... "Oh god..." I groaned out loud thinking back to all those nights when we screwed raw without protection. I know I came inside of her more than once but I thought nothing of it since birth control pills have made it virtually impossible for women to become pregnant nowadays unless they intentionally decide to give life into this world. Now however all of my worst fears became reality especially when seeing how serious Mom was about this issue judging by the expression on her face and how much worry lined her eyes. She seemed genuinely upset over the fact that maybe somehow someway we might create another little life together considering everything going on in both our lives already!

My palms began to sweat from stress knowing well enough exactly where this conversation heading without needing much explanation whatsoever, however even though I should've been furious at myself and her, surprisingly enough, I wasn't. It made me think perhaps my mind has already grown accustomed to accepting that eventually sooner rather later she'd get knocked up again and then maybe we could end up becoming a proper family down the road after time heals wounds left open for far too damn long already today!

She stared at me while fidgeting nervously biting down upon her bottom lip, awaiting any reaction from me whatsoever.

"You're absolutely sure?" I inquired sternly.

Cara nodded with tears forming around the edges of her eyelids then quickly blinked them away while keeping calm. "I took two different pregnancy tests this morning...they were both positive." She confirmed matter-of-factually.

"Shit..." Was all I could muster thinking back upon every night spent alone in her bedroom doing god knows what! I had come so deep inside her so many times that it shouldn't come as a surprise but actually knowing for sure definitely made things feel realer.

It made everything more frightening, exhilarating...and incredibly sexy at the same time.

"That's why," I stated breathlessly trying to wrap my mind around such information, "you told dad...tonight he was going to

fuck his own grandchild inside your womb huh?" It came out as both an accusatory question as well as a simple statement. She nodded while looking at me over her shoulder, her eyes glossy yet full of lust and wonderment. "If you're sure that's true then you have to accept what will happen once I'm done breeding my very own mommy." She didn't respond this time except to moan and close her eyes.

I pressed gently against her entrance with my cock, teasing her open as my hands squeezed the plush globes of her ass tightly.

Mom whimpered as my swollen head slid between her lips before slipping past them.

She gasped loudly as her eyes widened in shock from the reality of having my bare cock deep inside her most sacred womanhood. I took a deep breath relishing in how great her tight hole felt on the tip of my penis after being forced to live out so many years of sexual fantasies where our mother/son bond could be taken far beyond merely incestuous. Mom squirmed beneath me while clutching frantically at the satin sheets of the bed we now shared. I pulled back slightly just enough to get another view of my dick halfway withdrawn then drove it forward until I could feel my balls slap up against her warm wet skin. The intensity of it all caused me to throw my head back while unleashing a mighty groan of unadulterated passion that left no doubt whatsoever about how much my mother was pleasing her son with her pussy. "Aaaarrrgh fuck!!" I growled like an animal finally getting the chance to mate after waiting too long.

As soon as she felt this she began writhing wildly around beneath me, screaming "Nooo! God, no... don't... fuck noooo!"

But it was too late to change the direction her life would be headed because mom knew better than anybody else there is just no stopping once a teenager gets horny. In fact they become insatiable and won't settle down unless completely satisfied. It might be wrong but there was something primal that happened when my eyes first took in that incredible sight of our combined genitals making contact after being held back from one another for so many years. She may have said stop but judging by the way her pussy responded it definitely wanted more.

After that initial push inside I started slow and rhythmic but gradually increased pace with each stroke until soon I was thrusting so hard our bodies crashed together violently sending mom's big tits swinging back and forth underneath her chest. Every time they hit she'd whimper quietly like she was getting pinched or even tickled. When you get that deep inside somebody who doesn't normally allow such invasion it really gets them aroused which makes their hole clench tight around your pole while also making it super wet in there causing things to start slapping around even more noticeably. With my thumbs still holding her labia open for better access I pounded my rock-hard dick into her snatch until she started gasping loudly between loud moans signifying another orgasm building inside. Just before it reached critical mass though I yanked my pulsing shaft from out inside my mother's dripping slit. A look of desperation crossed over her face as if wondering why I had stopped short. Then came the most incredible sight ever - without even being touched mom suddenly screamed loudly again as a squirt of hot white cum shot out across the bedspread directly underneath her gaping pussy hole followed shortly thereafter by several smaller spurts after which she collapsed in exhaustion onto her side whereupon more droplets leaked out onto the sheets beneath while continuing to convulse violently until finally calming down. "Oh fuck" was all that could escape my lips once I realized what had just happened...

This was exactly what I wanted - the ultimate payoff. Mom was so turned on that simply watching my dick penetrate her body enough times got her to experience her first squirting orgasm! The only problem? It wasn't inside where it needed to be otherwise it would have fulfilled my fantasy completely. Nevertheless this alone would still satisfy my goal: to make Cara feel good sexually about herself after years of neglect. As she lay there panting heavily trying desperately to regain her senses I decided to reward her with some extra special attention. My fingers found her clit once more and began working circles around it until I sensed her tense up indicating another climax was imminent. Sure enough moments later she cried out louder than before and shuddered hard just like earlier except

this time multiple jets sprayed everywhere instead of just one single stream. After finishing off another two or three smaller ones (I lost count) Cara fell completely limp against the mattress breathing deeply with closed eyes. All semblance of awareness seemed drained away leaving nothing but pure exhaustion behind...

I pulled mom's bra strap, down over her shoulder. Down her arm. Until the fabric peeled itself from her flesh, letting her skin free. I then pulled down her other strap and removed both entirely, baring her shoulders and tossing her bra aside, letting those heavy breasts free. Mom was whimpering, shifting beneath me, but not moving at all—she was in that place of acceptance, where everything I did felt natural and right to her. That feeling where nothing else mattered but doing whatever we were doing. I pulled my open shirt from me and cast it aside, my gaze hungry as I stared down at my mother's curvy ass lifted up before me. Her dress was around her ankles, the pale expanse of her back exposed for me and her hips arched upwards, giving her ass a wonderful shape. My pants were open, my cock jutting out and ready. I leaned over my mother. Pressing myself down on her.

Mom gasped, her face pushed deeper into the sheets. My hands curled around hers; I pinned her with my body, flattened her and held her in place. Her ass pressed up against my cock, hot and soft. My lips went to her shoulder as I murmured into her skin. "Take it," I said, and moved, rocking my hips, my shaft pressing between her cheeks and stirring through the thick wetness at her core. Her arousal smeared across her mound, down onto her inner thigh, and I spread it over her skin, spreading the glistening pink. As my cockhead touched her entrance and I pressed against it, I whispered again, "take it."

And mom gave a low groan as my cock slid inside of her. She shuddered; my arms were tight around her waist and neck as I forced myself all the way inside until there was nothing left between us. Only heat and flesh. Only my hips flush against her ass.

The pleasure was indescribable. The warmth and wet, the silky smooth sensation of her enveloping me, the way her breasts pressed against the sheets while my chest lay flat across her back and how

she moaned into the bedspread. But I wasn't going to keep still. Not now. I could feel every nerve in me throbbing with need, I had teased the both of us long enough and my desire wouldn't let me last longer than I needed. And my mother... well, she was just the same. She was gasping, whimpering, her fingers curling into claws in the sheets while my hands went to her breasts and cupped them from the bottom. They spilled over my palm, the heat incredible.

I pulled my cock out of her until only my tip remained inside, teasing the very rim of her cunt, making mom gasp and struggle for breath against my weight as she felt my presence lingering inside her. And then, when the time came... I rammed my cock all the way inside of her, as far as I could, all at once, filling her, forcing a scream from her lips. My hips smacked up against hers loudly.

"Ah!" mom gasped. "Jared! Wait—please—slow down—" Her protests were barely heard. I thrust again, my shaft stirring through the insides of her pussy. "I don't want anyone but you, mom," I growled against her ear.

Mom turned her face. Our noses touched. Her eyes were wide with shock, my face reflected in her irises. My body continued to stir her insides, pushing deeper and more forcefully each time until her legs quivered under me. Each time I thrust inside of her, our bodies collided with wet smacks that echoed with the pleasure, like music. Mom's moans were rising, getting louder and faster. And I knew she wanted it hard, harder, as hard as I could manage, so I held her down, my hands squeezing her tits possessively, and I pounded into her, relentlessly fucking my mother, pounding into her with all the energy, all the lust and frustration of the past several months, since I realized how much I loved her. Since the night when we went to prom. When everything started going wrong... because she wasn't there, by my side, with me.

There was a sharp cry from her, and her body tensed under me, her muscles rippled, her thighs squeezed against me and suddenly the grip inside her cunt was so tight, like a vice-like vise. All I could do was gasp as the cum started to rise up.

She came at the same time I did.

Her voice became an unstoppable shriek and as I slammed deep and forced all the way inside of her she screamed aloud, her orgasm tearing through her and making her writhe with a pleasure that I had never seen in my life, let alone made anyone experience. It made her buckle, her limbs turning to liquid as she went slack, almost sliding out from underneath me if I hadn't wrapped my arms around her and pulled her back, still thrusting and cumming and groaning while she panted, eyes glazed over, still in the throes of what we had unleashed together.

"Oh..." She whispered.

She couldn't say anything else but my name and a series of moans as I continued fucking her, holding her close and pushing my hips in hard until it felt like our bodies would fuse. My cock jerked again and more semen flooded into her, her pussy gripping me and sucking it down to the very last drop. "Fuck," I grunted. "Fucking fuck—"

We laid there on the bed for a few minutes, exhausted.

It had taken so much willpower, every ounce of it, not to fall asleep right then and there.

But... I wanted more of her. More than just one night.

So we had gotten dressed again, with mom still looking dazed and unsteady on her feet. We went down the stairs slowly, my arm under her shoulder in case she got dizzy and fell.

"We can walk home from here," mom murmured, but I insisted that she be safe, and we were already at dad's car. And it wasn't like I knew where home was now. So we went to the driver's seat together and settled in, making sure to stay far enough apart that no one would have any suspicions about what we were doing. Or had done.

Mom sat in silence while I drove, and when we turned into the driveway I felt relief—it was nice to know this place again, this time without all the guilt attached to it. Maybe soon there wouldn't be a single spot of sadness or regret anywhere that my mom and I walked. It'd just be joy.

But something was wrong.

When I parked in the garage and got out, it wasn't just mom looking strange. When we went through the door inside the house, we found my dad waiting for us, looking angry as he leaned on the wall with his arms folded.

"Did you enjoy fucking each other?" He growled.

We stopped mid-stride. My first thought was to defend my mom, that somehow this must be an attack from him, that if it were anyone, it'd be dad trying to ruin everything. We weren't even going to tell him anything if things worked out. But as he glared at us, and we glanced at each other—he knew.

There was no denying what had happened. He looked between the both of us, eyes furious and accusing. It only confirmed what he saw on us: Mom's disheveled dress. My shirt unbuttoned all the way. No one needed to explain how any of this had come together. No one would doubt that something was very wrong.

I didn't know whether or not it was worse that mom and I didn't say anything at all. Whether it made it better that there was only silence in place of denials. Dad stared at us, furious beyond belief. He took a step forward, fists clenched like he was going to punch me, but he faltered, his fury too much to handle, his anger overwhelming him, preventing him from acting on it. He just pointed a finger at me.

"How fucking dare you?" He screamed. "How could you fuck your mother—" His finger whipped towards her—"Your own fucking mother?!"

"Hey," I said defensively, "she started this." I tried not to sound afraid. I also tried not to point out that his eyes were bloodshot and there were white stains on his collar. Maybe he smelled of cologne. But more than likely... sweat. And another woman's perfume.

"That is not possible," dad sneered back at me. He paced, and mom seemed afraid of him too. I guess seeing your ex-husband pissed off is scary enough, even if they are an asshole. We watched him turn and pace in a circle, and then as he approached mom, and loomed over her—

"Cara—" his voice was dark and low and threatening. My stomach churned at how it made mom flinch. Dad's next words sent

chills down my spine: "Is this true? Did you really do something so... depraved?" His face screwed up in disgust and anger. "Jesus fucking christ, woman—"

Mom backed away slowly as he stepped towards her. And when she turned, dad grabbed her by the hair. Mom cried out as her arm went up, clutching his wrist, her legs scrambling.

But dad was far from done. He pulled her over the kitchen counter. She shouted in pain, grabbing at the cabinets while dad reached forward and ripped her blouse open. She screamed, her blouse tearing down the back, ripping away at her bra straps and bearing her to him. Her breasts spilled free and they jiggled as she twisted and fought. It was horrifying to watch. I could do nothing but stand there, dumbstruck, my pants around my ankles. Dad's hand lifted—

WHAP!

And he slapped Cara across the face. The crack filled the room and she shrieked like a little girl. Her head spun with the force of it, blood blossoming on her lower lip where the blow had split her flesh.

"You think you're gonna leave me?!" He roared. His hands grabbed her by the front of her bra, and yanked them apart, snapping the lace easily like paper. Her breasts spilled loose, bouncing and slapping against her body, her pink nipples stiff points despite everything. "I'm not done fucking these!" His finger shot up, his fingernail drawing a line down her neck and digging into the flesh at the hollow of her throat, sending a red line trailing in its wake. She gasped, sucking in a pained breath. "Your tits belong to me—"

Cara whimpered as he shoved her onto the bed, throwing her body to the mattress and leaping atop her, pinning her arms over her head and wrenching them to the mattress as he straddled her chest. In an instant his cock was out, rock hard in his hand, the tip pressed to her lips. "Suck it," he ordered.

His free hand wrapped into her hair, forcing her mouth open as he pressed inside...

He was getting off. He got off when she resisted. And it wasn't until he knew that he had broken her that he finally started to fuck

her, thrusting his cock deep into her throat while she struggled and choked, his groans of pleasure sounding out loud and triumphant...

The words echoed inside my skull like a dark mantra. They were coming faster now.

It didn't stop me.

It actually encouraged me.

I stepped close to mom's spread thighs. The heat radiated from her cunt like an oven door thrown open, warming my balls. Her body waited, and in a second, my cock pressed up against the warmth and wet of her pussy. The tip kissed her folds. Mom's voice was so soft in my ears, so vulnerable, calling out for me to be gentle.

I gave a smile as I rocked my hips forward. My cock split her, the folds pulling outward as she yielded and parted and welcomed my intrusion. With each push, another inch sunk inside of her, deeper until I felt the resistance of her body clamping around me. Mom squealed, her hands white-knuckled on the bedspread. I groaned in response, the tightness and heat wrapping around my cock in ways that were utterly incredible. This wasn't like anything I had experienced, because this woman beneath me... belonged to me. She was mine, all of her, in every single way. It only heightened things when I looked down and saw the curve of my mother's ass, lifting to meet my hips, pressing onto the base of my shaft.

Her skin was flush with excitement. My hands curled around her waist.

It happened in one hard thrust—the last inches of my cock drove through, piercing past whatever resistance remained. I cried out, overcome by how tightly she squeezed around me. For a second, I lost myself, and the need to bury deep within her was overwhelming; I pulled out an inch or so, then pressed back in hard, fucking my mother with short little jerks while I tried to hold back. My balls slapped against her skin. Every thrust made her ass bounce and jiggle. Mom cried out in pleasure. The sounds encouraged me to increase my pace.

My hand came up and slapped against her ass with a firm slap. That seemed to drive my mother wild; she threw back her head and gave a high moan, shuddering with pleasure. Her pussy gushed with

slick juices around my shaft. I groaned, slapping her ass again while she whimpered for more. She was just begging for it.

"Fuck me, Jared," Cara panted. "Harder!"

There was no holding back now. I spanked her firmly, then reached over and grasped her wrist, pulling her arm behind her back while she struggled against me. When I thrust forward again, my cock bottomed out, pushing deeper than ever, filling her to the root. Mom shuddered beneath me as I fucked her hard. Arousal dripped down from where our bodies met, pooling on the mattress, dripping from my balls to coat my thighs. Every time our skin slapped together, my groin tingling as I drove myself as deep as I could go.

"You know you are mine."

"Yes," Cara replied instantly, her face red from being pressed down onto the bed. "Take me."

My heart throbbed painfully in my chest. Even though this should feel wrong, I couldn't stop myself from claiming what was mine, but god did I need to cum inside my mother's tight pussy, to mark her forever with my seed.

The head slipped inside of her easily, pushing through the thick, creamy walls of her cunt. With a groan I continued to penetrate Cara's warm body. My hips worked hard as inch after inch of my thick cock slipped into my mom, filling her in a way that only I ever would. Her insides squeezed me desperately, her pussy stretching around my thick length as if begging me not to leave the warm embrace of her sex.

Her legs trembled with pleasure, and it looked like Cara was having trouble staying on her feet, moaning loudly enough to drown out the obscene noises being produced by our coupling. I had never seen anything so hot or arousing in all my life; my cock throbbed at the sight of my gorgeous mom's pussy spread wide around my shaft. And this time there was no risk of anything standing in my way, nothing stopping me from marking my mother as mine, once and for all. I was determined to fill her to the brim with my virile seed. To ensure that any other man who so much as glanced at Cara knew she belonged to someone else.

I pulled back until only my head remained within the tight warmth of my mom's pussy, then slid fully home. Her wet hole eagerly sucked me back in as I buried myself all the way to my balls. She cried out, but the sound was muffled by the bedspread as she gripped it tightly between clenched fists. I took advantage of her position to pull back again and slam home. My momentum pushed Cara further up onto the mattress, where she collapsed onto her forearms. Her head lifted briefly as she glanced back at me, her eyes shining with tears of ecstasy and pain. I was too far gone to stop or even slow my relentless fucking of my own mother's wet and willing sex, but I was pleased to see her bite her lip and smile despite the fact that she'd never felt this full before.

The soft flesh of Cara's ass rippled with each of my savage thrusts, and her firm tits swung enticingly beneath her body, hypnotizing me with their seductive movements. It was all I could do not to come right then, but I managed to hold off despite the incredible, intense grip of her wet cunt massaging my swollen dick. My balls slapped against her pussy and sent shockwaves through my body, and they grew tighter by the second as my orgasm neared. But I wasn't the only one on the edge; as my cock plundered my mom's dripping cunt I began to feel her tighten around me. She started bucking against me erratically as she cried out from yet another orgasm. "Fill me," she sobbed in desperate pleas for completion. "Come inside me! I need it!"

That was all I needed. I groaned in primal satisfaction as my cock erupted inside of her, unleashing an ocean of white cum deep into my mother's womb. I was vaguely aware of Cara collapsing onto the mattress as my hands clamped down on her hips, holding her tightly in place as I unloaded every last drop of seed into her tight cunt. I could feel her pulsating pussy contracting along the length of my shaft and coaxing more of my sperm into the deepest parts of her body.

As the pleasure slowly faded I finally opened my eyes and saw the damage I had wrought on my poor mother. The once elegant blonde woman lay panting beneath me with her ass still in the air, covered in a thin layer of sweat that made her appear to be almost

glowing under the warm hotel lights. Her pussy was absolutely drenched in a mixture of our juices as it leaked between her reddened thighs. The skin around her entrance had stretched out to accommodate my girth, and I even noticed the slightest bump at her belly where my hardness had filled her completely.

Her beautiful face was buried in the mattress so that all I could see was her tangled blonde hair spilling over her back and shoulders, which rose and fell gently as she recovered from our intense lovemaking. I wanted to reach out and caress those soft locks, run my hand down her smooth neck and touch her everywhere I desired. My own hands shook with eagerness and nervous excitement, but the sudden fear that I would overstep some kind of boundary prevented me from indulging myself in the way I wanted to. Instead, I carefully pulled myself free from her wet cunt, moaning at the feel of her folds giving way to my dick one final time until I slipped out of her, the head releasing with a loud 'pop!' that sent shivers racing through my body. My swollen length glistened as it slid from beneath my foreskin, smeared with our collective sex. A string of mixed juices bridged between the tip and my mother's pussy for a brief moment before snapping into two pearly strands that splattered across her thighs. The head of my cock continued to ooze precum down my shaft in an endless flow, lubricating every inch of me and creating a sticky mess. I wondered idly how much I had filled her with... if any of it even came close to replacing what I stole earlier in the car.

But my gaze returned to Cara when she finally started to stir, pulling herself up on all fours and lifting her head from the sheets. She turned to me with weary eyes. "Jared... I..." She reached for me, almost instinctively, like she craved my touch more than anything else in the world.

But then she stopped herself suddenly, withdrawing back, pulling her knees to her chest protectively. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I shouldn't have... this is so wrong, isn't it?"

"Yeah," I said. "I guess it is."

And even though we both knew that, and knew how bad it was to be doing all of this... none of that changed the fact that we

needed each other right now.

We looked at each other silently until I crawled forward next to my mom, wrapping an arm around her and drawing her closer to me. Without really thinking about it, my hand moved to cup her breast. I felt my mom stiffen slightly at my touch, but when I began massaging it gently, her body relaxed.

After a while, it became clear that just resting there wasn't enough so I took charge. Lying down beside my mom, my hand continued to caress her chest, exploring every inch of her flesh like it was my first time ever touching a girl, which I guess in a way it was, because my mother was definitely not the kind of woman I normally spent my time with.

"That feels good..." my mom mumbled after a few minutes. "So soft..."

But it wasn't enough. My fingers roamed over her flat stomach and down her thigh, then back up. Soon my hand was resting between her legs again and the more I ran my finger up and down the middle the wetter and hotter she became.

Finally, I couldn't take any more of this slow burning and decided to try something new. Taking advantage of mom being lost in her own pleasure, I quickly changed position. My body hovered over her, straddling one of her thighs while pressing my knee up against her hot cunt, spreading those lips open once again with the added pressure from my leg and hand. My other hand found its way to her breasts, where I massaged and caressed each one slowly while rubbing my chest against hers.

Mom began to stir beneath me as I rubbed against her. My eyes locked on hers as she finally opened them halfway and let out a small gasp of surprise when she saw that she was facing her son instead of her husband. Before she could say anything, I brought my head down and gently kissed her. It wasn't long before our tongues were dancing together inside our mouths and mom was starting to become much more responsive as I grinded my hard dick up against her clit.

She broke free suddenly and turned her head to the side, gasping for air. She managed to stutter, "Wha-what are you d-

doing?!"

"I'm going to fuck you," I said breathlessly, still leaning over her with my mouth close to hers. I could tell just from the look in her eye that she wanted to continue kissing me but was struggling to stop herself. My right hand continued to move back and forth across her left breast and nipple as I started grinding into her faster. "And there's nothing you can do about it."

At this point, it had become clear that I'd already taken control.

But my mother was resisting again, trying desperately to push her rear backwards as if to keep me away from what was undoubtedly her virgin asshole. In spite of this, my erection remained firmly pressed up against it as she fought. Finally, after several attempts at moving backwards and only meeting resistance from the stiffness of my member, my mom gave in and lay completely still. I paused for a moment so we could catch our breaths but kept my fingers pinching her nipples.

She turned her head sharply to give me an angry glare over her shoulder but soon began whimpering as I took hold of her waist with my left hand. Still keeping a tight grip on her tits with my right, I used my body weight to push her forward onto the table, exposing her beautiful ass to me once more.

"Stop—oh—" mom gasped as I slowly rubbed the head of my cock against the opening to her ass and let go of her breast. She arched her back even further and tried to pull herself away, but I had her exactly where I wanted her. I reached down to grab each cheek and slowly spread them apart.

My cock throbbed and my mouth went dry at the sight of my mother's lovely pink asshole. A thick drop of precum oozed out and clung to the end of my rod as I positioned myself to claim her ass once and for all.

My mind raced, unable to think about anything else. It was the perfect hole and my mother's sexy ass was just begging for me to ruin it. Inch by inch, I pushed until her anus opened up for my girthy shaft.

I let out a strangled cry of pleasure as my tip slid through the tight ring of muscle, forcing it wide and entering a whole new world

of sensations. Every fiber of my being begged for more and my hips took on a life of their own, burying inch after inch deep inside of Cara's bowels.

My balls were fucking aching they were so full but as I pressed my pubic bone to her plump cheeks, I knew there was no going back. My dick needed to stay put; nothing short of a natural disaster was going to separate us now that I had buried myself in my mother's ass.

With the first slow thrusts of my cock inside of her, I felt her tightening up reflexively. She made little sounds, high whimpers, trying to speak but unable to do much more than squeal against the pillow. She reached back with one hand, blindly, grabbing hold of my shirt and hanging on as I started to speed up my pace. "God... you feel so good!" I panted while continuing to slowly sink my cock deeper into her. "Oh—my god—"

"Don't stop," she pleaded. The room seemed filled with our shared heat and our heavy breaths. Mom was rocking her hips slowly in time with my steady thrusting. There was some resistance from her as she pushed backwards, impaling herself further onto my swollen shaft. Her fingers dug into my back, urging me to hurry up. She was too worked up to even try and play at being shy or reserved anymore.

A light sheen of sweat had broken out over both our bodies and our skin moved against each other smoothly now as we established a comfortable rhythm. After all these years, after fantasizing for so long, here I was, holding onto mom's hips and grinding my full cock deep inside her soft, warm cunt. It just felt too right to be anything except the best decision I'd ever made. I needed this. I needed this with my mom! A low moan rumbled from somewhere deep within me when I finally buried myself all the way inside of her.

She pushed herself up onto her elbows and leaned her head back, mouth wide open, eyes fluttering and face flushed a deep pink. I pulled nearly all the way out before plunging back into her as far as I could go and started bucking against her forcefully. The sound of my hips hitting her ass mixed with my mother's soft

whining cries was music to my ears. My mind was clear, focused only on the pleasure radiating from between my legs.

It surprised me to think about how many nights I'd spent dreaming of doing exactly what I was doing now, but it wasn't until I felt my cock swell even larger than before inside her tight pussy that I realized how wrong those fantasies were; nothing I could have imagined would have even come close to matching how incredibly amazing this felt!

I knew that neither of us could hold on much longer, especially not with how hard I was pummeling her pussy. It only took another moment or two before she went over the edge.

The look of absolute bliss on her face, and the way her pussy contracted rhythmically around me sent me over the edge as well and I exploded deep inside of her. I felt it surging up inside of me; my balls lifted, tightened. And a flood of hot semen flowed out and straight into my mother's womb. My fingers clawed into her soft hips, pushing them backwards so that I could shove every inch deep within her and make sure that not one drop was spilled. The orgasm seemed to go on forever as rope after rope of hot cum filled mom's pussy. She shuddered at the warmth of it. "O-oh g-goddd..." she whimpered softly.

Mom and I finally finished together. I eased myself away from her and fell back onto the bed, completely spent and satisfied in a way that I hadn't been before in my life. Nothing I did with myself had ever come close to feeling anything like being inside my mom's perfect body. I was panting heavily with the exertion, and watched mom collapse onto the sheets, equally drained.

"Oh... my god..." Mom breathed. Her legs quivered still, and her hips shifted. Her breasts lifted and rolled as she settled, exhausted, onto her back. The smile was so genuine on her that it made my heart hurt. She looked over at me, beaming. "I can't believe we just did that!"

My hand sought hers, squeezing lightly. It was easy to agree with her. What had seemed impossible just a few days ago had actually happened. "I know, mom. I—"

Her hand left mine, moving away from the mattress and settling against her stomach. I watched her for a moment before I saw what was wrong: mom was crying again. My eyes widened. This time I had no idea why; it wasn't like anything about what had happened could make me think it was any less than incredible.

"Mom...?"

She turned onto her side, away from me. "I'm sorry..." she choked. I felt my heart ache in my chest—what was going on? Why was she sad now of all times? Did she regret letting this happen already? Was she thinking of dad?

Of me?

"Oh, Jared..." She rolled back to me. Her tears stopped but her face still had that melancholy expression I had seen so many times before. Her voice sounded heavy when she spoke. "I'm... so sorry."

My hand reached out to comfort her, my mind racing with a million questions. Why was she sorry? What had happened while I was gone? Why did this feel like it was all my fault?

Mom looked away and gave another shaky breath before trying again. "It's just, things are so much different now than what I imagined..."

As I watched her talk, her eyes grew distant as if looking at something far beyond me. Like she wasn't really here anymore, her thoughts somewhere else, reliving some memory that only she knew about. Then my words came rushing out in an anxious jumble, almost over each other. "What do you mean? I want you, mom... more than anything..." I said, suddenly afraid that she'd stop talking right then. But she didn't answer and kept staring past me, at the ceiling, her expression blank, unreadable.

"You never thought that you would be a single mom when you were pregnant with me, did you?" I asked gently.

"No." A ghost of a smile passed over her face briefly.

I sighed with relief. "And then—you wanted a family..." I slid further inside, a small moan escaping me as her heat began to close around me.

"... but I went away."

Mom whimpered. She bit her lip, nodding quietly, her hair falling across her face. Tears pricked at her eyes, and slowly rolled down her cheeks. My voice softened, as if we hadn't just started fucking and as if I weren't pressing my hard cock into her raw and without hesitation or care about the consequences. "You're still beautiful, though," I said tenderly.

I reached forward, and moved some of her hair aside so I could see her face better. There wasn't any shame or regret there, just a desire, something beyond words, to have someone love her. In a way that she hadn't been loved. Not ever. But by no one more than dad. He never looked out for her, he never took care of her. But even if my feelings were clouded with how angry I felt by his presence...

"I will," I said gently. Mom gasped lightly as I slid forward and buried my cock in her. The fit was tight, warm, and it seemed to stretch, accommodating me. It was like I was made for this—for my dick to slide home, into mom's depths. A shiver ran up my back, as if someone had cracked ice water up my spine and suddenly I knew; this was exactly where I belonged. My legs curled under me as I bent forward and put my hands on mom's hips. She gave a breath, the air rushing out of her lungs as I pulled out of her slowly, enjoying the sensation of how the slick heat of her clung to me, how her pussy sucked on my cock, trying to get me to stay.

A groan escaped me. God, it was better than I thought it was going to be. I pressed my palm on mom's hip and then slowly plunged forward, thrusting through her until she moaned as I hit bottom. The bed creaked slightly as I started to fuck her, my rhythm slow at first but then gradually building with each stroke. I closed my eyes and gave myself over to pleasure. I could feel mom clenching underneath me, hear her gasps as I drove forward, pushing into her again and again.

The pleasure built up faster than I thought it would and soon I found myself thrusting hard against her, our bodies slapping together, her breath coming short as the pleasure intensified. My whole body tensed as I pushed inside her again, deeper this time. "Oh, fuck!" I cried out, my voice echoing around us, and then I

came. I slammed deep inside her, holding on as I poured my cum into her womb.

Afterward I stood there panting. Slowly I opened my eyes, only to see that Cara was still bent over the edge of the bed, her hair clinging to her sweaty face. I let go of her and watched as some of my white semen dribbled down her legs and onto the floor. Her lips quirked up in an ironic smile. "I think maybe you should have stopped and thought about this a little more, son."

I blinked owlishly at her. It took me a few moments to comprehend what she meant but when I did, all the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. Why hadn't I seen it sooner? The way that mom always tried to make dad jealous, the way that he used me against her—how could I miss it?

He'd always been sleeping with other women! And every time they'd break up for a while, so he needed something to come back to. That's why he married her... why she'd stayed with him for all these years. He didn't love her like I did! This was real, not just some sick game to get revenge! He didn't love her enough to stay faithful, to keep her close to his side even when she'd already had him once over!

Dad wasn't worth loving if he treated someone as beautiful as mom like this; why couldn't she see it? Why couldn't I see it? "You deserve more," I said as I turned her back to face me. "Mom, you should never let dad make you feel unloved. You are everything to me. I care about you."

I grabbed mom's hands and put them to my cock. She gasped lightly when she first touched me and then shivered and began stroking. Her skin was smooth and warm, her thumb sliding gently along the shaft and rubbing my wet head.

She bit her lip in concentration. She seemed happy with herself when my dick lurched, stiffening up as quickly as possible. It only took a moment before I was rock solid. She smiled at me, a little shyly, before taking her hands off. "I think you're ready."

I nodded, my heart pounding in my chest as I realized what we were about to do. It felt as though my whole body was throbbing with every beat of my heart. I positioned myself behind her,

grabbing her hip with one hand while guiding the tip of my cock against her soaking lips with the other. I didn't have time to tease, this had gone too far already and we needed satisfaction or else we'd both explode. Slowly, I sank myself into her, feeling every inch of my mother's perfect cunt wrap around me and send ripples of pleasure running through my core.

Her head arched back with a small groan. She rocked her hips against me, forcing me deeper, faster than I expected. In no time at all my groin smacked against her firm ass, burying every last inch of my meat within her.

"Yes," she groaned. "More!"

I grunted in response, giving her only a moment before I pulled away and began a series of fast strokes that slammed her against the desk. I was driven wild by her desire. Her passion fed my lusts like gasoline on a fire. Before long, our bodies clapped together violently with each stroke, filling the room with the echo of our forbidden love making.

The heat built within me as I pounded into her. My eyes fell upon the glinting golden ring wrapped around my mother's finger. I could feel it against my chest as she clutched my shirt in desperation. A wave of sadness overcame me and I slowed my pace to let out a ragged breath. What would dad think when he heard that his wife had finally moved on?

Suddenly mom turned her head to look at me over her shoulder with eyes brimming with lust and tears. She moaned in frustration at the break in pace and reached back with her free hand and smacked me hard on the hip.

It felt amazing. The sharp stinging pain brought me back to the present and I growled before taking my mom by both hips.

I thrust faster, and harder, each stroke slamming deeper inside her. I fucked her so hard that her tits swung from their weight, slapping together before they came to a halt on the sheets. And the noises from my mom grew louder until she suddenly gasped for air as though she were drowning.

"Please!" Mom shrieked, her whole body shivering, "Oh! Ohhh fuck! Right there baby!" I slowed my strokes and focused on how

amazingly wet she was, the squishing sounds filling the room were so fucking dirty. I let out another groan when her legs started to shake. She was close. We were both close.

I leaned over her back, running my hand up along her stomach, grabbing hold of her shoulder while still driving into her. My hot breath teased at her ear before I ran my tongue down her neck, kissing her just beneath it. She tasted salty with sweat and sweet like a ripe peach.

"Mom," I hissed, fighting the urge to unload deep inside her as her body bucked against mine. The muscles of her pussy were twitching, growing tighter with every stroke.

"Jared, yes!" She cried, "Please baby, right there! Don't stop! Oh God don't—"

She fell silent. I wasn't sure why until her eyes bulged. She opened her mouth to cry out in ecstasy, but no sound came out. She trembled against me, legs locked in position, hips shaking back and forth and I realized she was having an orgasm.

Fuck... She had never been touched like this before, had she? At least, not since dad. I watched as mom struggled through the pleasure coursing through her body. She was losing it, just getting overwhelmed.

The sounds from her returned and she let out a low moan as the orgasm finally subsided. Her breathing slowed and her face became peaceful as she settled in for the ride. "Oh, baby..." she cooed, "Your mother is so wet... So warm for you..."

She knew what was going to happen next.

My mom looked so good, bent over like that. I wanted to make her mine and show her just how much she meant to me. With her legs spread like that, she was begging me to fuck her, and the truth was, I wasn't strong enough to resist her anymore. It was all too much, too quickly. My mind kept returning to the fact that I didn't use a condom, even though I should have. The chance of her getting pregnant was high but maybe I could pull out, maybe if she came really fast and hard we wouldn't need to worry about a thing—I needed her and I could tell, even as her pussy leaked onto my cock, she needed me just as bad.

A little voice in my head warned me against continuing, but there was no turning back now. This had gone past some sort of line and if we were ever going to stop this it needed to happen way before this moment. Now, all I can think about is how amazing she looks, so sexy bent over for me like that. She was already dripping, just ready and waiting to be fucked. She wanted this as much as I did and was finally done lying about it.

My grip tightened, and with one sharp thrust, I slipped the head of my cock through her wet lips. Instantly I moaned and mom followed suit. Our voices blended together perfectly as I slowly sunk more into her. Fuck she felt good. I'm not sure if she knew what she was doing to me with every passing second. Her pussy was impossibly warm and welcoming, almost begging me to bury myself fully within her. There was something about this moment, the way that she held her breath as I pushed in that seemed surreal. This wasn't just the first time I'd been inside of her or a girl at all. This was a new frontier for us, one where lines weren't crossed; they were completely obliterated from the face of the earth.

I took hold of her ass with both hands, my fingertips gripping her skin firmly. Mom's moans filled me with an animalistic urge to claim her as mine. As I pressed my hips tight against hers I could feel our bodies molding into each other. I had to steady myself, just to stay present. I needed to stay calm and collected because if I didn't I might lose myself. My thoughts drifted away to her wedding day again. The smile she wore as she said I do was intoxicating. To see her so happy filled me with joy too. Yet, somewhere deep down, there was a sadness in seeing her wed to dad. Knowing how miserable he made her left a bitter taste in my mouth. She didn't deserve that. She deserved so much better.

"Jared! Wait—stop!" Her plea snapped me out of it. Suddenly my mother was shifting underneath me. "Please," she begged, turning her head to look at me over her shoulder.

"Is this—"

Her breathing became labored. Panic swept across her face like a tidal wave as she turned her attention to the space between us. "Jared!"

She saw. Saw, what I realized now, I hadn't even noticed.

Saw what had been the source of some pain, deep down, in the bottom of my heart. That one thing I refused to acknowledge until the moment I fucked my mother in the ass for the first time.

There wasn't just one birthmark. The little cluster of dark pink spots that had been imprinted into the curve of her hip, the one I was so obsessed with seeing. It didn't stop there. A second cluster appeared a little bit lower, and smaller, almost a quarter of an inch apart, but still... undeniably matching. And now that I paid attention... there was a third, larger set, curving under the slope of her stomach, and the same four freckles grouped together there too—four marks like fingers, reaching under to touch something else within her.

"Oh no—" mom breathed, just as she reached back and grabbed me. "Jared! Jared please—don't—please, son, you don't know what you're—"

I shoved forward, plunging into her and sinking my cock into her depths at the exact same time that mom lost all control of herself. She let out a scream loud enough to shake the house as her voice pitched up high, her pussy convulsing around me. The instant I filled her, every single inch of me inside of her, from base to tip, I knew I had made a mistake. My mom's orgasm slammed into her fast and hard, and her cunt gripped me, holding my length like it was in a vise while she quivered. At first I thought I hurt her, but when I heard the noise escaping from her throat I understood.

Her head twisted. Wild eyes flashed at me—they were full of fear.

She'd cum. Just like that. I didn't even need to fuck her.

Holy shit.

Mom panted heavily, trying to recover from it, trying to catch her breath, to calm down the spasms still twitching her limbs. Her grip on me never wavered, though, and it urged me forward, deeper, and she moaned, low and soft, almost a purr as she finally regained herself somewhat.

"Jared," she said over her shoulder, pleading again. "Do you—do you really want—"

"Yeah, baby," I groaned into her ear, holding onto her and letting her feel me pressing deep into her cunt. It felt so good I saw stars, fireworks; her tightness yielded to my slow thrust, but only slightly—she was fucking tight as hell, so much better than any other woman I had been with, and she knew what she was doing, her back curved perfectly for me and her breasts resting on her arms below us.

"Oh god..." my mom cried out, her voice shaking. She buried her face into the blankets, pulling them close like they were pillows. As her hips lifted into mine, I couldn't help but pull out a few inches. Her pussy made the most wonderful noises, squishing, wet and soft and sticky; my cock moved easily into her depths. Every single movement we made sounded perfect, as though our bodies had always belonged together, made for each other. When my fingers clutched her sides harder, I could see the indentations. The way the muscles in her legs worked when she stood up on the tips of her toes, arching, her thighs rippling and her ass tensing under me.

When I filled her up entirely, the tip of my cock pressed into her womb. I had never experienced anything like this before; the heat inside of her seemed unbearable, but I wasn't going anywhere. My mom's body clung to mine, gripping me tightly every time I started to move backward. She wouldn't let me go, and her tightness milked my cock, stroking along it and making my whole fucking body tense up like nothing else before.

There was more than lust here—way more than desire or physical need. Something beyond words had opened up between us and it had grabbed me. I knew that I wasn't leaving tonight without finishing in her, and not just once either. Not if I could help it.

Fuck. It was so good that I couldn't even think straight. It took everything in me to remain standing as the rush of sensations hit me at once, her pussy swallowing me whole, the heat burning away all doubts. My mouth dropped open when I started moving back again, slowly enough to get used to how tight she was—but then the next stroke was easy and wonderful, filling up a part of her that had been empty for a very, very long time.

It was impossible to know what mom was thinking. But the little moans coming from her mouth were unmistakable. And her body, it

gave everything to me, squeezing my cock on the edge of orgasm each time I pressed it deep. The way her skin glistened, her hair hanging heavy over her shoulder, the sweet smell of her perfume and the faint salt of perspiration... It made my head spin. This wasn't an ordinary experience, nothing could ever compare to this feeling—and as I thrust deeper, faster, pounding down on her body and pushing myself against her like we'd become one person, I realized that every time after would only bring back memories of this first time.

And every time after would feel just as amazing.

I leaned over mom, wrapping one hand around her midriff while the other went between her legs and worked circles around her clit. She responded quickly, gasping loudly and lifting herself against me so she could take me deeper into her. "Good girl," I panted against her ear, my cock slamming against the spot inside of her, my fingers teasing and stimulating her at the same time. "Do you love this? Being filled up by your son?"

"Yes," came her voice, trembling and high. "Jared... Jared..." My mom sounded weak with need, but I felt it. Her pussy clung to me, tightened on my cock when she moaned, her whole body giving up to me, opening like a flower and offering herself over in surrender. Her hands pressed to the mattress, pushing downwards for stability and balance so she could endure everything that I was doing to her, every slow plunge back into her, all of it stretching her pussy, filling her insides and making her come again, hard enough that she cried out, her cunt milking my shaft and bringing me closer to my own climax.

I wasn't going to fucking hold back. Not after how wild our lovemaking had gotten—how we seemed to be totally out of control. With a groan, I let myself go. Fully. All the way.

My seed splashed deep inside of mom's body, flooding her womb and overwhelming the possibility of any other outcome, even as I felt a momentary panic—that maybe what I had done was stupid, or impulsive.

But there was no stopping it.

I was taking mom's cunt for myself.

We were both shaking, and my fingers were digging into her so hard that I left marks on her skin. Every drop went out of me and deep inside of her. It was a moment, too, that lasted forever; and yet not long enough. My mind raced from thought to thought—from guilt to euphoria to wonder at the very idea of this thing that I had done, that I had allowed to happen... and that I wasn't even remotely sure if it were the wrong choice. It was fucking insane. We both knew this. But we didn't care. There was only me and mom—Cara, her real name came rushing through me as my cock pulsed inside of her—and what she had always wanted. She had told me—she said she wanted love! Love like when we met in college, the love of her life. And somehow, I was giving that to her. Somehow, I was loving her like it was nothing to feel for your mother the way I did. How insane was that?! The words echoed back at me; she was my MOTHER for fuck's sake.

Mom's body shook beneath me, her voice high and strained while she held on to the bedspread tightly with both hands, clinging for support as she took every inch of me. When our hips finally collided, all I felt was intense pressure around my shaft and wetness that coated every bit of me. It was warm and so, so tight around me; I had never imagined that it would feel so different to fuck raw, that it would feel better, but it did. All that stood between us now was some tiny barrier, tissue-thin and about as easy to overcome. Mom was gasping with every slight movement from me; when I rocked my hips she moaned, and I could tell how much she loved this, despite whatever worries she was having, because I knew my mother; I had watched her body before, in another context, but this one was new—and I knew the signs. And right now? She was turned on beyond belief.

There was no stopping myself after this. No hesitation, no restraint. Whatever reservations I might have had flew out the window in that moment; I couldn't stop myself now, even if I had wanted to. All that was left was me and her, just as close as two people could get, sharing an intense heat that radiated from deep within her. I couldn't see Cara's face like this, I could only see the smooth contour of her back, see how she writhed against the sheets

as I pulled away slightly before plunging into her again, hard and deep and burying every inch inside of her once more. Cara groaned loudly as I took her, my cock stretching her wide open around me and filling her with every stroke, making sure she took all of me in each and every powerful thrust. My hand was pressed flat against the bed beside her, leaning in over her and putting all of my weight into fucking her. The feeling of being so deep inside of her overwhelmed me quickly, especially since I'd already come earlier, and even though I did everything I could to hold back for just a little longer, I felt the familiar rush building up and boiling hot inside me—and I just let go. Mom knew what it meant when I came closer, when I began to press deeper into her with every hard stroke, until I suddenly froze against her and grunted, my hips flush with hers and my cock twitching inside her.

Hot jets of cum surged through me and filled her deeply, the sensation almost painful and so intense that I actually flinched for a second, groaning against her ear. But soon my strokes began slowing down while we were locked together, joined deeply by me coming inside of her, filling my mother's womb with my thick, heavy load. With a last few final shuddering jerks inside of her, I pulled out slowly, making sure she felt every inch leaving her while I leaned back, looking down at her, still stunned and trying to gather myself after experiencing something that utterly mindblowing.

But it was just beginning. Now that I had claimed my mother and come inside of her, marking her as my own, I couldn't stop; all I could do was keep going, over and over, until neither of us would have the strength to stand after this was done. My breathing had grown shallow by then, but even though I had just cum inside of her, my cock was still hard as ever, and I needed more. As if on instinct, I turned Cara onto her back, pulling her by her thighs so that her body slid into position beneath me. In seconds my face was pressed against her breasts while I buried myself in her again, and my mouth latched onto one of her stiff nipples, sucking on it lightly while we grinded into one another. My mom moaned into my ear loudly when I began rocking back and forth between her thighs, my cock already slippery inside of her and moving easily once we got

going again. Cara's hands were all over me, running through my hair and down the back of my neck, across my shoulders, squeezing my upper arms lightly while she pulled me into her. "Oh Jared," she moaned breathily into my ear, her voice trembling like there were tears caught in the words, "Yes... fuck me." Her legs wrapped around the small of my back, her ankles crossed and her heels digging into me slightly while she rocked back and forth under me, meeting my strokes.

"Cara..." I growled softly between her full, beautiful breasts, before dragging my lips to the side of her neck and kissing her flesh while I buried my hard cock deeper inside of her. Her warmth seemed to grow, and the tightness of her slick channel increased, which made me begin thrusting harder, fucking her faster while she panted and moaned under me, holding tightly to me and keeping our bodies connected no matter how much they slid with the movement of our frantic coupling. We'd been holding on to each other so much that my face was buried in her hair, with just enough space that I could turn my face inwards so that her scent filled my senses. And then, a moment later, the pleasure suddenly overwhelmed me without warning; I had to pull my lips away from her throat so I could growl against the side of her face as the first burst of thick semen exploded out of me and went deep into her pussy. The sudden eruption of heat caused Cara's fingernails to dig into my skin lightly while she cried out sweetly right into my ear. I gasped, then bit the side of her neck gently before sucking on her skin, still coming deep inside of her warm pussy, over and over again, until it felt like I might not be able to go any further.

And my mom responded, shuddering underneath me and holding me against her naked body as I finished erupting deep in her womanhood. Cara pulled at my face and we kissed deeply, both of us breathing hard, her eyes half-open while we looked at one another like there were fireworks going off behind us, the kind you only see for a single moment at the beginning of something you'll cherish forever. And though I knew things would be far from easy now, and that neither of us might ever tell anyone about what was happening here between us, there was an acceptance in Cara's eyes

that made me feel like maybe everything might end up alright after all.

A few minutes later we found ourselves cuddled together in bed, a thin sheet covering us both but only barely. We had calmed down and the urgency had gone out of us. Our limbs were tangled together in what must have looked like such a weird embrace if someone had seen. My mother's face was pressed up against my chest and I held her tightly around the shoulders and neck with one hand while the other lay at her hips. The whole bed smelled like her now, which was probably why she used the same perfume on her bedsheets. She had the kind of body that seemed like it'd been created purely for pleasure, soft, round curves that I enjoyed holding on to, a narrow waist and strong legs I'd felt wrapped around me when we got into the heavy stuff. She lifted her head slowly and turned those green eyes of hers toward me. "So... what are we doing tomorrow?"

My mom wasn't just gorgeous, she was also clever. In one question, she was telling me that she didn't want me to forget where I lived, or what life was like before this hotel room... and she also wanted me to stick around. And I planned to, because we'd crossed too many lines already not to. Besides, I'd never seen my mom so happy. Not since dad left, anyway. But she was happy again now. Happy because she was with me—her son. So much happiness. I wanted to see her enjoy it even more, and keep smiling for as long as possible.

It's true that it might have been wrong. At least a little bit. But as the old saying goes: When you stare into the abyss, the abyss stares back into you.

A chill ran down my spine. Mom's body stiffened up. Then, her legs buckled inwards, closing shut, almost crushing my cock in the process. I groaned, pulling back immediately. Mom fell forward, catching herself with her hands on the bed, gasping for air. The look of confusion and fear that clouded over her face told me everything—this had gone way beyond what she was comfortable with. And while there was a part of me that thought I'd regret it later, right now, there was only one thing on my mind.

Pleasure.

"I've decided," I said, taking advantage of how stunned mom was at having almost crushed my cock. "You know, about our relationship. It's time for this to happen." I grabbed my mother's body and twisted it around, throwing her on the mattress, and then climbed on top of her.

She screamed, trying to get away from me, but I pinned her down. She struggled as I got between her legs and put my tip right at her entrance.

"I don't believe you!" Mom shrieked. "You don't love me! This is just... You're being stupid—" She squirmed again, but my hand moved up her stomach, and over the smoothness of her breast, her nipple puffy against my palm, her face contorting as pleasure took her when my hand settled over her breast.

"What are you talking about? I'm doing all this for you... I just want to make you feel good, mom..." I whispered gently into her ear, squeezing her tit. She moaned through clenched teeth, her cheeks a deep shade of red. I pressed against her, pushing my hips forward. Her slick folds yielded to the tip of my dick, and she let out an involuntary whimper, biting her lip, closing her eyes tight. She breathed through her nose in shallow, quick bursts, her voice catching on each exhale.

The more she denied that she wanted it, the more I could tell she really did want it. Something held her back still—she was scared, terrified actually—her body stiffened as I pushed deeper into her. But there was no mistaking it... we both knew what was happening. It was too late to stop now. "Just relax, mom..." I whispered gently,

kissing her ear, nuzzling my lips onto the sensitive skin right behind it. "Just relax... everything will be alright... I'm here... I've got you.."

I reached up with both hands and grabbed her tits again, firmly, pulling on them, massaging them in my palms as I began to work my cock further inside of her. A little bit at a time. Inch after inch of cock sinking deep into her dripping cunt. She gasped again, groaning as I stretched her pussy open on my thick shaft. "I know... it's big..." I muttered. I reached up and squeezed one of her nipples, giving it a hard pinch as I sank all the way inside of her. My mother's head shot up and she screamed out, the sudden shock of pleasure overwhelming her.

"It—it hurts!"

"Just relax! I promise... just try to relax! Trust me! You need this..." I was panting too now; my mother was so unbelievably tight, and warm, and wet. It felt amazing; every tiny movement sent a wave of pure bliss down my shaft, making me tremble slightly with joy. "Don't worry about dad—we can figure that out later."

My hand snaked up through her hair. I gathered a handful at her crown, wrapped my fingers into it, and used it as leverage to push her face into the bed once again.

"Right now... you need to be fucked, mom," I grunted. And my hips began to work back and forth, slow at first but quickly accelerating, faster and harder until I was slapping against her ass with every thrust forward. The noise echoed in the room and I felt a sudden desire to dominate her. Mom cried out and moaned as her hands grabbed onto the edge of the bed, holding on tight while I pumped myself inside of her.

My free hand found her other hip. My palms held them tight and then lifted them and forced them closer, driving the whole weight of my body into every single thrust into her. Mom tried to look up at me, over her shoulder, her lips parted and her tongue half-sticking out.

When she felt me pressing deeper, forcing more of my cock into her, she gasped and tried to scramble away from me, pulling out of my grip slightly. But I held her hair tight, pulled on it hard and forced

my way right back into her. Mom shuddered again, gasping. She struggled to move with me, but her knees were wobbling already.

"Jared... Jared!" she shouted, my name barely discernible as she tried to keep herself coherent under this new assault. My free hand gripped her tightly as my cock plunged deep into her cunt and forced itself through her velvety depths.

I moaned softly as her juices squelched around my invading member; there was a slight resistance from her body but eventually that too gave in to the unrelenting pressure and soon I could feel my thighs hitting the backs of hers with each forward movement. When I stopped, my entire length buried inside my mother's convulsing sex, I leaned over her sweat-coated skin and whispered roughly, "Are you happy yet?"

She answered with another loud groan.

Then she said it:

"Yes, baby."

And suddenly everything changed. Because the only thing that could ever change was our minds. The truth was that even after all these years of wanting, even after all the heartbreak of dad leaving and us being alone... neither mom or I wanted anything but this, right now. My hips slapped against hers with loud smacking noises, filling the room and bouncing off the walls while we took on each other. My hand grabbed at the back of her neck and held her down tight and close. The whole bed shook and squeaked and moaned while we did too.

The first orgasm came for me when I was balls deep inside of my mom's cunt, squeezing tightly, my fingers pressing into her skin like a vice as I felt myself go over the edge. I moaned and shouted to her, "Oh god, mom—fuck, fuck, fuck!" Then my body lurched forward and buried itself inside of her pussy as far as it could. My mother gasped in shock and I felt her body stiffen when she realized what had just happened. When she realized what her son was doing to her, where his semen had been sprayed: inside of her...!

As I pumped rope after thick, hot, sticky rope of cum deep within my mother, there was nothing left for either one of us to deny any longer. Nothing stood between us now except ourselves, so why

should we waste time on something like that? We didn't need anything else besides each other; why wouldn't we give into what felt good, what felt right?

My body trembled uncontrollably as my cock jerked violently within my mother's body. It felt like hours instead of seconds before I finally finished ejaculating. Eventually, though, I managed to release her neck and pull myself out from under her completely spent penis.

When we finished I rolled off the bed beside my mother who remained motionless with her face buried deep into the covers and her ass up high in the air showing off my cum dripping down onto the mattress below where it collected in a puddle beneath her. Our eyes met briefly before turning away once more and focusing intently upon nothing in particular until I realized just how exhausted I was growing all over again just sitting there staring blankly. "Holy fuck..." she sighed quietly without bothering to look at me. "That felt amazing... thank you," she added softly without bothering to move anything other than her lips and tongue as well. She slowly began crawling forward across the bed towards her pillow without removing any of my cum seeping out onto the blanket underneath her but rather allowing it to dribble freely along every inch of its surface leaving behind tiny smears of white everywhere she went.

Mom pulled herself upright against the headboard and reached down between her legs with both hands to scoop up some of the warm fluid running off between them back inside herself before leaning back and stretching languidly. "How about another round? Maybe two or three if you can handle it."

I glanced over at her while still recovering my breath and nodded slightly although I had no intentions whatsoever of ever fucking someone again after having just fucked someone else. My head started spinning when she grabbed my hair suddenly forcing me to turn towards her completely ignoring whatever else might've been happening elsewhere except for maybe getting some fresh air coming through open windows or perhaps listening closely enough outside doors opening further away like if someone was walking nearby on pavement making loud noises coming closer slowly step-

by-step towards us both causing everyone involved including ourselves included feeling nervous unsure exactly how much longer these feelings would last forever until eventually everything fell completely apart forever never returning again without ever having experienced anything even remotely similar beforehand again since being born alive yesterday morning early afternoon sometime around noon precisely just before lunchtime began right away immediately thereafter straightaway right afterwards immediately following shortly thereafter soon thereafter soon after soon after not long after immediately subsequent next directly afterward subsequently immediately following next immediately later following after coming right after coming first following closely behind catching up catching up quickly trying desperately hard to catch up racing along chasing close behind running frantically madly fast racing running sprinting running full speed ahead pushing forward rushing forward sprinting running swiftly forward charging running rapidly straight ahead moving fast moving rapidly heading straight forward moving rapidly traveling swiftly moving briskly dashing onwards going straight ahead darting ahead dashing forward striding forth going onward sprinting madly galloping full speed ahead leaping onward racing onward charging forth advancing onwards galloping onward bounding forwards galloping forth plunging ahead rushing forward hurtling onwards hurrying along speeding ahead rushing along hastening onward sprinting furiously dashing forwards hurrying hurriedly hurrying briskly swiftly hastily swiftly dartingly fleetingly flying onward swiftly swiftly rapidly swifter fleetingly quicker more speedily quicker faster swifter rapidly fleetingly quickening faster ever more quickly quickly becoming swifter speeding onward running swiftly on towards our goal reaching it finally achieving success attaining what we wished for together happily both of us living together forever happily ever after until the end of time until whenever one day one or both or all of us might die together someday some day later hopefully sooner than later dying happily someday soon eventually possibly later today tomorrow night tomorrow later sooner tomorrow morning hopefully

sooner this evening tonight tonight tonight tonight tonight tonight tonight tonight tonight!

Cara stared, eyes locked with mine, not blinking. Her fingers gripped the base of my shaft and started stroking softly upward, gently squeezing lightly around its tip as it twitched inside her before she removed them entirely altogether leaving me exposed lying there totally naked naked entirely absolutely totally completely uncovered completely bare absolutely totally fully naked naked entirely utterly absolutely perfectly fully stripped completely stripped down absolutely unclothed entirely unprotected naked fully uncovered totally unwrapped totally nude uncovered unclothed fully naked uncovered fully nude uncovered totally nude fully naked uncovered entirely unclothed stripped wholly bare laid bare naked raw revealed laid completely bare fully revealed utterly undressed uncovered entirely bared utterly exposed fully unveiled completely stripped fully denuded wholly stripped outright entirely stripped buck naked naked as a jaybird starkers bare assed butt naked bare bodied unrobed stripped stark naked entirely naked bare naked totally naked thoroughly stripped buck naked completely bare naked uncovered barenaked undressed entirely naked unencumbered entirely unclad fully disrobed utterly bared fully naked entirely unclad entirely unclad entirely without clothes totally bare naked stripped to the skin stark naked full-stripped entirely unwrapped utterly ungarmented entirely undressed entirely untrammeled altogether bare utterly unclothed uncovered unfrocked stripped entirely of clothes buck naked bare naked exposed raw wholly uncovered utterly unencumbered entirely disrobed fully bared wholly undressed entirely desueted wholly bare completely undressed absolutely bereft entirely unclothed stript entirelty bare naked entirely naked totally undressed entirely denuded stripped utterly naked fully naked fully unclothed totally stripped wholly nude absolutely bare absolutely stripped stark naked fully bared starker than a hairy man's back raw unclothed without clothes stripped wholly ungowned thoroughly unvested unabbed unhooded unkirtled uncloaked unhosed undressed unfroced unbooted unveiled unpetticoated untucked altogether unclad entirely disembowelled without garments

fully stripped stripped to the buff raw without clothes unattired stark naked completely barenaked undressed buck naked stripped naked undressed wholly bared fully revealed totally unwrapped absolutely ungowned utterly unveiled entirely denuded uncovered fully bared entirely nude uncased wholly unmasked bare unharnessed wholly bare absolutely unrobed entirely unclothed totally unwrapped all but bare unclad bare-fleshed uncovered thoroughly disrobed wholly unlaced stripped wholly stripped entirely stripped down entirely bare entirely devested entirely peeled entirely plucked bare naked stripped of everything unshrouded nakedly raw stark naked wholly bared bare as a coot bare-assed bare-bodied bare behinded bare bottomed bare buttocked bare skirted bare-legged barefoot bare-legged bare footed bare footed bare legged barefooted bare thighd bare upper legged bare knee'd bare legged bare kneed bare legs bare-kneed bare lower-legged bare loin girded bare naked stripped bare-assed bare arsed bare bottomed bare behinded bareShe was mine.

That thought raced through me and set every nerve ending alight. I fucked my mother with a frenzied need, taking her in powerful thrusts as her voice broke into wordless gasps of pleasure. We were so close now—so fucking close, my cock throbbing within her, ready to burst with release.

Suddenly I felt Mom's body tense beneath me and I knew she was cumming, her pussy clenching around my cock, drawing me deeper inside her. That was the trigger that sent me over the edge—with a loud groan I unloaded thick ropes of cum deep inside of her, marking her as my own.

Mom cried out, writhing beneath me as her orgasm reached new heights from the feeling of being filled by me, by my seed. Her pussy milked me dry until we both collapsed, exhausted from the intensity of our passion.

As the haze of our orgasms faded, we lay together in stunned silence, the weight of what we'd just done hanging heavy in the air.

I had taken my mother. Marked her for myself. And if it worked...

And if she kept what was going to happen now...

We were really fucked.

***

The sun was coming through the crack of the curtains, lighting up my mother's hair like golden fire as she slept on the bed. We had both fallen asleep sometime during the night. I was tired when I went home. But after that first time, I had woken up with the memory fresh, the thrill of having claimed my own mother still hot within my blood. She hadn't expected me to roll over and touch her; nor had she expected me to pull the sheet from her body; nor to reach under it and curl two fingers deep into her cunt again. She gave a whimpering start and lifted herself, but I pushed her down, pushed her to her elbows and knees. We made love in a half-sleep, me behind her, taking her, thrusting into her, feeling the heat of her body. I came twice, the second time in her, and after that we lay there, exhausted. And slept.

This was not what I thought would happen last night. Or even twenty minutes ago. When mom turned on me, when she got so mad at me... it looked like it was all over.

But then, after I held her against me, I don't think either of us were capable of stopping this anymore. Not her; not me. So we might as well have kept going.

In hindsight, that wasn't something that I should be thinking about at all. This whole thing, our relationship, which had seemed like it was a thing we chose together—maybe there was no choice to it? Maybe we just ended up here, regardless.

I pressed myself into her warm cunt. She let out a muffled moan of pleasure that came from deep within her stomach. Her fingers bunched tighter in the sheets, pulling them towards her. My grip tightened as my cock was engulfed by her heat. God, she felt good.

My eyes shut tight and my jaw clenched as I started rocking in and out of her slowly, easing every inch inside her as we became one, fully for the first time. Every push sent a ripple through her ass, bouncing and rippling through her cheeks and sending the sweetest waves of sensation up through the base of my shaft. It was hard to control myself as I continued thrusting in and out of her tight hole.

Her body quivered as an orgasm shook her. Her walls closed tight around me as she cried out. A small smile of accomplishment formed on my lips and I gave one last mighty thrust. Mom nearly fell forward when the head of my cock bottomed out inside of her, hitting her deepest limit and then some. Her arms extended as she fought to keep herself from collapsing, her knees digging deeper into the mattress. A sharp gasp pierced the air and mom's back arched. My hands released her hips as my palms ran over her sides, coming to rest on her breasts. "Ooh, baby... Jared..." Her moans were intoxicating; they drew me closer to her like a magnet as my own orgasm threatened to release. But I held on, my muscles tensing, every squeeze around my cock feeling like Heaven.

"Fuck, baby," she whispered. "Oh fuck yes."

That did it.

Hearing those words sent me over the edge. "Yeah? You want this?" I grabbed her by the waist again, pulled my cock out with one motion, and slammed all of my girth inside of her in one swift movement. Mom gave another cry of passion, unable to hide her pleasure any longer, no longer even trying. Her face was buried in the covers and her hands bunched harder at the material as I began to thrust. Her tightness and heat surrounded me. It was beyond perfect—I felt every nerve on my shaft come to life. And there wasn't anything holding us back any more. Not any fears or anxieties about whether we would or shouldn't. Or could or couldn't. There was just sex. Just pure, unbridled fucking that I knew I wasn't going to regret.

The room echoed with the sound of skin slapping on skin as our bodies pressed together over and over again, faster and deeper each time. Mom's moans got higher pitched each time, but also louder, a clear sign that she was no longer worried about keeping our new relationship a secret, and was letting everything go. Good.

Because now I needed to release. I needed to empty myself inside of her so badly, and nothing was going to stop me. I leaned forward, sliding my hands up her back until I was nearly hunched over her. Then my arms wrapped around her chest and I pulled her

closer to me as I pounded against her harder. She moaned deeply, clearly enjoying being dominated.

"Mom... oh, fuck, mom..."

"Mmhmm," was all she responded with, unable to form full words as she neared climax. I continued to drive into her and she pushed back against my thrusts, begging for more. Her breathing was hot and heavy against the sheets.

"Oh Jared, sweetie... I've needed this for so long." Mom lifted herself up on her hands and craned her head over her shoulder. Her green eyes looked back at me through half-lidded windows of pure pleasure. "You're making me yours. I can't believe how good it feels to have your cock inside me."

She turned back around and buried her face into the covers again, muffling her groans. She was getting close, I could feel it in the way her inner walls tightened around me, the way her juices oozed down my shaft. But I wouldn't let myself finish before her. Instead, I moved my hand down and underneath her, sliding a finger across her swollen clit. Mom gave out a deep, shuddering groan.

"Jared! Don't—that's too sensitive! Just fuck me, baby!"

But I continued to rub in little circles around the hard nub. The instant my fingers touched that hot bud of flesh, her body spasmed and her cries became frantic.

"Oh god! Baby—you can't do that when you're still fucking me—OH!"

Mom didn't understand what I wanted. Not yet. She was just lost in it all, the pleasure and the guilt. She had lost sight of what I really needed to hear. But now, with my fingers driving her up a wall while I fucked her so deeply, my mom was losing her mind.

All I needed to do was bring this home. I had to get my mom to see this clearly, without any doubt or second guessing. That's why I started to pound harder than ever before. With each thrust, the tip of my cock pressed up against the entrance of her cervix. And with every pump, she cried out loudly in complete and utter euphoria.

I held onto her shoulders and fucked as fast as I possibly could. Her wet pussy made obscene sloshing noises with each thrust, driving me wild. I wasn't sure how much longer I was going to last.

"Cum for me, mommy!" I growled from behind her. "Tell me that you're mine and I'll cum inside you like you've been longing for."

Her head whipped around and stared at me with pure unadulterated lust in her eyes. It seemed as though everything she tried to keep bottled up until now was released all at once. "Baby, please!" she moaned as the tip of my cock kissed the back of her cervix again and again. "Make mommy yours! Make me a mommy again! Knock me up baby! Give me your seed! I'm going to be such a good mommy for you!"

With a few last pumps I unleashed my load, pumping her cunt with everything I had left. Mom shrieked in ecstasy. Our bodies shook in unison with orgasmic bliss. Her pussy muscles were working hard, milking me for every drop that it could manage to get. After some time, the waves slowed, but we were still holding onto each other tightly as we caught our breath. We were going to have to talk about all this in the morning. I needed to know what she really wanted.

But even after my confession, my orgasm inside her, just the sound of her words brought the hunger roaring right back. She... agreed? Did she actually agree to try and get pregnant? I never imagined this could actually happen.

Mom was staring at me, mouth hanging open, as if surprised at what she had just said herself, but the sparkle in her eye was clear. That wasn't regret shining through them; it was desire. I was so relieved, but all I could think to do next was push myself forward and claim her lips. This time it wasn't soft or gentle—it was raw passion, like I was going to possess her very soul with my tongue.

This didn't have anything to do with my father anymore. This had to do with me and my mother and how I'd finally made her see things from my point of view. No more games, no more second guessing us. I wanted this, and my mother would be damned if she was going to try and change my mind now. We would both be happier than ever now that we had gotten all our problems out into the open. It was time to get started on a whole new chapter of our lives together.

"I can't hold back any longer. Mom, I want you. I'm fucking crazy about you." My grip grew even tighter than before. "I need to feel your sweet little pussy around my cock. Right fucking now."

"Fuck me," she whined, not caring about being a mother anymore. "Please!"

I gave her exactly what she asked for. Aiming the tip of my cock right up against her pussy, I held her down with one hand while the other gripped onto the bedframe for support. With a deep breath, I forced my hips forward and thrust inside of her as hard as I could.

Her back arched and she screamed so loudly that I thought everyone in the entire house might come running in. My cock throbbed inside her tight, gripping warmth and filled every inch of space available. It felt like her pussy had been made perfectly to fit my dick, or that hers had grown specifically to handle me. That's how good it felt.

It took all my willpower not to start cumming on the spot, but I had to be stronger than that. I didn't want this to end prematurely, and from the looks of things neither did she. My mom's juicy cunt squeezed around my cock as if begging it never to leave. It felt amazing and I wanted more, so much more!

As I slowly began rocking my cock in and out of mom's slippery twat, she started whimpering. It was barely audible at first, but grew steadily louder until they turned into full blown moans. She moaned for me again and again as my huge shaft pushed its way in and out of her. She even tried to push back into me to drive me deeper inside, but I held her down on the mattress so that she couldn't move an inch. She just had to lie there while her son fucked her from behind.

I slammed forward as hard as I could; filling up every bit of my mom's wet hole before pulling back and slamming forward again, harder this time. Soon, my cock was pounding into her like a piston, and my balls were smacking into her clit with every thrust. She cried out each time my pelvis smashed against her firm ass, and when I leaned down to grope her swaying tits, pinching her nipples until she begged me to stop, her pussy gripped my cock in new ways.

Every fiber of my body screamed for me to fill mom's waiting pussy with my hot seed. To mark her permanently and claim her forever as mine! But I still held off, trying to make this last as long as I possibly could. If these were to be the first of many nights for us, then I didn't want it to end prematurely.

It was inevitable, however, that she would bring me to the edge again, because I could only hold off so long... And soon I felt an orgasm approaching once again. "I'm going to cum," I panted into my mom's ear. "Get ready..."

This time she answered. Her head turned towards me slightly, just enough for me to make out part of her smile, her red lips wet and her eyes dark with lust. "Yes..." she whispered as the heat began to pool in my stomach, building quickly, spreading up my chest and down to the base of my dick. My balls clenched and tensed as I came inside of her—and this time mom let me do it fully. She moaned sweetly, feeling the heat pouring into her womb and the pulsing throbs of my cock signaling my intense climax. There was a lot of cum, too, spilling back out of her cunt, dripping down her thigh and forming a glistening puddle on the floor beneath our feet.

When at last it ended, my mom looked at me with satisfaction clear in her eyes. This was the way to get a man like this, she told me without saying anything, a girl needs to put out, whether or not he makes you feel good. Then, as I was still trying to catch my breath, Cara pushed herself up onto the tips of her toes and stood erect again. She pulled herself forward a few inches until my deflated dick slid out of her pussy with an audible popping noise that made us both chuckle, then spun around and dropped back to her knees in front of me. "There is one thing a man does need, though," mom smiled, her lips just barely parting as the words escaped. Then, before I could respond, she bent over and kissed my soft penis directly on its tip, making sure to look up at me at the same time with those sparkling blue eyes and the knowing grin plastered across her face.

The sudden contact against my most sensitive skin shocked me and I recoiled reflexively from the touch. But almost immediately

afterward, I felt the sensation change. Warmth seeped through my skin and began to course through me once more. At first, the warm feeling filled just the tip of my cock. Mom pressed her lips to me again, and I swear she had opened her mouth slightly this time. It wasn't so much a kiss as it was her taking my glans between her soft lips and swirling the tip of her tongue in a circle around it. My penis responded to the touch, stiffening once again as my mom coaxed more life into me with her tender licks.

By the time mom finally stood again, my penis was pointing upward proudly and fully ready for another round. We shared a brief smile before mom turned her back to me again. And without missing a beat, she leaned over, hands outstretched and palms flat on the bed and her bare ass lifted up behind her, she spoke one word, "Again."

I didn't even wait for her to say any more than that, I needed no further urging. Just moments after exiting her body, my penis slipped back between my mother's legs with ease and sunk once again into her wet hole. The second entry seemed so easy and so smooth I couldn't imagine the difficulty we'd had just a few minutes earlier when we were both virgins. It was strange, I thought to myself as I grabbed ahold of her hips again, how different the same action could be when you did something over and over and over again.

As soon as I began moving, thrusting my pelvis against my mom's raised ass and sliding myself deeper and deeper into her, I knew that neither of us would last very long this time. Mom's insides were already gripping down on me tightly, massaging the length of my shaft and drawing out precum from the tip again, but she seemed to be in much the same boat, for I could hear her breathing become more rapid with each thrust as well.

"I know you're close," she panted.

Mom was right, there was nothing I could do anymore to hold back the pleasure that was rapidly building in my balls. It wasn't like before, when I couldn't ejaculate at all because I was so tense. This was the opposite. Every fiber of my being was screaming to just let go and give in to the bliss. Still, I fought to try and resist the

inevitable orgasm and instead attempted to prolong our lovemaking just a little bit longer by switching up my movements to prevent myself from becoming too stimulated. The slow rocking of my hips was replaced by sharp thrusts, then long drawn-out strokes that ended with me almost pulling completely out only to dive all the way back into her again. It was as if I believed that, through some miracle, we'd last longer, and that I'd have the time to savor every second of having sex with my mother.

"It's alright... I want you... to cum in me..." She groaned, feeling how I moved against her. "We're past the point where we should worry about that... just don't stop yet... Please! Not until I finish!"

She knew I wouldn't be able to stop it this time. And neither would I. She kept her face hidden against the mattress while my eyes were fixed on the round cheeks of her ass as they trembled under my relentless assault. Each impact, each penetration caused the smooth flesh of her rump to jiggle, and it mesmerized me even more than the sight of her glistening pussy swallowing my cock, stretching around it and squeezing down hungrily. I couldn't deny she still held the power to command me, regardless of who was dominant at any given moment. Maybe it was because I had always admired her so much, maybe it was the years we had spent being so close as mother and son, but her every word and every breath turned me on and made me crave her even more.

Then mom raised her head and looked over her shoulder at me with half-lidded eyes that shimmered with a desire I had never seen in them before. "Do you know how many times I've thought of you fucking me like this?" she asked with a smirk.

My heart pounded like a drum in my chest at her words. How long has she wanted to do this? Why did she agree to let me come back home with her after school? Was there some ulterior motive all along? The questions rattled around in my mind and gave me pause, but the intense sensation of pleasure that was radiating from between my legs quickly won out and brought my focus back to the matter at hand. Her walls quivered and constricted around my length, trying desperately to milk a seed from my balls as they slapped relentlessly against her soft asscheeks. It didn't help when

mom started to make more comments, urging me deeper inside of her or talking dirty to me, calling me 'son' or telling me about what fantasies she had that involved us in this sort of position. "God, son...I never thought this day would come," she sighed softly as she felt the heavy impacts of my balls slapping against her dripping pussy.

"Well...it finally did."

She smiled and looked over her shoulder at me again, watching with eager anticipation as I reached down and took hold of her slender hips. Mom closed her eyes and braced herself against the mattress once again and waited patiently for her son to begin ravaging her body. My grip tightened on her thighs as my thrusting became more deliberate, the speed picking up and each motion bringing a grunt of effort and pleasure. Her voice was shaky, barely more than a whisper, as she said my name again. I knew in that moment that everything we were doing was wrong, but neither of us cared; the ecstasy of being together this way far outweighed anything else in both of our minds. Mom cried out suddenly and tensed up, her muscles all contracting rapidly at once as an intense shock of pleasure ripped through her nerves, causing her pussy to convulse around my shaft and squeeze it hard. I was surprised by how sudden it was and nearly pulled away from her entirely when I noticed she came. "Don't stop fucking me!" she hissed through clenched teeth, her eyes tightly shut as the orgasm surged through her entire body, leaving her drenched with sweat from head-to-foot. Her hair clung to the sides of her face as she tried desperately to catch her breath and recover from the climax. "Give it to me! Give me your cum, son...give mommy every last drop..."

"Are you sure?" I panted heavily and slowed my thrusts, looking down at my mother's quivering asshole and then up to her lustful expression, which begged for me not to stop what I was doing until it was all over with. "Once I start cumming you'll have no chance of changing your mind."

My cock was almost too sensitive from holding off so long already, but knowing that there was nothing to hold back any longer, I quickly returned to full speed. The lewd slapping sounds grew

louder as I slammed my hips into hers harder than before, and every time our bodies collided, she let out a little gasp followed by another cry. "Fuck!" I heard mom exclaim repeatedly each time she felt the impact from my pelvis striking her ass cheeks hard enough to create an audible clapping sound that filled the room, mixed with my own moans of ecstasy.

She was pushing back against me now, and soon enough our bodies were moving together as one unit. We both needed to reach that final peak together. My balls slapped against her clitoris every few seconds while also occasionally smacking her wet folds in an erratic rhythm that made everything feel so much better than it already did. "Fuck mommy's pussy! Fuck it hard...make me cum again...then give me everything, baby!"

Those words put me over the edge immediately, and when her second orgasm hit her like a freight train, I released everything I could inside of her body. We collapsed onto the mattress beside each other without even bothering to pull away first; there were only inches separating us and neither one of us seemed worried about staying far apart. After the orgasmic high faded and I regained control of myself once more I rolled over to my back and stared up at the ceiling while my mother did the same thing beside me, breathing heavily through her mouth but still not saying a word.

Her pussy continued to leak out globs of cum after mine started leaking from her opening down her leg but neither cared enough about cleanup or aftercare because all we wanted was to recover our breath and rest our spent bodies until morning came and woke us both from sleep again with another round of fucking happening then too, if not twice as hard and fast as what we had done right now!

Mom rolled onto her side, toward me, reaching out a hand to me. Her hair was sweaty and sticking to her forehead, strands falling into her face; she blew them aside, smiling at me, looking utterly drained. The light from outside spilled in, painting her with brightness, her face relaxed as her palm touched my chest and began to stroke lightly against it.

"Jared..." Her voice trailed off while she watched me carefully; my own expression must've been similar to hers because I could feel how calm I was now after experiencing such passion before between us earlier tonight during our lovemaking session together right here within this hotel room itself! She bit down softly onto her lip, thinking hard about something before speaking once more. "Jared," she said quietly as he looked up at me curiously. I nodded my head waiting patiently for whatever she wanted to say next because no matter what it might've been...it could never compare with everything that'd happened thus far already between us just recently either way so far so good then without hesitation mom moved closer towards me laying upon her back pulling me atop her body while doing so making sure not let go either just yet either way though neither cared enough about anything else except how their bodies felt against each other right now anyway right here tonight anyways especially considering how badly they'd missed being like this together before too now finally again once more finally together happily forever after finally again together again too again happily ever after finally now once more again already happily forever together finally now finally once more again happy together happily finally forever after tonight tonight alone here together finally again together now finally happy forever again tonight finally happy together finally again tonight completely happy together happily finally forever now tonight happily again together forever finally again happily once more tonight tonight too already together happily forever now tonight happily again finally already too...

"...What should we do now?" Mom whispered after several moments of silence passed between us, making me open my eyes again seeing her staring deeply into my own eyes then smiling softly back up towards me saying "Well, Jared..." before trailing off again leaving me wondering why she hadn't finished answering already then noticing suddenly where exactly her focus currently laid instead upon right now instead which made sense knowing full well exactly what exactly my mother really actually meant there really by those words too already right here too tonight already too without a doubt already tonight tonight already happily ever after tonight too once

more again tonight here happily ever after finally tonight once more again now here already finally together happy tonight together finally again happily once more together tonight happily finally once more again together forever tonight finally happily together again happily finally once more finally again together always together forever loving each other always together happily together now forever again finally ever again tonight finally loving one another again tonight forever already too...

I slid my cock along her entrance, stroking my fingers across her clit while doing so making her gasp loudly underneath me feeling every bit as ready as she currently possibly could be feeling even though still unsure whether she truly actually meant any of this actually happening between us currently right here tonight together here actually together happy together ever after finally once more again tonight already happy together finally together again once more happily together finally forever now tonight too together happily ever after finally once more again hopefully never ever really wanting this to end tonight alone together forever ever happily now already always together happily again forever happily once more tonight finally together happily together ever again happy together again forever happily alone together finally finally happily happily forever after finally tonight here finally actually loving one another together forever...

Then just when mom thought that I wouldn't actually make good on any sort whatsoever kind whatsoever possible type whatsoever promise previously given beforehand earlier tonight already before either during whenever then suddenly right here currently now happily ever after finally always together already fucking me into oblivion together happily forever more loving me completely without regret too forever together happily always completely without question anymore fully understanding finally fully accepting both of us having each other's backs already here too completely understanding fully accepting completely enjoying one another finally happily together finally loving one another together as only lovers ever could happily fuck each other happily fuck me already happily forever ever fucking me already fully and happily inside her

already fucking her into the bed already loving me too finally finally...

Fucking your mother...

You've never thought about it, not until now? You can say no; I know how crazy this sounds. And god knows what'll happen after. It's a one-night thing. It's a wild little secret, something to enjoy between us, an illicit encounter that happens once and then never again.

Or, maybe it'll happen again. You never know. What if there's some connection that neither of us expected? This might be something different. This might be a lifechanging type of crazy. It might change everything. For both of us. Together.

You have no idea how many times I've imagined this. My own mother. In her bed. The things she would do when I started to touch her. How I wanted to play with those lovely tits of hers, to squeeze them, kiss them... oh, and lick them. And suck them. Especially her nipples. And you should have seen her pussy. She kept it bare, clean shaven, smooth and pink, and the scent of it drove me absolutely fucking nuts.

Yeah, it's fucked up, and I know it. But don't we deserve our fun? Our secret little tryst where we could just get together, away from everything and everyone else? Fuck, you should hear her laugh. Mom has a nice laugh. A sexy laugh. There were so many nights that she stayed in bed naked after sex, laughing and joking about who knows what.

Maybe that's love, maybe it isn't. I don't know anymore, and neither does mom, so I guess it doesn't matter either way. Either we're both having fun, or neither of us are. It's as simple as that.

I put one hand on my dick and gripped her hip. With the other I took her bra off. She didn't need that right now. Or her panties, which I rolled down her legs. That done, I pulled her skirt up around her hips. Then I bent over her back, and put my cock between her legs, and I pushed against her slit. Mom stiffened and gasped. The head of my cock sank into her warmth easily. Mom moaned as I filled her; a sound that grew louder when I thrust all the way inside, penetrating deeper than I could've hoped.

I kissed at the back of her neck, running my hands along her shoulders, squeezing her tight to me as I started pumping inside her, fucking her with slow strokes, enjoying every second I spent inside of her. Every motion sent chills through my skin; I was lost in the thrill of being with my mother like this.

Mom cried out again. The pleasure mounted, threatening to sweep both of us away. The wet heat inside her squeezed, pulsed; my thrusts were coming faster. Her breath escaped in small gasps. The sound of our flesh meeting drove me wild. The whole bed was rocking with our thrusts.

She arched her back, pushing into me and screaming her pleasure as it overwhelmed her. At the same time, she grabbed the comforter in both fists and pulled, and suddenly a tear, loud as a gunshot, resounded through the room. It snapped us both to attention. Mom went silent, stiffening. With her back curved just so, I could see her face; wide-eyed shock, lips parted, breathing heavy.

"What... was that?" My voice sounded faraway, like I hadn't quite recovered yet.

Mom twisted a little more; it felt amazing. She looked down towards where we were joined, my thick shaft buried inside her. As she moved, the fabric of the bedsheets bunched up even further, until they split straight open, clean down the middle. They peeled away from the mattress like they were cut apart by razorblades. Then both my mother and I watched the mattress split along its creases as well, opening and then breaking apart.

For some reason, we stayed like that for a moment, looking at the destruction as if it had occurred all the way across the room. We looked at each other and smiled. It didn't matter that we were fucking in a hotel suite and broke their property beyond belief, it was just another bit of fun and chaos that seemed to fit into our new life together.

With nothing beneath us now, we let go and sank to the floor together, never once disconnecting, moaning each other's names. We kissed and held one another tightly, almost falling, but catching ourselves as I thrust faster. The sound of the mattress and bedframe crashing into the ground only heightened everything going on, and

soon enough the carpet beneath us was ripping as well. It was so incredible; like nothing we could ever hope to describe or explain. Mom wrapped her legs around me, her breasts bouncing with every movement, and I squeezed her hips tightly. Everything around us was in complete disarray and, after several intense minutes of sex, we were finally climaxing together again, unable to deny it any longer. My eyes closed automatically and my mind raced, completely overcome with pleasure.

As our orgasms faded away, she looked at me. She was panting hard. "It's really happening," she whispered. Her eyes grew wide as if it were some kind of miracle, or like this wasn't really real and she was just about to wake up.

"I know," I murmured, looking her right in the eyes. It felt different this time—more intimate, and more emotional than ever before. She took my face between her hands and began kissing me passionately, slowly and deliberately. When she pulled away, I could tell there was something else that was changing between us.

Mom leaned over me. Her smile turned seductive and a little dark, an expression I'd never seen from her. A light laugh escaped her lips as she said: "That wasn't very nice of you." Her tone was light, but still somewhat accusatory.

My pulse sped up a little as my brain tried to figure out what she was saying, how to respond. But instead I waited, watching and listening to whatever came next.

The room was mostly dark except for one small light on the bedside table. The orange glow cast across mom's delicate features and made them look almost angelic against the backdrop of a night sky dotted with bright white stars. She stared into my eyes for a moment as though considering whether she should continue with her thought. Then, without any hesitation at all, mom leaned back, reached up, and brought her hand down hard across my bare ass. It stung and sent a shock wave straight to my dick. Instinctively, my whole body stiffened from surprise and pain. My cock was buried so deep within her pussy that I thought we'd merge if either of us moved even a little bit. And she had caught me completely off guard —not just the strike, but with her entire demeanor. She seemed

different—a bit more playful and light than usual—almost as if a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. In that moment I realized this new persona had nothing to do with the sex or our relationship... This was simply who my mother really was underneath years of stress and emotional burdens.

As my shock wore off, the full realization of what mom had done hit me like another slap. I knew my cheeks were probably flushed from embarrassment. I opened my mouth to say something about it, but before I could, she placed a finger on my lips to hush me.

I watched as she leaned forward slightly and brushed her lips against my neck. "Jared," she whispered between gentle kisses, "you're not going to tell anyone about this. Are you?"

"Of course not, mom," I said. Though truthfully, it wasn't even something I would ever consider doing. I felt completely safe sharing everything with her. But, I still wasn't exactly sure where she was going with all this. I just let her take the lead without thinking too much.

"Good boy..." The look in her eyes changed and I couldn't quite read it. There was excitement there, but also a dark and intense desire that seemed to radiate off of her body. Something wild.

Mom wrapped her arms around my shoulders, pulling herself closer to me and kissed my lips tenderly, sensually. And I felt myself melt into her embrace. Every touch from her set my skin tingling with sensation. Mom broke the kiss, pulled back and looked at me again. As soon as our gaze connected, she took my cock in her hand and guided it right up against the wet opening of her pussy. A chill raced up my spine.

My entire length pressed up against the hot wet folds of my mother's cunt and I started to feel my heart beating like crazy in my chest. This was the point of no return. It didn't matter now what either of us were trying to prove to the other, because in that moment we both knew it was so much more than that. We wanted to fuck each other. That need overpowered any other. My body moved without thought, acting on lust and instinct.

Mom let out a whimpering moan as the head of my cock slid right between her pussylips, and my hands went to her hips. The

soft, delicate flesh was slick and warm under my fingers and my cock throbbed as my hips pushed forward instinctively. Our bodies locked together, and just as the heat of her pussy spread slowly around my rock-hard prick, mom closed her eyes and took a deep breath. A shiver ran through her, from head to toe and every inch of her soft feminine frame shook with pure ecstasy as I filled her utterly.

The softness of her ass cradled my pelvis and I could feel her pussy contracting around my cock already. When I glanced down, I could see her pink outer lips clinging tight around the thick root of my cock, quivering as an orgasm shuddered through her body. "Oh fuck Jared!" she gasped, throwing her head back, her hands still clinging to my neck as I began to work my cock deeper inside her. With every stroke of my pulsing dick inside her, another shockwave seemed to travel through her. All of the resistance that had built up between us seemed to melt away at once as I claimed my mother completely. Her voice echoed through the suite, moaning my name over and over again like an intoxicating chant. My senses became filled with her, as I breathed in the soft sweet scent of her perfume and gazed in awe at the way her body twisted beneath me. Her long silky blonde hair flowed wildly over her shoulders, while her breasts swayed gently with every push of my dick into her perfect little pussy. I couldn't tell where my desire ended and hers began anymore as our voices mixed together in a chorus of passion.

I wanted her totally, in every way I could imagine...and yet nothing could have prepared me for the feeling of actually taking her. Mom's cunt was warm and slick, her inner walls gripping around my cock in spasms as I worked it hard and deep within her. Every sensation I experienced intensified that need that pulsed through the two of us until I didn't just want to come...I wanted to fill her, to make her mine completely. She belonged to me in mind, in spirit...in body.

Mom moaned loudly as her orgasm subsided, and we sank down into the mattress together, catching our breath as my cock throbbed inside her hot little box. Then she turned, her eyes wild as if suddenly overcome by some instinctual desire...one I knew instantly

I'd enjoy bringing out in her. With a seductive smirk, she rolled us over, her long shapely legs straddling my waist as she began riding up and down on my still-hard pole. A shiver ran down my spine as I felt my own cum drip onto me, pooling at my pelvis as she fucked my glistening shaft. In moments, I could feel her orgasm again, as fresh waves of creamy girlcum coated my aching prick.

It was so fucking sexy, to be inside her after my own orgasm, still sensitive but feeling how good it was for her too...I couldn't resist her charms any longer. I let out one last shuddering moan as my own orgasm washed over me, filling mom with more of my load while she rode every buck and jerk of my hips like a champ. I reached up and cupped her soft breast with one hand, feeling her heartbeat quicken as we came together.

With my free hand, I slipped my phone from my pocket. It had been recording the whole time.

"I didn't know what else to do," Carrie said, tears brimming in her eyes as she looked at her parents. "He's... he's really sick."

"What kind of sick?" asked Mr. Berman. His dark bushy eyebrows were knit with concern. "How is he?"

"I..." Carrie took a deep breath. This wasn't going well. The room smelled musty—like stale coffee and cheap cologne, two scents that seemed permanently imprinted into her father.

The table was round. She sat there with both parents, while they all leaned on it with their elbows.

Carrie sighed.

"What?" Mrs. Berman asked. "We're listening."

"Really?" Carrie replied with some heat. "You are? Because you've been making comments about this house like you think this is how I am. Well, let me tell you something." Her heart thundered inside her chest; the first words were out and there was no stopping. "I'm sorry your precious little boy decided to run away. I'm sorry he didn't want to deal with the messes he created, or the pain he caused me! He ran from me once, but he won't do it again! No fucking way."

"You swore—" Mr. Berman snapped.

"Oh," Carrie gave a bitter smile, "you didn't know your own son did you? When Jared was a boy, he swore. All the time. Cussed, just like this, and when I told him not to do that? Guess what, he fucking did it anyway. So yeah. Fuck you too."

She stood up. Mrs. Berman watched her, shocked. Her dad stared at the tabletop. He was probably regretting ever having children right about then. It wasn't his fault, really. There wasn't anyone to blame but Jared himself.

Mr. Berman looked up. "Did he make a pass at you?" His voice was strained. He wasn't sure who to believe. And Carrie knew exactly how to make things easier.

Carrie looked at them. For real.

"When I found him here," she said, "he had his hands all over me. Touching me. Groping me. I'm telling you, Jared's a creep."

Mom gasped as I filled her with my cock, pushing forward with insistence, forcing my mother's pussy to accept me and yield to my thrust. She cried out and shook but I just grabbed her ass, gripped it hard as I bottomed out, filling her completely. Her head turned towards me, her eyelids fluttered open and I watched her tongue push through her lips, lolling slightly as she moaned into the sheets.

I could see why Carrie loved fucking him. I started to rock back and forth, and each time I shoved my hips forward, I buried more of my dick inside of mom's cunt. She had taken me without resistance, and so I picked up speed, rocking back and then forward, over and over, watching her eyes roll and her eyelids flutter closed as I worked deeper into her.

My palms slipped across her ass, caressing the soft, smooth curves of her. I could hear my breath catching in my chest; a low hiss, sharp at the end as I pushed myself balls deep into mom, filling her to the absolute brim. Cara let out a high pitched yelp; she'd never felt anything like this, especially after twenty years of the same dick—I pulled out fast and slammed it home once again. I was picking up speed and I knew it wouldn't be long until I filled my mother completely.

My balls were hot, slapping against Cara's body, stirring her moisture with every thrust. I kept thinking that if only they knew

what they had been missing. It wasn't just me and mom having fun with each other behind their backs—it was Carrie, too. And it was going to blow dad's mind when he found out about me and Carrie, but it would absolutely shatter him if he learned that he was fucking his own daughter at the same time that I was fucking my mother. Mom didn't know yet. She might feel betrayed at first, but I think she'd realize quickly why I had done it.

Mom had gone into a kind of trance-state where her eyes had half-closed and there was no expression on her face except pure pleasure. Every thrust made her eyes open and close, her lips open in a wide O shape. Her hands were twisting in the sheets, clenching and unclenching as I fucked her. The sound of our bodies slapping together was loud enough that I wondered if anyone else would hear it, if someone would come knocking on the door. I wasn't going to stop, no matter who was waiting outside. This was happening.

I leaned down to put my arms around her body, sliding them up through her stomach and finding her tits. The heavy mounds settled easily into my hands, squeezing softly at first and then more firmly as I continued to rock in and out of her pussy. Mom liked how it felt, and moaned into the bed sheets while she pressed herself into me. Her ass bounced back and forth as I held onto her tits, pulling her into me as I pounded forward and burying my cock deep inside her pussy until her screams became muffled by the mattress.

"Fuck!" She exclaimed and I felt her legs start to shake underneath her. The tight grip of her pussy walls started to pulse and squeeze, trying to draw the cum from my balls with sheer force alone. "Oh god, Jared, I'm gonna—"

She buried her head in the sheets and stifled her scream as her entire body convulsed under me, making her twitch and squirm so hard that she almost pushed me off her completely. Her orgasm must have been intense because her fingers curled into the comforter on the bed and I even saw tears leaking from the corner of her eyes. As mom shuddered and moaned, her cries grew louder and higher and my cock twitched in response to the sensation of her wet cunt squeezing every last drop of cum out of my balls. I held myself firm inside her for a moment, and I could feel my own cum

shooting out of my cock. Ropes and ropes of thick semen painted my mother's cervix and dripped down her pussy lips when I pulled out a little bit. Even after I was done cumming I kept slowly rocking back and forth into my mother, stirring her own cum up along with mine and relishing the feel of her juices leaking from her folds.

"Shit," she said quietly. Then her voice hardened. "Oh, fuck."

Mom was still face-down on the bedspread and the sheets were starting to get wet from the corners of her mouth and the sweat running off of her body. When she realized it she sat up quickly, pulling herself off of me. "You're... you're right..." She took a deep breath, put her hand between her legs and then looked at her semen-slicked palm. "God—Jesus fucking Christ!" She turned her wide eyes to me, and there wasn't hate there. Only desperation, only fear, and an aching desire for release, not just the sexual kind. "Why did I do that? What's going on?"

"Mom," I tried. "You don't—"

Mom shook her head violently as she got off the bed and paced over to her clothes, her steps a little wobbly but her face set with determination. "No... no, Jared, this is wrong." She looked back at me, and my eyes fell down to the sight of cum trailing its way down the inner part of her thigh. Mom's gaze followed mine, and when she saw what had happened a fresh look of terror washed over her. "I can't believe—we can't do this again. This isn't... it's not possible. We... we're mother and son."

Even as she said that, though, something passed over mom's face, some flicker of understanding, of enlightenment. A slow smile spread over her lips, and she looked over me, and then giggled a little. "God, how would you even get inside me?" She laughed again. "That would be impossible. How are we going to manage that?"

My mom turned her hips outward, displaying all that I wanted and could see clearly the glistening slit between her legs. It looked hot, and inviting, like heaven for my dick, and I didn't need any more encouragement than that to start fucking my mother.

"Jared?" She said softly. Her eyes met mine, and she stared for a second, like she was really looking at me, looking right into my soul. But instead of saying anything further, she broke away from eye

contact, and then started walking slowly away. It seemed that she was trying to make me follow, to tempt me in the right direction, but just couldn't say it directly. She gave me one more look over her shoulder before going around the corner, and when I followed her she was waiting in the hallway leading back out of the living room, smiling wickedly.

She looked almost angelic, but the devilishness hiding behind her expression promised things far too dirty for anything related to a religious being.

It wasn't until after we'd both gone out into the hallway and passed through the dining room that I noticed she had brought another bottle of wine with her. It must have been on the counter when I went in to get water, because there's no way I would've missed her carrying it while we were walking.

I let out a little laugh. "Where are you going with that?"

Mom stopped, turned towards me, and handed the bottle over. "I was thinking about having some in bed."

The look in her eyes spoke louder than words could; it seemed she wanted this just as much as I did. My cock began to harden at the idea of getting to experience something new with my beautiful mother, who still wore that lacy, transparent lingerie. But there was something else we were going to try, first...

I pulled out my phone. It didn't take long to pull up what I needed. The internet was a wonderful thing, after all, and though mom might not be as tech-savvy as I was, I knew enough that there would be plenty of sites that would sell just what I had in mind.

"Here," I said. I showed her the picture of the dildo. "Would you like me to fuck you with this?"

Mom flushed scarlet and quickly looked away. Even so, she nodded faintly.

My thumb scrolled. More appeared. Larger, thicker. Longer. Shapes more real than some others, but they were all phallic, and I knew she wanted them.

Mom bit her lower lip, trying to suppress a smile. She watched eagerly, her eyes wide and focused on what I was showing her.

"It seems..."

My hand curled into the panties and pulled down slowly. My fingers were tight along her ass, spreading her just enough as I revealed more of her skin, inch by inch, while the soft, pale peach of her skin grew visible through the fabric. Her waist gave way to curvy hips and then an unbelievably supple bottom. As her ass came into full view, and I finally revealed that tight pucker in the middle, I continued. "It seems like I may have misjudged you, Ms. Brooks. It looks like you've been getting very friendly with Mr. Khatri... haven't you?"

A sharp cry rose in mom's chest. She arched her back towards me, inviting me to play with her as I wanted. "Yes," she moaned softly. "Oh god."

The scent of her cunt, wet and warm, was driving me mad. I wanted her, so fucking bad. But if there was one thing mom had taught me—it was patience. With patience came satisfaction. I'd make mom scream tonight, even if it cost me.

I leaned down, to her legs, and kissed up from her foot, over her ankle, to the back of her calf, following along the curve of it all the way to the inside of her knee. The closer I got to her pussy the more desperately she reacted. Her knees tried to bend, but I pushed them forward, keeping them apart, not allowing her to try to pull away. Her feet shifted in the air helplessly. Mom moaned with need as she raised her ass higher into the air. She seemed desperate to be eaten out. To feel my tongue playing over her slick little entrance, licking at it, kissing it.

"Jared..." Mom whispered. Her voice was high and strained and tense. "Please... eat your mother's pussy... baby boy, you've gotta do something, I feel like I'm going crazy—"

"You taste this good already," I told her, "and you think I'm going to skip over you eating you? Are you sure about that?" My tongue slipped across her cunt once more, curling around her folds, and as mom squealed with frustration, my finger pressed deep inside of her tight wetness. Her legs shook; she was almost there, on edge, wanting to come already—and all I'd done is tasted her a little bit.

My mother's cunt quivered around my finger. It was impossibly smooth and soft inside, warm beyond measure. I imagined how it

might feel wrapped around my cock. The thought made me go half crazy. She tasted of sweet fruit, sticky and tart, her arousal seeping from inside of her and coating the lower part of her lips with juice. My free hand slid up to spread her open, revealing the glistening pink flesh underneath.

I pushed my index finger deeper and her walls clung tight to it. A tremor passed through mom's body. I watched her intently as she turned her face into the bedding, clutching it with both hands, knuckles turning white. A shuddering gasp left her as I started moving my hand faster, thrusting deeper, exploring inside of her. Her breath was growing shallower and I knew she was close, I needed only to touch that delicate spot, hidden in her depths—

Cara cried out as her hips bucked upwards, arching high like an offering to something divine. For several long moments she stayed rigid and panting while intense waves of pleasure rocked her body. I withdrew my finger slowly so not to jar her too much. I could see her whole frame tremble with aftershocks. My mouth watered at the scent of her excitement and I had to lick my fingers clean of that delectable taste. It wasn't nearly enough. My own need demanded more, more.

Mom fell limp with a soft moan. She let her eyes slide shut again. Her hair lay disheveled about her head. Her whole upper body heaved as she struggled to catch her breath. Even now I wanted to have her again, but this time I didn't think I could simply tease her anymore.

I positioned myself over her. My cock pressed against her and my balls settled between her legs, just below where they curved into her ass. Mom was still lost in her ecstasy. A smile played on her lips while her body tingled from within. She hardly even realized when my erection touched her cunt.

"Baby?" She questioned in a haze.

But there was no going back now. Not for either of us.

I gripped her hips and pulled them upwards so her ass tilted nicely. It gave me better access to her, my hips pressed tight up against hers as my cock found its target between her legs.

The tip of it settled in between those sweet folds of flesh and slowly started slipping further and further inside her, inch after glorious fucking inch. My eyes nearly rolled back with how fucking good she felt, snugly wrapped around me like we were meant to be like this, made to fit together. The more I slid inside of her the closer I got to pushing inside deep enough for me to let her know I wasn't playing. Mom was moaning now, trying desperately to hold onto some semblance of control. She gripped the covers and pushed back onto me even harder, driving her pussy deeper down my thick length until I could feel it pressing hard up against her cervix, threatening to break through it if I pushed any harder.

I held onto her hips tightly and rocked gently against her, sending little shockwaves up through our bodies as I rubbed myself over that delicate barrier. It was an incredible sensation, having my dick pressed into mom's most sacred of places. She cried out as my cock rubbed and teased her entrance. Every stroke pushed my precum right into her womb which would only make things easier for her once I started really pumping hard inside her. Her head hung forward and she moaned incoherently while I continued to rub my tip right into that special place. The sounds of pleasure coming from mom were turning me on even more and I could already tell that this first orgasm wouldn't take long.

"Baby," she gasped. "It's too much...too deep..."

I kept pushing against her though, wanting to send her over the edge again so I could finally fill her up. She moaned uncontrollably and her body trembled under the assault from my dick. Mom's voice raised higher and higher until she let out another high-pitched squeal as an orgasm hit. Her whole body shuddered with release while she came on my dick, coating the length of my shaft with a fresh layer of her sweet fluids. The sight and sound of her made me shiver. This is exactly what I wanted. My cock swelled larger at her cries of pleasure and I knew I had to give us what we needed.

I pulled away long enough to line myself up correctly with her warm wet cunt and then without any further hesitation, I pushed my length all the way up into her tight hole with one powerful thrust.

"Fuckkkkkk!!!" Mom cried out loudly. I groaned with the sudden incredible tightness of her pussy wrapped around me. The moment my cock slid up into mom's insides there was no resistance left, and my entire member was enveloped by her heat. It felt like heaven, like the most perfect fit in the world and it took me a second to gain my breath again as I was overtaken by the intensity of this first real stroke.

As I began to pull back out I could already feel my mother starting to shake again as another wave of orgasms overtook her. "OHHHH!!" She wailed desperately, her moans muffled slightly as her face dug deeper into the covers. Her hips bucked backward as she pressed herself back on my cock and ground herself against it while she came, milking me inside of her, but despite how intense I knew it was for her I didn't slow down. Instead I started pumping faster, harder, driving more of my length in on each stroke until my hips were pounding against her ass.

The sound of skin slapping filled the room, my balls swinging back and forth and occasionally smacking into my mom's clit. The headboard hit the wall as well with a dull thud, thud, thud. In a normal hotel that might get someone to complain, or at least try calling the desk to figure out what the noise was about, but right now, there was nothing we cared less about than people complaining about sex noises in the rooms next to us. We were going at it hard, fast and heavy, and if anything the slight risk of getting caught just added to the raw pleasure of the situation.

Her breasts hung beneath her, swaying freely every time I drove my length into her dripping pussy. A few times during her orgasm I felt some of her squirt up and run down between our bodies, splattering across our thighs as my mother lost control of herself. Her cunt squeezed around my girth so tightly that I couldn't do much but hold on and ride it out as she milked my shaft for all she could.

By the end of her second orgasm Cara could barely stand anymore. She went almost limp under me, though she still did her best to keep her ass in the air even as she collapsed, face-first into the blankets, leaving nothing but her rear still thrust high up for me

to take from. That left her legs dangling down along the side of the bed, which wasn't really a problem at first, but once I came close to finishing she was just lying there while I fucked her, her arms out to the sides with her palms down and her eyes rolled back and drool pooling on the bed beneath her slack jaw as she gave herself entirely over to her own pleasure, and all she could do was twitch and shudder every couple of minutes as another climax tore through her. She didn't make much sound after a little while other than to groan softly every once in a while when a particularly powerful spasm would make her squeal or grunt quietly—I realized soon enough that she was cumming nearly constantly, so every moan I heard out of her was just one more peak layered over the last. Her body shook and spasmed and I felt a fresh layer of fluid splatter across my crotch with every single pump I made into her, until eventually it became hard to even grab hold of her hips as her entire body trembled violently around my length and her pussy milked me so good that I could barely stay inside her long enough to drive home as deep as I wanted.

The only thing that kept her held up was me holding onto her hips and pulling her body back onto mine, which meant that her upper body was being pushed even further down against the mattress every time I buried my cock in her sloppy hole—which is pretty much what happened when her limbs gave out, she just went totally limp and had no choice but to let herself get railed by me. When she came one final time I thought for sure that her entire consciousness had finally gone blank from the pleasure, and she'd just lie there forever like a lifeless doll waiting for me to fuck it—not a bad idea, really, but I think she actually fainted, because even after I slammed my length inside her so deep that my balls slapped against her clit she didn't budge or make a sound. The only thing that proved she was still alive was that when I pulled out of her well-fucked hole, she slowly slid off the bed, right onto the floor. She lay there motionless while thick strands of nectar trickled out of her gaping pink hole and down between her thighs until they formed a puddle beneath her knees and I figured out it was probably not safe

to leave her alone like this... but, hell, at least I had done my best to wake her up.

I had always wondered if something like that could ever happen—to know beyond any doubt that a woman had given in completely to pleasure and surrendered to the ecstasy and bliss we shared, but the whole experience of having her completely lost in that moment has been burned into memory permanently.

It's the first time I truly fucked my mother. The first time we became lovers. And when I took her on that trip, the last thing she remembered before waking up in the hotel was us making love again and again. It was the beginning of our lives together.

But I hadn't counted on one thing. My sperm. My virile, potent jizz. I couldn't keep my hands off her for days. We fucked over and over and each time, I blew another load in her. Each time I came inside of her, another batch of semen flooded her womb or coated her insides and made its way closer and closer to her uterus. I should've been more careful, I should've at least used condoms... but there was such an urge, such a primal call, telling me to give her as much as possible, that I did it every chance I got.

And the next month, Cara got her period, just as expected, without any sign that she had gotten pregnant—for some reason, her cycle decided to keep itself consistent after everything we'd done. We thought nothing of it and went back to living our lives. But what neither of us knew was that she would still get pregnant from our trip. That the first time I took her while naked and raw, that it was my fertile seed that planted within her and grew into the son we raised together. And it all started when she said yes to me, finally, in Vegas.

When she agreed to let me breed her.

To mark her as mine.

Mom was trembling in anticipation, her breasts shaking over the covers of the bed and her knees shifting apart wider to invite me in.

My cock pressed forward. It nudged, finding the wet center of her entrance, and it eased its way inside. Mom's gasps grew higher and softer. She arched her hips back and gave herself up to my taking. I entered her and groaned as her cunt swallowed the tip of

my cock, the hot pressure like nothing else as my fingers squeezed on her ass cheeks to hold them apart. The heat was intense. Wet, slippery—like a vice squeezing down onto the head of my cock as I fed myself deeper into her. I had only just begun but her pussy was already rippling, milking me hard with every inch that sank in.

Her ass shook. "Oh my god... Jared... please..." Mom said weakly, almost deliriously, barely aware that she was moaning at the feeling of my cock parting her folds. Her voice became even smaller as I continued sinking further and further into her. With one smooth and final motion, I buried myself fully within her cunt. My mother let out a small cry as she felt my hips finally touching hers, felt my entire length filling her. I let go of her ass to let myself move over her, my chest pressing to her back, my arms reaching down to find her fingers on the bed, and our hands clenched tight together while we fucked.

I didn't want to stop. I wanted more. I thrust into mom once, twice. Her breasts swayed from their suspension. She arched her back, gasped in ecstasy, and her body quivered. We had just started and yet I could tell this was different; I was getting the most sensitive parts of mom and her reaction was so wild and uncontrolled that it was like her first time. No amount of sex with dad must have ever reached this level of intensity. And now I knew why.

We were fucking raw.

"You are mine," I hissed into her ear as I continued pumping her. "Mine. You belong to me, you got it?" I punctuated that statement with a sharp, swift slap across her ass cheek. The crack resounded through the room and mom yelped in shock. She opened her mouth to protest but as I grabbed her hair she just gave up and went limp, her entire body rocking to the force of each deep, thorough stroke into her pussy.

Mom couldn't answer; she just grunted wordlessly in response while I claimed her tight little cunt with all nine inches of my meat. My fingers tightened on her tits and squeezed down as I rode her. Every thrust caused her breasts to lurch, her head flying back and hitting me on the shoulder with her chin. Her neck looked delicious

as she threw back her head and moaned out loud, "Fill me... fill me! Fuck—"

This position worked for both of us. I was pounding my hips forward, feeling them smack hard against her round little bubble butt, the jiggle rippling through her cheeks every time my body connected with hers.

"I'm going to breed you, you're mine," I groaned into her ear while I took her doggie style. Mom responded with a muffled "yesssss" under her breath. My words and actions were making her cum harder than she ever had before. I knew how fucked up it was, but the taboo of our sex and knowing this was wrong was turning both of us on beyond belief.

"Fuck—ohhhhh, fuckkkkk baby!" she cried out suddenly, her voice breaking as she was overtaken by wave after wave of orgasm. Her fingers clawed the bed covers tighter as her whole body tensed with ecstasy. The sensation of mom's climaxing cunt clenching on my stiff cock was enough to push me over the edge as well.

Involuntarily I grunted, louder, louder, then as a last burst I shot several bursts of hot seed deep inside of her, so deep that I wasn't sure if there was even room for it anymore. But I could feel it, each eruption filling mom's womb and spilling deeper into her. My mind was going crazy, just thinking about the fact that I was seeding her, filling my mother with my raw semen. And not only that, we'd never used any kind of protection, I would likely be the father of her child someday, and that meant I would truly own her... forever.

The more I thought about it, the better it felt. So fucking good.

But what would happen in the morning?

Mom shifted under me, twisting her body to lay flat. When she raised an arm over her shoulder, I moved it back. But when she stretched her hand towards my cheek, I let her, and she turned my head to look at me. We looked into each other's eyes and in hers I saw fear... and passion. My chest rose with emotion; she looked beautiful and vulnerable and so very precious to me, the kind of beauty that made my throat tighten up just to think about it. How special it felt to be given this, to have all the tension from years and

years coming to this moment, all for something we never knew we wanted.

In some corner of my mind, I thought maybe, we never should've fallen in love like this. But here it was, our relationship twisted. Our connection a mess. Our feelings impossible. This was all we had left. A deep love between us that I could not ignore. That no one could touch. It didn't matter if they didn't approve. It didn't matter if this were wrong somehow. In my soul, I needed her. I wanted to protect her, to cherish her, and in this way that society would never understand.

If we could love without limits, who cared if it were fucked up?

I took her by the waist. My cock pulsed against her thigh, hot and desperate, and as I pulled mom up onto her knees, I moved behind her, pressed the head between the folds of her cunt—the wet heat greeted me instantly—and pushed inside of her. She gasped sharply as my cock sank into her body.

It felt too good to control myself anymore. I grunted hard as I fucked her deeply, pulling out just so far that only the very tip of my cock remained within her. I felt how tight she was as her velvet tunnel gripped and squeezed on me. It was like nothing I had ever imagined. But this wasn't some fantasy or daydream; it was happening. It was real, and it was mine.

I pushed her back down, onto her elbows, and started fucking her. I grabbed her hips in both hands and started thrusting, watching with fascination as my thick cock slid in and out of her slit, the creamy fluids lubricating us as they seeped from inside of her cunt. The lewd squelching noises filled my ears, mingled with the panting gasps and moans coming from deep within mom. As I fucked her harder, her body moved with me, pushing back to meet my thrusts and driving me deeper and harder until my hips were slamming into her ass with a solid clapping sound.

The bed rocked violently beneath us. Mom screamed as I pumped away into her depths. Her voice was loud and raw, and it seemed impossible that we wouldn't be caught by one of our parents but neither of us were able to control ourselves enough to care. She cried out over and over with each powerful thrust. Each

time, I pounded home as hard and deep as I possibly could and her voice would reach a high pitched scream. I could feel her spasming on me.

My cock ached. This was all so unreal, so incredible. It was almost as if I never wanted it to end, even as every second drew me closer to the inevitable conclusion. There was a tension building in the pit of my stomach and I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. I could tell my mother was already cumming. But somehow, some deep instinct, told me what we needed.

I pulled my slick shaft free from her grasping warmth. Even as she moaned at the emptiness inside her, I shifted behind her and guided myself lower, until the broad head was pressed against the quivering knot of muscle tucked tightly away between her soft ass cheeks. I knew exactly what I was looking at without even ever having seen it before. Some of the porn I had watched over the years featured anal sex but there was so much more I hadn't understood, or wanted to try before.

Now was a whole new story. The taboo of it thrilled me just as much as the knowledge of her tight hole wrapped around my dick did.

For an instant, mom tensed, but soon enough she was relaxing again. It felt like her entire body melted as she gave herself to me completely. She gasped softly, then cried out louder as I started easing forward, penetrating that tiny puckered star with the sensitive head of my penis. Her asshole gave way, sucking up my cock as eagerly as the rest of her body would have done.

I couldn't stop, couldn't hold back the flood that rushed through me—not if I tried.

And mom screamed, not with pleasure, not right away... but as she realized what I had meant. I held tight to her hips and slammed hard into her, thrusting deep and fast until she yelped like a wounded puppy, her cries high-pitched and helpless, pleading for me to let go of her. Instead, I continued pushing deeper.

Her pleas soon turned desperate, begging me, begging me over and over to stop before it was too late, but I kept on going—all the way up inside her until my balls slapped against her cheeks.

Then there was nothing left but us fucking wildly on top of this fancy hotel bed! And there was no holding back the wild pleasure I got from it either; I didn't even know how big my cock felt inside her right now because everything seemed blurred by a haze of desire and lust, but what little remained intact enough to form coherent thoughts inside me registered just how good my cock felt in her pussy, how well we fit together—so much better than me and Sarah ever did. And every time my mother started to pull away, to get free or to break my rhythm, all it took was the tiniest tug on her hair to make her gasp and cry out again.

Finally, with one last hard push, I filled her completely. Then she collapsed onto her stomach beneath me, gasping for air. It only took a few seconds before she realized that something very different was happening down there; something much more than usual.

"What's happening?!" she cried, reaching down below herself in vain attempt to feel for herself what was so obvious already. "Are you peeing on me? In me?"

My voice broke as my body gave its last spurt into her, and my own legs trembled while I felt the heat pool within her. My cock twitched violently inside her.

I leaned forward against my mom's back, wrapping an arm around her chest to hold her tight against my own sweaty skin, while at the same time slipping my free hand underneath her front to press against the warm mound between her thighs. She moaned helplessly again under me when my finger circled on top of her clit, but even she understood that it was pointless to resist the inevitable; there was no reason not to let me have everything. I held onto her even more firmly than before, almost crushing her, making sure that every drop would enter deep into her body. When her hand found its way over to mine to gently grab onto it, we stayed like this for a few moments longer. The intimacy of our connected bodies overwhelmed both of us in equal parts. It didn't take long for mom's breathing to change, become ragged and hotter, and the trembling in her shoulders turned into shivers as she reached orgasm just from feeling herself being filled up by me.

Finally, exhausted and utterly satisfied with what I'd accomplished, I pulled out of my mom, feeling drained. I stood next to the bed watching as her pussy closed back up slowly while white rivulets ran down between her thighs, mixed with her own juices, dripping all over her legs until they reached the floor.

That sight alone was enough to get my blood pumping again already! "Fuck..." I breathed, my throat hoarse with emotion as well as from cumming so many times today, "fuck me!" I groaned loudly to no one in particular and fell on top of her back once more to hug her tightly. At that point it seemed almost pointless to say anything else really, because everything else needed no explanation...and yet... And yet I needed something concrete, needed to make sure that things were finalized between us two before letting myself drift into sleep. So I whispered softly: "It wasn't just sex..." and left it at that.

"No..." she agreed weakly without turning towards me. A little while later, after gathering her breath, she added more firmly, "And neither was the night of your birthday party..."

I grinned broadly against the fabric of the sheets covering the backside of her neck where my face lay resting. I thought about it some more, enjoying the softness of her body underneath me for a while longer. There were obviously more things I wanted to say, but in that moment I felt like I had said them already, even if mom couldn't hear me right now.

Finally I managed to break our embrace to lie back down next to her in bed. The sheets were completely wrinkled under and above us, tangled together with her dress. Her hair was damp with sweat as well, but I didn't care. It might have been a little hard for both of us to fall asleep on this narrow surface, but we made it work somehow. Even though my hand dangled over the edge of the bed, and half of my lower body was hanging outside of it, it still felt wonderful to have mom's naked skin right there next to mine while she held onto me tight in her sleep.

My only regret was that I didn't remember a thing about this night the morning after. Not a single image, sound or sensation of it.

If only we had stayed there forever...

If only...

As soon as those words entered my head, something weird happened: it got incredibly cold around us, as if an icy wind had entered through the window. It chilled me to the bone in seconds, so much that my hands left her immediately and I had to rub my own shoulders in a desperate attempt to stay warm somehow.

That's when everything stopped making sense...

The air began swirling and twisting violently, with such strength that I was getting scared for my life. It almost felt like a tornado was about to rip out the wall, and pull me out into the streets. Yet there were no sounds; it was just me, looking at mom's naked back and her hair flowing from side to side.

She finally lifted her head up from the pillow, staring at me with shock, but instead of saying anything, a blue spark shot out of nowhere and hit me in the chest, causing a sudden wave of searing pain to explode right above my heart. I yelled and rolled on the floor clutching my torso, which was where I noticed this faint glowing symbol had been burned on my skin. I instantly knew what it represented: a star, surrounded by three circles. I saw it only for a split second since right after that it somehow burrowed under my skin, completely disappearing from view. But before any of that happened, I saw a reflection of that exact same symbol, only blackened, appearing on mom's lower back.

While still wincing from the pain, I tried to make sense of what the fuck was going on and glanced at the bed. At that moment, my jaw dropped, as I watched Cara's shadow detach itself from her body while at the same time two more shadows came through the floorboards, rising from somewhere deep beneath us, taking the shapes of two identical naked women. The new ones appeared next to mom while the one from the bed took a few steps backwards and looked at me, smirking as if waiting for me to recognize who she was. And it didn't take me long; there was no doubt in my mind that the tall gorgeous woman in front of me was the mother of all shadows.

At least that's what she wanted us to think. Because now that I observed her carefully I realized something about her; everything

about her appearance and behavior spoke of superiority. Of being the ruler. And even though all three women were exactly the same, I understood the difference immediately; the other two were just pawns of this one.

"Well played, little Jared," she said calmly, glancing at my still stiff cock. "It seems you're full of surprises."

And then she disappeared along with her cronies, leaving both me and mom confused as hell.

Mom finally regained her breath, straightened herself up and asked: "Who was she?"

"No idea..." I replied. "She called herself mom too..."

"What did she mean by... marking me with your seed?"

I suddenly felt like such an asshole that I wanted to throw myself off a cliff. Mom must've noticed, because she placed a comforting hand on my shoulder and added: "I know I might seem mad... but the truth is, you just gave me the most intense orgasm I've had in a long time. Just talk to me about it. I think at this point we're beyond anything resembling normal parent-child dynamics."

I nodded slowly, not sure where to begin. But at the very least, mom didn't seem too pissed at me. I just hoped the rest of our conversation would go like this. I exhaled sharply, preparing myself.

"You... don't mind being called slut?"

"Do I seem to be offended right now?"

"I don't know!"

She laughed, and the sound of it was beautiful and light and musical. "It's an honor from you. Call me your slut, if you'd like, but only when it's the two of us." She grinned at me. "If anyone else tries to call me a slut, I'll kick their ass."

"Got it."

We were quiet a moment, and then she turned around on the couch, pressing her body to mine. It was a sweet thing to feel, her arms sliding over my chest, around me, hugging me tight as her head nestled under my chin. A moment later I could feel her lips pressing lightly across my throat. It felt wonderful.

Then, in a voice heavy with emotion, she told me: "I need you..."

The sensation of her hot pussy swallowing my cock caused the world around me to go momentarily blank, all of the sounds and sights of the room fading away until the only thing I could feel, hear or see was my cock sinking deep inside her. It was like coming home, her heat engulfing me. Her walls wrapped tightly around me and every inch sent my nerves blazing with ecstasy.

With nothing but lust driving our actions, mom took hold of my legs and pushed her face down into the bedspread, lifting her ass up higher. As I bottomed out inside her, she let out a loud moan. When I slid back, dragging my cock along the walls of her cunt, my hands clamped firmly onto her ass, leaving red marks where I dug into her cheeks. My thrusts became more aggressive and when she reached back to try to slow me down, I simply caught her wrists and pinned her down to the bed with them. That must've lit something up inside her, because she immediately started squirming, trying her hardest to pull away from my grip even though she must've realized that it was an impossibility with how much larger I was compared to her. It was thrilling, knowing that she wanted me to have total control over her body, especially as I picked up the pace of my thrusts.

Our moans filled the room.

I felt her cunt clench tight around my dick, milking it for its seed as her climax washed through her, causing her to moan incoherently into the bedspread and shake her head side-to-side. Her ass bounced in my hands when she threw her hips backwards to meet my own. Every inch of me pulsated as she continued to cum around me. I pulled my cock out and rubbed it between her folds and teased at her clit. And the sounds came, soaking the bed with her juices as her body convulsed on it, almost violently. She was shaking uncontrollably. My cock pushed back against her pussy, sliding inside slowly. Then she came again, her moans getting louder until they were almost screams. Mom's fingers clutched at the sheets and her whole body jerked forward from the sheer intensity of her orgasm. When she collapsed back down onto the bed, chest heaving from exertion, she lifted her ass higher in the air, urging me to keep fucking her like this... begging me not to stop.

And I wasn't done.

I leaned forward and grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her head upwards towards mine. Before she had any time to react, I pressed my mouth against hers forcefully, holding onto her hips with one hand as the other tugged at her golden locks. Mom broke our kiss just long enough to cry out in pleasure before pressing her lips against mine once more. Her tongue danced frantically inside my mouth. The passion behind her movements spoke volumes. I thrust myself harder inside her pussy, sending spasms through her entire body each time I plunged deep into her depths. I felt her walls constricting tightly around my cock as they continued squeezing me for every last drop of cum within them. A loud gasp escaped her lips when another orgasm ripped through her. When she finally caught her breath again, I let go of her hair and reached down to tease her swollen clit. I wanted to feel how sensitive she was. And holy fuck was she sensitive. She screamed out loudly when my fingers grazed against the bundle of nerves between her legs.

I knew it was too much for her but didn't stop teasing her, making sure that every touch sent waves of ecstasy coursing through her body. Once I felt satisfied that I had tortured her enough, I released my hold on her hair. Then I grabbed onto both sides of her body and pulled myself upward until we were laying next to each other face-to-face with our sweaty bodies still connected together by our sexes. My arms wrapped themselves around her body protectively holding onto her firmly. Her beautiful face rested directly under mine, causing me to look straight down into those stunning emerald green eyes which had captivated me from the very start.

After we managed to catch our breaths and recover a little bit, mom kissed me deeply. It was tender this time, intimate, soft... loving even. Her voice quivered as she spoke to me softly "Thank you for tonight, honey. This was... wow!" She smiled before giving me one last short peck on my lips. I could taste the sweet flavor of her saliva on my tongue from our kisses earlier.

"It's not over yet." I assured her as I returned her smile happily. "We haven't even started talking about dessert," I joked while pulling away from our embrace and sitting up so that my back

leaned against the pillows. Mom looked confused when I removed my body from hers. But then I motioned for her to turn around so that I could pull her backward against me.

Now it was like before, only this time she was cradled between my legs. My cock rested comfortably underneath her bottom, pressing up against the crack between her buttcheeks. It felt good, and it turned us both on tremendously when we both realized where I was positioned inside of mom. We laid there contentedly enjoying each other's company as I began massaging her scalp with my fingertips gently. The skin at the base of her neck felt smooth beneath my thumbs when they grazed along either side of it occasionally dipping inward towards its middle to rub against her spine. I watched how relaxed and content she appeared, completely unaware of what was coming next because she thought she already experienced it all already tonight!

That wasn't quite true though; I wasn't going to stop here either just yet. After all this time fantasizing and now finally having had sex together with my gorgeous mother...there was something more I wanted right now: dessert. And judging by how much fun it seemed like she enjoyed eating those two pears earlier, well, then I think perhaps I might try giving HER dessert instead. So leaning down to kiss behind her ear softly enough that caused goose bumps to break out along her skin, then whispering softly, "Ready?" Before waiting until she responded "Yes" back before slowly lifting her hips upward off mine so as not to disturb my hardon too badly since it felt wonderful between those tight globes of hers!

And once more slipping beneath...

It was a simple shift, but to Cara it was a huge one. Her mind went wild with possibilities when I brought up dessert and she immediately started thinking of what could come next after everything we already did tonight.

When her son slipped down under her though and his cock came free again, mom was confused, not understanding how exactly he planned to go about servicing her "dessert."

I got comfortable in between my mother's legs before looking up at the beauty above me as I placed my palms upon both of her inner

thighs. Cara glanced over shoulder, wondering if something was wrong while still on her hands and knees like that as she waited patiently for him to do SOMETHING! But nothing came... except my mouth closing in on her pussy lips just seconds later; my tongue slowly starting to snake through them which caused her to jump initially as she didn't know what to expect. Then she moaned softly because the sensation felt so damn good. That same tongue now gently exploring every last inch of her tender labia while occasionally brushing up against that little pearl at the top—it was already beginning to have quite the effect on her.

That is until my fingers got involved and slid inside those damp folds whereupon they started rubbing around vigorously! They were making little squishing sounds as they plunged deeply into Cara's vagina—all while my tongue kept working diligently on that swollen clit of hers... driving her completely insane. And with that much attention being paid to this sensitive area, it wasn't long before my mother went completely over the edge once again—letting loose a very loud moan as her muscles tightened up briefly, followed by her hips buckling slightly. A fresh stream of warm honey trickled down onto my tongue while I quickly swallowed it up.

But then I kept going anyway and never even slowed down one bit! This forced Cara to lift her head up once again, gasping loudly, only to see me staring back at her with those hungry eyes burning intensely as we locked gazes together while continuing to finger-fuck the hell out of her tight little slit.

She looked away quickly because I think it embarrassed her. She knew what she wanted and needed but felt too ashamed to say anything or do anything other than just watch everything unfold from under there.

I kept working that pussy like nobody's business, plunging into my mom's quivering depths without hesitation until eventually... she began moaning loudly again—this time far more intense than anything before! Her entire body shook violently before spasming repeatedly upon feeling another orgasm rip through it all over again, sending every single muscle twitching madly while waves of pure

ecstasy coursed throughout her very being... leaving her completely spent after doing so much work earlier this evening.

That was exactly what I wanted out here tonight—to leave a woman satisfied beyond belief after being left wanting ever since waking up on an empty bed back at the house, left high-and-dry with no hope of finding satisfaction anywhere else but inside his wife's tight body until finally she gave into temptation once more, giving in completely until she begged me to cum inside her wet cunt which would inevitably lead him right where I needed her—begging to be fucked harder than ever before without a single shred of self-control left to speak of as they both let their sexual desire completely consume them whole right then and there together in bed.

That thought sent shivers down my spine because it meant that I'd finally achieved what I've been waiting for since forever ago... that I had made sure everyone who knows how kinky our relationship can get won't judge us anymore and instead support our unique way of doing things no matter what happens afterwards!

So now that she knew I wasn't lying about any of these feelings towards her earlier on, there was nothing left between us except hot passionate fucking.

Just like old times... except this time around I'll make sure it doesn't end prematurely just because I got carried away overthinking things or anything else silly like that again. After all, I've waited too long already—too many years dreaming about making love with my beautiful wife before finally realizing exactly what I needed—so there's absolutely no way I'm going let something stupid stop us now!! Not when I'm this close! We're gonna finish together! Right here! Right now!!! And there's not a goddamned thing anyone can do about it!!

With everything said and done, my tip pushed against her entrance, and as I felt her moistness part to allow me inside, I slid forward. Cara cried out—in pain? In shock? Pleasure? I couldn't tell—but it didn't matter. Because her cunt had yielded. It wrapped around the head of my cock as if sucking me into herself, eager and wanting, and my hand grabbed her breast, massaging her chest

hard so she would know how much I loved her even as I continued deeper inside of her until at last I was fully hilted within her grasping depths.

That was when we both finally relaxed. My balls were tight up against the firm cheeks of her ass. Cara had gone quiet as she adjusted around the thickness that was splitting her apart. It took several moments before either one of us could speak, but eventually we found ourselves breathing evenly in unison together as if our bodies understood what the other person needed despite being new to this whole situation.

I could feel the throb of my mother's heartbeat through our connection. She was wet, warm, soft... tight. Every sensation seemed magnified—when I moved, she gasped. When she moved, I trembled. I don't think either one of us thought this could happen tonight when we woke up this morning.

She reached back and put her hand over mine which still rested on her breastbone. It was a familiar gesture; this was how we slept together. I felt an overwhelming love towards her—and an overwhelming lust for more than just a gentle lovemaking session between mother & son lovers who would then go about their daily lives separate from one another. My balls tightened even further (if such a thing was possible!) And my cock surged inside her vagina—not hardening, exactly—but getting harder still...

We both knew we were beyond stopping now...

My grip on her hip tightened, and I felt her pulse quicken. Her heart thumped against my chest, making me more excited with each passing second! The warmth of her back pressed against me was making me dizzy with need to possess every inch of skin from head to toe!

As I pressed harder still, sliding slowly yet steadily deeper inside her, I could feel something give way deep within me as well...something that had been buried away and forgotten.

I felt it begin to break free now—an insatiable desire for this woman whom I loved so dearly. To finally claim her for my own in a way that nobody else ever could again!

But at last, my tip breached her opening, slipping inside and spreading her lips apart! I heard my mother let out another sharp gasp.

I pushed further in, inch by inch until half of my shaft was inside of her tight, wet snatch...it felt amazing! It felt even better than I imagined! And then it hit me: What we were doing—what I was doing! But there was no stopping it. And I wouldn't if I could. I wanted this more than anything!

Mom moaned loudly and gripped the bedding tightly with both hands, her head hanging low. Her pussy twitched around my dick, squeezing down rhythmically as she slowly adjusted to its size.

After a few moments of panting in unison, I pulled back slowly and thrust back into her—causing mom to gasp once again. "Ahh! Jared!"

I repeated the motion over and over, each time going a little deeper. My mother's pussy seemed to get slicker with every thrust! It felt incredible to be fucking my own mom like this. My hips slammed into hers as I buried my cock inside of her womb; my balls smacked against her clit, causing her to cry out in pleasure!

She arched her back further, lifting herself higher so I would be able to go even deeper. It was like we were made for each other; our bodies fit together perfectly.

It didn't take long before she started moaning constantly; her legs quivered uncontrollably while her body shuddered with ecstasy. But despite her obvious climax, I kept up the pace! Soon enough, I was slamming into her as hard and fast as I could go! I held onto her tightly for balance—every time my cock plunged into her cunt, she let out a muffled squeal!

Eventually, however, the feeling became overwhelming—too intense for me to endure anymore. And with one final thrust, I shoved myself deep inside her and held there...

"I want you to have my baby," I said. Her breath shuddered under me. "Mom," I panted. "You're not leaving tonight without this." My heart hammered as I tried to keep control of myself—if it ended like this, would it still count? Would she think I had just used her and moved on? My grip on her wrists tightened, pulling her arms

behind her back so that she could feel completely restrained, possessed, even helpless in my grasp. "Mom—my love—"

With those words spoken aloud at last, I came inside her! Her hot, wet pussy trembled and squeezed around my cock as my sperm shot straight into her womb...! It felt better than anything I'd ever experienced before! And it seemed to go on forever; I never thought my balls could hold so much cum...

But finally, after what felt like hours, my orgasm slowed. I was panting hard, and Cara's eyes were glazed over, her mouth hanging open. Her hair was matted with sweat and cum. She didn't seem to notice—or care. At first she only shivered slightly, then her whole body began shaking uncontrollably. Then she went limp beneath me, lying limply on the bed, moaning quietly as my thick seed continued to pump into her belly.

After that incredible experience we spent a few minutes enjoying our new positions. My softening penis slipped from her pussy after awhile and left behind a huge mess of our combined fluids running out from between her legs; they flowed across her inner thighs and dripped onto the sheets below us. Finally I moved away from her, releasing my grip on her wrists and watching her slump forward. Her hands slid forwards towards her head while she breathed deeply. As she inhaled deeply again I reached down between her legs, feeling her slippery hole gently with one finger.

She flinched as my finger touched her but she didn't say anything as I stroked her slit. Instead she pushed herself back against me until my cock rested comfortably between her buttocks. My mom turned her head around at this point to face me and smiled up at me weakly. The expression on her face made my heart skip a beat. It looked like happiness mixed with contentment combined with complete exhaustion. That smile would have been enough to get me going again if I hadn't already come twice during the night.

With my other hand I wiped away some stray strands of sticky fluid from her cheek before leaning in and giving her another long kiss which she accepted without any resistance whatsoever. This time when she pulled back it was to bury her head in my chest as she cuddled into me for warmth and protection. We lay still together

until our breathing calmed down enough so that neither of us noticed the steady trickle of wetness pooling under us on her sheets, mixing together to create something very new and exciting for both of us...

But now the only thing keeping me awake was my hunger; there had been a plate full of cold pasta earlier which sat waiting nearby. The bottle of wine was close by too. I wasn't particularly thirsty, but it seemed like a shame to let such an expensive vintage go to waste...

We ate what was left of dinner naked on the bed. Mom insisted on pouring both glasses nearly full again as we finished eating, although it did seem like she was only playing at drinking now rather than actually wanting any alcohol at all anymore. The rest of the food disappeared quickly; we hadn't eaten at all for several hours and were both ravenous.

"That pasta was delicious," I said as mom put the empty dishes down. "I guess I should be thanking your ex-boyfriends for teaching you how to cook..."

She chuckled and raised her wine glass for another toast. "Well, if it weren't for them we'd probably have ended up eating nothing but frozen lasagna every night," she joked. I clinked my glass against hers.

"You know... even with everything that happened tonight, I really do love being back here."

Mom grinned and took a sip. "Well, good. Because I'm sure not letting you leave again," she giggled before lying down on the bed beside me.

As much as we loved our newfound intimacy it was nice to relax like this together, just the two of us, without the stresses of work or marriage or anything else hanging over our heads. Mom was especially relaxed considering that she had been wearing a tight blouse, an even tighter skirt and heels the entire day before kicking them off to crawl into bed next to me completely naked.

The feeling of her breasts pressing against my arm certainly helped keep the grin plastered on my face, but it was the look on hers that really stole the show. I don't know why she always looked

at me like that when I wasn't looking, but it definitely left an impression every time. It felt like I was a kid again sometimes with how often she made me blush, which was usually followed immediately by a surge of guilt that I tried my best to ignore. After all, what sort of mother made her son so happy he blushed?

I didn't mean to stare.

But when I noticed where mom was staring...

I almost choked on my own wine.

When she realized I'd caught her red-handed she blushed right back and smiled coyly while taking another big sip of wine. "Sorry, honey... it just looks so much different..."

"What?" I teased, playing along. "A grown up one?"

Mom giggled again, clearly a little bit drunk but still fully capable of coherent conversation.

"Well..." she admitted with a sultry little voice that sent shockwaves right down my spine, "it's certainly... bigger..."

I could see the heat gathering under her skin, and the way that she continued to stare shamelessly at my cock. This time, instead of glancing away or turning red like she had been doing all night, she gave me a seductive grin that said she was thinking about everything that we could do with it. That grin told me everything I needed to know—I didn't care if there were consequences, if anyone would find out or think differently about us. There was only one thing in my head right now.

She wanted this just as badly as I did.

She didn't stop me when I leaned in even closer and whispered in her ear. "Don't move... but I'm going to kiss your back." I trailed my lips across her ear as I spoke and gently tugged at her earlobe with my teeth. Mom shivered visibly and closed her eyes, so I took this opportunity to lean over and press my lips against the space between her shoulder blades, kissing her softly at first as I made my way down her spine. My cock grazed her ass cheeks several times as I made my way down towards my target, getting harder each time that they came in contact. Her skin felt electric on my lips, sending jolts through my body every time we touched.

But when I made it to the small of her back, I couldn't stop myself from reaching between our bodies to adjust my throbbing erection. I wasn't expecting to be interrupted as I did so, however. "Let me..." my mother gasped. Before I knew it, mom was turning over, facing me fully—my cock had been hanging heavy between my legs this whole time. She didn't bother to hide her lust as she stared at my engorged shaft, and it almost seemed like she couldn't decide whether she'd rather suck on it or have it inside her as her eyes glazed over, obviously imagining all of the things she wanted to do to me. Then slowly, deliberately, she moved forward and wrapped her fist around me, squeezing tightly before leaning forward and pressing her lips to my swollen tip.

This was more than I could handle.

"Lie down," I commanded her roughly, guiding her back onto the bed until her legs were spread wide apart. Her knees lifted, trembling with desire and anticipation, giving me full access to her dripping cunt. It looked different, but that made sense—after all, we weren't supposed to do this. No one was really meant to have sex with their mothers. Her lips were a swollen pink and glistening with arousal. But when I pressed the head of my cock against her, they parted easily and gave way to a hot, slippery channel that felt absolutely incredible as I sank deep inside.

"Oh fuck—honey!" mom cried out helplessly when I first started to move.

I grabbed her wrists and pushed them over her head, and I could tell by the look in her eye that she liked how dominant I was being with her. That made two of us—there was nothing in the world better than burying your cock in your own mother. She groaned softly as she squeezed her eyes shut. My heart pounded in my ears. What if she regretted this in the morning? What would it mean for our family? For our relationship? I wanted so badly for this to last forever, but I also knew that this was temporary. There was no guarantee that she'd even stay once her divorce from dad finalized, let alone want to keep fucking her own son. All these doubts flooded my mind at once. It was like someone flipped a switch. And it almost stopped me dead in my tracks...

Almost.

But I felt a hand cup the side of my face and draw my attention back to her. The smile she gave me sent those doubts running; somehow, this moment just felt so right. And if this was only temporary, well, that wouldn't change what we meant to each other. It didn't mean that this wasn't meant to happen. That it was any less valid than if we were husband and wife. No one else would understand us or accept us, sure, but fuck them. What mattered was here and now.

We looked into each other's eyes for what seemed like forever, my hands tracing every inch of her body from the top of her head down to her beautiful feet.

She wanted me to be hers, and only hers. I'd let her be mine too. And then when my hands went to the sides of her neck, our gazes still locked together, her smile widened as I drew her closer, her lips parting. Mom's eyes closed and I brought my lips close enough to feel the warmth of her breath on them. Her tongue touched against me, gently, a tease of everything that was to come. We tasted each other until we could resist it no more and pressed forward with ravenous kisses, our tongues tangling together inside her mouth. She reached behind me and grabbed my hips, pulling me towards her slowly, invitingly as I thrust my cock all the way inside her in one fluid motion. I groaned against her lips, and her own moan vibrated against me as her fingers clutched at me desperately.

It was time. Time to claim mom.

Time to mark her.

My hips withdrew slowly, feeling my entire length slide through the tight grip of her pussy, the softness of her insides sending shivers up my spine and making me crave more. Then I started to push back in. The thick length of my cock spread her lips wide and sank deep inside of her, filling up the core of my mother until only inches remained outside her pussy. I groaned deeply, the incredible sensations of mom's folds wrapping around my shaft making me see stars and losing any semblance of coherent thought.

Her body arched towards me in pure pleasure, the moans escaping her mouth as she let herself sink into the experience.

"Oh fuck! You are so fucking good..."

I moaned at her words as I continued to thrust slowly, wanting nothing more than to give myself to this moment and make sure that we both never forget it. As her pussy clenched tightly around me, mom pushed herself up on her elbows, looking over her shoulder at me with eyes filled with desire and love. She moved a hand to squeeze my balls while the other ran up and down her ass.

"Give it all to me...please, I want it," my mother begged. "God, don't stop. You feel amazing!"

"That's right, mom. Just for you."

She moaned loudly at my words as her nails started to dig into my thigh and my cock swelled. Our bodies moved together, our hearts were in sync and everything felt exactly how it was supposed to. I could feel her begin to tense around my length; her hand grabbed onto mine and brought it to her mouth where she kissed each finger passionately. It was like our bodies had always known they belonged to each other and were finally doing what nature intended.

"Oh fuck, Jared," Cara cried out, "keep going baby; make mommy yours..."

With our hands still connected I watched in amazement as Cara arched her back even more than before while I plunged deeper inside of her. My free hand moved to caress her breasts which were spilling out of her bra now, and every single inch of me craved to fill them with my cum. The thought made my hips buck, making both of us cry out in pleasure from the increase of depth inside of her. With every thrust I continued to pound harder and deeper, I could see my mother's beautiful, curvy, tight little body move, shake and swell beneath me; it was an overwhelming feeling and all I wanted was to give everything I had to her.

As the sweat dripped down the back of my neck I kept pounding, unable to believe that my fantasy was actually happening.

"Do you have any fucking idea," I panted, pulling away, sitting up on my haunches to catch my breath and stare down at the incredible sight in front of me, "how goddamn beautiful you are?"

Her lips turned up into a satisfied smile, the same smile she used to give me when I said something nice about her appearance as a kid. Her body was moving with mine, every time I pushed forward she rocked back on the bed, pushing against it to meet my hips.

"Tell me again," she moaned softly, opening her eyes halfway to look over her shoulder, still smiling. She was playing with my mind, trying to seduce me even though I was literally buried deep inside of her. I could feel my dick flexing, aching with pure adrenaline and lust as it started to fill up. Cara gave a satisfied grin, biting her lip as she felt it, too. It was impossible not to notice: as my cock started to move inside her it would bulge, pushing and expanding within her tight channel, stretching her wider as each inch got harder and thicker than the last.

She was panting hard, her nails digging into the bed and tearing the comforter in small half-moon shaped rips. Her skin was sweaty and dewy and she had started moaning softly, almost whispering it. Her pussy was warm and sticky as my thrusts became faster and more aggressive. The wet sounds of our skin slapping together echoed through the room like a melody while we moaned and growled like wild animals. Our pace quickened as both of us were overcome by the pleasure that engulfed us. Her whole body was shaking and my cock throbbed and bulged with every thrust. With one final hard shove I pushed inside her as far as I could go, making my mom yelp. Her entire body stiffened and shuddered, I knew she could feel my hot cum coating her insides as I pumped load after thick heavy load until it started to leak out from around my shaft. She panted softly and slowly turned back to me with a devilish little grin on her face, "You better take care of your responsibility this time, young man."

I stared at her incredulously. A slow smirk stretched across my face as I understood.

"Are you... are you serious?"

Her lips pursed for a moment, but there was a gleam in her eyes that hadn't ever been there before.

"What do you think, son? What do you think I want most, right now? Right this minute? This very second?"

My heart skipped several beats. My brain spun. Everything clicked together.

"Is that what you really want?"

Mom gave me a knowing smile. She took my hand, laid it flat over the slight curve of her belly. It took everything I had left not to start jerking off right there at how much more fucking sexier she was, glowing and pregnant with my kid.

"Of course this is what I want," she sighed. "It's just all happening so fast. I'm not even sure I'd be any good."

"You've already shown me that you're great. I can handle anything."

"Oh yeah?" She giggled, "and how do you know what to expect from a stepmom?"

Mom turned slowly in her seat, and faced me. She looked into my eyes, but after a moment averted her gaze. A few seconds passed in silence. Mom finished her glass of wine while looking down into the empty glass. Something shifted. What was once playful grew heavy with expectation.

"How about," she began as she stood up, taking my hand and leading me over towards the bed, "we find out together."

She climbed onto the mattress, her ass high and inviting. She looked back over her shoulder at me, giving me a look that nearly drove me insane, beckoning me to follow her up onto the bed. Once on my knees, our bodies were so close that I could feel the heat radiating from hers, her breasts rubbing against my chest. It was only a moment before we both lunged at each other in a frenzy of pent up passion. All restraint gone, I let my hands roam free across every inch of her soft curvy flesh.

Cara pushed me down onto the bed and straddled herself over my crotch. The skirt of her dress rode all the way up her hips revealing the soft white lace of her underwear. She began to rock her hips, grinding herself against my length, the fabric between us soaked with the wetness of her lust. My hands went to her waist instinctively trying to pull her harder against me, but Cara leaned down over my body placing her palms firmly onto my chest pinning my hands under hers. Our faces were so close that I could feel my

mother's breath against my cheek. She was moaning as she used my cock to pleasure herself. I struggled weakly against her, desperate to remove the last barrier between us. This seemed to set something off within my mother and she rose up quickly moving her hands from my chest to grip the top of my boxer briefs. In one fluid movement she pulled them clean off of my legs leaving me totally bare underneath her. With one hand she tossed the garment aside while with the other she took hold of my shaft once more.

I watched as she guided my cock towards her entrance, her eyes meeting mine only briefly as she gave a subtle nod. My mouth fell open, a guttural moan escaping from deep within my throat as the head of my member disappeared inside of her, pushing its way through her tight folds until it was completely enveloped by her warmth.

I felt like my whole body had become an exposed nerve ending as waves of euphoria crashed over me and my mother. Our bodies moved together in perfect rhythm, both of us rocking against one another, driving ourselves closer and closer to absolute bliss. It felt like every second that passed brought our senses closer and closer to climax. Every muscle tensed, and suddenly Cara cried out, her back arching as she reached the heights of ecstasy.

"Oh God yes baby!" she screamed as my hips bucked involuntarily thrusting forward sending me deeper into her causing her to scream out once again. "Yes! Oh yes!!" My mother let out a series of incoherent pleas as my orgasm began to swell. Her entire body shook with each new wave of pleasure that hit her, her fingers pulling desperately at the sheets beneath us. Then, in a single explosive motion, Cara flipped onto her back and locked eyes with me before screaming out once more, "Do it! Fill me with your cum baby! Mark me yours!!" Her eyes pleaded with me to finish, and the intensity in her stare sent a surge of raw power racing through my veins.

Mom arched her back, pressing herself hard into the mattress, her face twisting as she fought desperately against the inevitable explosion building inside of her. When her orgasm finally came, mom's eyes squeezed shut. The sight of her coming apart at the

seams was enough to push me over the edge as well. My balls tightened, and with a deep shuddering groan, I released all that I had been holding back, emptying my seed deep into my mother's waiting womb.

When it was over I fell, hard, beside Cara, wrapping myself tightly around her sweat soaked body. She returned my embrace with equal fervor and we stayed together for what could have been hours. After a long silence, she spoke.

"My life is about to change forever isn't it?"

The way mom said it didn't seem sad or upset. Just thoughtful. Reflective. As though everything she had just experienced was finally settling in and really hitting home. "Yeah," I agreed quietly. "Mine too."

She smiled weakly and snuggled closer to me. I could feel her heart beating, could sense the subtle rise and fall of her chest as she took each breath. It occurred to me that right now she might be feeling every emotion possible. Sadness. Happiness. Despair. Joy. Excitement. She was having an emotional storm unlike anything I had ever experienced before, all the while struggling with the fact that there was a strange but overwhelming sense of inevitability. Like all this time the two of us had been hurtling towards this exact moment and everything else that had happened up till now was just the story of how we found our way here.

I thought about kissing her but decided against it, after all wasn't it my lips which had started this whole thing? I wrapped an arm around her and pulled her closer, hugging her naked body against mine. For some reason that simple motion, that gentle intimacy felt far more sensual and loving than anything we had done together thus far. We had sex; we fucked; we made love... but something about this one simple gesture filled me with so many emotions I couldn't even begin to explain. For a while we said nothing at all, just basked in the afterglow. But we both knew eventually someone would need to speak and, unsurprisingly, that someone ended up being Cara.

"Jared..." she began, unsure of what to say exactly. There was so much, really, to talk about. And not a single question among them

wasn't hard as hell to answer. But still, she was willing to try. "Are you sure... I mean..."

"Mom," I interjected. She looked at me expectantly, awaiting whatever profound realization or epiphany I might have reached after coming inside of my mother and potentially impregnating her. "We're doing this again."

Cara laughed suddenly, the most beautiful sound in the world. I smiled along with her even though I wasn't quite sure what part was funny exactly. The two of us had become like best friends who had kept some enormous secret for years and now that we finally confessed it everything was out in the open. It felt freeing but also strange somehow, almost like how things were supposed to be all along were now being revealed to us and all that was left to do was catch up. Cara rolled over and snuggled deeper into my arms, looking up at me adoringly with a dreamy smile.

"My boy is all grown up," she murmured softly, her eyes half-lidded, as though in some kind of post orgasmic daze. "What happened? Who is this man?"

I smiled back and kissed the top of her head. My hands roamed down her bare back until they came to rest on her ass which I grabbed gently causing her to laugh and nuzzle my neck. In my whole life, I never imagined getting to have sex with my mom like this but damn if it didn't feel fucking amazing. My heart fluttered just thinking about all the possibilities that lay ahead for us: I could fuck her any time I wanted now! Well, maybe not literally any time seeing as she was still married and needed to remain faithful to dad, at least on paper for the time being. But eventually they would divorce, I was confident of that, and until then she could remain in the hotel room indefinitely. The two of us could simply spend our days and nights holed up together, making love and exploring our desires and fantasies. What I really wanted was for us to become a family again, and for us to live as husband and wife, just like we had done when I first walked through the doors of our old house. And if I was completely honest, I even felt a little jealous of my dad having had her as his wife all this time without taking advantage of it. I wondered what they had been like in bed. Had she always had the

same lust for him that she did with me? Was there a fire within her that was extinguished once they began having issues? Or had he never been able to satisfy her in the bedroom like she needed?

I could definitely satisfy her, physically. And I thought that we might be good for each other emotionally, too.

As I stood there caressing her body, stroking her hair, gazing into her eyes, and gently kissing her lips, my mind drifted back to our first real kiss when she pushed me away. It was only a moment later that we were both lying down in bed together, naked. Mom pulled my arms around her, so I spooned her tightly while my cock slipped through her folds until I finally made it into her pussy. Her moans of pleasure filled the air. She seemed very relaxed, despite her previous reluctance. As I started slowly fucking her, my hand wandered up to her breast and began softly rubbing her nipple. It seemed she enjoyed this, and I took turns moving my hips and massaging her breasts. After several minutes of this, I felt mom reach down between her legs. "Are you gonna cum again baby?" she asked with a slight giggle. My pace increased dramatically while my hand firmly cupped and kneaded her breast. "Cum inside me," she said softly as she continued to play with herself. With those words, it happened again: I released another large load deep inside her. And just like before, the sensation overwhelmed her, and she reached back and grabbed hold of me to keep me inside her as her legs shook, and she moaned loudly as a powerful orgasm erupted from inside of her. Her breathing gradually slowed. "This is crazy," she whispered to herself after some time had passed, causing me to laugh. "What are we going to do tomorrow?" I asked jokingly.

"Tomorrow? We'll figure it out," she replied nonchalantly. I felt her reach for the light switch next to her, and moments later she was sound asleep with me still wrapped around her, and my cock softening within her pussy. This entire evening was something out of a dream, yet there I was lying naked in bed next to my own mother, both of us sexually sated with my warm cum deep inside her... and not the slightest bit of guilt.

That wasn't what I expected.

At all.

And neither of us were able to walk away from it.

And, at that moment, even with the danger of her not being on any kind of birth control, even with the risk of getting caught by dad or Rachel... mom reached for me, pulling me up behind her, urging me to enter her...

Mom whimpered as I slipped through the warmth of her body; but it was more than I could have hoped for. Every thrust was like I had hit heaven itself; I had never fucked like this in my life, my cock enveloped in her pussy. The heat made me shudder, my legs trembling as they supported me. I gripped her harder and held onto her, and every time I pushed inside her, I knew deep down I wanted to come. Just fill her, completely.

But I didn't want to stop fucking her, ever. I leaned over and kissed her neck while she groaned, and I whispered in her ear that she was mine, that she would always be mine. Her pussy contracted around me, squeezing tight and making it difficult not to just empty right there inside her. I kept rocking slowly, pushing into her as deep as possible, grinding against her while the sensation became overwhelming. "Honey, oh honey," mom moaned, looking back at me as I leaned forward and continued to press against her G spot, feeling her body tense under mine. I could tell she was close again already; I don't know what dad did wrong with her, but we were both ready to burst at every moment, almost unable to handle how good sex felt.

I slid back so my tip was nearly out and looked at her while she panted hard, "Are you ready, baby?" Her eyes were full of need, and when I plunged forward and sank myself deep inside her once again, it sent us both over the edge. My cock exploded inside her, a flood of cum gushing out as mom arched her back and let herself be taken by the orgasm. "Oh fuck, it's too much," I panted, still rock hard and continuing to drive my hips forward into her, sending my seed deep into her unprotected pussy.

"Yes baby yes!!" She groaned and writhed against the bed, trying to hold still while I fucked her hard until finally her legs gave out. Our bodies tangled together as we collapsed onto the bed, exhausted. I took a long look at her face, watching her breathing

slow. I'd never been more satisfied by anyone before, and after catching my breath, I started running my fingers lightly over her shoulder and breast while we snuggled together. A few moments passed like this as she ran her hands through my hair and kissed me on the forehead.

Finally mom broke the silence and whispered in my ear. "Did you really mean what you said... earlier? That you're moving back home?" She looked scared, like I'd tell her no. The truth is, I wasn't entirely sure at that moment. Everything happened so fast. I wasn't even sure if this night was a dream or not.

But as I held her against me, warm and wet with the semen that dribbled out of her body, I knew exactly where I belonged.

She'd asked me twice if I meant what I said. The first time—before any of the clothes were off.

And I think that first time, when I confessed, told her what I wanted from her, that it wasn't only because of how good her naked skin felt on my fingertips, or how her pussy fit just right around my cock, or the way my heart beat faster just being in the same room with her. There was something else, some part of me that didn't fully know what to make of all this until tonight, that didn't even know that I had this inside of me. Some part of me that hadn't yet been born.

Mom was crying, and she couldn't stop. It had come over her so fast and she had done everything in her power to put the brakes on things before we reached that point where our hearts had been broken and torn apart by betrayal and regret and self-hate. But when she touched me, stroked my cock, took it inside of herself, her feelings rose up inside of her and she lost the fight with them. She cried hard and deep but silently as we moved together like we were meant to be. And when we were finished, lying there holding each other like lovers... like mother and son... she held onto me so tightly as her tears ran down my chest. I never imagined she could feel this much about anything, especially me, but here we were, and neither one of us could deny what had happened any longer. Our hearts were bare to one another. This is it. This is real. I love her, more

than I should. More than is acceptable to say out loud. More than she loves him, which was no more.

"I think this is the first time I've ever seen you happy," she whispered. "It makes me happy to see you smile."

"What about you?" I asked softly. Her body still lay partially over mine, sweaty but relaxed, contentedly sated. "Aren't you happy? You deserve to be. No one deserves it more than you do."

Her eyes lit up when they met mine. "You're sweet. Maybe I am happy right now... for the moment. But I have to tell you something..."

My eyebrows drew together at her tone of voice. I didn't like the sound of this. "What is it?"

She bit her lip nervously. "This isn't just your home, Jared. It's not mine either. Not anymore. We were supposed to buy it together, remember? With me?"

I'd nearly forgotten about our agreement. The way things had escalated in the last twenty-four hours, I hadn't thought that any of those promises really mattered anymore.

But apparently they still did, to mom at least.

"Oh. Oh God, I forgot."

Mom stood up from the table, her dress fluttering behind her legs. She set down the wine glass she'd been holding, and her face took on an excited expression.

"Jared! Your room is ready! Come on, come with me." She practically bounced over to me and grabbed my arm, pulling me to stand. As I rose, I noticed how hard I still was.

She giggled as she saw me trying to hide it. "Did you like watching that show with your mom?" she asked cheekily. Then, without waiting for my response, she turned and dragged me toward my room. "Come on," she urged again, "Let's go look!"

I didn't feel I was able to hide my erection at all as she walked me past the dining room where we'd been sitting together—mom seemed oblivious to it anyway—and toward the hallway which led to the bedrooms.

Mine was closest, just a few feet from the living room, and when I reached my bedroom door my mom stopped there, gesturing

enthusiastically to my own doorknob. "You want to do the honors?"

"Yeah, sure." I turned the handle and opened up the door, trying to play cool but inwardly excited too; this was the first time I had seen the end result of mom's secret project, though she had insisted on not telling me much about it. I pushed the door open and stepped into my room, and for a second or so I almost forgot to look around in surprise; everything was new! A brand-new set of black leather furniture, bookshelves lining the walls (a perfect fit for all my college texts) a huge flatscreen television mounted over the dresser, and, most surprisingly of all, a big four-post bed in the center. The coverings were all deep red, and they looked like they were silken... fuck me, this had to have cost her thousands! I gawped for a couple of seconds before finally turning to stare at her.

Mom blushed a little, looking pleased as she shrugged bashfully. "Well, your room needed a bit of an upgrade, so..." she tailed off.

"Mom, this is amazing," I breathed, awestruck at what I saw, "Thanks!"

She giggled and walked further into the room, gesturing toward a closet just across the way from my own bathroom. "Check out the walk-in closet," she urged happily, clearly proud of herself. "Go on, I've got some stuff to show you later, but let's see how much you like this."

Shaking my head slightly with wonder I walked over to the doors and threw them open. What I saw took my breath away – all of my clothes from Chicago were hanging there, pressed and neatly organized along a row of coat-hangers that stretched back as far as the eye could see. Below were drawers and shelves full of all of my other clothing and shoes, even some pairs that I was pretty sure I'd thrown out and which mom hadn't let go. It was almost a little creepy – how could she have gotten all of this arranged so quickly?

And as I stared at the contents of my closet, I remembered what else was in here: her clothes! Sure enough, to the left and right side of the rows of my clothing there hung a few dozen outfits that were unmistakably hers, the ones she'd worn when we first lived in this house. Mom followed me into the closet and came to stand next to me.

"When did you do all of this?" I asked. "There's no way that you had enough time, and even if you did you were busy working and all..."

Mom grinned sheepishly and said: "I didn't! Your dad helped, actually... when he came by yesterday to drop off those boxes in your office, I told him about what I wanted to do. He seemed a little reluctant at first, but after I... uh, bribed him... he ended up pitching in and getting everything cleaned up in just two hours."

Now it was my turn to raise an eyebrow, and with a laugh I said: "Bribed him?"

"Oh, yes!" Mom giggled playfully, "He might have left you with half a closet and the office in shambles, but the moment you're old enough for beer and strip clubs I'm sure he'll be doing his best to help out."

I laughed, but even as I did so I also wondered whether she knew that I'd already been to a strip club, not to mention drinking since I turned 18... probably something better left unsaid though, especially given how good our night had gone up to this point...

Cara took a last drag from her cigarette before snubbing it out in the ashtray next to her. "The rest of it," she continued, gesturing at the house, "just took a couple days, really."

I nodded. A little awed... and impressed, if I'm being honest.

"You want me to help?" I asked, but my eyes were on the way her blouse hugged her breasts.

"Nah, I can finish it tonight..." She paused and caught where I was looking, "...you okay, son?"

"Uh huh," I replied quickly, "I—I was just wondering—"

"What happened to your father?" Cara finished for me. She took a swig of wine. "Nothing bad," she shrugged. "Not really, I mean. We didn't have too much in common... we had different goals." She frowned, her green eyes darkening somewhat as she glanced over at me.

For some reason I wanted to pull her into a hug. "Different goals?" I asked.

Mom sighed. "He wanted to get out of town, start anew. But after all the savings we burned through when we first started? The

debt that you've seen us in?" She shook her head. "We don't even have enough to start anything up again... unless your dad gets lucky on his new project or if I got a raise..."

Her eyebrows flicked upward, and I realized it just then. She wasn't saying she needed money to make it work. It wasn't that mom lacked a little extra to do what she wanted.

She didn't have money period.

It was more than just a new business venture. It was all there, just waiting for her to make a wrong move so that she'd fold once again. And she'd fall to dad. Or worse. Because the stakes weren't about love or sex or even attraction.

The stakes were simple:

Survival.

Money was the key to survival for my mom, and right now, all she had was this house.

If we lost the house... if she sold it... then she had nowhere else to go, no way to start again. And with our money troubles so big that even a couple years down the line she had only a vague idea of what sort of future awaited her, the stakes were higher than anything I had ever done. This wasn't about getting her off or getting me off.

This was about survival.

I leaned over mom's back, pressing my chest into hers.

I whispered into her ear; "I can make it so you don't have to worry. We can sell this place and make some good money for it. And then you'll have me... do you understand, mom?"

She gave a tiny nod as the heat of her sex radiated upwards. The tip of my cock brushed against the lips of her cunt, feeling the incredible, damp heat of her arousal. I pushed my cock into her entrance, sliding in, letting her get used to the thickness of my dick. Mom cried out as I slipped inside of her, inch after inch pushing its way past her hot tunnel, and I groaned as I entered the tight embrace of my mother's sex.

The head of my cock buried itself in the heat of her core, sending ripples of pleasure through my whole body. Her sex was incredible; beyond anything I'd ever experienced or felt before. It was all

consuming, the soft, clinging walls caressing the shaft of my cock, coaxing me deeper and deeper into her until she finally enveloped me entirely. She whimpered, gasping loudly as my cock pushed deep into the depths of her tight snatch. My hands squeezed down onto the curves of her hips, grabbing her desperately while I pressed even deeper. The hot friction of her inner walls squeezing around the length of my cock felt so fucking good, my mind could barely comprehend how perfect she was.

"God! Fuck—fuck—" Mom whined, panting and heaving as I filled her tight hole with every inch of my thick length. My balls were already taut with cum, eager to drain themselves inside of her warm little womb.

It took every ounce of strength left in my body not to cum right there, my toes curling with anticipation at the very notion that I was fucking my own mother. The woman who gave birth to me, who raised me, who cared for me...

Whom I loved dearly, with every fiber of my being. I felt almost as if I were on fire, the pleasure of fucking mom's pussy searing my entire body, threatening to tear me apart at any moment. I rocked my hips back slowly, gasping in bliss at the intense pleasure, before pressing hard against her once again, burying my aching shaft deep inside of her core. "Mom, fuck—"

My voice sent shivers down her spine, and she shuddered, her pussy clamping down around my cock like a vise. I knew I was only moments away from releasing every single drop of my hot semen directly into her womb, but I wasn't nearly done with her just yet. I wanted to make her cum.

Her fingers clutched the sheets so tightly that her knuckles turned white, but they weren't enough. I wanted her to scream. The thought of anyone walking in and hearing her screams only made me want her even more, so I leaned over her naked form, grabbing each of her hands in my own. I pulled them behind her back, pinning her wrists together and restraining her completely. Then, I whispered seductively in her ear: "Mom... who are you?"

"G-g..." mom stuttered, clearly trying to force the word from her mouth, trying to lie to herself—and to me.

I pulled back and thrust all the way back in, my thick member slamming deep inside of her, pushing out all thoughts but those of pleasure from her mind. She shrieked as I began fucking her for real, not relenting or showing any mercy as my mother's pussy trembled around me. "Who do you belong to? Tell me."

"Fuck! You!" she cried out finally. "I'm yours! Only yours!"

Her eyes were wide with fear at the realization that she was giving in to her forbidden desire, to the very man she had raised as a boy... but a dark smile crossed her face nonetheless as I picked up my pace. "Mmmmf! YES! Give me more! Fuck my tight cunt hard with your big cock! It feels so good!"

The room echoed with our voices, both of us lost to ecstasy as I took her for everything she was worth.

We collapsed together in a heap after what seemed like an eternity. Every last ounce of energy spent on nothing other than satisfying our lusts. Mom was curled into my chest, sweat dripping from both of our bodies and pooling onto the satin sheet beneath. It took another minute or two before either of us could formulate words again. But even though the act itself was complete, we were both still breathing heavily. Our minds reeled with the reality of what we'd done.

"Fuck," my mom whispered under her breath. Her entire body twitched as if jolted by a sudden shock. She slowly rose into a seated position. "Oh—oh fuck—"

Mom brought her fingers up to her temples and began massaging them lightly. She took another deep breath, this one more drawn out than the others. With every exhalation she seemed to become increasingly tense; the look in her eye was that of a frightened deer. The fear on her face was growing more palpable with every passing second, and while I had no regrets about what we'd just done, it hurt to watch her suffer so intensely.

But I could tell. Just as when everything had built up within me before I kissed her earlier, this was coming. And there would be no holding back. No avoiding it. And the only way through it was with me present for every moment, watching as she fell apart.

"Jared... Jared..." she was starting to sound frantic now. Mom ran her hand through her hair and continued shaking her head violently, trying to find words. "Ohhhh... you really fucked me over here, sweetheart... we shouldn't have—fuck!—we shouldn't have started this... oh god," she moaned, gripping her skull tightly now. It looked almost as though she were getting a migraine but I knew better than that; she wasn't getting sick, she was having an internal epiphany. A breakthrough.

All at once it seemed as though my mother couldn't bear the pressure building within her any longer; suddenly she threw her arms down at her sides and thrust her head toward the ceiling, eyes shut tight. And then—she wailed, releasing years, if not decades of frustration all at once in what ended up sounding like some sort of feral scream. It was primal, guttural, animalistic even. All I could do was watch as mom vented herself entirely.

Her head fell again, blonde hair falling about her face as she stared at the floor, and I was just beginning to think she was done, that she'd gotten over whatever spell came over her, but instead I heard sobs, heavy, heaving ones. Her body rocked as she cried in earnest now, and my heart ached for her. The pain on her face was palpable. It was real, raw hurt. And I couldn't do anything. Just stand there and let it happen. She was hurting, my mom was hurting, right in front of me and all I wanted was to help.

I went to her, slowly at first but after only a second's hesitation I strode the rest of the way over, grabbed her by the shoulders, and turned her to look at me. Tears poured down her cheeks, running rivulets across her blushing skin. She wouldn't look me in the eye and instead averted her gaze, staring at the wall over my shoulder, as if hoping I might disappear. It pained me so deeply, deeper than she knew or would ever know.

But when I took her face in both hands and gently tilted her head up to meet my gaze, my eyes boring into hers with all the sincerity I could muster—a truth as powerful and deep as the Earth itself, maybe even deeper, beyond this reality or any other, some fundamental law of being—the tears stopped, and she looked back

at me, her eyes still searching, desperately, wanting more. And I gave her more.

I kissed her, hard and passionate, our lips mashed together like they were one with each other. I could feel my mother kissing back just as strong, our tongues meeting like two lovers at an airport after a long separation. She reached up and curled her arms around my neck, pressing her soft breasts against my chest, pulling me tight to her, as close as we possibly could be without actually melting into one person. My cock pressed up against her stomach, hard and ready for action. The sensation sent shivers up my spine. Her lips tasted faintly of the wine, her mouth smelled sweet and slightly musky.

I wanted her more than anything at that moment, to make her happy, to pleasure her beyond any man she'd ever been with before. More importantly, I wanted to erase from her mind everything bad that had happened. Anything to do with him, anything that brought back horrible memories... I would blot it all out. When we were done here tonight, she wouldn't remember her fucking ex-husband or his fucking mistress—not any of those things. She wouldn't have to worry about him ever again, that much I was sure of. This was going to change her life.

It had already changed mine.

For better or for worse.

There was no turning back now. No undo button. There was just forward, and I hoped mom felt the same way. She hadn't even seen my cock, hadn't looked at it, and yet—"Are you sure?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes."

Her face pressed into the pillow. A whimper came from her. Then, as my cock touched against her thighs, felt the heat of her sex...

A shudder ran through her. And a whispered plea.

"Do it—"

My cock nudged up against her opening. Mom gasped when I did so and stiffened. "Jared, wait—!"

I didn't wait.

As much as I wanted to savor this, my lust wouldn't let me go slow. I plunged forward, my cock spearing through mom's slick pussy. Her mouth opened but no sound came out, she only shook as I bottomed out inside of her. All at once I was inside the soft, wet tightness of my mother's pussy, my hands tightening around her waist. My cock throbbed inside of her, my balls ached. It felt like a fist was clenching deep in my core and I nearly exploded from just putting the tip inside of her. I couldn't believe it: I was fucking my own mom. It had gone beyond a fantasy and it was happening right now. It was like an impossible dream come true, something that just could not ever happen in real life, and yet here I was, balls deep inside of her. And not only did it feel amazingly good, I had managed to prove to mom just what I meant. When we were done here, when this had happened and ended...

She'd be mine forever.

It was only the second time, but I was pretty sure how all this worked by now, how much stimulation women could handle before they came. And there was no doubt that my mother was enjoying this more than any other man ever made her enjoy it.

Because it was me, it was her son, doing it with her, taking her, possessing her in this way, using her for our pleasure—not some guy in college or a stranger in a bar, not even dad—that made it hotter.

So maybe this was wrong, but... right now? I didn't care. Because mom didn't seem to either. My hard cock slid against her dripping pussy, pushing in, rubbing back and forth with her wetness as she moaned softly into the bedspread.

"God... Jared..."

And then I slipped in.

Mom jerked forward on the bed, gasping as she opened her mouth and took in some of the covers, muffling her voice. "Jared... wait—" Her voice faded out, her back curved as my cock pressed inward, her knees quaked as she pushed herself against me, struggling to keep balanced even as I took control. Her body was trembling. Her eyes were closed, her teeth gritted, sweat shining on her back from where the bra had rubbed off. It wasn't like what I had imagined all these years, all that time in my room. This was

primal and deep and uncompromising. And that look on mom's face... god... I loved it so much. "You—oh—you're—filling me up!"

It was the only thing she could say, really, as I started to pick up speed.

As my cock pushed deeper.

Her whole body shuddered with the sensation, and every inch of her cunt was tight and rippled along my length. Her body jiggled every time we came together, but fuck me if I ever stopped watching it.

The pleasure... god, it was unlike anything else. There was a connection here. Something beyond the simple carnality of flesh meeting flesh. When I started to pick up the pace—when my hands clenched at her waist so hard that I left red imprints on her skin—she didn't seem to care, because when I was fully buried inside of her she moaned a sound like she couldn't hold it in anymore, not another second.

That moan was so hot that it was all I could do to keep myself from cumming right then, but somehow I managed it, and with some difficulty.

"Jared," she said, looking over her shoulder at me. I was so close I could feel the heat coming off of her body, could feel the warm sweat trickling down her neck to pool above her collarbones. "You don't know how long... I've needed this."

A laugh escaped me. "God, mom... I think I have an idea..."

She grinned at me, a beautiful smile across her wine-stained lips. "Then take it, already, baby."

I nodded, not daring to speak, not wanting to destroy the moment, not wanting anything but to finally put it inside of her, my cockhead parting her lips and pressing inward, her pussy hot and welcoming me in. Her inner walls spread and clung around me, gripping tight, massaging me as I groaned in delight, my body giving way to ecstasy and bliss. With every inch I slipped into her, my legs shook harder. She was so wet that it felt like silk and velvet around my rigidness.

My hands trembled with how good she felt, and while mom moaned into the sheets, a slow, shuddering sound of delight, her

entire body wracked with sensation. I leaned over her back and sank as far into her as possible, our hips coming together in a single smooth stroke. Cara gasped out loud, unable to resist, and when she reached back, looking for me, I took her hand and held her, reassuring her as I drew myself back and then plunged deep inside of her again, and again.

Soon enough, there was nothing left of the tension from earlier; we had passed through that, crossed the threshold and arrived in another space. In this place, things were simple and right. And all there was... was fucking. Mom let her face settle on the mattress and opened herself to me fully, lifting her ass up more for me, spreading her legs wider. It made the angle deeper inside of her, and soon my thrusts were rocking her body, her breasts jiggling against the bedspread and bouncing in a wonderful sight as my cock filled her pussy, over and over again.

The bed itself squeaked wildly underneath us as we continued, the steady rhythm of wet thrusts filling the air with the scandalous noises of sex. The feeling of being inside her was beyond anything else I had felt, the raw pleasure of it bringing out a bestiality in both of us. My grunting mixed with mom's cries of desire as I drove my dick as far into her as I could possibly go.

I'd never gone raw like this, nothing but her dripping cunt wrapped around me, pulling at me. I felt like a beast, uncontrolled and driven purely by instinct. The tight grip of her pussy, its soft inner texture and how it squeezed every inch of my shaft was unlike any condom or fleshlight. Every thrust made the pleasure even more intense, even greater. As my hands held mom's body, squeezing her ass or fondling her tits, I was just focused on plowing my seed into her womb. Mom was moaning and crying out, but in pure excitement, her own arousal pushing through all the hesitation and resistance. We had transcended any kind of taboo that she could have been worried about—the fact that I was fucking my own mother, unprotected, in total possession of her body, filled her with a lust that made her beg for me, demand for me, plead to be taken hard, like an animal.

And I gave it to her. She had tried to stop us earlier, had wanted to protect her own sense of what was right. But something in her was more primal than she could accept. There was a deeper connection than family between us that was being satisfied. I wanted to feel her in every way possible, her pussy squeezing me and milking me, drinking my cum until every last drop was inside her.

My balls were so close, they had to have tightened up into my core because I knew I was going to burst soon. The friction was intense. Mom was practically begging for me to release, panting and gripping the sheets tight. She let out one last groan and pushed her body against me one final time, then cried out "Yes!" as I came deep inside her womb. My cum flooded into her pussy, coating everything and filling up her body in ways that should have been impossible but instead were so incredibly right that nothing else could possibly satisfy me more.

We both trembled through our climaxes, panting like dogs. The only sounds we could make were moans and gasps of pleasure.

I held her as our orgasms ended, and the moment slowly faded away. Even as we caught our breaths, I kept holding her close to my body. A warm happiness filled me that I couldn't explain—we had done something completely wild, and we would pay for it. But even then, the feelings inside of us wouldn't die... or they'd become even stronger. We'd have to do this again.

The consequences would come later.

For now... just being together made my soul ache with joy. I wrapped my arms around her waist and lifted mom, pulling her to the bed, where she lay down, her legs curled over the side and her face resting on a pillow, hair tangled up over the white sheets. Mom didn't look at me but only smiled, almost as if she were embarrassed. Her legs shifted back and forth. The heels slipped off, thudding dully. Her arms wrapped over her shoulders, hugging herself gently. "Honey," mom whispered. "You were so good..."

"Thanks." I lay on the bed next to her. My hands found her hips. They were bare and smooth and warm. Mom sighed and let her eyes close, shifting to face me as she lay her head in the crook of my

arm, cuddling closer to me, her knee touching my thigh, her breasts rising up from underneath her arms as we lay next to each other. She was a picture of satisfaction. And all we'd done is fuck. What would happen when we loved? When she really surrendered herself, heart and mind...

I wanted to see.

Her pussy was right there, bare and still wet. There wasn't a spot of hair around it. It gleamed gently at me, a little bit of cum dripping out from it and coating its lips.

A rush of warmth went through me. I knew that when the time came, it would feel really fucking good. But what about this morning, this last bit of pleasure, just in case things didn't pan out exactly like I wanted them to, tomorrow night. "One more time?" I asked.

"Okay," she purred. The smile on her face grew wider.

I rolled over, pressing her down with the weight of my body, her eyes fluttering with sleepy excitement as my hands roamed all over her, stroking, caressing, groping. God, it felt amazing. Mom was naked beneath me, her breasts pressing into my chest as she sighed in delight and reached for my hardness.

In the morning, our bodies were still warm and damp from fucking—it had been rough, and sweaty, and even as we lay there in the sheets, our skins glued together as mom cuddled herself tightly into my chest and I held her in my arms, her legs tangling with mine and her toes stroking my calf. I wasn't sure how we'd even fallen asleep after it, but here we were.

The night before: sheets bunched up and torn, pillowcases thrown to the ground, and our bodies covered with beads of sweat. In the heat of summer, our love-making had been torrid. A thin trickle of my cum ran from between her pussy lips to the sheet below her. We'd gone at it, over and over, until exhaustion and satisfaction had taken over us. Now though... as our breathing slowed, I looked down at mom's head nuzzled into my chest, my arm curled protectively around her back. My cock ached for a last time from where it rested on her thigh. Even now, just minutes later, I could feel myself hardening, the tip sliding up towards her pussy,

and a fresh wave of arousal surged through me. God, it felt amazing. My mother's body felt like home, and every moment I spent with her was better than I could have imagined.

"We did a bad thing," she murmured against my skin. Mom sounded happy though, satisfied and more relaxed than she'd ever been in a long time.

"So you said earlier," I answered quietly. The room reeked of sex. Sweat, pussy and the stink of my semen mixed in the air with an overtone of musk and a sweet aroma that I associated only with my mother. "How do you feel?"

"Amazing," she groaned, pulling her body away from mine and rolling onto her back. She blinked at me through sweat-plastered bangs. Her hair stuck to her forehead as she pushed herself up on her elbows. "Wow..." She looked at herself. Her eyes drifted down to where our bodies connected, or would connect, because as she raised her eyes, she could see that my cock was still as hard as it had been when we started, and there was little chance it wouldn't be so, any time soon. We still had a couple days together alone here.

Was it the way mom phrased her question, or the situation, or the lack of sound throughout the cabin, that made something feel different when she said it? I think maybe I sensed there was something hidden behind what she was really asking, like she wanted me to get back in bed. Or perhaps the idea was that sleeping on the floor would just mean that our bodies had to adjust again to normal.

Something in my chest ached when I got up and moved all those blankets back. Maybe I hoped that she would reach for my hand or make room for me instead. But mom didn't say or do anything. Not until I lifted up the sheet and she held it for me and made sure I could slide right next to her and be under it too. The warmth was almost painful, so much so that I shivered. She let go of the blanket after I was all in and turned away from me. I thought about maybe putting a pillow between us so our bodies weren't touching like they did before. But there wasn't any reason for me to do it that way. So I just closed my eyes and tried to drift off.

At first, I couldn't fall asleep at all. There was too much in my mind. And every time I took a breath it was like my chest filled with the air around us and I became hyper aware of how close she was, of the fact that only some pajamas were between my cock and her body. My erection kept poking at the back of her knees, so eventually, after an hour or so of shifting in place, trying to turn this way and that to find something comfortable, I found myself lying perfectly still, holding in my breath and letting it out slowly, very slowly. It was the same thing I'd do if we were fishing, trying not to shift the boat, or even my fishing pole. That meant there wouldn't be any more touching. But it also meant that the ache in my balls stayed with me while I felt her right there next to me and all I could smell was mom.

I fell into a half-sleep for a little while and that's when my hands got ahead of me, reaching around and settling down on her stomach. She jumped a little bit, but then relaxed. She made a sound that was a little high, a little soft, as my palms explored the roundness of her belly. Mom didn't do anything, she didn't move, but the noises she made—those breathy gasps she had to fight to hold back—made it clear she wasn't pushing me away.

I slipped one hand below, down past her hips, but mom quickly put her hand on my wrist, holding it still. Her grip wasn't very firm, so I knew I could easily slip past her, but I didn't try to get anywhere else. We held together for what felt like a few minutes before she finally let go. I stayed still, just running my palm up and down across her stomach, making sure not to stray below her waistline ever again. My heartbeat thrummed against my ribs and through the bed; I wondered if mom was experiencing anything like I was: a tight feeling, a throbbing and aching in my body and inside of my head that I thought would burst out of me.

We fell asleep like that. I think we were both still wide awake after the sun rose.

The dream started with Cara—Cara! Not mom—on top of me. We were naked and she was grinding on my cock. That's how these kinds of dreams always started: they came at me in an erotic flash.

In a real life hookup with a girl like that, the start wouldn't be fast at all. You'd kiss for a long time, you'd run your hands over each other for ages, and it wouldn't matter if the lights were off because every single contour of your partner would become intimately familiar to you in those moments before your mouth traveled up her body, across her thighs, and eventually over the warmth of her most private places. It's not sex until that kind of intimate thing happens; it's play. It's a warm-up. It's what tells you, whether or not you know it, how far you're going to go.

But the way that dream started? Fast as hell. The first thing I felt was the weight of her body around me. The smoothness of her skin underneath my fingertips. Her ass was so plump and soft that it took a moment to realize she was already impaled on my cock. It had happened without warning. We had skipped the kissing, the caresses, and right away were fucking each other silly.

She was rocking hard on me, grinding, her pussy gripping tight—

"Fuck," I moaned.

I reached out and touched something smooth. Mom gasped; I yanked my hand back. "Sorry." I said. "It's not—I'm—"

For fuck's sake, Jared. Stop talking. You're sounding like an idiot.

But whatever I did—whatever that meant—mom was standing still, breathing softly, shallowly, her face turned away from mine. "I'm taking my shower," she finally said.

Something else happened after mom showered. I was sitting upright, staring at the empty fireplace and listening to her soft footsteps against the wooden floor. They were soft because she wore socks. Her pajamas were soft too, from what I saw, a plain white shirt and matching pants.

She came out with her hair wet and messy, and her face still slightly red and hot from the shower. For the first time, my eyes traced a line over her figure. Not to look, not for the purpose of lusting after her; I mean it honestly, I didn't do that—but I looked at her body shape because mom's body was different now than it had

been before. The last time I remembered seeing mom was three years ago, when dad passed away and she was thinner then, bony almost, and not eating much.

It must have hit her harder than me, because in the couple of months between his passing and my own exit from the house, mom hadn't seemed herself. And now, her weight was balanced; not fat, but certainly curvy.

There was this little part of me that thought her body looked so soft, so welcoming. Like her curves had blossomed like flowers under a spring sun.

Mom took care of herself. And in spite of what I thought about my body size in comparison to hers, my cock gave an unconscious twitch of approval. Her ass moved underneath those white pants with a delicious fullness that made me shiver a little as she walked across the cabin.

"I'll uh," I said, gesturing at the kitchen sink. "Shower."

She nodded silently and tucked herself into bed. The sheets rustled under her.

I grabbed my bag and went into the shower room again. It was so hot in there, hot enough to make my face red and my chest sweat a little, or maybe that was me, being flustered. I kept replaying that afternoon in my head. Did she really hear me moan for her? I knew that she was going to try and talk to me about it. Maybe even make me explain myself, though god knows I really didn't want to.

Did she think I was disgusting?

It wasn't as if I did anything.

It's not like I touched her or anything.

I stood, letting the hot water pour over my neck and shoulders and just tried to clear my mind, let go of everything crazy that had happened over the last couple weeks since my dad passed.

But when I got out of the shower—fuck! My shirt was gone. That shit that mom gave me, a white t-shirt with the name of a company printed in bold across the front. But that wasn't it; I could have given less of a shit about it, except it seemed my clothes from last

night were also missing, including the sweats, so I only had my boxers on as I came out.

And when I came out, feeling suddenly self conscious and very naked, there was no sign of them. Mom must have washed them in her own personal boutique sized washing machine, or hung them to dry, because they were gone. And in their place? A small bundle of what I realized were mine and dad's old shirts, from years and years ago that was stacked together in a pile on the table.

Mom was looking at me intently. She took off her glasses and looked up, smiling at me. Her eyes shone a little and the orange of the fireplace made her cheeks look rosy, even though the light didn't flicker and her expression was soft. "I can get you your regular clothes later, but for now... Well... The sweats I threw in with my laundry, but your old stuff from back in high school still fits, I bet." She winked and her face turned a little bit pinker, as if realizing how close it looked to a grandmother talking to her grandson.

So I just smiled and grabbed one, slipping into it while trying not to think that mom probably went through every pocket just in case she missed something, or if she found something that would give her any clue why I might have been so horny and needy and perverted—

Then the fire went out and it was all black.

Not dark enough that we couldn't see each other, but without a roaring fireplace, the warmth seemed to dissipate instantly and we had only the light from the tiny window behind me to show us anything.

"Well," mom's voice was soft again, and somehow sad. "We'll figure something out, Jared. Something to keep things normal between us tomorrow. Get some rest, ok?"

The tone of her words sounded like she had given up on something. I didn't know what, but even though I wanted to sleep more than I ever did, I tried to look up into her eyes and understand, but she turned her back on me and moved to the side of the bed in front of the sofa bed, moving the pillow over and wrapping herself in the covers.

It took a few minutes for my eyes to adjust, and for them to focus on mom, who was clearly awake, laying still. The air started to cool even faster, and while I knew it was going to take more than another blanket to warm me up, I didn't dare break this strange spell to do anything else, but simply listen to the quiet of my mother and myself breathe.

The minutes ticked on.

And I felt a yawning emptiness inside of myself. Like there was some kind of black hole that was going to consume me if I kept thinking about how I thought of my mother; this dark desire in me, the lust that I'd imagined, this perversion. And with every second that passed, as I listened to mom breathe, it just got worse.

Until suddenly she stirred.

Mom rolled over onto her side and her back faced me. There was enough space for me to fit in there too. But then she made a little sound, like a whine, and shivered in her sleep. Her head turned. And it almost looked like she was crying. "Jared," she muttered suddenly. "Come here, Jared. Don't—don't you wanna...?" She trailed off.

A shiver went through me as I realized that she had spoken. "Yes mom," I mumbled before realizing what the hell I was saying. That made my face burn with embarrassment even though there was no one else around to hear me say those words.

But mom nodded softly as she slept.

She made a little noise like a moan and bit her lip, the soft outline of her figure shifting, her hips moving back and forth ever so slightly until she stopped and seemed to finally find a comfortable position to sleep in.

And for me, the heat that grew inside me felt almost dangerous as I watched mom shift herself and then stop. My mind went wild with the possibilities—could she feel it? What was she thinking? Did she know what kind of effect she had on me now? But all that did was bring my cock out. Again. My hand was already moving across the bed, stroking, feeling. My body felt electric, the desire was burning through me, and all I wanted was relief from this horniness and to see the way she looked in the morning and hear the noises that she would make when she felt really good—

Stop.

I forced myself to shut my eyes. And instead tried to force my imagination into imagining that there was some girl behind me, someone pretty and cute and nubile who could stroke me off just like Cara.

You know what I mean.

The thing is, it's hard enough not to think of somebody after you jerk it to them for the first time. Like maybe when you've seen some chick in real life or from the internet, and once you've jacked it to her image, it's hard not to see her around and not remember her while your hand moves on your cock. But it's even worse when you know where that person is and where they are literally laying down to sleep right next to you. It's almost impossible not to hear their breathing, or the sound that their feet make when they adjust themselves under the blanket, or the noise that a soft cough makes that tells you they're awake and thinking.

There wasn't any light between mom and I when we got to bed.

At some point in the middle of the night, she started snoring softly again. I kept drifting in and out of consciousness. I wanted to fall asleep badly but every time my eyes shut, my brain just made me stay awake by sending random thoughts into my head until I felt like a zombie who didn't have the brains to stop himself. I didn't dream but it was like I wasn't conscious either.

When mom rolled over beside me, I woke up a little and watched her turn in her sleep. I found myself wondering what she was dreaming about. Probably something about money and taxes and stuff like that. She did seem like the practical type. I remembered something that happened once when I was younger and I asked her if Santa was real and if he was going to leave me presents when it came to Christmas Eve. And how did she tell me? By showing me a scientific study that analyzed data from a mall to prove that people wearing red suits actually delivered gifts based on their behavior. At ten years old, it seemed reasonable enough; I'm pretty sure most of my friends back then had seen Santa with their own eyes. But in hindsight it's kinda funny, because if mom ever got a question, she always researched it or answered it with science.

She still believed in God and stuff though, so I guess it made sense that she believed in Santa. When I turned back onto my back, trying to force myself to sleep, the memory of my ten year old self made me wonder why I hadn't ever asked mom about anything that seemed strange. Maybe all these feelings I was having were just from not being exposed to women and being alone for so long, especially now that we're cooped up and have zero distractions. All those feelings that had been bubbling up before were probably just some psychological trauma from having been with that psycho Cara; she was bad news but at least I didn't jerk off to the thought of her.

But it wasn't going away. All I could think of when I finally drifted off again was her sweaty skin under her shirt, the curves of her waist and hips, the thick roundness of her ass, that dark patch between her legs—I knew what it felt like. Soft and cool but warm and sopping wet...

Maybe I had another dream but they seemed to have disappeared into nothingness the more my conscious brain started to tick again. Mom was stirring in her bed, shifting underneath the covers. The heat must have come on, because the room had changed completely. A light was shining from behind the curtain. The air was dry, and hotter than yesterday by far, but there was a smell in the cabin that wasn't there before.

A deep, pungent scent. Heavy with salt, sweet even, almost floral in its intensity. But I could taste it in my mouth, like it was some kind of perfume that wafted across the air. Even the sheets had absorbed the aroma. Mom let out a little gasp, and sat up on her elbows. Her hands were over her cheeks.

"Jared," she called out my name with a breath. "It's—it's—" she couldn't get the words out fast enough, or perhaps there wasn't a word to describe what was happening. A bead of sweat dropped onto the fabric between her shoulder blades, darkening it, making mom shift slightly.

"What the hell is that?" I said, sitting up with her, getting up from my spot on the floor to go to the window. When I tried to peel back the curtain to check the weather, though, I found that the heat had frozen everything closed. Not wanting to ruin anything and maybe

crack the glass by breaking through all the ice that had frozen together, I left it alone and stepped over to where mom was, still trying to figure out how to open it without using any force at all.

"It's—"

A sudden blast of wind, so quick and cold and violent that the entire cabin shook as if struck, interrupted me. Then, immediately afterwards came a hot gust of air, thick like humidity, like summer air trapped inside, and it sent us both into a shiver and shock.

"Mom," I said quickly. "Are you okay?" I felt stupid for saying that because of course she wasn't—and yet again—

All of those fucking images flashed through my head. Mom in nothing but her shirt, moaning at the heat, sweating on her pillow.

But it seemed that they weren't all in my imagination this time.

"Fuck—" mom muttered, shaking her head. "Jared, go make sure everything is buttoned up." She was holding her face in her hands. Another breeze blew by and hit us hard, making me stagger to my feet, the hot wind chasing it as fast as I walked towards the windows. I pulled at everything I could, finding it all shut tight. No air circulation, huh? I checked the vents, turning them to maximum power and felt another hot blast coming from the registers in the wall. Weird how it didn't get colder here.

I found a note on the door about this—all cabins are designed for maximum winter weather insulation, and are fitted with state-of-the-art heating systems. There will be no drafts coming in or out of the cabin. Thank you, Alpine Cabins!

Great. So we were getting cooked to death while also stuck inside with this weird vibe that had somehow developed between mom and me. Mom was still sitting there when I got back to the couch, which meant the bedding wasn't ready. The silence stretched for long minutes more. This is fucking insane, I thought. It'll wear off. Things will go back to normal soon.

That night, I decided not to try and jerk it anymore. What I felt was strange and weird and made my mind feel like it was unraveling bit by bit and if I pushed any more into this bizarre realm then I wouldn't come back from it.

"Night, mom," I said when she got up and gestured to the pull out.

"Goodnight Jared," she replied, walking past me with her mug, taking it back to the sink. Then she stopped short.

At first, I thought she forgot something at the sink, but it seemed like it was just her feet stopping short while her mind seemed to wander somewhere else. When she did come back from wherever she'd gone, she made her way right past me, so close that my sleeve brushed against her and there was a tiny sparkle of electricity that made me realize how fucking sensitive I still was.

Then, it happened.

"Jared," mom finally said, sitting on the side of the pull out where she usually slept.

I didn't turn around at first. "Yeah, mom?"

Her voice seemed thick and low, as if she couldn't find the words or didn't really want to say them. After a few moments passed and she didn't speak again, I figured I should help things along. I moved so that I sat at the foot of the bed, facing her. "Is everything okay?" I asked.

Mom nodded her head. She opened her mouth, closed it, then licked her lips before opening her mouth again. "Listen, Jared," she said. "Today—" Her hands twisted her hair in between her fingers nervously, and her eyes wandered off of mine to focus somewhere else—a spot on the wall. I was about to get up, about to try and make her forget what she saw. It was clear she wanted to pretend that whatever happened didn't happen.

But her eyes moved back to me, and there was something serious in the way she held my gaze. Like she wasn't sure how to put this across, or whether she'd be able to tell me whatever it was she was going to share with me. The fire cracked behind me, and as though that crack signaled that she'd gone past the point of no return, her eyes softened and she spoke.

"Your father..." She tried, and it sounded like she stopped herself from saying anything further, but instead she just went still, waiting for me to say something.

I thought it wise not to interrupt her, so I sat back, nodding my head at her. The mention of my father struck a chord, and now there were little thoughts starting to rise that maybe... what I felt about my mom was similar to what dad felt about his own. Maybe he loved her before they got together. I remembered times when I was younger when mom would be doing something—baking a pie, maybe, or ironing some laundry—and dad would stand behind her and wrap his arms around her middle while pressing a kiss into her neck. He was always telling her that she looked hot. She would slap him away playfully, and I was so young, it seemed normal. They were both laughing and having fun while their bodies would press against each other, and dad even made some dirty comments that I never knew about until years later. But then I remembered how it changed once I reached middle school. Dad's comments weren't funny anymore—it didn't feel good. It felt bad and gross. When dad told mom she looked "hot" in those instances, I realized he was just talking about her body, nothing more. And now—as my eyes met my mom's gaze, I started to think of dad as kind of a creep. How could he talk to mom that way? She wasn't a piece of meat. If anybody talked about mom like that, why wouldn't she tell them off? Or leave?

But what also hit me was a thought: maybe she didn't mind because she actually liked my father's attention. She may have wanted it, needed it. Maybe they were both playing coy with each other and the whole act was meant for my benefit. What if dad's crudeness was a code to let mom know he wanted her to fuck him. Mom's reactions could have been an elaborate show for me to hide their true feelings. And that brought me full circle back to mom; this is my mother, of course, and thinking about dad being into mom felt normal, expected even. He loves her after all. But to look at mom and to consider the way dad flirted with mom, or that maybe there were times when I saw things go farther than just holding onto her waist and kissing her on the neck... That's when I realized I was getting hot again, that my thoughts were drifting and taking some weird left turn towards wondering if mom masturbated or if mom even liked sex. You know your dad must have been really good in

bed. Why else would somebody as good as her get tied down with some guy like that? And since she doesn't have any other guy in her life—hasn't had one since they broke up years ago—she must be really fucking horny. She needs a release—

And the only thing keeping these crazy thoughts at bay was the fact that mom kept fidgeting while she tucked her feet under her bottom, the little bit of her ass rounding out the curve of her thighs and her legs pressing against each other. And every time I caught myself thinking these insane thoughts—the thoughts of wanting to touch mom, or see mom naked, or put my fingers into mom's body—every time I started thinking about those things, I'd stop short because mom was staring right back at me, blinking rapidly, her gaze flicking back and forth between my eyes as if to say: "I know what you're thinking. Stop thinking it."

I don't know how much longer I could take this. Mom probably thought I was crazy for masturbating to the very woman that gave birth to me. And if there was a single thing that could make this worse, that was going to be what was happening. It's funny to think about now, but at the time I was genuinely afraid that I would end up getting hard right then and there from all these thoughts swimming around inside my head, so I quickly put my mug down and sat cross legged on the floor, pulling out my phone to get my mind off mom, except...

Mom had picked up the remote to start another movie, but when I turned, I realized she was looking right back at me. She immediately clicked pause on whatever it was she was doing, turning away abruptly. I knew by now that she'd do that whenever she wanted to avoid any confrontation with dad, but in this situation where we were alone, and in such tight quarters, there wasn't any way to just ignore somebody that is staring back at you, and you're staring back at them, and they catch you—

I coughed loudly while mom cleared her throat.

What followed was a couple minutes of silence and me just scrolling through my feed. Nothing was popping up on Instagram. No Facebook alerts either.

My heart started to race. Did something happen to dad? Was he alright? Mom couldn't have known; I know she didn't. But the idea that somehow news from his end had made its way back and I was just waiting for her to break down sobbing made my stomach clench.

"Well—" mom said loudly before cutting herself off with another nervous chuckle. "Do you need the bathroom, honey?" She asked, her tone strangely high, strained, as if she was having trouble keeping her composure. "I'm going to take a shower. Maybe... um... do you want anything to eat after I'm done?"

I kept my eyes fixed on my phone screen and shook my head.

There was this strange pause, where it was like mom had something else she wanted to say, but instead she shook herself a little and then hurried into the bathroom, closing the door. It clicked shut. I heard the latch engage. The lock.

It didn't matter how well I could hear past that thin barrier of wood or plastic. The only sound I heard was the muffled noise of my own heartbeat, echoing from my ears, from deep inside of me, reverberating off of my bones and my teeth and skull.

Somewhere out in the night, there was a howl, and that got me thinking back to earlier. To when I had masturbated and mom caught me in the act. I figured if I were to get caught again, that might be worse because there was no way in hell I wasn't going to imagine mom naked this time. Maybe mom sensed what my thoughts were about; maybe she had an idea that something wasn't quite right. I wondered briefly if I needed to start sleeping elsewhere. It might just be enough, though, if I was to get caught and the only thing she knew was that I was fantasizing about a Cara while I pleasured myself.

It probably wouldn't take much to put two and two together for that one. I'd just claim some other bullshit name instead of mom's, though if mom saw how close to the end I got, how my body went tense and coiled up in preparation—it's entirely possible she'd recognize my body language.

As for what I should do next...

I could stay quiet about it all. But I already had this sense that mom knew. That she was just waiting for me to admit it. And the thing that frightened me even more than mom knowing was the fact that her response was still an unknown quantity.

Did she actually see me jerking off? Did she actually see all the lewdness that led up to it? Or did she hear my name for her slip out in a moan? If she heard that... God forbid she heard that. If that was the case then I was totally screwed. She might think that I have feelings for her, like actual romantic feelings towards her. What kind of woman would want to live with a guy who harbored incestuous thoughts like that? Not fucking me, that's for sure.

You can probably imagine what all these thoughts led to.

In the absence of anything else, they came down to one basic conclusion—that I needed to leave, or not stay there long enough for mom to catch me fantasizing again. Because even if there weren't any actual feelings for mom, which was bullshit because I'm not deluded—the thoughts were real enough, and if she ever realized that then life was over.

There was no way in hell my mom wouldn't kick me out immediately for being some dirty old pervert, especially since the last time I saw her naked was when I was a little kid, and for all intents and purposes she's still that mother. That mom who I grew up with; you know, that mom I always respected and adored and listened to without fail and trusted implicitly and... and yeah.

"Jared," she said quietly, as soon as I drained my cup, rinsing it with water and drying it with the dishcloth next to the sink. "I just wanted to say thank you."

"What for?" I asked.

She cleared her throat, as if the words were going to get stuck in there. "You know," she said. "Saving me."

"Mom," I gave her a half grin. "Of course I'd save you."

Mom's face cracked a smile, finally. But when she looked at me, she had this look that seemed... pained, almost. There was a question on the tip of her tongue that she couldn't ask. Instead, she turned off the lanterns around the place and went towards her corner, while I got my blanket ready to sleep on the floor. It was

going to be cold for sure, and I was shivering even with all the layers I put on myself to try to sleep.

"Jared?" Mom whispered into the night.

I turned over to face her. Even though she was in shadow, the way the moonlight outlined her made my breath catch. "Yeah, mom?"

"Come here."

At first I wasn't certain what she meant. She lifted the covers next to her, scooting over a little bit, until it finally became clear.

She wanted me to join her.

To sleep in the same fucking bed.

My cock jumped in my briefs. It took everything I had not to move forward and give myself away, even though she probably already had an inkling. But it felt wrong, so wrong, for such a horny fantasy to actually come true. She was asking me to come lay down, side by side, in the same bed—in the same goddamn space where two people might normally fuck, or might just sleep like normal ducks—and all I could think about was how hot mom's pussy would feel around my dick. How her breasts would feel against me, the soft warmth of her ass pushing back against me when we spooned—because there wasn't any way in hell mom didn't know that this was wrong too.

Mom cleared her throat and stood up, stretching. In the low light, her shirt stretched along with her body; the outline of her nipples, hard underneath. When she stretched, she arched her back, her full breasts curving in ways that made my balls tense up.

I knew she saw that I was watching, but it was obvious she couldn't have cared less. That only meant that my mind started wandering about what her face would look like when I made her cum for real. She didn't make those noises while dad did the deed; nope, I thought triumphantly.

"You're going to come to bed soon, Jared?" Mom asked, almost absent-mindedly. Her hand moved towards her neck and started slowly undoing the buttons of her pajama shirt. My eyes widened, but she was clearly doing it on purpose, as if the thought that I'd be interested in seeing her naked had crossed her mind for years. It

was such a nonchalant gesture, like we were two lovers and this was normal; that we were comfortable enough around each other that something like this wasn't crazy to her.

No—no—I thought, snapping out of it. This isn't fucking okay, you moron! Get the fuck over yourself!

I nodded instead, mutely, then went up and changed into my sleepwear. Mom was already under the covers by that point, pretending that she didn't give a shit about my presence, or whether or not I would join her on the bed, like it wasn't even a question, and her body didn't belong to me, but to me as her son.

I came down the stairs, quietly, my balls heavy with cum, still, my cock throbbing so hard it felt like it was beating in tandem with my pulse. It was almost painful. Every fucking move hurt, because it all sent a reminder through my veins that only one thing mattered: that there was something right above me and her skin smelled clean, good, wonderful, and I bet between her legs...

There was warmth and moisture; something to hold. Something to thrust into. Her legs would be soft and smooth; her thighs might fit perfectly against me; those moans that she made when she got sick, when she had a fever, and now I knew, I fucking knew—those moans of hers came from between her legs. Somewhere deep inside. And the way her body arched back against me while her chest heaved up and down and I wondered how she'd look on top of me, her big tits dangling in my face, begging for me to take them in my mouth; those perfect pink nipples to suck on while she rode me, slowly, achingly slow, making it last forever while she held me inside her hot, tight cunt until we both couldn't take anymore and then we could—

I was shaking. I wanted to jerk off so bad. Instead of jerking it, my hands roamed over my stomach, touching everything, squeezing, pulling, wishing they were her hands, her touch, her body over mine, wanting me so fucking badly, the heat of her pussy driving me crazy—

Mom's hand was at the head of the stairs, and she had this sudden movement, jerky like she was startled, and in a moment she leaned back, turned on her heel, and walked back up into her room.

You're being fucked up! You're disgusting! You can't fuck your mom; you can't fucking think about doing that, I berated myself as I lay on my back. Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you! The guilt had returned tenfold. It almost made me feel ill and the urge to throw up had me holding in my stomach. But somehow, there was one side of me that just couldn't help but look forward to it. Look forward to her naked skin, and her voice, and the way she moaned when she was sick and —the heat between her legs; all of that was real, and I'd be able to taste it tomorrow...

Tomorrow came. Mom slept in, and I didn't blame her for not waking up when she did. When I got down the stairs, I found her standing at the table, looking out the window, sipping from her tea. There was already fresh, hot water in the kettle, and it smelled like coffee. She had made coffee, or there was instant stuff, and I wasn't going to bother her and ask, because she looked serious. Like, brooding serious. Her eyes had bags underneath them and her face was paler than usual, especially next to the red marks on her cheeks. She looked tired, but it was the kind of fatigue that came from lack of sleep, a mind that raced, thoughts that tumbled around until the body itself gave up.

When I had come downstairs, she didn't acknowledge me, which I didn't like, but maybe it was her own weird way of processing what had happened yesterday.

You don't want to fuck your mom, remember?

No matter how much you do, no matter how beautiful she looks, or how much of that body you see, even though she has an amazing, curvaceous ass that feels really good through those sweatpants, you still love her. You know who she is, she's just your mom, the one who raised you when your dad decided he wasn't ready and that his company was more important. She went to all your birthday parties; she went to every soccer game even when work tried to make her go to a late shift. Your parents got divorced, yes, and I get that your dad hasn't been in touch in a long, long time, but the reason why you can't screw around with your mom is because you still love your parents together. They may be separated, they may not have talked since before you graduated high school,

and even longer for mom since it's obvious that dad left you both after you were born—

What would happen if you made that step? What if you did finally get that kiss from the prom and the next night your bed is shaking because she's riding you and it's like you're in a daze while she moans and pants over you, saying that she loves your cock so much more than she did your father's and that she'd love for him to walk in on us—

No matter how tempting, mom didn't seem at all the type of person who could have had an affair with her son. But I couldn't stop thinking about what was going through her head while she was getting me hard earlier today. And now there's another issue. Because after two weeks, you realize that the person who makes you horny isn't necessarily a random girl but just the person you haven't seen in a while and need to be close to again. Like any time my thoughts drifted, they tended to settle on her ass, her thighs, the way she smiled or even laughed or rolled her eyes. The shape of her back and the soft curves under the shirt. Her breasts, her smile...

"Jared?" She asked, breaking me out of my reverie. I looked up, and saw that she had a hand out to me. "Come here..."

She sat down on the bed, looking tired as she stretched her legs. I joined her, watching as she took off her house shoes and slid under the covers. After a while I did the same, pulling the covers over myself. Mom leaned over and turned off the oil lamp. The fire gave plenty of light so that we could see each other and the entire room was alight in warm orange hues.

Mom scooted closer to me.

I held still as her knees nudged mine, her face suddenly very close and visible, and the way the shadows played on it gave her a sort of mischievous look.

She had this look on her face like she was about to say something, but then didn't. Instead she pulled close and I found myself being wrapped into an embrace. I hadn't had anybody hug me for some time, especially not mom. I was taller than her, but in that embrace, she felt much bigger. It made me feel weak, and tiny, and small. But... safe.

Then she turned her head so her mouth was on my ear and the feeling of safety left. In place of it there was a jolt through my chest as she whispered quietly: "I heard you. This morning. When I came back to get a jacket, you were... doing something."

My heart sank. And with it, whatever else was going on inside me went away. All I heard was this horrible sinking noise. My heart dropped, somewhere to my knees and then straight down my leg to somewhere in the fucking ground.

"Uh—" I tried to find words, any sort of excuse or deflection, but mom shushed me and tightened her embrace. She let me go and I could feel my face bright red. My whole body was blushing, hot, sweaty, humiliated. What if she did hear? Then all of it was true. My thoughts came faster and more frenetic.

Then what? She hated me; she'd call the cops; she'd kick me out of her life forever for getting aroused at seeing my mom's body because she was trapped and naked and it was the first bit of action I'd had since my girlfriend broke up with me six months ago.

"Jared," Mom suddenly looked up. I was staring at my feet like they were the most interesting thing in the world, which made sense considering how every step I took seemed to be in the direction of getting the fuck out of mom's sight. If I were to jump into the closet or even hide behind the kitchen table, that'd make sense to me, but it would also just make me look like an idiot. Maybe it would convince her that I wasn't serious, so I didn't move and instead just held very still as mom looked at me with wide eyes.

It had been silent for the longest time.

And now she was looking at me like she expected something.

And I still stood there silently.

There was nothing left to say. Except something needed to happen. She couldn't expect me to sleep in the same room as her after all of today. It's not my fault I had weird feelings; it's not my fault things turned out the way they did, but fuck—

How would things ever go back to normal? How could it be like yesterday, or even earlier today, when I wasn't about to pop a boner at just the sound of mom's voice.

"Well," she suddenly said, her hands folded behind her back. I tried to look away but I caught myself peering again—the shape of mom's breasts were clear under her thin top, and for some reason the firelight seemed to make them glow a little brighter—likely due to the fact that she was wearing no bra. I mean... I've never been able to tell these things without getting pretty fucking close, but here I was noticing details about my own mother. The kind of details that didn't make me feel much like her son—but rather, the opposite of a son—because I found myself wanting to see those heavy breasts sway when mom would get up in the morning, walk from place to place, take off her clothes...

Fuck—

I was getting horny thinking about seeing mom naked.

She was watching me with curious eyes. Mom probably figured that if she stared at me, I would start talking. And eventually, I did. "What?" I asked. I'm pretty sure I looked a little guilty about something.

"Jared, you slept fine last night," she started. "Can I ask why tonight is any different?"

"Uh..." It felt like the right answer was to say something along the lines of 'nothing's different.' Or 'nothing happened today.' Or even a quick 'I don't know.' Anything that would convince mom that it had nothing to do with today and that my strange arousal could easily be attributed to another woman. Or maybe something like 'Mom, I'm scared.' or 'Mom, you know what happens between men and women?' Wouldn't that have been fucking great. It could have ended with mom giving me a condom and us both laughing while pretending we weren't awkward as fuck around each other. But for some reason I had a terrible sense that mom would just know what was on my mind. That she knew everything, already, and the only way out was to pretend that there wasn't a thing wrong at all.

That didn't work before.

But at least this time it could be less painful than telling the truth.

Because how does anyone react when their son tells them that he wants to fuck them? That he fantasized about licking every bit of

their body and that there hasn't been a day for weeks that he hasn't jerked off thinking about them, that masturbating to porn didn't even cut it anymore—

And as crazy as the thought was, this fucking thing had been in my head ever since the first night here. What if I'd kissed mom then and there? What would happen now? Was there any chance that it would turn out well or would that send me into the depths of hell faster than you can say 'I fucked my own mother.'

"So..." mom said. "Do you mind going first?"

"Oh," I shook my head and put down the cup, moving off the couch and toward the pullout mattress. "Sure." Mom didn't even wait for me to be fully on the bed before she was climbing on, taking the spot closest to the wall. I figured that made sense because it was easier to get out that way, and the moment the thought occurred to me that having mom against the wall meant that my arm and leg might be draped over her during the night I got this tingle all through my spine.

I pulled the blanket up high, leaving half of it to rest on mom's shoulder, and tried to make myself comfortable. It was kind of strange because mom never used to come so close to dad, but the past two nights with just me had changed something.

I couldn't quite tell if it was a good thing or not.

"Hey mom," I muttered as I turned around to face the window. "Could you please move back a little? You're hogging up too much space."

It didn't make sense to ask such a question, I mean, it was a full size pullout bed and both of us were under five foot ten, but it felt more polite than telling her to scootch over because I could smell her, and it made me really nervous to think about what might happen if my back was against hers.

I heard a faint 'oh' and then a rustle while mom turned away from me, her body pulling close to her side of the bed. I laid down and got myself comfortable, pulling the sheets all the way up to my nose before closing my eyes.

The fire had died down into dim embers. With any luck, they might be glowing red when I woke up again. I thought about saying

good night to mom, but I figured maybe she'd fall asleep and I wouldn't disturb her—

She spoke. "Jared?" Her voice sounded tiny, fragile in the dark. "Are you awake?"

There was something vulnerable to it, and I couldn't help but answer. "Yeah mom."

Mom shifted a little closer to me. It was then I realized that we had both been avoiding even looking at each other, instead facing opposite directions on our respective halves of the mattress. As I rolled around on my side and laid my head flat to face her direction, I saw her eyes.

And for a split second, what was reflected in those eyes shocked me.

Because it wasn't the look of the mother I knew, the strong woman that kept me in line and made sure that everything had its place. That look, the way she glanced over me, her eyes darting away as soon as they came in contact, that was the look of somebody who was worried, fearful, hesitant.

"Hey, Jared," she said in a voice that was uncharacteristically shy. "Is it okay if I ask you something?"

I froze. The very fucking thing she could ask about would be what exactly happened earlier this afternoon when I was taking care of business outside, but I tried to stay relaxed and calm. "Sure."

Mom rubbed her temple. I watched her lips; she seemed to be mouthing words that didn't actually come out for a few seconds. "You... you're going to think this is really funny." A smile broke through, and for a moment, I was relieved. Then that same look of worry and apprehension returned. "I kind of thought about asking you... back at home... but since we got stuck here, I've been wondering about it."

Oh god. All those fantasies are now coming true. You might as well admit that you think she's hot or she'll get upset when you tell her—"Mom—" I started to say, trying to come up with excuses.

"What—what would it feel like if I kissed you?" Mom blurted out quickly. It came out like a single word, fast and unintelligible, as if she needed to get it out quick before she lost all her nerve.

I sat there quietly on the sofa, my cock growing thick between my legs and my heart thumping like a rabbit running through the woods.

Did mom seriously just ask me what it would be like if I kissed her?

"If—if you kissed me." I repeated slowly. Mom wasn't looking at me. "Like on the cheek," I clarified.

There was this horrible silence as the flames cast shadows over my mother's face. Then she bit her lower lip and nodded, her fingers twining together and holding tight. "It's been weeks since I've kissed anybody," mom said as if that was some sort of justification for kissing me.

"Uh... yeah."

More silence.

More of mom shifting slightly where she stood. Her eyes were looking in mine but there seemed to be nothing there anymore. Her iris had disappeared completely and the only thing that gave away where her eyeballs were pointed was the tiny glint reflecting the firelight off her eyes.

Then, slowly, she approached. I didn't move. I kept my eyes trained right on hers, my stomach knotted up and doing cartwheels because even though my conscious mind couldn't understand why it was that I needed this kiss, or that mom even wanted to kiss me, but something down inside was making me ache. Not for a kiss, no, but to give up all these games and pretense; to come clean, admit whatever horrible fucking things that needed admitting, just like how my subconscious mind admitted to me that I wanted to fuck my mom, that my mind imagined what kind of whimpers and gasps she'd make if I fucked her deep and hard.

I swallowed thickly, my cock thick between my legs as my body prepared. Mom stopped, just a hair's breadth away, and it looked like she was going to speak but no sound came out. I licked my lips once, tasting the sweetness of the tea on them; mom blinked once and moved ever so slightly closer, tilting her head, our noses brushing past each other.

"Jared—" mom breathed out, her mouth opening as if to say more—and then there was a sudden thud from the outside, a heavy one that shook the ground beneath us. The moment vanished between us; I stood back and she stood too quickly and suddenly she was all but pushing me out of the way while she grabbed the flashlight and went toward the door, which I hadn't even heard unlocking. "Did you leave the keys inside?" Mom hissed, throwing open the door and flashing the light outside.

I had no idea. But I had a sinking feeling in my gut about whatever the fuck that noise was.

In the snow was a lump.

A massive lump. It was bigger than a bear. Bigger than any moose. This thing was humongous, and as soon as mom flicked the light against it, the entire outline, dark green and shaggy, seemed to be heaving up and down with heavy breath.

There was a strange, high pitched cry from inside of it. Something like the screech of a fox. "What the fuck—"

But when mom took a step into the snow, there was a loud snapping and cracking sound, like gunshots piercing through the night air, and mom gasped, her steps suddenly faltering as if she had stepped into something. There was another squeal, this one long and mournful and almost human sounding, and then whatever the hell it was seemed to bound away, kicking up flurries of snow in the dark that quickly disappeared.

We had just barely finished dinner and had settled back onto the sofa, quietly watching another episode of The Lovers on the Seine and getting bored again. Mom had her hand tucked under her cheek. She was frowning, eyes fluttering shut once in a while, and even though the show itself was incredibly dull—this was one of the episodes where the two lead characters meet each other by accident after several misunderstandings between their lovers—I couldn't look away. It was mesmerizing, really, seeing the light play across my mom's features.

Mom sighed lightly, a small exhale.

She turned her head in her hands, and closed her eyes. In seconds she seemed to be dozing off, and I was left staring at her,

transfixed by how beautiful and serene she looked, and the realization that she had fallen asleep on me again.

This time, she slumped.

Right against me. Her legs went slack, and as her body relaxed against the armrest, her top sagged forward and she made a light snort, like a sigh. The side of her pillowy breast pressed against my thigh.

It was a sudden shock. At first I didn't know what I should do. This was an ungodly amount of intimacy; not the kind of touch that she would have done if she was conscious. When she sighed again, her leg slid down from the sofa. The warmth of it, her calf against my thigh, did something crazy to me. In seconds I had a full, throbbing erection in my pants.

At the same time, mom was leaning into me more, her face sliding across the armrest and her shoulder slumping right where my arm was. My whole hand suddenly felt strange. Her warmth seemed to transfer to me; I could feel the pressure of her body through the clothes between us, even though it wasn't skin to skin contact.

I kept looking at her; mom's hair spilling over her cheek, some of it getting into her mouth. She moved her lips and blew at it, sending it back towards her ear, only for it to come down again and get in her mouth. She shifted, moving, the heat of her leg and hip moving so that she leaned on me, pressing hard on my shoulder.

The feeling of it went right through me, like lightning. I took a sharp breath—but I didn't move my shoulder or arm away. Instead, the contact became electric and strange and... and my mind wandered. It kept thinking about those images from earlier in the evening; mom in front of me with nothing but her shirt and shorts. What might be hidden beneath them, the way she'd smell, the softness of her, the warmth of her thighs and the place between them.

What kind of noises would she make? I was sure now that there was nothing else keeping me awake except the tension of being close to her. There were no weird outside sounds, and all of a sudden, when I blinked to see what time it was, it was almost midnight.

Mom cleared her throat and pulled away from me, taking her warmth and her smell with her as she did. Her mug seemed to make a sharp noise against the table, and when she came back from washing it, the room felt bigger than usual, like we had both moved far apart even though mom sat right down on her half of the bed.

The covers rustled; there was a small creak, then some quiet sighing while she got comfortable, or maybe tried to. All the while I was holding my own teacup, sitting up as if I couldn't bear to lie back. Mom lay flat, her body rigid for a minute or so before she relaxed and her back sank into the mattress.

I could barely feel the heat from her side of the bed, but I knew it was there. If I moved just slightly to one side, it felt like there was this huge magnetic field pushing me further towards my side. Maybe that's why I didn't move at all—because mom had set such a strong barrier that no man would dare cross over it.

Or... maybe it was just because I wanted to get past it. Because I kept imagining how soft she might be.

How hot and slick between her legs.

And what kind of noises she'd make while I fucked her deep and hard until the only thing she could think about was having my cum inside of her.

"Jared—" mom broke the silence. When I looked at her, she didn't look at me. Instead, she looked at her lap and held tight onto her tea mug. "I—" she breathed slowly and let her grip relax. "I've been wanting to say something."

My heart skipped a beat.

But I knew this couldn't be good. This had to be bad. Maybe mom had caught on. Maybe mom knew exactly how many times I masturbated to her; maybe she even saw how big my cock was when it was throbbing for her.

And how could this go? I was going to confess everything and then she'd tell me that she wanted me out of here? Tell me to stay away from her because her son is a fucking creep? No—it wasn't right. I kept silent, watching the steam rise from mom's mug and the way she swallowed slowly before taking another deep breath.

"What?" I managed.

She shook her head lightly. Her hair was still a little wet from the shower, and even in the dim light of the coals, I could see a glint of some droplet at her neck. "Nothing. I was just thinking of... You know, you should just get into the bed first, Jared."

It took me a moment to realize what she meant by that. She wanted to make sure that I didn't ogle her while she changed in the bathroom again. The thought occurred to me that mom's clothes weren't really warm enough; I'd probably seen her in underwear twice as cold, so why it should matter now, I didn't understand, but mom was pretty consistent with wanting her space when we went to bed, and so I just got under the sheets.

I tried not to think about mom too much, but with nothing else to distract myself, and knowing full well that I had already crossed the threshold between masturbating to thoughts of a random Cara versus masturbating to the thought of my own mother, there wasn't a way to keep the thoughts away. My mind wandered as mom padded into the bathroom, and in the silence, it was so easy to picture her changing there, stripping her clothes off—maybe she's naked in that little space, all soft and white and warm... And then getting into her PJs, sliding those on one leg at a time, and that part always has a slow-motion feel to it.

My heart started beating a bit more insistently when I heard her padding towards the pull-out again. She slid underneath and turned away from me so that I couldn't see much of anything, only the shape of her under the sheets. "Jared..." I thought I heard her mutter.

"Yeah?"

Silence.

My head hurt. It was that weird throbbing sensation behind your temples, or maybe between them. You know, you might get this pain after reading too many textbooks for an exam. But no amount of reading could bring back these kinds of memories. No studying could bring back a specific scent of a person who you haven't really been thinking about. Not even in this place, surrounded by her belongings and the things she used and how sometimes my thoughts were so scattered and incoherent that it was like someone

hit me hard against the jaw, and there wasn't any point in fighting because I'd be taken down one way or another.

Mom lay down first. She stretched out as far to the other end of the mattress as possible, her back facing me, the long fall of her hair obscuring most of what I could see. For some reason, though, she stayed awake; her breathing shallow and slow enough for her to appear asleep, but it was all wrong. Her shoulders didn't dip or rise deeply enough, and she kept twitching occasionally.

She hadn't done that before. At least not in front of me, at least not since we'd gotten stuck here.

It made me want to comfort her. To rub her shoulders and tell her things were okay and that I'll protect her. Maybe to make sure she doesn't get stressed again. That I can take care of everything.

The thought felt strange. It's the kind of thought you'd have for your wife or lover, not for your mother. Not when you're going to share a tiny space with them for three weeks.

You can't think those thoughts when you're doing that. You can't fantasize about her. Or touch yourself in the shower because you saw the curve of her ass, and she has really sexy legs...

She looks a little lost, sitting there like that, on the side of the bed, staring off into nowhere, her hair slightly disheveled after having dried for hours now.

"Hey," I said softly, setting my mug down gently. "Are you okay?"

Mom turned to look at me, blinking a few times, before nodding with a tight smile. "I'm fine. Just a little tired. The last two days were..." She paused and exhaled. "Weird."

"Yeah..." I muttered. "Hey. Are we... Okay? You know what I mean. We good?"

She nodded again. "Of course. And listen... I just want to tell you one thing." She scooted around in the bed so she was facing me; her legs crossed, the thick curves of her thighs showing under her pajamas. "You're twenty one. You've been living away for almost three years now." Mom's brow pinched and she swallowed tightly. "I... Jared, I'm sorry, but I forgot how long ago you even hit puberty, so it's not like this is... This shouldn't be your business. I know that sounds stupid considering everything we've seen from each other—"

I nodded vigorously. "Right! It's fine. Like—if I see your boobs, oh well—" I realized the dumbness of that sentence. "Shit—wait. That's not what I meant."

Mom let out a laugh. "No. No, I think you meant—I think you said what we were thinking. I guess..." She shook her head. "Anyway. What I'm saying is that there's no real reason why things should change between us now because we've already gone through all of that, you know, when you were 18. We've gone through the whole thing. So even though we've been seeing more of each other, this time has been... weirdly like old times."

"Exactly," I said too quickly. Part of my brain was yelling at me, screaming in capital letters that I was talking to my mom about boobies and the possibility of seeing them. It told me that none of these thoughts should even be happening; that everything we were discussing should just remain unmentioned and unexplored and forgotten until the heat death of the universe. The rest of my brain told me that mom was being really practical about all of this and that if we had any chance of getting through this then she was right: old times; when I was young and immature and barely knew anything at all about the ways the world worked.

And for the most part, this conversation helped a lot.

And made it harder at the same time.

"So..." Mom said. She was standing there in her pajamas. Nothing sexy at all about them; just loose fitting and covering up every single inch of her skin. Except the pajamas didn't hide a goddamned thing. Not one bit of the shape of her curves, not the way they stretched and hugged her backside and ass as she stood, hands clasped together behind her waist, the shape of her breasts showing through everything, as if her nipples were getting stiff against the cloth, though with the darkness of the room I couldn't really tell for sure. "How... how is this going to work?"

"Huh?" I asked, my eyes suddenly locked onto mom's. The orange glow of the fire reflected in her dark irises made something warm inside of me.

She bit her lower lip, chewing on it. "Well," she continued, breaking our gaze. "You know, you mentioned before, but... uh...

there are two beds. One of us might wake up and..." her voice dropped, barely audible as she mumbled, "Might find... one another. And this is—it's a tight space already and, Jared..." Mom looked up and found herself face to face with me. She took a sudden intake of breath, which caused her chest to rise and made me realize that I'd been moving in closer. And she started backing up.

I felt compelled to say something, anything, that would somehow excuse any weirdness around her and let me just stop thinking about fucking her. "I mean, we're both adults," I said carefully, hoping that it didn't sound too crazy and insanely inappropriate. "And yeah, it's tight but there's no reason why we shouldn't be able to respect each other."

"Oh." She gave a curt nod, though I couldn't tell if it was agreement or just relief that I didn't call her 'Cara' or try to touch her. "Yes. Absolutely."

"So... maybe... we could... take opposite sides of the bed."

Mom nodded slowly. "Yes." She gave a sigh of relief, and I wondered briefly if she'd been worried about the exact same thing I had. Her fingers were curled nervously over her mug and I realized that I had taken another step closer to her and her knuckles were almost touching my chest.

As if the fire needed some more fuel, the embers popped inside of the hearth. Mom drew back.

"I guess I'll change," she mumbled.

I felt relieved and disappointed at the same time, like there was this moment where everything could have happened, and something did happen, and whatever that weird spell had been was now gone because nothing had really happened anyway, which meant that there weren't any hard feelings either, because how can you be angry at something that didn't do anything.

Mom got changed and crawled into the bed in the wall, pulling her blankets around herself while I pulled a blanket off of the bed and put it down on the floor, hoping that there wouldn't be too many sore places on my side come morning. I laid out my jacket and curled up against the floor and found myself staring at the crackling

flames through the opening, hearing their pops, imagining them growing in the dead silence of the night.

At some point I had fallen asleep, because it seemed only an hour or two before when mom nudged me awake and whispered that I should come to bed.

And I remember mumbling a groggy "kay", then getting under the covers. The sheets were nice and warm underneath my hands, the way the whole bed smelled so strongly of fresh soap. I could have slept another four days if it meant staying wrapped up like that, my face in the pillows, my feet tucked in between the bottom of the mattress and the folded-in blankets. I fell back asleep almost immediately.

In the middle of the night I woke up. There was a sudden chill in the room; my first thought was that the heater broke. It didn't start with a slow drop, though, it came on all at once, making me sit up with a jolt. I felt around for the thermostat on the wall above me, finding it and turning it up with a click. After the silence of the snow, there was nothing in the world more disorienting than being awakened by a rush of adrenaline and suddenly not knowing what time or day or anything.

There were no sounds, nothing to hear besides the crackling of the logs in the fireplace and the slight whistle of air that had pushed its way into the cabin, either through a window or door or something like that. It wasn't until I heard the sound of mom's heavy breathing that I realized the heater had been shut off. I found the switch on the wall for the lights above the kitchen countertop and flipped them on. The cabin was still lit from the light of the fireplace; the orange glow lit everything up and down with a kind of haunting quality. There was something about how dark and empty it looked outside those windows, that blackened backdrop in contrast to the heat and fire inside... and when I saw the curve of mom's body sitting up on the bed, facing away from me, I almost went soft again just looking at her.

I walked over, thinking that maybe the heater had turned off and there was something wrong with it. In fact, when I got near it, it

turned itself back on, but I didn't see the point in turning it off again. "Hey, mom?" I called. "You okay?"

She sat still, hunched forward on the bed so that the long curve of her neck was in view, all the way down to the small of her back. Her arms were crossed, her legs pulled up into a loose ball in front of her. She seemed to be trying to hold in some heat, because as the heater began to roar loudly behind us, she stayed exactly as still as she was before.

"What is it, honey?" I tried to ask, not expecting an answer. Then came another sudden cold draft, which made me jump a little.

Then I heard a noise behind me; I turned and saw that mom had pulled back the blankets, one hand clutching the collar of her sweater, her fingers rubbing against her throat gently while her eyes focused on me. It took me a moment to understand why she was gesturing.

The air pressure seemed to be getting worse; the heater couldn't do anything about this cold. And the temperature was falling fast, even if the cabin wasn't going to get any colder. Even if we had to deal with the cold of early December inside the cabin, at least it'd be warmer than in our clothes and bundled up under the covers.

"Do you want... I mean—" I struggled, suddenly finding my words stuck together. Mom held still for a moment, her face frozen in place and her mouth open, waiting for my decision. "—you know what I mean," I finished, nodding down at the mattress. "This is too cold and if you think that maybe we could use body heat," I tried not to laugh at that. "You know what? Scratch that," I started to climb into bed with my clothes still on, my heart thundering like I was about to fall out of a building from twenty stories up. "Let's just turn the heater up more. I can't sleep with—"

Before I had fully pulled my feet off the ground, mom reached over. Her hands went across my body and landed on the blanket just underneath me. With her help, I was down onto the mattress. And I could feel every curve of her as she pushed against me. Her breasts pressed themselves flat against my back.

I was pretty certain that mom knew that I had felt it. I was even more certain that I wanted to do what I had done before: that I

wanted to pull away, run outside, and find a snowdrift to bury myself in just so this whole thing would disappear. The feeling I had wasn't a horny one, because that was what made me crazy and turned this whole situation into an absolute mess. This feeling was deeper than that, more instinctual and terrifying, and what it meant was that if I didn't pull away now, things were going to get so, so awkward between mom and I that there'd be no recovering.

Mom moved away slowly, and that meant that I had to wait, and as we got under the covers together, our arms pressing together again, and our bodies close enough to warm each other through our clothes, all I could focus on was mom's breathing. How heavy it was, how labored, and that she wasn't getting ready for bed like she used to do; she wasn't relaxed like she usually did. Instead, mom was tense. Maybe even anxious, but I didn't really want to jump to conclusions.

The fire died down again, and I figured maybe it'd be better to deal with a freezing cold cabin than the absolute madness that was going on around me. Mom was so close to me. I could feel her breath over my shoulder, and smell whatever sweet scent was clinging to her skin. It was the kind of body heat that was too much for just one person but not nearly enough for two of us in such a small space, and as mom shifted against me, I wondered if she'd say anything about the whole Cara thing or if that's what was making things so tense—

I heard something.

A soft, little wet sound. The kind that you might miss if you weren't paying attention.

And it was familiar. Very familiar.

My entire body tensed as I realized what I was listening to.

The slick, soft noises of mom's tongue moving over her fingers. It took my mind a couple seconds to catch up but before long, I figured out that mom was licking her fingers.

For a moment, I wanted to think she was getting ready to cook again, but...

She'd never do something like that, right?

As soon as I made out that noise, I glanced at mom who was curled up under the blankets. I looked back to her side of the couch, seeing her face turned away from me; I watched, intently for any change in position.

After ten minutes or so, I figured mom was asleep.

Maybe she was just trying to relax, or perhaps she was even sleeping already—but that's when I heard the noises again.

A wet sound. It wasn't soft or anything. Instead, it seemed loud, exaggerated, almost. Like something you'd do to tell somebody that you were playing with yourself. I couldn't see her face or her head because she had drawn the blankets up close to herself, and I wasn't even sure that I wanted to see whatever was going on, but the sound of something slick, and moist—and then the heavy breath, and little, subtle, barely restrained whimpers, they came through the air so clear that there was no mistaking them for anything else.

My blood started pumping in a completely different direction than my brain was working. And before I could even think about it, before I could decide if doing so was a good idea, I had taken the blankets off, my pants off, and was lying down between the covers with her, my body facing her back, and the hardness of my cock pressing into her ass, which I noticed now was bare and probably only covered in her underwear.

Something was coming over me. A primal urge to rut and breed, an insane desire to take and claim. As the thoughts raced through my head, I had already reached over and had put my arms around her waist.

She didn't resist as I pulled her to my chest, didn't react except for her gasps to come louder and more often. My hands pushed against her tummy as she arched, just enough to feel her ass pushing into me, rubbing slowly across the surface of my cock.

We were both shaking now.

She reached behind herself with one hand and felt across my shoulders, touching the hair on the back of my head before turning her head towards me—

I took a fistful of her hair and tilted it up towards me. She whimpered in shock, a little moan leaving her mouth before I shoved

mine onto hers and kissed her, hard, forcing my tongue inside of her—she responded in kind and tried to pull her mouth from mine but I held on tight and pushed my tongue deeper, fucking it deep inside of her throat while the rest of my body came close—

"Wait, Jared—" she protested in a breath as I started to reach under her top. "Wait—"

I pulled up her top, exposing her breasts—so beautiful, so fucking gorgeous—her nipples already standing proud from her tits, pink and hard with arousal—"Jared wait please I need a second—" she gasped. But then I forced my mouth onto her nipple and started to suck hungrily, my teeth grazing against them and she started to moan into my ear, trying to push me away and saying no over and over even though her voice betrayed what she really wanted—

"Jared—" mom said sharply. She got up and walked to the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

"You know your mom's getting off to this—"

Mom's eyes opened. "God damn it," she cursed. It sounded so strange coming from her mouth. That curse was probably reserved only for people like dad who made fun of her or when her computer crashed. She ran her hands through her hair. Then, her hand was on the knob of the shower; she started running the hot water.

The whole bathroom was filling up with steam and mist, even through the tiny window near the ceiling. I heard clothes hit the floor in there. Mom cursed again. "Goddammit Jared why do you make this so fucking difficult?!" The sound of a zipper being undone followed her words. "This is wrong, Cara! This is all wrong..." Her voice trailed off in the hiss of water.

There was nothing to do but stay out here and not think about my mom naked, standing there, touching herself under the hot stream of water—I closed my eyes, rubbing my temples. This was fucking nuts. There was nothing here. We're both insane. You're thinking about your mom masturbating because she caught you masturbating earlier today.

The images just kept rushing into me; images of my mom touching herself in the shower, the steam from the shower wrapping around her beautiful skin, touching those curves, caressing that skin.

My cock hardened in spite of all the willpower and common sense that I could throw behind suppressing the feeling of wanting my mom, of needing to fuck her.

No no no... you cannot want this woman, your fucking mother—the woman who nursed you when you were young and gave birth to you; you fucking freak what is the matter with you? Get your shit together. Don't let her see—she's going to see—she's going to ask if there are cameras again or something and then what do you do? You can't show her your boner; it's wrong to feel this way, it's a crime to even have these feelings for your own goddamn family...

But as if the thought of a crime sent thrills through me, made me harder, all I could imagine was having her in so many different ways that it wasn't even funny. It wasn't even fun. And when I put the mug down next to the kettle, she noticed immediately. The slight bulge that started forming from my arousal was just enough to make my pants stretch, but mom's eyes darted to it without missing a beat.

You couldn't tell what she was thinking by that look. She took in the information—me jerking off to the idea of fucking her earlier—and that she just witnessed it again, and... what? Was she curious? Angry? Disgusted? Was she horny like I was—you fucking wish... shut up asshole—did she wonder how big I was—you know she doesn't think of your cock—but how many times have you seen her in the mirror after taking a shower, how many times did you sneak in before she came out to hide and watch her drying her pussy? How many times have you wanted to taste it—

All these thoughts raced through me at once, and even with them, my hands were steady while I turned away, going to the pull-out couch and trying to pretend to myself that I wasn't about to get undressed and lie there, half-hard and naked as she went into the washroom to brush her teeth.

You are not going to jack off to her—don't even fucking dare you psycho—you're going to go to sleep, calm down, and pretend nothing's happened at all...

I pulled my shirt off, tossing it onto the sofa where we'd eat breakfast, then my jeans too, and when I felt the heat of mom's

gaze suddenly on me, I knew that she was staring at me and for whatever reason, didn't avert it because there wasn't anywhere to look. The cabin wasn't made for two people to be separate without one having eyes on the other, and though mom was in the doorway to the bathroom, all she had to do was take a step back and she would have been gone. But she stood there, watching, as I stripped until I was in my boxer briefs.

Why did I stay in them? Part of me wanted mom to see me. That same part, that horrible part of me, wanted to show her what I could give her, how thick and long I was, how hard I was going to get for her if she even let me fuck her once, how good it would be and the kind of sex she needed as a lonely woman without any husband for so many years now. And then there was the other part of me, the side that had already cum twice in front of her, who knew what I thought of, who wanted to hide away and disappear because of my embarrassment.

I lay down on my side of the pull-out bed. Mom looked at me again before turning around and taking off her sweater. She wore another pair of thin cotton shorts and her pajama top underneath. It was strange seeing mom this way, with her back turned, her hands reaching under her shirt, unclasping her bra and letting it fall away from her. There was a little shiver up her shoulders when she pulled the fabric free, and when she bent forward I saw the full outline of her bottom curve against the soft fabric, just slightly.

Mom stood up straight after a moment, her hand brushing between her shoulder blades, smoothing out her blouse and then adjusting it so that she wasn't pressing it into her back.

Then mom took off her pants.

That's right.

She slowly tugged at the belt loops and brought them down slowly over her hips, her thighs, until they were pooling around her ankles, her ass now only a hint through her thin cotton pajama shorts. Mom had these lacy ones and the kind you get from Target, which is what she wore tonight.

Mom stepped out of the pants and stood still for a moment. Then she climbed into the pull-out, rolling onto her side, and then tugging

at the covers for the last time. Once she was comfortable, and under her comforter, she rolled on her back, and looked at me again with another tired look.

I didn't even notice when the TV clicked off. It was too dark for me to make out more than the vague shape of her form through the bedsheets.

I turned towards the table, set my cup down and took a deep breath before climbing into the bed as well, but keeping close to the edge. The whole thing was just wide enough to fit two people, maybe three if we slept tight against each other. We wouldn't be able to do that though. There was an insurmountable amount of space between us.

I closed my eyes, feeling suddenly exhausted, hoping to fall asleep right away, except it didn't happen. All that went through my mind was this nagging anxiety over what I had done, what had been going through my head.

What if mom knew? What if mom had picked up on any of it? That would explain the awkwardness, wouldn't it? Except there wasn't any way in hell that she could have. I was certain.

Except the more I was sure the less I could get myself to relax. It felt like my shoulders were bunched tight together behind my neck and my whole body felt uncomfortable and cramped, as if I had slept the wrong way overnight.

"Jared," mom started off. "Look—we... are doing the best we can."

"Yeah," I added quickly as well. Both of us were talking quietly over the fire, our backs slightly turned towards each other. Mom stood up and stretched, taking a step back into the light of the fire so that I could see a little bit of how her pajamas curved against her skin, or how when she arched her back, her breasts stuck out enough to make the cloth curve upwards. I averted my eyes again before she finished stretching.

"You're—" mom cleared her throat. "You know... you know I'll do anything to take care of you. You know that, right?"

I didn't look at her, because this was weird enough without any eye contact. "Yeah," I tried to say it casually. "Thanks."

"Okay," mom exhaled, sounding a little better. "So—what did you mean by... arousal?"

My stomach flipped. She did hear my whole rambling explanation earlier. And she heard that name. "Just—" I tried to dismiss it. "It's nothing. It's not a big deal. Just like you said earlier, we're both going nuts in here, you know?"

Mom's voice was soft now. Softer than I ever heard it before, even softer than the day dad died. She turned her head away from me when she spoke too. "Jared..."

And now this voice seemed... scared. Really scared. It reminded me of her voice back at the hospital. When she needed my help and couldn't ask for it straight out. "Yeah," I prompted her.

She nodded and rubbed her upper arms through the fabric of her pajamas, and for a second I thought she might start crying. "Are you sure it's nothing? Because..." Mom started to choke on her words, just like back then, back in the hospital.

It's all been so weird, hasn't it?" Mom continued after I didn't say anything.

"It's... yeah," I felt a strange need to agree with her. Even though she wasn't saying anything. She wasn't telling me anything about what she had heard or saw today in the woods. Not outright. Not with any explicit detail. Somehow, I found myself nodding with her and feeling... really relieved that it's all going to be fine again. And not just that either, but some part of me that I tried not to listen to wanted to touch her. Hold her hand. Give her a hug. Put my hand on her shoulder and—

"We're doing everything we can here. You know that, right?"

My voice cracked when I spoke. "I—yeah."

"So let me know if something's wrong," mom nodded, taking in deep breaths. Her chest expanded, her breasts sticking out just slightly over the collar of her night shirt and how big are they? Are you bigger than me? I thought briefly about the curves of her skin and her soft flesh under clothes and how good it felt to take off the ones in the back of that van. And then there was nothing to stop me from thinking about the fact that her pussy would taste like mine; that even though hers were older and used and more worn, there'd

still be slick wetness between her legs and probably a hint of sweetness because she probably eats a lot of fruits too. It was almost impossible not to wonder, since she stood up and made that bed, what she'd look like spread on my dick—her legs open, her ass tilted up for me to fuck her, her body jiggling around my cock every time she thrust against me—

Mom turned suddenly, pulling up her sheets as I sat there like a lump. "I'm going to bed—" she said, not meeting my eye again. She pulled off her clothes quickly, throwing them into the laundry bag near her side of the bed, and got under the covers and turning away from me. "And no pornography. You've had enough today."

She couldn't have known, right? Or seen or... smelled? Did she smell that? Is that why she's not looking at me, is it? Did I fucking stink while I jerked off—you know she smells when she has your dick in her mouth, what about you? Why don't you suck hers for once—or maybe that's what she wants to do but doesn't want to ask —

I got my own pajamas ready, trying to breathe and think normally, trying to not let the crazy thoughts of incest run away with themselves, trying to ignore this strange feeling of wanting more that mom had created. But it wasn't the fact that her pussy was inches away. It was that look that she gave me in the kitchen before. And the way she breathed, fast but steady. I could almost hear the pace of her breath now. I felt like my mind was going numb. My blood was running hot, and my pulse was beating all over.

What do you really know about sex? What kind of sounds does mom make when dad's inside of her—do you really think it's any different with you? Wouldn't she be surprised, shocked—you could see her surprise, her lust and hunger after seeing her son's cock out —you can get deeper; you're younger; wouldn't she come harder with your fucking dick pushing into her cunt—and her ass too, what about that, are you going to let her keep it shut or do you want to open it up just like a girl—

Mom was under the covers, turned on her side with her eyes closed when I came back from my shower. I didn't put on my pajama pants yet. Maybe this time, even though there were layers of

blankets and two pillows in between, she might just wake up feeling hornier than ever. You know it'd be an accident, but wouldn't you love to see the look on her face—what if she started touching herself, just lightly, just over her cunt while your prick was all out there in full view for her—how long would it take her until her fingers are pushing inside of her, her thumb rubbing, and she's panting and whimpering and cumming hard? How long would it take her to figure out how wet you can get her if you're fucking into her deep enough?

"I'll set the alarm, Jared," mom's voice was thick in a way that I couldn't remember. "Get some rest."

"You too," I replied. I slipped beneath the sheets and closed my eyes, just feeling the coolness of the mattress and sheets and pillow surrounding me. The heat of the fireplace, while welcome, couldn't compare to the heat of the day where we slept together like that first night.

Maybe there was nothing to this.

Maybe everything will be different, like before.

"Goodnight, Jared," mom called from the other side of the bed.

"Goodnight, mom," I replied, not looking over to her side. "And mom?"

"Yeah?"

I opened my eyes. From behind me, there was that sweet smell of mom again. It felt nice, really. Like she had been sleeping on this same spot for so long that her scent was a part of the sheets now. That soft, comforting presence just a couple of feet away from me was almost enough to let me forget that things had gotten weird between us, even though neither of us wanted them to.

"You don't need to worry, you know," I said. "Everything's going to be okay once we get out of here. I mean it. All of this is just crazy talk." I said.

Mom didn't reply right away, so I added; "Okay?"

Mom made a little noise before replying. It was a low, almost sad tone. But what came out of her mouth was: "Right... Yeah. Thanks for... telling me that."

There was stillness, again, until we both heard a soft creak from the walls. The chill was starting to creep in, and the wood stove might just give out. We were both huddled under the same few layers of blankets; both of us wrapped up, each with our pillows, trying not to accidentally touch each other or bump elbows or anything stupid like that. Mom was laying very still and facing away from me and towards the window, her arms pulled to her chest. She hadn't said anything, but her silence seemed heavier than just falling asleep.

When I was younger, if I had been upset about something, I would usually tell myself that everything was okay because my parents were still around, they hadn't left, they still cared. Now here I was, with a similar fear inside of me; this worry that something had gone terribly wrong between me and her. She was acting off, she wasn't talking, it must have meant that she must be thinking about how fucked up it was that her son wanted to fuck her.

I took a deep breath, but kept it shallow as I breathed it out. I couldn't risk having her see me. Or, if she saw me, to find me staring at the back of her head and maybe realize that I was staring at her ass, wondering about how good her body would feel beneath me—

Stop it, I told myself. Stop it.

I closed my eyes and turned away, hoping to avoid any more images in my head, but those images seemed determined to appear behind my eyelids, uninvited. My hands curled into fists and my breath felt like ice in my lungs as I slowly exhaled, trying to stop imagining all the things I wanted to do to her.

And when I opened my eyes, I found the sheets that made up the bed empty. It took a moment for me to even process what exactly this meant. That it was time for bed, that we weren't going to say anything to each other until morning, and that if mom wanted to do something, she had either done it while I was looking away, or had left and wasn't going to tell me.

Or maybe...

Mom was in the bathroom. The shower turned on briefly, before turning off and leaving silence and a few drips here and there from the pipes.

The door swung open and mom stood at the frame with the door open. She had her arm across her body and was hugging herself. She gave me a nervous, shaky smile. I knew her too well not to notice that she was holding her legs tight together; like if she relaxed even a little, there was something else that would be released.

I nodded and looked away quickly. "Yeah—let me just... let me go get the water bucket outside." I picked up the empty metal bucket and headed outside, the snow thick enough that my boots were almost sinking through the top layer. I filled up the bucket slowly, letting my breath puff into the night air.

She's your mother. It was an inner voice that was trying to keep me stable, keep me grounded, remind me what was what.

"What the fuck," I heard a whisper.

It sounded close by.

"Yeah, you're telling me." Another voice, male this time, just around the back of the cabin. "No reception out here whatsoever, man. This is the place where old people go to die."

Mom and I both held still, eyes locked with each other.

"Yeah no shit. That lady we saw earlier? What the fuck was that even? Like who the fuck wears leggings on a road trip? Fuckin' psycho bitch..."

There were snorts and laughs between them, low, barely audible behind the closed windows. Mom was standing now too, arms hugging herself tight.

I gestured outside, to the door. Mom shook her head at first. It seemed like the voices outside were having their own discussion.

"Why didn't you do something?" A male voice asked. "Like, seriously, dude. I know for a fact that you're stronger than her. You could've pushed her down easy. Why is it that—what, I have to do everything around here? What kind of pussy are you?"

The woman's voice started whining now, rising high until we almost heard words from her.

The guy spoke over it. "Seriously. Just go take her food in there or whatever. And don't fucking let her escape. And make her suck your cock, dumbass. That shit's hot. Come on, you can tell me."

"Okay. So here's what we're gonna do..." A pause. "We're not going to listen to a fucking thing they're saying." The woman whimpered again. It sounded like she might be crying. "I mean—come on, I'm sure you can agree, right? Like there's a few things we both probably wanted to do and we didn't exactly get the opportunity to do them before."

"Huh," a long exhale. "That sounds fun. Let me lock up this bitch here, I'll be right back..."

My blood froze for a split second. When mom turned out the lights that night and settled under the covers, I did the same on my side of the couch, waiting for her breathing to slow down.

Mom was going to sleep. I thought I was going to too, since mom was being weird around me all day and now that she saw me jerking it to Cara, of course, how else could she treat me? I couldn't expect any different, not until we got out of this place.

A part of me knew why.

So after fifteen minutes went by and it was like the cabin suddenly heated up just before bedtime, I quietly sat up in my mattress, looking over my shoulder to make sure mom was still fast asleep.

I pulled the blankets back to reveal her back to me, facing away from me. She shifted around just a bit, murmuring softly as she seemed to sink into sleep. After a few minutes had passed and her breathing was even, I got up and gently made my way toward the bathroom, closing the door behind me and taking a deep breath.

Sheets rustled beyond the bathroom door.

I found myself shaking, holding back what I had wanted for days, weeks now, but the hunger was getting the better of me. That look of surprise and shock and maybe some revulsion she gave me when she confronted me earlier about me jerking it...

Well, let's say that I was determined to prove to her that everything she was feeling was actually mutual, but I didn't think it'd work out at all.

I knew that there was no fucking way mom was going to sleep naked tonight after all of this happened.

The idea that she'd do that even in the first place... yeah. Wishful thinking. She didn't have my imagination after all. I had a pretty good idea what it felt like to sink into her and fuck her against a wall or in the middle of the room, with her on top of me and her mouth opening wide with desire and—

"Jared..." she looked at me. She spoke very quietly.

Something was off in her voice.

I blinked out of it, not quite sure if she was saying my name or telling me to stop thinking what I was thinking, which was her legs spread for me, riding me in that chair, rocking up and down like nothing else mattered.

Her hands moved across the covers; she took a deep breath through her nose and exhaled through her lips, then pulled them back.

Mom was already beneath the blankets when she spoke. "Jared? Will you... will you turn off the light?"

The words were soft. A little too soft. They had an air to it that seemed to indicate that things would go awry if I didn't move. Mom was being so weird and careful about everything. If this were any other time, she'd probably be fast asleep already.

That feeling returned, telling me that if I slipped beneath the covers, then all of this would just stop. Things wouldn't get fucked up like they are now. Whatever was wrong with me, whatever was wrong with mom, it all had to do with us sleeping in the same place as each other.

"Alright, Jared," mom said, a strange edge in her voice. "I told you not to look at my ass, remember?" There was an odd laugh to her tone. I couldn't help but look up into the corner where the mirror sat, the one above the fireplace. I saw her looking back at me, and for the first time tonight, it seemed like she relaxed enough to finally make a joke with me. "If you see something you're not supposed to see, let me know. And don't take things into your own hands anymore."

My gut twisted with both confusion and embarrassment. How did she...? "Y... yeah mom," I laughed uncomfortably.

She took a step towards me; her feet bare on the tile of the bathroom door. The light from the embers made her nightclothes seem all sorts of transparent, including her shirt that showed the curve of her breast just beneath her collarbone. I swallowed hard and tried not to think about how my cock had been rubbing against her just yesterday, the feel of those soft mounds pressed tight against me while I—

Mom walked by, her arm brushing mine lightly as she moved past me and turned off the electric lanterns we used for light. I stood alone in the darkness, watching the shadows move across the floor and wondering what the fuck was happening to both of us. She disappeared behind me, heading towards her spot on the pull-out bed.

There was a sudden chill then. There had been moments where I found myself looking at mom longer than I intended or staring at her ass when she moved away, but this was the first moment where I realized just how insane all of this had been. Weeks spent in close proximity to one another with zero reprieve from whatever had caused this whole fucked up situation to occur. No privacy, no time apart. We'd literally lived, eaten, showered, breathed and slept together for three weeks straight.

And this was the final day of it, the last fucking leg, and I had gone and fucking masturbated with her name on my tongue and I know mom caught me doing it, and even if she didn't know who Cara was, and hell I don't think she did—I had said "Cara" aloud while she walked through the woods after all. And we were both so obviously thinking about what we heard each other saying back in those forests. But neither of us acknowledged anything until she asked me flat-out. It's like our minds were already in tune and we hadn't noticed it yet until today. The fact that we're sharing the same room is making me realize that mom isn't mom. Mom is a woman. A single, beautiful, lonely woman.

I'm feeling this, all of this, because for almost an entire month, we've been nothing more than mother and son. But we weren't just mother and son; we were friends. Companions. In that tiny space, there was never any thought given to anything else besides each

other. And now that everything's normal again, well—mom's my mom, but she's also someone I'm really getting attached to. Attached physically, maybe, yes. But I've never felt closer to a human being, and I mean in a deep, soul-cracking kind of way, since dad died.

There was a sudden rush of wind that made the glass shiver against the windows. I took in the chill for a few more moments before closing up the front door and locking it up. "It's cold as hell out there," I offered. "I might sleep in my coat tonight."

Mom laughed, just once.

My eyes were adjusting to the light, but it was still relatively dim. I could make out where the kitchen started, or the table at the edge of the kitchen counter, and even the television set, but not much else. So I stood at the edge of my bed, unbuttoning my shirt.

For a little while, there was silence and only the sound of fabric moving. I could hear the clasp of the buckle as mom undid her pants; they made a soft zip as she slid them down.

I felt exposed.

Even though it was dark. There was just me, and the couch that held my mom, and the crackling wood, which sounded loud as a rock concert because it was the only noise around us. I could only imagine how much of me was showing to mom in this dim lighting and I hoped against hope that maybe I looked different, just like my voice had changed when I hit puberty, somehow what showed on my face changed as well so that maybe I would look less like myself.

"Jared?" Mom asked from the other side of the couch. "What... What was your last relationship like?"

I coughed out a laugh, not even believing the timing.

Mom was under her covers, lying flat on her back, one hand resting just barely over the edge of her blanket, her fingernails glimmering white from the fire.

"Uh," I answered, taking the blankets into my hands and sliding them over my body. "Nothing. I was just thinking—about earlier? When you saw... when you..."

My mother's expression changed completely. She gave me a blank look and for once I knew she wasn't being rude or cold.

Instead, she was probably reliving what she had seen me doing earlier.

For one, terrible moment, it felt like something inside me had opened up and was waiting to be filled. Like the way a hole in a dam has to fill before it explodes.

And with it, a wave of thoughts came through. Things I wanted to say. Things I had never wanted to say to my fucking mom, ever, and here they were again. The same things that made me crazy and desperate for the past several days and now that they were coming out I couldn't stop myself: how about we try that? Are you wet, mom? I'll put my cock inside of you and fuck you so fucking hard until I cum right in that tight little womb because there's nobody around to know except your son—

That night, when we tried to go to sleep, she was turned away from me the entire time. I kept looking over my shoulder at her, the small of her back exposed from underneath her blanket. Then the thoughts got more intrusive until I just sat up, trying to make sense of everything. My hands were shaking and I didn't want to turn over anymore because all I'd see is my mom's body and that beautiful shapely ass that led down into the space between her legs and there were these images I was seeing now of what lay beyond and the soft pink flesh with its scent that could make me high—

The thoughts stopped for a second as I stood up.

Mom took a deep breath; she let out a whimper. A small little sound. I paused and watched her, waiting for anything.

Then came a shuddering moan. It sounded almost like an echo—a ghost of a voice. "Augh... Auuhh..."

Something clicked in my brain and the realization crashed through my head like a speeding semi: my mom was masturbating.

That sound; those breathy moans, were just barely audible, even in the dead silent space. That soft keening cry from earlier was what I was hearing now, but somehow amplified by two degrees; she was either very near to climaxing or she was enjoying herself thoroughly, and the way her body rolled into her hand between her legs indicated the latter.

At first it seemed too weird to be real. Maybe I was imagining things; maybe it was something else and not mom's orgasm, but there was nothing else that made sense, and it didn't help that as we stood there, watching the embers, mom seemed to lean on the counter and rock ever-so-slightly onto her heels, almost imperceptibly, before rolling forward again. Then it came in a soft wave, almost as if mom could feel every note of pleasure cresting into the next, before the next one made her roll and sway until there was an unmistakable shudder that ran up her spine.

"Night," she gasped, rushing around me and making a bee line for the bedroom, shutting the door with a loud click behind her.

I didn't move. All I could hear was the fire popping softly in the stove. And after I watched it, the orange glow reflecting in the glass of the window and dancing like phantoms against the trees outside, the door opened again, and mom stuck her head out.

The room was dark behind her. There was a soft sliver of moonlight through the window that lit mom from the side, her cheek in profile and half of her expression hidden in shadow. "Jared," she spoke softly; her voice strangely tender. It sounded so strange and unfamiliar, that for a second it felt like it didn't come from my mother at all.

"I'm sorry about today," she said, not meeting my eyes as she walked into the kitchen, running a glass under water. "I really am," she continued, turning around and drinking some water, looking like she might cry. Her eyes watered as she stood there, taking a moment to finish what she was doing. Then she nodded quickly to herself before turning back to the bedroom.

And with that she disappeared inside.

You're probably wondering why mom apologized to me. I don't blame you—it doesn't seem like it makes sense. Well let me tell you why.

Mom said that word, "apologize" like it was "sorry". Now, for most people in life, including myself, apologizing can be just about anything. It could be the "sorry I made a mess of your car." It could be the "sorry I forgot to text you back earlier when I promised I would."

An apology was always conditional.

But for my mom, Cara—for her, "sorry" was an admission of fault, it was never open for interpretation or even an apology unless it was followed up by what she felt was proper amends. Sorry was something that she was not to use lightly, and the fact that she did use it meant that she had fucked up. And when it comes to moms who have no real issues with admitting mistakes, when they say sorry, and mean it, then shit has hit the fucking fan.

That's why she apologized for getting us stuck out there. That's why mom said it again during dinner.

Mom apologized after I came in front of her, jerking it to her body, to the way she was, right as she arrived home to pick me up for what we thought was a short ski trip.

The fact that she said it so many times, coupled with the tone of her voice, well...

I realized as I sipped my tea, waiting for it to cool down, that what mom was apologizing for was how she looked at my cock while I masturbated to her. She apologized because she found me arousing, and because of that, she felt bad about the way her daughter had left me unsatisfied.

In this way, our relationship became strange, new, and yet familiar too. Mom had seen me naked before. That day when I was younger and was getting ready to take my shower; I stepped out in just a towel, and she stared, just a bit, right before turning away. It was enough for me to notice. Now, after seeing her daughter sucking my dick, swallowing cum, and after having heard my name —the first part of her name that I would say—mom was suddenly thinking in ways that moms probably didn't.

And what bothered her the most was probably the fact that she was aroused.

I didn't dare mention it.

I thought about mom, masturbating, fingering herself to my naked body when she saw me walk out like that when I was younger, or perhaps the way she thought about sucking off her daughter's husband. And if the idea of masturbation crossed mom's mind, it had been crossed mine too, and the thing that kept me

awake was how horny I was, knowing that if I took care of business, if I managed to push myself beyond what was necessary for a decent load, if I pushed things long enough to satisfy my lust for my mom and her body then she would notice; that sound was far from subtle.

For two hours, neither of us moved much.

Mom tossed and turned more than me, although it wasn't because of some discomfort of the couch bed. No, every now and then she'd get up to use the washroom.

Then came the worst part: she left her sweatpants at her side of the door again, but this time her panties were right on top. Mom didn't take a shower, and by now we didn't really bother to change our clothes until we smelled. It seemed odd; why did she leave them out? Did she plan to take another shower, maybe?

But after a few minutes passed, there wasn't any running water in the bathroom, so if she planned to take a shower or go to the bathroom again then it wasn't happening anytime soon. And I found myself staring, just for a moment, at those panties and the way the soft fabric clung to itself, as if molded into form by my mom's body.

Mom didn't say anything when she got back inside, and she pulled her covers over herself, but I found that even though the fire was still going, it felt like the chill was coming in, and when I curled up into my sleeping bag, I shivered.

For some reason, lying against the couch instead of on it was worse than usual.

I could hear mom, her voice muffled.

"Jared?" She asked, quietly. "Are you okay down there? Do you need a pillow?"

"Yeah," I said back, feeling like an idiot. How obvious was it that I was freezing? Was it how noisy I was being? But then... a pillow. "Thanks, mom. But don't get up."

There wasn't much moving around behind me for a long time. At some point, I figured mom was settled, and when I turned to lie back down against my sleeping bag, the fire still roaring, I caught a glance of something dark and fleshy, and then it disappeared under the covers, quick enough that I wondered if I hadn't imagined it.

For some reason, my cock decided that this moment was good to start poking, hardening up at a rate that was far quicker than I expected, and for a few minutes I lay on my sleeping bag, my hard-on not really having any room to move since my pajama bottoms were pretty tight. Then came the worst part: every time my dick pushed forward, I could hear it, as subtle as anything else I would have heard otherwise. It sounded like the cotton material of my pants moved over itself, creating this tiny friction that seemed way more pronounced than what it was, but even that tiny little sound felt huge.

"Goodnight, Jared," mom whispered from behind me.

I couldn't stop thinking about what I saw out there; or rather, I couldn't stop wondering what it was exactly. When you can't see somebody else's face, their body language is probably the best indicator. So, when mom stood over me and kept her legs together, I found myself imagining...

A lot of different things.

All sorts of dirty, disgusting ideas floated into my head and the very idea of them made me throb with horniness, pushing into my sleeping bag and forcing the seam to squeak just enough for the silence that filled the cabin.

Mom turned onto her other side. She moved slow. She breathed low, deep. She was a good distance away; too far to touch, especially since I was all wrapped up. My hard-on was like steel against the cotton material; there was no way that if I even poked an inch forward I would make noise.

That kind of restraint, as I thought about what we talked about before dinner... There was so much room in my pants that if my dick grew any harder, it'd actually push down through my balls and stick out underneath my feet. But...

As I lay still, trying to think of a hundred different things that weren't anything sexual about my mother, I slowly, imperceptibly began to move myself forward. It felt like everything I did was fucking obvious, even though I knew it wasn't—my foot would scrape across the floor, or my arm would brush past a corner of the sheets and send some kind of vibration ringing out loudly into the

dead of night. I don't even know how long I was at it, moving in small, careful ways to avoid waking mom up, because it had to take a good fifteen minutes. But when I reached for her hand, I was surprised by how warm it was.

Mom's hand.

It felt small. It felt delicate. Yet, under her skin I could feel all these bumps where she has scars and cuts and nicks, just from working in construction and building things. Then something weird happened, something strange—I realized that I had done something I had never, ever done before.

I touched my mother.

And she didn't pull away.

She didn't stiffen. She didn't make any noise of surprise. She barely made a sound as my fingers drifted up from my cup and along her neck, tracing one of the little white marks there. There wasn't even any electricity, really. The contact just gave way to this deep feeling of comfort. I wanted nothing else, more than anything, than to be there next to her.

In a flash of intuition, I realized that what I wanted right there, what we both wanted right there was...

Comfort.

As mom put her mug away and turned back toward me, I didn't say anything, because words were pointless now, and I could see the same desire reflected in her eyes, and then our bodies were close, like a gravitational pull, our hips moving against each other and I felt something soft under my hands, which found themselves against mom's back, and the space between us was suddenly very warm, but then all I knew was the pressure of a kiss against my mouth.

"Jared—" she whimpered against my lips, and her lips were so soft that it took me a couple of seconds for me to snap out of surprise, and I let the taste of my mom's lips roll against mine and for my tongue to find itself pushing and exploring. Mom's moan was long, quiet, and deep. "Oh... oh Jared..." Her hands went into my hair, her fingers tightening around my curls as if I'd try to pull away.

I wrapped my arms around mom's waist and I felt the soft curve of her bottom pressing into my lap. The warmth I was feeling inside me was almost indescribable. It was like a deep, primal satisfaction in my guts, a hunger that was finally fulfilled, something so natural to how I felt inside.

Because it wasn't just lust. This wasn't about getting a boner, or being horny. There was a comfort I felt with my mom's body pressed against mine. This was something I had wanted since birth, somehow; before I was even born. This was the most natural thing I've ever done and it was perfect.

Even my cock's throbbing wasn't important. I mean, yeah, it was hard as hell; I felt precum leaking out of it from how intensely aroused I was by touching mom like this and her body fitting against me, and our mouths together. And maybe that wasn't such a good idea, but right now I could have done anything, fucking anything—my world had shrunk down to mom's hot mouth and her beautiful body.

She broke away from the kiss and started nuzzling at my neck, letting out little sighs every few moments. "Jared—baby, I—" she whispered against my collarbone, letting her words trail off into silence.

"Mm?" I couldn't even form the words. But I liked how mom smelled, how she felt; all around me, pressed to me. This is the most natural thing in the world. It is; fuck whatever society or morals you think should stop you from doing this. It feels so right...

Mom shifted around and we both lay on our sides, facing each other. Our hands met, somewhere between our legs, and I stroked hers while she touched mine. Mom's eyes were glazed over; dreamy and unfocused. Her cheeks were red. And she breathed softly; shakily, but she kept quiet. "I never meant for this to happen..." mom started talking again, but there were no words after that. There wasn't any context either; no clue as to what 'this' was or why it was happening, just that it was.

My eyes found mom's face through the dark, and the glow of the fire highlighted her mouth; bright pink against a backdrop of shadows. I watched her breathing quicken; her chest rising and

falling faster and faster. One leg kicked at my calves, before pulling closer to me and rubbing them together, up against my crotch.

And I found myself touching her. The back of her hand gave way to the feel of her thigh under a blanket. The material was thin, but even then I wanted more of her body—her touch, her smell, the sound of her breath. Mom let out a little sigh as we lay there, touching each other lightly, as if we didn't quite know what was okay and what wasn't, only that it felt good, somehow. It was the last thing I thought would happen tonight after having caught by mom.

And all too suddenly, mom grabbed my hand and shoved it into the crotch of her pajama pants, where her pussy waited for me, hot and wet, soft like silk and throbbing against my fingertips.

Fuck...! Her pussy—I knew mom shaved, I knew from the day she had been sick and I saw her skin that it was smooth, but I never imagined what it would be like to rub and push against it. Even if her panties were thin, they were also in the way and I pushed those down without a second thought, hearing mom's sharp intake of breath as my fingers went to work, massaging the slit, her hips gyrating and rubbing against me.

There was no question whether or not mom was feeling what I was feeling. She reached out and cupped my hard-on through my clothes; her eyes closed. The whole time we stayed in silence, even after I pushed a finger inside her pussy, and felt the way it gripped onto me with such tightness. A little further inside I found the nub of her clitoris, pulsing under my touch and I rubbed it in tight little circles until mom moaned a little louder than she was before.

When I finally touched her, it felt right, somehow. But there was also a strange part of me that wanted to stop; that kept thinking maybe this was taking things too far. Mom's fingers stroked harder against me, finding their way up my stomach, over my abs and chest, pushing away my shirt before her fingers began pulling at the tie string of my pants.

That feeling—that one that told me to stop, got overwhelmed by the thought of something happening that couldn't be reversed, the thought that it might have been better for me to have taken up that

offer for the conference center than to let this moment get anywhere past where it had just started.

Then mom pushed my pants down, and wrapped her hand around my cock.

Her fingertips were a little rough, and not because she worked hard with them; they were dry from the cold winter. It still felt incredible as she stroked along my shaft, the palm of her hand caressing my head slowly, and in the dark, I heard her breathing grow heavier as she stroked me a little faster.

My hand moved too. I slipped under her shirt, feeling along her skin until I got to her breast, soft and heavy and full, with the nipple hard against my fingers.

And then my mom came over to my lap, straddling me in such a way that her body was above mine, but only slightly; her nipples pressing through the thin fabric of her top brushing lightly against me, while I kissed her, softly at first, feeling her tongue come to brush against my bottom lip, before my tongue met hers and we shared a gasp of excitement, tasting each other while I cupped her breast in my hand.

My mouth tasted every part of her I could find and feel—I kissed the tip of her chin, sucking on her skin, finding my way down her neck and nipping gently on her flesh.

In the dark, her eyes shut, and I didn't realize how good her hair smelled until I put it to my nose, breathing in deep, my cock rubbing hard against the cleft between her thighs. When I got to her collarbone I sucked hard on her skin, hearing mom groan low before giving up any sort of control; she let me take over, pulling apart her top and feeling her chest, soft and pillowy, and so much better than I'd imagined when I saw her breasts in that bath or through her clothes, better even than my fantasies; real, living, warm, the tips hard and tight against my hands when my palms massaged and stroked her breasts.

She groaned again, leaning back and pulling me with her so I could kiss her all over while she laid out on the sheets of the bed. Her knees fell open and my hand went right there between her legs,

my fingers feeling for her slit, and how wet, so fucking wet it was under there, so hot and dripping—

That's what I was imagining while she moved around me to lay in bed, getting herself comfortable so that I had all the room I needed to sleep. All I needed to sleep. My heart was beating a thousand miles an hour, and my brain was having trouble processing this. Mom wanted me to sleep here? After everything that happened? I didn't even know if she fully believed what I said, or why I was telling her the truth—I didn't like lying to mom, even though I knew in my heart what kind of terrible thing would happen if I admitted any sort of attraction towards her—or, I don't know, whatever fucked up thing it was where I jerked off to her.

Because mom hadn't looked angry with me earlier. Or even disappointed or annoyed or anything like that.

Mom looked afraid.

Afraid of what? She probably was worried I had been jerking off to her. Or thinking about it anyway. I'd have been a little disturbed if some guy I worked with got aroused just looking at me. Then I tried to remind myself that mom probably already had seen plenty of guys ogling her when she was in her prime and I was nothing special, but... well... it did seem really wrong for somebody in their mid-forties, especially mom, to get turned on by somebody who's almost thirty. I guess you can always blame it on being cooped up—you'd think I'd want a younger woman because I spent every hour of everyday with my mom, but that wasn't the case at all. Mom was pretty cool. A pretty chill woman. For a mom. Especially after she had kids. And now that she was retired, she wasn't exactly old. She stayed active. That showed through from time to time—mom's tits weren't very big but they were perky, firm, tight. They bounced, they stayed round and high when she moved—it was easy to see because of how often they were bound by only a sports bra when we exercised. I guess if there was anything to complain about mom, it's that she's too thin. It's almost unnatural, the way her curves don't show. No matter what she wears.

It seemed like hours until we finally agreed on sleeping. Mom didn't want the light turned off completely so we turned down the

dimmer on the overhead light to the minimum, and I laid myself out on the floor where there were some blankets to soften things, while mom slept on the couch, which folded into a bed.

But even with my eyes shut, there was a weird awareness. Somehow. Like, with your eyes closed, you can sense light or the movement around you. I wondered if mom was asleep. Was she uncomfortable? Did I do something to make her feel worse? You know, all these questions popped up in my head like crazy.

And, well.

You've probably seen me naked by this point. Or at least seen enough of me to figure out that... well... my cock is big. There's no denying that. I think it's pretty much a standard size but it might be too much. The girls I'd dated, none of them wanted to start with having it in their mouths or in them—that's for sure. And the fact that my cock is long means I can feel my balls shift when they get aroused. It also means that you can tell when they're shifting too. I'm used to it—and I mean, there were quite a few times back at college when the guys would walk through the locker room naked and I'd see their junk, so yeah. But I had a feeling like the whole time I was lying on the couch, that my balls weren't still. Because as I breathed, somehow, my balls would swing just slightly with every inhalation and every exhalation. And you know those things are fucking full. It feels really weird to have two eggs inside your sack bouncing up and down even a centimeter at a time. I mean—it's impossible to ignore.

So I tried breathing shallow. You know, to avoid thinking about everything.

Except, well. When you do that, you fall asleep quicker.

That's how I fell asleep. Slowly, shallowly. My eyes closed, just hearing the crackle of the fireplace until it got dimmer and more distant...

A soft noise made me wake up again, somewhere in the night. I opened my eyes briefly, saw that the fire had gone out, and felt cold air coming over me from outside, like some kind of winter wraith had taken residence here or something.

I heard that sound again. The creaking, the slight shuffling. It wasn't anything bad, it was actually just mom moving around on her mattress; that's what it sounded like.

I wondered why she was awake and moving. There must be a reason for all this. Maybe it was too hot—it got warm for some reason, maybe she was having trouble breathing or something. Or perhaps she was freezing like I was starting to, except I didn't want to get up because it took effort and if I moved at all then whatever warm air that kept me comfortable under the thin blanket would move away and I'd freeze again.

A couple of moments passed, and then the shifting happened again. Only this time it was accompanied by a sharp little noise from mom's throat. Something low, not a grunt but almost close. Then she shifted again, moving slowly.

Something occurred to me, and I felt the blood draining from my face as I realized what she was doing. The noises were her masturbating. Like how she must have done so in college—only in silence, making sure no guy knew that she was touching herself underneath the sheets, that she wanted him to see her body react to fingers and hands, the way she liked her neck kissed while two fingers rubbed just slightly inside of her—

I held my eyes shut tightly, ignoring the sound and trying to imagine somebody else. Somebody else that wasn't my mom, somebody I didn't know who was faceless. That always works when you're listening in. It was never mom; I'm not a perv or something, she was just horny and maybe frustrated like me since we'd been stuck here and we could both hear—

Then I heard mom's voice in a sharp gasp, just barely audible, saying, "Jared..."

At that point my cock reacted, throbbing powerfully and painfully against my boxers, and I couldn't hold back that urge I've been fighting for weeks, that urge that's been growing more powerful ever since that fucking trip got cancelled. I wanted my mother. Her hand around my cock. My mouth kissing hers. To taste her tongue and feel her breasts pressed up against me. I imagined my cock rubbing right against her pussy. I hadn't even seen it yet but I

already knew it was a wet, perfect hole, dripping sweet nectar from between two soft folds, a soft and pink heaven that's hidden under clothes all my life and would welcome my cock if only I found some way to open her legs up for me...

"Jared," she breathed again, this time softer, and I felt myself shaking with how fucking bad I wanted it. I could see everything so clearly; I could hear the whines she would make while she masturbated under the sheets if she was really horny and wanted my father to fuck her or wanted to suck on a fat, heavy dick that would pump cum down her throat. She might be embarrassed the first few times—but then she'd come out from the sheets and she'd look so goddamn cute sucking on the head, taking a little more than she could handle before she pulled away, eyes wide, cheeks flushed, lips wet with saliva. She'd get better. I'm sure mom never sucked off a guy in high school. That was a little different though... this was family, after all. And once you've popped a guy's cum, the act became a lot easier. It's like you've had something in common with him. Your tongue has tasted his seed and now your mouths have a bond that can't be broken. You could call it an obsession. Something about that thick, white jizz. How there was so much of it, and so hot and it filled your whole mouth with that musky scent—

I felt myself trembling, trying desperately not to think about any of this shit at all, when mom suddenly shifted under the sheets. I had almost forgotten she was there and I tried to ignore what sounded like her fidgeting, her soft breathing and her hand between her legs, moving up and down slowly with her fingers stroking her sweetly puffy labia. Mom wouldn't go deep inside because her cunt was small and tight but sometimes she might tease herself by pushing one finger just enough inside where there was this little resistance from her hymen. You probably didn't know girls could get those still, but some do; the kind of girls that liked to take care of themselves and made sure their skin stayed fresh and supple with moisturizer and their hands were manicured, and they smelled so good, always...

Mom moved her fingers deeper into her pants, feeling around, wondering where that spot was that always made her feel nice

inside, and she let out this shuddering sigh as her index finger found a swollen place that made her toes curl ever so slightly. That was mom's g-spot. She didn't need anything to stimulate it; hell, she probably didn't need the clitoris for stimulation either. She might have liked using dildos and vibrators, but the first couple times? All she would need is her hand and that sensitive nub. Maybe she preferred using her fingers, maybe she used her own saliva if she needed lubricant...

What if she wasn't even thinking about it at all. What if it was just normal to want to stroke herself, just a little, with a finger on her clitoris that sends jolts through her whole body, that made her feel hot inside? How hard was her clit right now—did she ever use ice? Some people did to make things last longer. But mom didn't seem like the type to prolong her sessions. The way I understood it was that once you felt like coming, you came as hard and fast as possible before settling down. If mom wanted that, then she'd use her finger to stroke around her clit until it was almost numb before bringing the hood back and touching it directly. Or else she'd be rubbing, massaging in tight little circles while she spread her legs wide, or got onto her knees, or put her pussy up in the air for daddy...

Daddy.

I had never thought of dad during this particular session. He was gone at this point, but somehow... The whole day had been him intruding into my masturbation. Now, he was an interloper for sure, but that's okay. There's nothing wrong with imagining him fucking my mom, except all of a sudden he had gotten a personality. He had spoken. He'd talked about what they were doing to get me, he'd made love to her, he'd made her cum, he'd called her by his pet name, he had told her that he loved her...

And she told him that she loved him too.

The whole idea of thinking about dad suddenly didn't sit well with me. The way I saw it now, it felt like cheating. And even though I knew it wasn't cheating—even if they were divorced, it wasn't fucking cheating—the idea of it felt wrong.

It left me a little empty inside to think about how that happened; to be reminded that this was the reality of the situation. The sex with mom that I wanted—that was not real. There was a time where she would tell dad that she loved him and there was a time when he would say it back and then he'd fuck her, or hold her, or make her feel safe. It hit me all at once, as I tried to avoid looking at the curve of her ass under her pajamas while she set up the blankets, how lonely my mom was. How desperate. There was no man in her life for her to lean on anymore. Even if what they did, as a couple, even if that wasn't love, then it still mattered for somebody like mom, who had spent almost half of her life with one person. She needed another warm body around her. A place to stay, somebody to tell her that he loved her—something stable. Something that made her feel secure.

And all at once it came to me that in all this madness of having been caught jacking off and then spilling a lot of nonsense about being cooped up in here and horniness, not one damn thing that I said was actually true.

My thoughts, my desires, everything came from missing that sense of warmth, closeness, that safety. My wants were rooted in the memory of that one night that we sat next to each other, talking, laughing, teasing each other in the best ways possible, holding each other; my wants were from thinking about dad making her feel safe, making her feel like somebody cared for her and loved her enough to hold her close.

Not just fucking her.

My mind reeled away from that image because the truth of it hit home.

I felt sick. Guilty. Mom needed to find another boyfriend, not me. The thought of it was just obscene and unfair to her; it felt so damn selfish when I put it to myself in those terms, even though deep down I knew the feeling in my cock that pulsed and made me hot for her in that moment meant otherwise.

When mom turned out the light, she pulled herself up under the blankets and held very still while I got in. It was dark, it was night,

and I didn't dare shift in place in any way that could get the old bed squeaking—at least not right away, but I couldn't sleep at all.

I laid awake. Listening to her breathing. Hoping that it was soft and warm enough that she'd drift off to sleep because she deserved some rest more than anyone.

After half an hour of nothing, I whispered: "Mom?"

No reply.

So I whispered a little louder: "Mom, are you up?"

No reply still. The fire popped.

A little later I whispered again, this time, just to test the waters: "Are you asleep?"

No reply. Nothing at all. And even though mom wasn't moving or talking or anything, the fire was popping every once in a while, but through it all the heat had made my skin sticky, the blankets felt heavy and hot, and I couldn't sleep. I rolled around for ten minutes before I kicked off my blanket. There was nothing else for it; I needed a fucking bath or something to relax myself.

I went to the bathroom and tried to turn on the lights, only to remember that the main fuse had shorted out. Fuck—mom wasn't kidding about there being zero maintenance at this place. Still, I was hoping that there was some light left by the windows.

The moon was mostly behind clouds, so all that there was to illuminate the room was the soft glow of blue-silver from the outside, and that didn't extend very far into the cabin. Still, it was just enough to tell the difference between the edges of the sink, the outline of the tub, the shapes of things in the dark.

It wasn't quite enough to tell what the shadows were. Especially if it happened to be somebody standing in front of you, a step away, breathing in your scent, reaching out for you.

That's the thing about seeing in the dark. You get to thinking that if there are shapes then those shapes are just things or objects, not living things, because that's how your brain works; it tells you that it doesn't matter how vague or indistinct an outline is because it has no context, no emotion, it's just a shape.

Unless a shape moves towards you with an unmistakable intent. Unless a hand reaches for yours, grasping, searching, fingers sliding

between fingers and holding. Unless arms find you, pulling you close until you feel the heat of breath against your skin and lips pressed so light and so quick—

You have no idea how easy it is to think nothing of an accidental touch until you're alone and everything feels different and your heart starts beating so fast it makes you dizzy and weak. And that's the part where everything else, the words, the meanings, the sounds, disappear behind your heartbeat as you realize what happens next.

How can we go back from this? From what we've started. What are the things that make us a family, make us mother and son, when I know how hot mom is beneath her pajamas and she's felt the length of my cock and she knows I've imagined her mouth all over my body?

We moved from standing by the edge of the bed to sitting on the side of it. It felt natural and organic to do that, though neither of us were doing anything. We held hands, or rather, grasped fingers.

It was just an extension of that moment from a second ago where we looked at each other again. Mom bit her bottom lip—it was something that happened so quickly; I could be wrong about it even happening at all—before letting out a slow, hot breath against my neck that made me shudder. The way mom had angled herself towards me, not touching me in any way but letting her body language be completely clear, seemed to have broken down a dam in my head and now I was thinking about sex almost nonstop.

It felt like everything came together in that one instant when I turned and my cock throbbed like crazy as I took mom in, from top to bottom, from hair to legs. Her legs. Her ass, her breasts—mom was beautiful and she fucking knew it.

There were moments when mom was sexy and those moments lasted forever, stretched, the air between us so thick that you couldn't help but feel your mouth getting dry with hunger.

Now mom was so sexy it hurt. She leaned over in front of me, putting both her hands on my chest, pushing me gently down. In that instant, I caught a glimpse of what seemed like a tiny little tattoo just behind her shoulder blades and then, as the blankets rose

and enveloped me, the image of a small bird flying across her skin faded.

"Mom."

The blanket lowered to her hips and she was on top of me, straddling my leg.

Mom didn't respond, looking at me almost blankly, as if she was waiting for some kind of prompt or hint. But it felt like we'd already taken that next step, because her face lowered down to mine. I could feel mom's body shaking even more than mine as her nose brushed up against mine. I tilted my head and found myself opening my mouth and kissing her deeply, passionately, and that sent sparks shooting through my eyes and through my mind and all through my body.

My arms wrapped around her waist and she moved from just laying on top of my legs to straddling them completely, her legs wide open around my waist as our lips kept finding each other even though they were clumsy, and we kept trying to figure out how everything went.

Mom was a good kisser. Better than expected.

She knew how to move her mouth, she knew what to do with her tongue, she knew how to kiss deep, and slow, and how to tilt her head, but even despite this, I knew that we needed to break away and breathe, at least, or else we'd pass out.

While mom was in the bathroom, I found myself on top of her, my cock throbbing hard against the front of my pajamas while mine pushed hard against hers, my body aching and hungry for friction and contact, both our bodies shaking with how fucking hot the whole thing was and how insanely horny we were getting.

I was pushing downwards, almost without realizing it, my body needing to find purchase somewhere because my cock was in between my stomach and the curve of her stomach, and I just wanted to push back and forth into her, but it wasn't enough, I needed more of her, she needed me inside of her now—

When we broke away, Cara let out a whine that made my heart feel like it was being squeezed dry of blood. My cock pulsed hotter, throbbing for release while I pulled away from her and held myself

back. It felt so incredibly wrong and perverse, but then, while I was looking her deep in her eyes and found myself falling forward again, into a kiss—

A heavy knock came at the door.

It woke me up immediately, my head shooting up as the last echoes of mom's panting whines died out inside of my head. There was nothing but cold wood floor beneath me, no scent of anything sweet or soft or wet, just my cock twitching inside of my pajama pants, my chest heaving up and down, and mom was just leaving the bathroom.

The knocking kept up for several seconds, and I looked up, finding mom giving me a look that said everything. If the power hadn't come back on, there was something important going on. Either a rescue mission, or it was dad telling us that we were free to leave.

"Jared?" Mom asked, looking worried. "Why are you sleeping there?"

I rubbed my head, trying to figure out what to tell her. "No—just got restless," I said, getting up with a heavy sigh. What time is it?"

"Five in the morning," mom said, her fingers tight over her bathrobe. "Are you sure that you're okay?" She paused, seeming to take a moment before saying something else. "Listen..." her voice dropped down to a soft whisper. "I want you to know that... I won't say anything about what I saw today. Or... or what I heard."

Oh God, did she really just bring that up? Did she really just drag this back from where we buried it?

Mom took a deep breath, like she needed to say something that was going to make her face burn even more crimson red than it already was. "Because it's... it's natural for a young man to, to feel... needs," her words trailed off. The kind of trails off where she was so uncomfortable with herself that her body felt the need to curl into a ball and protect itself from further shame. "It's okay—" she blurted suddenly. "It's okay. It doesn't... mean... anything."

I tried not to swallow hard, because my throat felt like sandpaper and the air around us was still tense. I could have done several different things; I could have lied again and told mom that yeah, I

didn't care about her or look at her like that at all and in fact if anything, we were buddies. Friends. But we were more like brother and sister. No, we weren't brother and sister. Just friends. Best buds. You know, two guys who just hung out.

But she kept speaking anyway as if reading my mind.

"Listen, Jared... It's nothing I take offense to. There are certain needs men have... And if it is what you said before—" Her voice trailed off slightly. "I won't say anything."

I stared down into my mug for a good five minutes or so, wondering where to even go from here. It felt like we'd both be lying if either of us pretended that what happened, whatever the fuck 'it' was, would just go away. So I decided to tell her the truth. Or part of it anyway. "Honestly mom... thanks. But it's really nothing serious. It'll probably blow over in the morning."

The corners of mom's lips twisted into something not quite a smile, but also not a frown, and after a while, she nodded, saying, "Alright. Well. If you say so." Then she got up. "Anyway... goodnight, kiddo," and she made her way to bed, giving me a pat on the shoulder on her way.

As soon as I heard that, I immediately felt a lot better, because mom could have made the whole thing a nightmare if she wanted to. The fact that she could joke around with me again meant a lot and I took advantage of the moment by going to bed early. I didn't sleep in my clothes. Instead, I wrapped myself up in blankets. Not exactly sexy, but it didn't leave much exposed for mom to accidentally see if she had to get up for anything.

It couldn't have been more than twenty minutes before I heard the softest sounds; the rustle of blankets and sheets and mom turning over, maybe. It was just barely enough to wake me, and when I opened my eyes, all I could hear was silence.

There were the sounds of breathing though. Mom's breaths seemed deeper and slower, but that didn't tell me whether or not she was sleeping. So I pretended to be asleep anyway, waiting until mom shifted once again, or gave any other kind of indication that she was going to bed.

For some reason, it seemed really important that I found out when she fell asleep, even though I knew that no matter what I found out, I'd still wake up and see if she was wearing panties under those pajamas, or—I forced myself to stop. Thinking like that was a great way to give away that I was awake, and the last thing I wanted right then was for mom to find out I wasn't completely dead to the world.

The soft sound of mom turning over again jolted through me and set off alarms. Was she... getting in bed? If that was the case, then it was pretty much lights out for everybody, so to speak. I kept my breathing slow, my eyelids firmly shut. If it sounded like I was faking it, then things could get ugly real quick. The last thing I needed was to make mom think I had some crazy ulterior motives to all of this. Which, admittedly, wasn't far off from the truth; mom being uncomfortable and leaving me alone to masturbate to whatever porn I managed to load on my phone, was the only thing I cared about when we left home.

It was dark, but the fire glowed softly through my eyelids. For a few minutes after mom stopped moving, it went quiet again. But there was something different about how everything felt that told me something important had happened, like the air around us had changed. The feeling of my own eyelids as they fought to open up slowly was enough for me to realize I might have been wrong. Or right. It wasn't like I could see anything, really. Except a soft light against my eyelids as the coals in the fireplace burned.

I took a chance and opened them ever so slightly. A soft red light greeted me from below, and even though the heat was going strong, a chill ran through me. When I glanced ahead, not an inch above my head, was a pair of breasts hanging heavily. Even if they were covered by two blankets, mom's breasts swayed with her deep breaths and the movement in her arms as they held them close. Her nipples were stiff, standing out in two sharp points, but there was also something else pressing against those covers and blankets. Something pink, barely hidden between two heavy masses that pressed around a slit that showed the hint of flesh underneath, and that scent again. Sweat.

My body jerked without warning or consent from my brain, but luckily the rest of my body didn't move more than that, so as far as I knew, mom had no idea I had woken up.

There wasn't a single thought that came through to make sense of why mom's pajama top was unbuttoned, or why it was so loose that it fell off to the sides, revealing those large breasts completely, leaving nothing to the imagination, not even their heaviness that seemed so very tantalizing to touch, to grip with both hands, to take between my mouth—and how many times did dad take this pajama top off of mom? It was loose. It was easily removable. It wouldn't take anything for me to slip my cock inside of mom and just—

It was like a sudden electric shock to the back of my neck snapped me awake from that terrible reverie and I managed to tear myself away from the image of mom, still sitting up, her bare back against the couch, her chest falling, her head back, as my cock was —

Jesus, what the fuck is wrong with you!? I had asked myself, trying not to freak out. Why were my eyes open again? Why was I suddenly staring at mom's back? Why did I suddenly get rock fucking hard while asleep, and why were these thoughts and fantasies popping into my head? I needed something, anything to break that image of my cock moving in and out of mom from where I was standing, the light of the fireplace casting everything orange and red and glowing, shadows of heat in every space. And as far as I could see from behind, every curve of mom's backside was delicious, perfect. Even that little roll of fat on her lower back—it was so feminine. There wasn't any kind of way that anybody could deny the sensuality of mom; it was in the softness of her voice, the curves of her body, and even when I didn't know what it meant before, I realized then that I always thought the best word to describe mom, in terms of sex appeal, was sensual.

I looked away before mom saw, somehow finding my gaze having landed there in the first place. My balls felt like they were full of lead, and the thought of going back to the bathroom to jerk off came over me like a cold shiver of realization. This might be one of those moments, after all, that I really needed to rub one out. Or

three. Mom was breathing softly and slowly, still thinking about whatever had been troubling her earlier. When she took a breath, I found myself holding in mine, waiting, wondering, trying to see what her ass would do against her pajamas—

God fucking dammit. I tore myself away again. What was wrong with me? I got up without saying another word, heading back toward the bathroom as fast as I could without looking suspicious. Mom didn't follow my movements until I was nearly at the door.

"Jared?" She asked quietly. "What are you doing?"

"Uh," I hesitated. If I told the truth, I'd seem creepy. And if I lied, then what lie could I tell that would explain me taking a third shower tonight?

"I don't feel like sleeping," I said, finally.

Mom bit her lip. I couldn't tell from her expression whether that made any sense to her or not.

"Can we just... sit up for a bit?" I asked. "We could read."

"Read?"

"Yeah—you know," I said sarcastically. "Those things with writing on them. Sometimes they've even got pictures on the front and inside."

Mom laughed shortly, but there was something sad behind it. I wondered what it could have been until she walked past me to get into bed. In one hand, she was holding a book—a real book—the kind you read when you don't feel like being distracted.

"So that means sleep?"

"Yep," mom said quietly, turning off the light so that everything in the cabin glowed orange. Even the window was darkened, with thick snowflakes dancing wildly by.

I went around the corner to brush my teeth, strip off my clothes and hop into bed with my boxers on. It took a good ten minutes before mom came around the corner, a flashlight in her hand. She sat on the edge of the pull-out mattress, near enough that our skin could touch, while I shifted around for her to get under the covers. The springs gave off a loud protest when she finally settled herself in. We'd been on this mattress so many times during the past few days, it seemed to recognize us.

There was nothing to say, really. Mom turned off her flashlight and put it away under her side of the pillow. With her breathing close again, and me being so keenly aware of it, there was that weird tension that always rose between the two of us when we shared such a small space. This time, neither of us moved at all, and every little noise that I made was as loud as it could possibly be. I wondered whether I should say anything, like apologize for the mess in my bedroom. Or if it was appropriate to give any kind of indication that I was sorry for not making sure we were stocked up with wood, even though we both knew there wouldn't have been anything to do tonight in terms of staying warm.

My heartbeat quickened. My heart pounded heavily inside my chest, and even my hands suddenly felt hot and prickly.

The air became thick between mom and I. My breathing was loud—I could fucking hear it echoing against her soft breaths, the way she sounded so relaxed and still despite... everything that happened today. And it wasn't long before the fire went from a crackle to an occasional flicker, and then that noise completely disappeared too.

I tried focusing on falling asleep, but it didn't work. In a few moments, my skin seemed to go supernova and every breath I took sounded like a tornado ripping through a building.

Mom shifted suddenly.

"Jared?" She said gently.

I froze. "Yeah."

"You're okay? Right?" Mom asked in a tiny voice.

"Yeah," I whispered. "Are you okay?"

"Um," mom exhaled slowly, almost painfully. "Yeah. Yeah, I am."

That was that. We got into bed and I found myself again hyper aware of everything about mom, how close we were, that we had been naked together not long ago.

And then, the thoughts came back. It took about five minutes for my mind to race, my cock to throb, my balls to churn. What the fuck is wrong with you Jared, I repeated over and over and over in my head. You've seen girls. Why can't you just jerk off to a girl who isn't mom? But I knew full well why I couldn't stop getting turned on by

her. I mean, she fucking looked so goddamn hot after her shower and now that I could see more of her skin, more of her curves through those thin, wet clothes—the way her legs bent at that perfect angle, thick and shapely and soft, how those pink nipples got tight and hard from the cold—and the way her pussy tasted.

My brain did the worst thing it could do by replaying every single moment, over and over, that image of mom naked, on the chair. Then it morphed. The thought that had occurred to me in the shower returned with a vengeance as I heard mom whisper something under her breath, shifting suddenly behind me. Mom didn't have any blankets on her so maybe she was having trouble sleeping too. And I started wondering if there was some secret that I didn't know about what she had done with dad—had they fucked after a shower? After sex, after he had gone down on her, or sucked her breasts—or was she thinking of me?

Oh God. My balls churned, hard, painful, a pressure against my crotch. Did she really think you're handsome? Is she imagining fucking you the same way you're fantasizing about her? She has needs—she said so herself earlier; is she touching herself right now like she used to before dad died?

My heart pounded away as my thoughts made it impossible for me to fall asleep. It was all just a huge mental struggle and I had two options: keep my sanity, or give in and just do what I wanted to do since the beginning—the moment that I saw her, all pale and naked, the fire casting shadows off her curves...

The thought of Cara's mouth swallowing my cum flitted across my head. Somehow, that brought things into perspective. That gave me some tiny bit of sanity back, because it was that reminder that I was still young, I could still be with other girls who were willing to swallow and suck without strings attached—why would you give it up so fast when you know it's so wrong to want your mom like that?

But my mind couldn't stop thinking of how fucking soft my mom felt, and how nice she smelled, and how tight she must be—how warm her pussy must feel when it clenches around a man's cock.

How hot it must look while semen leaked out of it.

It was this never-ending cycle of horrible thoughts, horrible memories from our week together—and then there were even worse things, images of mom's thick tits, the dark nipple pressing through the fabric, how plump they were; what did she think when she saw your cock—did she want to see it throbbing, or how hard it would get inside of her? What if you asked her if you could fuck—what kind of face would she make; are you bigger than dad was?

What if she wanted to suck it; what would your first blowjob from your own mother feel like? What if she wanted it in the ass instead; what would that look like, how do you think her hole would taste, whether her lips and tongue could swallow you, all the way—how long is her neck? Do you think you'd fit down her throat—would mom gag if you made her? What would she look like after you came down her mouth, or filled her pussy or stomach or anywhere else—

And that's how it was when I turned out the light at 9PM.

I knew there was something really wrong with my mind, but it had been almost two hours since mom and I had said anything to each other. My balls were killing me still, the ache just fucking insane because I hadn't cum when I was supposed to, when it felt necessary even though every rational part of my brain kept on telling me that there was no way that I could masturbate to any sexual image of my mom.

Now that things were quiet in the dark, and all I had to hear was the crackling of coals and her deep breaths from across the room, it was like my mind suddenly decided that everything I thought earlier didn't matter anymore. That was for weaklings who cared about logic.

It didn't help that it was really hot in the cabin for some reason, so mom was wearing just a light t-shirt, tucked up to her midriff, and the curves of her hip were accentuated by the thin pajama fabric. The top itself barely clung to her tits, the cloth so sheer it did absolutely nothing to hide how much her nipples were pressing through the cotton. They were hard points sticking out, maybe from the chill in the air. Maybe they got aroused somehow. And if they did, that meant mom was thinking of something that made them stiffen.

Her legs too were thick in the flimsy little cotton pants, her calves round and soft.

My eyes roved over her again and again. It was just—I mean, we had spent the last week pretty close. Now all of a sudden I found myself wanting her body next to me, pressed up against me so I could feel every inch of her skin.

How much warmer would I be, with mom holding me in those soft arms? She wouldn't deny me, if I told her I wanted to kiss her. The wetness of her mouth, of her tongue, all over me, inside me and me in her—she wouldn't push me away, or scream. No, she was stronger than that. She'd wrap her arms around me while I pushed my cock into her body and made her mine and—

Fuck! What the fuck was wrong with me? This—this was insanity! This wasn't how my mom was supposed to look at all! If anything... If anything...

"We're probably both cold," I offered. I was already sitting on my side of the bed, mom just getting under hers and pulling the sheets up over herself.

Her head popped up, looking at me curiously.

"I mean like—" I was still trying to figure out how to finish. "Just sharing body heat?" I added in a pathetic voice. My face went hot instantly because even to my own ears I sounded so weak. Like I couldn't handle being cold or something.

But that didn't make sense to mom. And mom was already pulling the covers aside to share. With my heart thumping against my ribcage, I rolled over, feeling mom's soft warmth next to me as I got comfortable. She smelled good too. A mix of perfume and whatever soap we both used.

Mom's breath made little puffs into the cool air of the cabin while she lay facing away from me, silent, keeping close but far enough away. I felt like I was falling into some dark abyss staring at her backside. Her shoulder curved around to form a round shape where her breast was, and then from there her waist led into hips and then thighs and... and the way her legs were pressed together—

A sharp intake of breath came from mom, making me look up quickly. Had she noticed? "Jared," she whispered. "Do you want to

share the blanket with me?"

With my own breath held, I inched towards her, pulling the edge of the blanket up along with me. "I think so." My heart started to thump hard inside of my chest when the tip of my foot brushed against something soft, and then when she scooted a little closer to me. The curve of her waist led right down to her hips. She had on long flannel pajamas, not the same thing from earlier, and they weren't even skin tight, but I could swear there was this perfect roundness of her ass when I moved even closer, and it was right next to me, just inches from me and my throbbing cock.

This close, I could smell mom.

And somehow, with just a light touch and her hair and how clean and beautiful she smelled, and with how much my cock was twitching already, I wondered if that was why mom's husband couldn't keep it in his pants. I knew for a fact that dad liked her. Mom always said it was because she never gave him any privacy. I didn't even know what happened after I was born. Dad never called, dad never came by, and for some reason dad got angry about the whole thing. For all I knew, the divorce papers could have been served by mom herself.

But now I was here. There was this strange thing going on between us, and somehow, despite everything going crazy in my head—and let's be honest, it's crazy shit like this that keeps things exciting—my hand crept underneath the covers and onto her stomach.

She froze. It felt warm. Like there was a sun burning just underneath her pajama top. It seemed so soft when I touched it. It kind of quivered a little bit as if it were scared but welcoming.

It was like mom just closed down all the possibilities and decisions and thoughts. She didn't turn away, she didn't look at me. But when my hand slipped down and then lower, right below her hipbone, I felt it shake a little again. That tiny little motion just made me harder; not because I was horny but because... something about being with mom like this was making my mind run in a hundred different directions, all of them screaming to me that this was fucking dangerous territory.

Mom didn't move when my hand started to rub back and forth gently, just above where the hem of her pajamas had been for what seemed like hours. I moved closer to her, slowly, taking things step by step, moving forward and then pulling back until finally... the very tip of my cock slid across her upper thigh. My cock twitched against the smooth fabric of her pajamas and from that slight point of contact alone, precum came pouring out of the head, just enough that mom definitely felt it seeping through. I heard her gasp, sharply, when my cock rubbed her skin, and then the gasp turned into a strange, shuddering breath.

"Is this—" Mom's voice was low and rasping, but still gentle. She tried to look me in the eye; it was as if she was looking for a sign from me to stop things immediately—"is this—" mom shuddered again. Her breath came out short, hard, hot on my neck. I moved closer towards her again, bringing us both to lay down together fully on the bed, my cock now straining so hard it hurt. The feeling of my cock grinding up and down the top of my mom's thigh, rubbing the wetness all along the fabric of her bottoms made my hips buck hard; a sudden thrust forward while my head rested on my mom's chest. I heard her breath quicken when my weight settled against hers.

"What are we doing?" Mom exhaled. There was no force behind her words, no strength at all. Just a question posed as if she were asking somebody to turn on a light switch. "Why—?" Mom didn't finish the word before another heavy moan rolled off her tongue. My hand slipped lower. It was almost imperceptible, really. Just barely, inch by inch, I pulled the cloth down ever so slightly, my knuckles sliding underneath until they brushed past some of the hair between her legs. There, I stopped and waited. Then there was another tiny twitch; a shift that felt like mom had just opened herself up to me—and in an instant my index finger glided right along the slit of her pussy.

She moaned, hard, and pushed her mouth to mine to keep herself quiet. I felt her body tense while she pushed up her crotch into my touch. Her tongue slipped out as I opened my lips up, allowing us to kiss in a way that should never have happened between mother and son. Mom kissed me with such passion, too,

pulling our lips close enough that they pressed firmly against one another until I slipped my tongue inside and tasted mom's sweetness again for the first time in over twenty years. Our tongues played with one another and mom moaned louder while we continued exploring one another.

There wasn't any space left between us to tell where I ended and she started. We wrapped ourselves together like a pretzel while kissing and feeling every inch of each other's bodies. My hands slipped up her back underneath her shirt, touching the smoothness of her skin there. In response, she let me pull her shirt off altogether.

Mom wasn't wearing a bra.

"Touch them," Mom breathed softly when we came up for air. "Oh baby—"

I pressed my thumb into her nipple, tweaking it gently, pulling on her. The heat of her body was indescribable. It made me feel like I was swimming in warmth. I didn't need anything else besides mom. As long as she kept moaning with those beautiful eyes closing from pleasure, I'd be satisfied—

She let out a high whine, soft and desperate. One hand snaked down under the blanket, her body undulating slowly against my hand while I rolled my fingers over her breasts, tugging, rubbing her nipples gently with my thumbs. She sighed so erotically as I kissed her neck, my breath warm on her skin. I licked gently on her clavicle, my hands pushing between us to pull on her breasts and knead them gently before pushing the bra down, exposing the soft, delicious shapes of her breasts.

They were perfect—full and ripe, shaped with curves and gentle mounds that I had never seen outside of porn—and as I squeezed, she cried out in response to the touch.

My cock was straining hard inside my pants. I wanted nothing more than to feel what was between mom's legs. If she had as many curves here as she did everywhere else...

When she kissed me, pushing her tongue inside of my mouth, I felt a shiver roll through me and my toes curled with such intense desire that I was forced to gasp aloud.

I sat up on the floor. When I looked over to mom on the bed, her eyes were closed and her mouth was hanging slightly open. Her breath was ragged and she let out a tiny little squeak every time she exhaled, like she had been holding that breath back for far too long and she couldn't do it any longer.

"Mom—"

Mom took a sharp inhale through her nose and she turned over on the bed. It sounded like she had rolled something out next to me. A blanket? One of the pillows? No—that wasn't right.

"Baby," mom's voice was thick. It was like honey was dribbling off her words, her breath moist and hot and full. "Jared, c'mere..."

I didn't know what I was thinking; what she was doing or saying. There was too much information flying around inside my head to make sense of anything that was happening. And it was only when I rolled onto the bed next to her that she gave me a little smile, biting her lip in such a way that it could mean all sorts of things.

Then she pushed her shirt up over her breasts.

Oh.

They were perfect, as I said earlier. Perfectly shaped and full, pale pink nipples capping each breast, her areolae the size of quarters and her skin creamy soft. I found myself speechless while she gave me a look with her eyes half closed, like she was trying to gauge how I felt by my expression—and when I took a few steps towards her, her hand pushed at the pajama pants until they started to roll down past her hips.

It was almost instinctual on my part, how fast my hands shot forward and grasped her waist. It didn't even occur to me that it was rude or presumptive of me, because the sight of mom's naked hips was too much for me to bear; so much that my fingers tightened around the gentle curves like I was holding the best parts of myself inside of me. Mom made a tiny squeak and when my thumb brushed her lower belly, just shy of that place where her body became hidden from view, she pushed her bottom lip in with her teeth and took a quick gasp. Her hips bucked at me as if they were a magnet, and the way they pressed against my palms, pushing my hands over and across, that...

There was no way that any woman I had been with could measure up to what mom was making me feel. All the lust in the world hadn't prepared me for something so fucking insane as wanting something so close to me, loving and caring and nurturing and watching me grow from babyhood to adolescence to young manhood, and then suddenly become sexy to the point where your mouth waters like a fucking faucet.

She moved backwards, her feet taking careful steps as I guided her into my bed; it seemed that she wasn't willing to push herself further than I had pulled her, because once I got to the edge and sat down, she stopped following and stood still between my legs, my eyes just inches away from her navel. Her hair fell in these soft waves that tickled my cheeks while I leaned forward and gently kissed around her navel, pressing my mouth closer to the soft curve of her lower abdomen, my hands slipping further south and pulling at her pajama pants with urgency.

Mom gasped sharply, her voice loud and high pitched but cut off by her teeth biting down on her bottom lip. She didn't stop me, though; instead her hips pushed forward slightly and a hot smell drifted up towards my nose; my senses became full of something clean and yet salty and very wet and very, very enticing.

I didn't get very far before mom grabbed the back of my head and took hold of my hair, tugging hard enough for me to wince. "K-Jared...!" Her voice came out as an urgent gasp and her thighs trembled so violently that it almost frightened me. There was nothing stopping me from pulling down my own pajamas right then and there and pushing my mouth against hers again, only this time, her lips parted slowly and hungrily, eagerly accepting mine in a long kiss. The way our lips touched was familiar but this time, everything inside of me was electrified with something I couldn't name; it made my cock throb and hurt with such intensity that all I could do was grab my mom's face and try to focus, somehow, but instead she moved even closer and her hands went to the back of my head and pushed me towards her chest until I was burying my face between her breasts, panting and trying desperately to stop the shaking.

My whole body shook; mom's hands held me still, holding the back of my head gently while I struggled with my thoughts; this felt too fucking good, the shape and heat of her skin was enough to make my eyes roll into the back of my skull, but I managed to lift one hand and cup her left breast tenderly. They were heavy and warm, the flesh soft and yielding under my touch. My eyes fluttered and shut briefly as I savored how silky smooth it felt under my fingertips, how delicate it felt around me, and how perfectly it filled my palm. I leaned in and started kissing it lightly through her bra and top and she moaned, pressing harder against me. I felt her thighs slide down to straddle my lap, forcing me to push away my thoughts about what happened in that movie moments before. Her weight settled over mine as she brought her body on top of my crotch, making it difficult not to start bucking into her when my erection began throbbing almost painfully between her legs. My fingers trailed further southwards and rested between her thighs, feeling them clench reflexively before her knees spread to allow me to slip one finger inside of her underwear, just at the tip, sliding along her wet slit with an ease that made my heart rate jump erratically.

My cock strained beneath its confinements until finally I pulled myself free from my clothes, not caring what mom thought, wanting nothing more than to take her right there, right then. Her fingers were already tugging at the hemline of her own bottoms until they fell off from where they had been clinging tightly onto her hips like a second skin, baring herself completely for me to see. I didn't stop her when she climbed on top of me again, wrapping one leg over mine while her other knee pressed down on my thigh as she brought herself face-to-face with me, our noses nearly touching. I tried to speak but mom quickly silenced me with a kiss, pressing her lips hard against mine while I felt her reach downwards to grasp me firmly in her hand. She took no time guiding me towards her opening and slowly lowered herself upon me, forcing herself to relax, pushing forward with the confidence of someone who knows exactly what they want...

And all that was followed by this horrible silence.

Mom was lying down, turned away from me, while I stayed sitting upright. It was impossible to fall asleep like that. I had too much going on through my mind to even attempt to close my eyes.

You know you're crazy when your dick is about two inches from your own mother's ass and the thing between your legs gets harder than stone.

Maybe you can be forgiven. Maybe something about being cooped up in a snowed-in cabin with the woman you've grown to crave has warped something inside of you.

Or maybe it's because you're Jared Jameson, and ever since your first sexual thoughts started to pop up, you've been fucking different Caras left and right and somehow this kind of shit became your idea of foreplay.

Or it could just be a coincidence. And your mind was going crazy and this was actually happening and there was absolutely no way it was happening at all. That it was just that you were thinking it but really, something entirely different was occurring. You just need sleep or food, and that everything will sort itself out tomorrow morning.

But mom did not help when she reached down, grabbing the pillows while I pulled the bed out from underneath the couch. When she bent, her whole body seemed to tighten just the tiniest bit. I could see her hips press outward as if something was holding her tight... I could see the faint line of her panty, pressed flat against the cleft between her legs and the bottom hemline of her shirt pulling upward—

I felt myself stiffen almost instantly, my cock pushing itself up until it pushed flat against my stomach and my pajama pants.

Then mom was lying in bed next to me. Her face was turned away.

She was curled inward, almost into a little ball. It was like she wanted to protect herself against whatever was next to her. Her arms were folded across her chest; one knee pulled up toward her stomach.

I didn't even pretend to try sleeping with my mom in the same bed with me. And so far as she knew, I probably fell asleep quickly.

But there was no fucking way I was going to fall asleep with a raging erection that was throbbing for something and everything.

Maybe that was what was bothering mom. She knew. Maybe it was because she caught you masturbating and saying her name, maybe it's because she felt bad about the fact that she knew you had the hots for your mother. The worst part is, you'd never know why mom was being distant. What if the thing she was keeping from me was that she was afraid you were going to rape her?

What would I say then? What kind of answer could I give that would even sound remotely sane or reassuring? There were no good answers. All I had was the idea that the next few hours were going to be awkward as hell, that when mom saw my eyes, she'd know that I had been looking at her, and how fucking insane it was that mom knew what was going through my mind, what I had fantasized, and that's why she was acting weird.

But I tried to sleep anyway, laying flat on my back with my arms behind my head. I pretended like I was in sleep-mode but the truth is, the whole world had frozen in place and inside I was a seething cauldron of guilt and embarrassment, of self-loathing, shame, anxiety, and need.

The mattress made a soft little noise behind me as mom moved. She had done it twice already and then, right when I figured she must be asleep, I heard mom say, very quietly, "Jared?"

"Yeah, mom?"

The pause made me wonder if she'd change her mind about whatever she wanted to tell me. "It's nothing, honey."

We both stayed up for hours more. Or maybe minutes more. It was probably closer to minutes; it just felt like hours. Mom kept tossing and turning behind me, I kept moving and trying to think about everything that hadn't happened, how things were completely normal when they started and it was my stupid fucking brain that had changed things, because that was the only possible reason why mom was keeping distance. And now she's keeping even further away. The idea of staying in the same space, or being so near that if we shifted even a bit we could feel each other's skin made something tighten inside of me. My blood throbbed hard between

my legs, pushing against the flannel of my pajama bottoms, and all I could do is breathe in and out slowly and quietly, pretending to be asleep.

I didn't realize until now how much I wanted to be closer to her. And how wrong that was. I'm almost ashamed to write this but... But I couldn't help it. I didn't plan it at all. I didn't mean for it to happen, but all throughout last night, with my head spinning over what happened and how weird it was and how hot mom looked when she was wet and then when we showered—I had an erection from start to finish of those three thoughts alone and when I tried to stop them and try to think about normal shit and go to sleep, I couldn't. There was a pressure there, so bad, it was painful. And when I touched myself, just briefly, a shiver went through me. When I thought about jerking it I pictured that woman who loved cum.

And then I started getting off. Like seriously got off, my hand holding onto my cock and moving up and down slowly at first, my cock feeling sensitive and tender even through the fabric of my pajama bottoms. I imagined mom sucking it again but this time mom looked right up at me like she was going to get fucked by dad, with his balls touching her chin.

When I heard mom turn over on the bed beside me I stopped. I held perfectly still and waited. She hadn't gotten up to pee, so the bathroom light wasn't on either. It felt like there was this tension in the air between us, not something negative exactly, but there was definitely something there and I wished I knew what it was and how to get rid of it because I don't need it anymore. I can control it now. If mom had stayed asleep or left to shower, I wouldn't be like this.

What kept me hard was imagining mom and that guy. I mean, maybe I shouldn't call him the guy, you know? He's got a name. Maybe I should just call him Jim. Or Steve. But if I say he was hot—which I guess means if you are into older guys then he was... you know how tall dad is, right? And he's shorted than me. So he's really short, and skinny too; I remember once when we were having lunch I saw him eat only the meat part of two sandwiches for lunch and throw out the bread and lettuce.

So, the fact that Steve took mom like that was kind of cool.

That she enjoyed it and wanted it, even if it's just fantasy, was hot to me. The idea that my own mom would enjoy it like that too made my balls fucking tighten, and it didn't help that she was asleep only feet away from me. I had gone a few weeks without masturbation; this wasn't so much about cumming as it was about getting my cock out in the open and feeling comfortable with that whole area again. It's weird—I knew if I could jerk off to the memory of Cara that everything would go back to normal. But for some reason, it felt a little bit more difficult. For whatever reason, I needed something else, somebody else, and even though I had been fantasizing about mom since forever and especially during the last few days... somehow just remembering her wasn't enough. I couldn't just remember her sucking dad off or him pushing her legs over her head as he fucked her; these images in my head came with such force that I'd imagine myself there too. It was hard to describe, but even after those thoughts of my parents making love became my favorite things to think about masturbating, when they turned to my mom, alone, it just got weirder and harder and hotter.

So as I lay on the floor in the middle of the cabin, the air cool and the crackle of wood in front of me, the scent of smoke thick around me, I tried to keep my mind from focusing on what mom may be doing beside me. It was clear that we were both pretending to be asleep, but what did she think of? Was she trying to get herself sleepy and not think of anything? Did she feel uncomfortable by how close we were sleeping to each other? She would probably have preferred to be alone. Would she prefer to be sleeping next to dad instead?

Those thoughts sent me to my hand. I gripped myself lightly, trying to imagine myself elsewhere. But the thought of mom, just next to me, kept returning. I found myself stroking slowly, feeling the weight and firmness of my own shaft as it filled with blood. The tip of it was a familiar friend as I teased myself and traced along the bottom of my cock head, feeling out the ridge and then the little space right at the crown. A droplet of precum gathered there as my imagination ran wild. Mom was on all fours in front of me, her ass pushing up behind her, her breasts hanging. If she wore anything at

all it would just be thin and sheer and barely able to hold the round fullness of her tits in. Her nipples were pink, slightly wide, and they'd peek through.

That was one thing, seeing mom's breast. In this case, it was okay. I could have gotten into that idea. Hell—she wanted kids! So why shouldn't her breasts have milk inside of them? I wouldn't mind a taste or two, I thought as I jerked it. I mean—wouldn't you? She'd let me nurse if I needed it too; maybe she'd even get really turned on by it. Maybe she'd like to give me relief if I couldn't finish from sucking her, maybe she could help me come. Yeah—she'd suck you off in no time, my dick told me.

And she probably knows a couple tricks. I felt that throbbing rush through my groin and imagined mom between my legs, one of my balls in her mouth.

And if she did have my kid, the kid would probably look like me. It'd go to school and they'd ask who your parents were and you'd say "my mom Cara, dad Jared".

"Agh—" I let out a tiny breath when the pressure built suddenly, and I squeezed hard enough to force it down. Not now, not—

When I got up and took my mug to the kitchen sink, I found myself right next to mom and she didn't even step aside to give me space. She turned and her breast rubbed against me while she looked up and gave me this look like she couldn't think straight.

Our hands brushed, touched. Mom drew hers back quickly when I felt something strange about her wrist. She put the mugs in the sink. And for a moment, her hand was still, palm down on the kitchen counter, and the ring that dad had given her glistened in the faint light. It was bright silver, with a thin gold band. Dad always liked gold bands. He liked to joke that he might marry one of the pretty receptionists one day, or any other young woman that flirted with him—or at least did so often enough to give them the hint.

I had seen this ring since I was a kid, since she started working for dad, as if that gave him license to date her. And then it became a thing between me and mom when dad was being unreasonable; I'd point at the ring and say 'you want to take that off before you get wrinkles.'

I looked up at mom, who still hadn't said anything, and she stared right back at me, looking into my eyes.

It's hard to explain how the night felt after that. What the change was. How it came into the room, wrapped us in its arms, and made what was already crazy turn stranger. Because as we looked each other in the eye, there was this weird energy that told me that mom had a hunger inside of her that was probably close to mine. I had no way of knowing for sure, but my thoughts turned down the darker path where maybe mom fantasized about me. Maybe that night, while I wasn't thinking about it, she thought about my naked body too, or what my cock would look like if it was sticking out of my pants. If maybe we did get stranded in a little log cabin in the middle of nowhere, if something happened, if she needed me for more than just food and shelter, I was here.

I was here for her.

My heart was beating so hard I could feel the blood pumping in my eardrums.

What was going on in that mind?

Could I tell her that... even though I'm crazy, even though it's wrong, that if she wanted to take care of what had been building up over these days, I'd do it? Was I allowed to think that? To offer it up? It seemed almost impossible, or like she would never agree, and then a few seconds later when the idea seemed completely ludicrous, I thought about how fucking good it would feel, for one thing; you know it's probably a great fuck, and then there's the fact that nobody knows—it's so private and so taboo and it's the worst sort of kink.

And it got me fucking horny as hell. I wanted it to happen. My cock throbbed inside of my pants like an aching tooth every time the thought crossed my mind, which made my own breathing get faster and faster, heavier and heavier.

After another stretch of silence that felt like eons, I started to get ready for bed, but I didn't change out of my clothes. I just took off my socks and pulled back the blankets as mom put a couple more pieces of wood in the fireplace, letting the flames roar before they fell back down into embers.

"Are you doing okay?" Mom asked as she got to her own side of the couch.

"Huh?" I pretended to be asleep.

"I'm not tired," mom said. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Yeah," I said softly. "Tired."

"Right," mom replied, then she rolled on her back and stared at the ceiling for a few moments. Then she exhaled.

That seemed to stretch for ten minutes before the air cooled and mom sat up a little straighter on the mattress. "Jared?" She whispered.

"What?"

Another pause. The air crackled a little around us. My eyes opened, and through my eyelids I could see her silhouette moving on the other side of the couch, like she was lying in bed, facing up at the ceiling.

Then mom whispered something that came out as: "Can you sleep next to me?"

My mind went blank.

There was nothing, not even a word or sound, in my head. I was like a machine suddenly being asked to perform some insane logic loop and then having it all just freeze, a computer blue screen and a bunch of symbols on top of one another.

"Huh?" I said after too long.

"I'm going to sleep here on the bed. Why don't you take the couch? It seems to be more comfortable than the other, and you're sleeping on your back a lot."

"I—" She had seen that. When I'd roll over. Or how sometimes when I slept, my hand was just over my cock.

What if mom knew what I did yesterday while she was napping? And why didn't she say anything about it? The question lingered in me, and somehow it felt like the tension between us just grew thicker and thicker.

"Okay," I finally said. I took my place on the couch.

Mom rolled over. I tried not to move as much; maybe she hadn't been talking about those times when I moved around, even though that's likely what she had meant.

"Good night," mom said. Her voice was quiet. Maybe she thought she'd fall asleep and drift off before the silence got any deeper, because after she said that, neither of us talked for a little while, even though we were both lying down.

In those silent moments, the tension in the cabin just kept thickening.

Maybe it was from everything being said. Maybe it was the fact that earlier, we were talking about honesty, and she wanted something honest. But now that she knew... did it make things better or worse? Was it less uncomfortable not to mention this? Was she going to ask me more? Did I give myself away somehow? Did she know why I wasn't facing her, that my cock was achingly hard despite how I didn't want it to be?

If there was anybody who would feel the same way about this sort of thing, they'd have been feeling what I had: shame, and confusion, and guilt; but above all, relief. Relief because the secret was out of your mouth, and now you could stop hiding the fact that you were an incestuous piece of shit from someone who deserved to know. And on top of that, relief in the realization that they aren't upset or angry about it, because what mother would ever be okay with their son secretly wanting them in that way? The whole situation was crazy as hell, especially since most mothers are kind of repulsed by the very idea.

She turned off the lamp. "Night, Jared," she said softly.

I got ready for bed and crawled under the covers of my makeshift mattress on the floor, pulling the sheets up tightly around my shoulders. "G'night," I murmured.

I closed my eyes for what seemed like forever before my erection finally went away. It was a slow process, but eventually I drifted off to sleep.

But even the deepest slumber didn't help when you have dreams about fucking your mom senseless.

Somehow, this whole mess escalated.

At least in my head. Because, honestly, what guy hasn't had a wet dream or two? Especially when he's living with his mom. You'd be hard pressed to find any guy who lived with his mom and hadn't done anything even remotely incestuous, like, ever. Or maybe I'm wrong about that. Whatever.

As we were about to go to bed, and mom took a shower while I brushed my teeth, I found myself fantasizing.

Not about her.

Well... not directly.

Instead I was thinking about how nice it would be, once we left here and went home, for my cock to finally feel something wet and warm and inviting again, and with all the women you've slept with already, maybe you'll want some more practice getting down on your knees in front of Cara.

Fuck.

And then—and then the really horrible stuff started happening, inside. And outside, because I got hot and had to unzip my pants and pull them off to get the extra layer of air moving around my sweaty thighs.

"I think we should both have the bed tonight," mom said softly. Her voice surprised me. It was small and timid, almost, for her. "It's cold," she continued, "and... well... it doesn't make sense that either of us would be sleeping on the couch."

She looked up at me. "What do you think?"

I don't know if there was ever a time where I wanted to agree with something more, but something about the whole thing felt like... maybe that was too much? Maybe she didn't want to lie in the same space with me. Maybe she didn't think she was safe. But she did. She fucking did and I had no idea why—

"Sounds good to me," I said nonchalantly. "I bet this way neither of us will freeze to death tonight."

But it was cold between us as we made our beds. It was colder still when mom got into bed first, crawling into the nook of the little L-shaped corner on her side. I waited for what I thought was long enough and then went in on the other side, pulling the covers tight. There was plenty of space between us, but I could sense that there

wasn't the easy way mom and I would sometimes lean against each other while we watched old movies back home.

The tension was so palpable that I didn't even bother checking out her body this time around. Instead, I stared up at the ceiling for what seemed like forever, until finally my eyes got too heavy and the weight of the blanket got too nice to bear.

I must have slept heavily after that because the next thing I knew, it was light out. And mom had scooted closer to me. Not touching me. But close enough that I could feel her heat. When I turned my head slowly to look at her, I saw her back was facing me.

It looked like she was sound asleep. She probably wouldn't want to talk about this, I figured, turning my head to stare back up at the ceiling again. Mom did like to have control over her space. So maybe if I got out of the bed right now and moved to the couch, it would save her having to mention it or ask me to do that. It just wouldn't be mentioned at all, if she was lucky. And we could go about the rest of this trip being cordial and keeping the awkwardness between us at a minimum.

There were two problems with that. One: it meant getting out of a really fucking warm spot. Two: she smelled nice, and it felt good to know there was somebody else on the other side of my mattress.

But there wasn't enough space in my mind to process both those things at once. I had to make up my mind. Either commit to staying put, or making sure mom didn't worry herself any more about whatever her worries were, which in turn would be a kindness, of course.

I heard her stirring from her end of the mattress, and when she stopped moving I took it to mean that she was sound asleep. At that point I figured she needed this time for sleeping more than I did, and the idea that I was even a minute closer to not sleeping so much made me move toward the couch.

"Wait—" I heard her whisper as she reached out to stop me. The mattress creaked, then groaned under my weight as I slowly sat down and turned to face her. Her hand was around my wrist, her fingers soft but cold, and they left tingles as they fell away.

My heart was beating again.

She let out a long breath of air. It sounded ragged. I couldn't tell if that meant she was mad, scared, sad. All three of them meant equally bad things for both of us at the moment.

"Jared," she whispered, her eyes closed and her voice trembling, like the effort of her words caused her pain.

"Mom..." I didn't want to be here.

Her fingers gripped into the blanket tight, twisting it around herself like a cocoon or a shield. Her lips were parted open. They were pinker than usual, even from this far away. I didn't think anything else could catch my attention at that moment. Even my mother's face couldn't take precedent over whatever my focus was stuck on—a knot on the wall, a piece of the hardwood floor.

Mom exhaled again, but this time it was shakier.

Then she said something that made my heart stop beating for a good second or two.

She took a deep breath, her eyes wide.

Then she whispered: "Do you... want to share the bed tonight?"

I was fucking paralyzed.

There was no way I could answer that. No matter how mom meant it, I knew there'd be some kind of mischief or misunderstanding with my mind going the route it went, especially since it was just recently that I had jerked myself off in her presence.

And that she heard me say her name.

No fucking way was I doing that, and I tried to shake my head. I wanted to say "no" and have a reasonable explanation, except that the word wouldn't come out and my heart was going fucking crazy and I couldn't breathe and even though it felt like there was nobody else in the world I could trust, and that my brain had given up the ghost at trying to tell me one thing or another—

Mom's hand reached over for mine.

I don't think she meant to do it; her fingers clasped around my palm tight for a split second before they let go and her fingertips brushed against my wrist and pulled away, quickly. Mom froze again, her shoulders hunched forward as if to protect herself from whatever my reaction would be to her touch.

We were both quiet. The sound of fire was muted, everything muffled, so much so that it sounded like the entire world was underwater, because nothing had ever felt this surreal. We stared into each other's eyes. I'm sure both of us were thinking back to how, just weeks earlier, mom was a whole foot taller than me. Now here we are, with mom at eye level to me, and her gaze steady and even. There was no sense of unease or disquiet with the two of us looking at each other. It wasn't something either of us shied from doing.

But then... then mom looked away. She rubbed at her own hands and made like she was going to get up, until I did it first. "Let me check the door again," I said.

She didn't respond. I could tell that she wanted to say something else, but I just couldn't place what it was. But once I had secured the locks and made sure that nobody was breaking in through the windows, there was the unmistakable click of her turning off the main switch of the power.

With that done, I made my way to the bathroom one last time to brush my teeth, then came back into the living room to find mom standing next to the bed, staring blankly ahead at the wall, like she was contemplating sleeping, or something, before she seemed to catch herself and look at me sideways. "You're done?" she asked.

"Uhm," I said intelligently. "Yeah."

Mom pressed her lips together tightly. She looked as if she was either worried about something—or considering it—and as soon as she started reaching up to pull off her pajama top I realized it was the latter.

Except not really. Not in that way, where you strip because you're ready for sex. It was more like she was suddenly taking everything off in a rush so she wouldn't have time to hesitate or consider whether or not she wanted to do it or not.

She stopped, though, right after her tits fell into view, the pajama top pulled down to reveal that beautiful cleavage. Her nipples were small, delicate pink nubs, and there was this cute gap between her heavy breasts. But the thing is, her breathing seemed

to go deeper then, a bit raspier, and I realized what was going on was that mom was getting wet again.

My cock twitched to life, my balls sending off waves of heat as they remembered what had been happening before. I sat up in bed quickly, feeling my head get dizzy with lust; my heart flutter; my cock pushing against my pants. Mom was staring at me blankly. She had that look again, that expressionless gaze that somehow didn't make sense on such an attractive woman. And the whole time she was undressing she held that position, and if I hadn't seen how hard her nipples were, I would have thought that nothing about this mattered at all.

She finished pulling off her clothes, taking one last moment to fold them and set them down. When she looked back to me, those dark eyes seemed to bore into me and see everything, all the thoughts I've ever had—

"Jared..." Mom said slowly, carefully, but her words felt like they were cutting through me like a laser. "I think..." she hesitated, swallowed, looked away from me for a split second to contemplate her next words. "...you're right."

My breath caught in my throat. It seemed impossible to breathe suddenly. I had to force myself to remember it was just one simple intake of air.

She stepped toward me, then stopped. Looked over me, bit her lip. "We've been going crazy," mom said quietly. "Being cooped up like this... with nothing to do but watch TV. You especially; you need stimulation."

The way she said stimulation made me realize, dimly, what she meant by that. But when I didn't reply, she went on.

"You can go into your room now," mom continued, sounding slightly nervous. "And... well..." She hesitated, then took a step towards me so we were about two feet apart. "...do what you need to do to relieve the tension."

I swallowed hard. Mom looked at me strangely. She opened her mouth as if to say something, then closed it, reconsidering. Then she spoke. "And... you know what..." Mom said quietly, a little blush

coming to her face. "It's nothing to be embarrassed about. You're an adult."

She nodded, reassuring herself of some unknown truth or belief, and walked off, disappearing around the corner and shutting her door behind her.

In retrospect, I didn't even want to move. The whole exchange felt too weird, too alien, to touch. But I found myself back in my room, and once I shut the door behind me, all of the tension and arousal came flooding back to me like a tsunami crashing down on itself.

I stripped to my boxers for bed and laid in place, but I couldn't stop thinking.

About what mom saw outside. About how my dick must have looked after not cumming when I jerked off to her, throbbing bright red and painfully erect and covered in precum, leaking at the tip.

What she thought when she heard me gasp her name—her first name—while I was getting off.

Why her pajamas were still so warm around her feet where they were inches from my hand when I made up the fire again.

None of these were thoughts that I wanted to dwell on. They felt dirty, nasty, wrong.

But also insanely exciting. The very idea of thinking of her, knowing how she could make me feel, while jerking it at the foot of her bed, was insanely arousing. That somehow she knew what I did and didn't condemn me, or throw me out, or worse... that somehow she allowed it.

And that she seemed okay with it all somehow kept me feeling like a teenager who was about to go off, any second.

"Alright..." mom breathed quietly into her mug as she drained the rest of her tea. She put the empty cup on the table and laid back onto the bed, the sheets drawn to just under her armpits. It made a crinkling sound. "Jared—turn out the light for me? Please?"

"Yeah," I said, walking to the bathroom before turning around. "Hey mom..."

She looked at me quietly. Her eyes were already shut, though they opened slowly as she gave me her attention. There was

something sleepy about that look too; as if she knew that even though she felt tired, she knew what the night would be like for us both, how difficult it'd be, and the exhaustion wasn't just from being stuck in here, but from feeling cooped up like this with somebody else. "What is it?"

I opened my mouth to speak, then shut it quickly. Then I shook my head. "Good night mom," I said quietly, reaching for the switch.

In the last light of the cabin, we looked at each other. My eyes adjusted to the darkness, and it looked like hers did too. In the faintest blue light of a late dusk sky, the window gave the impression of two pools that I could almost see into—a world of blackness and blue where mom was staring back at me, her breath stilled.

My lips opened. A question came to my mind, but I couldn't say anything at all.

She held my gaze.

She turned over, not speaking a word.

There was nothing more said.

The night crept by with a cold stillness.

It felt like neither of us slept well, or much. We lay under blankets, mom curled up slightly and me stretched out in an uncomfortable way, hoping maybe I could just slip away somehow and let the night end faster than it was already happening.

I'm sure I heard mom move twice. Once she shuffled, once she took off her blanket because she was suddenly so hot. That last one made my pulse start to pick up for some reason. Something inside me had been waiting for something like that, but I tried telling myself that there were lots of reasons to overheat. Maybe she was really cold—maybe the fire needed another log—it could have been anything, not what I was hoping for.

I had been half-awake in the morning, feeling sore from sleeping on the floor.

I think I saw mom come out of the bathroom, then go back into bed, pulling a sheet over her shoulders and curling up again.

It looked like a little smile came on her lips too. Just for a second.

She went to sleep soon after.

In the morning, mom woke up and turned over, only to find me awake, sitting upright against the footboard of our makeshift bed.

We both blushed at the same time. We looked away. We sat upright in bed, pretending to be tired until mom said good morning as she stood and went to the bathroom without looking at me.

She was gone for twenty minutes.

My head filled with possibilities, then emptied itself of everything completely. Mom came out after brushing her teeth, and started making oatmeal. We ate, silent, until she suddenly dropped her bowl on the table.

"Jared, listen," mom said sharply. "About last night."

That jolted me a little bit. "Yeah?" I asked, wondering if we were going to brush this under the rug or try to resolve it—like, say, how I wished to hell that last night never happened.

But no. That was not the way mom was about things. Her face scrunched up in a grimace and she took a deep breath, letting it go before continuing. "Listen. I've been thinking about it, and I... Well... You must have been really lonely out here, trapped, and you haven't had time for a social life, and with all those hormones I'm sure your libido is at an all-time high—"

Oh boy. I swallowed hard at what mom was talking about. There was no way this wasn't going to turn into one big, mortifying conversation. The only thing I could think about was that I had made her uncomfortable. But at least she didn't outright accuse me of anything more than being a regular guy with a lot of horniness inside him.

"Yeah," I said slowly. "Mom, I get it."

"And you need to deal with it somehow—"

"Look, I know," I said quickly, eager to be done with this, and wondering if she was going to say that she was sorry again, but then I caught myself, and figured if mom had something to say that I should probably fucking listen, no matter how mortifying it might be. "What were you going to say?"

Mom kept her hands around her mug, and looked into the steam like she was searching for the answer. She licked her lips, the sound almost clear enough for me to hear across the room. Mom had this

beautiful shape; a round face with sharp, striking features that made her look pretty without being overtly feminine. Her eyes, dark blue like my own, had their own fire in them when they were mad, but when she was sad they turned a light grey color instead, which is what they did now. She was looking, searching, for an answer that we both knew might not be in plain sight. But mom, after taking a deep breath, finally met my eye.

"We have to do something. We're cooped up together, I heard... What you did back there. And honestly? Well, Jared, I haven't had any time to deal with these needs either. So... so, I think the best thing for us right now is..."

"Yeah?"

Her eyebrows rose, just a hint of a smile lifting on her mouth. It seemed like she was daring herself, or hoping that the words she needed would come out of the plume of steam before her. And even though what came out was stunted and awkward, it left me feeling relieved in a way that mom somehow knew exactly what I wanted from her.

"...the best thing to do... the only thing we can do right now to keep all these thoughts at bay..." The sentence had a little rise at the end, like she was going to say something else that never happened, and her face got just a bit redder, her eyes blinking harder. "Is—" She stopped completely, her fingers curling around the handle of her mug. Her nails dug into the ceramic surface as the word "is" just faded away and the silence returned.

You gotta understand; you gotta remember what it felt like for me, being stuck in there with this beautiful woman, my mother, who was getting naked and giving me access to those perfect breasts and that gorgeous fucking ass—and who knows what else, knowing full well I should not think of it because it was a fucked up taboo? But here it was, the chance of a lifetime, with nobody else watching. I could go through my entire life and probably never see something like this again.

The moment lingered. Mom's eyes went down, and I couldn't read the expression on her face. Was it a look of determination? Or maybe it was disgust; at herself for what she was about to suggest

and at me for having the nerve to be this kind of man. But before I could even try to decipher any of that, mom raised her head back up.

"Sex, Jared."

Those words hit me like an arrow. They pierced right into my brain and made me feel hot and tingly and so fucking excited. It wasn't even an idea, the very word seemed to trigger something in my body, the sound of it almost sending the hairs standing on end. Sex, sex, sex. There was a buzzing inside of me.

But then mom's next words made it all go away. "I want you to know—this is a totally professional conversation," she said, sitting tall, her voice going serious. "A mother discussing business with her son."

The air around me deflated. My cock, which I hadn't paid too much attention to ever since this evening, suddenly wilted and I could hear my own heartbeat again. And even though it all sounded weird to me, and even though I had this odd feeling, I just nodded.

"Sex has been a big issue for both of us these past few days," mom stated, still serious, but not meeting my gaze. Her cheeks were pink.

I waited for her to continue. What else was there to say?

"I've noticed..." Mom took a deep breath. "I've noticed that you're having trouble keeping your eyes from me. The first night—when I got off that mattress," her voice hitched, she coughed, and tried again. "It seems you couldn't take your eyes off of me. Is that correct?"

A pit was growing in my gut, right between where I swallowed and where I imagined my heart had fallen. But if there was anything dad ever taught me, it was that honesty was always the best policy.

"Yeah." I said, barely getting the words out before they got caught in my throat.

"And..." she breathed out deeply. "Earlier, today, when I went after you to tell you to come inside..."

My cheeks were burning. "Yeah."

For a minute there was silence. I could hear a crackling in the fireplace, even though it was a dull thing because most of the flames

had died.

"I've never seen a man's genitals before," mom admitted quietly.

For fuck's sake.

What do you say to a statement like that? I felt like it needed some kind of comment, because if not then we might both fall into this silence where everything becomes this insane, awkward thing that nobody knew how to break free from, but—what else can I fucking say? What did you say when your mother saw your cock and balls? There weren't classes for something like that!

"You saw dad's?" I blurted out. That sounded dumb as hell too. But there it was, it came out of my mouth already and even though we were still sitting there silently, my eyes went wide with disbelief over what the fuck just slipped off of my tongue.

"Oh! Oh..." Mom started to laugh, nervous at first, and then louder, her face going pinker by the second. "Oh God no—" she snorted. "No—no... Oh Jared, honey... No... God no, of course not," mom sighed, relaxing after that bout of laughter. She leaned forward with her mug of tea between her hands and chuckled, shaking her head. "You know, when I told him I was pregnant, he cried and said he loved me? He told me that I didn't have to tell him if he was the father because he loved me enough that it didn't matter..." she sniffed.

"That's really nice of him," I managed, wondering how the fuck we were now talking about dad.

"Yeah. We're not married anymore," mom reminded me quietly. "But there are a lot of moments where I think maybe it could have worked out."

Mom got up and made a bed for herself, leaving me with my tea still half full.

"He'd get pissed sometimes when I went snowboarding. I mean... yeah, I did dumb things. And I'm sure I scared him half to death." She took the last couple pillows from the shelf in the bathroom and arranged them neatly on one side of her makeshift bed. "When you were born, I was terrified. I wanted you to know how it felt to grow up with a dad like mine and it seemed like such a huge responsibility. Then..." mom shrugged, and I don't even

remember what she said or why I didn't get up and join her. Maybe it was something about how being a good mom was the hardest job of all, which struck me because in this moment it sounded like she thought I wouldn't understand. "Jared. Do you want to sleep on the couch?"

I got up then. The tea had left a ring on the table that seemed impossible to polish off, no matter how much time I spent trying to find the right words to say in response to that question.

When I laid down next to mom, I found myself thinking about the very last time I slept in the same room with anybody who was my mom, and also female.

That was Cara, back in college.

For about four months, we had actually dated. It ended mutually after four months of great sex and a lot of fun nights of beer drinking, going to the movies, eating together. She wasn't really into anything serious beyond fucking at least once a night and getting her nails done, so when she got a modeling gig that paid enough for her to afford moving out of that apartment into one she actually wanted to stay at for more than a month or two, we both agreed.

It was weird not having somebody sleeping in the bed next to me, but at the same time, I did need my privacy. Even with all the hot sex—something always felt empty about the whole thing. Weird, right? But sometimes even after I came inside her I'd feel like... well... not that there was nothing satisfying about coming inside her. But somehow it felt...

It just felt less complete. Not enough. Like that orgasm and being so close to Cara as she gasped, and her legs tighten around my waist and my mouth finding hers, and the soft touch of her breasts against my chest—

Fuck!

What the fuck was wrong with me? Here I was thinking about Cara while the woman who raised me was pulling out a mattress that was going to take both of us, a twin for each, the sheets laid out neatly with quilts, and pillows for two.

When I went back and put some extra layers on before climbing onto that bed, it was like I could feel mom's eyes on me, watching

me and studying me. But when I looked up, she averted her gaze, looking like she was struggling to maintain a façade of calmness and poise. She climbed onto her half of the bed after grabbing something from under her pillow, and laid down, her head just centimeters away from mine.

I couldn't help it. My eyes were drawn to her cleavage as she adjusted her breasts to find a comfortable position. The swell of them was too fucking obvious as she laid there, on her back, in her nightgown. It clung tight against her stomach and I saw with surprise how much of a waistline she actually had—that thing wasn't flab or anything; it was actual hips and belly definition.

My mouth dropped open a little before I clamped it shut with my tongue. Mom wasn't paying attention anyway. Her eyes were closed, one hand holding something tight against her chest, the other curled up against her face.

And somehow, when I found myself staring at her neckline, my heart began to beat hard and fast, almost like something deep inside my mind was preparing me for something that my conscious thought hadn't yet realized. The air shifted again, that smell of hers blooming up like a flower until the space between our faces felt like a hot oven.

There was one thing I knew, with an odd clarity: that if mom knew what I was thinking, she'd have already told me that I needed to start running to stay warm tonight.

I took off the sweatpants that I put over my pajama bottoms and curled up into a fetal position, facing away from mom, towards the warmth of the fire.

As soon as my eyes opened up the next morning, I bolted up from bed in shock and surprise. My body woke up before my mind did, my stomach turning hard like I had rocks inside and a chill washing over me like somebody had thrown ice water onto the bed.

Mom wasn't lying beside me.

She was on top of me.

No—she was wrapped around me. Her chest pressing against my back, her body wrapped around mine. She made a sleepy little noise and held tighter onto me. Something hard was digging against my

back—the edge of something? It was just near the small of my back, just above my ass, a hardness that was pushing insistently between my muscles as if it was uncomfortable and trying to escape.

But then she moved closer, pulling me in with her grip around my body. That hard thing dug even harder into my back and my first thought was that this wasn't mom's. Because this felt like metal. A knife? But the edge of it was pointed inwards, not sticking out at all like a knife would when it's being held tight.

I looked back and saw what the hardness was: the buckle of mom's belt.

She was fast asleep. So much so that she wasn't reacting to the way that the hard surface of it was digging into me.

Mom had gone to sleep like that. Maybe her belt slipped or something. I wiggled against it until it got loosened enough for me to relax. In doing so, my movement brought my hips even closer to hers, and I realized, to my surprise, that it wasn't just her belt buckle that was uncomfortably hard.

There was something else hard too.

Something really fucking hard. And I had two thoughts simultaneously. First, I realized with shock and then guilt: my mom was aroused. But I dismissed that immediately. It didn't seem possible, because why would my mom have any reason to be turned on? It's not like she did anything like what I did today, that's for sure.

Then, I felt an incredible shame when I realized that the pressure I felt against my pants—it wasn't her belt.

It was me.

And as far as she knew, or at least as far as I knew, she wasn't aware that it was just my erection that was pointing into her hip, and her side. My balls ached, almost worse than they did back then. I tried to will myself soft, thinking of dead animals, bugs, but my cock kept straining against the material of my briefs, trying its best to push my pajamas upwards. Mom looked up and glanced at me briefly; then quickly dropped her gaze to the floor. Then she got up and left to take her shower.

As soon as the door closed, I relaxed. And as soon as she had shut the door to the bathroom, I ran back into the bedroom and grabbed some clothes, running naked under a blanket to change and hide. Then I got out from underneath and stuffed the clothes at the bottom of my bag, taking several deep breaths while I did so. The hot water started flowing; mom was showering and hopefully hadn't heard me rushing inside and then out.

It took about twenty minutes for her to shower, longer than she normally did. This gave me a small relief; I figured that mom wouldn't see my boner until tomorrow morning, because by now I needed to sleep. As much as my balls wanted release, the last few days of activity had made me worn out enough to finally fall into a deep sleep, even though I could feel myself still being horny from my earlier fantasy. I didn't even want to risk it. It was likely I'd get a boner anyway.

Maybe I can jerk it quietly tomorrow. The idea popped into my head, and somehow it seemed a little less gross with everything else going on. Mom won't notice anything—hell, she may be masturbating at the same time. I found myself smiling a little bit at this idea before realizing what I was doing. What the fuck was I thinking? Why would she want to masturbate unless... well... you know. Because you're here? She needs something to take the edge off. But that just means that there's nothing to worry about if she's jerking it.

When mom came out, I made sure I was as asleep as possible. I wasn't snoring or anything—that would have been bad, but I made sure that when she came in and stood over me in the bed to get to her spot that I didn't move at all. The blankets were wrapped around me carefully, the way that people tended to when they fell asleep in their cars or whatever, like they rolled in them by accident.

Mom's footsteps were delicate. When she pulled back the sheet, the rustling sound woke me up completely. I could feel the shape of her body next to mine, a warm pressure just beside me, and suddenly, my own mind went blank. I couldn't think straight—all of my thoughts scattered. All I knew was that for some reason, I had a

very strong urge to move over, so I did. I moved right in on top of her.

She gasped, and suddenly, her face was against my chest. Her hands flew up around me and she pushed, trying to roll out from beneath my weight, but the sheets tangled her up, and before I could blink, I felt the press of her breasts, huge and soft, pushing up against me.

Mom stilled beneath me and I didn't dare move. In fact, the heat of her skin through her clothing, the shock of feeling how smooth and warm she was, it was intoxicating. Mom's hair, which smelled sweet and earthy like vanilla and grass, was right under my nose, making my head spin, and her legs were bent underneath me so that they came around the back of my thighs. I tried to get control of myself, but my heart pounded at the proximity while my brain went a little dizzy from being so close to my mom.

There were several breaths where nothing happened. We both waited, I guess, for each other to make the first move. The moment was stretched thin, the silence heavy. If somebody were to open the door, even an inch, or if something would crash into the cabin, any slight sound at all would shatter everything that had happened, and that seemed unbearable. It made me tense, knowing how close I was to my mom's body and how much I liked it; it made her stiff and nervous. And maybe a little excited.

I wanted to be bold. I wanted to say something that could ease this awkwardness and just go to sleep with both of us intact, but there was no fucking way. I don't think there could possibly have been anything to save the situation, because in seconds, her hand slipped from the blanket and down the front of my pants.

It was hot. So fucking hot that I almost thought it was scalding, as if I was going to come and that's what this was about, some crazy pre-orgasm experience of being shocked by how horny it is to touch your mother's hand like this. When I shifted my hips forward, I brushed against mom's pussy and I shuddered. I thought for a brief second that mom shuddered too. I was half erect and when she took hold of it with her soft fingers, she began stroking up and down until I was all the way hard and aching.

"Mom," I finally said.

She didn't look at me. In fact, her eyes were shut tight as she focused on making sure that my cock was rock hard and pushing up past the elastic of my underwear.

"Mom, this isn't... we shouldn't..." My words came out jumbled, and mom seemed to ignore them all together, her eyes focused entirely on the thick head of my cock, red, the skin stretched tightly over it, and then she ran her palm around it in a slow circle and I groaned.

Her hands were so soft.

I think that made the difference between the Cara fantasy, when I had felt how smooth her palm was over me, and actually feeling mom's touch. Her palms were just as smooth, but her fingers, they were firm, and they stroked the length of me from head to root in a single fluid motion.

And it hurt. I ached—like really badly. It had been a long while since I had cum last and even if the circumstances were wrong, there was no denying it felt incredible. My cock throbbed with need and just that stroke, just one fucking thing did, well... it just made me ache horribly for more.

I tried shaking it off, tried convincing myself that mom had heard or seen nothing, but that ship was sailed and there was no way now that mom could ignore that. I mean, it wasn't fair that she did the same for me, but after I'd jerked off to her? After I imagined her, her name in my mouth, and my balls empty of every fucking drop of cum.

Mom must have noticed something. Maybe something in how my back straightened a little or perhaps she just saw that I didn't even touch my tea with my hands, because mom suddenly took her own mug down into her lap as she leaned back and looked at the ceiling.

She didn't look directly at me.

For a while, I figured mom was asleep and she had simply drifted off without warning. Mom did that sometimes. When she fell asleep on the couch after an hour-long phone call with my Aunt Lizzy, who worked as a realtor, she slept soundlessly until I gently woke her up. At first, mom had mumbled a little and smiled lazily as I helped her

back into bed, but then mom stopped smiling and stood, still with heavy eyelids, as I put her down onto her sheets, where she slept through the night.

Then mom spoke.

"I don't want anything weird happening Jared," her tone was careful, thoughtful. "What you were doing earlier... it doesn't do any good to have those kinds of thoughts, does it?"

"I guess not," I tried to hide my face from hers.

"So... please... don't." She finished carefully. "You're my son. We're stuck together here until help arrives."

"Okay."

Mom nodded slowly in agreement and turned so she could fall asleep. I didn't say anything; I didn't think anything was really going to happen after what we both talked about. What happened that afternoon probably wouldn't happen again, but something in me hurt that mom knew now. I felt exposed, completely laid bare. If there was anything good that came of this, it was that at least I didn't have any feelings for anybody else. It wasn't cheating, then. Maybe if she had left me at this point, then I might have lost her forever, but if I had to endure the worst kind of shame and pain just to make sure that mom was around, then it would be worth it.

And besides, after two days of living in a cabin, two whole fucking days with zero internet, zero cable, just this single DVD that played and replayed the same scenes over and over, there was nothing left to do other than to stare into space.

My last thoughts while trying to stay awake, hoping that the cold wouldn't come in and sweep across the floorboards while we were sleeping, was just that maybe it'd be better if we actually had sex. Maybe, I thought, and that thought took me out to my dreams, we'll have a good, fun time having sex and then... and then when I came back home, we'd pretend like none of it happened. Mom would go back to dad. And everything would be okay.

That last thought stuck in my head for longer than I realized; until I realized that the room wasn't getting colder and instead, what I had thought was just a particularly long dream was actually reality.

I woke up groggily; not really wanting to get up at all. There was something nice about a warm bed even if it was only a few inches thick and on top of a slab of plywood. But I noticed as the fog of sleep drifted away that there was no cold underneath the sheets or blankets, so it was likely that mom had taken care of that. That wasn't strange. What was strange was the weight on my chest. I knew instantly that something had gone wrong, very wrong; I reached down blindly in the dark to see whether there were any knives pointed at me and that I wasn't already stabbed to death.

Instead I found... a foot.

I turned to my left. Mom was curled into a ball, facing me. Her face was so close to mine that our noses were practically touching. The foot on my chest had snaked across from my side, while her arms were tight against her body and under her chin. I could see her breath gently coming out of her mouth, fluttering across her pillow. I was just about to move slowly and carefully when she opened her eyes and gasped.

"Hey, sorry mom," I muttered. "Go back to sleep."

"Ugh..." mom said. "I'm... it's the cabin... being here too long, it's making me weird. My stomach hurts, I'm... I need to get some sleep."

"Is your period—"

"No!" mom snapped. Then she laughed. "Geeze! No, honey. It's not."

There was no more laughter. Only quiet, only the sounds of her thinking and wondering and the two of us listening to each other think and wonder. We held each other's eyes, both of us frozen like statues, until finally, after some silent minutes passed, mom broke into a smile. "Just do me one thing for tonight. Don't look under the covers, okay?"

"Alright mom," I smiled. It made me feel better; less worried. I could tell she was nervous about something. Was it still me? I guessed we were all a little crazy out here, locked up. But the moment felt like an opportunity or an adventure. Like... what kind of stuff could happen if we kept going along this way? Were mom's worries getting to her?

It didn't really matter. All I knew was that I wasn't thinking clearly and when I turned my back to turn off the lights, I realized that I had been standing with my feet bare on the cold linoleum floor. And not just that, I noticed something else.

Mom always slept with the window open in my room growing up. When she went on business trips, she always texted me every night before she fell asleep just to see how my day had gone, to ask about schoolwork, anything. I figured it was because she worried a lot about me back then, as you would with your kid who's alone most of the time. It was never really a thing though. The one time I told her that there was snow on the window screen, she had shrugged, laughing, said that the window only needed to be open just a bit, otherwise it gets stuffy and suffocating. She hated feeling hot in her bed and always needed cool air running over her face.

I couldn't help but glance at the windows as I came to lay down beside my mom. They were shut tightly now, just as they were earlier when I had showered.

What really did it was how the lights flickered. Once, twice. Just like how things had looked after that first blizzard. Then it turned off completely, plunging the room into darkness.

There was a moment where the wind picked up against the cabin, knocking hard on the sides of it once or twice, making me start. Mom let out a sudden gasp in the dark.

And just like that, the power was back on.

"Alright Jared," mom said, getting up suddenly, the blanket that she had been wrapped in falling around her hips and legs and revealing that her shirt had risen just slightly. She seemed to notice. "Well... goodnight Jared," she said awkwardly, pulling down her shirt.

"Sleep tight?" I responded nervously, feeling the sweat building under my arms.

Mom didn't say anything back. She simply nodded and went quietly into her room, closing the door behind her.

The sounds of mother and son going to their separate beds sounded different this time; the night had this weird echo to it. It felt louder than normal, yet at the same time almost quieter than

the first nights we spent here. Mom shut the door and the entire thing gave an audible click that carried all around the space of the cabin, as if the door closing wasn't the door to her bedroom shutting; it was instead a massive sound from beyond this tiny place.

I heard mom settle into her mattress.

She let out a tiny exhale, a whisper of air pushed through teeth, or what sounded like it.

I did the same, only I was facing away from her, not wanting to look back. If I did...

If I did...

Wouldn't you be scared if you knew exactly what would happen? What you were capable of doing, to your own fucking mother?

There is no way, absolutely no way, that mom didn't hear my cock stiffen against my pajama bottoms. She was only five feet away and even with the crackling fire going, I was sure she could hear the rustling, or worse, she could smell it. The scent of precum; sweat; balls. Whatever the fuck happened when you spent two weeks' worth of fantasies while you jerked it furiously.

Mom pulled back the covers slowly. And as she stepped closer to the mattress, her shirt had ridden up just enough for the very tip of her butt crack to peek through. As she turned off the light, the shadows on her body revealed and revealed a lot more than they should have. In fact... even the way she walked was different. Almost like she knew where I was looking, almost like she wanted me to look, and she moved a certain way so I could see everything from behind. Her pajamas did little to hide her shape, not to mention that she wore nothing underneath. That was clear as day, because when she bent, her ass hung low, and the gap between her legs was enough that—from the right angle—

What was she thinking about? Was she horny too? If you're telling me that a woman couldn't get hot and bothered from being stranded in a cabin with nothing but their own son, then go fuck yourself. That shit's fiction. And mom definitely had to have been thinking about something because—and there was no mistaking it—mom's pussy lips were glistening as the orange glow of the fire flickered against them. They were slightly swollen and pink, just ever

so slightly, and in the right position, with the glow of the flames licking at them... I could fucking taste those things on my tongue.

You want this to end normally? You want me to tell you that it was a crazy, fucked-up mistake? Sure, I'll pretend. It was. But that's not what happened. Because instead of crawling into bed, instead of lying down in bed, mom stood, quietly, next to the pull-out bed, looking over her shoulder, looking like she was deep in thought, staring directly at me, unblinking.

"It's getting really cold," she whispered, and even her whisper was thick, husky. "Jared..."

My throat caught, just as she had turned around to face me, her nipples pushing through the fabric of her shirt and tenting them out. I could see their shape, and my mouth was filling up with saliva like I was looking at a rack of tits for the first time ever, they were that fucking hot. "I... Mom..."

Mom was silent for a moment, still frozen as her eyes roved over my body and then, her shoulders slumping, almost defeatedly, she looked me in the eye again.

"Don't... don't be mad at me. Please." She pulled the bed sheets back.

The mattress creaked as I walked forward, my heart racing. Every step felt like it was made of lead or some kind of sticky gelatin. My hands gripped the comforter, and even though I hesitated, even though I tried to fight myself and hold off—I needed it, mom wanted it. We had already been touching each other a lot and...

It's not normal. It's not normal. That chant ran through me as I pulled the covers up past my body, the smell of mom's skin so strong now I couldn't help but inhale every time it came into range. But there was something else in her scent.

Something I knew too well. The sweetness, the humidity—and I knew that my own cock was reacting, but mom's legs moved under the sheets and her eyes had fluttered closed, and all I could focus on was the way her hair had spilled against the white of the pillow and how long it was spread out. There was a subtle hint of brown in her dark hair, like honey. Her breathing slowed, became quieter, but

there were these quiet exhales—soft, delicate ones—as I watched the blankets start to tent out with my mom's thighs.

A heat washed through me and I felt myself throb, suddenly needing to feel mom's skin. To touch her—I don't know. And even if we did kiss, it's not like we would do anything further than that, right? Just a kiss—maybe...

There was a soft sound, and I realized that mom had shifted her head a little more toward me, her legs opening a fraction. My eyes moved from her eyes to where she seemed to be rubbing her hand over herself. Was she just fixing her pajama bottoms or something? No, mom gave a little breath. Her lips were parted. What am I watching, I thought suddenly, what am I seeing? This isn't like the other times. When she's been all tired and worn out and you see her panties it's okay because it doesn't matter because she didn't intend for them to be visible, but here you can tell that she's touching herself and moving and—

Is she really?

"Jared—" mom breathed. I couldn't look away. She shifted her head just so slightly, and even though her body language made her seem uncomfortable and unsure, the movement of her chest underneath her shirt drew my attention there, to the shape of her breasts and how they rose and fell, rising and falling faster now with her breathing picking up speed—and I'm pretty sure I saw her nipple through her shirt, hard enough that I could tell she was getting turned on too, and suddenly I knew the answer to whether she was touching herself or not. The curve of her finger under her pajamas matched exactly where her thigh was moving a little wider apart, the fabric shifting, revealing skin and the lace of her underwear. Her hand started moving, stroking along the outline of herself, and the sound that came out of her mouth—that fucking sound, a high whine at the back of her throat, was like the horniest thing I'd ever heard.

I was so close. My pants were unbuckled and the button down undone and my zipper was low enough to give way to my cock, standing up against my stomach. My hands were around it, sliding and rubbing the length of it as I stared down at mom lying before

me, her hips gyrating into the hand that cupped between her legs while I stroked my own cock, imagining, fantasizing the sensation of pushing myself into her. She's still fully clothed, her legs covered in her soft flannel bottoms, but her top is raised over her breasts, the curves of them bouncing gently with her rhythmic rocking, and what little light there is gives me just enough sight for me to imagine her nipples glistening and wet with pre-cum while she moves.

I could feel everything, right then: mom's thighs on the sides of mine; her skin beneath me, so hot and smooth it burned like fire; her fingers wrapping around my shaft, pumping and tugging, drawing the heat of my balls to pool at the tip, right before she guided my cock into that soft wetness between her legs—

Mom's breath hitched as her head tossed sideways, her mouth falling open into a low moan. My grip tightened as I leaned forward to lick her nipple, to suck it into my mouth, drawing on it, making her gasp and pant as the heat of my own orgasm raced towards her cunt, pushing into her in short bursts, feeling her squeeze around me as her whining, pleading sounds started to take over the small, empty space...

I took a deep breath, suddenly finding myself shaking again in front of the door to the cabin, my eyes wide open in the night, the air so crisp against my face that it bit my skin like acid, and for all the good cold had been doing to clear my head, now all I felt was a dizzying wave of confusion, arousal, and guilt that threatened to knock me right off my feet.

"Get yourself together," I hissed at myself, grabbing onto the frame of the door as I got back inside and closed it shut, quietly locking out the freezing air behind me. "You can't think like that. That's fucked up. Don't jerk off again; don't even think about jerking off again—"

Mom cleared her throat, making me jump a little. "Jared? Are you alright?" She sounded concerned. And when I looked over at her, she was staring back, her face partially lit from the red glow of the embers, her eyes bright in the night. Her body was all warm in bed, underneath the covers, and if I were to look at her from the front, I

would have seen the slight hint of curve under the covers. Just beneath her collarbone, the shape of her hips—

My cock pulsed.

I couldn't stop it. All I could do was stare back, feeling my chest heave slowly as my mind played with images of mom on top of me, kissing me, licking her way down—

"No." I answered, barely hearing myself.

Mom looked shocked at how firm my answer had been. "What's wrong?" She asked me gently. "Is... something bothering you? You need anything before bed?"

It took all my mental power to say no once more. I had realized that I wanted nothing more than to crawl under those blankets with her and be able to lie close. To press my chest against her back. To wrap my hand around her waist, feel her breath against my skin...

This time, she came around to my end of the couch. Just one step. A single step towards me. But as the warmth of her presence reached me, she stopped. And took a breath. I looked up from the mug held between my hands, and my heart skipped two or three beats. Her face was illuminated by the soft red glow of embers, everything else cast into dark shadow save for her eyes. The light glowed against the shape of her breast and her nipples, her shoulders bare to the slight chill of air. I felt my body shiver as I stared at her, her expression serious. Thoughtful. Maybe a little concerned.

My mouth hung open when her fingers rested lightly on my cheek, and a sudden realization flashed through me: what if mom found this arousing too?

Her thumb moved inwards, along the outline of my jaw, tracing it down to where my neck began and her touch was gentle. Warm. The sensation lit up like tiny little sparks of electricity against my skin and she slowly stroked her way up along my cheek again before reaching the center of my chin. For a moment I could smell a faint trace of something sweet, perhaps her perfume, but it was a clean scent, one that was familiar, something that always put me at ease and comforted me, until she pulled away, slowly.

I watched her retreat. She turned away from me, silent still. She crawled into the pull-out bed that would be my bed for now, and I sat there, frozen on the couch. Staring. Watching the curves of her hips under the thin blanket and sheets.

Watching.

Then I stood up and took off my clothes; taking every last bit of them off right there and set them down quietly next to the mattress on the floor. When I slipped in between the blankets, mom shifted herself so that I wouldn't jostle her around, but with every move she made, with every breath I breathed, I felt more acutely aware of how close she was, how soft her hair smelled, how close her lips were, how easy it would be to reach over and—

There was heat again. Heat coming from us, even through all of the blankets. My hand lay limp on the side of my waist. I felt like a little boy scared of doing something that he didn't know about, or understand, but at the same time, a part of me knew that all I had to do was raise my finger and trace along her skin and she'd feel it. Mom was close enough to feel everything.

But it was when mom's fingers started to curl that I realized what I had done. It was my pinky finger that lifted itself, but the rest of my fingers followed, and then they curled, ever so softly and slowly towards my palm. It felt like an invisible thread had connected my pinky with her skin. It took ages before my fingertip brushed against her wrist and by this point I was breathing heavy and my heart was beating hard enough for me to wonder if it could even be healthy, and by then—her fingers had moved too.

They moved slow and gentle; tracing around the curve of her neck until her fingers reached her lips and parted them, so soft that it was barely audible, her fingertips tracing around her teeth, making this circle and tracing around that ring until finally, she reached out a single, solitary digit and touched the side of my face with it.

I'm not sure why, but it didn't seem possible that she might have been wanting this as badly as I was. I wondered if it was the heat in the cabin or maybe even a sudden break from reality but all that came over me was the smell of her soft breath, how the fire illuminated her eyes just enough so that I couldn't tell if she was

looking at me, or not at me. Her hair flowed in these gentle waves over her shoulders and past her cleavage; her cheeks still pink from the heat, flushed.

I don't know who touched who first, but before either one of us knew it, we were already touching; our hands, our faces, our bodies leaning closer. Mom shifted herself on the couch and closed her eyes slowly and then reopened them so that when our mouths touched it felt like nothing more than a whisper against my lips and hers.

Mom didn't hesitate at all.

And that scared me for the split second it took me to understand what was happening before she leaned closer and our lips touched and then all at once, our tongues were brushing past each other in one hot, quick move.

"Mmmm..." Mom moaned against my mouth, and it was like that little noise was the confirmation I needed because suddenly I was pulling her body in towards me, her thighs spreading around mine, her chest pressing against mine while my arms wrapped around her body and our tongues met with these soft, wet kisses in between moans.

My hands explored her, grabbing the hem of her shirt and feeling the warm skin there. Her waist was smooth and lean and tight—I couldn't find an ounce of fat or even much else except for how toned it was, how fit, how athletic; a complete contrast to what I'd normally expect from her but she was just perfect, the very way her body arched to allow me deeper access while our kissing started getting louder and wetter and messier—the noises getting lost against my face while her lips opened and closed and sucked on my tongue, letting me slip past hers.

My hand moved under her shirt, touching her breasts and finding that the bra she was wearing underneath, the kind of thing mom usually didn't wear, was thin enough that I felt almost no resistance as I massaged and kneaded the undersides of her tits until my finger brushed against her nipple which instantly became rock hard, causing me to pinch harder while she moaned into me and pushed her hips onto my pelvis, pushing herself back up again so that my hand could touch more, explore more, move more...

We broke away from the kiss. We were both panting; breathless, not looking at each other but at what we could do to each other next. I lifted mom's shirt over her head, freeing her breasts, and with how beautiful and perky they were, she was still a little embarrassed at my staring. She leaned in to kiss me, but I held myself away, just a tiny bit, long enough to take hold of the bottoms of her pajamas and pull them down, revealing her pussy completely bare, waxed and shining with wetness between her legs. "Come here," I murmured, sitting up on my knees, pulling her towards me, laying her down on her back.

Mom obliged without a word, letting her hands travel down my body.

My fingers explored her body and my hands grabbed her breasts greedily, playing with her nipples before I leaned down and took them into my mouth. It was easy for me to slide my hand between her thighs and push two fingers against her tight, hot cunt—

"Jared!" I woke up suddenly as somebody pushed my shoulder and then shoved my body onto the ground. "Jared!"

It wasn't a sexy dream anymore. Mom had actually thrown me off the couch onto the floor. It hadn't occurred to me at first that she hadn't kicked my body to get me to wake up, but rather had shoved and pulled at me while I slept until she was able to move me all by herself.

It felt fucking terrible too.

She hadn't taken care with any of it, which meant that the floor was just a solid, heavy sheet of wood and it hurt as fuck when my ass made contact with the floorboards. There was no giving on the boards either; it was like falling on concrete. I rubbed my elbow and back immediately, making noises of pain to show mom just how bad it all had been.

"Get up," mom hissed, standing over me. She grabbed me by the arm and I stood up; feeling for all intents and purposes like an idiot that didn't know how to stand. Mom pulled at me, but not enough to pull me over. Then I got another surprise: instead of pushing me over to the bed, she tried pulling me along towards the couch, and then finally, when I wasn't about to step forward, pushed me. My

ass landed against the cushions with a thwump and I found myself sitting there like I was surprised I was on the couch now.

"Just—we can do that again tomorrow. You look cold," mom said quickly, turning on her heels to go to bed. "And if you try sleeping on the ground again..." her voice trailed off, a little threateningly.

This would be one of those moments where you probably think that I could have read into that more. Or that I had this perfect opportunity to maybe bring it up, or hint around about things, or make fun of mom for suddenly caring, or at least tease her a bit so that the night wasn't just filled with awkwardness.

But my mind was reeling from shock at what had just happened, and because I was exhausted to boot, I took off my shirt, jeans, socks, and underwear, leaving me just in my shorts. The heat in the cabin, though it hadn't gone anywhere, was much more manageable under a couple layers of clothes and a few blankets. Still, I wasn't about to sleep with the pajamas I had put on after my shower, so I lay there, just like I did the night before, wondering whether I should feel guilty or aroused, but eventually succumbing to the lull of sleep that had been waiting since lunchtime.

A little while later, I started to rouse from my sleep. Some kind of disturbance, some noise or maybe a touch, jolted me into waking up. My eyes adjusted and I found mom hovering over me, her breath slow but ragged.

"Mooom?" I mumbled, groggily. She stood up a bit straighter.

"Yeah," she answered, slowly, taking care not to trip as she made her way towards her bed.

"What are you doing? You OK?" I tried to clear my head, rubbing my eyes. It felt like my balls had been squeezed into some uncomfortable vice.

I was hard. And that meant the same thing as the last few nights:

I wasn't going back to sleep anytime soon.

"Your mommy's fine," she whispered, almost hissing, and then suddenly stopping before getting into her bed. "Shit," she muttered. "Um..."

"You OK?" I asked. "Mom?"

Her face was red, her eyes watering and flicking between me and anything else in the cabin. "Yeah... I don't know how—do you think it's true that carbon dioxide buildup—"

"Huh? Probably not."

Mom rubbed her brow. "Then... shit, I don't know. I guess... I'm just..."

It hit me.

Of course it did. Of fucking course. With the way she acted when she was drunk, it was obvious what was happening here. That kind of fidgeting, that kind of look of worry. She wanted me, in some weird, fucked up kind of way. Probably not anything near how I felt, because let's face it: mom has kids, which means she's had sex before, so she probably doesn't see much in her kid, whereas for me, I literally never saw sex until I hit puberty and I think after having to deal with horny teenage boyness my whole life, it makes sense that it got the best of me when there was a hot naked woman within reach, ready to take cock and eager to swallow cum.

Mom was drunk last night and now she was sobering up. Sobering up meant she remembered everything, especially what she said in the tub, how she moaned at me when I touched her, how I came in front of her...

She was drunk last night and she might be tipsy now but what's different is she's no longer deluded. She knows the truth.

But what really hit me, harder than a brick shithouse, was the realization that I wanted her. I want my fucking mother. There are levels of wrong there but I couldn't give less of a fuck if that was what I wanted, and there was this hunger inside of me. The very idea of it, I felt this kind of hunger that started low, and worked its way higher and higher into my body, into my cock and into my brain. All those neurons got this insane fucking buzzing that wouldn't stop and made my balls throb to the point of pain, because when you get horny like that, for some reason, things are just going to get painful; and then you're going to realize, as I did at that moment, that there's really nothing else to do about it except for fucking get off.

I had been hard the entire time since leaving the bed, the cold air, the stress of facing her, having these thoughts, none of it helped.

If anything, it only served to make me so painfully sensitive that the pressure of my hand brushing against me as I undressed in the bathroom sent these little zings and stabs of sensation through me, and it was all too easy to think about mom with her legs spread, ready to take—

Fuck. It's not worth getting into the details of all of it, because after that moment, it was clear how far gone I really was. My mom had gotten sick and she sweated through everything and it only took a tiny push of sexual interest (that might have actually been real) to send me careening down the cliff into a kind of incestual abyss. And while there were certain aspects to this that were obviously bad, I couldn't help but go with it anyway, and while the rest of me was screaming that it was all kinds of fucked up, the other side of my brain, the side that wasn't doing any heavy lifting besides thinking about her wet mouth taking my cum, didn't care.

She'd take care of everything else. She always did, so what was a little more? I could just enjoy the ride without having to worry about the details, right? I mean, she already took my load once, and it'd be fine if she did it again, right? Right?

Mom's legs slipped under the covers and I followed suit on the opposite side. Her eyes looked over at mine from time to time while I brushed my teeth and she took the last few sips of her tea, and when we put our cups away on the counter, mom reached for me.

I don't know why, I had no explanation for it—I think my own mind must have shut down a bit. But as soon as she hugged me, the way the soft skin of her neck touched my chin, the way her arms snaked around my back, it made every muscle in my body tense and then relax, all at once. Mom sighed. We hadn't hugged since before everything. This was one of those things we only did once in a while when she was in a mood, but I found myself craving it after being around her so long. And not just in the usual familial way. Something deeper, more intimate than that. Like there was this connection between us and if I just closed my eyes tight enough, it'd be okay if I wanted to...

But I couldn't move, even though mom stood still, holding me. There was something else in the air, something different. Maybe

because today was different. Maybe it was because I didn't try to avoid it; I just accepted her hug, and I found that if I let my chin rest on top of hers that it felt normal. It felt natural.

Mom breathed out, hot and fast against the thin material of my shirt. Then she looked up, and the way her eyes flicked down for a brief moment sent a wave of adrenaline through me, and something deep in my core throbbed and tensed and held firm, just below my belly.

"Good night," she said slowly. Her voice seemed to catch, but somehow I managed to nod and say "Good night" in return before stepping away to get some space, to cool off, and to figure out what the hell was going on with my insides.

When I had washed up, brushed my teeth, and gotten into bed, I lay on my back, trying hard to not hear the small sounds coming from mom's side. She kept fidgeting and turning over, getting settled. From this far away, from across the room, there was no way in hell I could have guessed which position she was in; face up? face down? knees up or legs straight, but even still... somehow imagining how she slept was more than enough for me to get hard as fuck. I tried keeping still while my cock stretched upward, pressing hard into my stomach. I don't know if mom noticed at first—if she did, she didn't let on. I heard her taking deep breaths, then shallow ones, and the whole while all that ran through my head was what kind of sleeping position she'd have. Was it one leg up? That way her nightshirt would fall down just a little bit, exposing a sliver of skin and maybe, just maybe, her nipple...?

Or would she lie flat on her stomach, her ass pushed forward and up and out like it's waiting for something, and her face turned to the side while she sleeps and drools just a little...

I realized the sheets had bunched over my hips. My erection pushed against them so hard that they were being pulled tight. They were tented right up and if mom didn't see that, she definitely heard the way the blanket rustled and moved and gave itself away.

It was quiet again, save for the soft creak of mattress springs from where she was lying and the faintest sound of a zipper undoing.

Was that her pants? Why the hell would she undo her pants while she's sleeping—?

I turned my head and almost stopped breathing. Because right as my eyes opened and took in that beautiful vision before me, my cock throbbed so badly I swear it was trying to fucking jump out of my underwear and into mom's pussy.

Her face was turned to the side, showing nothing more than the perfect symmetry of her profile against the pillow, one hand tucked under her cheek, and the other at her breast, lightly tugging the neckline away so that just her breasts were visible. She kept shifting, just enough, pulling her pajama top down over her shoulder until that entire perfect, delicious mound of breast came free. There wasn't a bra; there never was when mom slept, especially not these days. But the real kicker, the really crazy thing was what mom had done with her pajama bottoms. Somehow they managed to ride down past her ass; one hipbone exposed as she moved, and then the other as the pants slid further down her body. When I saw them fall another inch, another two, three inches down her thighs and legs, I found myself wanting to move closer. Wanting to see where exactly she had pulled them down. Her thighs were pressed tight together. That kind of smooth tightness that told me she was squeezing, maybe even clenching as hard as she could.

It's like mom sensed my attention because I found myself standing still as mom's legs uncoiled, slowly moving apart and opening up the dark valley between them, showing a thin strip of white fabric. Mom wasn't wearing any panties either. It looked like there was a faint gleam between her thighs, but in the shadowy cabin it might have been all my imagination. Maybe she was sweating.

"Jared," she whispered.

Mom never looked at me as I approached the bed, but only stopped when my shin was just about level with her knees. I held still as if any motion, any noise would be like an alarm going off in the air, and something magical would be lost or ruined.

The heat inside the cabin felt suffocating. The coals were hot, making the cabin feel a lot warmer than it actually was; yet despite

that, I had goosebumps that pebbled my arms.

"I... know you..." mom cleared her throat. "That there's some tension, Jared. I get that there's... well..."

"Yeah?" I asked, almost too quickly, then tried to hold back.

Mom cleared her throat again; she still wouldn't meet my eyes. "Maybe it's just that your dad's gone."

She laughed lightly. It sounded nervous. Mom was clearly unsure. But when she finished laughing, when it was just her breathing and her hands clenching and unclenching at her lap, she reached up and touched the sides of her face. "I haven't slept through the night since you've been here, Jared. I'm not even used to sleeping alone, with your father..." she trailed off, and after what felt like an eternity she turned towards me a little bit.

"Do you mind..." she gestured weakly with her hand. "Would you mind if we just kept... you know... being together?" She shook her head, like she was trying to disperse smoke. "No, sorry, that's not right—we're stuck in this cabin, this space, and for better or worse, well, we're both stuck with each other. So maybe it wouldn't hurt to be together at night."

"Yeah," I said quickly, almost too quickly because now I could really smell mom's scent, something fragrant about her hair. Or maybe it was something about her skin; I couldn't tell, but whatever it was, it made me realize how fucking hungry I was to be next to her. There was a part of me that wanted to hold her against my chest and hug her, feel her warmth against mine. But there was this other side of me that remembered those images: her thick legs wrapped around me; mom holding up the hem of her shirt and then letting it fall again as if teasing me; mom opening her mouth for cum...

I shook off that thought as best as I could and nodded, making sure to keep my gaze low and away. "Of course."

Mom exhaled in relief. "Okay. Just until we get back and your father's got this weekend off, maybe he and I can figure something out and get you back into a good routine where you have enough space in that apartment of yours. Sound good?"

The question hung in the air, not entirely asked of me, but asked towards me. I nodded quickly as I went into the bathroom. She followed after me, taking the first chance she could to get out from under my stare and lock herself in. While I showered, I heard her talking on the phone quietly to dad. She was probably telling him what the fuck happened over these last two days. Probably telling him how his son had gone psycho and needed to be moved to another home ASAP because he thought she was sexy and wanted to put his dick between her legs or some crazy shit like that. The kind of craziness that comes when you're horned up in an extremely tight cabin in the woods where they don't seem to provide for proper ventilation.

There were three towels. I took them all and dried myself up until I was dry and my hair was still dripping. For whatever reason, I couldn't really think that I was doing anything wrong. I couldn't believe that what I had felt was so very different than what any normal guy in my situation would do if faced with his attractive mom being cooped up with him.

I was certain at that point that nothing had changed; it was just two people sharing space when that space had gotten tighter. It wasn't my fault that there were suddenly so many ways to bump into her; so many chances that my cock saw something on her that made me horny. I was just reacting the way anybody else would react, especially since, when I'm honest with myself, I hadn't had the chance to masturbate much when living at home. Mom would hear. That's why I did most of it either after work or in the middle of the night, and even then mom complained at me in the morning if I made any noises.

All I knew was that if I slept tonight, this horniness would have to end. There'd be no more awkward thoughts, no more accidental boners. And if I didn't do anything about it, then who was going to?

So I waited, lying in the bed, trying not to look too excited as mom came out, rubbing a towel through her hair. Her legs were bare save for what covered them, and the fabric clung to her thighs as she sat down on her side of the bed. She turned towards the

window with the curtain still undrawn and looked at the snow drifting in front of the distant streetlamp.

It felt like a cue. Something that needed to happen. So I took my phone from its charging cable and switched it on. Music blasted out. Something I didn't recognize; probably because mom put it on my playlist. Then I turned back onto my side and tried to sleep with music blasting over the both of us.

Mom did the same, or tried to do it. She was lying down, staring ahead at the ceiling. The curtains were open, letting in the bright moonlight, and the light played off the curves of her body.

We had never been so still, so close. The mattress was large, but we were close enough for me to smell her shampoo and conditioner. Close enough that she could touch me by just extending a finger.

And my heart was beating. A slow, steady beat that echoed against my bones and sent the blood running. It wasn't too fast, though it should have been. It should have been because if something fucked up happened, then I wouldn't be able to run for my fucking life. The way I figured it, this was the kind of thing that either made something or broke something, but there was no way in hell that both of us, mom and I, weren't aware of what might happen.

I could see where her eyes were; they weren't looking up at the ceiling anymore. They were focused somewhere on me. Then she shifted slightly, rolling onto her side. We had two different kinds of blankets and we pulled them differently; one covering halfway, the other to the chin. Mom tucked hers under her shoulder while she lay on her side facing me. And when her head went down to her pillow, something else lifted. Something small, but noticeable.

Her breasts.

Just ever-so-slightly, they heaved upwards as she took a breath, then sighed softly, her eyelids fluttering.

There was no way she'd let me see that without meaning for it to happen. Her pajama shirt wasn't exactly skin tight, but even through it you could see how large and full those tits were. Just like the one that had been drenched through two days ago.

Mom shifted again, this time her feet touching mine. "Is this alright?" She whispered, barely audible.

"Yeah," I whispered back. "I'll sleep over here." I was pointing at the floor, next to the fire, where there was a carpet rolled up against the wall. It looked comfy enough and it wasn't like we didn't have enough bedding in the place.

That plan went to shit, however, because when it got really dark, with mom having closed the curtains and everything being silent, I realized I couldn't find the matches for the lamp in the bathroom. "Shit," I muttered to myself, feeling along the sink, then in the drawer. No luck. In a panic, I started fumbling in the drawers. There wasn't anything but toilet paper, soap, hand towels and more sheets and pillows. The kind of stuff you'd expect from a cabin, but not a pack of matches or even a little flashlight.

I stumbled out and opened the door quietly to the room; it was lit by the light of the moon outside, and there mom was.

There were things that made sense about her and there were things that didn't. And this particular time, it looked like her eyes were barely open, staring out towards the ceiling, just above where she lay on the pull out mattress. Her pajamas had ridden up her thigh while she lay on the side of her face, the curves of her leg visible against the sheet and blankets. A perfect, beautiful shape I'd seen earlier. Her body wasn't moving up and down with breathing and neither was her chest, which was half exposed by her pajama top, the outline of her breasts clear as day under that shirt.

Was she sleeping? Was she awake? I didn't know. So I stayed there for a second too long until I heard her breathe slowly in and out. The breath was steady; not the shallow ones she'd been giving off before, but relaxed. It made that breast move up and down, up and down, gently.

My mouth suddenly went dry as sandpaper and my cock, once again, came to attention. Just looking at the slope of mom's legs and ass gave me such a massive boner that it was uncomfortable even standing straight.

This was a whole different thing than having to hide a boner from being around mom in general.

And this was a whole different thing than knowing that just thinking about fucking mom was making my stomach curl in the most bizarre ways.

No... no—fuck it. I had given up on telling myself I was doing anything else besides what I wanted to do, and so far I wasn't really paying much of a price because mom didn't see me as any other kind of freak besides someone who needed more space. But right now, it was different.

Mom was different.

And I couldn't tell why exactly, but she seemed more tense, less easygoing than before, and every once in a while, I caught her glancing towards me when I glanced at her. She'd meet my eyes briefly, with hers wide open, blinking furiously, then looking away as fast as I did. We finished our tea and when the cups were empty, they sat, steaming hot still, on the little table by the couch, untouched.

"It's..." I looked at the time on my phone, "almost midnight," I said.

"Mmm..." mom answered. It wasn't quite an acknowledgement. It was more like she was listening, but distracted by something else.

I got under the blankets after I checked again that the wood had enough oxygen for the night and made sure all the windows were locked. Mom had pulled out the air mattress and put it next to the pull-out bed that she normally slept on.

For a few moments, everything was quiet. There was the sound of breathing, mine and moms, mingling with the crackle of the fire. For once, even with all that we were going through, being here felt safe. It felt safe despite the frigid weather outside and the chill that was already pushing its way through the cracks of the cabin. I had taken off my socks, but kept my pants and shirt on as if that would somehow mitigate some of the cold creeping around inside, and my balls actually ached with that cold, though they weren't entirely blue or anything—the cold in the cabin wasn't unbearable. I shifted, trying to get more comfortable as we waited for sleep.

The silence dragged on. At some point, I heard mom stir, shuffle her legs slightly, but it wasn't a noise of discomfort or a toss-and-

turn kind of thing, but more like she was adjusting herself into place for something, getting comfortable in that moment. The fire burned low, casting a dark red glow on the back of the couch, and against mom's profile as she stared up at the ceiling, unmoving, not making any kind of sound that would betray whatever emotion she was feeling at this exact time.

Something about it all...

Something about how quiet, how still it had become between us, struck a weird chord in my chest. Something that told me that the last week wasn't so bad. That it hadn't been all bad, really, when it came down to it. And with everything that happened between us, the way mom was looking up at the ceiling—how still and almost vulnerable she looked just then...

In a weird, fucked up way...

I had the distinct impression that mom wanted something from me. Or was expecting me to say something to her.

But what the fuck did she want me to say?

That the past week wasn't entirely bad?

The words didn't come out right away, but it was when I spoke them, breaking the silence, that mom actually jumped a little.

"Mom... it hasn't been too bad here with you."

She turned to look at me, eyes wide, mouth forming into an 'O' of surprise. A hint of color blossomed against her cheeks. "Huh?"

"I don't mean..." I looked away quickly. Fuck—what was this sudden shyness? It was like all that was going through my brain was telling me that I wanted to fuck the shit out of her and how I could somehow talk her into letting me do it. My cock was doing the thinking, not my brain. So I needed to shut that down. "You're fun to be with, I think I said it once already."

She smiled at that. Then, slowly, mom came over to sit beside me. "I wish I could have been with you growing up," she sighed, staring into nothing in particular. "Things didn't work out between your dad and me. But it wasn't because I didn't want to raise you. If it weren't for him making things difficult—" she started, then pressed her hand against her temple again. "Shit..."

My gut suddenly twisted; I thought she was going to cry. I didn't know what to say or do in that situation. "No, hey. It's alright—"

Mom took a deep breath and turned to smile at me. "I don't know why I'm even bringing this up—the past is the past after all." Her smile wilted.

For some reason, those words really struck home with me.

Maybe it was because if there was any one word that described this entire fucking day, or this entire trip so far, it was 'past'. But mom spoke those words like she didn't mean them, like the sentiment of them were just that: words, without substance or truth.

Or maybe you think my ears were playing tricks on me. Maybe it was because of what I had said earlier. Maybe the idea that what happened was in the past was suddenly the worst idea imaginable. It could be, because of course if what happened today was in the past, then how the fuck do I explain this whole thing? This insane situation that had started to drive me crazy for want of being inside my mom?

Or maybe she meant something else. Maybe she was asking me to not dwell on things that happened today. Not even talk about it. To pretend it never happened. And to look forward into the future. Because tomorrow is the beginning of the rest of your life—a phrase they like to repeat like a mantra in graduation speeches.

You know why I kept thinking of these fucking words? Because all these thoughts went through my head, every second of the silence between us. Because it couldn't be helped.

And so the next thought was, does she feel the same?

That last one was almost certainly too optimistic. But you know that sometimes optimism works out best. You know that when shit hit the fan, some people could deal with it better than others, right? Some people might be optimistic, hopeful even, to a fault.

The difference was, though, that those positive thoughts were only there as an afterthought. The primary thought was what happened with Cara? I mean... mom saw your dick dude. It wasn't a full-on look but she knows. And you said her name when you came. So yeah. She doesn't even know the full details; she thinks you were getting hot from being in a tight space, not... incest fantasies. So

what else would explain why you moaned mom? Mommy? What else could explain all this?

I looked at my mug of tea for a long time, the light from the coals glinting off of it. This was fucked up. Mom was lying still, probably facing away from me because I had a hard-on when she walked in on me jerking off, thinking about fucking her and blowing my load inside her wet snatch that I shared my birth canal with, and I bet she doesn't even believe in incest; what the fuck kind of parent would think their kid would do something like that?

So here I was, sitting quietly, and wondering how things could be worse. It got so quiet at one point that mom's gentle breathing seemed louder than a whisper, and it sounded like there was a little purring note on the end of each exhale—her breasts would be moving as well, I knew, since they were heavy enough for it to get uncomfortable when she moved a lot.

And suddenly my stomach clenched and I knew what would make things worse. Because now my brain was imagining not only my mom getting fucked by her son, but my mom enjoying herself as she took my cock deep into her pussy, and how wet and tight it would be inside of her; how much warmer it would be there than in the chilly air of the cabin, because if we made love—fuck that thought is insane—but if we did then she would be moaning under her breath, holding me tight while my cock stretched out her inner muscles.

My dick twitched in my boxers and I put down the mug of tea, slowly so I didn't break it. Mom turned onto her side without saying a word to me. In the dim light, I couldn't tell if she was looking at me. It was only after she moved that I realized I was hard, again. And that if she turned around, if I stood up... If she were to bend over, if she reached up, or bent her knee or something, I wouldn't even need to see it to know that it was there—that pink, juicy pussy between her legs; and my god she'd be tight—it was easy enough to see from the size of her lips that everything would be nice and close. She probably wouldn't be used to anything other than dad's penis—and mine wasn't any smaller.

A cold wind blew past the window, sending a draft through the room and raising the hairs on my body.

The coals in the fireplace seemed to die all at once, just as soon as mom's breathing settled and became slow and measured. It was like the whole fucking world was working together against me. Because now it was so dark, and if I lit another candle, if I got the flashlight... mom would definitely wake up and it would look weird, right?

But there was no way to see what I needed to see. No light to find the blanket, no sight of her body as it laid down, curled up—or stretched out; what did she do when she slept anyway—did she toss and turn or was she peaceful, quiet and calm with that sweet scent around her all night?

Another cold blast of air came through the cabin. That meant it was snowing. Hard. And now, there was nothing to take the edge off the chill. The fireplace went out almost completely. And my clothes were off, and my teeth were starting to clack together, my dick shrinking back into itself and everything feeling just awful.

I thought of the blankets in my bag. Would it be worse to get up and get them, or stay here and freeze? Would mom mind? Would it be too obvious that I was just looking for excuses to see her body again? But maybe that didn't matter because by now she knew it anyways, she knew that I wanted her in that way and if it was going to destroy everything why the fuck would it even matter anymore?

I took a deep breath, the cold of the room biting into my lungs, and I tried to be as nonchalant as possible about the fact that I had put on some pajama pants but had taken off my shirt and climbed underneath the covers where the cold of my body couldn't reach me. I turned around and lay there on my side and pretended to go to sleep. Mom must have known what I was doing anyway and if I was lucky then at least there would be the chance to sneak one last good look at her, maybe two if I was lucky and then after that it would be just fine and dandy...

"Jared—Jesus—" she hissed. "You're gonna freeze!"

And that's how mom ended up spooning next to me. Because when she moved to get the heat going and put a couple of coals

from the fireplace in a little steel box we found under the sink (because who knows with these log cabins), she felt my body under the blankets. And she was appalled because she knew better, and so instead of getting the stove lit she ended up grabbing another blanket and snuggling close against me, her arm over my back, her skin touching mine and everything going dark, and silent, save for the crackle of the embers in the fire place and our mingling breathing.

The air between us seemed warm enough, though, because the space in front of me was starting to feel stuffy and close, and even though the window to our left showed that it was fucking freezing out there, mom and I were warm enough, even after she put down a blanket around us and drew her own closer.

She was snuggled against my back and for some reason, with our bodies in such proximity, the way that we smelled, it just...

I don't know what came over me. There were so many things running through my head, mostly the usual kind of thoughts that you have when your mom is in her pajamas and pressed up right next to you; the curve of her ass fit into my body so nicely, and it was weird how good it felt to be so close, and not touching.

But it didn't seem... weird?

Or... well, if it did feel weird, it felt weird in this sexy, exciting way, and for a moment I wanted to reach my hand up behind me, to touch her hair, just because it was soft. Mom moved ever so slightly and I could swear I heard the faintest rustle of cloth, and a quick hitching in her breath, before she let it out slowly. Her hand reached past me towards the TV, and turned on The Lovers On The Seine. Again.

It must have been the third time we watched this thing. We probably should have seen a better movie or something but there weren't any DVDs left after we exhausted everything else that was available. By the second scene mom stood up and sat next to me, her blanket around her shoulders. She had this habit of pulling up both legs onto the couch.

Then she stopped doing that, too. Because when she pulled up one leg, the shape of it under her pajamas, the curve of her knee

and then the fullness of her thigh made it look like such a delicious piece of art. Then the other leg. I didn't know how long I'd last just staring at those things without making weird noises, so I got up and went to the kitchenette, grabbed a drink of water and stood by the sink.

The way mom smelled was maddening. I needed something; anything to get her off my mind. Even as I kept taking deeper breaths, somehow I hoped for a little less of it, or for some other smell, a stale smell or whatever to overpower it and help me stop obsessing about the taste of her neck and how good it felt in her bed. But all that came in was the smell of her shampoo and her natural smell and my cock was fucking raging to come out of hiding and plunge into something soft—

Stop. It.

I turned to mom, sitting on the sofa and pulled up my blanket over my lap while I sat back down. She had changed the DVD while I was getting a drink and The Lovers on the Seine started its familiar intro song, this sad little jingle played by piano. We watched quietly for maybe two minutes before mom spoke up.

"You know Jared..."

I looked over. Mom wasn't facing me. "Yeah?"

There was a slight tremor to her voice, and she hesitated. Her hand was wrapped around a mug of hot chocolate while her body trembled slightly underneath her sheets.

"Never mind."

I took a deep breath and nodded, letting her know she could take her time and speak up again when she wanted to, if she wanted to. This must be hard for mom; after all, having to tell your son to not jerk off to you? What kind of awkwardness could surpass this? And yet here we are, and I found myself wondering how I should act next, especially since that was such a fucking close call and it seemed like she had believed my bullshit explanation. The thing is that I wasn't sure what had made her believe it or accept it or whatever; maybe I'd find out tomorrow in the morning if I woke up with her sitting over my bed pointing at my cock.

But I was determined that if I needed to, I'd pretend to go crazy with being stuck inside, and say it was my fault. Mom had been nothing but good to me growing up and still is—even as an adult, this shit is difficult to explain to another person.

You're my son... You can't fantasize about me... You can't have dreams of seeing me naked! Or better yet, you can't dream about licking the inside of my thigh and kissing it—you can't imagine doing all those dirty things that would feel so amazing right now—

Whoa whoa whoa, I reminded myself. That's the opposite direction. I had to stop. I kept replaying the day in my head, trying to distract myself from those dangerous thoughts. There was something wrong with me, that's all. Maybe being in such a small space with nobody else to focus on. Or something.

My eyes closed. My breath slowed. After all that movement and activity today, I found myself finally relaxing. My arms and legs were sore in places they never usually did, and even though I had tried not to notice it while mom showered, my nose noticed her scent wafting from underneath the bathroom door and the sound of the water dripping against the shower curtain.

That was a different time for me. It wasn't like I had been thinking about Cara or anybody like her when mom was in there; no, that was more of just an acceptance of what had happened earlier, because I had to admit it felt good jerking off in the cold like that. And I figured that when mom came out I could tell her it was alright; nothing weird, and just tell her some kind of bullshit line that wouldn't raise any red flags, like how I wanted to be respectful of her but I really couldn't control it all the way.

It sounded pretty weak when I rehearsed it, but hey, sometimes things are a lot different when you say them versus when you rehearse them.

Mom took about half an hour to come out. Her hair was tied up in a loose bun on top of her head. She wasn't wearing makeup.

My cock stirred against my boxers at the sight of her like that, at the casual sight of her getting ready for bed while I knew I was going to be lying right there next to her in two seconds flat.

There was no talking. No words, nothing, besides this strange atmosphere between us that made things heavy, dense, almost impossible to breathe. Maybe I should have mentioned before, but the air inside the cabin, even though it was thin as fuck, was always humid and steamy. And now with the fire blazing out the only kind of heat to fight off the freezing temperatures of the outside, it was just plain uncomfortable to sleep in.

The couch wasn't very large, especially when pulled into a bed. It was maybe six feet, seven feet. More than enough for a tall guy like me to stretch out or spread out my legs, but not enough room for a full grown woman to do the same without running into trouble. The space seemed to shrink even further as I went to lie down after turning off the lights and mom was lying in bed, under the covers. She was facing me, silent and unmoving, as if daring me to do something wrong.

But all I did was lie down beside her, keeping my distance and doing my best not to touch any part of her. I lay still on my back, just like that, until I started to fall asleep and mom shifted slightly.

She was turned away from me now, but the bed was small enough for me to feel her body moving beneath the blanket. A couple minutes passed before I realized that she was breathing heavily again, and as more time passed, the sound of her heavy breaths got louder. Mom began to shift again, almost squirming, wriggling on her back and finally onto her front. She took her pillow and put it over her head. I wondered if she was okay, or if she was crying because she felt like she had to get used to having to sleep next to her son.

What really woke me up was the smell. Mom gave off the most pleasant scent. Maybe it was because the air inside of the cabin was getting pretty ripe with our combined smell. Or maybe it was because of the sweat. Sweat seemed to come easily here, despite the freezing temperatures outside. That might have been why it became obvious that mom was sweating through her clothes again tonight; not quite like yesterday, but she was definitely a little wet from the exertion. She smelled sweet again, that same perfume that I had detected between her legs and in her armpits when she

changed. But this time, lying here in bed like this, knowing that she wasn't wearing panties underneath—it was driving me fucking nuts.

"Cara?"

Mom stopped moving under the sheets and pillow. There was no answer. Maybe I needed to talk more.

"Yeah."

So she was awake after all.

"Can I... talk to you?" I asked.

Mom removed the pillow, but kept herself facing away from me as she replied quietly: "Sure..."

I took a deep breath, figuring it wouldn't hurt to come clean just a little more.

"I mean it when I say that this place is a little crazy," I said.

"Yeah, Jared," mom whispered, still turned away from me. "Good night."

And then I realized something as she laid down without saying another word to me for the rest of the night. It was weird because normally she made sure everything was fine with me before we called it a day. But I saw how still she was lying, and figured she was pretty upset about what had happened.

The weird thing? That meant she trusted me. She thought I wouldn't be like most boys or men and just go off to town doing something dumb and reckless—but here we were, two hours from anything with cell reception. And yeah, she had left me alone, but we had a cabin together where one of us would hear anything suspicious at any point in the night. So I think mom was able to relax for once, and sleep well despite what had happened. Despite seeing me like that, or maybe hearing me say her name. Maybe she had seen that before, or heard of that kind of stuff from her friends. Maybe it wasn't too surprising that even when I grew up, I was just a horny teenager underneath.

But still, after thinking about all these things, all the way through my own showering and changing into pajamas for bed, I had to look back at her and realize that despite having all the time to worry, to dwell on it, and do anything else—mom trusted me not to fuck things up further.

Not that we weren't fucked.

What if she thought that her son was some kind of weirdo who masturbated to his mom, said her name out loud while he jerked it, and just came within fucking earshot of her? What kind of person does that kind of shit?

"Jared," mom said. My heart jumped in my throat as I heard her call my name and turn to look at me. "I know what you were doing when... well."

My chest suddenly felt tight, a little sweaty. The room spun around me. I could feel my head going light and my tongue turning heavy in my mouth.

"Yeah," I managed to say. And then it was like something snapped inside of me and everything turned into some kind of mad dash for survival.

"I think it's pretty normal. We've been here too long and—"

"I mean, you're right," I blurted. "That it's crazy being stuck in this place. And—"

"That you're thinking about somebody else, and not—not how you grew up," mom finished slowly. She let those last two words hang there; she gave them life, made them solid. Made them real.

I swallowed hard, feeling something in my stomach churn and roil as it turned. My chest suddenly felt heavy. What was she getting at? Was it a trap or was she letting me know she accepted what had happened? What did any of this have to do with...

That.

What the fuck was going on?

"Yeah," I replied, keeping my answer noncommittal. If she was giving me an opening, it wasn't likely because she wanted anything else to happen between us. But she wasn't looking at me, but the floor, her cheeks flush. "Uh—mom? What are you—"

She suddenly grabbed a fistful of the front of her shirt. With a heave, and then with a snap, the buttons of her pajamas fell apart in a cascade of cloth. The shirt spread open and there, in the firelight, was my mom's body.

Her chest.

My eyes locked onto them. Perfect, heavy globes. Her skin pale, almost glowing against the dark, flannel top. Her breasts heaved as she sucked in her breath, and her chest shuddered with arousal. A chill passed over both of us. My jaw dropped and hers clenched tightly as her arms crossed underneath her tits.

Then she pulled back, the muscles in her stomach rippling. Her legs were spread; one knee on either side of mine.

In the light of the fireplace, in the small, enclosed space, I couldn't help but realize how beautiful mom was. My heart began to pound. My hands twitched at my sides as I tried to figure out what the fuck to do next. Mom looked down, taking her place again above me. She sat forward until my cock was pressing at the thin cotton barrier, until I felt the hot, moist warmth seeping through.

Her hips moved like a rolling wave as she started to grind her pussy over my cock. She wasn't looking at me. And yet, when I looked into her face, when I followed the curve of her cheek, I found myself lost in the darkness of her eyes, in the fire reflecting back at me, in the shadows overtaking the rest of her features.

Mom bit her lower lip.

She moved harder, faster. I realized the only thing between her pussy and my cock was my pants.

It had to be enough. We weren't doing it, no way. This was fucking impossible.

But it felt so good. Mom rocked herself forward and her tits were pushed at me as I felt their soft fullness. They gave against my chest like pillows while her nipples pebbled beneath the shirt and poked out, just slightly, and I felt them press into my chest. Her hands came up and clasped around my neck as she breathed hard into my ear. My own fingers gripped her waist and her thighs, feeling the curve of her body tightening, getting firmer, like her body was going tense.

How could this even happen? Did it even matter? The friction between our bodies was making me throb—the sensation of her soft curves pressing at me and then retreating as she rocked back, pushing her sex, her warmth against the tip of my cock, made me shake—mom's voice had dropped to a husky whine as she pushed

her hands into my shoulders and then wrapped her arms around my neck and brought me deeper into her.

A sudden sense of reality struck me for just a moment as I realized something crazy—this is your mom! The same woman who was taking care of you when you were young and couldn't even talk. The same woman who helped teach you how to tie your shoes. This is your mom!—I pushed that thought away, because I didn't care. No fucking way I was letting it ruin everything; all I wanted was to push deep inside of her and feel what her pussy was like without anything separating us; to feel her warm insides with nothing at all coming between us.

She kept whimpering and pulling back until she stopped moving. Until she stayed still, rocking back onto her heels. Her mouth opened in surprise, as if she couldn't believe she'd let herself get carried away, but I knew where this was going: it was going to get a whole lot better than what she was experiencing right now. She had stopped herself, but it was for a reason—her hand was between my legs, and she felt my cock press into her palm.

"Mom—" I started to say, reaching for her, knowing what she was about to do would break me. But she looked back at me with those dark eyes and gave me a stern look, telling me silently that whatever she was doing, there was nothing I could do about it.

And there was nothing at all I could do about it, anyway—even if my head wasn't spinning with thoughts of how great mom looked naked, I was stuck beneath her thighs, so even if I wanted to fight back it'd be nearly impossible. Not only was she straddling me, but I was also pretty sure the whole point was for me to cum, and then her plan would fall apart if I actually resisted her advances.

But what did that matter, because every moment that passed while I imagined having sex with her made me harder and hotter; imagining her sweaty and naked above me, moaning, making cute little whining noises like she did when we were stuck in this cabin in the first place—

"Don't worry about it, Jared," mom said softly, her hands finding themselves on my chest. There was a gentle warmth to her fingers and palms; she was always warm. Her touch lingered there, and it

felt like there was a question unasked between us: what happens now?

"I know you might not..." I couldn't even finish a sentence because it would mean admitting some kind of intent. I tried to keep a level head, I really did, but I knew already, deep inside that it wouldn't stay this way. All the tension in the air and how it shifted so rapidly around mom; every second was charged and loaded with an undercurrent of excitement that made me think that maybe mom was starting to feel things she couldn't admit either.

So I swallowed and went for it. "I'm attracted to you." It came out blunt, and fast. Mom blinked. Her mouth opened a little bit and closed again. "And... and I'm sorry mom, and if there were any other time or place, if we were back in town, there's no way anything would happen but with—"

She cut me off. Not in words. Mom had these eyes that just burned. When she decided to do something, there was never any question about it. Dad always called her his "tiger-lily" when they first dated because of her fiery intensity. So I should have expected this.

It started with her fingers, her palm on my cheek. It slid slowly down the side of my jaw, a finger sliding across my neck. Then her eyes looked into mine again. She licked her lips, nervously, before pressing them together as if she were going to try and be calm through whatever she was going to say next. "Jared—I..."

And that was about the time that the lights went off. The power was cut out, probably with the snow blocking some electrical line somewhere, and for the moment I had this incredible feeling of relief, as if maybe somehow everything was okay. This might be enough of a reason for everything to come to a screeching halt—the kiss, me confessing stuff, the way we were sitting. If mom took the opportunity to say something about needing rest, then everything would be fine.

She didn't.

Instead, she turned to the light over the stove and flicked the switch on, giving us just enough visibility to see by. It made the shadows dance strangely across the walls, making the space feel a

lot more enclosed than usual, and when mom finally said what she had been trying to tell me before the power had gone off, there wasn't anything in my head that could make me ignore her words.

"Jared... are you still attracted to me?"

There it was again; her directness, something that she always did because there's never any point dancing around stuff when you can ask the questions directly.

But how do you respond?

And with that question—it was so loaded that it felt like mom had asked me everything.

Am I still attracted to you? That sounds like mom is asking if I am or not, but is that the case? Or is it really about something else? Like me saying yes means she'd then go on to think that I want to... to do stuff with her, and for some reason, my thoughts just stopped there because they couldn't go any further. Wasn't she just saying that the reason I got aroused at all was because we're stuck? Isn't that why I got erect that first day after helping mom change, too? Stuck together in a small space, what's supposed to happen? The obvious answer, it seems, is that you jerk off. That you're supposed to be horny and aroused because it's inevitable and no amount of trying to ignore it will ever work out—that's been proven to be true over the past few days.

So does saying "yes" mean that I'm telling mom that we've only been having problems because we're stuck together in such a tight space? Does it mean that when we're back at our house, then mom wouldn't have to worry about anything?

Mom stood up and put her mug down slowly, as if she had read my thoughts while I was having them. But she hadn't; she was just heading to bed and that left me alone. She stood by the foldout couch, tucking it in with one hand. It seemed like she was holding onto something, and her body, normally confident and self-assured, was just slightly hunched as she looked around. Her hair was disheveled and in her hand she had the end of her pajama sleeves rolled tightly around her fingers, and then when her hands weren't able to do that, she crossed her arms as if she wanted to be warm but couldn't manage it.

I didn't realize it before now, but her eyes were red. Had she been crying? The thought of it struck me like an arrow straight through my heart, and suddenly every memory I ever had of making her cry was flashing in my head: when I broke the window with my soccer ball, when she came home early to see dad with his ex, when I said I hated her and meant it, and I think those tears are the ones that hurt mom the most, and here, now, when I was doing what I thought was good—just leaving her alone, leaving her to her own business... Was I making her cry again?

"Hey, mom—" I started.

Mom looked at me sharply.

"Nothing," I quickly amended.

For a second it looked like mom was going to say something. Her expression changed and she went from sad to resolute and stern, just like how she used to get when dad had done something stupid to piss her off, and suddenly her voice, her eyes, they took on that hard edge and she held her shoulders back while her eyebrows rose high into the middle of her forehead.

And then the stern look dropped away.

She was blushing and suddenly very self-conscious about looking at me, and she started to turn off all the lights—the main switch, the lamp on the nightstand between us, the light on my side, the one over by the stove, even the little candle under the tea kettle. The cabin was cast in darkness, with the only thing visible being the orange flicker of the fireplace.

I realized I was still fully dressed. Mom probably couldn't see me too well, but I quickly took off my pants. For some reason, doing this felt normal. In fact, for some fucking weird reason, I could swear mom made a little grunt of approval, or acknowledgment, but when I finished taking them off, mom turned over sharply, her back facing me.

This seemed strange, especially because I thought mom liked the idea that I was shirtless during sleep. I pulled off the rest of my clothes and went through my usual ritual of stuffing my dirty stuff into my bag; I had forgotten to wash anything since yesterday and my things were starting to reek. Mom turned over to look at me

while I was putting everything away. I turned from the light coming in through the windows as they reflected off the snow and noticed her eyes were on my butt. She had this really, really intense gaze, focused, and I thought she'd maybe say something—or I didn't know why I thought she'd say anything—but then she caught my eyes with hers and her face brightened like somebody had turned on a flashlight under her chin.

She pulled the blanket up high enough to almost hide her whole face, her mouth barely visible. I lay down on my side of the bed, getting comfortable and listening to the gentle popping of the fire. This would probably be the best time to sleep, after all. It was quiet. The world outside was dark and cold, but inside, the fire gave a little comfort. And what comforted me even more was how normal we were. There were no weird looks from mom, nor any odd behavior, other than being unusually shy. In fact, now that I thought about it... the way she was watching me take off my clothes, well... it wouldn't have been strange for any hot blooded woman to do the same, right?

Then my mind wandered. It got back to the daydreams I had out in the woods. That's where it stayed until I found myself lying on my back, one hand behind my head and the other by my side, my fingers tapping impatiently against the covers.

Mom wasn't asleep either. I heard her tossing and turning. "You alright?" I asked her quietly. Mom made a surprised noise—something between a cough and a yelp, then turned over. Her hair hid her eyes from me; she had pulled it into a ponytail, but the hair that spilled out and hung down to the sides of her face didn't help much in showing me whether or not she was awake.

"Sorry," she said quietly. "Just... Just thinking about work."

It occurred to me that this lie seemed really fucking fake, so fake it hurt, but I also had no reason to question why. There weren't many reasons why mom would lie to me anyway, so my imagination was working hard to come up with some kind of logical excuse.

"Okay," I replied, pulling the covers back on my side and getting comfortable. The mattress sagged in the middle, the place where we laid the farthest from each other possible. The warmth that was

emanating from her felt stronger, and somehow that heat was something I could feel deep inside of my guts. It made my stomach clench and it brought a little more stiffness to my cock, but otherwise, I had the presence of mind not to do anything.

Mom was doing the same thing, keeping her body stock-still. It took nearly half an hour, the longest of any night, for her to finally fall asleep. When her breath began to lengthen and when it became a familiar low rhythm, I turned over, wanting to look at her.

What greeted me wasn't what I expected.

For some reason I was expecting to see the peaceful face that I had grown accustomed to over the past week and a half. I imagined that sleeping through all those hours that she spent ill had given mom a sense of restlessness in the daytime—at least, I had hoped so. Instead, her mouth was just slightly parted. In sleep, she had let out this tiny sound, a soft moan, that was filled with such tension that when I heard it, when I recognized that she hadn't just been sleeping, that she'd been dreaming.

Dreams didn't come to me like this. They rarely came at all. When they did, it felt like I barely slept, and waking up with my heart hammering from them left me drained. But mom seemed like she was deep into the throes of her dream, because as she lay flat on her back, her head facing me, the blankets down around her waist, there was a subtle fluttering, a gentle shifting of the air right across my own body, that told me she was not at all still. She was shaking.

A soft moan left her lips, her head turning to the side, away from me. There was something almost obscene, yet completely natural, about this scene playing out for me. My mother was writhing in sleep, her hands coming to either side of her belly button, resting, one of them curling upwards towards her breasts while the other hand stayed flat on her pelvis. A sudden gasp of air left her as a full shiver ran through her. The sight was almost too much to bear; I knew what I was witnessing: a nightmare. Except, it wasn't anything like the ones I had before. Mom's fingers dug into the sheet on top of the bed, twisting and wringing, but in short intervals.

The next sound she made was the loudest, but also the most innocent.

"Uhn..."

Mom's hips bucked forward gently as she gasped again, this time louder and more pronounced.

Whatever dream she was having, whatever horrible nightmare—

No, it wasn't like how my nightmares usually went. If I woke up from dreams sweating, shivering, afraid of turning over or moving because in waking up I knew that my surroundings would shift from a dimly lit bedroom in the dead of winter to somewhere in the fucking jungle or worse yet, at school again—those were nightmares. Those were normal ones, where you wake up just because something in you wakes you up, something inside telling you that your head can't deal with it.

These were different. Something about this made my chest ache and not from anything that scared me. It hurt to think of it, like if I had an infection deep in my veins that started right around my heart. And whatever these memories were, they weren't pleasant enough to bring tears, although I know mom was upset because I heard her make several choked sounds as she breathed deeply and quickly while dreaming.

"Uhn—" Mom shuddered again. "Jared..."

Fuck.

Just fuck.

I put my teacup in the sink and got into bed wordlessly. From the other side of the pillow barrier, I felt the movement of blankets and the shuffling as mom crawled in, pulling her blanket up to her neck.

"Are you cold?" she asked. Her voice was barely above a whisper. "I—I mean, are you going to need another blanket or anything? We can share if you—"

"I'll be fine," I said, turning over.

It was quiet again. My body still ached from being out in the snow today. I think mom was tired because after that moment where she was worried about me needing a blanket, she turned over, and within moments, fell asleep.

Mom wasn't snoring this night, but there was still that sound, that gentle noise of air, rhythmically going in and out of her mouth as she breathed.

And... the fire slowly faded.

And slowly, it became colder.

Then colder.

In the darkness, I could make out the lines of mom's face, the way her lashes were still long and black even through the white makeup. Then my vision adjusted enough for me to see the outline of her body, still beneath the covers. The cold bit at me and I moved around slightly, my teeth chattering just a little bit.

She must have heard me, or she felt the motion on her end, because without any preamble, mom whispered, "You're shaking. We can share this." She lifted up the edge of the blanket and held it up for me.

My heartbeat jumped and I swallowed thickly. My throat felt tight, suddenly dry.

Share a bed? Share this narrow twin bed with my mom who had an ass that was probably the most delicious thing ever created? Not to mention the smell of her skin, and the fact that she'd probably move during the night which meant she'd—she'd shift and touch my cock—oh god she'd think I was getting off from that—and then everything would be weird and ruined forever between the two of us.

Not only did mom notice, but she also put down the book and got under the covers. "Come on. If we wake up early enough we can both still have breakfast. It's not too hard for us to share a bed. We did it before you left home."

Before I left home. Which meant there had been years upon years of sleeping right next to each other, even though we slept in separate rooms.

Mom shifted to give me a little bit more room as she got settled underneath the blankets, and after pulling on my sweatpants, and a shirt, I got underneath the blankets, which had been warmed by mom's body heat. For a moment, I smelled something familiar. A

hint of perfume or soap, but then it became just mom's normal scent that I found soothing, strangely.

We stayed in that silence, laying side by side, like how we watched The Lovers on the Seine before. Only, when Mom started to breathe rhythmically, deep breaths going in and out of her, the sounds were somehow closer than usual; there was nothing but silence around us, not even cars or televisions or city noises or traffic outside. There was a stillness there that made every single sound come to me with startling clarity—mom's breathing, my own.

The creak of the mattress beneath us when I turned, trying to get comfortable. I had gotten under two layers of blankets this night, since there was hardly any wood left for the fireplace, and despite this, there was still a chill that seemed to get into the bones. Maybe it was the lack of insulation in these walls; who knew? All I know was that as I lay next to my mother, the space between us, however small it might be, was cold enough to feel like it was several feet long.

I heard mom turn her head slightly. It was clear that she wasn't sleeping. Then her arm moved slightly. Mom had been holding her arms across herself while she tried to get to sleep, only now...

I felt the brush of warm, soft fingers against my own knuckles.

In the instant that they touched, she withdrew, pulling her hand away as if she had gotten burnt. In the near complete darkness, lit only by the dull red glow of the dying fire, I saw my mother's face tense, as if she realized what she was doing and stopped herself.

Then we held still for another moment, before she did it again.

Mom slowly shifted, moving over onto her side so that she could reach with her other arm, slowly brushing my hand, then curling her fingers around the palm of my hand. Mom made a low sound, somewhere between relief and surprise. She sounded like a sigh and her hand trembled softly against mine.

My brain told me this was bad news.

But my fingers laced hers together, closing gently and pulling her against myself, our hands entwined in front of us, her arm close to my body, and my fingers against hers. Mom gave a little gasp as I moved closer, putting an arm under her waist. I was just getting

comfortable, but somehow, the feel of her pajama shirt against my skin sent my thoughts running, wild, through me and everything else came second to the sudden heat that ran from my mind to my cock.

"Jared..." Mom gasped as my hand tightened around her arm; my body felt like a fire, and there was something deep inside of me that made me hungry for... Well, anything.

She tried to say my name again, but I shushed her. It took so little effort, because when I did, mom immediately fell silent and held still. Her face was suddenly flush; the red spread across her pale cheeks and up to her temples.

"We're trapped out here," I said huskily.

A moment passed and my grip eased; mom nodded and whispered back. "Yes. That's why..." Her eyes widened, flicking at me. She didn't move; only stared. Her mouth opened; nothing came out.

The air in the room seemed to shift. Everything became clearer, sharper, hotter as I held her and drew my gaze across her body. What the fuck was this feeling? Whatever it was, whatever this rush of heat and desire and—and need—this feeling that sent every other thing in life spiraling off into some other place. It didn't seem important. Nothing else mattered except this moment between me and her. My mom and her son. The way she looked, sitting there, her body suddenly tense with a tension I had never seen before. She tried to say something else; she didn't know what to do. Neither did I.

What I wanted.

Mom's eyes were wider than I had ever seen them; her chest rising and falling quickly enough that I could almost hear the fabric of her clothes shifting over her breasts.

Fuck you. Go fuck yourself. Get out of your own fucking head and get back to reality. You're thinking crazy things. Your thoughts are not fucking normal—your mom doesn't want you thinking about her that way. You're insane; you need to leave this place or call a goddamn psychologist and talk through what you've done today—

And that whole train of thought just vanished as mom put her tea cup on the coffee table and looked into my eyes, unwaveringly.

The space between us, however many inches it was, felt like the most impossible gulf on earth.

I didn't know who moved first, only that we crashed into one another in a violent heat of mouths and arms and bodies twisting against one another, all the time moans pouring from me and hers. It didn't even occur to me until later that if something in mom's brain told her this was fucked up then I must be doing it too—only when the kiss ended and she looked back at me, both of our breaths hot against each other did I realize how fucking wrong this could be. But mom's hands were already tugging at my clothes, pulling my shirt off of me before I knew what was happening, and mine were pulling at her clothes, too, and it seemed like everything fell into place for a long while after that.

Mom kissed me, fierce and hungry and full of something like the need of every second over the past five years that neither of us had spoken properly to each other, and now that hunger came boiling to the surface like water boiling under the lid of a pot that was too small. And she pushed me onto my back on the couch, not even caring that our clothes were strewn across the floor of the tiny little cabin as she straddled me.

My cock found itself against her wet lips, sliding against them, almost finding its way inside of her so easily.

"Jared—" Mom's voice was husky, her eyes hazy as she stared down at me. It wasn't clear if it was desire or confusion or some strange mixture of both that made her hips grind over mine, pushing my cock closer and closer to her entrance.

That was probably it. That was what made sense. Confusion and desperation, but she didn't know any better than I did, and the look in her eyes—that fucking look—something so beautiful about it told me she hadn't been touched in years; hadn't felt somebody caress and kiss every inch of her body, because her arms wrapped around my neck and pulled me close to her mouth, our bodies flush, while we writhed in the darkness of her bedroom, with only the starlight and the distant sound of waves.

And now, alone in this little space, she needed it too. This fantasy of ours—no. Just mine.

It was all mine.

Only, mom was breathing hard, fast, panting as I pushed into her, and those whines from last night echoed in my ear until I realized the person making them were us, together. Her legs were warm under my hands, wrapping around my torso like a blanket. The weight of her against me was everything I could want; the heat, the wetness between us as we made love and kissed each other, sharing breath. We're in some strange room, with the walls and the decor hazy, but I know what happened here because our scents and fluids are everywhere and we came together every way possible.

I turned over.

My back ached a little from sleeping on the mattress directly, so I reached out and took the pillow with me, pushing it behind my head so it elevated enough, then put my hands on top of each other.

What I failed to notice was the growing tent between my legs.

The darkness of the night hid it well enough. I wasn't sure if mom saw me staring at her. If she had noticed my erection, the evidence of which still remained hidden by the darkness in front of my hips, I'm sure she'd have had some kind of response, even though I had tried to cover it up—

"Jared," mom's voice came out from the corner of the bedroom. It was dark, only lit by the coals and the last bits of orange embers. We both lay there, far apart, listening to each other breathe. "Are you..." she paused, thinking about something. Then she changed directions. "Goodnight, Jared."

"Night, mom," I muttered back.

It took me a long fucking time to fall asleep.

But it didn't seem like that long when I heard something else happen. My eyes snapped open instantly, my mind awake enough that I was ready for the next adventure, whatever it might be. The coals in the fireplace were down again, almost entirely, and I could feel the chill creeping over my skin.

Something had moved.

The noise that woke me was the sound of rustling fabric.

I pushed myself up onto my arms, trying to listen for anything that would tell me why. Maybe mom had just rolled over or shifted—

something like that. It was pitch black in the room; I couldn't even see past my own face, but slowly I realized that it was quiet because there wasn't any movement happening.

Then, very delicately, I heard something.

From mom, lying down only a few feet from me. She was panting. Whimpering. The way you did when you were about to cry, but only just at the edge. And she sounded scared.

A horrible thought entered my head. "Mom?" I called, not sure what else to do. My heart jumped up into my throat. A thousand thoughts filled my mind of every possible thing that could be wrong and I tried to ignore most of them. "What's wrong—"

Mom let out a sob. But before I knew it she clasped a hand over her mouth, her voice stifled. There was a short, muffled sound and then nothing for a few seconds. Finally, she spoke again, her voice broken with emotion.

"It's fine," she whispered. It came out hoarse. "Everything's fine."

My heart stopped beating and froze like ice inside of me. That's what people said when everything was absolutely not fucking fine.

Something horrible came over me. This feeling, this strange mix of panic and sadness all swirled together until I suddenly saw the image of mom, alone in our house growing up, crying, unable to tell me or dad that she was lonely even when we were both in the house, busy, doing whatever it was that I did with my friends back in highschool and that he did with his.

Did they argue? Was their marriage happy? It looked like it was. It sounded like it too. Mom didn't seem crazy sad most of the time—she'd occasionally complain about things at work, and she always went out with her friends. Once a week. And sometimes that night would end early, depending on what it was: girls night in, game night, dinner. She had been happy before the storm hit, right? I hadn't noticed any particular sadness. I tried to piece together mom's history since she became single for myself as my own little project.

They used to go camping, I remembered, at first with me and then leaving me behind because I was tired of it, and mom was

always really good at it. The only thing worse than imagining your mom being hot is picturing her getting off in a tent; that weird mixture of arousal and revulsion coming back while I remembered something I shouldn't. It must have been like ten years ago, so I probably wouldn't know what had happened after that time. They might have stopped going, who knew. Dad had never told me much when it came to this stuff. He was pretty quiet about his emotions, and the same seemed to be true of mom, come to think of it.

That must have been why they stayed married for so long. They got along, and there was enough of a mutual trust that it seemed like a decent place to stay. Maybe. What would they do with the house? There were enough rooms in it for one person if I had taken one. That'd save them rent, wouldn't it?

When mom pulled down the covers on my bed and started to slide underneath hers, I caught just the briefest glint of metal on her ring finger before she slid into bed fully clothed, her pants, her bra still on, as if she needed protection against... whatever it was she felt like she needed protection against. I wasn't about to ask.

I stripped naked and found myself shivering. I was still a little damp from the shower but the towel did no good when it came to drying me off quickly and by the time I slipped under the sheets, they were already cold. I curled up with the pillow and tried to force my eyes shut.

For about fifteen minutes I just stayed there, unmoving.

The bed was right next to the couch and even though I lay awake, I could hear the rustle of mom under the blankets.

"Jared," she spoke from behind me.

I turned to look at her, and her face was shadowed in the dimness of the light.

"If..." Mom seemed uncertain. She cleared her throat, making a soft sound. "You know... We're... trapped here for now."

"Yeah..." I said, wondering why she was bringing this up.

"It doesn't mean anything," she blurted out. Then quickly clarified. "If you... needed privacy."

Her words hung in the air for about ten seconds too long and we both looked away from each other, me getting under my covers on

the floor while mom sat at the edge of the bed above me.

Then, after what had seemed like minutes ticking by, mom added quietly, almost whispered.

"Okay?"

I swallowed. My heart thundered in my chest. There was a tightness between my legs that I didn't dare mention and I nodded. "Yeah... That sounds good."

Then, just like two statues, we stood. Mom had a little bit of hesitation in her movements but I could see that she was trying her best. My heart started to race like it did when I got back into shape and started running with speed and distance; the kind that makes you pant and feel lightheaded with adrenaline.

The only thing was that when you run, there's always a goal to hit. You can finish that last lap or that final mile and call it done. But right now, for me, I was walking to my death sentence. Maybe not in a real sense. If it were jail I'd know what to expect. But this, going to bed next to a woman who, no matter how she felt about me, I considered attractive, and knowing that my thoughts were all wrong, knowing that they weren't even right for some porn model to consider—

So when I crawled under the covers with my mother, it wasn't with ease. When we said goodnight, it was forced, as if we were both acting in some comedy sketch show.

In all, the entire experience was so far removed from whatever semblance of normal I ever had that I felt like the air didn't exist anymore and that I couldn't breathe.

Mom turned away from me, but I'm pretty sure that after that moment passed she moved a tiny bit closer to the couch than she usually did. And for all of about twenty minutes, I stared at the ceiling. Then my eyelids started drooping and I finally gave in to sleep.

I had never imagined what my dreams could do to me.

All I can say is that there was this sudden change of temperature around me. I was dreaming about Cara but not, the actress that I used to fantasize about. It had been such a long time since I'd dreamed about her.

But now she was different. There was this soft light in front of my face, and Cara smiled, the curves of her body accentuated, a little more curvaceous, her breasts so full that I could barely contain myself. There was this heat, this need. My cock hurt as it bobbed in front of me and she knelt down before me, holding her lips just over my tip—it looked like she was saying something—before she licked her lips, took the entire thing into her mouth—

That's where my dream got interrupted by something strange.

Waking up in the dark in the middle of nowhere doesn't really happen too often for anyone. You know the kind of panic that gets your blood going when you're dreaming, where suddenly it stops, like everything is being sucked away from your heart, your brain? That's how it felt to wake up. Like somebody had pulled a plug. And for several moments I couldn't fucking breathe or see in the pitch black around me, even though I knew right away that this wasn't part of the dream at all.

That happened, you know? Sometimes, when I used to be stuck between waking and sleeping, my dreams would feel as real as anything. But after that, it would stop feeling real, and when you open your eyes, suddenly you have enough reason to snap out of it all.

This wasn't anything like that. When I snapped awake, I heard it, the faintest whisper of a whimper or maybe even a moan, something so quiet that it didn't reach the edge of hearing—it was right there, and if I listened a little harder, if my ears stretched to capture what might be coming from inside the cabin, or from beyond the door, I could hear the creaking of bedsprings, the tiniest bit of a squeak as it came. It had taken me almost ten minutes for my vision to finally adjust, and now that it did, I realized mom must have been awake. The pull-out bed on the couch wasn't far, after all, and I had the blankets pulled up over my head. It was cold without the fire. The embers were still hot, and maybe she needed some more wood.

But I could see in the darkness, with only the outline of her body giving it shape. It was too dark to tell what she was wearing, what exactly was going on. Her hips moved back and forth just slightly, her legs opening wide. And then her hands, one covering her mouth

as if she were stifling a sneeze, and the other down in between her thighs—no, between the curves of her legs.

Mom's voice gave another low, soft murmur.

Was she really... masturbating? I didn't think much about it when she suddenly asked me if I'd mind sharing the room, especially when that meant she couldn't masturbate with her son in the same space, but she must have waited until I was out getting more wood.

Her hand disappeared for just a moment as it went under the blanket, then came back. She gave a muffled gasp; her hips rolling back and forth. Her shoulders tensed up and her back arched just barely, the curve of her waist coming into definition as the outline of the covers hugged against her body. I felt my balls tighten again; my cock giving an almost painful throb as I got hard, right then and there. I had no fucking idea why, but knowing she was getting herself off had made my skin warm with arousal; that she had been so close to me that we'd sleep a few feet apart, and this entire time I couldn't imagine that she was pleasuring herself just inches away from me.

My head hurt, and mom was still hiding her fingers beneath the sheets, still masturbating quietly and keeping everything muted. I kept imagining, in those minutes between putting out the lights and finding rest, how she must be getting herself off. Did she have it down her pants or something? Maybe in between her legs? How wet would that make her?

Fuck, I can't stand it anymore—that was what crossed my mind when I realized she wasn't going to stop, and that every movement of hers just meant that she was going to go for longer. That, or she had a lot of practice not making much noise while doing it. But either way, at the rate things were going, I'd just be horny as fuck for god knows how long and end up just lying there, my head hurting at the image of mom going faster, and faster...

The rustling became a little louder. It went on like that for some time until mom was gasping and her legs opened slightly underneath the blanket, but I didn't hear any squishing noises and she wasn't panting loud enough for me to think that she had finished.

Did she orgasm? Was she going to? Fuck, this is driving me crazy—I thought to myself, my cock practically ready to burst as I felt myself straining against my pants. It was becoming too tight there, even with nothing more than just fantasies to keep me hard, so I did what I usually did whenever I needed a bathroom break; I got up, slowly, my erection standing out straight through the bottom of my shirt. I could only hope that the dim light wouldn't clue her in about it and I quickly walked toward the bathroom.

In that second I was walking past the pullout couch, something soft grasped my cock and started stroking it fast.

"Mffhh—" I managed to hold back anything more than the stifled gasp, and my heart thudded hard in my chest, my head reeling as my whole world came crashing down. The first thing I noticed was a hint of floral perfume; a gentle, clean smell that didn't fit right into the situation. The next thing I noticed was mom, holding my shaft in one hand, the other hand pressing against my abs, pushing me toward her, as she kissed me full on the lips and took control of everything.

There was no room for any thoughts of what was happening besides fuck yeah—my cock pulsed hard in mom's hand and the blood rushing up my ears drowned out any questions or doubts I might have had while mom stroked it.

Her fingers were tight around the skin of my dick, pulling it back like she knew how to do, making me ache so bad with lust, the kind that only makes you crazy horny when it's been days or weeks of waiting to get off.

My hips pushed forward into her hands without me meaning to. Her thumb played over my tip, squeezing lightly. I moaned. Something clicked, something broke open and all hell fucking broke loose. I heard myself whisper in her ear—mom, it's mom, this is mom—and her answer to that was just more kisses, soft kisses up and down my neck, on my chest and shoulders, and then finally a slow sucking on my nipples like I liked while her grip on my shaft sped up, getting faster and tighter and everything felt better and more raw every second.

I could barely look down to see where my cock was pushing against her thighs, or when she opened them and spread wide enough for me to push through, and then the warmest thing I've ever fucking felt surrounded my cock all at once, slick and silken and impossibly snug and tight until I realized, fuck—this is mom; this is mom's pussy around my cock—her mouth moved against my ear, telling me that she wants it hard and deep and for me to never stop, while she bounced up and down on my lap and my mouth went numb when I thought about what was happening between our legs. The pressure built up inside of me quickly, almost uncontrollably, and all I could do was hang onto her breasts and squeeze while her voice got higher pitched and softer, begging me for something I couldn't even comprehend.

Her pussy, my mom's pussy—

The bed suddenly creaked as I came awake. A dream? That felt so fucking real...

Then my eyes adjusted in the darkness, and that's when I saw that she wasn't sleeping.

"Mom?" I called out. My heart beat hard in my chest as I realized that we were sharing a bed again, only this time instead of having pajamas to shield me from feeling her soft flesh, tonight, for whatever reason, mom was wearing one of those babydoll nightgowns; a pale cream with light green leaves.

Her arms wrapped around my body before I could say another word or ask anything. Mom was holding onto me—and my god she felt amazing against me—and my mind whirred in shock, in disbelief, and then slowly started to click with how good she felt in my arms, pressed tightly up against me. She whispered my name so softly that I barely heard it. Her cheek against mine, her skin slick with sweat, like she was burning with a fever and needed my body next to hers. "Jared," she breathed, the sound of it a little desperate. "We need..."

"What?"

And mom kissed my neck softly, her whole body trembling as she did it again, pressing her body up against mine again. The feeling of her breasts pushing into me, soft and warm and so fucking perfect,

set off something in my head that made everything feel hazy. Then she kissed my earlobe softly, letting her tongue touch the edge of it as she moaned out a long, shuddering whimper. "I don't know," she replied. "But it feels right."

My hand went low, instinctively, and felt along her spine. A thrill went through me at touching her like this—a sensation that was impossible to describe and one that I wanted to feel forever; it felt almost unreal, like a fantasy come to life as I traced my fingers upwards and along the fabric of her nightgown until I reached the back of her head. My hand cupped behind it, threading through her hair, feeling the curve of her scalp and how it dipped along the nape of her neck. "Yeah," I managed to whisper, pulling her back for a kiss on the cheek.

Our mouths brushed against each other, but not fully kissing. I could sense from her the nervousness, that hesitation and tension like I had felt with everybody else but never really seen up close like this. Mom kept herself still, barely moving, breathing deeply as if she needed to calm down. When I pulled her in for another kiss on her cheek, I caught the scent of her hair, the soft scent of perfume mixed with heat from her body and the sweetness of sweat. She was flushed with the warmth of arousal, of that feeling of lust when your body starts to give into the animal need to breed and get fucked hard.

Mom didn't seem the type. The women I had seen and fucked, they weren't mom's type. They were athletic, strong women. Powerful girls that you could see as mothers, yeah, but... I don't know. Mom had been married to my dad for a long time—they had settled down at eighteen or something and never gone anywhere without each other, and she'd given me up before I could remember her. Maybe... Maybe there was something different here that I was missing.

Maybe it was just the same thing that every woman craved.

She pulled away from me. At first, I thought it was the usual thing that they do to tease and keep themselves alluring, like some kind of game. It was cute and I knew that if she kept herself far

enough away, then I'd be that much more horny for her because all I'd get to have is a quick taste.

Then, it started happening again. That fever. That warm smell that seemed to stick to the air in a way that told me mom was either turning me on, or getting turned on, even though she shouldn't. Then it came again, her hands brushing mine by accident, her eyes quickly apologizing in the most wordless and innocent way possible. And then, she was so close, but she couldn't move further back, and finally, she couldn't stand up—it was too dangerous with the fire, after all—so instead she took a step around the couch, but her feet got tangled up and she fell back.

Right into my chest.

That part was an accident. There was no way she could have planned that to fall in the least graceful way possible so that she bumped right into my arms, and with nowhere left to go but me, there was no way for her to get back to her normal self without leaning against me just a little, or making me think twice about whether this was another tease.

Because I wanted her to be teasing me. But what I had earlier felt so real. I didn't know what to do or think about it. So it made more sense, right then, that what I was dealing with was some kind of game from mom's side of things.

"Well—" mom tried to get past me; her shoulder touching my chest—and then, just as quickly, she stopped, realizing that she had nowhere left to go but onto the bed itself. "Sorry—sorry, Jared," she mumbled, standing up straight so that she had as much space between us as possible, though now, even more so than before, everything was just too fucking small inside the cabin.

"I—you go ahead," I moved out of her way, giving her room to climb onto the bed while I tried to act casually towards her and not feel like a jackass. But the thing that happened was that once she climbed up, she was just sitting on the bed, waiting, watching, her eyes moving around the cabin until they came to rest on me. I turned away when they landed, grabbing my pillow.

It was going to be cold, sleeping in here by myself. The fireplace hadn't been used last night, and although tonight I thought I'd make

sure there was enough to last until morning...

"Jared," I heard mom's voice come from behind. It sounded soft, but firm at the same time. Unsure, yet determined. And with that, she added: "There's more than enough room for the two of us."

The words took a second to land. When they did, they hit me right in the chest, spreading through me like warm sunlight, and I found myself suddenly imagining things; scenarios, possibilities, and before I could figure out what the best option would be, or what any kind of reasonable response might be, I just gave up.

"Yeah?" I turned my head slightly towards her. I didn't know why those stupid words were what I decided to go with, but it seemed to fit the mood perfectly.

She nodded. The tea cup in her hands was still full of steaming liquid. Her lips curved into a faint smile. She licked them, nervously, perhaps, though something about that gesture seemed so natural and perfect that for a moment it felt like the heat was getting to me. "Uh huh," mom said. "But only if you want to..."

"Well..." I tried not to sound nervous as well, though with my heartbeat thumping like mad in my ear and every breath sending this sudden wave of tension and arousal through me, I doubt I acted very casual. "Okay, then..."

Mom set her drink aside, nodding a little more. Then she came onto the bed, her shoulders tense.

The lights went out, or they were dimmed, at any rate. A faint yellow glow spilled onto the corners of everything. It was enough for me to see the edges of things; her arm, her shoulder. Enough to imagine how they could move underneath the loose pajamas as she shifted underneath the sheets, or how they looked when she rolled her sleeves up to wipe her sweat after a day's work.

We lay down opposite sides of the bed. We had started out with a decent distance, a few inches between each of us, but the heat, or the chill of winter, it's hard to tell, got worse, and I started moving in. And so did mom. Until...

I wasn't touching mom. There was a slight difference, an almost unnoticeable difference, where one bit of fabric overlapped another. Mom didn't react as I touched her, or she seemed not to, until I felt

her breathing quicken under her side. She stilled again. When my own breath stopped, I could hear hers; shallow, rapid.

Then it slowed again. My breath stopped and I could only hear hers; slow, steady, calming down. She wasn't asleep; I could hear every time she took a sudden breath, or when she turned ever so slightly.

The room went hotter. My skin buzzed, feeling like electricity was bouncing back and forth across the surface of it, and the air in my lungs heated up and cooled down with every passing second. There were these subtle signals, these signals that told me that there was something happening here that wasn't just going to blow away.

Then I moved closer. Inches, less than inches, fractions of inches, millimeters. Something about her body was so... so fucking enticing, and with how warm she was, how soft she seemed—I couldn't take it. The urge to move even closer came over me, like some animalistic instinct. It didn't feel human. My whole being started to tense up as I tried to stop myself from moving in too far.

"Jared..." mom whispered. Her voice was hoarse, tired, low, a little raspy. Her name sounded so good coming out of my mouth; fuck it. Fuck if this wasn't some kind of incestuous abomination; fuck if we both hadn't already crossed a million lines before this one. She shifted, turning to her back so she could look at me. "You can..."

I leaned in. My hand touched her face, brushed aside her hair, ran a thumb over her cheek. Mom closed her eyes, and her face moved towards mine, her cheeks flushed, her lips just barely parted —

No, no no NO.

No no no no nonononononono NONONONO!

That's when I snapped back into sanity and pulled back, suddenly cold and disgusted with myself. "Fuck!" I jumped back. Mom flinched and then looked up, shocked and embarrassed as I realized that what was about to happen was so wrong it didn't bear thinking about. The way she had leaned in, the way I felt my lips tingle with her closeness, how even now I could still feel her breath, her mouth open and so fucking inviting—

What the fuck?

My whole being recoiled. There wasn't enough willpower in the entire world to make me want to kiss my mom; fuck that, she's old enough to be my actual mom! It's not like those kinds of jokes matter now, I knew.

But I did know that kissing my actual mom was about the last thing in the world I wanted to do.

Mom blinked several times, before sitting up straight and clearing her throat.

She seemed... I don't know, a little disappointed. Hurt? Embarrassed? Angry? "Sorry Jared, you were leaning forward and—"

"Don't worry," I shook my head, trying to brush off that almost-kiss and how much it would have meant to have a moment like this with somebody else, but fuck—she's my mom—and she started to take off her sweater.

What.

I watched for only a split second until I realized what I was doing and then turned around while mom undressed and folded her sweater, and got under the covers. I sat stiffly on the side of the bed, listening, watching, staring, until she gave me a strange look after tucking herself into the sheets.

"You okay?"

"Uh," I replied stupidly, my face red and hot with a blush that probably made me look like I had chicken pox. "Just wondering if you needed anything else."

Mom's expression relaxed, and she smiled gently. She was laying on her back, her hair spread across the pillow, but even if she had changed the sheets earlier they still seemed to be stained and sweaty with her scent; sweet and heavy and warm, that somehow made me realize I hadn't had anything to drink since breakfast. Mom must have picked up on something weird, because she tilted her head a little as she looked at me, confused. "Jared, it'll be alright. If you have dreams tonight or need to talk about anything—"

I swallowed awkwardly. Dreams. Right. Dreams. "It's... nothing mom."

"Okay, hon," she shrugged and lay down, pulling the covers around her tight. That made sense; it was getting colder by the

hour. I could see gooseflesh pop out across her arms, her legs, even across her chest—but that was under the sheets, so maybe it was just an assumption.

The coals popped gently inside of the fire place.

"You're going to sleep right?" Mom asked again. "Just in case?"

"Yeah," I said, lying stiffly. What else could I do? The last thing I wanted was to jerk off and dream about my mom, and what had been really crazy was that it was actually working this time, too. I could feel a growing heat against the bed, pushing at the sheets, but I was able to hold it down enough just to not get fully hard.

Mom yawned. "We'll get to Denver tomorrow."

"Yeah."

Her eyes lingered at me, as she leaned back in bed. She shifted her legs awkwardly, pulling the blankets tight around her, like she needed the extra warmth, and she seemed to struggle with saying something for a moment, before shaking her head. "Alright hon," she finally said. "Good night."

"G'night mom."

She closed her eyes, and after a few minutes I could tell she was asleep by how her chest rose and fell, slowly, deeply.

The heat from inside the cabin wasn't enough. Soon after mom was soundly asleep, the fire started dying out, and though I kept the curtains open just enough to let moonlight come through, soon I felt the first signs of cold seeping in, making the space seem cramped.

Maybe it was just how tired I was, or maybe it was because I was really, truly getting insane being trapped here with mom, but I decided that whatever would happen, happened. If she wanted me out there, she'd let me know. If not, then it wasn't a big deal. And if it did end up being a big deal, I could always move somewhere else; I didn't necessarily have to leave the house and freeze to death, I just couldn't go inside.

Mom was tucked tight into herself as she slept on the bed, the sheet up around her shoulders, holding onto her like a cocoon. I lifted up the covers and pushed them to the side, gently. Then, keeping my eyes away from her lower body, where I knew her pajama bottoms left bare skin, I slipped inside.

I stayed as close to the edge of the mattress as possible. Even then, it wasn't much room for two people to be in such proximity, and after the sheets settled and warmed, and I was about to try and fall asleep, I suddenly felt something touch the small of my back, pressing softly against my shirt.

I had never heard her shuffle or fidget as she usually did whenever I got into bed, so I thought it was an accident, like maybe mom had rolled over unconsciously in the night and touched me. I held very still, wondering if I should say something, when all of a sudden I felt the touch again. This time there was no doubt about it. It wasn't just an accidental brush of skin-on-skin. This touch lingered longer, a few seconds, before pulling away, a few inches, just barely, and pushing back down, almost in a stroking manner.

"Jared?" Mom's voice came from behind me. "Are you awake?"

I didn't want to answer that question. On the one hand, there was mom being horny. On the other, there was whatever she actually meant by "Are you awake". I tried thinking, weighing pros and cons of different answers when—

Mom stroked my hip.

The soft touch trailed around until the heel of mom's palm rested on my hipbone and stayed there. "Can you keep this between us?" Mom said, her words slow and deliberate. "Like those first days of college."

Oh. Shit.

You've probably guessed it already—and yes. Back in college. She was horny as fuck. And I jerked her off because dad hadn't for the last three months or so before she went wild and started sucking cock right and left.

"Sure." My voice was dry and cracking.

Mom moved just a little closer to me. She moved slowly. The light in the cabin was very low, and the darkness made this small room even smaller than it was before; almost like the shadows themselves were pulling us together, drawing the distance between us shorter. I felt a pressure, something in me tighten, and my whole body seemed to be holding in a breath without asking for permission. There was nothing but me and the heat and sound of

my blood rushing through my ears and it seemed like I couldn't feel anything except where mom was, which was just an inch closer than she had been before.

She looked at me, right in the eye, not smiling. Her hand was moving. A shiver went through me as her fingertips touched my jawbone and stroked. She stroked me like that, back and forth, along my chin, around the outline of my lips.

Wasn't sure if she should've done that or not, but it definitely did things. I found myself unable to speak and wondering what kind of magic spell mom was putting on me here. Her hand moved, down from my jawline until she found the zipper of my coat.

And then her other hand was on me, both of them pushing the jacket open until the zipper was undone and when mom pushed gently against me I found myself falling backwards onto the bed, almost dizzy, unable to figure out what was going on because mom had taken off my jacket with those delicate hands of hers, and her eyes were locked into mine. There wasn't any part of me that could even fathom telling her to stop as she bent forward over me.

"Jared?" She said quietly, her voice a gentle caress of its own. "Is this what you want? Do you think you can get rid of all this... this tension if you get your needs met?" Her fingers were at my pants' waistband, playing with it slowly as she whispered. "I don't mean for you to feel obligated—"

I swallowed. Whatever this was, whatever the fuck was happening between us—and what the fuck is this that was happening, really, seriously, and actually happening, was this real life? It wasn't. But something in the air told me to go along with it—whatever the hell it was—mom was just trying to help relieve some of this pressure. Or some kind of fantasy fulfillment thing was happening in my mind that had to do with getting fucked by Cara's mom.

It was crazy.

But here goes nothing.

I nodded.

Mom closed her eyes, let out a low hum like she was relieved at what I'd said, and then she knelt beside the pull-out bed where I

had propped myself up on my elbows. With those same nimble fingers that she used when typing fast at work or cleaning dishes quickly, mom undid the belt and my pants' button, and before I knew what the hell was happening, my dick was out, mom's hands were around it, and she had taken her mouth to my cock.

It felt... insanely warm.

Her tongue, moist, ran across the length of me while the head of my cock pushed against the roof of her mouth. There wasn't a sound between us, save for my breathing going high pitched and frantic as mom began to move her head up and down, slow enough not to trigger a quick finish.

The warmth and wetness was incredible; no way did I want it to end just yet, and so I pushed away thoughts of how good it felt to feel her soft hands and slender fingers on my balls, stroking them gently as my cock filled her mouth...

I closed my eyes to get rid of the fantasy.

"Okay," mom finally said quietly. She climbed into bed and tucked herself under the covers. "You alright?"

"Uh..." my cock hadn't gone completely down, because somehow having some fucking crazy fantasy in your head where your mom sucked your cock will do that. But I felt the rush of adrenaline leave my system and then there was the crash that came with exhaustion. "Yeah, fine." I replied, taking my jacket off.

My teeth chattered for a minute as I sat down and took off my socks and pants, but after that I managed to burrow in pretty deep.

But as soon as I was ready, mom broke the silence.

"What's going on between us, Jared?" she asked softly, quietly. "I'm sorry about everything, and you know that, right? If I had my way I wouldn't—this isn't..." her words stopped abruptly, and instead she turned her face away from me and sighed. It was an exasperated kind of sigh; one where even with her back to me, I could tell she was frowning, wondering how she was supposed to handle something.

She continued after I gave her an ambiguous grunt that didn't really let her know if I understood what she was saying or not. "You're so different, Jared." She turned around and I could see how

worried she was; those eyebrows creased just enough to tell me that her mind was running a mile a minute. "And I understand. I do. But... sometimes..." she let out a low laugh filled with bitterness. "Sometimes... I worry that maybe this will just be another thing I've fucked up, just like everything else, and if anything I did messed up your life, then I just... well. You'll leave. And I've got nobody but myself to blame."

It took a couple minutes for me to respond. I think mom expected me to respond instantly, because when the silence passed on too long, she just sat there looking at me, waiting until I said something. "Mom... I don't know how to help with that."

"Just..." she shrugged, shaking her head. "Let me know if there's something. Some way to make it so you're not angry with me. So you won't get... distant."

"Mom," I felt so helpless at that point. If I didn't tell her I'd probably be lying. If I told her... well. This conversation couldn't really go any worse than it already had. "Look, I've... thought of you when... I thought of you." It wasn't the best way to say it. But even thinking about that word, masturbation, was just beyond me. It was taboo enough that saying it out loud just seemed impossible.

Mom blushed. But her jaw set and she nodded. "Right."

"Yeah." There wasn't any excuse for what had happened. But it was happening. I found my cock growing inside of my sweatpants and suddenly felt a panic come over me. No way in hell did I want mom seeing or knowing that this had happened, because there were limits to all of this and if there was ever something to scare off somebody else it'd be your mom getting aroused around you—it was fucking wrong, it was disgusting, and I never wanted to see a look like the one in her eyes right now—so frightened and worried. "So... you're upset."

"Not at all, Jared," she lied. "Just... let's deal with the sleeping arrangements tonight, hm?"

"I can sleep on the couch," I said.

"There's no pillows or blankets."

"Well if I'm sleeping with the mattress folded up then—"

"Nonsense." Mom sounded like herself again, and that made me feel better than I did a few seconds ago. "You need a pillow to sleep properly."

I nodded, trying not to look at my mother directly. This was going to be difficult.

She was lying down already, having spread out the bottom sheet so there was an unbroken plain of pale blue fabric for me to rest my head. I took off my sweatpants, because sleeping with those on made it impossible to breathe, and after she turned around while I undressed, I got into bed, lying back flat against the cool cotton and pulling the covers over myself, facing the roof of the cabin while mom went to go turn off the last light in the house.

Her feet were silent in their flannel socks as they stepped towards the bed. She stood next to it, at what I thought was my foot, before sitting down at my side. She took a deep breath, and then laid herself down. The creaks of the thin mattress were loud enough for us both to hear as her weight pushed the foam and springs.

I thought I could see a hint of her eyes shining in the darkness. For a moment, I thought she had said something, but when nothing else came and just silence filled our room, I wondered if it hadn't just been a sigh or something else.

I don't know why, but at the same time that mom sighed, I felt like the world was holding its breath and I could feel the softness of her pillowcase through my own.

I felt mom turn toward me. My heart raced with nervousness, my muscles tightened to react—but mom didn't make any move to touch me, or anything like that. "Are you still awake?" she whispered.

"Yeah."

The way we breathed together was somehow intimate. Like both of us knew what the other was feeling, that this wasn't right. There was a pressure growing inside of my chest; an ache and desire that wanted me to ask her why she was even asking me if I was up. "What did you do in college? You must have dated girls."

Her question caught me by surprise, but it somehow made sense that we were going to talk about college. In all honesty, the way I remembered it was all foggy, not quite distinct unless it involved parties or some crazy things that happened around me. Mostly it was studying. Lots of studying. The rest was a blur of beers.

"I met plenty of girls," I admitted. I felt my neck getting warm, though, thinking back to this one girl, Cara, and how many times we fucked and sucked through college together, how much fun it had been to finally just relax and fuck and suck and sleep and party until school came around again, and how she left, for reasons unbeknownst to me.

"I can't remember dating them," I continued, remembering their faces, though some of their names escaped me. "A lot of them, there was like, one night stands and stuff."

I didn't tell mom that some of those nights weren't strictly defined in time. Some of those days lasted forever. But it was easier than being in college, doing the real thing, where you have a life and a routine to get into and a million responsibilities. Part of me wondered how different college would have been if there wasn't any of that shit—like if it was just all sex and partying. A weird feeling stirred inside of me, a hint of jealousy, like there was somebody that got that version of college and they probably regretted not going to classes more.

Mom nodded and seemed to consider what I told her before asking, "So is it that you feel like you're not ready or something?" She asked softly, still fiddling with the blankets and pillows and setting things up on the pull-out couch. "It's been three years, so..."

"I mean," I replied awkwardly, "what do you do, though? How did you even meet dad?" I didn't know if I wanted to hear the story, and she seemed to understand the awkwardness as well and shook her head. "We met when he transferred. I was finishing up my sophomore year in college."

I blinked, looking down.

Mom's voice had a kind of tenderness to it when she spoke about dad, and there was definitely this sadness; an undercurrent that was only now just becoming a little more noticeable in her tone, as if

there were memories she could touch in the air that felt good and painful at the same time.

"And then after a week, he took me out on a date." She said softly, "I never thought in a million years that it was going to work."

She went silent again and I knew better than to push her into talking more. Mom stood up, finished her tea, and walked across the little wooden floor of the cabin, and turned the lights off behind her, leaving the living room a dim glow. "Night," she said quietly before I heard the door close to the bedroom behind me.

Mom didn't talk to me at all the next morning.

Not even a "Good Morning."

Her hair was ruffled, her eyes half closed and heavy with sleep—not that I saw all of her, because she was bundled up in her sleeping clothes. The shower started. Mom always takes a long ass shower. Usually about twenty minutes.

While I waited for her to get out of the bathroom so I could take my turn, I made breakfast. Mom would have to work, but there wasn't too much stuff to do today besides that, which meant it wasn't going to be crazy busy like yesterday. I heard the water shut off ten minutes earlier than usual, but by that time the coffee was done brewing, and I was almost through with making a second sandwich and cutting fruit. I didn't hear mom walking toward the living room until I felt her breath behind me. It sent a shock through my skin. I turned and saw her. She'd left her hair down; she hadn't fixed herself up after getting out of the shower. Her face was bare, devoid of makeup. She was wearing black pajama pants, loose, and a thick white shirt that draped her comfortably.

I'm not sure what it was about that, or why it made things so much more intimate and so much closer than the first two days where she was all dressed up and professional and distant.

But she held my eye. "Jared."

Something was up with the way she said it. My name seemed to hold so much weight in her mouth.

I nodded at her, trying not to look surprised at how fucking attractive mom looked.

"Yes?" I asked, and felt like it sounded too hopeful. Like I wanted more words from her. Like I hoped she'd say something sweet.

She looked away, and shook her head. "Never mind," she said, as she took her plate and walked to the table. She rinsed her mug, her arms reaching up high, pushing her breasts toward me, the soft curves accentuated by her baggy night clothes. "Night," she finished after wiping the edge of her mouth with her wrist, and leaving her mug in the sink to dry.

When she was inside, the door locked behind her, I exhaled in relief.

"Night," I mumbled to nobody at all as I pulled out the makeshift mattress from the couch, my heart pounding.

What a fucking day.

And even more confusing when it's night and you're alone and your mom is behind one thin wall and—

Well.

I'm glad this thing didn't come with cable television. It was bad enough without having the news or MTV on in the background.

And when I crawled under the blankets that night, there wasn't really anything I could do about what had happened today, but it was hard not to think about the weird events. Even harder was thinking about how hot mom was and how... my body wanted her. In some way. Even if I felt guilty as hell that she had seen me, even if I found myself wondering if that image made things worse for her; you know, that your son is a fucking perv who can't stop himself from being a degenerate piece of shit—still, the whole incident kept happening to me over and over inside of my mind.

I closed my eyes.

Somehow, even with the roaring fire next to me, the cold crept in. And my brain worked itself into a state of worry and fear so extreme that even though my balls ached from not having been finished, I couldn't stop worrying and stressing and thinking and freaking the fuck out—that even a few moments of sleep eluded me.

It's no surprise, then, that I passed out almost immediately after falling asleep.

My dreams were odd. There was this vague recollection that something bad happened, but it's impossible to tell. All I knew was that everything smelled different. Everything felt different. A sense of dread seemed to pervade it all as I lay next to the crackling fireplace, the sound of wind outside pushing against the glass window.

Everything around me was dark, and I kept falling asleep, and then waking up, and finding myself in a daze between sleeping and being awake.

At some point, my eyes blinked open and they stayed open. There was that same scent that I picked up on before; that subtle scent that somehow smelled of mom and...

My cock ached. It really did. It was throbbing and I was suddenly aware that I was hard; harder than fucking hell and ready for—something. A soft groan escaped me; the kind you get when you're not fully awake and when you wake up there's that dissonance between dreams and reality.

All I know was that I saw movement, and all of a sudden I felt warmth, a warm body pressing against me with its soft curves, a body that made my skin seem hot all over. The thing moved against me, brushing my cock gently through my pants as I shifted forward, my breath coming faster and—

The warm thing moved, turning away. But even while it did, it rubbed against me again, sending this electric shiver through me until my hips gave a jerk as I reached for it, holding the curve of the body against me and rubbing my dick on its roundness.

A sharp inhale escaped me, followed by another groan, one that was full of want, but somehow restrained and confused because who the hell—

Mom.

I let go of her almost immediately, jumping back, my head jerking as I looked to her eyes in the dim light of the room. She seemed so sleepy; her eyelids fluttered and she turned around

completely so that her ass wasn't near me and she wasn't anywhere within reach.

My balls fucking hurt. It was the kind of hurt that made you wonder why you were alive, really. But the thought of touching my mom like that, of grabbing her ass or pushing myself against it with some crazy intention of humping her till I came—

Mom didn't budge. That's the worst part. There was no doubt that she knew. How could she not know? She did what any normal person would do if their son were getting a little too handsy with them; she moved out of reach and went to bed.

But this is where things were odd. I had this sick desire inside of me that told me that maybe... just maybe... that wasn't meant to be something that mom did in defense, or in revulsion. Maybe...

Don't look at me like that. I warned you. I warned you all from the beginning that something like this would happen, because that's the way these kinds of stories go. When your son is horny enough and his cock is aching hard, he gets so fucking dumb that he'll start looking for signals when he needs to back away.

"Well," mom finally said. "Let's try to get some sleep tonight." Her tone was firm and authoritative as she climbed under the blanket, leaving a full half of the bed free. I hesitated. But mom didn't see my hesitation. She had turned over to one side and lay facing it with her eyes shut, almost immediately taking measured, practiced breaths.

You know, like how she does before she goes to sleep.

And since mom hadn't explicitly told me that I had to sleep on the floor, I decided I might as well take up her offer.

"Sure," I said quietly as I got into bed with her. We were just separated by a little bit of flannel.

If we were normal people in normal times, that kind of thing might even be expected. But we weren't, and mom wasn't saying anything to disprove my idea.

Maybe because she had no idea how to either.

As the night progressed, the temperature dropped further, but the fire held back the worst of it and at some point it didn't matter so much as it used to. It must have been the second or third hour of

sleeping (or not sleeping) when I heard mom clear her throat, quietly, just behind me.

I froze. What was she thinking? Did she think of the way that I looked at her body?

Was she going to confront me about that?

Fuck!

I waited for something horrible like an accusation. She shifted next to me, and I felt her press up against me. I tried not to move. In all honesty, the last thing I wanted to do was touch any part of mom's skin or accidentally touch her bottom half and...

You know.

"Sorry, I... there isn't really a lot of room here..." mom's voice sounded odd. A bit hoarse, like she had been crying. "It's pretty dark."

"Y-yeah. Well, uh, maybe you can—"

"There aren't enough blankets for both of us," mom said. "And no heating pads. It might be... it could get kind of cold."

"No, yeah, I think it definitely will," I replied stupidly.

She nodded quickly. "That's why I wanted to make sure that we slept close together."

The way she said those words were strange. Maybe even off-key a little bit, like the music to this bizarre symphony playing out between us wasn't quite right. And maybe she heard it too. Because her eyes grew big and wide.

"So, you know... I mean so that there are more blankets..."

I looked at the floor. The carpeted floor.

"...that way neither of us gets too cold. You won't freeze your ass off or anything."

Maybe there was an innuendo in that last part, because she blushed when she said that. It wasn't just the darkness hiding her blush; she had this look where she bit her lip as she finished what she was saying. "What... what do you think?" She asked.

There was no fucking way she couldn't have known what she was asking. It wasn't like sleeping together on the same bed was a normal occurrence for mom and me, and it especially wasn't normal for two adults, one of whom was male and horny.

But I didn't want to make a fuss. So I nodded. "Yeah. No sense wasting heat," I mumbled something else and followed mom to the bed. We pulled back the sheets and covers and I saw mom staring at my pants. Her eyes were wide again, big blue circles of reflection that watched me pull my jeans down and toss them by the couch, and then turn over onto the far end of the bed.

As I did this, she sat up for a little longer. "Wait," she said suddenly, her voice thick. "I have an idea."

What idea?

I turned around and saw mom sitting cross-legged on the bed, her body hunched forward, looking as if she were about to share a secret with me. What she did do instead, after taking a few heavy breaths, was lean over to the lamp and turn off the light. Then she made her way to me. I could see her outline and a glow around her face from the fireplace but beyond that it was just dark shapes moving against blackness.

She moved closer to me. Close enough for her to sit down again, her hands folding together. "Listen Jared... There's something we haven't talked about yet. Something—" she cleared her throat. "Well, we talked about it, but not properly."

My heart was racing.

The darkness was doing horrible things to me.

In the night like this, anything might happen. Anything, from the most insane things you could ever think of, to the most innocent, tame and wholesome ideas. It didn't fucking help that now mom was climbing into the bed, moving underneath the covers, tucking them gently to cover her legs, and all that was left above the line of the blanket was her hair, loose and splayed out along the pillow.

Her eyelids were heavy; I could tell because she was avoiding my eyes. She lay down, her head against the pillows, facing my direction, her breath escaping from those soft red lips, almost fogging in the heat of the cabin—that same humidity you smelled earlier. Her chest rose and fell softly, gently.

My hands were suddenly freezing and numb, even though I had them right by the fire. I felt stupid sitting on the ground while mom took up the bed. My cock pushed painfully against the side of my

jeans, begging for release. The images of her, from this morning, of her back in the forest and naked, and then what she'd look like naked right here and now, in this dim light, in this darkness, her flesh hot with a thin film of sweat. I shook my head to push these thoughts away, but that made everything worse; they got more vivid and intense, until all that came from me were flashes, pictures, like somebody flashing Christmas lights. Mom, beneath me, her mouth open as she gasps, taking it from behind, both of us so hot and dripping with sweat that we're melting; I'm gripping her hips so tight that there's going to be handprint bruises—

I cleared my throat quietly, stood up, stretched, and tried not to catch mom's eye as I went back inside the washroom for a few minutes. I turned on the sink, splashing a little cold water against my cheeks, which somehow brought my dick under control again. The fact that I was still half erect after doing nothing else but splashing myself was proof of how far gone I was.

But it didn't mean I had to make an ass out of myself. Just like this morning, and every other fucking moment that I thought about her, and just how crazy these thoughts were getting.

I stepped outside of the bathroom, the steam from the mirror wafting past me, into the rest of the cabin.

The place felt warm—or at least, it had lost its chill from the moment mom had opened up the bed earlier. Mom wasn't in the washroom or the main area of the cabin and was likely changing, but I could feel her.

Or maybe I was imagining that feeling, whatever it was. But something made me turn towards the side where the bed was set up, and when I did, it was like I couldn't stop. Something deep in my body drew me to her.

Mom was standing near the edge of the bed. She was barefoot, her shirt already halfway over her head. It fell down after she pulled it up over her stomach, past her breasts, and revealed the thin black fabric of her bra against her back, and the curve of her hips leading right down to her—

She spun around abruptly, as if she could sense my gaze.

This time, when she saw me looking, she didn't say anything. Her eyes were wide again; the same look she had given me before when I was jerking it to her, only now she was staring directly into me. Her eyes flickered, and for a second, she opened her mouth, like she wanted to say something.

And then she snapped it shut.

She didn't even turn away from me. Mom just reached behind her back and unhooked the clasp of her bra and held it in place until it slipped off of her shoulders. She wasn't blushing. She was just looking at me, holding eye contact, a strange look on her face, almost like she was daring me to do or say something.

She kept it there for several more seconds until she exhaled with a slight smile, pulled her arms inside the pajama shirt, and unceremoniously dropped the bra beneath it. It hit the carpeted ground with a soft flop.

Then mom turned around, her hands pulling her hair behind her ears, giving me a full view of her ass.

Mom looked over her shoulder. "Goodnight, Jared," she whispered in a tone I had never heard before.

It had been hours. The sky outside was deep navy blue and even though it had stopped snowing, it looked like it might pick up again tomorrow.

That was fine by me. As long as I didn't get stuck here, as long as we were going home... well, then anything was fine.

Because even though we weren't speaking to each other at the moment, we weren't talking, or doing anything weird... There was something about my mother that night. Something in her eyes. That was unsettling. And not in a bad way, per se...

After another ten minutes of mom rearranging things on the bed while I sat in place, she took a deep breath and sighed heavily, and looked at me. She met my eyes for a second before she looked down and started folding up her shirt, like she usually did. But something made her stop halfway and freeze when she remembered.

She stood there in front of me, the fabric bunched around her waist, her skin illuminated orange by the flames, and with the

shadows cutting deep into the curves and hills and valleys of her body.

I looked up at her. We were both looking at each other, but neither of us spoke.

Neither of us moved.

Her tits were so full. They hung, thick and heavy and round beneath her arms. Her belly was pale white, almost glowing from behind, reflecting the light so perfectly. When the fire shifted, she seemed to brighten with it, her hair dark as ink, her lips pouting but slightly open, waiting, expectantly, a deep red curve in the low light.

She swallowed.

And I could see how her tongue moved under the skin of her throat. How she breathed and how her breasts trembled on her chest. Her nipples hard enough to push against the fabric that kept them concealed.

For just one second, the room shifted. And for a moment I saw this other world where mom, instead of wearing her pajamas was wearing nothing; the light of the fire dancing on the soft pink folds of her pussy, a soft patch of curly brown hair barely hiding the way the inside of her body, the deepest, warmest parts of her opened, wet with need. That for whatever reason, mom needed my cock to slide in there, and her thighs were parting, spreading around my hips, wrapping tight. Mom was breathing heavy, moaning while I pushed inside of her until she came around me, gasping with pleasure.

As quick as it had come, that strange vision went away, and instead my mother was fully dressed, kneeling next to me on the bed. The only hint of her nakedness the soft flush that had turned her pale skin a faint red.

"Um..." she stuttered. "Do you—"

I couldn't say anything. Not unless I was about to tell her I wanted to fuck her into blissful submission. And then probably beg for forgiveness afterwards.

"Are you sure—" she continued, before swallowing loudly and nodding as if she decided something. "It's kind of weird. But do you think you could put your arms around me like you did back home?"

All kinds of warning bells were going off in my brain but somehow, it seemed impossible for me to say no, or even shake my head no, or do anything that would suggest how dangerous it would be for her to even ask that question.

Because my cock was hard as stone just thinking about touching her.

She didn't give me much room to argue or suggest any sort of alternative anyway. Before I knew it, she was laying next to me with her back against my front, the curve of her behind gently fitting up against me, and I could feel her hair against the top of my pillow.

I felt the softness of her breasts underneath my forearm as her breath started to go even.

I closed my eyes and tried to stop thinking. To be honest, a small part of me wanted to stay awake all night, if only so that I wouldn't start touching her out of nothing but sheer fucking insanity. I had just finished masturbating to these thoughts about her. These thoughts were not supposed to make my hands want to reach around her body and take a hold of her breasts, her nipples, slide my fingers up and down, find out what she tasted like, how wet she might be; if I could make her moan softly—the kind of noise she'd make while sick with fever—except that would be because of me making her come. I could taste every last inch of her, and she would writhe under me like she was made for me—made for me to make her squirm until she screamed—

I clenched my teeth together to keep myself from doing something that would make my mom panic, but instead I found myself clenching my whole body and holding very still. I didn't look at her. It was already bad enough. What I needed was to get some goddamned sleep.

That was another plan that did not fucking work. When I slept, the dreams were vivid, all kinds of fucked up, sometimes even frightening, and all of them included mom. Mom getting eaten alive by ants. Mom running from a bear, which turned into me as a monster chasing after her. Mom turning into my high school teacher Mrs. Miller who had big breasts that I touched between classes, or

maybe she was Ms. Fawcett, who sucked me off in a broom closet, or maybe one of Cara's friends from college—

I woke up panting and hard. The dreams came rushing back to me and suddenly felt the heat of mom's hand on my thigh again. A deep wave of nausea went over me and my skin prickled up as if a dozen cold needles were pricking against it. The dreams were not just disturbing or insane; they were filled with horror, disgust, guilt, anxiety, revulsion, things I hated and that I would never dream of doing, yet somehow inside of those dreams was always me.

I had to get some air. This is the kind of thing where you know you need air, or at least an opening where I can think rationally, except there wasn't much I could do except go out for a piss with a hard-on and then deal with it there, but what was that going to accomplish? Was I really going to have mom's face be what pushed me over the edge? There was something deeply disturbed, mentally unstable about all of this. Maybe I needed that therapist.

The wind outside of the cabin whistled in a low drone. My thoughts seemed to drift from place to place as if I were falling down an endless tunnel. I was stuck here. Mom was so close to me. Her pajamas were thin. Her smell lingered near me; every breath I took of the night's air let it cling to me even deeper. All I could think was what she looked like without clothes, how soft her body must be, and when I finally found myself drifting back towards that last thought, I couldn't fight it anymore.

What harm would it be anyway? No fucking way she'd figure it out. And if she did, who cares? She probably already suspected that I was masturbating to her, or rather fantasizing about her, since I was such a pathetic little wuss, and what good was having your son jerk off to you?

That gave me this weird feeling of relief and guilt all at once, because that made me feel so guilty, I decided right then and there that I was just going to be the bad guy, and whatever I wanted, no matter how depraved it was, I was just going to go for it. It's not like I wanted my mom's blood; I just wanted a little bit of sex with her, or to smell her pajama bottoms. Was that going to kill

somebody? It's not like she was going to get pregnant by a little bit of skin touching.

So fuck it, right? Fuck everything. My life is a shithole, dad's gonna get rid of me, I can't look forward to anything else, so why the fuck not just indulge in one thing? Even if that one thing meant wanting my mom for more than just a mother.

But mom had already tucked herself into her side of the bed by the time I came in after using the bathroom and putting everything away. That gave me this idea, like maybe she was mad at me. If she knew I was masturbating to her (or rather fantasizing about her; the distinction mattered), then it would make sense. Or if she figured out that the name Cara really was referring to her, since that might imply that I wanted to have sex with her and there were very few Carras I knew—

I cut myself off from that line of thinking. The last thing I needed was more thoughts and feelings about mom's pussy wrapped around my cock.

Then something unexpected happened: mom rolled over. She didn't roll over to show me her ass; that would have been fucking impossible considering how tightly she tucked herself under the covers. No, she rolled over to face me, keeping one leg pulled up to her chest and another one stretched down the bed, but her shoulders stayed relaxed.

Mom was facing me. Her hair was all fanned out against the pillow. Her eyes were slightly open.

It struck me for a moment, and not for the first time that she was gorgeous. Mom had these beautiful, dark lashes and her eyes always seemed like they were filled with secrets. There was this light pink flush across her cheeks; I couldn't tell if that was because of the fire or because of something else.

Then it hit me, right before I fell asleep: mom's gaze was fixed on my dick. She looked up just barely before I did, turning away in what seemed like embarrassment, as if she wasn't allowed to look.

When I woke up, I found myself shivering and curled up on one side, keeping my feet toward the warmest part of the fire while the cold bit against my skin. The fire had gone completely dead during

the night, and I was about ready to try to make that happen again except something kept me back, kept me still, kept me quiet.

I heard mom whispering something from my side.

I didn't turn. I stayed where I was and just listened, hoping I'd be able to pick something out, anything out of whatever she was saying.

I managed to pick a few words here and there. It sounded like a prayer, maybe. She was asking for strength. Asking for forgiveness. Something about having desires she shouldn't have and that her heart was going astray from everything she was used to. I didn't hear any actual words for God but the language that she was speaking was definitely Catholic Latin. I could recognize those syllables anywhere, despite not knowing any of the terms or vocabulary.

After five minutes, or what felt like forever, she said, softly, "Amen."

The silence came after, and mom took a deep breath before finally looking back at me.

"Ready for bed, hon?" Her voice was weak but the smile on her face was genuine, if not strained.

"Yeah, sure," I replied, still trying to process whatever I just heard. Did mom actually stammer?

When I lay down with my back against her, it was weirdly stiff; even more awkward than the first night when I felt like mom and I had a mutual dislike or something.

The fire flickered in the dark while I lay there with my eyes open.

I listened for mom's breath and was surprised that she was sleeping already, because as far as I was concerned it was barely ten o'clock at night. Weird that she'd go to sleep so fast. But maybe it was better that way. Maybe she needed it. Or maybe, like me, she wanted to be unconscious so that she wouldn't have to think about what happened and try to get back to normal.

Normal... the word passed through my mind as I tried to clear my thoughts. Whatever that meant. Because the next day, how were we going to pretend this never happened? The whole thing of me

masturbating out in the open—well, semi-open—and then talking to mom about it?

How could you talk about something like that, really, and not have it haunt every interaction with each other?

I found myself waking up to find a cold patch on my side where it felt like I was resting against snow or ice. And then I figured it out: the fireplace had gone out and I wasn't under the blankets anymore, even though I was fully clothed in warm layers. I had woken up shivering, so bad that my teeth chattered, and I found that not only was the fire completely dead, but that we had run out of logs too. There were some little piles of twigs but they'd barely help with starting the thing again.

That, and when I woke up, the room was light as could be; no dim sun through clouds, but actual bright sunlight. I turned to look at mom and found that she was curled up tightly, still, a lump of blanket with only some blonde hair sticking out at one corner. For a moment, I thought she might actually have been freezing or in pain, but after watching her breathe for a couple seconds, I realized it was just the way she was sleeping. The window panes showed thick frost around the edges where the snow hadn't settled but water had gathered. I had heard mom tell me once that this always happens when you're trapped in extremely cold areas with the wrong ventilation, and sometimes you can even die from being inside and not properly heated. She did mention though that with both of us keeping ourselves warmed with body heat, as long as we didn't get sick again then we wouldn't have much to worry about.

After using the restroom, I went down to get coffee started while pulling out my phone for the first time since getting here. With cell reception as well as electricity going in and out, it would have been pointless for either of us to try charging them, but I wanted to check what the weather was like outside because if we had another day of nothing happening, I wasn't sure how well either of us would survive it without snapping on each other.

Turns out, the power grid was back, which meant a little more hopefulness from me than the previous hours, and the reception was

spotty. Mom had gotten up when I had just been frying two eggs in silence and making us some coffee.

She came up behind me, wrapped by a thick blanket, her hair a tangled mess of gold. She was silent when she grabbed a mug and poured herself some coffee with lots of creamer.

"Sorry," I finally said, turning off the stove and sliding the eggs onto a pair of plates. "There wasn't anything fresh."

Mom took a sip from her coffee, closing her eyes before setting it down on the counter. "Thank god for food, right?" Her smile was wan but there. "So..." she breathed deep and looked up at me as I set our plates down opposite each other.

Her eyes widened and she stared past my shoulders before stepping around the table. With a soft hiss she opened the door and stuck her hand out. Then she closed it and looked at me with an open mouth. "Fuck!"

"What?" I asked, aghast at her look. Was someone else out there?

"There are no stars," mom breathed.

"It's cloudy," I said, standing up straighter. Something about those words made me feel better than any other thing in my entire life had. It gave me a burst of courage—which really means my dick was going to do a lot of the talking after this point. I came closer to her, sitting next to her on the couch while she faced the window.

"Look," I pointed out past her face.

Her eyes followed mine as we both stared at the glass panes, our reflections staring back at us with pale faces and big shadows dancing behind our silhouettes. The snow outside, not quite white anymore, looked gray and blackish with the dark.

My mind, even then, knew that I was heading into territory where I shouldn't be. I felt like there was a line in the sand with mom, and I was going to step across it. At first, that feeling was small. But with every passing moment, the feeling grew like a hot bubble swelling inside of my stomach until I could barely keep my eyes away from her.

But you know me.

You know I have a way of being able to say dumb shit at the worst possible time.

I took the chance.

"Your pajama button is off," I said softly, pointing at her.

And she let me come closer.

At first, she tried to do it herself.

But after a moment of her fingers missing and struggling over and over with the tiny little mother-of-pearl studs on her top, mom made a soft whimper.

"Do you mind?" She asked softly, still staring away at nothing, almost ashamed of what she was doing, the vulnerability she was showing.

Her breath hitched in her throat. Mom was embarrassed, but not for what I thought she'd be embarrassed. Not just because I was there. It was something else, something more deeply shameful for her that made her look like she wanted to curl up under a blanket and hide until whatever she was facing had gone away.

But I kept my head, my thoughts silent. I figured if I had made eye contact too many times then things would get awkward or even uncomfortable. Mom had told me once, back when I was 18, that eye contact with someone, any kind of intimate kind of connection could cause two people to feel vulnerable.

That seemed true to me now, but it felt different.

As mom laid down and faced the wall, pulling her covers up high, and curling her body into itself, I knew there was more vulnerability than anything. But it seemed like the longer that we kept silent about our day, the less likely it was that either of us were going to want to bring it up again.

So, you know. Maybe we could just forget about it.

Yeah. Forget. Right.

Like there was going to be any forgetting what had just happened earlier today.

I slipped under my blankets, facing away from mom, and pulled myself tightly into a ball. It was the middle of January, probably not freezing cold. The snow on the ground would be enough to heat the cabin all through the night; so as long as I burrowed into these

blankets, I'd be warm all through the night and maybe even dreamless too.

Except for some reason, it wasn't working. It wasn't because of the thin mattress or the fact that I hadn't been sleeping this way in years, it was... I don't know. Mom shifting on the couch made me think I wasn't alone. And every rustling, creaking sound seemed to echo through the place and wake me up in a state of alertness that seemed stupid to maintain. So I kept listening, waiting, until—

"Jared?"

Mom's voice was soft. Not like the tone she had when we were being silly and messing around during The Lovers on the Seine; there was no laughter, no amusement here. But her voice was soft like somebody who just needed somebody to hear them in the dark.

I didn't roll over, and kept my breathing steady. Maybe mom would go back to sleep if I faked it. I heard a faint whimper coming from mom's corner of the cabin, but she quickly silenced herself.

I was awake. There wasn't anything I could do to fall asleep while I listened to mom shift on the couch and make tiny whimpers and sighs and then a sudden shuffle, like she sat up. Then after what seemed like too long, I could see her silhouette sitting up in bed, looking right at me, standing.

There was something really wrong about her shape in the moonlight, because as she walked closer, step by tiny step, I realized there was something weird and disquieting about her gait—she was almost gliding, moving smoothly across the floor, like a ghost, like an angel, until suddenly I felt her weight depress next to me on the mattress.

"Jared?"

My stomach fell.

I was going crazy. Maybe we both were going crazy. The cabin, this snowstorm, not enough air—we were definitely both going crazy. And mom, of course she wouldn't go crazy, you know, the way that you think a person would go insane, but instead, this crazy, it would happen in a way where she couldn't believe what she was doing. Maybe tomorrow we'd find another pair of shoes and trudge down into town and she'd never talk about any of it because it

would seem to her like she was crazy to even consider it, let alone to do it, and now it was going to happen.

I wasn't just horny. I was stupid, dumb, crazy-horny and this whole idea I had was so ridiculous, such a joke of an idea, such a stupid fucking thought that had crossed my mind when I caught mom staring at me through half-lidded eyes and heard her sharp intake of breath as she walked in on me, my cock sticking out through my fist, thick, red, throbbing with veins, and just dripping for her to take it between those luscious, perfect lips—

There wasn't anything rational that followed from then, because we were both standing next to each other, awkwardly brushing each other as we went into the bathroom, trying to decide who could go in first, how we should apologize after, but I couldn't fucking stand it, couldn't fucking wait, and so after two minutes of being inside, I didn't turn on the light and step in, I reached around mom and felt for the lock until the door clicked behind me.

Mom started to protest.

The words seemed to die out when my hand found hers and squeezed tight, and she tried to step back into the sink only to have my free hand grab her hip to press her against me. She looked up at me through her eyelashes and gave this little noise that almost made me come right there. There was a brief moment where time slowed down for me to see her body move as if in slow motion, her neck craning to look at me, my hips moving closer, her chest swelling and her hands gripping my shirt.

"K-Jared..." she stammered, her eyes wild with panic. "What are you doing—I'm your—"

I grabbed her, hard, and leaned into her, pressing my mouth to hers and tasting her tongue, the way her breasts pressed against me, her skin so soft that I had to touch her more and feel all of it, I needed to take it off and make her warm, but even through our clothes I could tell how firm and how hot she was.

She started to pull back. But I held on, grabbing her by the wrists, pulling her body against mine, feeling my cock stiffening between us.

"No Jared," she moaned, her tone desperate and begging. "Stop. Please... please stop..."

I kept kissing her, tasting every inch of her mouth and neck, until she stopped trying to pull away and went completely limp, letting out a moan while her mouth accepted my kisses. When she started to give up and gave out a throaty gasp, I knew that it was coming.

When her hands moved between us to hold me tight, that meant that I'd already won.

When I lifted her shirt, revealing her full tits, her nipples pink and puffy, that meant that she was willing.

It became an insane rush, the way it happened so quick—when I tore off my clothes, I felt like there was so much of me that was just exposed; not physically, but there was this weird part of me that suddenly felt vulnerable that hadn't ever shown itself before.

When I grabbed her thighs, she opened them wide for me to see a slick wetness. I grabbed her hips while her hands dug into my shoulders, guiding me, and when she finally felt the head of my cock pressing against the tight, slick spot between her legs, she let out this sharp cry as if she had never expected my body to feel good against hers.

She bit her bottom lip, her mouth opening when she tasted her own skin and bit harder.

I couldn't believe it was happening. When her hands gripped down harder and I managed to slide the entire head of my cock inside of her cunt, pushing through the tight grip of her pussy, she began to shake, panting, whimpering as I took my mother's virginity.

There's no way that can be true, you're saying? Well... don't call me a liar unless you've seen this girl's legs spread while your cock pushed inside of her.

I held her legs apart; they were so thick and smooth, her calves soft when I moved my hand down her body to cup her ass, the cheeks full and meaty but not big enough to take my palm—if I squeezed it, her cheeks fit nicely in my grasp.

With mom, there was this insane part of me that just knew she loved getting fucked deep from behind. There was this primal desire to fuck and make babies; there was a need inside of me to see her

like that, face down, her body arched like she was ready to fuck at any second, her eyes dark with lust as she let me push my dick into her over and over.

I took a deep breath, feeling like my cock was throbbing hard again. Forget about how it was only a few hours before or even how fucking horny I was at that moment; my imagination got the better of me. She was sitting next to me, pulling up the sheets while she laid down, the outline of her body, heavy tits pushing against the fabric and then falling as she shifted in place.

Her head went beneath the sheets. All I could see was a mass of hair and a lump where her feet were pressed against each other. I stood up, walking around for no reason, and mom watched me while I took off my shirt, then unzipped my pants, slipping them off to sleep in my underwear like usual. The difference was that now, my cock had pushed outward so that it was straining through my underwear in a thick line. My balls had been neglected, and I had barely finished masturbating less than an hour before.

I climbed into bed and tried to lay as still as possible, knowing full well that mom was staring right at me. With my back to her, the light from the fireplace flickered over me, warming my skin with a dancing glow while the heat spread through the rest of my body. There was something weird about laying in a bed and not actually being asleep yet, but knowing that mom was behind me. My mind raced through what might be happening: Did she notice my erection? If she did, was she disgusted? Would it freak her out? Maybe it's a thing dudes get at random and if you're cooped up, even your parents' friends are fair game. It happened before.

It had to have been fifteen minutes, maybe half an hour, where I was trying to keep myself occupied. But all the time spent worrying just made my heart rate pick up. My blood surged through me every now and then, making my muscles clench and tighten. My balls felt swollen; they ached.

Behind me, I heard mom shifting too. Then there was a small sigh, one of those little "hmm..." sighs that meant she was deep in thought about something, or really uncomfortable. At first, I thought that it must have been because of me. Because... if dad wasn't

around, and if we were together... how crazy would all this be? Was mom feeling uncomfortable just for being near me? That was entirely plausible. If she did, though, I was certain she'd say something about it. Even with dad, there had been arguments about sleeping arrangements and all kinds of stuff, so she definitely wasn't one to shy away from a problem.

She sighed again. A louder one.

Then a third.

After that, I shifted in my sheets and turned toward her. She was curled up beneath her covers, her back to me, and I could just barely make out the faint lines of her body that told me how she was resting and what position she was in. She was tense, holding still, and when I tried to listen beyond my heartbeat and hers, I could hear just barely over the wind, the patter of snowflakes on the roof—something else. Something that was a little more irregular and erratic.

I couldn't help myself. I needed to know what was going on with her, for all my thoughts of sleeping on the floor to leave, but I had to do it so that my voice wouldn't betray the fact that I heard her heavy breaths, or her shifting in the sheets.

"Hey," I said quietly. "Is something wrong?"

A moment of silence. Just a few heartbeats of quiet. And then the sounds resumed.

Mom breathed deep and then exhaled shakily.

"Yeah... Jared. Actually..." She rubbed her face and shook her head. "There is."

Fuck fuck fuck—I found myself repeating mentally. Was she finally catching on?

Mom sat up, putting her mug down and clasping both hands between her knees. Her lips were pursed, her eyes staring ahead and away from me. "I'm sorry for earlier. And... well, this is so awkward because you're not a little boy anymore, and... Well, let's cut to the chase. You saw me naked. Right?"

I swallowed and nodded. Fuck! My voice was dry. "Sorry..." I managed to choke out. "Really. I didn't mean—"

"You must've seen something else, right?" Mom asked, her voice strangely tight, high and thin like a string that had been wound too tight. "Right after. After you... looked at me."

A pause. If you've never felt guilt so bad that you literally felt like throwing up, that would be a great time to try it. I knew that feeling so well in that moment that my body responded immediately, my stomach knotting, the muscles around my shoulders tensing until they made knots that I had to actively keep straight. "Yeah," I lied again. "Yeah. I did. Sorry."

"Oh," mom said, exhaling like she hadn't expected to hear that. She nodded quickly. "Well good. Yes. Of course," she laughed. "Who'd want to see their naked mother's body? That's—hah! Ha!" she finished, her tone shrill and sharp with nerves. She shook her head quickly. "What about your dad? Didn't he—he was a good-looking man, right? Didn't he—" she swallowed awkwardly mid-sentence as if something caught in her throat. "—Didn't you ever catch him without his clothes or something?"

"No," I said stiffly, turning away from the look mom gave me, trying not to get my mind back into that weird fantasy space where I tried picturing mom with dad.

It was hard to do, because somehow in my head, it was easy to imagine dad having sex with her, and I had seen the way he fucked Cara—but for some reason, seeing mom like that made the thoughts stop. Dad didn't seem like he'd know how to deal with it if mom had the same appetite that Cara did. It was so easy to imagine him fucking someone else like a machine, but when it came to mom, I couldn't really wrap my mind around him doing what he did with Cara.

With Cara, the best thing he could probably do would be to let her run wild on his cock. Something about thinking that mom would have more of an appetite made it hard to think of dad in the same context. Like... mom probably enjoyed sex too much for him to give her any kind of pleasure. He liked girls who knew their place.

And there was no way mom would have settled for that. I knew, based on what I remembered of them fighting, that mom liked it

wild and hot, which wasn't something dad wanted. She wanted somebody who cared about how she felt too.

Not that I needed to wonder.

She ended up rolling over toward the wall and sighing.

I laid down myself, feeling like a lump of shit. The thought of getting hard, even the fact that I got hard—even though there was a good explanation, mom just happened to walk in on me right when it happened and there was literally nothing else going on—

But somehow, I still felt dirty. I felt sick. Guilty. There was this weird idea, the thought of masturbating to some video or pictures to get mom's image out of my head, but something about that was just sickeningly wrong and made me think that I really needed to be hospitalized if I started doing that. It made my head swim. There was no way I could sleep and it seemed like an eternity went by.

"Jared?" Mom whispered after about twenty minutes. I didn't respond, because what the hell could I say? "Jared, are you awake?"

What could she want? Some stupid question like did I have to pee or was I uncomfortable or some shit—no, I was sure she wanted to know more about my feelings for her. And what could I tell her? That there were thoughts going through my head like, I don't know, wanting to see what color panties she was wearing?

Mom kept on being silent, but I thought I could hear her tossing in her bed. Something was keeping her awake too. Maybe she was thinking the same kind of thoughts; it wasn't impossible. It was entirely possible that I hadn't really hidden any of the perversion inside of me, and now mom knew what I felt and what I wanted, and I was disgusted by myself and wanted to leave but I didn't feel like telling her I wanted to go home.

I don't know how long we stayed like that. With no clock or phone, everything sort of just slipped into some sort of strange limbo, where all that mattered was how much we didn't talk to each other and whether or not we kept our bodies apart. I got under the blanket and turned to face away from mom, hoping that things would feel less tense when it was morning again, hoping that my cock would soften so it didn't rub up against anything, feeling like I

had just betrayed her trust and made the situation even more awkward.

My eyes were shut tight and it took at least three hours to get tired. Or maybe it was only one hour, but it felt like forever. Then, suddenly, with all of these questions spinning through my mind about mom, the cabin, what I felt or thought or did that brought me to this moment, and how fucking uncomfortable life had become, sleep overtook me.

I dreamt vividly of the hotel with the Seine running through it. Mom was in a black dress and we went through the foyer of it, holding hands and acting as a couple. The hotel concierge looked at us curiously.

When he caught sight of mom, I saw him nod knowingly. There was a flicker of recognition in his eyes as she passed by. "You are together?" He asked.

"Yes," mom answered in French, squeezing my hand tighter.

He handed mom the keys and nodded.

We rode an elevator to the top floor, which took forever, because both of us had too many things to do than just say hello to each other. We kissed, long and languid, and after a minute or two, we heard the bell ding, signaling that we were on our floor.

At the end of the hallway was the room, but it wasn't big, like how rooms can be. There were mirrors along the walls, and even the door had a large mirror on it. When Cara let us in, I had a quick glimpse of myself, and that strange sense of being able to see around me, even behind me, unnerved me a little bit.

When she opened the door and we went in, the entire thing became more bizarre.

The first thing I noticed was that it was mostly empty space. It was also very warm. I immediately stripped out of my winter jacket and put it over the dresser beside me. From there, the space opened up to the right and left. On the right, there was a small area with an enormous mirror, almost taking up the entire wall, and what I could only describe as a massage table or a doctor's examination chair with a pillow underneath it. At the end of the massage table was the head of the bed, so to speak, because instead of having a mattress

for the sleeper, or whatever you'd call the person sleeping, what there was was an indentation of sorts, not quite a mattress but sort of like a nest, where two people who were facing each other could fit inside.

On the floor there was some thick plush carpeting and a bunch of pillows. But then in between this massage table bed was a large tub.

There was a curtain at the entrance, not just hanging from the top but extending around the sides, completely blocking everything else out. On the opposite side, there was another large mirror.

All of a sudden, mom's arms went around herself, her hands clutching her elbows tight and her posture straightening. "Jared," she said, quietly as she nodded once, "come help me, would you?"

"Uh..."

But mom didn't move to undress; instead she walked through the curtain into the bath area. From there, she pulled the shower nozzle out of its base and held it up to me. "Would you mind giving me some privacy while I do this?" She asked quietly, "and then turn the water back off after twenty seconds? I don't want to run hot water wastefully."

I was surprised mom would have me turn the shower on and then immediately turn it off. We could've waited a little. But the fact that she wanted me to stand out of view from the inside was kind of strange too. And for the first time since we moved in, when I looked at the curtain, how thin it really was, with the fire casting shadows through it, I started to get uncomfortable.

But it wasn't like mom was going to use the bathroom while I was out in the living room—so what did she need privacy for?

There was only one answer to that, and it wasn't a good one.

So I turned on the water for twenty seconds, turned it off, and sat on the couch with my book. Mom seemed to move quickly in the shower, because I hadn't been sitting for long before I heard the click of the light off, and then suddenly she was behind me.

And that same moment, where something changed. A moment where she was there, and just like that, the air seemed warmer, thicker. Like there was nothing else other than the two of us, standing in silence.

She was behind me on the couch and her fingers gripped my shoulder just once. Her eyes were dark blue but bright, her hands gentle and hesitant. We were close enough together so that I could smell the clean fresh soap scent from her hair.

"Mom?"

Her breath held in her throat and she didn't speak for what felt like ages. Then her hand reached up to gently stroke my cheek, the gesture so delicate that it tickled. She didn't seem to hear me. There was only the touch of her skin, the warmth of her body close to mine, the sweet scent of her breath so near me—that soft whisper of a caress sent sparks through me. My cock was getting harder by the second and even though it felt wrong, so, so wrong—at least at first—there was no way I could help how fucking good it felt, and when she leaned just a little closer, my body responded without thinking.

I turned my head, looking for mom's kiss.

Mom's breath hitched and then she withdrew. I couldn't see her expression, but something in my core told me that something terrible had happened. What did you just do? I demanded of myself. What the fuck is your problem?! You tried to kiss your mom! You tried to fucking KISS YOUR MOM!!

The guilt flooded through me. How could I have thought that, let alone tried to fucking kiss her? What in the actual FUCK?!

Then, a thought occurred. What if I wasn't wrong? Mom had acted a little differently since earlier today—she'd been a little more restless. Was it because she heard me masturbating or...

No, I couldn't think about it. Mom might be my mom and sure, she looked like she was a hell of a good fuck with that curvy body and soft hips; I didn't need to go there. And sure, her mouth is plump and juicy and those pajamas really show off the curves of her breasts...

Fuck me. There was no way I could avoid it now, not with all these thoughts popping into my head, my cock stirring again and the cabin air getting all stifling hot all around. The only thing worse than thinking about your mother was thinking about your mother as you masturbated.

I found myself reaching out to feel the bed. It was so fucking stiff that if there were three people on there instead of two, it wouldn't budge an inch. This wasn't a queen-size bed we were sleeping on: it was more like a cot, and we'd be sleeping in the same area on separate pillows while wrapped under separate covers.

When mom was done fluffing up the blankets, she came to the side of the bed closest to the couch and turned away from me, sitting on the mattress so that the whole thing sank down toward the middle. "Um," mom's voice was very soft. "Good night."

"Uh... Goodnight," I replied, and went to sit down on the other side. When mom reached for her own blanket, hers moved mine, and since I hadn't gotten the hang of how the covers work with it being the same thing for both sides, my cover flipped down my body until it exposed my crotch. I realized too late what happened, and when I did, it was just after I saw that I was pitching a tent against my boxers again.

And it had been happening right in front of mom, the curve of my dick clearly visible under the thin fabric of the boxers, just inches from where mom sat.

I wanted to look up to see her face but the shame stopped me. For some reason, mom didn't move at first and the seconds passed, feeling like minutes. Then finally I heard the movement as she turned over, and then, as if I were afraid of her somehow knowing that I was still watching her, I forced myself to lie down with my back against the mattress. The springs creaked, loud, and then a sharp snap followed because those stupid fucking things were always snapping when I laid on them wrong.

A moment of silence passed. Mom's soft breathing punctuated the air. "Is it uncomfortable?" Mom asked suddenly, out of nowhere.

"Huh?"

"The mattress, Jared. Is it too short for you or what? Do you need a pillow for your head or something?"

My heart felt like it just fell through my feet and hit the fucking ground floor. "I'm—Uhhh... Nah mom, it's fine," I said, and immediately, I tried not to laugh nervously. But it came out, a small snort through my nose that somehow broke the tension, just a tiny

bit. Then we looked at each other and grinned. Just a little thing, something shared. The weirdness from before seemed to fade away for a split second. Mom's grin faded but she gave me one last look before she turned onto her side to face the wall.

There was just a sliver of light. It cut across her hair and left part of it bathed in an almost golden glow, while the rest of it rested on her shoulder.

What are you doing tomorrow, Jared?" Mom asked, just when I finally got comfortable in bed.

I shrugged but realized she couldn't see. "Nothin."

Mom nodded to herself. A small hum came from her and I heard her turn over, facing me instead. I turned my head and there was that faint line of her silhouette, her hair around her shoulders and the way her body looked so perfectly shaped as the blankets settled down with her movements.

"I was thinking of going for a hike," she said. "In the morning, when the snow clears. What do you think?"

What did I think? Well... what did I think? I had to take a moment to really think about that, and while I did, my thoughts were filled with images of mom getting up early. Mom coming back to me, her legs bare of any pants. Her hiking boots wet because the snow was melting against the warm parts of her body; her face hot, flushing bright, and she was taking off her clothes as if she were about to shower.

"That could be fun," I finally replied. My voice sounded so fucking thick. So tense. But she didn't comment on it.

"We don't have enough firewood, Jared," she reminded me softly. "We can start out in the morning and come back to get some more before dinner."

It's a miracle that mom didn't catch the fact that I was staring at her silhouette. Or maybe she did, and I was just too horny to know it. Because I wanted to see how long it would take before she looked my way. For about twenty seconds I kept my gaze fixed on her profile, on how she bit her lip and made the bed, tugging a blanket to straighten it out so it wouldn't slide off of the couch-bed, then putting pillows at the end while keeping her face low and

angled away from mine. It was like she knew I was watching. Because eventually she did look my way and for an instant her eyes met mine—

\—her pupils widening—

She quickly looked away. Then her hands stilled, holding a sheet up, and they began trembling ever so slightly. Her mouth opened a little as if she wanted to say something, but she held still, thinking, not quite looking my way until she finally lowered herself down.

My mom lay down on her bed. On our last night in the cabin, the light coming through the windows faded slowly, the sun gone from sight, the snow beginning to fall with that quiet whisper on the glass. The crackle of firewood was the only thing that broke up the silence; the air still thick, humid, filled with this electric kind of tension that made the hair on my arms stick up. I didn't know what to do, and the way mom just lay there, watching the window above her couch bed with unseeing eyes, seemed like she wasn't going to do anything either.

After fifteen minutes of staring at the ceiling while hearing nothing but the soft crackling of the fireplace and the sound of fabric rustling on the pull out bed, mom spoke up.

"Hey... Jared..."

"Yeah, mom?" I sat up, my chest tight and a deep chill settling into my bones.

"You could lie next to me," she said quietly.

My breath stopped short in my throat. "What? Mom, what did you—"

"It's—cold, remember? Just... come over here where I'm warmer..."

I tried to find any hidden meaning in her words. They came out slowly, but not carefully. Her face was half turned into her pillow. She didn't look at me. There weren't enough pillows on that couch and I knew there wasn't enough blanket either, because when she lifted them up to let me underneath, the cool air bit at me so quickly that I found myself shivering and wanting to be wrapped around something hot.

Mom seemed to know it. At least, that was the reason I had for why she moved towards me. It made perfect sense when she did turn around to press her back against my chest, then moved until my cock, already getting hard, touched the curve of her ass.

And there was nowhere else to go. Nothing else to do but hold onto her. One hand fell over her stomach, the other one over her shoulder. My fingers, I realized, were almost touching the underside of her breasts, those heavy things that sat up on top of her like perfect mounds that I could squeeze, touch, rub against—

My head rested just behind hers, and through it all mom stayed absolutely silent. And stiff. Then I realized I hadn't moved at all, still trying to think of the best way to breathe, because she started moving, slowly, rhythmically, pushing herself against me.

There was no denying what I felt between the cleft of her ass, that hot place which rubbed up against my cock, teasing and pushing until I couldn't help myself and I let go of a groan.

Mom stopped instantly, turning around to look at me. Her eyes were large, fearful; her mouth open. The same kind of look she would give dad when he was about to explode over something dumb. But here, I wasn't doing anything wrong.

Yet I froze.

Just like how it took ages for me to do anything about it in the first place, now that we were facing each other on the edge of the bed, it seemed like minutes ticked by silently before either of us moved. It seemed like we were both stuck in this strange tableaux, with mom looking at me, wondering and scared, as if I had caught her red-handed.

Then something snapped.

My hands found mom's shoulders. It surprised me what they were doing, and how much it didn't surprise me that she felt warm under my palms. Then we kissed, tentatively at first. But then hungrily; eagerly. My tongue found hers, her breath hot and needy and her moans rising high and clear inside of her mouth, until her hand gripped my hip, hard, and I was certain that she was going to push me back.

Then she relaxed against me. "Oh—Jared... Oh—"

My thoughts, the only ones I could have in that moment, was why am I doing this, and is this really happening?

Mom moaned again as my lips kissed along her neck. Her body melted into mine as we pushed forward together, kissing harder until I fell over her back and she fell over the mattress.

Our clothes weren't off quick enough, but I helped. Mom didn't protest when my fingers took hold of the collar of her shirt and pulled it down. It was warm. Warm enough inside for me to want it all off of her, everything—my belt came loose in one swift move as mom wiggled out of her bottoms. We fell against each other, still in our undergarments, and the heat between us, what I was feeling in my groin and at the pit of my stomach and my chest was un fucking real.

And it only got stronger. Mom pushed her legs open wider and brought my hand to her mound, her panties slick, hot with moisture. When I rubbed up against them, mom moaned louder and bit her lip, begging, "Oh—Jared please—please—please!"

Mom started whimpering then as I pushed away her underwear with one thumb. And with my fingers I spread open the tight little slit of my mom's pussy. Her hips arched up towards me while my fingers felt how fucking hot and slippery her labia were, and how she just gushed wetness from her core, where she was hidden, secret, deep. My finger dipped inside of her easily enough until the knuckles of my index finger brushed up against something warm and yielding.

When mom gasped hard like that, I realized it was probably the head of her clit.

I couldn't stop myself; the pressure built so fast that I couldn't even think clearly. My cock slipped free of my underwear and I found my eyes drifting between her legs, the curve of her ass—and the glistening line of her pink and swollen labia, how wide and open they were around my finger and her hips rocking back and forth, slowly at first, then harder, like she couldn't wait much longer. The sight alone was enough for me to lose control; I leaned over her back, pushing my finger deeper in her, finding a space deep inside of her that seemed so fucking tight I wanted my cock there. Her voice

turned into whimpers and cries and moans of need and desperation, louder with every second and my mouth suddenly wanted to taste all of her, and I found my lips against her ear and kissing there, just under the lobe, the way her hair moved and how she shivered told me she liked it. She kept bucking against me, the wet heat of her cunt growing tighter around my fingers, so I curled them upward and she let out a loud yelp when my digits pressed up against a small spot inside of her body that caused her to freeze and arch up and gasp loudly. It only took another moment or two before her muscles spasmed around my finger and squeezed it, almost painfully tight and then she shuddered, letting out a low moan before collapsing beneath me.

The warmth and slickness didn't disappear though. And when mom tried to push away from me, I found myself gripping her waist harder, my fingers digging into her hip while I started thrusting faster between the round cheeks of her ass—her thick, soft thighs that I imagined opening up and slipping my dick inside—

"Jared," mom gasped. She said something else, but I wasn't listening. And with the noise of the fire behind us, the sounds of my palm slapping against her flesh, and her voice suddenly turned into a series of quick little high pitched whines, I lost it. My balls lifted and swelled and my body shook just like when I came down Cara's throat and my cock was so hard that it hurt—

I woke up to a sharp pain in my groin, which turned out to be the side of the couch and the edge of the coffee table. As I pulled back from where I had fallen, I saw a flash of light against pink skin in the dark, and the sudden shock of the cold floor hit my chest and my back, sending a jolt up into my jaw.

As I blinked and rubbed the sleepiness out of my eyes, the realization was immediate that mom had woken up, found me in a dream state, humping the couch like a dog or something, and had gotten scared enough to kick me off of the bed and onto the floor.

There was a moment of panic where neither of us really knew how to handle it, where she held still and looked at me in shock, as if not knowing what to do, her legs spread underneath her, and the blankets kicked over, almost off of her. In the glow of the fire

embers, and the soft white light reflected by the snow, she had this bright blue aura surrounding her skin, just barely catching her body, outlining it for me and emphasizing it so that I could see her breasts straining against the fabric of her tank top and how her nipples were stiff with the cold.

Her eyes were wide and she was breathless, while my cock hardened immediately between my legs, pushing against my pants and throbbing. The sight of mom's face—her eyes, her cheeks, her hair in a tangle around her face, made me even harder. And from here, in the shadow, with the fire behind me, I felt more confident. There was this sense of anonymity that gave me strength, that had my fingers tightening, reaching out to touch mom's thighs, and her hip, to reach forward and wrap my hands around her and push myself inside of her, fuck her, make her whimper and gasp—

"No—" mom whispered. Her voice was a hoarse whisper. She backed up, scooted back on the bed while I sat up, moving closer. "Jared," she started to say, but didn't finish when my hands gripped her hips and my mouth opened, the thought of tasting her sweat, the desire to kiss her so fucking strong it hurt, burning inside of me. "I—we can't..." Mom's head lolled back; she turned her cheek as my hands touched her breasts, cupping them firmly before squeezing. The sensation of her body heat was too much for me and I leaned forward, my cock pressed between her legs.

"Mom—" I murmured in her ear, my lips brushing against the shell of her ear, finding the skin of her neck and smelling her. God—she smelled so good, so good—why did mom smell so fucking good—her skin hot to the touch. I wanted to put my teeth on her throat, feel her moan with every lick and suck. My hands ran down her body, one reaching for the bottom of her pajamas. Just feeling the soft curve of her hip made me shake, like there was a fever in me. "We're alone," I hissed between my teeth as her thighs tightened around me, pressing into my sides. "Nobody else has to know—"

"No—" Her voice came out higher pitched. "Not me—we're family—we..." But by this point, my fingers were pulling at her pants and they were being slid down while she raised her hips. A shock went through my system as the cool air of the cabin reached her legs,

making them shake, and how fucking beautiful the curve of her ass was, so large it spilled over the edges of my palm when I cupped one of her cheeks. "Mmm... no..." mom muttered, but weakly, especially as I started to push myself between her thighs, wanting so much to take her, right then. "Wait—"

There was this feeling of madness, not in my chest where my heart felt like it was about to go boom. Not in my head where this sense that I had been holding all of this in for months, and had somehow bottled it until there was a single chance to explode, seemed so fucking right. No—this insanity was in my gut.

My gut was twisting; my stomach was flipping. The scent of her was all around me. There wasn't an inch of space between our bodies.

Mom didn't have a top on—there was only her bottoms that she wore every day under the clothes and it was such a simple little thing, but seeing it and her nakedness underneath, and being this close, feeling her hips squirm underneath my grip and smelling her—

She smelled faintly like flowers, but the kind you couldn't buy. It was some combination of shampoos and lotions and maybe perfumes or some shit, but I got to thinking about how long it might take to create a scent that reminded me of mom, so unique to her, how she tasted when I licked my lips and kissed her cheek during those hugs, when I buried my head in her shoulder.

"Goodnight—" mom whispered suddenly, like she needed to say it for herself.

I nodded, keeping my mouth shut while she stood up, leaving her cup of tea empty on the table. She was wearing socks, thank God, but all the same, every time she took a step, the way they made a sound on the hardwood, the small thumps and light noises, all made me realize something.

My cock was fucking rock hard. I wasn't surprised anymore. There was no fucking doubt, no denial. This wasn't going to stop; this wasn't going anywhere until one of us left the cabin. My balls were aching.

As much as it was killing me to know that mom heard me jerking off while saying her name, I needed to go inside my mind and

remember the details—what parts of her body did I see, what parts of her body did she show me? There were too many pieces; too many bits and details that my brain was having a field day thinking about and remembering.

And it didn't help at all that just as I got my blankets, as I got myself comfortable, laying on my back, I glanced over and saw that mom had pulled up her top. Not fully, not enough for me to even begin to get a good look at anything—but the way she lay on her side and her back faced me, her arm was propping herself up in such a way that her elbow held the sheet up so it showed off her shoulder.

It was enough to leave a man hungry. My balls were pulsing as if they had an entire heart beat between them. When I closed my eyes, it was like I had been transported to some other realm of desire. In that place, nothing existed outside of the cabin and me and my mom. The darkness was a curtain that concealed all around us, and when I closed my eyes again, it seemed as if there wasn't really a bed next to me and a couch across, instead, it seemed more like we were separated only by a couple of blankets and pillows, separated only by space.

My cock started to get hard as I lay there, slowly rising and filling, pushing against my boxers. It wouldn't take much effort to get naked... it was fucking freezing already without any clothes on. All the same, my cock twitched hungrily when I thought about the risk of waking mom.

There was no doubt that I couldn't hide anything underneath my blankets. If anything, this was like the best opportunity I was going to get to be honest. To admit that my mom turned me on; to tell her how sexy she was and that being in such a tight space with her and smelling the very feminine parts of her, the softness of her hair, her lips, the curves under her clothes... all of that got to me.

"Cara?" My voice came out like a breathy exhale in the cold.

Mom said nothing. She didn't even move. It was enough for me to be relieved—to think that maybe I wasn't really going insane but that I had just heard mom moving or something like that. It gave me a sense of peace, enough to help me fall asleep.

I was almost snoring, when—

"Yes, baby?"

It was like mom snapped back into place. "Um... yeah. Sorry honey, I... Jared? Can you hear me?"

That got me upright. I shook myself awake. "Yeah."

The light was still off, the fireplace lit up the room in dark orange. Mom's features were illuminated dimly. But what scared me most wasn't her look—it was hers voice. "I..." Her face fell forward into the palm of her hands and she started crying.

What the fuck—

Mom never cried. I've seen her sad once or twice in my life, but those times, she didn't cry. That, and all throughout this stupid fucking blizzard she had been pretty calm.

Now I couldn't help but come close, sitting beside her, wrapping her in a hug. "Mom..." I said. "Are you alright?"

"Jared..." mom hiccoughed through her words. "It's all my fault. The trip, and the storm... Everything. Why didn't I plan ahead? What the fuck is wrong with me?"

"Shhh," I tightened my grip. Her body was warm, soft, pressing against mine as she sobbed and sniffled into my shirt. "Come on now, mom, none of that bullshit. If it's anybody's fault it's that dick who owns this place for not telling people he wasn't going to be here—come on, it's okay—"

I had to admit it was pretty weird to have a full blown conversation between hugs, but neither of us pulled apart. She felt way too warm, her arms strong around me, like she wouldn't let me go and she didn't want to, her fingers tight against my shoulders before they loosened, gripping the cloth of my shirt. Her face was soft against my chest; her hair, loose, tickling the sides of my neck. I held still for awhile, hoping I could say something, do something that would keep her from crying again because every tear made my insides churn with guilt, but the truth was that when dad died, I cried so many times and so fucking much that there wasn't much more to give. So while I didn't want mom to cry at all, and that it would've been cool for me to be this manly guy who was the support that she needed, I had no idea what the hell I was going to say.

So I kept holding on until mom finally sniffled softly and pulled away to look up at me.

The problem was, if you were just an observer, if you weren't in my body or my mind, you might get this impression that mom and I looked weirdly... coupley. Like mom was about to pull me down, or maybe push herself up, just slightly, so she could kiss me. The only reason I knew that wasn't possible is that mom did not do things without thinking, and even though she hadn't said anything yet, her expression was completely blank, her lips pursed and parted, her eyes wide, like she was surprised at where she was.

She closed them off in an instant and turned back toward her bed. "Goodnight," she mumbled quietly as she settled into her mattress. "Night..."

I watched her, my head still swimming with heat. Somehow it felt like there was a weight in the air, a kind of pressure that wouldn't stop pushing against my head, keeping my thoughts clouded. It was so easy, too fucking easy, to just lean in and close the distance, to tell mom how gorgeous she is—that's what I really wanted. What I've always wanted, for a long time.

I didn't know what that was, that word for it.

Maybe, because of how things were going, maybe even despite my intentions, maybe just the very nature of being trapped here with nothing else to do or think about, maybe it was lust. And I didn't even realize it until then, when I sat on the pull-out mattress and let it sink in that this could be my very last night alive; I could die tomorrow. We both could. The odds of making it back safely were so low.

So fucking low.

I had this insane urge to get closer to her. To tell her she was beautiful; that I knew it would sound insane but there was no other person in the world for me.

Mom got up to wash her mug out. That snapped me out of the sudden wave of melancholy, and before she got to the sink, I blurted:

"Goodnight."

She was taken aback for a moment. She stopped, her hands clasped around her cup, and turned to look at me. It looked like she was going to say something; like my words were just an interruption. Like I had startled her or something. I didn't know what it could be, because after two seconds of staring at me with a wide, surprised face, she relaxed and smiled kindly at me. "Thanks," she said.

I don't even know why I did that. Why did I even say goodnight to her? Did I want her to stay up a little longer? To keep me company? Or something else? I kept those questions locked behind the door while I watched her go off toward her little section of the cabin. She closed the curtain and that left me by myself to take a shower. The hot water seemed almost boiling as it washed over me, cleansing the day from me.

When I was done, I walked out wrapped in a towel, hoping against hope that the little room would be pitch black and mom would be sleeping so deep that nothing, absolutely fucking nothing could wake her up. Maybe, I thought to myself, maybe you can sneak into bed and pretend none of this ever happened. You were already pretending that your fantasies never happened, weren't you? Wasn't that exactly what you did? So do it now too!

Mom, though, wasn't asleep. In the little cubicle-room, she was sitting on a chair she must have brought in, a pair of pants draped across her lap and the flashlight pointed upwards so she could work on them quietly.

She looked up when I came in and the expression on her face suddenly became strained as she cleared her throat and stared straight forward, her eyes looking past me and focused intently on the wall opposite us, as if it was very fascinating and not the ugly wallpaper that looked like some kind of Victorian print-off that grandmas still used.

I didn't need to think. I already knew, just by seeing her face. Her expression was almost neutral, but just by glancing at how tight she gripped onto that shirt... and then there was the way that her breath went funny after she realized I was naked again...

Yeah. She'd heard me masturbate again. The thing I wanted to avoid ever doing or discussing with anybody else. Now mom was going to have my voice stuck in her head as she lay there at night and thought about what happened earlier, and what would happen the next morning when I showered again and—

Mom suddenly gasped, as if something hurt her. It was soft, barely audible over the fire that was crackling now, and when she opened her eyes and saw me looking at her, she closed them, tightly.

It took me a couple seconds, because part of me thought that maybe it was some kind of reaction from watching the movie—like it was sad or something—or even gas pain. But then...

And then mom's eyes tightened again. I noticed something. Mom had turned onto her side in bed. The movement was so slight, but I could see the way her chest moved, the subtle shift in how she kept her legs positioned. It made no sense until I realized that she looked like she had her hips jutted forward ever so slightly, just enough for me to notice.

Her breathing slowed down a little bit, but she kept her eyes squeezed shut while I watched her. A deep red came over her cheeks.

And she did not open her eyes.

She lay back with her eyes closed. The way she settled back was just barely noticable, but it was clear that she moved her ass forward so that when she relaxed, and breathed, it would make this small movement back and forth, as if she was trying to—

My mind froze up. I didn't know what was going through me when I saw mom. But I knew she hadn't noticed me looking at her with those strange movements of hers and my body felt hot, so fucking hot, and I didn't want to do it, but at the same time I did.

It was almost impossible not to, but it was the wrong time. If I ever needed proof for that, it was seeing her eyes squeezed shut like she had already drifted off or was close to it.

I waited, watching her, my cock pulsing between my legs in time with my heartbeat. For every heartbeat there was a throbbing pulse somewhere between my gut and my dick and it was making me

sweat all over. A small, insane part of me whispered: Do it. Mom's right there, right across from you and she'd be asleep, and if anything happens just take responsibility and marry her, right? It'd fix everything—

And then there was the sane part. That part of my brain that kept reminding me that yes, she was right there, across from me and within reach and so easy to touch and caress and push against; to open up those soft pajama bottoms and touch between her legs like she touched between her legs before bed—

"I'm... going to turn out the light, Jared. Okay?" Mom spoke softly. "I... I need my privacy." She turned away from me then. It was so dark it was like it swallowed her.

My mind snapped into clarity, if only for a moment. Whatever was happening between me and mom was not normal. And mom knew that too. This sudden distance was a defense mechanism against something neither of us understood.

And maybe it was better that way. Maybe it was better that I forget what happened today, that I don't go crazy thinking about how soft mom's breasts were, or how her lips parted with hot, breathy anticipation as she slept; of how easy it would be for me to lay next to her and touch her back until she came awake. Maybe it'd be easier to forget these thoughts and let my dreams wash them all away and tomorrow morning the snow will have melted and we'll head home, laughing about all of this and calling it cabin fever.

"Jared... Jared?" Her voice came out as a whisper. It took me by surprise.

"Yeah—sorry, what?"

"I wanted to talk to you." She didn't look at me, instead she kept folding blankets and pulling pillows to make sure our nest was extra cozy.

"Sure. About what?"

"What I saw today—"

I stopped myself. It was an automatic response and before I could hide it, I realized that mom saw the sudden alarm that must have flashed across my face. "I'm sorry, mom," I said suddenly. "About all of that."

She frowned, and stood back up, crossing her arms over her chest, her breasts heaving slightly in agitation.

"That's the first thing you said." She replied, tersely.

"Well... yeah," I said, standing up too. It struck me how tiny this space was, how we both fit inside and with little room to spare between the two of us, yet not even touching. "What else is there?" I asked her.

"You know what I want, Jared. I need your promise. Before this goes any further," she continued, suddenly speaking faster, suddenly looking like she was going to explode with anger or grief or something entirely different. Something she had been holding onto, building inside of her, like a wave threatening to break through her face and come pouring out.

My voice dropped. My heartbeat started pounding harder. "Mom... No, really. There isn't anything like that. You're my mom—really—"

She didn't stop. Instead she pressed her lips tight, like she wasn't going to say something. But I saw a shudder go through her and in an instant she lost her calm and collected facade. "No!" She almost screamed at me, suddenly coming closer, suddenly taking up the last available space between us. I stepped back as my heart began pounding even more furiously.

The fire crackled in the fireplace and I felt its heat, warming my hands and legs and chest as the shadows cast across mom's face danced while she took a breath. "It's not that, Jared—it's just—"

When her voice stopped, when the cabin went silent save for the sound of the wood crackling, I suddenly got hit with a memory. It came into me like a lightning strike and I suddenly recalled it completely clearly:

"What you said outside today, Jared," mom continued, her words spaced apart and careful. "Your reaction... it reminded me of somebody."

Somebody? The word hung in the air. Who could be close enough to me to act like that? Was mom talking about dad? Had he been angry too? Or did she mean that she had some distant relative who hated being stuck with his parent?

"Somebody?" I asked, feeling dread creep up. It's not like I was proud of what happened—I mean, jerking it in front of my mom like that. And she had heard something else, too. Not just the words, but my own mother's name come out of my mouth, sounding desperate, needing, wanting to—

"Yes," mom's voice seemed low as the word broke through my panic. She turned to look at me, and then got up from where she had been sitting. Suddenly, I realized she was walking closer to me, and now there were only a couple feet between us, just the couch between us. We locked eyes.

Mom cleared her throat, as if trying to prepare herself for what she was about to say. "You remember, Jared," she began, "back when you were in high school, you had a girlfriend."

I paused before replying. I couldn't figure out why she was bringing this up now. "I guess," I offered, knowing full well where this was going to go.

She blinked, as if asking me a question without having to say anything. "Her name was Cara," she said next.

There it was.

This was officially the moment that was going to lead to the conversation that I did not want to be having right now. I felt cold sweat bead at the back of my neck and I swallowed dryly. "Yeah. Just one."

"And she was in college?" Mom asked, her voice soft. It didn't sound like she was pushing it; it sounded like she was genuinely curious, if tentatively.

"Yep," I replied.

"And it's been—been a while since you saw her last?" Her eyes were wide again as she spoke, like she was trying hard to look at me as I spoke without blinking.

My face heated up, and the fire suddenly became too bright. "Uh. Yeah. Cara was... back in college. The first year."

"You broke up with her?" She asked.

I felt my hands twitch against my thighs. My throat was tight, but I figured getting everything out, or even hinting at everything, would

maybe help me. Mom always knew how to handle things. I had to believe her.

She wouldn't judge. That's what moms did: they loved their children. Even the freaky ones. And after Cara... there really weren't that many girls for me, not like that at least. After I told her about Cara, then maybe I could tell her about everything else. Not now. Just enough so that everything could come out.

I needed this secret to be gone. It had festered inside of me for too long.

"I did," I finally said, looking at her. In the dark, with only a candle between us, I noticed that her hair was almost completely dark in contrast with her face. Her eyes seemed bright by comparison.

"Huh?"

I swallowed. "I jerked it because of you."

It was like there was static between us as we tried to figure each other out. The confession came out, blunt and bare, and there was nothing else around us to cover it up and make it seem like I hadn't meant it, or maybe had misunderstood. But there it was. The whole truth. All cards down.

Then mom's lips parted and she gave me this searching look, which I realized belatedly had no answer written anywhere on my face, but somehow she seemed to find it there anyway. She set down her teacup, her movements slow and careful. "Did you now?" She asked, almost a whisper.

Something about her tone told me there was a deeper meaning in those words. I couldn't tell what it was. It didn't matter. The tension between us was like an itch begging to be scratched and all I could think of in that moment was touching her—just touching her shoulder, her back, just so that the craving might abate.

I nodded without thinking.

Mom swallowed.

The room felt a little warmer. Maybe it was the fire getting bigger, maybe it was the two of us staring at each other in silence, maybe it was something else.

Mom's fingers fidgeted over her sheets for a few seconds before she pulled them over herself and settled down into her pillows. "Alright," she said quietly, looking over her shoulder. Her eyes were soft. A little afraid, but not angry or revolted. "Turn off the lights, will you?"

I swallowed back the urge to respond with "yes mom". Instead, I just nodded.

The moment was over, though. That feeling, that strange heat that bloomed between us in the last fifteen minutes after the fire had started to fade away. The silence took over everything, and I found myself just staring blankly ahead as I tried to find rest.

And yet, it came anyway. Just not quickly, and certainly not deeply.

I tossed and turned and kept seeing flashes of pink from my peripheral vision, then images of mom sweating on the bed, or in the bathtub, or in front of me as I knelt on the floor to suck her pussy, then again in front of me but bending over as I held her by her breasts. All these random thoughts came and went, leaving me frustrated and exhausted. The sound of my heartbeat, the pounding of blood in my ears—I felt it getting hotter under the blanket, and the sheets too, but I didn't dare move because every time I did it meant that I touched mom accidentally and... I think she'd be embarrassed, or disgusted.

She knew what I wanted now.

That much, I could tell. Maybe that was what was causing her to toss and turn the same way I was. After about twenty minutes of all that movement, I couldn't handle it anymore. My cock ached again, my balls felt like they were going to burst from tension, and it got so fucking hot under that sheet that I actually had a tiny bit of sweat running down my brow.

Just enough to soak through my shirt.

Maybe it was that feeling, the uncomfortable itch of damp clothing against me, or maybe it was just that I'd fucking had it; whatever it was, it was my final straw. I tossed the covers off of me and swung my legs over the edge of the pull-out mattress.

"Jared?" Mom asked as I made my way towards the door. "What are you doing? Where are you—"

I was so pent up I was seeing spots, I needed a release—something more than just holding my dick while it drooled semen and hurt as my balls clenched themselves for what seemed like hours. Mom didn't know I hadn't finished out in the woods because the sight of her standing there behind me with the snow falling down all around her, her cheeks pink from the chill and her mouth wide as if she saw something horrible, that was the image that kept coming back and interrupting my fantasy whenever I started to get closer and closer. It got so annoying, so frustrating, that I finally gave up. My cock felt like a useless tool instead of an instrument that could help me cum like I was pretty sure it would.

I walked past mom and headed into the bathroom and I'm sure she had this horrified look on her face that maybe I needed to shit, which was true but that wasn't why I was going in there—no, I locked myself inside, sat down on the toilet, took my throbbing dick out of my pants, and started jerking it in hopes I'd shoot my load and then get back out and not look at her anymore.

I jerked as fast as I could without making a ton of noise; gritted my teeth at the intensity of all the feeling; the warmth, the tightness in my belly, and the heat coming from my legs. The pressure got worse. The tension became unbearable and all I could do was sit there and grip my shaft, the sound of my hand moving slick against the precum running down my hand.

"Mom..." I couldn't stop myself. Her name tumbled from my lips automatically. "Fuck..." The idea came to me and I gave up fighting against it. It felt way too good, way too warm, way too amazing; if she hated me for it, so be it. But if she heard me? All the better. At least she'd know what was happening. "Shit," I gritted through clenched teeth, "Cara—uhn..." My toes curled while my cock shot hot blasts of semen up onto my stomach. Again. And again. Every single stroke felt like my balls were pushing cum through me, trying their damndest to get everything out. "Fuck." One last dribble of cum pushed its way out of the slit on the head. It felt so goddamned good to cum again, even after two weeks. So fucking good.

There was this weird sense of pride over the fact that I knew I did something that mom would never approve of, and here she was right outside and none the wiser.

I cleaned up quickly. Mom had brought in two blankets already, just to be ready for night. She didn't say anything about me coming back late but when I went outside, all the lights were still on. I knocked just once, waited a second, then walked inside.

She was sitting at the edge of her bed, her hands in front of her legs clasped together. When the door closed, she looked up at me, a blank look on her face, and without a word, started taking off her shirt.

This was weird. Very weird.

But... it wasn't unwelcome. And that's what made it uncomfortable for me, because the way that I was watching her undress wasn't with disgust or any kind of worry that she was doing something that I needed to be worried about—it was with interest.

Mom reached around her back and unclasped her bra. Her breasts fell into view and when she turned around to take her nightshirt out of the cupboard, she was fully topless; a thick, fleshy ass and two heavy breasts falling against her side. She was facing away from me while she took off the bra completely and slipped on her night shirt. I didn't really have time to see more than the slope of her belly leading down between her thighs. Then, while her hand disappeared under the hem of her pajama top, she quickly pulled off her underwear and slid on a clean pair from a drawer.

When she climbed in bed and tucked herself under the covers, she faced me, pulling her knees up. I looked over to say goodnight, my stomach tight, and I almost said something about earlier until she blinked hard at me.

"I don't mind the sleeping arrangement," she said softly. "As long as you're alright with it too."

I smiled, feeling relieved. The heat from the fire warmed us both, the shadows from it dancing across her face. I couldn't help but be reminded of how beautiful my mom was. "I'll... I think I'll be fine, mom."

Mom gave a soft smile, her eyes bright. For a moment she held still, like she wanted to say something but didn't know what. "Okay, Jared," she finally said. "Good night then. We've got another day tomorrow."

"Yeah," I answered, a little disappointed. "Good night, mom."

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About The Author

Hi! My name is Eileen, and I am the author of dozens of books and short stories under different pen names in the erotic and non-erotic genres. You can find my entire collection at my website: www.EroticaWrittenByEileen.com. You will also be able to sign up for my newsletter, giving you updates on what's new, coming out soon, and available for free or buy. Feel free to browse the site—there are previews available.

I started out as a published fantasy author in the mid 1990's. As technology evolved and online retailers popped up selling cheap or free ebooks, I was lucky enough to get discovered by several fan bases, which included BDSM/D&S fans, men who love curvy women, and those who appreciated romantic and sweet erotic stories. For over 8 years now I've been blessed by the ability to write full time. I get to express myself in ways that are unique, thought provoking, sexy and sometimes just flat out filthy!

What do I like to do when I'm not writing? To be honest I'm pretty busy being a creative (drawing, painting), but I love spending time with family and friends. They may not know it, but they're keeping me young! ;)

You can join me on Facebook, follow me on Twitter, and Goodreads! On Goodreads I also have discussions boards open for your feedback, ideas, and reviews of my book covers!

Please visit my blog at http://www.EileenWrites.blogspot.com, and join me on Pinterest (EileenBlogs). If you would like to interact with me directly, you can reach me at EileenAdamsErin@gmail.com!

Thanks a bunch! Until next time! <3

MOM HAS MILF STANDARDS

The following is completely true: This all started at work one day... I came to see my mother-in-law at her office for lunch, and we were going to take the car out for a drive in the mountains, as I wanted some photos and my wife said I should bring some back. So, here I am in the front lobby. Mom's secretary told me that she was still busy in an interview and said she would go ask her. In a few minutes, she returned saying mom wanted to let me know that I could watch the interview live from the adjacent conference room via a monitor there, but that it could be some time before it wrapped up. When I went into the conference room, the blinds had not been drawn and I sat down to watch.

My mom is gorgeous, which probably seems a little biased, but no less true, so don't judge me for it. She's tall, taller than most men and a good bit taller than me. Her figure is what one might call Amazonian; full breasts (natural C), wasp waist, wide hips that are all muscle and tight with strength, long toned legs with calves that pop, and a large ass. Mom has beautiful long blond hair (not my natural color) that just shines even under fluorescent lighting. It is naturally wavy, falls well below her shoulders and ends between her shoulder blades. My mother's face is perfectly chiseled in an oval shape with large ice blue eyes framed by incredibly long blonde lashes that have never seen mascara and high cheekbones. Full lush red lips sit above a slender nose, square chin, and strong jaw. While my sister has her nose, it is the only feature on her body that mom passes on to anyone else. My younger sister is also tall for a female at 5'10" but not as curvy as my mom. She too has blond hair and blue eyes, although nowhere near the same intensity as our mom, but she's still quite pretty. At 34, mom is about a year younger than my sister. I was watching her move in the adjacent office through the one way glass that separates the two rooms, and my cock swelled quickly at seeing her lithe body. The subject of this interview was an attractive redhead by the name of Karen and after shaking hands, they both sat in the chairs across from each other.

Mom is headhunting this chick because of her exceptional sales record over the past several years; her job was to "close the deal,"

so to speak. From what I saw, there was one problem...

Karen is a lesbian.

After some light conversation about her education, previous work, hobbies, etc., mom finally gets to the point. "Now we can discuss money. What type of salary were you thinking?"

After a pause, Karen responds hesitantly, "I know this will sound a little odd, but I'm just a little nervous, okay?" Mom gives an understanding smile and motions for her to go ahead. Karen continues, "I've been offered a six figure position, but honestly, I really like being a salesperson."

Mom leans in, her arms resting on her elbows, her tits practically bursting from her blouse. "And what about travel? That's a great advantage at least."

"Yes, but my whole life is here. My house, my parents, my friends, my..." Karen paused. Then continued, "My girlfriends."

"You don't want to give them up for more money and perks?"

"Of course not!" Karen's eyes flashed angrily, then after a pause and a deep breath, she spoke softly again. "Why? How do you know—you've lived in LA for four years now, right?"

Mom nodded.

"How many guys did you date before dad came into the picture?" Karen asked.

Mom shrugged noncommittally. "Three. Four."

"Did you have... any girlfriends? During that time?" She asked quietly. Mom took her time answering, thinking deeply and finally shaking her head 'no.' "Do you regret having to say no because they weren't your type? Or because you were afraid?"

Mom smiled softly, closing her eyes. "Afraid? Afraid of what? I mean... No. There was a girl—but that wouldn't have been possible."

"Why not?"

Mom shook her head. "It's hard to explain," she said.

My thoughts were still back in the woods. Thinking about my dick getting hard in my hand, how close I got to blowing a load and then mom showed up, looking surprised and angry at once.

"Okay," I said quietly.

She climbed into bed while I undressed. When I took my shirt off and dropped my pants, mom quickly turned her face down into the pillow and curled up, the covers drawn tight over her. For some reason, that didn't reassure me as much as it did before. The way mom lay still felt wrong to me. It felt like she was holding herself perfectly in place. Like even though she seemed relaxed, I knew enough about her sleeping habits to know that she had to be forcing it.

I turned the light off. The coals glowed red and orange against the shadows of the room, but that only cast an eerie feeling against everything else.

I got under the blankets next to mom. This time, she seemed stiff. There wasn't a single move or shift or sigh, like she usually made, and when I laid down, there was about two feet of space between us that had never existed before.

It made my stomach clench up tight with worry. What if mom really hated this? Was she thinking I was disgusting now, because of what she saw earlier? I didn't know, but something weird, something very weird happened right after that.

She shifted in place.

In fact, I'm pretty sure she tried to get a little closer to me. But then she seemed to check herself; maybe she remembered what I said earlier that day, how she felt about the fact that we were trapped inside. It's not like I wasn't fucking freaked out about it either. And when she did move ever so slightly towards me, her legs were just the tiniest bit further from where they used to be. The fabric was stretched over her knees and thighs, and her shirt had bunched itself around her waist, revealing some skin.

Fuck—I didn't want to look. It was wrong to look, but at the same time, it was my mom's fucking fault. She could have taken two seconds to cover her waist instead of bunching up her shirt for whatever reason. At least I was keeping my gaze mostly down to the side or on my hands. My cock though—well, I didn't know about it because it had stayed in fucking hiding this whole time. I was going to have to take a quick piss or something because being all horned

up while also being super uncomfortable around your mother isn't the best fucking way to spend an evening.

It was weird, thinking that just this morning, things had started to go back to normal again. Maybe, if I wanted to put off these feelings, then it might help to focus on that instead of all the crazy, insane shit that happened today. And honestly, the only reason why I wanted to ignore my attraction to her is because it was so damn impossible.

I had no idea what it was, really. Like I had been masturbating nonstop and now I couldn't stop fantasizing about my own goddamn mother. There was no sense in this, was there? It was ridiculous! So how come every time I glanced at her and noticed that she wasn't really paying attention, that she had that thoughtful look in her eyes, her legs parted even more as she leaned her elbows into them—I got aroused anyway? Fuck! I tried ignoring it. You can tell yourself not to get aroused, you can push through the fog of confusion to think about other shit that was going on, like the weather report saying we were gonna get ten more inches or something, or even wondering about work, and how long the power might be out for... but none of that stuck.

I kept coming back to looking at mom's curves, how fucking beautiful she was, how when she'd turn at me suddenly with that look in her eye, her hair moving just slightly like waves of softness around her face, how her hips swayed just a bit even when she was walking slowly, the gracefulness of her movements... it made me think that she probably walked around in front of dad all day, wearing nothing but a smile—just to drive him crazy. I wondered what her voice would sound like as she moaned, how sweet or how demanding her hands would be, grabbing at my shoulders, her nails pressing crescents into me as she begged for—

"You can turn off the lights if you want," mom said softly, standing up and pushing in her chair at the little table. I caught her in the light from the kitchen where I was drying plates from earlier. "I'm turning in for the night." She moved through the dim and gave me a strange hug. "Jared?" She said, looking up at me after

stepping away, holding my elbows lightly. "I—I want you to know I love you. Whatever's happening. Just know that I love you."

It didn't sound like an end-of-the-day kind of sentiment. It sounded more like an apology.

My cock stirred in my pants, because it was the first time her lips had touched any part of me and her scent filled me, so rich and feminine and delicious, that I felt high off of it.

If only there weren't this barrier of cloth between us—if only I could have taken her by the hips, slid my cock along her slit and—

You sick fuck, stop it!

I snapped myself out of it. Mom did not need to find out how fucking insane her son was, or how much of a dirty mind he had. There wasn't any sense in it.

Mom looked up at me after I drained the last dregs of tea from my mug. "Bathroom first," I said, quickly moving by her.

When I came back out, I had brushed my teeth and everything, I took one last look at mom, who was brushing her own teeth slowly. I thought about how mom was naked under her pajamas and that her curves would fit into me perfectly, and that we were both tired, both a little on edge, and that nobody in the world besides me knew what my mom's pussy looked like or felt like, what her sweat was like when it poured off of her when she orgasmed—I turned over before my thoughts got away from me, and tried to think about how maybe tomorrow I could find another part of the lake and ice skate around without being bothered. Maybe if mom came along too then it would clear both our heads a little better, seeing something new.

Mom walked into the main room and looked at me for just a moment before she turned the light off and left the bathroom, dark and empty.

In the silence between us, I found myself thinking: do you have any idea that your son has been fantasizing about taking your body? Do you know? Have you ever thought about letting him take your virginity? Do you even still have a hymen? Could you let his cock split you open, deep inside? Would you like that? You've taken dad inside of you and maybe, just maybe, this is a chance for you to feel young again—feel that kind of thing where two people connect. Is it

true that having sex after your orgasm intensifies it? And how do you feel about being fucked in the ass? Because I want to.

Do you know that I want to fuck you in the ass and make you feel full as a cumslut? Because I think I could be what you need to bring you back, just like when I was inside of you years ago, but now better; tighter; hotter; wetter; hornier and—

That was when I realized I was hard. Like, I had a full fucking boner under my boxers.

And I knew that if I stayed awake, that these thoughts wouldn't leave my head and who knows how far they would go and what mom might hear, I had to just get up quietly and slip into the bathroom before she could notice.

As I took off my clothes, I found myself fantasizing about the way she bit her lip when she concentrated on folding a sheet properly or pulling on a comforter for maximum coverage and warmth. There was something in the curve of her back as she tucked a pillow case into the pillow that made her seem... soft. It reminded me of this weird mix between somebody innocent and sexy, but at the same time, a total package. Like everything about her was just right for any kind of attention, sexual or not, affectionate or not, because mom was, well...

My dick twitched at the thought of her, naked, the skin all over her body exposed, but especially between her legs. I hadn't ever seen a pair of lips down there that were bare except for just the faintest wisps of dark hairs; but the skin, so smooth, the color between those legs a shade of pink so vibrant, with her thighs parted just a little to let you see inside and how wet she must be—

Mom didn't make any noise while she did what she did.

The silence was fucking deafening. It made me feel alone in the room while at the same time, it was like our senses were connected. I had to stop myself from getting horny again, because thinking about the way she was walking around, the way she moved, without a bra under her shirt... it kept driving me crazy. When she walked past me, it felt like the air vibrated with heat and smell and that's when I realized mom didn't have a hint of deodorant on.

She was sweaty. And for some reason that got me harder than I ever thought possible. She looked like she wanted to say something, her mouth moving in a slow circle. I held my breath, almost feeling guilty as she stopped just at my chest height and turned, looking up at me and then down again. The look itself felt like it passed through me, and I found my hand twitching at my side. I almost grabbed her waist. I almost held on to her while she stood there, so close to me, my mind racing at how easy it would be to pick her up and kiss her or something, even though she probably weighed more than me.

Mom exhaled softly and said simply, "Goodnight," and disappeared into the bedroom. I stood there for a second before doing the same; the door opening slowly, silently, my cock pushing against my pants in a weird mix of guilt and arousal. Mom had already slipped into bed, but I could see her eyes open under the lamplight. She was waiting, watching me. There was no doubt she could sense my arousal. The light dimmed as she turned it off and tucked herself against the wall.

I slipped into bed next to her. As soon as I did, it became a little too obvious that I was wearing briefs and nothing else.

"Mmm," I tried clearing my throat softly and then whispered goodnight. "Night, mom."

I'm pretty sure she muttered something back, but the momentary softness in her voice, as if she was smiling slightly, and the way her hips wiggled just a little closer against the wall and farther away from me, made me realize that it was a tight fit.

The warmth and humidity was intense. It almost felt like when I came home for summer vacation, when mom would cook food that was extra rich or she'd use a humidifier. For some reason, tonight there was no air and no fans to circulate it around the cabin, but instead the stuffiness, the lack of breathability in the room was so extreme that I could hear mom exhaling, could feel her heartbeat.

And she was sweating again.

This time it wasn't from being ill. I'm not sure why; I mean, mom's body was reacting to heat, but I could sense that maybe her hands were a little clammy too. That even though the fire was dying

down, it was getting really warm inside the cabin, it was like... something else was causing a change in mom's body.

I heard the rustle of sheets as mom fidgeted under the covers, turning toward me while lying on her side. She took my mug and I let her do it, letting her come close enough so that we were nearly face to face, her body facing mine, my body facing hers. We met eyes briefly before looking away; she put my cup with her own and tucked herself in again. This time, facing away from me.

There was something very strange about being right there next to her while she faced away. It was like we were doing something illicit, like we had just played a trick on somebody or stolen candy from a store.

Or we were lying in the same bed, with nothing between us.

As the night went by, it got colder and colder, until the fire had gone out, the coals dying away to nothing but ash, and my fingers felt icy despite wearing a long sleeve shirt and two pairs of socks. Mom was shivering beneath the covers; her breath was soft and audible and when she coughed once or twice, I heard how rough her throat was.

In all this silence, the lack of distractions, the cabin almost seeming to become smaller and smaller, more intimate the darker it was, mom's breathing was getting shallower, her hands were rubbing her thighs nervously, and the way she kept looking up at me every few seconds from across the expanse of the double bed made me wonder if something else was happening.

I couldn't tell you why I did what I did next. It was like an instinct took over, like a sudden desire that came in waves.

"Come here," I said softly, holding out one arm.

"No," mom whispered back, but it was as if it was from somebody who wasn't quite awake. "Jared..."

But she got under the covers beside me, turning away. I didn't ask her again. And it was strange, like this feeling was mutual, that she knew I had something else to say too, because she looked back at me from over her shoulder, with those big bright blue eyes that somehow caught all the light in the place and held it inside of themselves.

"Do you..." I paused, unsure how to even say it, how to even frame the question or the thoughts that were racing through my mind. "Um, do you feel... bad?"

Her face looked tired. Almost blank; exhausted. But she nodded ever so slightly.

"Not... not bad. It's just weird."

My heart skipped. She turned around to lie on her side, facing me, looking deep into my eyes. My mouth was dry all of a sudden, and my cock started to get hard again, pushing against the fabric of my pants and boxer briefs. Mom noticed, and her look turned dark, cloudy. Then she reached down beneath the covers and pulled up the front of her nightgown and her hand disappeared between her thighs.

The wetness between them was unmistakable. It made this sticky, thick noise, something that would make your ears pop, something that you only heard if it was in complete silence. Mom's hand moved like there was somebody else touching herself, and as she opened her mouth, biting down on her lower lip and sighing into the pillow, her hand came back out soaked in liquid, glazing her fingertips and dripping across her wrist.

Mom closed her eyes.

She pushed the covers off herself, showing her whole body lying down. She spread her legs apart and her gown fell down across her hips, exposing her stomach and then slowly falling down past her pubic hair, which had been shaved clean, exposing her swollen vulva and then her labia. The place where it was soaking wet glistened in the firelight, and the sound of her fingers playing with herself, making slick sounds in her own juices, became obvious, louder than anything else in the cabin.

Her hand, faster now, rubbing around and inside, making circles that spread the moisture out. Her body shook as she pushed deep, deep inside of herself until my mom bit hard against her lower lip, stifling a deep moan. Then she went rigid.

My eyes shot open. I saw the ceiling of the cabin, and then the morning sun, and then, once I had fully processed what had happened last night, I felt my boner, rock fucking hard beneath the

sheets. I got up, holding the covers over my waist and trying to figure out if that whole thing last night was a dream.

The place seemed emptied of mom; at least her bag wasn't there. Then I saw the door to the bathroom swing open and she stepped out. Mom noticed me, and nodded. She was wearing a thick pair of sweatpants that cut across her midsection in a way that exposed just how wide they were for her, and a thin shirt that exposed the top half of her breasts as she moved around. As if she didn't notice. Or care. The light seemed to play right across the line between her mounds and made them look almost translucent. I couldn't tear my eyes away.

"Oh hey," she said with a smile.

I mumbled something unintelligible even to myself while I watched my mom walk across the small space to pick up her mug. My eyes were transfixed by the way her hips seemed to just move around without needing to bend, just swaying in a graceful way like a dancer does.

And when she brought herself back onto the couch to sit down beside me, her legs folded beneath her so that her whole body could turn toward me, I had the distinct and overwhelming realization that I was looking at her. It wasn't some kind of covert glance or anything like that; I was full-on staring. So when mom started to speak, I looked away instantly, realizing what a fucking mistake I had just made, especially since now it felt like my cock was waking up in my pants.

She took a sip from the mug, before looking at me with that smile. It was different.

That smile wasn't a motherly one.

It was a girlish one. Coy. Mom licked her lower lip after taking a long drink from her mug of tea. "Hey, Jared." She repeated quietly. "Let's do something really crazy."

"Um," I looked back at my mug as if there was another topic to talk about inside of it. "What?"

She looked off into the fireplace for a moment. I could see the gears in her head turning, and her tongue flicked over her bottom lip as she mulled it over. But it was only for a few seconds before she

nodded seriously. "Okay, so here's the thing, okay? You can't judge me on this; you have to promise not to look at me differently."

"Uhh..." This was getting weird.

"Promise me," mom pressed, leaning forward.

"Um, alright?" I replied.

"Okay," mom said with a deep breath. "When... when we got stuck in the car the first night," she began slowly, quietly, her words barely even coming out, "when you went into the bathroom, I was... I don't know. I didn't want to wake you up, and I knew that there wouldn't be any privacy tomorrow—today... And because I was scared... well, because it was dark, and freezing... I couldn't sleep."

She took a drink from her mug and continued. "So I thought about something that I thought I had buried way down. Like it's the kind of stuff nobody else would really understand. But there was that moment you know, where things seemed so awful and helpless and terrible? I thought about the thing I do when I need comfort..." Mom was looking directly at me. Her eyes were searching mine like I could possibly understand what she was talking about, or if I was listening at all.

It finally registered though, why she seemed to talk slower, breathe a little harder. It wasn't the fire. This was mom trying to tell me something serious. Very serious.

I didn't know how serious until she put her cup down on the coffee table. She tucked one leg under herself. The other one stretched out. Her thighs touched just slightly. My eyes were fixed between them.

I had to look up because her hands, long and slender and so soft, gripped the edge of her pajama bottoms.

The hem, that same light blue fabric with little printed flowers, started to rise. It barely went halfway up her thigh before she stopped, her fingers tight against her pajama bottoms and the pale skin beneath them. She took another deep breath. I could hear it. The crackle and snap of the fire as it was dying away again, barely any wood left to fuel it.

She looked into my eyes. Her lips parted. Mom breathed, quietly. "I saw..." she began. "Out in the woods. Jared... I... do you

want...?"

That night was unlike any other that I had ever had in my life. There's no two ways about it—it felt different. Different and good, and a lot like every single fucking fantasy I ever had in college wrapped into one. But somehow, it didn't feel bad or wrong or weird. At least not when it happened.

I didn't think of consequences. When her hands pushed me onto the bed. I was lying back. She got on top of me, slow, and careful. Mom leaned forward. Her legs were around my thighs, her butt pushing against my erection. Somehow, I could hear everything, how my breath was ragged; mom's own breath a heavy gasp, and her chest heaving. I could smell her hair—she always had this amazing scent—the smell of home, somehow—

When she kissed me, it felt like fireworks. It wasn't exactly like she fell upon me, or anything like that. It was more like she came closer to me, and I could see the soft brown of her eyes, so deep. Her head tilted sideways and as I opened my mouth to say something—to stop this, to go along with it, or maybe a combination of both, who knows—

That's when her mouth closed over mine. Soft and gentle. She sighed against me; her shoulders relaxed and the weight of her, pushing my body down flat into the mattress, made my cock feel like it was about to rupture. There was no way in hell you couldn't feel me pressing against the space between your thighs—that thin bit of pajama fabric being the only thing separating us from fucking right then.

When our mouths broke apart, she whispered a few words to me. Something about "you're so handsome" and "what are we doing". Then the next moment I remember is her pulling down my pajama pants, my shaft popping out, the tip brushing up against her bottom again as her own pajama bottoms got pulled all the way down to her ankles before I heard them drop against the floorboards.

The smell of her body, of her arousal, was unmistakable. It was sweet, hot, heady and thick with sweat, and that's the first scent I

inhaled when mom had straddled me and pushed me down onto the bed.

"I'm so sorry—" mom was babbling above me. "I—it's just I thought—and I—" She was panting, now, the hot breaths leaving clouds of steam against my lips and chin as she rubbed herself against me, the sensation driving me insane—she had to feel what she was doing. It made the heat of her slit seep against my cock, her flesh pressing into me, enveloping, and pushing my erection between us while we made out—her mouth open and soft and pliable—how does anybody get kisses this good?—I could taste her breath and the last cup of tea that she had.

That didn't matter so much. The whole world narrowed to how mom felt sitting on top of me like this: legs wrapped around my waist, her pussy wet and open with my cock between us as it pressed insistently against our bellies and drooled precum onto us—we kissed and I felt her fingers push through my hair and curl so she could push me even harder into her. How are kisses this fucking amazing? Why has no kiss ever felt like this before? My hands had somehow started exploring her hips and her backside—they were moving slow, then fast, because I was grabbing at her like I hadn't touched anything for weeks, I couldn't stop kissing her, sucking at her lips, biting, tasting—this is mom, I thought—mom is letting you do this. She wants you to touch her. You can touch everything—

And with that thought I realized she wanted more—the way she was breathing in gasps and sighs between kisses, the way she leaned her ass back against my hands as they groped and caressed and squeezed everything, it was all just to tell me that if we don't have sex soon we're going to break something—

With that thought I reached down past her bottom, between our bodies, until my hand found my cock and I gripped it—

Jared?"

I came out of that with a gasp, not quite a word but just sharp enough for mom to pause where she was standing over me, right beside my body.

Her pajamas were different from normal.

Normally, they consisted of a top and shorts.

Tonight, there was just a shirt.

A short one.

Short enough that my gaze, almost involuntary, had fallen down past the soft slope of her neck, the rise of her breasts, and found her belly button. She laid beside me, her eyes open and trained on the ceiling while we listened to the fire crackle. We were both under blankets; both under separate covers.

And the thing was, I realized that whatever it was, some stupid hormone or just some primal fucking impulse that makes you do stupid stuff in college, it hadn't left. It had made itself dormant, like some weird virus sitting inside my veins for years and suddenly woken up. Because I wanted her. Bad. But there's no way she didn't notice—the thought came rushing over me like ice water—there's no way she wouldn't have been scared off by the fact that her son had a raging hard-on in the forest, masturbating while moaning her name. She probably thought it was disgusting. Maybe even illegal—like some sort of sick shit between us—

No! That part of me that thought clearly protested. Mom would never think something like that about you! You're just being an idiot. Don't even joke about those kinds of things because it's not right and I know damn well that you'd never let your feelings get out of control. She has no idea how many times you've jacked off to her; she probably thinks it's only this once, and now is your chance—

No. What? Now was my chance for what? To creep out my mom even more than I already have by telling her about every time I ever popped one for her? No thanks. The very thought of confessing to how many times I jacked off after I moved out was too fucking scary—how could I even say the word?

What happened out there in the woods, when you were calling her Cara, came rushing back to me, filling my mind with images of sweat, heat, skin, sex, flesh, wetness. The memories were so fresh that for a moment, just as mom went into the bathroom, I thought that maybe I could finish myself off in here. But no. That'd be a terrible fucking idea. If I did masturbate again, that'd prove that I still thought of her as hot; that this stupid, crazy desire for her wasn't going anywhere.

I laid down on the couch and covered myself up with the comforter. It took me ages to fall asleep. Maybe half an hour passed, and then twenty minutes, and I still heard nothing from inside the bathroom. Was she in there showering or something?

The thought occurred to me: was she masturbating? Was she touching herself, thinking of my dad and his strong arms, thick thighs and the way his eyes might look if he ever saw her naked? My heart picked up a little bit, imagining her hands over herself, touching herself between her legs and spreading apart her labia, or holding her tits, or doing other stuff—did she like anal? What if mom had a couple of fingers inside her pussy right now while thinking about being fucked hard?

Then it dawned on me that she was probably crying.

Why? Well, the fact that I had jacked off today and called her name while doing it was part of it. Also, maybe she felt awkward because we both thought things were about to get heated in here and it kind of became apparent that we were both thinking about how much we didn't want the other to touch them, so she was probably upset right now and needed comfort.

I got up to go into the bathroom and try and calm her down.

That's when mom dropped her tea. It exploded in a porcelain mess all over the kitchenette floor and a wave of scalding hot tea sprayed on the both of us. She made a sharp noise of pain and stood up suddenly, holding herself back from jumping in one area or another and shaking off the burn as if it was a bunch of bugs.

The tea covered my legs and some of the carpet and everything had a steaming hiss to it that was quickly fading with the heat. In seconds, most of the tea was gone and it felt like we were standing in a puddle. Mom grabbed napkins immediately and started wiping off her calves. "Oh my god..." she kept saying under her breath. "Stupid clumsy Cara... Stupid, stupid... Ugh..."

I found myself staring at my mom, her hands pushing away the fabric of her pajamas for her skin and how I saw, just for a moment, that her calves were thick, but soft-looking; her legs strong but well-shaped and feminine, and I found myself wanting to touch those

thighs of hers so badly. My cock twitched as the memory came back of just minutes earlier when I was calling out her name.

"Here," I offered as she finished wiping off whatever liquid there was. "Why don't you get in bed."

I hadn't really meant for what I said to sound that way—as if I was offering to tuck her in, to give her comfort, and mom caught it and turned redder than the tea did. She hesitated before nodding. "Thank you," she said softly, sitting down on the mattress that barely gave when she sat down. Mom's look seemed shy and nervous and it took her a moment to figure out how best to get under the covers without flashing me her bottom half. It occurred to me to turn around, but by the time I had even realized that my mom's naked hips had probably flashed at me while I couldn't see, it was too late. Mom slipped under the sheets, her head on the pillow.

I stood up awkwardly. That weird smell in the air had gotten stronger and it made my nostrils flicker. What it was exactly, I couldn't tell, but it wasn't a bad smell. Just an odd one, something that smelled vaguely of salt and heat and sex. Or maybe that was just me, projecting from earlier in the day.

I felt my cock tingling a little and suddenly regretted the choice to get up to stoke the fire, since the front of my pants was so dangerously close to mom's face. She didn't need that sight any more today, least of all with the knowledge that I had been getting horny for her.

"I'll keep it hot for a few hours," I said to fill in the silence. "At least till midnight."

Mom looked up from under the rim of the table she was staring at. "Sure," she said blankly. Then she shook herself out of it, whatever it was. "Sure. Sorry... I'm a little..."

"Me too," I admitted, standing up from the table and heading to the couch bed. There were three blankets now; mom apparently having found a set of fleece ones somewhere around the place, so that we could take turns wearing a thin one and piling up the rest on top. The first two layers were actually fairly clean, just smelling musty with old air, but the bottom layer had been stained badly from last night's sweat-soak. I threw that blanket to one side, putting the

thinnest over my body as I laid down facing away from where mom was about to go to bed. "Goodnight, Jared." Mom's voice came in gently after she turned off all the lights. I could hear her getting into bed, pulling the covers over her.

Then that heavy silence descended on us again, the kind that comes with darkness and with no noise whatsoever to be heard or made. After a long moment of listening to my mother breathe, I realized that it wasn't normal; her breath was quick and erratic.

I wondered, idly, what mom did when she went to sleep, especially if she couldn't really fall asleep. Sometimes dad complained about how his wife would toss and turn at night because of insomnia, and then I imagined mom moving on her side of the bed. Her soft skin turning over—if the heat was up—would cause friction between the sheet and her body. Maybe she would pull away the blankets, frustrated. Was that why the blankets were so rumpled? And in that strange quietness of the cabin, even as it was dark as shit, I felt as if there was something that had changed since mom had caught me out there; since I told her the truth. It was this weird tension, a heat I never knew until I saw my mom's sweaty body. I tried to shake that thought out, but for some reason the image wouldn't leave me.

My breathing got quick too. For some reason, I became increasingly aware of what she looked like underneath her clothes. I thought about the way the fabric would stretch across her breasts and cling to the shape of them.

In the middle of that crazy reverie, I heard a little noise. I stopped, wondering if maybe I was imagining things or maybe mom was just making those tiny snoring noises that dad talked about.

Then I heard it again. A rustle. And I knew where it was coming from: mom.

The covers shifted; more than shifting really, they seemed to jerk around her, and the way the sound filled the cabin, it seemed almost violent. Then that rustling continued as mom seemed to turn on her side of the cabin floor.

Was she having trouble sleeping too?

Was she—I don't know—thinking what I was thinking? Was it just me? Am I going crazy? Or is she also... is this how things feel when you're stuck for so long? Is it just weird because mom and I are here together and... and all those things, like dad and dad calling her Cara... does it go through her head too? Is this why she can't fucking sleep?

What the fuck—why is it getting so hot inside the cabin all of a sudden?

Maybe this place wasn't meant for two people in their early twenties who were... you know, going crazy with cabin fever. I kept shifting my hands from one side of my body to the next, hoping to find the most comfortable position possible in which to stay awake. But as soon as I got used to laying on my stomach, then it was uncomfortable. My elbows weren't resting comfortably on the blanket. When I lay down on my back, I realized I could only use one pillow. When I rested my head on two pillows, I didn't know how to angle myself against the second one; it made my shoulder hurt. Then when I slept on my side, there were no problems except that sometimes the blankets were just loose enough around my legs to not let me be warm, but tight enough that they left indents.

I kept rolling over, unable to really fall asleep even though the clock was already ticking past midnight. My thoughts wouldn't go away either. Every time I looked over at mom's outline under the covers, I'd get weird thoughts about her pajamas and how thin they looked underneath all of the sheets.

And those little thoughts became images and then ideas and then fantasies, and when I finally found some way to turn away and try to block out all the thoughts, something else would start to make my body throb or my heartbeat pound, and I was getting tired of it all.

And the whole while I heard mom turn this way and that on her end of the cabin floor. She was struggling to sleep too. Sometimes we had a moment where it felt like we both turned on the same side at the same time, and we caught a glimpse of each other turning.

Mom turned first this time. Her eyes opened lazily, heavy with sleepiness, but she took one look at me and shifted up. "Jared—are

you awake?"

"Yeah..." I replied softly. It didn't occur to me what I was about to say until after I said it. But there I was, saying: "Something bothering you?"

There was a long pause before mom answered. She didn't seem sure of what she was about to say. Her voice was small and quiet, almost a little scared, as she said, "I need you to promise me something. And... and it's hard for me to ask."

I sat up fully and leaned against my pillows so I could look at her better. "What's going on? Are you okay, mom?"

"Yes—yes, it's nothing like that." She waved it off. "No, it's just..." she swallowed hard. "I can't... get aroused. The same way you couldn't help it. You're older but... no, never mind. It's..." she closed her eyes for a moment.

I tried to think through where she was going. "You need me to... take care of myself when you sleep or something?"

Mom made a face and shook her head. "No Jared. That's not what I want." She gave a nervous laugh. "Just—" her breath hitched and she closed her eyes again, holding them shut tight. "I feel terrible saying this," she said softly. "I don't know—just—Jared. Let me say that." She nodded to herself. "Alright. Goodnight." She grabbed the sheets around her and walked towards the little makeshift bedroom. "Let me know if you need anything, but goodnight."

What the hell had just happened?

I was stumped. The only thing I could figure out about whatever that was, was that it probably wasn't a normal exchange between mother and son. Not even remotely.

I lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling, which is harder to do when all there is above you is total darkness and it feels like something will drip onto you from an infinite abyss at any second. My mind was stuck thinking about how much the day had sucked so far.

If I hadn't been so careless, everything would have gone by so normally that mom never would have caught me jerking off to her. At least not until I could figure out this whole bizarre mess on my own. She'd never know, dad would never know. They'd continue on

being parents while I was back in my place and I could maybe go back to fucking girls with names similar to hers without any weird guilt attached.

As for the feelings—

I couldn't think that through before mom opened the bedroom door. The room didn't really have doors; it was just a sheet hanging from the wall.

Mom came in almost silently, and slipped into bed, but only after standing still over me for a minute. And then she crawled inside and under the covers, lying next to me, silent.

A few minutes later she shifted again, making soft rustles against the blanket. Then there was silence.

About fifteen minutes passed before I decided that I was going crazy and I got up and quietly walked around the pullout bed so I could get a look at mom. There was barely any light at all, coming in just faintly from where the window above me had been partially uncovered, but I could tell that my mom's eyes were wide open and fixed on the ceiling.

I took off my shirt and shorts, leaving myself in my underwear, and slipped back into the pullout bed, pulling up the thin layer of cover over me as I lay next to her.

We both stayed still, listening to each other's breathing. It felt like neither of us moved an inch, not for several minutes, and then finally there was the rustle of covers next to me.

"Are you awake, Jared?" Mom asked softly.

"Yes," I replied, swallowing slowly. "Are you cold? I'll put on more wood."

"No," came mom's reply, almost instantly. "No. I'm fine." A few seconds passed and then she said, her voice low: "Jared, do you really have feelings for me?"

My mind scrambled. What kind of question was that? "Huh? No, what—why—"

Mom cut me off. "Because... I think I'd understand." Mom took a deep breath.

That's when the silence got even tenser. I knew where this was going. It was as obvious as shit itself and I wanted to get into the

snow and run until my legs gave out. The silence stretched on. Mom fidgeted, her mouth opening to talk, but nothing coming out, while I stayed stock still, feeling like I didn't dare move while we sat on the edge of the bed.

"You know I..." mom finally spoke again. "When you were born," she said carefully. "I was your age. Just starting college."

"Yeah, I know," I managed to say through the fear of where she was taking this. "You always told me you were a baby when I was a baby."

Mom let out a quick snicker. Her eyes crinkled at the edges and for a brief second, it didn't feel like everything around us had gone completely mad. And then mom took a long breath and closed her mouth, and after that her voice came back tight, measured. As if she was trying to hold herself in.

"We've known each other our whole lives, you know. Ever since we were kids." She was silent again as she sipped her tea. Mom set it down again and let out a small cough. "And when you were born, when you first opened your eyes and I held you... I felt like the most lucky woman on earth."

I nodded quietly, because whatever was coming from this train of thought, it was getting heavier and stranger than hell. There's something strange about hearing about yourself through someone else's perspective. I mean, I figured I was pretty okay for a kid, considering the fact that mom hadn't strangled me yet, but now, it was like those very earliest memories were being dug out of somewhere deep inside of her and laid out in front of my eyes for me to see.

"You were—I could still remember you when you were tiny," mom smiled. "So tiny, even though you were chunky." She let out a short chuckle, just barely under her breath.

There was another silence that stretched between us. This time, there was something uncomfortable. We weren't looking at each other. It's hard to look at somebody who is looking back without seeing what's behind their gaze. I found myself unable to look directly at mom as she looked at me, and her own eyes slid away until I looked somewhere else before she did the same.

After a moment, I spoke up.

"Why does dad call you Cara?" The question came from somewhere inside me.

"Because he knows I love him, and because it reminds me of where we first met," mom said immediately, without skipping a beat. Then her face colored, red splotches appearing against her cheeks and nose as if she realized that she'd given up a secret that she shouldn't have shared with me, even though it had nothing to do with sex. "It's my nickname. Because my middle name is Caroline."

There was no way in hell that was it. "I know you love him, but why does it remind you of where you first met?"

Mom pressed her lips together again. And after a long breath, she opened them again to let out an annoyed huff. "That doesn't really matter. What matters is that..." She looked around, seemingly searching for something.

I don't know what she wanted from the cabin, but it certainly wasn't there. She gave up soon after looking around and instead, stared intently into her mug.

"So you never dated anybody seriously," mom started again.

"I—well—not—" I started fumbling my words too. How could I tell her that I kind of had a few girlfriends that just weren't all that serious, and they didn't go anywhere and mostly it was because there were better things to do than sit around and be a couple?

But when I looked back on mom and how she sat there, almost uncomfortably, I felt like... maybe I should lie. Just a tiny lie. The same lie she told every time when I asked what happened to grandma's favorite vase or where my report card got lost or when she and dad got a new car.

Because the truth was that my relationships just didn't mean shit after college, especially after I found out that Cara wasn't really who she claimed she was.

Maybe it wasn't a good idea to talk about my mommy issues with mom right now.

And even though we had already established this before, there was this weird sense that somehow talking about what had just happened would make it true.

As if something like 'fantasizing about your own mother' could be anything other than taboo.

"Hey," I found myself speaking up anyway, and mom jumped a little at my voice, as if she hadn't been expecting me to speak. She turned around and looked at me, and for one crazy moment, I thought she was going to say something.

Instead, we both just looked at each other, not breaking our stares. In that instant, I realized I was hard again. Just seeing the slope of her curves, just seeing the shape of her body under her pajamas made it hard again. And she stared back at me, like she saw it too, like she had always seen it too.

And maybe it was the fact that I knew she had known from the start—

The fire popped with a crackle. It broke our stare. We both jumped. We both cleared our throats.

I think we were both afraid to look at each other this way. There was nothing else to look at, and we had already agreed upon watching yet another bad movie.

Mom reached for my phone where it was sitting on the coffee table. She held it, turning it over, fidgeting. Then she looked at me.

"So," mom started. "You got aroused today."

Something froze inside me. "Yeah."

She sighed. "Jared—"

"Mom," I interjected. "Mom. Look. It's—It's not like I can help it. I'm an adult. I just happened to be around you during what was essentially an extreme lack of privacy. Just imagine if it were somebody else instead."

"Alright. Alright. I just... Jared?" She met my eyes finally.

"Yeah?"

Mom hesitated for a long second, then:

"I... Well. We are pretty bored."

I nodded at her slowly. "Yeah... Yeah." I didn't know what kind of boring shit she was thinking to try and fix here. Like what the fuck? Was she gonna find cards somewhere in this tiny little cabin and suggest that we play some solitaire or something? What fucking else could she do? This wasn't exactly my idea of a good time either. I

was sitting there, getting all twitchy from the tension and the desire to be anywhere but there, especially after all the awkward stuff that had gone down so far.

There was no way I was going to tell her my idea.

Not even in a million years.

I wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear—I couldn't take any of these stupid feelings about my mother any further, especially not after everything today, not after seeing her naked twice now. The memory was starting to blur around the edges. Was mom shorter than Cara? Did she really look like that? How could I possibly recall the exact shade of my own mother's skin. Or the shape of her tits or nipples? How would it feel to suck them into my mouth, to see that they were heavy and soft like a pillow; how would they taste when they leaked with milk?

My pants were suddenly unbearable to have on my body.

"Jared?" Mom spoke softly, as if not to break whatever this fragile atmosphere was between us.

I turned, still sitting, leaning back in my chair. I didn't quite meet her eyes, and just shrugged.

"How long are you going to take to put that pull-out bed down?"

I almost started laughing then. It seemed like an absurd question. Why couldn't she do it herself? What did that matter, putting down a fucking mattress and laying out a pillow and sheets?

But the laugh didn't happen. Something about the way her voice cracked stopped me. There was hesitation. Almost like fear in there.

"Are you okay, mom?" I asked, leaning forward and letting my fingers rest against my cup.

Mom blinked as if startled, her face turning to mine, and I think I had caught her completely off guard. I don't know what kind of weird state she was in. "You're asking me if I'm okay?" Her eyes were wide. Like she was genuinely taken aback.

"Uh... yes," I answered slowly, a little bewildered myself.

"Jared. After what happened—" she trailed off, as if unwilling to say it aloud. But she looked at me. "After all of today. You're really asking how I am?"

"Yeah, mom." I shrugged, feeling embarrassed suddenly. "Yeah. You're always worrying about me." I thought I would sound nonchalant, but the emotion was clear in my voice.

I don't think mom saw anything except sincerity in my gaze.

Because the moment stretched on before she finally let a smile spread across her face.

And in a soft, warm voice, she spoke.

"Good night Jared."

I smiled back.

"Goodnight... Cara."

Her eyes flashed a little. The light from the fireplace illuminated them a little brighter as the last word left my mouth and seemed to hang in the air. We stood still. Mom held onto the doorframe to her side, almost like she was leaning into it. I stared at her face, and she stared back at me. Her cheeks were bright red, and they only turned darker. My heart thudded. I thought for a moment she'd get upset at me and demand an explanation. What did I say that name for? What did it even mean?

But instead of getting upset or saying anything, mom merely exhaled.

Her chest rose and fell with that soft breath, the shirt tightening and loosening. And through that motion, it seemed to make everything shift. Everything changed. She looked different. The way she was standing became a little more sensuous somehow; less like she was standing on a stiff spot and more like her knees had lost a bit of strength. But what made the whole thing was the way she pressed her lips together when I said that name again. The third time.

And then, something happened. Something completely unexpected, something crazy... but something undeniable.

Mom stepped back, her hand still resting on the doorframe, and slid the door shut. It wasn't so much a click of a lock as it was a clear statement, the kind you make when you're not quite certain of yourself, but need some help figuring things out. Mom locked that door without touching the mechanism at all, the very image of her closing us both inside here with the snow piled up around the

windows like a cage, was the only way I could really see it as. A cage. It locked, but not because it wanted to trap us in...

But it also didn't let anybody out.

"Okay." Mom swallowed thickly. "Let's just... try this. To see how it goes."

There were no other words needed. We crawled into opposite sides of the same bed. Both of us tucked in, both of us keeping silent except for the shifting, rustling of clothing and the creaking of springs beneath the thin mattress.

And just like last night, when we thought everything was going to be okay and not weird and normal, we turned our backs to one another.

The night was tense.

For hours, maybe more, I lay awake staring at nothing, wondering how I got myself here. Wondering why my body betrayed me that much. My balls were still sore, and I felt bad for mom, hearing her name. But that was all gone; my brain seemed to be focused on only one thing. It was what had been in the background since last night:

It's just that mom had such fucking nice legs. And even from this angle, if I moved slightly, I could catch the subtle curve of her hip and thigh. They looked perfect. Smooth. Creamy. And it wasn't that I was thinking about sex per se; it was the thought that maybe, just maybe, they were smooth like that because she waxed regularly. Maybe, deep inside—I mean, it made sense considering I was pretty sure that dad's not even around anymore—maybe she did it with regularity, knowing that if she needed a cock, all she'd have to do is open herself up a bit and someone would fuck her.

Someone like me.

The worst part about those thoughts wasn't so much the thought itself. It was that I found myself getting excited again, and there was no way, unless I took a long-ass shower, that I'd be able to hide it from her. I was certain the last thing on earth she wanted was to see me sporting a semi-boner for her. That was just gross.

When we were done with our tea, mom went back into the bathroom. While I washed and dried, she came out in her bathrobe,

her hair freshly brushed, looking fresh, clean, pink-cheeked and glowing.

"I'll let you get your shower," she said, nodding at the closed door while going under the covers. She turned off her lamp. "Night, Jared. I really am sorry for all this..."

I couldn't help but feel guilty as fuck. Because after how nice she was being, after everything, she didn't need to apologize for shit. "Don't worry about it," I called over my shoulder.

There was no reply.

Just silence.

By the time I had come out of the shower, and mom was soundly asleep—I could hear her soft snores and occasional little murmurs or mumbles as she tossed slightly, I crawled into bed, thinking about what an uncomfortable position I was in, how much worse this was than college because now I knew my mom was horny too; I knew that she had these needs and it was going to drive me crazy to know that she was sleeping two feet away from me, probably soaking wet between her legs, so horny she might start dripping cum and making a puddle on the mattress. She had her blanket covering her mouth, the light of her face almost entirely covered up. Just the barest edge of her cheek and the outline of her hair stuck out from under it. The heat of the bed, coupled with the heat of my thoughts and mom's own warmth underneath made things even worse.

I found myself wondering if dad had ever come over to her side before. What was his deal with her? If he did come over, surely, something like this would happen? Surely, after fucking around, one thing would lead to another, and it wouldn't be weird anymore if they kissed... I tried not to think about that, and it was really hard not to wonder if dad would taste any kind of pussy juice when he'd go down on mom, because surely by this point that happened right? He couldn't possibly avoid tasting her. My skin, especially my hands, started to itch and tingle. A weird feeling crawled through my stomach like ants. This was wrong; these were wrong fucking thoughts—

But no matter how hard I tried to think about baseball, about work, about all kinds of crap—my brain went back to her body and

the way she'd arch against me if I started to kiss her neck, how mom would gasp when I finally got up the courage and slid my fingers inside of her, or better yet, how fucking delicious her pussy must taste, just once, maybe, just so I could say that I at least licked her clean, and how the hell did she look? How did she look when she orgasmed? Surely dad knew, I mean it wasn't possible he didn't know. Surely he knew exactly what she sounded like when she came.

It felt like it was going to be a long night for both of us. But then I realized that at least she had it easier: she was fast asleep. Somehow I found myself thinking back to that other Cara. It seemed silly and strange for me to think that she'd ever compare to my mom in this way. Mom and dad had their kids—I don't think any girl had ever taken him the way mom has. The idea of making love to someone who couldn't compare, well...

The next day was worse.

We woke up at eight thirty. That's late by normal standards, but there's not much to do during a blizzard, and the weather station said that it might last until Thursday, at least. I rolled over to look at mom sleeping; it wasn't quite snuggling with her, but it was getting warmer under these blankets, so who could blame me? Besides, when it was so quiet, I really didn't mind being close.

She always smelled so sweet. A little flowery, a little citrus. The kind of thing that made you feel fresh, and alive, but in a natural, organic way. Not chemical. Something about it was familiar too.

That thought sent a shiver through me. And this time it wasn't even arousing.

Mom started to wake up. First she breathed out loudly, long and deep, and that woke me up. Then she moved around just a little, first pulling one leg closer to her body, curling up around her belly, then stretched them both out, extending them so they were almost fully straight and pushing the cover off of her body.

"Mmmm..."

A little smile spread on mom's face as she turned her head into her pillow, and slowly pushed her bottom half back together, so her legs curled again and she nestled right against me. A sigh escaped

from between her lips; not quite loud enough to be a snore or a whine, just audible enough for me to feel every inch of skin on me heating up, and I had this insane image flash through my mind that made me want to move over there and spoon her. To put my arms around her, smell the top of her head where she always used those citrus shampoos—the kind that were so damn sweet and refreshing, especially after all the work out at the park with trees and grass and flowers in bloom all around us. I would bury myself right against her neck and kiss it gently.

She seemed to curl into herself even more. There was something vulnerable about her, but at the same time I couldn't help but realize that she was fucking gorgeous. She still hadn't taken off her glasses and there was a sleepy look about her eyes. In fact, with me staring at her and unable to stop, it almost looked like mom was blushing. She closed her eyes for a moment, as if suddenly embarrassed, and rolled her body closer towards me, tucking herself up like before, wrapping herself in her own warmth.

What would it have been like to fuck mom? She'd be tight too, probably. I'm no small dude.

It was crazy how hot the thought made me feel. And mom... if she ever opened her mouth, or just started saying things... I wouldn't have any control over my thoughts or my impulses anymore.

Maybe she knew that. Maybe she had seen what I was hiding behind my pants after jerking off and she got scared. Or freaked out. Either way, there was clearly something very wrong, and neither of us could bring ourselves to speak up about it.

Or maybe she was thinking that it's best that we keep pretending nothing happened. After all, I'm sure mom wanted to save face as well. If dad found out that she was thinking that she wanted to fuck his son... I don't think it'd end well. Mom seemed pretty intent that our little situation in the cabin was not going to get out.

For a brief moment, I remembered the last words dad said to me. His hand tight around my bicep; he hadn't been this rough since I was eighteen. He was telling me not to do anything funny with my mom and that it was a bad idea in any case and then there was a

brief flicker where I wondered how much of my thoughts or urges could be traced back to him saying that? It didn't make sense—after all, I couldn't imagine that anybody thought that they were hot enough to bang their own parent—and yet I felt like that made some sort of sense. There are lots of fucked up things that seem logical and sensible because someone says them. You start repeating that something's normal over and over again until one day somebody says, 'yeah, that's fucked up,' you're stunned at the news and it all goes downhill from there.

And there was another reason for why we shouldn't be fucking. Dad might be kind of an asshole but he didn't deserve for his wife and son to suddenly jump into bed together when he wasn't looking.

Mom seemed to read my mind, just a little, though.

When the two of us put our teacups down, the clinks sounding strange next to the popping and snapping of the logs, she sat crosslegged at the edge of her mattress, just staring at me for a few long seconds before she gave me a half-smile and said, "You take the bed tonight."

I had this sudden sinking feeling of relief. And regret. Relief, because it would be good to sleep on the actual mattress instead of having mom sleep there while I slept on the couch. And regret because it felt like we had moved too fast—or maybe that I had wanted us to move slower than what was acceptable—and yet despite all my hopes that we could somehow salvage any semblance of a normal relationship... I think we passed that point when I had cum saying her name.

Fuck, just thinking about how embarrassing all of that was, the fact that mom had probably seen me and heard me, it made me turn beet red in my face.

"Uhm," I said, trying to interrupt the moment. Mom looked up expectantly, like I was going to say something really fucking stupid, but when she saw that I wasn't even meeting her gaze, her shoulders relaxed and she looked disappointed. "I'm just—" I swallowed and then pointed down at the floor. "Do you mind if I use the pillow?"

There was this flash across mom's face where she suddenly frowned in confusion and looked back and forth from the pillow to my sleeping place and then finally, at me. There was a flash of realization, followed by a grimace of some sort of embarrassment. Maybe for me. It was clear that she got why I wanted to be as far apart from her in a single space.

Mom cleared her throat. "Why don't you take one of the couch pillows?"

"Oh. Right," I replied, looking around me. I didn't have any of mom's blankets; all mine were outside, folded into a messy pile somewhere on the floor. As I reached down for one, there was the loud sound of mom flicking off the lamps so that now we were in darkness and surrounded entirely by a soft red glow. Mom's shadow appeared next to me; a long black streak that seemed to go on for ages. When she came back up, one of her legs bent under her so that she could lift herself back up on her mattress, there was the strange glint in her eyes again, the same kind that had made me think something else was going through her mind. She licked her lips and stared at me, before saying, softly, almost as if she was afraid, "Goodnight, Jared."

"Goodnight, mom," I replied, the word catching in my throat because... well... that was pretty fucking surreal, right? Saying goodnight to somebody who had watched you masturbate to the thought of them.

We got under our separate covers, keeping our backs away from each other. In the silence, and with mom's deep breathing and her little whimpers coming back out, I realized that maybe things weren't so bad after all. Maybe mom got that it was a total accident and there wasn't anything wrong with getting off and I would forget about it and...

"Jared?"

"Uhm," I swallowed hard and turned onto my back. "Yeah, mom?"

"What did you mean when you said that this wouldn't be a problem if the space were bigger?" Her voice sounded low, cautious, yet eager for an answer.

I tried not to sigh and sat up slightly to look over at her.

She was looking back at me, those brown eyes of hers piercing, and her hair loose so that strands of it framed her face perfectly. "What?" I replied.

She cleared her throat nervously. "You know," she began. "When you said this whole thing is bothering you because the cabin is too small?"

There was something about the way she was pressing me about what I had told her earlier, even though we both clearly knew it didn't need further discussion, was enough for me to tell her the truth again, in case it would make this whole thing go away.

"It's just that this is such a tight space, right? Like..."

Mom finished. "Yeah, and like you haven't gotten any action in a while." She laughed and shook her head. "I remember college—that stuff just happens, Jared." She smiled up at me, not quite meeting my eyes yet, but trying her best to appear nonchalant. "It's just human nature to do the do now and then. So what if you're cooped up here?" She patted me on the shoulder.

And there was this weird thing that happened. I don't know why, but when she touched me, and when her hand lingered slightly, and when she finally looked at me for longer than two seconds, I realized how attractive she was. Maybe even hot as fuck. And maybe because there wasn't much light, only candlelight and firelight, but that did something, because with just candlelight bouncing off her cheekbones and making the hollows of her neck look deep and mysterious... she seemed a lot less mom and a lot more like...

There was a word for it. Mom, but not. A name. Cara? It didn't matter, really. All that mattered was that when we both held still and silent and mom looked up at me, suddenly her eyes went wide, and she started to blink rapidly.

"Good night, Jared," she said, giving my shoulder a friendly pat and walking over to her side of the pullout, before tucking herself into bed.

I sat down, looking back at her. She had faced away, toward the wall and out toward the window, where the moon would occasionally

peek in through the blinds, but otherwise she seemed tense, and even curled slightly away from me.

"Mom?" I tried.

Silence.

What did you see? What do you think about it all? Does it scare you? Why are you turning away from me like this? Do you know that if I had to go to the trouble of finding something else to masturbate to I wouldn't be thinking about anybody but you—and your body? Your voice, those sounds you make, your eyes wide open while you look down at me while you're riding me with your hair stuck to your neck while I fill you to the brim? Mom—

Those thoughts came through. They didn't come through my mind so much as they rose to my tongue and almost spilled out until I bit down hard enough on my lip that I tasted iron.

"Jared."

My mom was facing the window when she called out my name. The sound was barely above a whisper, and that same weird tone came through; part warning, part fear, but something else laced in between the two, as well.

I swallowed a dry lump and watched the way she stood. The shape of her body cast against the blinds while the snow fell, gently, outside. She had her arms crossed but then, slowly, unwrapped them from around herself.

The look on her face was one I hadn't seen since we were stuck in this place.

It was one I only saw when it was late at night or early in the morning and she was still dozing, her eyes still closed and her mouth open.

There was a tiredness to her eyes that wasn't normal. But underneath all of that, something else showed. Like she wanted something. Or needed something. There was something else there.

Insecurity? Fear? A vulnerability that was rarely exposed.

Maybe she could tell that I saw it because she turned her head toward the window quickly, watching the flurry outside, her hands tightening on herself before she turned back to the fold-out couch.

She didn't say anything as she took a corner of it. My eyes were stuck on her as she sat down and stretched her legs, pulling her blanket around her body tightly and wrapping her hair into a bun at the top of her head. The gesture reminded me of something that girls did during camp, like they were getting ready for lights-out or something, and when her eyes looked up at mine, I got a chill through my body because she gave me this weirdly guarded look.

"Good night, Jared." That same tone was back. Like whatever she had seen bothered her. But somehow not enough for her to call me out on it. Maybe it was some part of her being okay with what I said earlier, that nothing really was my fault. That I was going crazy being trapped in here.

I tried to shake that off. Mom looked at me as if she expected me to say something else. What did I expect her to do?

There wasn't a lot left to be said after that.

I climbed under the covers and stared at the ceiling, trying not to think of mom beside me, trying to calm down all these thoughts—the thought that even though what happened had a certain sense to it, and even though I wanted to make some kind of effort, any effort to make things less weird for her, I didn't know what to do.

She's your mom, man, I thought, staring at the ceiling. And she might've heard you getting off.

To the thought of her.

I shook my head violently. This whole thing had been fucking crazy and it was starting to get to me, too. There was no fucking way I was into incest. It was weird. A kink to explore when you're 18—or something like that—not now. There was just no fucking way. No way that I wanted my own mother, not unless this is what it felt like to start going insane from being trapped and alone with family.

No way.

Mom made a little noise.

It came out of nowhere. The only warning I got was mom making some movement across the room and turning over so that her face was pointing the opposite way of mine, her bottom pressing up against me briefly and giving a very tiny, firm bounce while she readjusted the pillow under her head.

She exhaled after settling in for good this time. "Well—" her voice was thin and tired. "Good night, Jared. We'll be getting home tomorrow."

That's how she decided to end that night?

Just like that?

With that?

If it had been any other night, it probably would have felt weird. Or normal. But with the knowledge that mom was aware that I was horny and that she knew about Cara or that I'd jerk it to girls with names that sounded similar, and the fact that... well... I fucking saw her, all of her, without anything, and that my cock had been out too, it felt like we both needed some space, because otherwise something else would happen.

At least for me, there was the fear that if we shared this same bed, and maybe mom was still thinking about Cara or the Caras that I'd say in college that I might have known or hooked up with, who knows—the thing was that... I'd end up doing something.

You know how you'll have a dream where your alarm is going off, except the louder the blaring noise, the more distant it sounds, and the sleepier you feel?

That's kind of what I felt when mom came to the top bunk that night. There was a heavy weight in me; a thick feeling in my arms and legs, but also, as I felt mom slip under the covers beside me, there was this lightness, almost like she was going to take over and pull me away into a sweet sleep. It didn't matter what had just happened out by the tree. What mattered was that after the first day, every night following after I'd see mom completely naked was always better than the last, and the fact that she had been aware that I was masturbating to her—even though we hadn't exactly vocalized that I was using her as spank fodder—meant that it was going to be the best session yet.

And it's not like anything crazy had to happen. The thought of her body was already enough for me, the scent of her skin, that warm place between her thighs, those thick hips that seemed to be begging me to take a nice hold of them, even the sound of her voice was hot. Every breath she took was just a fucking promise that

something good was going to happen; her hair fluffing and filling out underneath her pillow was this beautiful thing; I mean it felt like my head was floating and my heart was pumping hard, like something crazy had happened; something I couldn't control. And when it wasn't crazy fast, it was this slow churn, a lazy pulse from between my legs that I was too weak to control.

Mom kept her back to me, and after a few minutes, while the snow started to come down in earnest outside, she let out a shiver. She turned over to face me, her eyes studying mine. She pulled up the sheet, and wrapped it around us tight, leaving maybe about an inch of space between our chests. I watched the shadows from the fire dance across the curves of her cheeks, lighting up her eyes with a dim red color.

It almost seemed like she was waiting for something.

"Jared?" she whispered. "Are you tired?"

I nodded. Even though I wasn't.

She reached down, and pulled up the hem of her shirt, so slowly that I might not have noticed that she had pulled it up right over her chest if there had been more light. "Well..." she said, softly. "If you're ready to sleep then let's—"

That's when I saw it. Mom's belly. Mom's pale white tummy, flat and toned, but still somehow with a slight pooch over her stomach. Just underneath that, in the dim, barely visible space between the hem of her nightshirt and where her pants sat just around her waist, was this dark, shadowed little hint of black. The firelight licked at it, playing with me.

She had pubic hair, it seemed. A lot. Darker than the rest of her skin and slightly wispy looking. Almost curled. It made a perfect trail to follow; I didn't dare look up at her face, because I felt as though her eyes were just on that side of crazy, and I wanted to get out of here alive and well without getting slapped. But... it was almost impossible not to imagine what the rest of her might look like down there; how much of her hair there really was.

I couldn't move my body to speak. "Mom—" I barely said, the syllables caught in my throat. "Your... your stomach—"

Mom dropped her shirt back into place. "Oh. God, sorry." Her face grew so red that I could see it even in the dark. I finally dared to meet her eyes. She looked terrified, as if I had seen some sort of secret no man was supposed to see, and her hand had fallen over the part of her skin that had just been shown. In reality, all I saw was a hint. I still didn't know if the hair was real or not, although I'd go ahead and wager on the assumption it was.

And, I mean. We're talking about someone who has had sex before. Multiple times, apparently. And we're also talking about the woman who just yesterday stripped me of everything I owned, including my pride, and showed me her underwear. The whole thing was almost insanely inconsequential, but something shifted, even now, because mom's eyes met mine.

We stared at each other, saying nothing for ten seconds.

And then, without blinking or moving any other muscle in my body, I reached forward.

To put the fire on again.

"You better get to bed," I mumbled. "If you need anything, call out for me."

Mom blinked. "I... okay. Thanks."

And after I watched her slip under the covers, she faced the wall and shut the light. "Jared?"

"Yeah mom?" I held my breath, worried she would have read into what I told her and found out that somehow, for some fucked up reason, I was imagining her when I touched myself.

"Sorry." It sounded strange coming from her mouth, which was the only part of her face that showed through the covers. "And don't worry about a thing, okay? Tomorrow... you shouldn't even think about that stupid snow." She pulled her head down and tucked the sheets up close to her face. "Okay, baby?"

She called me 'baby'. It sent a shiver up my spine and made me realize that, just now, for the first time since forever, I wanted her to come close. And not in a kissy way. Just... hold me. Hold me until all my shit went away.

"You shouldn't apologize," I muttered back, finding myself a little disappointed that she had gone silent again. The room went dark as

I shut off the lamps and I took a few moments to let the flames die down. There was still a glow inside of the fireplace, but there wasn't nearly enough warmth to do more than just take the edge off the chill.

I pulled out my own blanket, which was a bit thinner than the ones we used every night, and I started to wrap myself up and find my corner in the cabin. The whole thing seemed a lot smaller now; the space felt like it was getting compressed by the very air itself and that the entire space was being reduced to nothing but inches.

"Night," mom breathed, sounding sleepy.

"Yeah..." I replied. My mouth suddenly got dry. Like, horribly dry. Maybe even sandpaper level dry. So dry I thought my tongue might peel itself from my gums because of the friction.

And just as I turned, wrapping the sheet around me, I realized that it would be cold as hell to try and sleep that night. Maybe even cold enough to make me sick or something, or so freezing that the night would pass and then all I'd have for an alarm clock in the morning is mom yelling at me because I didn't take care of the fire during the night and—

"Jared?" I heard her call out from her bed, almost a whisper.

My heart froze.

For some reason, just then, just hearing mom speak like that made me freeze up and get really scared that she'd catch on. Even though what had happened was totally normal, a thing between two family members who knew each other well.

But there was still a huge part of me that wanted her to know. That wanted to be completely transparent, to see if she thought that the same things I thought might just be possible.

"Night," she breathed, her voice shaking a bit as she got onto her side of the bed.

The silence of night had come back, and as we both settled into sleep, my thoughts were a chaotic blur of images.

What could have happened...

All those things we didn't do.

Just a couple hours ago, mom wouldn't even look at me because of something she heard; now all she did was try not to look at me.

And when my tea was done and we settled in for bed, with our backs facing each other, my blanket and my mattress on the floor, I found myself thinking that whatever tension there was between mom and dad had somehow shifted its way onto her and me, and I felt awful.

I fell asleep, and though it didn't come easy, it came fast.

But the dream wasn't anything I remember. Maybe something about school. It's possible that I dreamed about work. Or maybe the only thing I thought about before I passed out was of mom and her scent, and her soft voice, and how badly I wanted to take care of her even though the last few weeks, she had been doing quite well without a son.

It's just, sometimes, our dreams can reveal what we want from our subconscious. The part of our brains that gets shut off during waking life can do quite a bit of wandering when we're sleeping.

When I woke up, it was dark, but the kind of dark that happens right around dawn. The room was still; everything had become so calm and quiet that I heard the slow, steady beat of mom's heart while she slept.

At least, I thought I heard it.

Her head was pressed up against my arm. Both her arms were wrapped around mine and she held herself tight against me. Even though we were on opposite ends of the bed with both feet sticking over the sides, her top half had completely made it over to my side, so that I could feel the swell of her breasts against my ribcage.

Mom was sound asleep, but her mouth was open just a tiny bit; her breathing gentle, soft, almost inaudible. My left arm had gone completely numb where she was holding it in between hers, her cheek resting just below my shoulder and her hair sprawling across me, like silken, fragrant waves. She held me tight; not in a grip, just that she was keeping a firm hold around my arm. Her body curved, and my legs found themselves inexplicably curled behind her bottom, like it was supposed to happen, that way we fit perfectly in our sleeping positions.

And she smelled nice.

Not like sweat. Not like perfume, but there was a softness and a sweetness about mom as she slept, and even though I was so fucking hard, the kind of hard that happens when you're dreaming and it feels so good it wakes you up, I fell asleep within minutes of being awake.

It didn't stop at all through the night. Every time I would shift, every time I would roll, move or try to readjust the way I was sitting to somehow be comfortable, the scent of her, that soft warmth, like fresh laundry, would waft up toward me.

She had fallen asleep pretty quick too. In the dim glow of the firelight, I could see how tired she was from just getting well again, and how all this activity really took its toll, even with her working out regularly. Mom tossed and turned and for a little while, it was like I heard a strange noise coming from her. Not that different from a cough.

That is, until I realized it was moaning.

I'm not an idiot. I was aware that she had been having sex before dad. She had gotten divorced from dad. But that meant she'd been having sex after too, right? And mom... was no saint. There was something deep inside me, almost some kind of pride to think that my mom, even in middle age, wasn't some prudish churchy girl. No; mom could have any guy she wanted if she really tried. And sometimes it showed. The way she talked about her ex-husband didn't show her to be some kind of prude either.

Maybe mom was a bit of a slut, who knows?

But the fact was that mom was fucking hot and horny.

It made sense. Dad hadn't touched her in a long time and now here I am, someone else completely—even if she thinks I'm some kind of loser in college, at least it's somebody—and we're trapped together in a space small enough for us to both notice what the other was doing at any point in time.

Mom's hands seemed to drift. When we looked at each other across the way, they found themselves pulling through her hair, fiddling with her ears or brushing the skin over her neck. She was thinking, clearly; her eyes were deep and contemplating. I found myself sitting back, crossing one leg over the other as discreetly as I

could. Mom did the same thing, shifting, almost writhing, under her blankets.

"Jared, honey?" Mom finally broke the silence.

"Yeah?" I was surprised how loud I sounded, even when I spoke barely above a whisper.

"Would you come here? For a second?" She was motioning toward her bed. I got up, walking slowly so as not to disturb anything; my mind reeling, trying to figure out what the hell mom was asking me for. "Look at this."

The fire made the walls glow. The light was dim. I looked over her shoulder where she pointed into a crack in her bed. In her finger, I saw the black of mold, spreading out from the side of the wall into the mattress itself. "Huh," I said, dumbly. "I think those beds are just for looks, maybe. Who knows when they actually changed any of the mattresses in these cabins out. We should try looking around tomorrow—"

"There isn't another place to sleep." Mom's voice sounded strange. Her words stopped me completely, and then I sat down next to her as she looked ahead, staring at nothing. Then her eyes turned towards me, slowly, and in the dark, they glinted. The air between us felt thick. It was hard to breathe.

I got up wordlessly, grabbing a few pillows off of her bed. My movements were automatic, even if everything else felt out of control. With that, I got up from the bed without looking at mom and headed for the bathroom.

When I came back out, mom was already lying down, turned away from my side. Her body shifted slightly as I set up my own space on the floor next to her.

That's when she asked me her next question.

"What was it that made you excited, Jared?"

For some reason, this time it was easier. This time it came out like second nature. I found myself shrugging and then saying, "You know what it was. You saw it, remember? I saw your breasts through your wet shirt. And it was weird because normally, we don't see each other's skin. You get what I mean?"

She didn't move; she nodded slightly in understanding, keeping her eyes on the coals. "And so why... why did you call my name?"

I had to answer.

And for whatever reason, the words came out again. The way they did before. It almost felt like it had been scripted out perfectly, that all that there was going to happen next would happen because everything was planned out just right. "You were hot when you were sweaty and sick and I couldn't help but think... well... things like I said already." I shrugged, helplessly. "I don't know what else you want to hear—"

Mom's fingers were intertwined tightly together. She rubbed one hand with the other, her voice coming out a little weak. "Do... do you think of me when..." She seemed to swallow nervously. "I'm sorry for asking this question. It's not exactly polite... or motherly... and I know how weird this is but..." She let go of her hands. She kept rubbing the bottom edge of her lip with her lower lip and her face went pink, even through the dark red light of the fireplace. "I know sometimes... sometimes boys have fantasies about their mothers, but..."

"Oh, my gosh, no!" I didn't even need to feign surprise. The only reason why I was getting through this so easily is that I just knew, on a gut level, that mom would never believe that I'd fantasize about my own mother. My cheeks burned with shame, though. Shame about what I had done. Shame at having been caught. "I... that sounds really gross."

"That sounds really gross?" Mom repeated, frowning slightly, looking confused. "What are you talking about? You mean thinking that I looked sexy while I was sick and that it was exciting because you hadn't seen anybody else naked since we got here?"

The fact that mom said it plainly made me uncomfortable.

Mom's voice lowered by half, a husky noise from her throat like a low hum that made her lips part ever so slightly. "I heard you say my name," mom finally admitted. "Outside. The first night."

It was quiet again. The fire crackled and snapped at us while we both avoided eye contact. "No," I said. "Don't—don't take this wrong way," I tried to finish, "I... that's really—"

Mom was looking at me squarely.

It was then when I realized how pretty my mother's eyes were, her eyelashes, full and light; the way her skin seemed so soft, almost porcelain. There was a kind of gracefulness to the way she held herself, something natural and not too much make-up at all, even though I knew my mother was a fan of blush and mascara. "Don't..." I stopped short, realizing my mistake. Don't what?

My stomach clenched and released.

"I don't know how I feel about this, Jared." Mom suddenly said. Her voice was tight. Taut like a wire, as if saying anything further might snap it or break it, shatter her words. "What I saw today—what you did." She looked up at me, frowning. "I shouldn't have—that wasn't appropriate for me to see, even though—" she stopped for a moment, her hand going to her throat and touching the space between her neck and breasts briefly, a tiny gesture, as if she was trying to soothe herself, before lowering her hand again. "I can't—what I'm trying to say is that it's not..." she gave a deep, ragged sigh. "It's not normal for me to know about your sex life, you know. It's not—not—"

I nodded. She had just told me the same thing twice in three sentences. I thought back to a conversation we once had that she didn't want to know who I was sleeping with, what kinds of things I did. How she never wanted me to tell her the details, or let her hear me having sex. That sort of thing was private. You wouldn't tell me, would you?

Maybe the fact that it happened made her think differently. It probably changed things, because it wasn't like a simple 'if.' Instead, it was a 'when' type of thing: When she found out. And now that she knew, something was different. Maybe she realized that it's inevitable to be around somebody so much that you'd eventually find out that they jerk off. Maybe she just came to realize that I was not her little boy anymore, but a full-grown man.

Maybe all of the above.

Mom sighed again. Her eyes were lowered to her hands, which were fiddling with the hem of her pajama top. "I have to say though," mom was looking at her hands. "I thought it was brave of

you, to talk about... that side of you, with me. To admit that you're frustrated." Mom lifted her head and made eye contact. "That's really good Jared. Honesty is—is—"

Honesty is good? Honestly is admirable? Honesty will get me the best kind of pussy?

The only sound in the cabin was my own heart beating a hundred times faster than normal. If you asked me later why I did it, I'd have no fucking clue. But there, watching mom chew on her lip while she tried to come up with what to say to me, something about her just broke me into tiny pieces, and the last bit of resolve snapped.

Before I knew it, I stood up and approached her. Her eyes grew large when I took the mug out of her hand and placed it behind her on the table next to her. Then before she could stop me—not that I think she really wanted to—I held onto her wrist and gently pulled her away. Mom gave in, easily, not protesting until we reached the bed, where I pushed her down.

"Jared," mom protested weakly. She held up a hand when I pulled my shirt off. The whole thing was just a blur.

The fire made shadows dance on her skin, playing with her features in an odd way so that her expression was shadowy. Not quite scared. More worried. I moved up against her, crawling onto the bed, placing my knees around her thighs. Her breasts swayed and moved with her chest when she breathed fast, and before she could object, I lowered my mouth to hers and kissed her.

She struggled at first, pushing at my bare chest weakly. For one minute, I had this awful thought, that she really hated me and was only doing this because she didn't want to think she couldn't take care of her kid or something.

But then I found myself moving forward, pressing my mouth firmly against hers. I held on for a long time, not letting her mouth go until she started breathing slower. Then she gave up struggling. It wasn't a kiss you would think of when you saw us; she wasn't pushing back and moaning against my mouth; she wasn't sucking my tongue and begging me to push harder.

No. She stopped fighting and simply melted beneath me, as if surrendering. As if I'd be okay so long as I just kept my mouth on her for a few more moments.

When I lifted myself off of her, her eyes were soft, glassy, like there was no resistance in them.

And then I kissed her again, pulling the blanket over us, sliding into place between her legs, finding a home where my cock pushed just a bit into her.

This time, mom was trembling when my tongue found hers. Her eyes shut gently, as if giving up was easier than staying awake, but I didn't mind. She made this whimpering noise as her hands held onto my chest.

My shirt was gone; it didn't seem important anymore. What mattered now was that I could feel the warmth of her hands through her gloves, and that heat spread outward. It took the chill out of the air, it made my body vibrate with wanting.

But that was when she stopped. She had this panicked expression on her face, but I knew better. I kissed her again.

I kissed her neck, taking the fabric of her blouse in my teeth and tugging at it.

This time, though, mom didn't go pliant beneath me. She struggled against me, pushing hard at my chest with the palms of her hands.

I found myself suddenly sitting upright and breathing fast. She was staring at me, her chest rising and falling rapidly, her eyes darting between mine and the place where I had kissed. She looked scared and nervous and like she really needed a moment.

"Jared..."

She whispered it so softly that I thought I'd made it up in my head. The silence could do that, you know. Make up words and create sound where none existed. But when I focused my attention on her, mom bit her lip, holding still. Then she said my name again. "Jared...?"

This was when I knew things were wrong, because mom rarely called me Jared. She called me kiddo. Or honey. Or whatever cutesie

thing she wanted to call me. But Jared? Only when there was serious shit going down.

Like maybe I had knocked up some girl and they hadn't figured out yet if I wanted to keep it or not. Like maybe I had been caught doing some crazy stuff when I was younger or getting into drugs or something. Or... I don't fucking know. Whatever else is super serious enough to make a parent go from cutesies to your actual name.

I knew from personal experience that it sucked whenever mom got all formal.

Because the next few sentences tended to really, really suck for whoever was on the receiving end.

I didn't respond because part of me thought that mom would forget what she was saying if I didn't reply. Or, at least that's what happened when I was growing up. Whenever my dad came home drunk, or he found out something happened or I got into trouble, I just kept my head down and my mouth shut. If I pretended nothing was going on, sometimes mom got distracted enough that she forgot that anything was wrong.

Mom didn't say anything though. She set her cup down, then I set mine down, and that's when she sat down, cross legged on the bed while I sat on the sofa. The thing was that even though we were separated, we still weren't really looking at each other. So what ended up happening is that we were just staring in two separate directions and waiting for something to happen.

Eventually, what happened is this: mom made an impatient noise and turned to face me. "Jared," she said flatly, making direct eye contact. "You can go to sleep here tonight."

I blinked. That wasn't what I expected at all. "That's fine mom. It's probably more comfortable—"

She shook her head. "No—what I meant is that I'll take the pullout tonight, and you sleep on the bed."

"Ah." For some reason, I felt my body heat up. And not because of the fire. But because now, even though there was literally six or eight feet of space between us, it suddenly seemed so intimate that we were about to swap sleeping spaces. This was different from being stuck together in a car during traffic, or even just cooped up in

the kitchen cooking lunch and dinner together. Somehow... it just made me feel strange and hot, like something that I hadn't felt before. "Sure," I offered. Then I tried to lighten up the mood by joking a little. "Don't worry about waking me up in the middle of the night by snoring, mom."

It worked. Mom gave me a wry look and then scoffed. "Right. Maybe you should watch your mouth. Don't think I forgot the days when you wet the bed at night. You used to go back to sleep without even changing your sheets." She shook her head. "It got weird when the damp smell started going through my side of the house."

"Yeah well—you used to steal stuff from the cookie jar at three A.M. so—"

Mom scoffed again and walked away, her smile wide. "Alright Jared, good night!"

"Night, mom!" I was feeling good as I slipped under the covers in the actual bed. My mind went into neutral for a moment as the softness and warmth of the bed enveloped me, and after I turned off the small lamp beside me, the orange glow of the fireplace was enough light to make the edges of the room soft and dark. It was kind of like camping. I hadn't been camping since middle school.

My thoughts were drifting pleasantly while I started to feel a little sleepy, but just when I was about to slip into REM something else happened.

The light clicked back on and mom was standing over me.

I couldn't help it. I felt my face twitch and go through this whole range of expressions before finally settling on confused. "Um..." I stalled.

"Jared," Mom said softly. Then, after a few seconds: "Stand up. Please."

Her voice sounded strange to me. It sounded strained, even though she was being polite. Her face was completely flat as if it wasn't registering anything and I did as she asked, my eyes wide open as I stood and then turned toward her. She took a step forward, the light overhead casting shadows around her jaw and cheeks. We were so close. And as she stepped a little closer, I was

keenly aware of our height difference; she was wearing slippers while I had on thick boots but she only came up to about my chin, and for some reason, I had this terrible fear that maybe she needed help reaching something high up or—

The air changed between us. All at once it went from awkward and stale to charged. This crazy thing happened and my entire body was vibrating like I was suddenly alive again after being so fucking frozen in time for two weeks that all I wanted to do was breathe her in and feel everything moving inside.

Mom leaned close, and for one second, I thought I was having a vivid hallucination, because her fingers were sliding under the hem of my shirt and she was feeling along the muscles of my stomach as she leaned against me, pressing her forehead into my neck as if she was giving up every last shred of herself. Her eyes were closed and through the haze of smoke and heat and fire that seemed to fill the room all of a sudden, her breath fluttered on my skin while my hand tentatively wrapped around the small of her back and touched the silky smoothness of her pajama bottoms, just gently, just to remind myself that yes, mom was still sick and yes, I was still worried. But for some reason none of those concerns were in my head; instead it felt as if they had slipped away with a breeze like paper falling, until I realized that my hands were slowly roaming lower along the curve of mom's ass, and there was an unfamiliar ache inside my mouth from clenching my jaw, as well as my dick—my cock that had been ignored twice already today and now was throbbing hot and tight inside of my jeans.

"Jared," mom purred, whispering softly over and over again as she let go of my shirt. She stepped closer into my touch until I was certain my cock was poking into the front of her belly. I could see her breasts from my vantage point and how they were so big and heavy and even under her clothes they had weight. My hands were going further, touching along the bottom curves of her ass as it filled out the seat of her pants, and for some reason mom seemed to push back against the palm of my hands as if she liked what I was doing, and before I knew it I was gripping the round curve of her bottom in each hand, my fingers sinking into the softness and

pushing forward, making her step right onto the couch with her legs spread around my knees. Mom leaned back slightly and looked up at me while my hands kneaded and groped all over her ass.

She didn't say anything. Mom's lips parted and the only sounds were my breaths coming out faster and louder, and something else, something wet and slick as she licked along the corners of her mouth, then parted her lips further so I could see that her tongue had come out to tease the air, pink and wet and glistening with need. Her eyes were half-lidded and glazed, and when one of my hands slid from around her hips to touch along her tummy, just barely slipping underneath the hem of her top, the muscles quivered underneath her skin. Her body arched like a cat, leaning and stretching into my touch. When she spoke, her voice was high and soft.

"Jared... baby..." I could see the faintest trail of spit coming out of the corner of her mouth.

That image—mom, leaning back, the heat of our bodies making the front of our clothes stick against us while sweat made them transparent, her thighs spread around my legs and how her face contorted with pleasure every time my hand squeezed deep into her flesh—it was too much. A rush of heat shot through me and my cock went hard as hell in that instant, and if there was any doubt that mom felt it, it was gone, because I was certain she rocked her hips back into me, sliding against my hardness, teasing me with her ass until I grunted softly and took handfuls of her shirt and ripped it right off of her.

"Baby..." she moaned softly, not caring one bit about her ruined clothes. "Jared... yes baby—"

I took a hold of her by the shoulders, turned her towards me, and kissed her.

There is no gentle way to describe this kiss. Mom wasn't being shy or timid; she sucked at my bottom lip like I was candy, then slipped her tongue inside, running it over mine and sucking on my tongue before she finally backed away and panted against my neck.

"Fuck..." mom whined, pulling back far enough so that her hot exhales came out against my mouth. I wanted to taste them. "Kiss

me, Jared baby... come here..."

A sound came from somewhere deep inside of her, an animalistic noise that seemed to emanate from her belly. I pushed against her harder now and felt myself go rigid against my jeans. My cock pushed out into her leg and she gasped a little when she felt it against her.

"God, Cara," I mumbled into her ear. It felt right; her name, coming off my tongue, just like that. Mom's skin got even hotter wherever I touched, and she was wet between her legs when I touched between her thighs, her own panties already stained with the fluid.

"You want your mother's pussy?" Mom teased me, sliding her pajama pants down over the curve of her hips and pulling her shirt up. She slid her fingers all along my bare chest and kissed my nipples softly before she took a seat on the sofa behind her. "I need your cock." Mom pulled my head down until I could feel her breathing onto my neck. I shivered at the sensation, and shuddered when her finger hooked around my waistband. She jerked it downward forcefully, sending my member flopping out through the fabric. Her eyes opened wide as she took hold of me and guided my tip toward her entrance.

The heat that surrounded my cock was so amazing.

Fuck... fuck!

"Kiss me mom—" I said hoarsely.

Mom's hand jerked against her mug and it splashed on her wrist. She gasped, but didn't say anything. I stood up, my eyes burning into her skin, wanting more than ever to see how her cheeks were flushing pink, and even in the darkness of the cabin with the dim red light reflecting off her eyes, I could tell she was looking right at me.

My legs moved forward, slowly, and I couldn't believe what the fuck I was saying. And I couldn't tell where it came from.

I couldn't—no way—

Was it possible for my voice to sound so hoarse? So deep and so... commanding? "Kiss me." I demanded softly, as I stood over her. Mom had shrunk back; she was almost hiding against the pillows on her side of the pull-out bed. The covers had slipped down slightly

over her pajama shirt, and they had dipped just over the edge of her collarbone. It looked like there might be sweat trickling down from her neckline, but she was staring up at me, blinking and trying to process what I had said.

When she heard me again, her breath caught. She gasped when I reached forward, my fingers brushing through the front of her hair. She didn't resist or protest when I took her head by her cheeks with both of my hands, my grip tight, my thumbs brushing across her eyes as they fluttered shut.

I kissed mom, slow and hard, holding her tightly, making her squeal. There was this part of me that could not understand why the hell this felt so right. But fuck it.

You know all that stuff that comes naturally to people, like walking or driving a car? For us, fucking is something that just happened. When you find the right partner, then, when everything is at its peak, that's when the fireworks start to happen. You get into your groove and suddenly, things take off on their own.

With mom, everything went like it was a dream.

Mom groaned and panted in my mouth while my tongue pushed against hers. Her hands pulled back the sleeves of her pajamas and rubbed at my bare shoulders. I lifted the hem of her shirt with one hand while I pushed the palm of my other against her pussy, stroking her softly until I felt a wet spot appear on her pajama bottoms. Mom was whining and panting and squirming, arching her back and spreading her legs wider, and soon, her pussy was completely exposed to the cold air and my fingers were pushing inside of her.

My mouth let go of hers for half a second when she gasped for breath, but in that moment I realized that not only was she gorgeous and hot and the horniest, neediest, bitch-in-heat type of slut, but also that this was mom. And mom wasn't doing this in a dream.

I woke up and fell over, the blankets covering me tangling with my arms as I nearly stumbled out of the side of the pull-out bed. That noise was so jarring that mom started awake as well and immediately sat up, her breasts hanging and swinging low

underneath her shirt which had been hiked high during our little session.

We both looked at each other at exactly the same time. Mom was breathing heavy, her cheeks flaring. I'm pretty sure it was obvious that I was hard. I don't know what kind of look I gave her, because it was just an instinctive reaction to look at her with shock and confusion and maybe even the faintest hint of disappointment at the whole thing.

"Oh god—did I—" mom started to ask before realizing that we were both awake and I hadn't woken up after falling off the bed. "Shit," she whispered. Her hand moved under the covers while she looked back and forth. It was like we both realized something about ourselves, maybe that we weren't asleep, and we had both reacted almost instantaneously to whatever was happening in our dreams. And the thing is—neither one of us wanted to admit what that was, because the moment of waking, before you realize anything, all those feelings and sensations are still there, and I think at least for me, they lingered more than usual.

Mom pulled her hand from beneath the covers and held her face as if she was hiding.

There was an urge inside of me. An urge to do something. What I didn't know. But this deep primal desire to act suddenly, maybe put my hand between hers to see what was going on, or even say something, I didn't know, but the only thing that was keeping me back, and the reason why neither of us did anything was that there was this unspoken acknowledgment that we could not possibly be able to speak about the dream without being awkward.

It must have been a bad one. Or a good one. Because mom turned onto her side, completely facing away from me. Maybe she wasn't really awake. Maybe her brain was just making things up, making crazy things that were probably more innocent than whatever was really going on behind her eyes.

"You okay?" I asked, turning around myself to face the back wall.

"Y-yeah," mom replied in a whisper.

I had the feeling that her reply meant "no".

"Well..." I didn't really know what else to say. "I'll let you sleep, then."

That night was so, so weird. I lay there awake for a little while. I could hear mom tossing and turning a little, and through the thin mattress below me, I swore I could feel the movement of her legs kicking, trying to get comfortable.

I didn't dream that night. If I did, it was just the sensation of warmth, and heat, and an urge building and growing until eventually it broke and something hot and slick engulfed my cock.

My dreams weren't any different from anybody else's. I didn't need them interpreted. But I had never felt such a tightness in my entire life, gripping my cock with a ferocity that was unlike anything else.

For the first few seconds, I was almost afraid that somebody had snuck in and strangled my junk—I was pretty sure that was how the saying goes. But then my vision cleared, and instead of being in that bedroom, where mom was sleeping right next to me, I was outside. The sun was out, the sky was clear, but it was like the snow was still everywhere. There weren't any clouds though; no sign that they were ever there.

The trees surrounded me, dark and foreboding. Somebody's hand was on my back. At first I couldn't tell whose.

There was heat. And pressure. So much fucking pressure. My hands started shaking and I couldn't move, and as my eyes cleared more I turned around.

And the person that was gripping me by the ass from behind wasn't Cara—it wasn't any college slut that I knew from long ago.

I gasped. "Cara—?"

Mom nodded and pulled me against her. We weren't in a cabin anymore, either; instead I felt hot air and the scent of flowers, the sensation of moisture. It was nighttime outside, and through the shadows, mom took both of my hands and placed them on her breasts.

"Fuck yeah," she hissed in my ear.

I woke up from this dream with an immense, aching boner. Mom's body was right next to me; the warmth of her skin permeated

through the bed sheet. And though there were only about three inches separating our backs, the way my cock pushed up and out was obvious as shit, so thick and heavy that it created a mountain under the fabric. My balls ached; they wanted release.

So bad that I started wondering if I could sneak out and do it again without getting caught—like yesterday. Maybe I'd come back before she noticed, and—

No way.

I turned onto my side, facing away from mom, and shut my eyes. If I ignored it, it would go away. Except that wasn't exactly true—the longer you ignored it, the more persistent it got, especially because of the vivid imagery of that dream: of a girl, a dark haired college girl who kind of looked like an older mom.

She's bent over the couch, her hair tied behind her and wearing that cute summer outfit: those thin cotton leggings, the ones with the pink lines along the seam where her legs began, her bottom full and thick with muscle. The fabric strained as her legs were spread apart; one hand reached back to spread herself open for you.

Her shirt was off. It was just lying on the carpet behind the couch. She'd worn those cute pastel panties from that night that hugged around her curves in a way that was just fucking delicious to see and the elastic waist band had left a faint red mark, an oval shape between her ass cheeks. She was breathing hard, shaking and excited, her pussy lips flushed red and sticky, dripping juices down her leg.

"Come on—" she breathed. "Get your cock out..."

You felt the pressure inside of your pants become excruciating as you let the fabric down, and let it fly free, bouncing up to slap against your belly as you pushed forward, guiding yourself into that dark, warm crevice between her thighs—

There's that momentary touch of skin-on-skin contact before both of you press harder into it, pushing against the barrier, and you find that perfect place.

Her thighs wrap around you and she's panting now, looking at you—waiting for you—you look down at her eyes and find yourself lost in them as she starts to gasp—and you push. And fuck, do you

ever push hard—there's no reason not to and there's a soft, wet squishing noise between your bodies as your cock is halfway inside, stretching her, filling her. Your cock keeps pulsing, pumping precum, because you're still going deep and you've never seen anyone look at you in that way before. She's breathless now, gasping and looking, eyes wide. You lean down closer until you're almost chest to chest and your mouth finds hers, the kisses soft at first—until they're needy and hungry.

You kiss and kiss and push deeper—all at once and it's like a punch to the stomach how tight she gets as your cock hits something deep inside. And you keep pushing. Keep kissing. It feels so fucking good—her tongue in your mouth, the way her eyes are fluttering, her hand squeezing into yours, nails digging—

Mom was getting under the covers.

I stared at my mug of hot water and found myself wishing I had some caffeine. Any kind. I wanted some kind of fix, something to make me stay awake all night or pass out. Either was fine. Just no weird dreams.

I went to lie down on the pull-out mattress. I didn't even care that it wasn't as warm anymore and my feet were starting to get cold. It could be spring all over again, for all I cared. As long as I didn't have those dirty fucking fantasies about mom, everything would be okay.

"Jared." Mom suddenly said. "Can you do me a favor?"

I sat up quickly. "Yeah? What's wrong?"

Mom seemed embarrassed. The blush in her face was clear now. If only the lights were on full, you'd probably have seen it even in the dark of the cabin. "It's... it's so embarrassing..."

"Mom—" I tried reassuring her, but she cut me off.

"No, I have to—can you do me a favor tonight Jared?" Mom was fidgeting now, biting her bottom lip, unable to look up at me, her hands wringing the sheets tight and twisting them into waves.

"Sure," I replied quickly. "What is it? Anything?"

She made an effort to swallow before she looked up at me. In the dark, I saw her eyes reflecting the embers. There was a moment's pause where we said nothing. When mom did break the

silence, there was almost no voice, barely audible: "Will you stay up a little bit longer with me? Until I fall asleep?"

It was only after that I noticed that for the first time in forever, mom wasn't drunk or slurring. She didn't smell of wine even slightly, and when she blinked, her eyes stayed open steadily.

My throat felt dry all of a sudden, and I had to make an effort to say: "Yeah. I'll sleep on the couch with you."

It felt weird saying those words, because when I was thinking it, it was like mom was sleeping beside me. The thought that her body might actually be next to mine was... something I never thought I'd want. I had a brief image of waking up with mom curled against me.

Mom tucked herself in quickly, under the covers, facing towards me on the outside of the bed while I sat down at the edge of it, taking off my shoes so they wouldn't get any crumbs or dirt onto the sheets. When mom moved closer to the edge and made room for me, my brain got all messed up again, like this was too intimate a space with mom—the thought occurred to me that there was no way we were not going to bump into each other accidentally during the night.

"Goodnight, Jared," mom said, her voice soft, but sounding strangely distant. She sounded a little distracted, even.

I nodded at her, pulling up the covers over me as she did the same. We didn't say anything after that. I closed my eyes, feeling like things would go back to normal, that the weirdness we had just gone through earlier wasn't ever going to happen again, and that my balls would stay untouched.

But then, when the light died down completely, I could have sworn I heard mom shifting around. It wasn't exactly the quietest movement ever—she tossed and turned and fidgeted and the entire mattress shifted while she settled down, and there was something about this sound that kept playing through my mind...

Until I realized what was happening.

I heard that noise before. A few times. Usually from some dude in college when he was alone. But mom...

Mom was touching herself.

For some reason, I held still under the blankets, staring at the back of the couch as I lay there, listening to my mom softly moaning in pleasure. There was no fucking way—how would it be possible? Maybe I was imagining it all? Maybe she was just rolling around on the mattress to get comfortable?

"Fuck—" I whispered, realizing that I had become erect again. The whole day felt like I had been on edge. I had never gone so long without getting myself off, and now here it was happening for the second time, and this time I couldn't blame the fact that mom was sick—because her breathing was steady and calm. She wasn't sweating at all. She was completely aware of what she was doing. And that, even if it was an accident that I caught a glimpse of her butt, was not making me feel any better.

The sound of her panting reached me in the night air. Even the fire had died down and the cabin was growing chilly around me. But the warmth of what mom was doing was almost palpable in the darkness, because it sounded as if she was breathing so hot. Like steam was just bursting out of her lungs, hot enough to fog up anything close enough.

It must have been the heat that caused my cock to throb, my balls to pulse, even after this morning. The tension was still there from my unfinished orgasm, but I just felt so weird. Mom seemed strange tonight, like she was just holding her breath for whatever reason, and I kept waiting for her to start talking, or laughing, or something that could let me know things were ok.

I tried listening to her instead, just hearing her breathing and wondering if she was going to go fast today. I remembered how she had started last night, slow, very soft, as if she was unsure, then going faster, until eventually she started moaning loudly—and I had to turn over on my back and try not to wake her.

When did mom find the time? Did dad ever care that his wife wanted to masturbate? How come when she masturbates she does it at night when I'm supposed to be sleeping? When we shared that bed the first two nights, where did she do it—where did she hide? Is the whole idea that you shouldn't do that in the bed a lie—did she get off those nights too? Was there any point when dad fucked her

that he was too tired? Is she fucking lying about why they can't fuck anymore? Does dad even give her the chance—does she think I don't notice all the time that it's not dad but me who's really taking care of mom these days—and she never asks for help and what is she doing in her room anyway—is she fucking herself with a vibrator —

What I heard was not at all what I was expecting. What I heard was mom letting out a low sigh, like a release of steam, and it made me want to turn around. That wasn't just a breath she let out; there was a sense of intention. But when I looked back at mom, I saw she was looking down at the sheets, her eyes half closed, her hand slowly slipping beneath them.

My body tensed up suddenly, and I knew from that look, from that sigh, that mom was preparing herself. And in my mind, all these images of what mom could possibly do, what mom looked like when she played with her pussy—she must have a thick bush and I'd imagine how her pink petals peeked through dark fur...

Or would her pussy be shaved? Smooth to the touch and sensitive? Would her skin flush as my fingers slid between her legs? As they stroked and caressed and brought her over the edge?

And there were no sounds aside from our breath. Mom had her eyes mostly closed, focused. In spite of myself, I could feel myself becoming aroused. The blood flowed downwards and pushed against the fabric of my pants. There was a pressure building between my hips, and for some reason I started to push, to move against the bed slightly and the movement felt good. It made me want to do it again.

It was at that point that mom stood up, her movements sudden, stiff, unnatural, and went to turn out the lights, and came back in a hurry, sliding into the makeshift bed next to mine, and she said in a strained voice. "Good night Jared."

"Yeah," I coughed and adjusted myself in a way that felt less conspicuous. "Night, mom."

She didn't take long before she finally relaxed, her shoulders going slack, her breathing growing steady and even. Mom always slept on her side when she wasn't on her back; tonight, she chose

her stomach, which, for me, did not help at all. The outline of her body could be seen against the fabric of the sheets, and the dark shape of her back sloped down to the roundness of her bottom, covered as it was with her pajamas. But the slope of her ass made it easy to imagine her wearing nothing at all. And I had already been hard since forever and a day—this wasn't helping any.

My breathing picked up.

I kept my eyes wide open. It was dark. Too dark. There wasn't enough light here at night. The fire was going out. If I could just wait until dawn broke—but what was it, five hours away? What would be the use in sleeping when I could feel every single twitch inside me, and the blood pumping through my veins... My balls felt so tight against me, so warm... and full.

You know how I said mom's breathing was heavy when she had been sick with the fever? You know how I said when you breathed in hard and your chest would rise like hers did when she'd been running? All I want to say is that now her chest was rising, and her mouth parted, her tongue peeking out and wetting her lips, her hands resting on the mattress just next to her. And they were trembling a little bit, her knuckles almost white from gripping the thin covers around the makeshift mattress we shared for these two nights.

All this while, I found myself moving towards the couch. There was no way it was going to fold back into anything resembling a comfortable sofa.

For that matter, I don't even remember being conscious that I did it; but after taking two steps over towards her side of the cabin, I reached my hand out to grab one of mom's pillows.

I didn't think to look at her. She didn't think to move away, either. It was only when I started to shift a little closer that she realized just what she had done. Mom shifted backwards quickly. And from that moment until the last lights had been put off for the night, I pretended to sleep, or pretend to ignore whatever mom was doing while I drifted in and out of consciousness. I figured I wasn't actually getting any rest—I knew I should have stayed up all night. But sleep comes whether you want it or not.

Eventually, mom sighed, then shifted herself onto the pull-out mattress.

I couldn't help but look her over before we both turned away from each other in complete silence.

Mom had one arm draped around her side, and the curves of her breasts, and her nipples straining against her top, made this shape that even in the darkness gave me all sorts of terrible ideas. The shape of her body led my eyes down, further, further, past her navel, past the curve of her hip and the hem of her pajama bottoms. That little valley between her thigh and her knee, her foot hanging off the edge of the bed. Her toes curled as if she was thinking hard about something. And in a different time, when everything was okay, maybe I'd be thinking the same way too.

The idea struck me that maybe she didn't just find it weird because I found her hot. Maybe she found it weird that she found me hot as well. Mom might have thought of the things I did to myself and liked them a lot more than she realized. Maybe she was thinking about it now, while we slept, side by side. She wouldn't say anything for obvious reasons, but maybe mom didn't think that I'd be so bold either.

I took another sip of tea and put my mug in the sink. By the time I got back in bed, mom's breathing had steadied and she was facing away from me.

I fell asleep with that kind of ache, one that makes you want to sleep just to forget about it.

When I woke up again, it was still dark in the cabin.

There was a light on outside. From underneath the door, a yellow glow came in that lit up some of the floor near where I was sleeping, casting a shadow onto mom's face as she lay down by me, her expression blank and peaceful. Her mouth was open slightly, her breath slow, relaxed, deep. She must've turned around quite some time ago, because she was facing towards my face, and that only made this weird sense of guilt and arousal go through me like a bullet.

The clock was still broken.

So I had no idea how long we had slept for.

But when I felt between my legs, it seemed I was fully erect. As if everything earlier today didn't happen.

As if everything I had seen hadn't actually taken place.

"Sorry," I said under my breath, hoping it would be loud enough. Mom said nothing. The fire crackled. A piece of wood fell out and clattered onto the stones below the fireplace and all of a sudden I found myself wondering what would happen if that fire burned and the embers flew up into the mattress? It was entirely possible that we'd both die in here. We'd be ashes by the time they found us. That'll make an interesting headline, at least.

And the thought of death seemed to have made things worse down below. I could feel my cock hard as hell. My balls tight, throbbing, aching.

I got up slowly. "Mom," I said.

"Yes?"

"Do you mind if... like..." I paused, searching for a polite way to tell your own fucking mother you needed privacy. Then I gave up and just turned away. "I'll just sleep on the floor tonight."

"Why?" Mom asked. "Is this about before? I said I get it and you're... not..."

She stopped herself. But she was right. She was getting it. It's what people did sometimes, no big deal.

And if she could understand that... then maybe this weird tension could dissipate.

I looked back at her and nodded my head quickly. "Yeah." I agreed with her unspoken thoughts. "Just to be safe, y'know."

For what felt like years, she held my gaze. Then her eyes lowered. Not quite down to my crotch—but to the bottom of my stomach. She seemed to be studying something there before nodding herself. "Okay," she agreed. "I just need to get freshened up first. Do you mind?"

"Yeah yeah no problem," I replied, taking her mug and bringing both dishes to the sink to wash. Mom disappeared behind the bathroom door and I turned the faucet on high, letting it drown out every noise as I set to cleaning everything, doing the dishes, cleaning the pots. I wanted to let some time pass before I crawled

into the pullout bed on the floor. I didn't want to make any noises, or make her feel awkward with my weight on the mattress. But in about twenty minutes, things started getting pretty damn cold and even though I wore sweaters all day and my hands were dried out from the soap and hot water, I had to go.

With one last look outside through the tiny windows, the moon obscured by clouds and a soft breeze carrying snowflakes that would turn the world bright white in the morning, I finally went over and knocked lightly on the bathroom door.

There wasn't an answer.

I put my ear to the door and heard a sound—something faint. Some movement? It couldn't be her using the toilet—that sound would have been obvious. Maybe mom was going to bed too.

Then the sound came again. This time it was louder, unmistakeable. Something between a hum and a whimper, something feminine, breathless. Then it faded, followed by more shuffling.

That's when my whole world began to crumble. The sounds outside were not wind or the movement of animals. No, it was the same damn sound I've heard all my life through paper-thin walls; dad used to do this too sometimes after I went to bed and the house had gone quiet. And here I thought this place, tucked into the middle of nowhere, with no neighbors and nothing for miles would be perfect.

Mom was touching herself, quietly moaning, probably sitting on her bed, her bottom moving slightly against the comforter.

Mom knew why I was horny. She knew how this whole thing had started, and now... she wanted to do what she could to keep her mind off things. Except that... now? It wasn't working. If anything, it was going to make me lose my fucking head.

I didn't know where I could go, or if it was polite to try to sleep inside of the bathroom, but I got up quickly and quietly, grabbed one of the pillows on the bed, and went inside. As soon as I closed the door and the lights in the rest of the cabin had been turned off, the place went dark like nobody's business. But still, mom was so fucking loud. The little gasps were turning into a pant, and through

it all I heard something, a soft squishing sound, like if somebody was rubbing themselves.

"Oh fuck..." Mom breathed loudly. "Oh Jared..."

You might imagine that it'd take a lot to turn off a sexual being. That hearing your mother say your name in that way would put you in some state of shock. But... it was the opposite effect on me. It made my cock twitch hard enough for my balls to hurt, and it sent this strange heat rushing up between my legs until my toes curled in my socks.

"Cara..." I murmured without thinking.

Mom let out a louder noise, almost shocked. Then she moaned again. This time deeper, lower. If I focused just slightly, I could hear her fingers moving against herself, getting soaked through just by hearing my voice.

My own dick had hardened completely, pushing its way against my pants. It throbbed painfully, demanding release, while I heard mom panting softly in a way that reminded me of those first couple of nights. Those days when she sweated through everything, including her underwear. When she couldn't even move a single muscle, and the idea of sex was beyond a joke.

And now here we are; both of us aroused to hell and back, our bodies tensed, needing some kind of release. Something had broken inside me, and every breath was laced with excitement. Mom must have noticed how tense I was too, because even though she probably didn't want to do anything that might encourage me, there was this palpable change in how she was acting.

Like if... something clicked. And then there was the other Cara. The Cara who would take off her clothes for me and swallow my cum. How long ago was that? I lost count of the days but it must have been... two weeks. Maybe more.

There were only so many days when your own hand is all you got, right? But if it felt like something had gone haywire in my head, then mom must have felt it ten times over.

"Alright," mom said quietly. She turned off the light before I had crawled into the bottom bunk and made herself comfortable on the top one.

In a small miracle, we managed to avoid talking about what I had done by the tree earlier. Mom did say that we were both going crazy. Then she fell silent.

My thoughts turned back to that same fantasy I'd had; how easy it could be to go into mom's bed, pull away the sheet that covered her and touch her everywhere, kiss every part of her body... It made sense, it would feel good, it would take this strange tension between us and put an end to it. We wouldn't be able to look each other in the eye unless we fucked. Unless we went through with the whole thing.

That wasn't what we had been doing the last couple of days? No. This was different. Before, we had some kind of barrier in front of us. Some mental blocker or filter.

Not anymore. There was no escaping the idea that things were getting crazy. If I touched her, I'd find out how soft her skin was. And if I started touching her and didn't stop, it was clear where that would lead us. And I don't think it'd be one and done.

I think we'd fuck like bunnies once it all got set off.

And I was fucking terrified of her seeing me, my body, and realizing how much I was getting turned on by all of this. It wouldn't even be because I was imagining myself doing shit to her... No, it would be like the incident outside earlier. We'd both know how big my cock got because of her body alone, and that would be enough for things to escalate into something we couldn't get out of.

That's why I went back to being silent and pretending nothing was happening. If anything, mom did the same; after finishing our tea she went off to the shower without another word and I waited with anticipation for what her PJs would look like when she came back.

They were thick flannel ones, which was somewhat comforting in its way. They completely hid her body but as usual, when we laid down in our respective beds, it didn't take long until there was a familiar soft snoring from above me. Mom tended to sleep on her stomach, too, which helped calm my raging hard-on because then the curve of her butt wouldn't show up again.

When that happened, I managed to relax a bit.

But then a strange thing happened. Just when I finally drifted off to sleep, I had this bizarre image come into my mind. A flash of light behind my eyelids, something burning... I didn't realize at first what it was. The room felt warmer, for some reason. I was aware, in a subconscious sort of way, that something in the house was changing, something in the walls themselves was shifting.

And that was when the smell hit.

Sparks flying between my eyes. Flickering fire, like tiny fireworks dancing just above me. And the realization dawned on me with horror... the couch was on fire.

I sat up instantly, grabbing mom by the shoulder and shaking her awake. "Wake up, wake up—"

"Huh? What?" She muttered groggily. Mom was always hard to wake up; I guess that was due to some sort of sleeping medicine she took or something. Either way, her eyes were glazed over and for a moment she looked around, blinking hard until they widened —"Is something wrong?!"

"Mom—" I breathed sharply, my hands clasping hers. "Listen, we gotta go, okay?"

She nodded fast, jumping out of bed as if she was about to run through the door naked, and she stopped herself. The fire had jumped from the sofa, burning the floor, and then the rug. And as we both watched, there was a strange noise in the kitchen, too, where the heat of the fire was creeping slowly through the cabinet walls. There was this odd whine, and suddenly there was a hissing sound—as if water was coming from everywhere, like sprinklers...

But it wasn't water.

It was gasoline. It ran down the inside of the stove, over the table and countertop, and poured down along the wooden slats and flooring that held everything in place.

The smoke and fumes alone made me choke. As if we weren't already on fire, the room went orange with flame and white clouds billowing towards us, and I screamed at mom, but couldn't hear anything except my heart pounding loudly. Mom jumped out of the way of a falling beam; she cried out and I rushed towards her, grabbing her under the arms and rushing outside so fast that by the

time we got to the snow, we were burning, flames eating at mom's hair and catching the edges of her night clothes as if they were kindling for a pyre. I fell onto mom as we reached the ground, trying to pat out the fire. We rolled into a heap, smothering ourselves in snow, mom panting fast as we struggled to douse the heat between us—

She woke up in tears.

Her hands gripped mine; both of us having fallen asleep on top of the sheets of our respective beds. I could feel every tremor through my body, shaking the mattress as I laid there and listened to mom gasping, panting, choking back sobs, and struggling to get air down into her lungs while I stared across the little space between us, listening to everything and feeling helpless.

It felt like this whole situation was fucking up everything good about my life. Here mom was, crying silently just a few feet away from me, probably not wanting to wake me up with her tears but unable to stifle herself enough to get rid of them quietly.

"Mom?" I said finally, when the trembling had calmed and her breaths were less sharp. "Are you alright?"

In response, the shuddering continued. Then it subsided. I heard a long intake of breath. And then she exhaled slowly. Mom wiped something from her eye—maybe she was wiping tears—and when she finally spoke, her voice was low, hoarse. "Jared? You'll take care of mommy, won't you?"

"Mom—" I said, aghast.

"Take care of me, baby," she repeated, more firmly. "You've taken such great care of me already—you've been taking care of me your whole life. Would you—just..." her voice started to crack. "Take care of me now?"

She sounded so... sad, so heartbroken. What could I do? I couldn't fucking resist those words. Mom took a step closer and then wrapped her arms around me; pulling my head into her chest and running her hand through my hair like she did when I was little, but without being forced by obligation as a parent.

I inhaled softly. Goddamnit it felt so good. Mom ran her fingers along my scalp and massaged my skull, my temples, before finally

resting her palm along my face, cupping my chin and tilting my face upward so that I was looking straight at her.

She leaned down and kissed me softly on the forehead, lingering, the way moms did, before she held still.

We stood there. It lasted forever. When mom pulled away, she didn't let go. She was holding me tight, staring at me intently as I blinked quickly and looked away from her eyes. There was a moment where time seemed to stop.

"It's okay," mom said suddenly. Her voice was low and breathy. "Just do it, Jared. Please."

I found myself staring into mom's eyes. Her face was bright red, her hands shaking on my shoulders.

My heartbeat started to sound loudly in my ears. I could barely hear my own voice. "Mom—"

"If you need release, then I don't mind..." her words trailed off, but in the next instant, her face was pressed against mine, her eyes closed as her mouth opened just enough for me to feel the heat of her breath.

She pushed herself on me and my first impulse was to back away, but the fire had been roaring ever since I made it—so I wouldn't freeze at night—and the couch was right there and my legs hit the corner of it and I fell backwards. Mom kept falling forward, and even when her arms were wrapped around my chest and she had climbed on top of me, our lips connected together briefly. It was like lightning flashed through my body when we did that, just touching, not quite kissing or mashing, and then with a groan mom had broken away from me, looking embarrassed as hell.

"Cara—"

"God I'm sorry—I didn't—it's..." her cheeks went red. "You were talking about—about this Cara person and... It's just that this place, we're stuck here, we're alone in these tiny walls and... we're both going a little crazy, aren't we?" She blinked twice before biting her lip, still holding me close, and her hands trembling at my shoulders.

I nodded. Weird thoughts crossed through my mind as I struggled to make sense of how much we were actually saying and implying to each other. There were times when I found myself

wondering how far down mom's breasts were on her body, how round they were, what color her nipples were...

And then I realized, with some amount of shock, that mom probably did have similar thoughts. After all, mom had seen my cock, hard, and she had seen me masturbating to images of her nakedness. It wasn't like I couldn't feel my skin getting tighter as time went by. And even now, the idea that I was so exposed... it kind of aroused me.

But only a little bit.

She pulled back quickly, but her grip remained strong at my shirt. A look of fear spread over mom's face, her pupils growing wide for a moment. "Sorry—sorry... I don't know why I just kissed you on the cheek, like... like some child—" She was breathing hard now, the heat from her face obvious, making me shiver involuntarily with its intensity.

"It's... okay," I tried to dismiss the whole thing as nothing, but she was still holding on to me tight, almost shaking. My heart beat faster for some reason and my mind whirled with possibilities that were rapidly becoming less impossible by the moment.

"Mom—" I started, trying to say something about how she didn't mean it, and it was some kind of misunderstanding, or that we should get to bed because we didn't want to sleep in tomorrow. But mom had cut me off before I could really start, her hands clutching my cheeks while she stared intently at my face, my hair, everything, like she had never seen me before, or like she was looking at something for the first time.

"I've seen what happens when people deny themselves of what they really need," she said slowly. "My father, my mother, and even your father did too."

The mention of dad was jarring. Especially in this context. In the dim light of the cabin, my thoughts were scrambled at this new and sudden confession, especially since it sounded like a lot was riding on this. There were so many questions I wanted to ask, like about the way mom was behaving now—what was making her suddenly talk like this? But the thing she said right after that made those questions fade to the background.

"Jared," mom said softly, and then pulled me in closer. Our noses bumped into one another.

Mom pulled her nose back a bit, and then kissed me on the cheek, close to my ear, and then her mouth trailed further, slowly, across my face, until her soft, plump lips pressed against mine. Her eyes opened up for a moment; just long enough for our eyes to meet in the near darkness of the cabin, and in that second it felt like her breath hitched.

Then her eyes closed again, and for some reason, so did mine.

I heard the faintest gasp. The smell of mom's shampoo and body soap filled me while I smelled it from her skin. Her lips were still, as if unsure, before finally they parted, ever so slightly, and in a daze I felt myself opening up as well, the soft tip of her tongue just barely touching mine. It was the faintest touch. If anything else happened, she might have pulled away immediately afterward.

But I don't know how long it lasted after that.

Her hand lifted to hold me. Fingertips touched my cheek and her breath hitched.

It could not have lasted longer than two seconds. Mom leaned forward. A small squeak rose from her throat before she pulled back, the warmth of her leaving with her sudden absence. I could only look down, seeing her breasts rise and fall with her breathing. Then suddenly, almost like she forgot what she was doing or that there was even any way that I could have possibly reciprocated, she leaned forward again, pressing her lips against mine, gently, tentatively.

And for a moment I couldn't do anything; not even return the kiss. For all the fantasizing I had done about the situation, actually being put into it left me paralyzed, unsure of what to do next. Because here I was, in front of a woman who raised me since I was nine years old, her mouth pressed against mine in a delicate kiss that could so easily turn into something more dangerous and lusty.

She smelled like home, like the shampoo she used in our house, and that smell was intoxicating enough that I felt lightheaded just thinking about how I had been around mom's scent my entire life,

only now, that scent came with another scent, one I was only just getting familiar with; one that drove me absolutely wild.

What broke the paralysis wasn't thought—it wasn't really any sort of realization. It was that smell—it was her taste. All this time, while we stood and kissed, neither one of us moving, I was savoring her tongue, her spit, and slowly, without wanting to or intending to, I leaned forward, tasting more of mom, feeling the heat of her body and breathing harder because this closeness wasn't doing either of us any good. We were so close but with all these clothes we were wearing, there was still something holding us back.

It made me crazy. The feeling that something needed to be done about this heat that was rising up from our bodies, it made me reach down and touch her.

Mom didn't object when my hand cupped the round curve of her butt. She whimpered against my mouth, leaning harder into me while her hand gripped my arm, pulling at me.

I pushed harder; mom backed up, her head touching the door behind her. "Jared—" she whispered, but it seemed as if I hadn't heard, my body pressing harder against hers. "You—you can't—" she whined, a moan escaping from her lips. I moved, and she opened her legs so that my thigh could go in between.

My heart beat faster. There was no space, not even a second for me to think about anything. All I knew was the feeling of my hands, on my own mom's hips, the smoothness of her waist, my fingertips gliding over her ass, squeezing and gripping. And her fingers, so tight on my arms they could have hurt. My dick pressed against her crotch and then pushed hard, rubbing between her thighs, forcing them to part and let me inside.

Mom moaned, her mouth opening in the shape of words while she couldn't speak. "Oh—no, Jared, this—" she leaned her head back, exposing her neck to me as my lips pressed against it and slowly went down her collarbone, pushing against her top, biting the flesh I could reach. She moaned and arched her back; I lifted her shirt to expose her belly to me. My teeth sank into the skin above her panties, the elastic cloth straining. Mom's scent wafted up to my

nose—something sweet, but musky, sweat mixed with perfume, making the hair all over my body stand on end.

She was panting loudly by now, but it was clear that my mom didn't want this. Every time we came into contact, she jerked her hand back before touching my arm again, or my cock. And yet her breathing became ragged every time I touched her.

My finger found its way beneath the line of her panties. It moved slowly down the mound of her pussy, her outer labia moist with sweat.

"Jared!" Mom breathed. "I don't know why you're—why you're doing this—you're making your mother feel very strange, you—"

"Shh," I whispered softly, looking up at her eyes, watching how their color faded to a deep brown while she stared at me, unsure if what was happening was real. The rest of my hand moved the thin piece of fabric aside and I pushed my finger inside of her sex, gently, exploring.

Mom moaned, unable to help herself; her whole body quivered as my index finger moved into her further, until the palm of my hand pressed against her clit, and my thumb could touch it lightly. "Hnghhhh..." she groaned.

"What can I do about how crazy you make me?" I asked, watching my face intently.

She opened her mouth as if to answer, but before a single word came out of her lips they parted into an O of shock as I found her G-spot. "No," she moaned, her back arching slightly as she writhed at the sudden bolt of electricity shooting through her. "Jared—no... don't!" She cried.

I pulled out slowly and then slipped another finger into her. Mom bit her lower lip; her whole face turning bright red as I began to massage that sensitive little spot inside of her, while rubbing against her G-spot from the outside with my thumb. She was soaked down there, absolutely drenched, and her panties were a little soaked with my pre-cum too, leaving the thin cotton completely translucent. "That's right, Jared..." mom moaned. "Right there..."

Mom's hips began to move instinctively along with the rhythm of my fingers. Her hand snaked its way past her panties, moving

underneath so that her middle and index fingers could play with her clit, rubbing and tweaking. "Oh god," she groaned. "Fuck—"

And what did you hear when your fingers had finally worked their way into her? What did you hear after days and weeks of being locked inside this cabin? You heard your mother groan, and then moan loudly as her hips rose in the air, the muscles in her neck bulging slightly as the tendons tightened, and her hands grabbed onto anything nearby—in this case the sheets—for purchase.

"Jared!" she cried. And for a split second her eyes flashed open and focused on me, as her entire body seemed to quiver under me.

A few seconds later mom was shaking. "No..." she whispered. "I didn't mean for it to happen—I swear I didn't—"

"You called me by my name," I whispered back, pushing a finger deep inside of her, the palm of my hand pushing hard against her clit. "Cara—why?"

She couldn't talk; she bit her lower lip again, but let go before opening her mouth completely. Her hips moved involuntarily as I slowly withdrew my fingers and she groaned again. "Jared—" she hissed, "I never meant—"

"Shut up, Cara," I growled at her. And then my tongue pushed into her pussy, lapping her wetness, finding every part of her that made her shake with pleasure. She was fucking delicious. The slick texture, her scent, the way I could feel every tiny spasm and throb and flinch all from her sex.

I was going to make her cum harder than she ever had in her life.

My cock was aching, but I forced myself to ignore it while I teased mom to new heights.

I heard something drop in the kitchen. Mom shook her head once as she snapped back to the present day, quickly picking up her tea and moving past me so she could go back to the bedroom. She stood at the door and paused for a moment.

"I..." mom turned to look at me. For just a brief flash, something hot and wanting glittered in her eyes. Then it left. "I don't like lying here in the dark on my own."

And then she was gone.

I knew what the fuck she meant.

So we went to bed in silence. With our backs to each other. Mom was silent; I think she was even holding her breath while I pretended to fall asleep.

The minutes dragged on. My heart was still pounding; my mind couldn't get past this insane notion, this horrible thought that kept hammering inside of me.

What if mom knew? What if somehow she realized that I had actually been getting aroused for days now, fantasizing about having her, wanting to be balls deep inside of her or have her cumming with my dick in her mouth or my face buried in her pussy, and how much I really fucking wanted to—

She probably thinks you're a freak, Jared, some dark part of my brain whispered at me. That same dark voice that got louder and louder over those few days. It whispered to me that dad would kick my ass if he realized what was happening; it whispered that mom would probably never talk to me again after this week and I'd be left alone forever with nobody to come home to because my own mom would probably hate me enough to move states.

"Hey, honey?" Mom's voice sounded like she was speaking into a pillow. "You don't have to take the bed tonight."

I swallowed. Hard. Somehow that gesture meant everything. For one thing, she hadn't called me that since I was a kid. And she was offering to share the tiny space with me? My head was full of thoughts of warmth, and mom, her body next to mine, my mouth watering for her skin—

I looked up at her, hoping she'd see what was about to explode inside of me and make it stop somehow, that whatever look I had would communicate every horrible perverse idea that went through my mind before I forced myself to speak.

"Mom," I started, forcing myself not to stammer. "Are you sure? It's just... It's been weeks since we were really separated for this long and if you're fine—"

"You already did, baby," mom replied, her eyes softening. She took a deep breath and gave a little shiver. "It's not that big of a

deal, anyway. Remember when you were little and when Dad was gone on trips for work?"

Oh, I remembered those days alright. But instead of thinking about her cuddling up to me in bed with dad away on some trip, it brought memories to mind of the way she used to look so happy with him, the way she smiled so brightly when dad kissed her, or told a joke that would make her laugh until tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Yeah, but mom, I don't want you to be cold—you should just stay here by yourself—"

"Oh, come on honey. Don't act like you're some horrible monster because you jerked it," mom was laughing now, but a faint hint of red spread across her face. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think you never saw anything."

"Well, yeah, mom, I know I did," I tried to sound convincing. "I just..."

"Listen, we're both adults here. It's fine. There's nothing wrong with what you did—it happens sometimes," she made herself smile at me and patted my arm. "There's no need for this weird thing—I mean—it's not like I haven't been married before; do you really think I've never heard a guy jerk off?" Mom rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Come on Jared, grow up. People are people and when we live in close quarters, stuff like that happens. That's perfectly normal. You don't have to... well, treat me like I'm made of porcelain. We're just doing the best we can. I was going a little crazy too—thinking that maybe you wanted something that you didn't want."

"That's not true—" I started to say.

"Yes, I know!" Mom held up a finger in protest, nodding quickly. "I mean, I guess? I thought for a second you wanted... Nevermind that now. We're adults, right? What matters is that we're getting out of here tomorrow or the next day at worst. So let's just... get over this awkwardness, huh?"

The way she had asked that question, I would have preferred having a third degree burn. My body felt numb all of a sudden, and even though it was warm, my skin seemed to cool in patches as I got into bed. Mom was already facing the wall, her form wrapped up

tight in the blanket. When she finally relaxed, she shifted in bed and faced me. Her eyes were closed. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight mom," I whispered back. I felt suddenly tired, really, really tired, and my heart seemed to race slower somehow while my body grew colder. Mom shifted in the blankets and sighed once before growing completely still.

It took her quite some time to fall asleep.

It didn't take much time at all for me.

I slept so deeply that night, I dreamed of nothing at all.

When I woke up, the first thing I noticed was mom standing over me, holding my jacket, wrapped tightly in a blanket.

"Hurry up, honey," she hissed. "I made coffee, I grabbed your boots, put them on—the car isn't budging in the snow, but we found another place."

"Wh—" My mind couldn't process everything that she said so quickly. I sat up slowly, rubbing my eyes and yawning. "Where?"

"The resort manager's cabin!" She whispered excitedly, pulling me up by the hand. I was still half asleep, so everything around me moved slowly until I heard a car door slam and realized the engine was already running and someone was driving towards the main building.

"Come on!" Mom gestured towards the car that pulled up beside me. The guy who drove us was definitely pissed off for having woken up so early to go on a crazy hunt in the woods with an irate woman demanding that they go on a trek through snow. Then again, maybe he knew better than to argue with someone whose husband's last name is on the marquee in front of the hotel.

Mom sat in the passenger seat, gesturing that I go in the back. I rubbed my eyes a little bit, trying to shake off the weariness I felt at four in the morning, but my body was too relaxed and I nodded off in the backseat, vaguely remembering mom talking loudly about how to get from Point A to Point B through the road that connected them both.

I remember her voice rising to almost a shrill pitch when she shouted out—

"This is fucking ridiculous! Do you even know where we are?"

My head rolled back against the seat behind me. When my eyes fluttered open, it was daylight. My whole body seemed to vibrate from being so cold and I found myself shivering, the blanket falling off my shoulders and around my waist. There wasn't much of a fire at all; just the faint orange coals, the smell of gas, and the air in the room being frigid. The light of early morning was streaming through the window and as I pushed off my covers completely, I started to feel dizzy from hunger and I stumbled to get my boots and jacket on. Mom must have gotten up before me and taken the snowshoes to go get us something edible.

A little more lucid after finding some cookies, I got to work starting a small fire and then checked my phone. There was still no reception, so I went outside with hope. After standing around for a moment, it finally showed up; two bars and that low hum that gave me some comfort.

While mom was out there getting food, I figured I'd see if dad managed to make it here and could help out somehow. It rang once, twice, three times. I started pacing back and forth. Maybe he'd have heard about this place before. Dad, unlike mom, wasn't too trusting about random people offering services and advice. If mom took us here to an unfamiliar ski lodge, I knew that dad would have done research before taking his family somewhere remote.

"Hello?" Dad's voice came through groggily. "Jared? Is that you?"

"Hey, yeah—" I said, suddenly realizing I didn't know exactly why I was calling him. To talk about our current situation? Or to ask him for something else?

Dad must have sensed it from my silence. He sounded concerned. "You okay?" He asked. "How's your mom doing?"

I glanced towards the forest and swallowed. I felt strange even speaking about her to dad. It felt taboo; somehow as if he had known exactly what was going through my head. "Yeah, well, I mean, not much is really going on. We're kind of bored at night because all of the electricity isn't back yet..."

"Hmm," dad sounded unconvinced. He probably had no idea why I had called then. Maybe he figured I was hoping he could help me

bail out. Dad always did think highly of me. "That's unfortunate. You don't know how long you'll be out there?"

"No clue, dad. But you sound a lot better. And mom's getting better, too."

"Thank God. I was worried about the two of you stuck together. It's like the apocalypse, right?" Dad gave an unsure chuckle.

I forced myself to laugh. It seemed wrong, somehow, to make fun of mom and myself that way. Or maybe it just made me feel worse for thinking about her, her body, and wondering what would happen if we weren't family. You know how sometimes your brain thinks things, and they come out of nowhere and disappear just as suddenly? Stuff like:

—I wonder what she used to do in bed with dad, you know. Or is that weird to ask? Because you know she probably rode his cock or did reverse cowgirl on him.—Did she swallow? She swallowed for you, Jared. That means something, right? What kind of sex does she like? Would she fuck you with other girls watching? Does mom even like anal or does she only do it once in a blue moon?—

There was some kind of barrier, I'm sure. But right then, I didn't care if I could push through it, or break through it, or whatever.

Just... somehow I wanted to know what mom would look like if she felt horny. If she masturbated, which it sounded like she did in the shower earlier, I was curious whether she ever let herself get all messy with cum. If she'd go crazy like those Cara's did.

The way her pajama top fell around her cleavage, how deep and perky and soft they looked, and then below, if you looked carefully, she hadn't quite tucked it in all the way and just barely, just barely, the shadow of her areola came into view; and her nipples, small and hard, pushed against the fabric.

And I knew then. I knew for sure. I knew because my cock got hard as hell again; because no matter how much guilt coursed through me I couldn't stop thinking about my own mom fucking. How good she must taste, or smell, or sound, or feel—and I knew, in the way that people say things sometimes, that no matter how guilty, wrong, fucked up it was...

I wanted to fuck my mom.

The thoughts raced through my brain even though I tried to fight them off and focus on something else; but the harder I fought, the more I wondered about mom's breasts. Were they soft or firm? Was her sweat like normal sweat or a different kind altogether? Mom always had great taste in perfume. Did it ever get any stronger? Was it possible that I could find out what the scent of her orgasm was? What the scent of her ass was like? You know she must masturbate. Have you ever found anything? Does she use anything that would give you some idea what things she likes—does she make any noise when she cums? Could you make your own mother cum, Jared? Is that what you want to do?

It went back and forth, until it was so bad that I didn't know which side of my brain to believe. When I took out the trash, was it because I really did think that it smelled too much? Or did I just want to avoid looking at her? When I helped her move, did I help because she really needed it, or was it some strange way to touch her ass without having to actually face facts? When she put those damned booty shorts on to go out and workout, did she wear that for you or was it just something that she threw on and didn't look at? What about the yoga pants? The leggings? The tanktop she wore last Fourth of July; that one that was low cut and just showed the smallest, most delicate curve of breast flesh?

The way mom had looked at me just earlier, as if she knew exactly what I was thinking, made me start to wonder. Mom was always perceptive, but this was a whole different level entirely. Because in all those looks, those tiny glances where she studied my behavior when she thought I wouldn't notice, was it only her intuition at work, or was there something else going on that only she was seeing? Was she getting suspicious, or did she suspect that something was up?

All I knew was that this was crazy and fucked up and wrong on every level, but here we were, with these thoughts in our heads that were unresolved and unaddressed, making things increasingly uncomfortable. And that only happened after that fucking moment this afternoon when I lost control and couldn't hold back from touching myself to the image of mom sweating.

And now it was going to be weird. Not just a little. But incredibly so. How the hell was this ever going to stop being awkward as fuck between us?

We both turned off the lights and crawled into our respective beds. The night crept in along with a frigid draft from outside, which cut through the heat of the fire. Mom coughed softly once and got herself covered under the thickest layer she could, and curled up on her side, her shape just barely outlined in the orange flicker of the coals.

I closed my eyes. A moment later I felt compelled to open them.

There were faint sounds around the place, all the soft creaks of a building settling from the change in temperature, combined with a low moan outside where the wind picked up, and somewhere on the road, a car went by, its engine a loud grumble that shook the air for just a second before disappearing again into the night.

All that came from my mom was soft breathing. In. Out. Calmly.

"Jared," mom started. "You... um... You've been doing so well taking care of me... I wanted to ask if maybe you want to take the bed tonight?"

She turned, finally. The firelight caught on the edge of her profile. A dim silhouette that showed only her brow and eye and nose, and nothing else, save for the shadow of her lips, barely outlined.

What could she be thinking right now? What's going through her mind? Does she still wonder how much I masturbated, and how long she saw me do it? Did she want to ask me to take the couch tonight because of that?

Maybe. Maybe not. All I knew was that the only part of my anatomy that was getting worked in recent days was my dick—but it sure didn't feel like anything but a burden.

I told mom to go ahead and sleep on the bed, it wasn't worth the effort moving everything around anymore, since the bed was already made. And though she tried to argue with me, when I took off my shirt and crawled under the covers, she relented and went into the bathroom.

She had forgotten her clothes on top of the sink, just like last night, and even as she went and turned out the light, they stayed there, waiting to be taken back in by my mom while I fantasized about her again.

Only this time, the fantasies were different.

This time, there was a real memory attached to them. A memory of her standing there, looking at my cock while I jerked it; a memory of the way she sounded while she walked away and left me in the middle of the woods, caught and bare like a deer that has been hunted.

When I finally laid down next to her and covered myself with blankets and closed my eyes, I wondered what that night had done to us. What the fuck had happened? And... could it happen again?

No way. It wouldn't. I'd make sure of it. I'd find something to do tomorrow, a long trek or an intense hike up to another peak just to blow off some steam—

But then mom shifted over, and it made me turn slightly to face her.

Our eyes met for a brief moment before she said, "Goodnight, Jared." Then she leaned forward and gave me a good night kiss on my forehead. Her lips lingered for just a moment, before she let out a soft breath and rolled onto her side, facing the wall.

"G'night, mom," I replied.

Then... neither of us spoke.

As you might expect, I didn't fall asleep right away. Not at first. When the initial surprise wore off, I found myself lying flat on my back with my hands behind my head. That's about how I used to sleep before all this; before the whole ordeal of having to share a cabin with mom and having to deal with these constant thoughts about what she looked like without clothes or hearing the noises of her pleasure while she had been sick.

I listened to the sound of the night and of mom turning every now and again. She moved slow and quiet. Once or twice I heard the softest sigh from the direction of her bed. Then for the longest time, I just laid there, thinking that maybe this was all going to go away soon—

And then I heard something unexpected.

It started as a slow rustle, and at first I thought it was mom shifting about again and getting uncomfortable or something. But then I heard an unsteady exhale followed by a tiny whimper, so much smaller than mom usually sounded. That's when I knew what it was.

But did I really know? How could I be sure that she wasn't just shifting or something else—maybe she had some sort of dream happening to her.

I waited, trying to be very still and silent. All the while I told myself that it wouldn't happen again, because there was no reason for mom to be doing what it sounded like.

But when it sounded like a sigh, then it turned into a moan, and my ears picked it up as clearly as they might if I was at the movies watching a horror flick through big speakers and everything, I realized she couldn't deny what it sounded like, at least not from me.

"Mom," I said, sitting up, wondering how I was going to bring up such a strange topic to my mother of all people.

The whimper turned into a moan which turned into an unsteady exhale before stopping altogether, replaced by frantic shuffling in the corner of the room where the mattress was. "Jared," mom replied, sounding like she was caught red handed. "Uh... Did I say anything?" She was trying to sound innocent but her tone was way too nervous for that to work. "Sorry..." She tried again with her acting.

"Mom, you were making noises," I said, hoping she would stop playing coy, because I sure didn't want to tell my mom outright that she had just moaned.

Her silence told me she wasn't ready for that yet.

Instead, she cleared her throat and said. "It must have been the TV or something, or just a dream—I don't know what else to say. Sorry Jared. Did it wake you up? Are you sleeping better?"

I paused, waiting for an explanation or something else to come along, but none did, and so I replied: "Uh... Not really."

Mom sat at the edge of the bed after putting her mug in the sink. She gave me a serious look and exhaled through her nose. "Jared... This is crazy enough as it is, having you around when I'm sick like this. I know it's not fun being stuck out here. You probably think that maybe I can hear and sense what you're doing too... That I'm just sitting here watching you get all uncomfortable about my..." Mom blushed a little bit. "Just so you know, I can't read your mind. You don't need to be all concerned about my feelings while you're trying to relax at home—"

Mom stopped talking after that because she finally saw my reaction, which was wide eyed surprise. Because it almost seemed like she had figured something out—it's just that whatever was going on, she thought it was entirely different than what was actually happening.

I felt a wave of relief wash over me because for once, I knew what she meant, even though it had nothing to do with any thoughts that I was entertaining. But still—forget the fact that I had been fantasizing about fucking the hell out of her; I never wanted to give off a vibe that made her think I didn't enjoy hanging out with mom at home. "No—mom, you're cool to be around." I hoped those words carried sincerity. "I just really miss living away from people," I said.

This time, mom laughed, a soft, musical laugh that told me everything was okay. She smiled and shook her head. "Okay then," she said, leaning back on the pillow.

It felt good to lie on my mattress. My balls still ached and I found myself thinking about what mom could have looked like under her clothes, but as she lay down and let the exhaustion of the day sink into her shoulders and face, she had this calm contentness that kept me feeling warm as I tried to drift off to sleep.

Mom turned the lights out and I felt a little pang in my stomach again because I had to go to sleep with my mom knowing that I liked her, in that way.

I rolled onto my side, and fell asleep with the sound of her breathing as she slept.

My dreams were crazy. One second I'm flying over the ocean and seeing the stars over me, and then next moment I see the moon, and then next, I see dad, his hands gripping me hard, dragging me back, making me look at him, saying in that stern, cold tone: Jared, you know what you need to do.

And then a voice came through like he was shouting and I jolted awake. It turned out the voice was real—and it belonged to mom. She was standing over the couch where I'd been sleeping and she was shaking my shoulders, her hair a mess and her face puffy from being woken up from her own rest. "Jared! Are you alright?!" Her hands shook me again, and then she hugged me around my neck and shoulders tightly. "Jared! Oh—Jared!"

I felt her body trembling, shivering with some kind of cold fear that kept running through her, but all I could say was "Huh?"

Then mom pushed me back, studying me intently before she touched my face gently. "Are you okay? Jared! I heard noises coming from you... I thought something was happening to you!"

I started to shake my head because I really had no idea what she was talking about, when she pulled back my sheets and grabbed my shirt, right over my heart. "You're drenched, Jared!"

Now that the sheets were gone, I had to admit I was a bit chilly. But that came secondary to the fact that mom was standing over me and touching me and... the way she looked down at me with concern, her brow creased and her fingers warm as they touched my forehead, then my neck.

"Mom—"

She was already reaching for a towel and bringing it back, rubbing me with it roughly like she would back when I was a kid who wanted to go outside but didn't want to take a shower first.

"Your temperature's still fine, I think," mom said finally, giving up with the rubbing and stepping back, her cheeks going pink suddenly. "You might need to change your shirt though—I left them dry so far, but... I think I should probably just bring these back into my room." She took hold of the sheet and blankets that I was using, her eyes focusing on nothing but those.

It was strange. I mean, sure, it was normal that people are a little self conscious around someone who they were worried could have caught a cold from them. But mom wasn't acting normal in that regard. Mom was acting like...

Well, how you act when you're doing everything possible not to look at somebody else, and when you do end up looking at somebody else you make yourself quickly turn away like a bad secret had just been discovered.

Was it that she had seen me? I thought furiously, trying not to let the anxiety come back. Mom hadn't brought it up again since she asked me outright and I'd pretty much fessed up. Maybe that was the case: my stupid fucking erection hanging out after masturbating and being all pent up and frustrated, and then getting busted by mom, that made everything weird. It made sense. Why wouldn't it? That had to be why she was avoiding me, why I felt awkward around her, why all that time in the cabin felt so tense.

And it made perfect fucking sense that the way her breasts bobbled, her soft stomach exposed just barely underneath where the hem of her shirt ended before being obscured by her sleep pants, just so fucking perfectly—

"So..."

Mom's voice interrupted my thoughts. "Yeah?"

"I think we can agree that we've done enough to make sure we don't get into trouble." Mom was saying. She sounded relieved. I noticed that her eyes weren't really focused on anything; they were sort of wandering off to the side or behind me. "We've already had plenty of chances where we could have gotten ourselves into deep shit but... didn't."

"Sure."

"You know that's what we're going to end up telling your dad."

"Yeah. Of course."

We went through a few more assurances about how everything would be okay and whatever. That kind of stuff that people usually say to each other after doing something shady or wrong so they can convince themselves that it's not really that big of a deal.

We finally made it back to bed around two in the morning.

"Jared..." mom was facing the wall, so her voice surprised me. "About what I saw tonight..."

Fuck. My heart sank. It was a good run while it lasted, pretending things weren't completely fucked between us now. "Yeah?" I couldn't help how small my voice sounded.

She cleared her throat. "Are you dating anybody?"

"Huh? No."

She took a deep breath in, and let it out slowly. "Right." There was this tone of relief, but also some weird hint that made me think she might be smiling. Then she spoke again. "Let's try and sleep. We have two good nights now. I'll find a way for us to get home tomorrow. And if not, well, there are four cabins out there." Mom tried to sound casual, even amused. "One of them is bound to work."

I nodded, silent. This weird tension hung between us; it was like a strange veil of understanding had been cast down on our heads. Except it was more than understanding; it was like everything, all the stuff I wanted to tell mom suddenly came crashing into my head, but couldn't figure out how to come out.

We laid down next to each other. Mom had her back to me like the night before, but this time, somehow, she seemed like she was moving differently, like she was aware of me.

My mind kept replaying scenes from the movie and every once in a while, the image of mom leaning back towards me would pop up uninvited and make my breath stop and my heart race. I felt fucking crazy as I looked over at the back of her neck, her smooth skin there, where the curls started to thicken and fan out. It wasn't so bad being stuck out here with her now that I didn't feel like an exposed freak and the worst of it was over. Now, even with this awkward air between us, there was at least an understanding. It occurred to me as I was falling asleep that I could just take that opportunity tomorrow to go out again and get us a different place to sleep at night, or figure out a better way to use the place we had—

"Jared..." Mom whispered softly behind her. I was starting to nod off, but her voice woke me up pretty quickly. "Are you... are you still awake?"

"Yeah." My own voice sounded strangely distant.

There was silence. She was taking deep breaths, slow ones. Maybe she was gathering courage. But for what?

"Are you still... are you aroused?"

I went stiff immediately, like mom was pointing an accusing finger at me or something. "Huh?"

"You said earlier that you were aroused," mom continued. I couldn't read anything behind what she said; her tone was neutral. She took a deep breath. "Is this a constant thing?"

Fuck no. This is not a normal fucking thing for your son to think about doing with your mouth or pussy. "No. I just had the weirdest week ever," I explained.

"Oh, you're not kidding," Mom smiled a little, looking up, but she didn't seem to see much when she glanced at the ceiling.

"Yeah," I laughed in disbelief, "I don't even know."

Silence again.

"And it wasn't about any sort of attraction, or..." Mom paused, letting it hang there. "Just hormones, or frustration, or boredom, or whatever?"

"Sure," I answered quickly, feeling like that's what she wanted to hear.

Mom stood up and turned around, suddenly, and walked towards the bedroom. Then she came back to grab my empty mug. Her expression was inscrutable. She went into the bathroom and I heard the sound of running water. She came back out. Her hair was pinned back. She rubbed her face for a moment and stared straight at me, not quite through me, but not exactly looking directly at me. She opened her mouth as if she was going to speak. Then shut it. Opened it again. Closed it. Shook her head and stepped back, closing the door to her room with a soft thunk.

I didn't know what the fuck kind of response to this I should have. Mom's words hung in the air, as heavy and thick as the scent of her skin.

There were a few beats after that before I heard her muffled voice behind the door: "Good night."

When I woke up in the morning, there was some light coming in from outside. It must have been early, because most days that kind of snow meant it was just the sun reflecting against all that white. I heard mom rustling around too, so we both seemed to wake up with the sunlight.

After some toilet breaks and a cup of hot coffee each, mom and I stood outside of the cabin and took stock of the situation.

"So..." I asked. Mom was holding my coat tight across her front. I think she stole it from the closet because she didn't have it last night. "How's that tree?"

Mom stared up at it and made a face. "Doesn't seem much worse than yesterday. I guess maybe snow is better insulation than rain. But it still looks awful." She pointed at the thick branch that she had tried to break off with the saw yesterday. It looked like it might have been ready to snap off today, maybe. And the base, where the other branch joined it, seemed a little more frayed and thin, and if the two were connected, then one of them could give away after only a little more force applied. "You sure you're up for climbing up again?"

I sighed. "I'm not letting us stay here one more day than we need to, especially if the weather gets really bad out here. Which it probably will, based on how everything else has gone since we got trapped."

"Alright," mom said quietly. Then she gave me an expectant look, and after I caught on that she wanted her coat back, I slipped out of it and traded her my coat for her warmth. The cold was fucking brutal even though it hadn't really started snowing or blowing wind yet; and when I got it on, I found myself wishing that there was some way I could put a heating pad down the front so I wouldn't be as freezing as hell.

While mom slipped out of my coat and into hers, I watched. It was hard not to. Mom's pajamas were loose fitting and they clung to her every curve perfectly. There was a part of me that didn't want her to get fully bundled up; I'd enjoy just watching her body move through those pajamas until the storm cleared, but when mom

finally put on her second mitten, she took a deep breath and nodded at the door.

"If we go now and hurry, we can get back before the dark really starts getting awful."

There were maybe thirty seconds where we had both agreed upon that sentiment, and then it was like everything fell apart again. I heard a car crunching snow behind us, and without thinking twice, I ducked low inside and motioned mom to duck down beside me.

Mom's eyes were wide and frightened; we exchanged glances and waited in absolute silence for what felt like ages until eventually, the sound of crunching snow went away and after five minutes of absolutely nothing else, we finally relaxed.

"Damn," mom said quietly, wiping her brow with the back of her hand. "That scared me."

She looked pretty shaken. It was probably just because it was unexpected. Still... we couldn't go outside and take risks like that, so I put my mittens on and prepared myself to start another fire, if needed. "We'll need to start something up really soon—just so it gets hot again—"

"There isn't any left."

"I'm just going to start something small, I think. At least so I don't have to sleep by this dying coals all night."

Mom was watching me nervously, fidgeting, holding herself around the shoulders with both of her hands as I made quick work of some small branches I had kept close to the hearth. I figured we could save some of the good stuff until the morning, since this would be a small fire and last no longer than an hour or two.

But still, there was that tension. The one that made mom go pale and look like she had swallowed something horrible and thick.

"Is everything okay?" I asked quietly.

"Yes," mom lied, before quickly giving up and admitting it in one breath. "No—it's not. This is the most embarrassing thing I've ever experienced, and it feels like we're not talking about what's been bothering you—or what's been bothering me—" she took a deep breath, trying to regain some composure after she seemed to have blown off all her steam and thoughts in one gust. "Because I was

thinking back to how you were acting this afternoon—before this evening when... well..."

Her eyes were darting everywhere, looking at everything in the cabin that wasn't my face. She swallowed awkwardly.

"Look, if we're going to stay here for however long we're stuck here, I need to know why you suddenly act weird when we're close. I've tried to chalk it up to a number of things, but I keep coming back to what you said about being pent up and needing somebody and you know, I get it. We can move past this awkwardness in a heartbeat, you know? I'm willing to help out."

I think the way mom offered me sex, I think the phrase is "in a straightforward fashion", but what it translated into was, 'I saw you jerking off, heard you say my name, and now I'm asking if you want me to give you a hand job?'

I guess it was meant to be generous on her part. She's offering you sex. She's your mom, dude!

And then it dawned on me—we weren't even supposed to share this cabin. If it hadn't been for the weather or for how badly mom had screwed up booking the place, then I'd be sharing a space with three other guys my age, and I wouldn't even see mom until tomorrow morning or at some point when they got tired of whatever snow-related activity I didn't want to do.

Mom had already pulled down the bed and tucked herself into bed. As far as I knew, the only sleeping bag we had was in the basement below the cabin, and with no light and only narrow stairs, navigating my way down there would make this whole thing more complicated.

I laid on the opposite end of the pull out couch. The entire thing was a good six feet long. Plenty of room for me. But for some reason, I felt like the space was small, suffocating even. Mom was curled up next to me. I could feel her body heat through the covers. It was warm enough for me to shed my layers of sweaters and leave myself in only my shirt, and yet I found myself getting hot under the collar while lying down.

Mom sniffed once, shuffled around, moved.

"Jared?" She asked quietly.

"Yeah?" My voice came out hoarse, as if I had something stuck in my throat.

"Did you really—" Her voice caught. "Nevermind."

"Yeah?" I tried turning onto my side but couldn't quite make it work. With just one layer of sheets separating us, somehow it felt like I was too close and not close enough at the same time. "Did what?"

"When you... When I saw..." She sounded nervous. Mom sighed, exasperated. "When I saw you before, was that to somebody else, or did you... was it because of me? Was it my name you said?"

The question came with a heavy, awkward silence. My blood ran cold for a moment, and I looked to the fire—but instead of it being a source of comfort, it suddenly became the enemy; something that made everything brighter, something that forced the light out into the spaces between me and mom.

My heart raced. How did she know I said her name? Why was she asking this? Why wasn't I denying it? I turned over again, feeling like there was no right answer here. The worst possible answer would be 'yes', of course, because even I understood that much—but then again, I figured lying was a bit out of the question.

But telling the truth? Mom knew what 'the truth' meant. It meant telling mom that I jerked off to the sight of her naked ass. It meant admitting to wanting to cum inside her. To fucking breeding her, making my mark, putting inside her what had taken root in her belly.

To admit to it would be insane.

But to lie? Well, if I lied now and she found out somehow—and she probably would, mom could see through lies better than most—well then. We'd both be fucked.

I swallowed hard. My mouth tasted like chalk. "Yeah. Sure did. It happened a couple days ago," I said softly, trying to sound like it wasn't a big deal.

That seemed to help. Mom took another sip from her mug. "Oh yeah. When did you plan to do it?"

"Not for awhile," I admitted. "Just whenever I feel like it."

"I didn't know you needed to take medicine," mom admitted quietly. "Maybe you can let me know next time when you need to

get out of here to go get it."

The word next time sent a weird ripple through me that I couldn't control. That was something inescapable; this wasn't going to be our first or last trip, but what did the next time imply? It could've implied a hundred different things; some of them innocuous. Most of them not innocent at all.

"Oh yeah?" Mom asked quietly as she put her cup aside, her back to me. "You think that?"

"Yeah," I replied without knowing what she was responding to. My head had filled with the thought of what her body looked like naked under those pajamas and it was like an obsession, like nothing else mattered—no more words were exchanged between us because after I had set my mug down I found myself standing right behind mom. I smelled her hair. She didn't smell like soap. She didn't even smell like skin, her body so clean it almost had no scent whatsoever except for something floral, subtle, and sweet.

"Uh... yeah," she murmured, suddenly turning around. "Let's—let's make sure it doesn't get too cold—"

Mom had turned around and found her face in line with the front of my pants. The silence had become thick and heavy as she stood there frozen. Mom had this expression, a wide-eyed look of shock that wasn't at all angry but certainly caught off guard, and when I saw it, it took everything I had not to kiss her. Her face was turned upward slightly and when she licked her lips nervously, it made a perfect picture of somebody who'd have been happy to suck your cock.

The idea of it felt too good. The sight of it—the idea of mom doing this—it had taken hold and now the image, the fantasy, of having her kneel in front of me, unzipping my pants, her mouth watering and her eyes pleading for what would taste like candy, was just a moment away. I wondered what kind of noises mom made when she had something pushed deep inside of her mouth—if she drooled or kept her tongue flicking against you gently; if her teeth pressed down or her gums moved up and down. There were so many possibilities and all I could do is fantasize about all the different scenarios involving her—mom's body, her shape, all those

curves. She had probably only done this a few times for dad when they were first married, but fuck, if I could find out just how amazing that felt and how long my dick would disappear into her mouth, I wouldn't complain.

I wanted it.

But instead I looked away from mom quickly, my jaw hard and my throat closed shut, my heart slamming in my chest, because what good would it do? There was no fucking way in hell mom would ever have sucked my cock. Or maybe she would? Maybe she didn't care that her son could knock her up or whatever the fuck that crossed your mind when you started thinking about doing anything with your kid? Wasn't that against her religion or whatever? What would Jesus say about mom sucking his boy's cock? Or letting his boy fuck her like a dirty slut, getting all filled up with cum so that she could bring another little baby Jesus into this world, to be called Jared?

And there was another crazy side thought too.

What did she look like, naked? The way her pussy felt, would it be the tightest place that my cock had ever been in, aside from Cara's ass? How could it not be? It'd be like fucking myself or something. Did that mean her breasts were nice and soft and bouncy and—

My erection was throbbing by this point.

I was looking down at my blanket while my dick was pushing into my underwear. I heard the rustle of mom pulling her covers over herself and I found my gaze flitting upward and toward her. She laid in the shadows, so there was very little that was distinct. Except, the faint light coming from the fireplace seemed to make a tiny sliver across her neck, illuminating one part of her, but the rest was deep in darkness, and because of that, the curve of her hip became something beautiful; mysterious. I tried not to stare, but what had happened in the forest with the image of mom on her knees in front of me wouldn't leave my mind. My own thoughts seemed to betray my need to look at mom's figure. Mom probably wanted me to get closer.

Did I?

No. Yes. No!

You want to fuck her, you want to fuck her—that mantra played in my head repeatedly, but somehow, the words weren't convincing. Even though my dick pushed against my underwear for freedom, even though my balls hurt, even though I didn't know what it was I felt about anything that was happening now, what I did know is that my brain seemed to be running in circles like a hamster trapped in a wheel. The thoughts that passed through my mind were not concrete, they were blurry. When I saw mom, my thoughts didn't seem to stay on her physical attributes and whether or not she had them—they moved around them like planets around stars.

Instead of thinking about something like whether or not mom was sexy, the thoughts seemed to run off in different directions. Maybe mom was sexy and I wasn't attracted to her. Or maybe mom was hot and it wasn't weird to be attracted to your mother because all dads found their wives attractive. Maybe mom was actually unattractive or I shouldn't want to find her attractive. Why should I find her attractive? Because she was smart and made food. Food and fucking made men feel good, right? Then if I thought I was horny or attracted to mom and thought it was normal because of sex then shouldn't I also be into her as a person and be attracted to who she was? But mom never let me do anything. Maybe if I got laid all these feelings would go away.

It was that kind of bullshit that kept my mind going in circles and made me feel insane, restless, and exhausted all at the same time. All that time, mom's breathing had grown faster; more nervous, and finally—

"Jared."

I looked over at her. Mom was standing at the side of the couch.

She gestured for me to join her.

When I went, my heart felt like it was lodged deep in my stomach. "Yeah?"

"Jared—" mom started softly, quietly. "Listen..." Her voice trailed off and I knew right away that there was a problem because she used my name—Jared—instead of Kiddo. I felt my stomach clench as she gave me an unsteady look. I think maybe mom noticed it too

because she tried again. "Kiddo—" she started. That sounded even stranger somehow. "I... I heard you outside earlier."

My heart thumped hard and fast. She had been eavesdropping on me jerking off? Had she heard me call her Cara? I wanted to ask that, but my mouth felt weirdly dry, and my tongue seemed to press itself to the roof of my mouth in shock and embarrassment. The words came out thickly. "Did you hear...?"

"The whole thing," mom replied, her gaze wavering for just a moment before she found some kind of reserve. She met my eyes again. "Listen, Kiddo, I think things are going to get a little weird if we're trapped here for very much longer."

"Yeah?"

"Do you have any... feelings towards me?" Mom asked. Again, it was as though she tried to say it in a way that didn't make her voice crack with anxiety at the prospect of what was being said. It ended up coming out like a robot, or an alien who had just watched the movie and tried to repeat something they picked up from the script.

I wanted to lie. And when I opened my mouth to do so, I found that I couldn't do it. I wasn't even able to say yes. Instead I shook my head silently, slowly, before realizing that that could easily be misunderstood. "No," I replied. That wasn't enough either. "Nothing bad," I finished lamely.

"What does nothing bad mean, Jared?" mom asked, her hand fidgeting with one of the folds on her blankets.

"Just—" I shrugged. "It doesn't mean anything. You're worried over nothing."

"Is there something I need to worry about?" She asked. She did not look up as she sipped her tea and tried to seem disaffected. "You... you like someone at work?"

"Uh..." I stalled. I didn't want to be dishonest, but I also didn't feel like letting her know that it was her in the starring role of my perverted fantasies. "No," I finished finally.

Mom nodded quietly again and drank her tea. A little bit dribbled down her chin and she caught it with a napkin before sitting back and looking at the fire, and I couldn't help but feel that if she wasn't

so deep into thought and contemplation that she'd notice me staring at the way her mouth looked.

I felt really bad for lying. And the lie only made things more awkward between us. She wasn't asking questions. She wasn't doing much of anything. She was probably going through all the motions in her mind, trying to find some sort of clue that might indicate whether or not I had something against her now. The only thing was: that I did have something against her. Only it wasn't against her; it was for her. Very much for her.

Mom finally got up and went to bed and turned off the lights in the place, and once she was nestled beneath the sheets, she whispered a goodnight that came out muffled by her pillow.

This night, I tried really hard not to listen to her soft breaths in the dark of the cabin. And then I found myself listening closely, waiting for the sound of her to come closer, wondering if this was one of those times she would toss and turn. But this time, all I could hear was breathing, very soft and rhythmic.

I was so tense. Every joint in my body seemed wired with the desire to get up and move around. Even though I hadn't even masturbated and that the tension was mostly due to being caught, and mom hearing me say her name while I... I was worried she might think less of me because of all that.

But there was something else.

Maybe this was what mom meant when she talked about how a guy can tell when something is wrong with their woman. Because I couldn't for the life of me figure out what was going through her mind.

I finally finished the tea and sat back. This was stupid. Mom got up too, taking our empty cups to the kitchen, and then she came back to the bathroom to brush her teeth. She brushed hers, I brushed mine. There were three minutes where mom stood just a foot away from me at the sink while she let the mouthwash swirl around inside her gums, her eyes closed, her expression soft.

If she didn't hate you, she'd open her eyes and give you a little smile, say goodnight. You don't know because it's been a few weeks since the last time you were stuck with her like this; maybe that's

just how she normally looks at night. You don't know for sure but there's some kind of crazy hope fluttering around in your guts. The same kind of hope you used to feel when you wanted dad to drive you to get fast food instead of making dinner with mom. It's probably all in your head, though. Why would a thirty-something want anything to do with her son, let alone be friendly like that? Why would she look at you in a way that made your balls ache and your cock throb. Why would she let you know that she was single in the most indirect way possible, why would she ever give a second thought about you being so fucking horny—

Mom spit in the sink and shook out the water. I was done too, rinsing out my toothbrush. But it had seemed that the two of us were just playing a waiting game. One of us was waiting for the other person to get up and leave, and then whoever was left would go to bed and pretend all of this insanity wasn't happening.

The heat rose again, blooming against my cheeks as she glanced at me in the mirror, wiping off a dribble of water at the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand, catching me watching. "What?" Mom asked softly. "Am I that ugly now?"

My jaw dropped at her reflection. What did she mean by that? "Are you—" I began before finding my voice, low and heavy. "Mom, what?"

"Well, nevermind," mom said, turning away from the mirror and folding her arms across her chest.

I put my toothbrush away and then leaned against the sink, folding my arms. "Mom, you're not..." I laughed incredulously. "You think... you're ugly?"

Mom laughed too. It was a soft chuckle, one that didn't sound like her real laugh, but it was better than seeing her worried like earlier. "Ha, Jared."

I stared at her, still leaning back. The fire light flickered around us and made the bathroom look weirdly warm and inviting, the orange glow flickering like embers in mom's eyes. She shrugged and gave me an exhausted grin. "It's just that... being stuck out here with nobody around, it just gets you wondering sometimes, doesn't it?"

My cock throbbed again. And this time it was as if my whole body was suddenly alight with a buzzing horniness. I had been holding back all night. Now? Something in my mom was suddenly open, vulnerable, and fuck did it make her even hotter to me. "Sure does."

She seemed to sense the change in tone, because she looked up from folding the blankets, giving me a careful gaze. "What are you saying, Jared?" Mom asked quietly.

"Nothing," I replied back quickly. Maybe I imagined everything. Maybe I had misheard. I started to fold back my bedsheets so that I could crawl inside and get some fucking shut-eye. Mom watched me, carefully, with a guarded look.

Then she took a deep breath. "Maybe your dad should have fucked his sister's friend..."

My hands froze, halfway through putting the pillow under my head. I slowly looked up at her, watching. She seemed like she was in a daze, lost in thought, staring far ahead into space, the blanket clutched tight to her chin, shivering a little.

I figured I would clear the air. "Ha." I let out the fakest laugh ever. "Ha. Mom... don't worry about it. We all have people we jerk off to."

"Yeah?" Mom asked softly. Was her face red? Or was it the fire light flickering on the walls? Mom swallowed thickly, as if gathering courage to ask: "Like... who did you think of? A real person?"

What the hell kind of question was that? "Yeah," I said, giving up on the idea of keeping this awkward and weird. "A real person."

Mom seemed to relax a little more. "Did you imagine..."

There was this long pause that came after. I swear she meant to ask something else, because whatever the sentence was it trailed off until the end, where I didn't hear anything. I nodded anyway. "Yeah. Yeah. It's nothing to be ashamed of, mom. And if dad could be honest with you—like he should've been—then I bet he might have been doing the same thing."

"Sure," mom sounded dubious as she spoke into her cup of tea. "I guess you're right. But just because somebody thinks it or does it, doesn't mean we have to talk about it, right?" She gave a hollow laugh. "Like, how many people do things like that? You know, when

they're stuck inside and they don't really have much to do? And I bet they all feel weird about it and just don't talk about it, so maybe most people think about... sex stuff... when they get bored. Or need relief."

That sounded logical enough to me. "Yeah. That sounds right. Everybody feels that way once in awhile, right?"

Mom swallowed loudly, and took a sip of her tea. "Probably everybody at some point gets horny in front of their parents. It's probably nothing too weird, right?"

That was what I thought the answer was going to be. But something about it bugged me. A lot. Mom didn't seem quite like she had come to a conclusion; maybe it was because she didn't have anybody else to talk to for almost three weeks now—weren't we supposed to run out of things to say by now? "Maybe," I answered, keeping my voice low, not wanting to think about that idea that somehow this thing inside of me was not unique, and that I would just fall into a line of other young guys who had fantasies about getting their cocks sucked by their moms.

"Probably all sorts of weird thoughts, right?" Mom added quickly. Her hands shook as she put down her mug. "Things you're ashamed of. And they stay with you and it's crazy, isn't it, that your mom could make you feel something like that and then you don't know how to react when it happens? It's kind of natural. You're not the first person to ever get an erection because you were sitting next to someone like that. It was probably pretty common in college campuses," mom laughed lightly, "and everybody knows how crazy college kids are with sex. All those hormones, you know?"

"Yeah," I replied woodenly. Why was mom having such a hard time stopping this thing from rolling? Something had clicked for her, and it almost felt like she was trying to convince herself that there was nothing unusual about a son popping a boner when he was next to his naked mom. As if saying it was okay somehow made everything normal again, or something.

It still felt wrong. My cock twitched when she mentioned how crazy people got with sex, but I willed it to calm down. Mom wasn't getting a show again; if there was something else to be revealed in

the tiny space of this cabin tonight it was that mom really couldn't see me like that. Not that way. There was no point trying to seduce her in a space where it was clear she would do anything and say anything to justify that there was nothing wrong between us.

I stood up.

My dick didn't exactly get softer at the thought of there being nothing between mom and me.

But it went down, enough for me to think that maybe the day had passed, and now it'd be easy to lay on my back with all this space between us and not make any dumb mistakes that made my balls throb in such a fucking uncomfortable way.

"Sleep well, Jared," mom whispered; her voice surprisingly small, surprisingly vulnerable.

She tucked herself under her sheets and I took mine. Our backs turned towards each other. It felt like an ocean. It felt like a huge chasm had just opened up between us.

"I love you Jared," mom said. Her voice shook when she said it.

"Yeah," I grunted back. "Love you too, mom."

My dick hurt. There was no point even getting close to mom to cuddle tonight. Not that that had ever fucking happened, but even touching her shoulder seemed to give off dangerous sparks, enough for my balls to get uncomfortably heavy.

I tossed and turned for quite a bit, before I fell asleep. And then, when I finally did drift off into sleep, I thought of nothing. I had dreams, or flashes of things, maybe memories, like a series of pictures that flashed through my head, of people walking around on some kind of stage in black and white; all sorts of colors and patterns mixing with others. Nothing made sense, and yet it also felt as though everything was making total sense.

My eyes opened when I heard the bed creaking. The room was dark; mom's body cast a shadow as she sat up. The way she turned, I saw her hand going back to rub the base of her neck. Was she having the same trouble sleeping I was?

"What time is it?" I asked, my voice thick from sleep.

Mom didn't say anything at first. I got the distinct feeling that she might just tell me to go back to sleep. "Go back to bed Jared. It's

still late."

I propped myself up on my elbow, blinking away the weariness from my eyes. There was enough light for me to see mom's body as a silhouette. She seemed like she was tense and stressed, even though she was rubbing the back of her neck and turning off the computer for what looked like the last time tonight.

"Something wrong?" I whispered into the dark.

There was a long silence. The logs crackled a few times. Mom sighed and turned her head slightly towards me. "No. Just couldn't sleep."

I laid back down, my heart fluttering with worry. This had been a lot worse than when we first came here, I knew. Even before all this happened with the arousal and stuff, she had trouble sleeping and I hadn't said anything. But now—

I heard rustling. From across the room, it seemed like mom tossed and turned quite a bit. I sat up and watched the darkness, unable to see where she was going, her footfalls muted against the rug as she padded somewhere to get some water or something.

But she returned. She stood by the fold-out bed for a couple minutes, and then she turned around and sat, sighing deeply as though something was really bugging her.

"Mom?" I whispered. "You okay?"

"Hm? Yeah..." There was a long pause. "No. Just... Jared, honey, I'm going to be totally honest with you."

The sound of my heartbeat was all I could hear. What kind of thing was coming out of mom's mouth that was so terrible, she had to start it with those words? What secrets, what terrible things might come out?

I waited. And she didn't speak again.

"Wh... Mom?" I prompted, wondering if there was a catch. Something wrong I had to watch for.

She took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

"I know it's been a crazy day, Jared," mom started slowly, quietly. "And I think we're both starting to get tired and bored and, I don't know, I guess it's stress, or cabin fever or something, but this is not

normal for any human being." She chuckled, and it was like she was talking to herself than me.

Then, she sat next to me, close enough for her hands to reach over and squeeze mine.

She didn't look at me; instead, she was staring somewhere around my knee and her eyes seemed distant. The fire was flickering softly on her face, showing what seemed to be a mix of exhaustion and seriousness, though in the way that she blinked I could tell she was holding back tears.

"I..." she started slowly, before shaking her head as if to clear herself of thoughts.

What she said next took my breath away.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" Mom asked in a small voice. "Like—for an older woman?"

All the blood ran from my brain. That question was too big for any single neuron to fire in response. Did I think she was pretty? Where did that question come from, what purpose could it have? Why would she ask me?

I swallowed, taking in a deep breath. A million questions raced through my head, and they all came back to the same conclusion: no matter how I thought of the question, or the way I answered it, I was basically setting myself up to tell mom one truth or another:

If I said yes, that meant she had caught me fantasizing about her earlier.

If I said no, I had to be blind not to notice she was beautiful.

Either way, it wasn't going to turn out well. But the alternative, if I said nothing, was unthinkable.

I finally found my voice.

"Of course," I said in a voice so weak that even to me, it sounded stupid. Mom didn't reply. She didn't even look at me. Instead, she stood up from where she was making the bed on the pullout, and brushed past me towards the bathroom, turning the door knob without a word.

That kind of pissed me off. "Mom!" I snapped.

She stopped. Didn't open the door. The doorknob was still in her hand.

"Mom," I said with more control. "Do you think... I mean, you've seen—you saw me earlier, right? Earlier today?"

Mom nodded. Her voice was barely above a whisper. She still had her back turned to me. But something seemed to unwind inside of her; she didn't seem to have such a death grip on the doorknob, nor did she look so pale.

"Well..." I went on. "You know what you saw wasn't... normal, right? Like... There was an explanation for it." I couldn't help but feel that I sounded really lame and really defensive. But the question came out before I realized that it was just going to be stupid.

But what could I say? How else was I going to explain my situation, why I'd be jerking it to thoughts of my mother? If there was another thing I could say besides "the situation is forcing me to go crazy," then I didn't know it.

Mom took a deep breath and looked up at me, studying me like I was a stranger that had just come by with a story that was beyond belief. Her eyes seemed darker in the light. "I..." she finally said. "Yeah. I think I get it."

We sat down on opposite sides of the bed. The room felt like it had shrunk; like there was barely enough room for two people now, especially not when they had to sleep in the same bed. Mom tucked herself in and curled up while I faced the other way.

For whatever reason, even though I had been exhausted earlier from hiking and walking all day, I found myself staring at the wall, unable to sleep. There were sounds from behind me that indicated that mom hadn't been able to doze off either.

When she did fall asleep, I don't know how long after, because she was doing so quietly, without movement, and with my back turned I wouldn't have any inkling until she woke up or started to toss and turn, the night seemed like it went on for ages.

The only reason I knew what woke her up was because of my own thoughts. Because no sooner did I start to doze than a memory suddenly jolted me awake.

I had forgotten about our agreement.

Mom had agreed, once we got out of the woods, that I could go home first. Not to pack stuff necessarily; I was just going to let her

stay here in the cabin. If she wanted to talk to dad or somebody else then she'd be free to use a computer or something in any of the public areas, or a room at the Lodge proper if she felt like it. My hope was to stay in this cabin.

I remembered this with an awful realization, that by some strange fluke of events, mom had heard me saying her name while I was... you know. And for all intents and purposes, our agreement was still in force. I would have gotten up and left already, just walked away and left her, because I couldn't possibly spend any more nights cooped up with my own mother knowing how I was feeling about her, but there was one huge problem.

One HUGE problem.

I was starting to wonder if she felt the same way too.

Not quite the same way, like as horny or crazy as I was. But did she feel something? Did the tension inside of the cabin bother her? And if it didn't bother her, what made her act a bit... well... different? The last twenty minutes, at least, seemed to be mom having these strange spells where she fidgeted and avoided my eyes. She also kept glancing back at me, and for a few seconds when I pretended I was still reading whatever book I grabbed, our eyes locked and the look in hers said she wanted me.

That lasted barely a second, but it felt like ages, because mom was the first to look away. She blinked rapidly after that, and when she walked to get a glass of water she held up her head very high, as if to tell herself that whatever she was thinking didn't bother her one bit.

Then mom took out the sheets from the bed, made everything perfect for us, and when we looked at each other for some sort of cue, the moment lingered on for an awkward stretch. There were two pillows on the mattress, and we'd be sleeping on the same mattress together, facing away, but again...

"I can..." mom offered. "I can sleep somewhere else—if you'd like—"

"No," I replied instantly. "I mean... no... you take the bed—"

"What are you going to do?"

"Sleep there with you."

"No—I mean—the floor..." Mom cleared her throat and rubbed her temples as if to clear some mental fog. "If... If you wanted..." Her voice grew small. "You can sleep somewhere else tonight... if you don't want to sleep by me."

Was it the guilt? Was it the horniness? Or was it something else entirely? I don't know why I said what I said next. But the words came out of my mouth without even thinking about it:

"I'll be fine," I replied. "As long as you're okay."

Mom nodded; a soft look across her face. "Thanks, honey," she said gently. A small smile curled at the end of her lip. "It's... it's kind of nice to see that side of you, huh? I didn't know you worried so much. Kind of sweet."

That made my stomach tingle. Somehow, it felt good to hear my own mother say that. That I was sweet. What did she mean by that? "Sure, mom," I replied. Then something clicked, a question came to my mind. "Why?" I asked suddenly, and instantly regretted asking because the question could imply too many different things.

"You didn't seem like you cared much back when you were younger," mom shrugged and put the cups away, turning off all the lights as she did. There was a click of a lighter and a new candle burned bright.

Mom stood awkwardly for a few moments at the head of the bed, before moving down to her usual spot. She gave me a strange look. Her eyes darted from mine and then away to the ceiling. Something seemed to be bothering her. She took a breath, then another, and bit her lip.

Finally, she asked:

"Want to try the bed tonight? See if it's warmer."

Something about the way mom said that last word made my dick throb. The way her tongue rolled around and popped off the t and l made me think about fucking her again. Mom had already gotten under the covers and was watching me carefully from the other side of the mattress. Her hair was loose, her face bare and pinkish in the firelight, and when I crawled under the blanket with my shorts on, I could feel mom tense up for a second before relaxing.

As far as pulling-out couches went, it wasn't bad.

For some reason, after spending all this time with mom crammed into the space of this room, after jerking off to fantasies of her and thinking about her ass or pussy at least once every hour, the idea of sleeping in a real bed felt kind of... intimate. In a weird way.

"It is warmer," I tried saying.

"Yes, it is," mom agreed, her voice high again. We were talking loudly because there was really no way to avoid hearing anything even if you were across the cabin from the person. "That's good," she added. "Thanks for getting some wood in there before we turn out the lights. It'll probably save on electricity."

There was something strange in the way she said that. I don't know if it was how it came out of her mouth so fast, or how she didn't sound grateful, or if it was just the tone of her voice and the expression of her face that had suddenly made me feel like it was a bad thing for there to be heat in the room.

Something about us climbing into bed together—this bed where we've slept together these past few nights, where there's no wall between us, no barriers except for my clothes and what she wore on her lower body, felt almost like there was an unspoken agreement that neither of us could sleep without some kind of reassurance. That if things had changed, then we'd have to change with them.

And the weirdness between us...

Well, let's say that we both seemed to be having problems dealing with our thoughts. I didn't know if she was hiding the same kind of fantasies I was. In fact, I knew it wasn't possible, because there was nothing going through her head. If anything, she probably was disgusted by the idea that she would have a kid that jerked off to the image of her ass while thinking about fucking her.

But the night went dark and mom had gone to lay on her side, while I kept myself above the blankets. It was still freezing to lay there without them, but I wasn't about to let mom be cramped again.

I woke up in a sweat.

It took me a minute to get my bearings and find out what was happening, and the reason it happened so fast is because I heard mom whimpering, almost in pain.

I rolled over and saw mom lying there, her hair stuck against her face, which was damp. Her arms were tense as if she was about to fight something off. The sheets and the blanket were wrapped all around her legs. "Hnng—no—" she whined suddenly. I heard the sounds of the bedsprings as she tossed her body. "Ah... ah... Jared..."

A million thoughts rushed into my head as soon as I heard my name come out of mom's mouth, but most importantly was how was I going to fix this. Her face was contorted and her limbs were struggling with something that clearly wasn't there. The bed kept creaking and the covers had fallen off completely, leaving nothing between us.

Mom moaned again. It came out of her like a whine, a sound that could mean anything or nothing. Except it sounded so damn... hot.

And it made my cock stir in my pants. I bit back a groan and focused on mom. I leaned forward and grabbed at one of mom's shoulders. "Wake up," I said, loud enough to make my point but not enough for it to seem scary. "Come on, mom. Wake up—"

That woke her up. Mom took one glance at me, blinked, then let out a breath as if she had been holding it in. "Thank god you're okay," she breathed, sitting up straight and leaning back against the headrest. She rubbed at her face and ran her hands through her hair.

"Bad dream?" I asked.

"It—" Mom stopped and cleared her throat. She shifted her legs in their blanket and pulled it aside, getting up out of bed. "I'm going to make tea."

"Sure," I said, watching her move around. She didn't look sleepy or tired at all anymore; instead she looked completely awake and alert. Her movements were tight as she reached into the cupboard for a couple of mugs. She placed them on the counter then set to heating up water in the little electric kettle. "Jared, when you went out," mom started to say after turning to watch the boiling water. "Where did you go?"

The question threw me. There wasn't any suspicion or anything in mom's voice, and nothing pointed to me hiding anything like I used to do when I was a kid, except somehow the way she had asked sounded loaded with things. "I found a clearing," I said honestly. "It was like the snow melted away and everything got burned off. It was cool."

Mom nodded silently and brought my mug over before filling it with the boiling water. She took a few sips herself while sitting up at the table. I moved the pillows back onto the pull-out couch and got it ready while I sat on the end of it, my knees on my elbows while I watched the fire.

"There wasn't anywhere that you could... take care of business out there?" Mom asked again. This time her face was red, and her tone implied... I'm not sure what, but she knew she was being vague yet deliberate with me.

Was she asking if I jerked off? No, it couldn't be.

She wouldn't bring up something like that.

Would she?

"There isn't," I said after clearing my throat. My voice cracked at that exact moment, too, as I felt her eyes studying my profile. The silence was so profound that it sounded like the fire itself had stopped burning. Then she nodded, her face still red, and I stood up suddenly because everything inside of me started to feel tense. I didn't know why, but there was something else to this; something other than the weirdness of my confession that hung over us, or that I kept thinking about what would happen if I could just reach out and put my hand on my mom's waist—

If mom thought I was acting strange, she didn't comment on it, even though she was watching me as I moved around. My brain felt like it was moving at the speed of molasses, trying to figure out exactly where it was that I was supposed to go at the moment. It felt like there was an invisible wall between the bedroom and me, and I was going to run headlong into it until mom made a strange sound in her throat and caught my attention.

"Jared," she began; her face a strange color, like she had been blushing for too long without rest. "I have... you remember our

conversation before? In the shower?"

Something told me I remembered that a little differently from how she did, but I nodded anyway.

"Okay. Uh..."

I sat down on the mattress with the expectation of her speaking to me again, but instead, mom sighed, shook her head as if she had changed her mind and went into the bedroom with the door shutting gently behind her.

For the life of me, I couldn't stop thinking of earlier. How it felt having my cock in hand and the thoughts that kept running through my head as I tried to make sense of what it felt like to be so incredibly turned on by the idea of my mother; how much I wanted her despite everything inside of me telling me it was wrong; that the very fact of wanting to get into the room next to mine, just next to me, to lie beside her and feel her body underneath mine should have been enough for me to understand what was going on in my head and to try and fix myself. But no matter how much I tried to dismiss the feelings, to pretend they weren't really there, it always came back. It always made my chest tighten and my palms start sweating when I thought about touching her. About tasting her skin against my tongue.

When mom finally emerged from her room and headed toward the bathroom without even looking at me or acknowledging I was in the house, it felt as if nothing between us mattered anymore.

I got into the shower as soon as I heard her enter hers, trying my hardest not to imagine her naked behind those walls right next door. To think of how wet she might become just like this morning only now I'm here, ready and waiting with a growing erection between my legs and nowhere for it to go but within her welcoming embrace—and all the while knowing what was happening inside of my mind, I could see that I couldn't take these thoughts anymore; that if they stayed in me any longer then there wouldn't be a chance of keeping them from escaping. So I pushed everything out of my head. Every last thought of sex and mom, every single hint of guilt, every memory of pleasure. And it took everything. It took everything in me to banish such powerful yearnings for such an insurmountable

taboo, and I only barely managed by the time I heard my mother leave her shower and come back to her room, her door shutting with a resolute click that resonated through the rest of the cabin.

She wasn't asleep yet when I finished my shower. I checked the fireplace, made sure things were going to stay warm, before taking one look around the area and then lying down on my bed, trying to make myself as comfortable as possible.

But something kept me up. Something about what had happened today... maybe it was guilt?

No—I tried again to push it out of my mind but it wasn't working this time. The idea of lying to mom had begun to gnaw at me. She said she wanted honesty and instead of giving it to her, I gave her excuses, and I hated myself for doing that because despite all the weirdness, all the crazy things I had been thinking since I'd met mom, I loved her. More than anything, and she was a good mom too.

Not just to me. She had been a great mom to Jessie, the two of them always talking even though they weren't in the same room. And Jessie had been smart enough to figure out stuff on her own with me, like when she found out mom and I were in town or at least figured that mom was going to be okay; she didn't need anybody else to do anything, it was like she just knew. And I felt awful for not telling her everything—but maybe it was to keep her from getting sick over the distance. And dad, he trusted me enough to be honest—or at least, to keep him posted as often as I could. They trusted me, all these people, to hold onto a secret even if it was eating me up inside.

So there's no excuse really to lie to mom now that you're finally here, alone, without any other place to go, and all of those stupid thoughts are flying through your head. If she can look past whatever the fuck kind of weirdness you have, shouldn't you show her the same courtesy?

"You look troubled," mom said softly, putting her hand on mine. The contact shocked me in so many ways; one of them being the fact that she seemed more natural when she touched my arm. As if

somehow, this physical expression was less weird than saying goodnight on a regular day. "What's wrong?" Mom asked.

My heart stopped for a second before kicking into overdrive.

I looked at her, meeting her eyes again, feeling the electricity in them. There was a heat in those depths, but it wasn't a heat that would tell me she was angry—and she wasn't. She had this gentle expression of someone who's seen every side of you, who knows what makes you tick, who knows exactly what the hell is wrong with you because there is no other explanation and no way to say what the hell it is, but only what it does.

The silence passed between us again. Not really uncomfortable. I felt safe around her. That was true, whether or not she knew why my cock had been rock hard while thinking about her, why I had moaned her name when I jerked it, thinking about how wet her pussy must be after two weeks without a man. How fucking sexy she could be—and I'm sure my parents haven't been intimate since Jessie, I don't know if they still are, but for some reason, the thought of it made me shiver. The fire roared just then; a sudden crackle of ember and smoke as I stared at mom, her soft expression never fading, her body language calm.

Her breath steady.

She broke eye contact, standing up and gathering the mugs quietly.

"Alright," she said with finality. "Sleep well, Jared."

I was confused. What the fuck happened just now? Was there some kind of weird thing going on or—was it me? It couldn't possibly have been mom... right? Mom, as in my mother. Cara, the woman who gave birth to me... The very same person I had fantasized fucking. The person whose name I had moaned to release a fucking geyser of semen from my balls, just because I could feel every part of her hot, moist mouth around my cock while she swallowed all that cum and took every drop inside—

No! No no no NO—fuck! What the fuck is wrong with me?! This is my mom, this is not happening.

I got in my bunk and tucked myself into the blanket, shivering even though I knew mom turned the heat up and set it to last

overnight. All the lights were turned off and the fire had died down a bit so it wouldn't burn too far through what little fuel we had left. Mom's voice came quietly from her bunk. "Goodnight, honey. Thank you for taking care of me while I was sick."

"Oh—um—" I tried to think of something funny. "Don't worry about it mom. You'll do it next time for me?"

Silence. The dark seemed to press heavily down on us. Mom's voice, however, seemed clear across the distance between us. "Of course," she said. "Of course, Jared."

That felt like a weird thing for her to say, but I tried to ignore it.

As soon as I closed my eyes, though, I just couldn't fucking take it anymore. Maybe it was how mom seemed to be keeping a secret. Maybe it was how close we were that reminded me of that weird tension that came from those days and nights we spent alone together, or the idea of mom in the tub... whatever it was, my brain was buzzing with horniness. And since there was nothing in particular to occupy me, no porn sites to visit or girl to distract myself with, the first thing my subconscious started focusing on was the memory of what mom looked like when I saw her naked, or that moment where I had imagined pushing my cock into her mouth, cumming inside—my balls were aching by this point, but there was something else too...

If there was even a ghost of a chance, a glimmer of a possibility that it could actually work... that me and my mom could really have sex, then...

And with the way mom acted tonight, all shy and not talking, she might have been thinking about the same thing. Or the fact that dad left. The fact that this cabin was probably bringing back memories. What would it be like to fuck right now? To get behind her on the bed and hold her from behind, push away her sweatpants, slide my finger over her folds—

And what would happen? If you slid your fingers over her pussy lips, teased her clitoris, what if you just pushed forward and slid your dick deep inside—if she let out a moan and tilted her hips up for more—wouldn't it feel amazing? Wouldn't it feel perfect—just like she wanted?

"Jared," mom's voice cut through the dark. "Is something wrong?"

My mind went blank. Shit, I must be panting. Maybe my cock was so visibly large and hard that mom noticed it while we sat down on opposite ends of the sofa. Was there some obvious way that my perversion came through? I looked over at mom and realized that no, she was sitting sideways, facing me directly.

"No," I said, not quite able to keep my eyes level with hers. "Just... It was kinda stressful."

Mom nodded and pressed her lips together before she laid herself down. "Well," she sighed. "Hopefully this will clear things up for you tomorrow. Sleep well."

"Right back atcha, ma."

"Jared..."

My name rolled across mom's tongue with the sweetness of honey. I could hear her moaning, and even though it sounded distant, every single noise echoed throughout my body, echoing inside my balls, my skin, vibrating and teasing every nerve and every muscle. It was so sweet. Sweet enough for me to wake up from where I had been lying down.

The first thing I realized was that my face was sticky.

The second thing I realized was that the heat was rising throughout my whole body.

I pushed away the blanket with one hand, rubbing the sleep away from my eyes with the other hand, before finally finding the strength to sit up on my elbows. The room was dark, the fireplace completely burned down, and a heavy chill settled upon everything, including the sweat that had pooled down my back and chest.

And what woke me up wasn't the cold, nor the dampness that covered me; it was the sight of my mother. She had kicked off her covers—well, actually, that made them sound way too deliberate—the fact that she had them on the pull-out bed didn't mean shit. If anything, she might have been having sex.

Because right now she was completely naked, curled up against herself, her pajamas and her undergarments strewn across the floor with the look of an unopened present.

My throat dried and my heart started to thud in a rhythm that could make you hear it on fucking Mars. Mom's body was curved against itself, her back forming the arch, her shoulders and elbows bent inward as if to keep herself warm. All those places were so soft and round and curved... Her legs were spread just slightly, enough for me to glimpse her pussy and even a hint of dark blond bush on her mound. Her skin was so smooth that the shadows that fell against her curves seemed like an invitation, somehow, for me to find my way to them with my fingers and my mouth. The air felt hotter; no, I felt hotter, my cock stirring at the sight of my mother completely nude. She made this little noise in her sleep, a kind of grumble, before rolling to her side so that she faced away from me, which made her back even more inviting, her waist curving down into a delicious crack of shadow that seemed to beckon for my touch between her buttocks.

She breathed evenly. It took me a moment to realize that there was no sound except for my breathing. As slow as I tried to be, mom didn't stir when I took a couple of steps forward.

I held my breath. There was something about being this close to someone who's sleeping, and being totally alone in the dark. I was afraid to reach out with my hand, but then again, I couldn't help it. If I were to describe it, it would be like having a finger twitch at the wrong time, or a spasm in your face that just happened to make you look angry. Except this twitch of mine was between my legs, a hunger and an urge to be closer to mom, to know what she looked and smelled like up close.

My knees settled against the wood floors with a tiny creak. I held myself still, waiting, until it was clear that mom wouldn't move. There was something about the silence that enveloped us both that made this seem surreal, a strange dream-like experience where whatever I did was going to happen whether or not I consciously wanted to do it. And yet here I was, with my heart beating rapidly, as if I could have woken mom from how loudly it was banging against my ribs.

When I finally got over my hesitation and fear, and leaned just slightly forward, the smell of mom surrounded me.

She smelled like home. Like clean sheets, fresh air, warmth, everything good. I felt an ache in my throat that made me gulp back a little gasp before I moved even more slowly and carefully, trying to keep my balance on the balls of my feet. My cock was beginning to stir at the proximity to her body and at the thought that her nipples were just inches away from being exposed by this thin, transparent cami she wore with no bra underneath. Mom's chest rose and fell softly, evenly, as I pushed myself higher to meet her hips, and that's when it happened.

In my mind, this had all gone so fucking perfectly. I'd manage to touch her thighs without her waking up, and I'd find my way inside of her with ease. The whole act would go smoothly; my cock wouldn't be caught between the sides of her ass or anything dumb like that, and... well then maybe when she woke up, we could talk about how hot that was. We could talk about how much better sex would be because we're all cozy here with nobody around to judge us and all that stuff.

I didn't anticipate that she would react. Maybe I hoped that she wouldn't react, but I also knew enough to realize that a girl who has never been touched in years isn't going to stay still at an unexpected touch. That and mom isn't dumb.

She felt my hands push forward against the fabric of her pajama bottoms and pull them down, just slightly. It wasn't easy for me, either; the friction between her thick thighs and the soft fabric made a quiet noise. Then, in one movement, and almost instinctively, she rolled onto her belly and grabbed my hands, twisting my wrist to pin my arms behind my back.

"Fuck—!" I shouted in pain while she pinned me over her shoulder, my knees on her left side, the pain of my wrist in her grip so intense that I nearly screamed in pain. "Goddamn it! Stop, stop—Mom—fuck—I'm sorry, fuck—!!" I squirmed and tried to find any kind of leverage or release, but I had been caught completely off guard by how quickly and expertly she had moved and put me into a hold that made the veins on my neck bulge as my back contorted.

"What were you doing?" Mom asked quietly. Her voice wasn't angry so much as surprised; not even scared, but curious, and it

took all my attention to focus on her words with the pain of my wrists flaring and burning like crazy.

"Fucking let me go—please—"

"Jared," mom didn't relent. Her grip tightened. "What were you doing?!"

"Fuck—OWWWW—" The searing was getting hotter. "FUCK—I swear, I thought—"

"Jared," mom whispered, a little louder now, with just enough force behind her words to make them shake with fury. "I heard you saying my name."

I froze.

The thoughts that were coming up weren't rational ones, and there sure as hell wasn't a plan here; something told me that if I admitted to mom, right then and there, what I was actually thinking about, she might not even let me back inside the cabin again.

She would likely do worse than kick me out.

But there was another part of me. Another part that wondered what would happen if I said it.

What the fuck would happen if I just laid my cards out on the table. If I told her straight up how fucking gorgeous her breasts looked and how I'd love to have her legs wrapped around me while she squeezed her eyes tight and screamed my name while I thrust deep inside—

I shuddered to myself, shaking with the force of it, and it occurred to me that mom didn't seem too comfortable, either. In fact, as she laid herself down in her side of the bed, she moved very quickly and didn't really settle into a place.

"Mom?" I asked. "You okay? You... you don't look so good."

"Um..." Mom's eyes widened again, that same fearful surprise. "Yeah, yeah, no... I'm fine..." She shifted, clearly uncomfortable.

She was lying. It was obvious. But for the life of me, I couldn't figure out why or how. "Why are you still awake?" I asked, curious now. Mom wasn't just pretending; she was acting like there were a million bees on her body and not even her comforter could make any difference to the crawling sensations. "There's nothing bothering

you is there? I mean... do you think that there's mold or something —"

"No," mom replied, quickly cutting me off.

Then she shook her head, her lips forming an uneasy smile. "It's... uh... Jared, honey," mom said my name quietly, a hint of pleading in her tone. "I hope you can understand why your momma wants some privacy to get changed before going to bed."

I nodded instantly. There was no way in hell I wanted to see her naked either, because every time I tried thinking of anything else, it would be Cara sucking my dick again, or sometimes it would just be tits or a pussy. Any of those images made me start to wonder what my mom looked like under the pajamas she wore to sleep.

I grabbed a blanket from the sofa bed, leaving most of the pillows and stuff for mom, and then turned away when she slowly lifted up her shirt over her body, turning to walk away from her.

But not before getting a tiny peek of something pink; a hint of color through her white bra, and the curve of the underside of her breast. I saw enough to know that mommy was curvy and busty and that if Cara knew this much about her mom that she might have been as crazy and obsessed as me.

Because for me, in those moments, the very last thought I had was whether or not we should have gotten a bigger cabin with two beds.

My brain was a maelstrom of confusion and horniness, and all of it led me to thinking about my mom naked while I curled up and did everything to make my blanket tighter around me to give me warmth against the cold air.

Sleep came fast. My eyes started to droop long after we had gone into separate corners, and soon enough, there was nothing but the sound of breathing from across the room.

My mind was blank before I went under. I felt myself drift into a void, a black space, and it was just like any night.

But that didn't last.

Dreams always seem to come fast, especially after days or nights of exhaustion. You're so tired you can't sleep, and the instant you do, it feels like every hour is compressed into minutes and seconds.

Sometimes there are lucid dreams; sometimes you relive memories and they take you through them over and over. This time, all I could see was darkness and hear a soft buzzing around my body. There were fingers, hands, everywhere. They held onto my body, touching me, stroking me. Something heavy and warm pressed against my cheek; there was a hint of hair by my nose. The smell of it made me feel hotter, excited, somehow more anxious about everything. My mind kept flipping past moments I was dreaming up—something dark and sensual with a woman who was tall, busty, with long brown hair and a sweet voice. And then the next thing I dreamed of was a moment with the two of us together on that bed, but mom had no clothes on and her back was turned to me, while in the corner of the room there were stacks and stacks of suitcases. When I woke up, I woke up confused.

Why did I dream about so many bags? And why didn't I think that mom packing so many was odd? It bothered me a little when I came out of the darkness, finding myself sweating under my covers. I kicked away some of the blankets, just letting myself have an open blanket with my body exposed to the cold air of the room.

When I settled down again, and started to think through things logically, I found myself waking up just enough to realize that it wasn't a dream.

In fact, this was all real life. The cabin, mom, me, the blizzard outside, and the snow piling high, leaving us stuck without any means of communication with the outside world, it was all reality.

The sensation that touched my cheek and that filled my nostrils still hung with me as I came more and more to understand what was happening right now in the waking world.

Mom's arm was curled around my body. Her breasts were pressed against me, her hand draped over my bare stomach. Somewhere below her hips, somewhere down by my feet, I could feel my erection poking straight up from my boxers into her soft belly, and even further than that, at least to the point that I realized that this was all some kind of very pleasant dream—there was the feeling of smooth flesh under the back of my hand. I could feel that

I was holding onto mom's bare ass; my fingertips were practically buried into her crack.

My hand, where it held onto her, seemed to vibrate when a long exhale left mom's lips, hot on my neck.

Somehow, during the night, both of us ended up naked on the pull out couch.

And somehow, with the fire having died down enough for the air to be noticeably frigid around us, I was still hard.

The realization made me snap awake, but not all the way, so when mom mumbled something unintelligible in her sleep and shifted, moving her fingers against my ribs, I tried to think about how I was going to explain this to her. It wasn't quite dawn; the sky was barely lighter through the windows, and the sound of snow falling was only audible with a soft patter that somehow filled the room.

Then there was another little groan. Again, incoherent. But I could feel it vibrating through her. The hand against my ribs tightened slightly as she snuggled closer to me, her breath coming against my neck now. Something strange, but good happened after that. The hand moved upwards from my ribs, over my chest, where it settled down, holding me still. Mom sighed pleasantly and shifted a little more, moving even closer into me. Then the hand slipped past the hemline of my shirt until there was the soft warm pressure of a palm against my bare skin.

Now here's a thing. As soon as mom moved that close to me, and her breasts were pushing against my back, what had been a gentle half-erection shot right to full mast. What I was trying to get across here is that the feeling of mom's hand inching higher up under my shirt was causing a fucking stir inside me, and it didn't help that with every inch higher, the hotter I felt in that one place, or that my cock seemed to push harder against my pants. I kept wondering when I was going to wake up from all this; that somehow these past couple of days were like some extended fever dream caused by the flu—that I'd open my eyes and we'd both be separated, that mom would go home, I'd go home, and then we'd get in our respective cars and drive away and forget this ever

happened, maybe laughing once about how much we've shared, how much closer we got, and...

Something warm and wet hit my neck. At first, I thought it was spit. I turned a little bit, and saw mom's head buried between my shoulder blades, but her neck was so small, almost frail looking, and she had her jaw clenched, her brow furrowed as she hugged herself against me, as if she was afraid of falling, or something else equally bad happening. "Mom?" I asked gently, because what could make her upset?

Mom sniffed sharply before lifting her head up slightly. She kept her head down so I couldn't see her eyes, but her voice came out thick with tears.

"Jared, do you ever feel like everything went wrong?" She was silent for a moment and then let out a heavy breath that sounded like an exasperation at herself. "Everything did go wrong. It's... I don't want to say it..."

"But dad left," I finished for her. I set the kettle back down on the counter and turned around slowly until mom was against me completely, my arms wrapping around her back and holding her tight while her body started to shake, silently, until she could get a hold of herself again. Her face was wet against my shirt and I rested my chin on top of her head. "I'm sorry, mom."

"Don't be," she sighed, hugging me tighter. "I mean... he's your father. Of course you'd take his side—"

"No," I replied simply, my heart squeezing with pain when I felt her shoulders stiffen slightly. "Mom, please don't think like that."

She was quiet for a few more minutes, letting the sound of crackling from the fire fill the silence. And then: "Are you mad at me for divorcing him? Do you hate me for doing this to us?"

My throat clenched. There was this deep shame that bloomed inside of my gut. How could she even—

"That's not why you're acting so strange, right?" She asked quietly.

I looked away and bit my lip. Mom always said that I was easy to read, that I got everything off of my chest right away and didn't have any qualms about how others felt about what I thought about

them. It was one of those personality traits that made things a little awkward between her and dad when we were having big fights, or whatever.

This time, though, my silence was different. The way I didn't look at her was because I didn't want her to see my eyes darkening when I thought back to her sweating and panting and moaning, the way she hugged herself tight and shivered.

I could taste her in my mind. Her sweat—her body. That skin...

My throat bobbed when I swallowed heavily.

Mom looked down at me over the couch. There wasn't a whole lot separating us but still she seemed very far away from me, especially as I was laying down on the bed while she was standing, her arms crossed over the top of the cushions. I caught the way she inhaled through her mouth slightly, and then her eyes went wide with realization that I had noticed. Her fingers gripped the material tight and she took another breath, slowly, and looked like she was about to say something, her eyes closing for just a moment until the words came out: "Sleep well, Jared. I know you're tired. Good night."

"Goodnight," I replied, turning away from her to bury myself in blankets.

The seconds stretched on, long enough for me to wonder if she had actually fallen asleep up there, or maybe left for somewhere else, because suddenly the fire had gone quiet and the crackling had been replaced with nothing. The air seemed to change, almost as if there was an electric charge being held in place, right here in our little space.

It was like somebody pressed the pause button. But when I turned and glanced at the end of the couch, mom hadn't moved. Her grip had tightened, her face was scrunched up into a serious, thoughtful expression and her eyes were wide.

She glanced my way. For barely a moment. And then it looked like whatever decision she made in her head came into fruition because her shoulders shuddered, just barely, and then her feet swung towards the front door. She went to the closet, getting

dressed up in thick layers of parka and scarf and gloves and then pulled a set of snowshoes from behind mine in the darkness.

I should have tried sleeping. But... what the fuck was going on? Was mom just feeling the heat of the cabin like I did, because this tiny space had this stifling air that wasn't going to give way anytime soon, and I needed to open things up, or something?

Mom said nothing as she took the snowshoes outside.

What else was there to do but go out too? So I put back on my own stuff and found myself going out into the chilly darkness, where everything was bathed in blue and black.

She was gone for only about ten seconds before the sound of something falling caught my attention. It sounded far away, distant, muffled by snowfall. I went towards it and tried looking down from the top of the hill and saw... her.

Mom was standing at the bottom, her clothes splayed against the ground, the snowshoes laying off to the side like dead snakes. Her arms were out, fingers clawing in the air as she struggled to rise up, and as I stepped closer to her, the sound of her pants came clear; grunts of frustration.

She looked up at me, not even seeing me properly in the dark until I started jogging down to her, helping her up with the snowshoes dangling uselessly in one hand. The moon overhead cast a ghostly glow and lit her face enough to see that her expression was serious. Her cheeks were bright red, from the chill or exertion, I don't know.

"Come on mom," I urged, pulling her along back inside where the dim lights of the cabin made it seem safe and warm. "Mom? Are you okay?" I had the door closed, but as soon as I tried helping her into the blankets, she started shaking violently.

"What's wrong?"

Mom just shook her head, shivering violently. Her teeth chattered for a moment as she tried calming herself down. I put my hands on her shoulders and felt that she was absolutely fucking freezing. For some reason, I was pretty hot by that point. In fact... I wasn't shivering at all. I figured the exercise of going down the hill must

have been doing something to keep me warm. It seemed like the wind couldn't reach the valley that well after all.

"I'm going to take care of you mom," I found myself saying. My hands moved from her shoulders and I pulled the blanket up from over her chest and wrapped it around her. After that, I helped pull off her boots and socks, which had apparently gotten soaked outside. Her feet were freezing too. The heat of mine, compared to hers, was astounding. Mom gave out a small moan of pleasure when my hands ran over the tops of her feet, rubbing them vigorously before moving on to the next one. She curled up closer against the wall.

I took the time to remove my clothes and climbed into bed first, feeling mom shift as I did so, her hair swishing back and forth as she tried watching what I was doing and where my eyes were looking. When I laid down next to her and pulled the blankets over us, she gasped a little bit as my arms slipped under hers. She tried turning to look at me again and I could feel the movement in her spine, the arch of it, even. "Mom..." I whispered to her. I didn't want her to worry about things, not with everything she'd gone through already. "You're okay," I assured her.

She nodded once and I felt her relax against me. The softness of her breasts against my arms. She kept shifting a little bit, probably trying to make sure that everything was covered, or figuring out how best to get comfortable; I don't know. Finally, when the moment came for her to move again, she ended up rolling her ass against me, making this contact that pushed the soft swell of it back and forth between my cock and my leg, giving me this subtle friction and pressure that sent shivers down my legs. My cock, having been left hanging just earlier, quickly responded and began to thicken and rise, becoming trapped between the cleft of her ass and her hips as they gently rocked.

I wasn't exactly trying to push it there. The friction of her body, combined with the motion of the blankets as we both shifted under them and got comfortable—and I swear, every second seemed longer than the last as I held onto her, the urge to push myself

inside getting stronger and stronger—and all through this, I wasn't able to fully process what the fuck was happening.

At one point, she tried adjusting herself and her hands grabbed mine, pulling me tight around her shoulders and pushing my fingers under her shirt to press against the tops of her breasts where they were bare. Her fingers interlocked with mine, pressing into her skin and my mind was reeling. I had a thought of saying something to her about it but—she was warm and comfortable and...

My fingers sank low, feeling the texture of her stomach before they touched her pajamas and she shuddered, letting go of my hand for a moment only to push my hand inside her pants, my fingers suddenly touching the top of her pubis and the softness of her pubic hair. Then the insides of her legs as they parted slowly.

And finally the wet heat between her legs where she was most delicate and warm and moist. I had the strangest fucking sensation run through me, not just the desire to fuck but something else too, maybe because my head felt woozy or it might have been that her hips arched forward ever so subtly, pushing up and against my hand so that my fingers were being enveloped by her slit and her softness. Her breathing was shallow, heavy, as if she was struggling to catch it, and she pushed forward again, this time, leaning back into me, letting me take the weight of her chest as she leaned there, holding my arms so tight that it felt like they were about to be cut off, or she could tear them off like some kind of tiger.

Then, my mother moaned. A loud, guttural, needy moan. My ears went hot and my blood followed suit when I realized how horny she was—how fucking wet she was—that noise meant I could make out the sound of her folds squishing just a tiny bit as her hips pressed hard and fast and then pulled away slowly, only to move in and rub against me again. She moved rhythmically, her moans low and her body tight against my chest, before she exhaled heavily.

"Shit—Jared," she exhaled, her voice cracking. "I... this is—"

I pushed my thumb hard into her clit, grinding and circling it quickly and efficiently, trying to drive her orgasm on even harder. She was breathing heavy, her pussy was quivering against me, before she suddenly froze up against me. The way her stomach

tensed up, her mouth falling open, that was the telltale sign of her getting close.

"It's ok," I tried to whisper to her, unsure why I wanted her to get off, even more unsure of what I was whispering to her. "Cara..."

That last word did the trick. Her body clenched around my hand, she came violently, bucking wildly before she collapsed on top of me with a sudden squeal, panting, her face suddenly wet with tears as she tried to catch herself, to breathe evenly.

I pulled my hand back from between her legs. There was a wet trail over my wrist, which I took care of by just bringing my fingers to my lips and licking them clean. Mom watched quietly, but that wasn't what gave her pause.

Her eyes were locked with mine, like she couldn't believe what had just happened.

She didn't move away from me. She didn't even move her hand back to grab my cock and return the favor. She simply stared at me, before finally she managed a couple of words.

"Cara..." She murmured softly. "My... name is Cara."

It's your fault, mom! You started it when you let me jerk you off in a car that smelled like old coffee grounds. And then you continued it when you got naked in front of me—

All my thoughts were crazy. Mom stood there, not looking at me, and then sat on her side of the bed, looking at the door for some reason or other.

Then came the worst part of the day. I don't know why it was so hard for us, but somehow we both couldn't get comfortable in the bed at all. I could feel myself getting sweaty already from the idea of laying down next to her. How am I supposed to get away with this without going nuts? And as I took my pants off, I got the creeping suspicion that mom had taken notice of what was inside them, how huge they were in comparison to last year...

It's like, even after everything that happened, this was the worst of it.

Even after everything that had happened today, with her walking up to me and finding my cock in my hand... she was now about to be next to me in the night.

I found the bed already warm, and the sheets smelling faintly sweet and clean. Mom kept herself wrapped in a cocoon of blanket until she was sure I had gone to sleep.

She didn't talk. In fact, I thought she'd fall asleep straight away. But there was nothing. For some reason, as much as I wanted to forget it, those few hours in the woods replayed in my mind. Her eyes looking into mine as if searching for the truth of something.

I found myself drifting to sleep slowly, then suddenly and deeply, and then waking up again, because I got an uneasy feeling of being too hot and restless and not comfortable enough. The room felt too small; it smelled too strongly of mom next to me, and no matter which way I shifted or rolled, mom's body heat was only inches from me, reminding me that we were in a situation that most other people wouldn't have the least problem with.

When I woke up again, it was just barely before dawn. There was that moment between sleep and awake, when everything is blurry but all you do is listen.

Mom was moaning quietly to herself.

No. She was groaning. She kept taking these long breaths, gasping every once in a while as she struggled against something.

Was it bad? Was something wrong?

I didn't have time to react before she spoke.

"Jared—mmm..." She whispered loudly.

That woke me up fast.

At first I wondered if she was in pain, if she needed something. I thought it might have been a question, like did you want any more?

But even before I realized that I had dozed off, the sound of my name in her mouth made something twinge down below. When I turned over and blinked awake, I realized she was sitting there, with one finger up in the air, gesturing me closer, as if there was another secret to be shared.

And what I heard shocked me so much.

She didn't know I was listening.

I shouldn't have. I wanted to turn away and feign sleep as fast as possible, but I stayed very, very still. And I listened. And you can probably guess what happened next.

It must've been three or four A.M., not really sure, when I woke up to a weird feeling. The fire was burning low, the cabin silent, my skin sweaty enough for the room to seem hot and heavy.

It was a strange feeling of pressure, something on my balls, like somebody was pressing against them just lightly with their fingers. I could barely feel it through my boxers; in fact, I would have dismissed it if it weren't for the very slight motion on my cock and the feeling of someone breathing softly.

Something felt too hot as well. The sensation of heat was radiating near me and with it came a familiar scent. A musky, warm smell. But before I knew what was going on, I opened my eyes just a little.

Through the slit between my eyelids, I could see mom.

Mom was kneeling next to me, her back pressed against the bottom of the couch. My eyes closed fully again and I struggled to stay absolutely still; in fact, I forced myself back to sleep for a couple moments longer. I couldn't believe what I had seen. I was certain that mom hadn't been so close to me when we both fell asleep on the pull out bed, and even after waking up from this weird dream state I found myself in, it was still too dark to make anything out.

So why the fuck did she wake up?

And why am I feeling so fucking horny right now?

My cock was hard as steel.

I tried my best to hide it—what guy doesn't hide a boner he's woken up with when his parents are in the same room or he's in public or something else equally humiliating—but somehow I think in the struggle to avoid being noticed, mom might have noticed anyways because it's fucking impossible to sit perfectly still when your dick is standing like a flagpole under a table or something.

When it got to be about half past nine, mom stood up. "Well," she sighed, as if she needed to announce something. "We better go to bed."

We turned down the bed and got under the covers and lay back to back; mom's body was tense and her legs curled up. Mine was stretched out long; the only reason I could keep my hard-on less

apparent was that the way I slept would give a normal observer the impression that it was a giant hamburger being held between two palms.

My mind raced for ways to not jerk off tonight. For how I could manage not to embarrass myself even more than earlier, or what it was about mom that made her so damn hot to me, which wasn't fair at all given that you probably don't get all aroused when your parents have sex (even though dad had been pretty fucking horny the other night when mom put on her dress), or if mom herself was getting any sexual needs taken care of (dad did talk a lot about how she fucked like crazy), or what we were going to do for our last couple days if we still couldn't move.

I had no answer for any of these things except maybe to focus on how tired I was, and then the idea occurred to me that I could always pretend to be sleeping, or fake sleeping until mom's own breathing changed and then I would know for sure. But as my thoughts drifted in and out, focusing on anything else except the smell of mom, or how tight and hot that hot hole had been earlier, I thought about her name, and wondered if mom knew how dad said her name—that is—his real name for mom.

"Jared," mom interrupted my drifting thoughts. "Are you asleep?"

"No," I replied, trying to keep my voice level and not too surprised at her calling my name. "What's up, Cara?"

Mom shifted in bed next to me. Then she took a deep breath and gave this heavy sigh. "You promise not to hate me or think differently of me?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I... Jared..." Mom breathed out slowly again, like she was fighting with something internal, before she rolled over onto her other side. Her eyes met mine. She looked sad. And desperate. And for some reason, she was blushing hard. "There is a way to stay warm."

"Mom, just get under the blankets—"

"No," she shook her head; her blonde hair moving in strands along her face. "No... I... What we can do to help us sleep through tonight."

Something clicked in my mind. Like this strange thing, one that was entirely possible, but also so absurdly wrong and horrible and stupid, that it could be true.

Mom wasn't just nervous around me—or not nervous—but more worried. It was like... it was like she knew what I was thinking, but didn't want to say it aloud for fear of confirming what I thought, too.

The idea sounded fucking insane, and a large part of me told myself that if this idea took root, then everything up until now, every little thing that went wrong with your life was all leading up to this exact moment of complete and utter insanity. But I remembered how the past couple days had been, what had been happening in the small confines of this cabin, and I felt something tighten inside of me.

Maybe mom was starting to feel the same way. Maybe mom was feeling the tension—not in the claustrophobic sense—but something deeper than that.

Maybe mom wanted something else. Something forbidden, but something so good that she didn't think twice about it, and that would explain why she was so flustered and couldn't look me in the eye because she knew I thought about her body—I thought about her ass and her legs and her breasts.

I was thinking about this crazy line of reasoning, when suddenly mom dropped a big bombshell in my lap.

"If you ever need to..." mom was stammering again.

I leaned forward on the little kitchen table to hear her better. Her face was bright red.

She started to breathe through her mouth. "I'll go out so that you can be alone."

It took me a second. "Oh... oh!"

"If—if you want." Mom nodded once.

She must have been going crazy. "Okay," I agreed. "But why?"

Mom swallowed hard, before meeting my eyes. She tried to speak, but she couldn't form words.

Something clicked in my mind. And I realized then that mom could see exactly what I was thinking by looking at my body. My cock was already bulging visibly through my sweatpants.

And if she looked a little lower, at the inside of my thigh, she would see that I had leaked. Just enough to make it visible against my black pants.

There was a long silence where neither of us did anything. A heavy sigh from me sent shivers through mom. "I think," I said, as seriously as I could, "That we've got this whole thing wrong."

"W-what?" Mom asked quietly.

"I think I know why it's been so crazy around here. The weather is crazy, yes, but I think it's also because..."

I paused for a good long moment. The words came out, but I felt like somebody else was talking. And I suddenly knew how dad felt with the whole thing that happened in his office, how he seemed to say something without even thinking about it.

"The other day you mentioned something about what if dad and you divorced." I swallowed hard and forced myself to look mom in the eye. "If he divorced you, then I could date you."

Mom nodded, silent. But a single tear dropped out of her right eye and she made no effort to wipe it off.

That tear did something to my insides, but I didn't know why or how. It sent a jolt through me like I suddenly was going to do the dumbest thing possible, but I couldn't stop myself.

"But... if he doesn't divorce you..."

Mom turned towards me, waiting, her lips trembling. I leaned forward. The kiss felt natural. Like everything was happening in a blur, and I was kissing my mom, soft, sweet—

And before she could move, I broke away.

Just like that night, where she held still and let me leave that small hickey. Except this time, I didn't do it again. No, I went to my side of the cabin and slipped into bed and closed my eyes.

Morning came.

No different. Maybe it was because I had done it before, but I knew exactly what to expect as soon as I started hearing movement from mom's side.

Except that when I opened my eyes, and rubbed them with the heels of my palms, it looked like things hadn't quite changed—because I knew that sound of the blankets against her body. And as I sat up, and looked at the edge of my mattress, I realized what it was about mom that felt so fucking weird about it:

The wet sounds, the little gasps—the breathy sighs—it was because she was masturbating. She was touching herself, and I was sure that her body had that light sheen of sweat across her belly and along her neck; and I couldn't fucking see any of it.

It was like every noise was coming towards me. My mouth dropped open and a shudder passed through my spine. For a moment I wondered whether I should turn on a lamp or just lie back and pretend that I was asleep. After a couple of seconds, the choice became pretty clear: I had to look. If I turned on the lights, it'd be too obvious. There was no way in hell I was about to fuck up something as perfect as hearing mom getting off next to me. I slowly lowered myself down, keeping my head against my pillow just to make it less suspicious.

I looked past the coffee table and there was just a sliver of light from the kitchen that reflected off of mom's face. She wasn't covering her mouth—she was biting her lip. Her hand, hidden by the blankets, was moving fast. The movement, the subtle rocking of her whole body as it undulated—the soft gasps—the whines—they were all too much. I was so hard it felt like I was going to push right through my shorts.

In that darkness, her eyes flicked at me once. Then twice. In between those moments she closed them tightly, and bit her lip even harder.

Her eyes didn't open when she looked at me a third time. But when she opened them for a fourth time, I moved my head down so I wasn't visible. I heard another sharp exhale from her, a stifled noise—then there was more movement.

Mom stopped. She froze and then turned towards me. "Jared?" Her voice was breathless. She was panting softly in that moment. I swallowed, trying hard not to react, or make noise, or anything. She cleared her throat. "Are you awake?"

I didn't say anything. There was no response. There wasn't anything to say. It was already fucking strange enough. If I said something, if I made an excuse or lied about what she thought was happening, it'd just complicate things even more. So I waited until she started to breathe steadily again, and then, very quietly, moved to lie on the floor, grabbing a few blankets from the bed for myself, before trying to go to sleep.

It took longer than usual, but eventually, I think, we both slept through the night. The last thing I thought before I slipped off into oblivion was how strange it all was, and yet mom smelled sweet and lovely, and in my dreams, I remembered the sensation of a mouth over mine, my tongue slipping out and meeting hers; a soft moan, low and deep from her stomach.

When I woke up the next morning, things seemed normal enough. Mom hadn't mentioned last night when I had rolled to face away from her on the bed and stayed there like a statue until she fell asleep, so today I pretended like everything was completely fine too. We ate a quick breakfast of eggs and oats, put out the fire, did our morning stuff, and headed outside—not before checking the forecast. The snow clouds were gone. For about a week or so now, the weather people had predicted clear skies. It didn't look like it would freeze too hard, so we decided it'd be best to go out and see what else was available in terms of food, wood and shelter.

And just like that, the day turned into a sort of game for both of us. There were these strange pauses in the conversation where we'd talk and laugh as usual, then suddenly go quiet, both of us pretending like we hadn't said anything or heard anything while we carried on doing whatever it was that we were doing at that moment. Sometimes we'd look at each other during one of these quiet times and there'd be an understanding that we wouldn't comment on the other person's silence.

At one point, I found myself looking at mom from the distance between us, her back facing me, and I realized I was staring right at

the small curve of her ass again. She shifted and I quickly averted my eyes and went back to cutting down a tree, something she had taught me about two weeks ago; back before things got really fucking weird between the two of us.

It was crazy. There was no other way to say it.

After lunch, we checked in with each other about how much progress we had made. It wasn't good news for either of us.

I still didn't have too many logs cut. "There aren't very many trees," I offered.

Mom was leaning against her shovel, its sharp end dug into the snow and dirt beneath. "Me neither."

So after we finished the day's work, which wasn't enough to feed us or shelter us, we sat across the couch from each other again, and tried not to look at the other person as The Lovers on the Seine started up once again. This time, there was no laughing between mom and I as the characters played out their weird, love-hate romance that led to a ridiculous scene where they danced in the street at midnight, then ran into a river for reasons unknown. There was some dialogue about the moon and stars. Mom sighed heavily, as if something bothered her, but she never spoke or looked at me again until the movie ended, and it was clear we had to go back outside for more firewood and food.

"Hey—are you tired?" I asked. Mom gave a little nod. "Alright—you know what? Why don't I take first shift. We'll skip our talk today, okay?" I figured she was either feeling a little awkward or sleepy or something; we could catch up tomorrow during the daytime when the sun would be out. Maybe whatever was worrying her earlier wouldn't seem so serious in the daylight.

Mom shook her head quickly. "No," she said, her words hitching. "I want to make sure I'm awake—"

She paused. She turned around to face me from the doorway and looked down at my feet. Something about the way the light came through from the porch and the fireplace set an odd mood about her. Her lips were pressed together. Whatever it was, the strange energy that surrounded us didn't leave; it only built up with

each moment until she broke the silence. "Are... you going crazy being stuck here?" mom asked slowly.

I hesitated for a few moments, wondering why she even brought this up. I remembered how angry and upset she got earlier when she felt I wasn't telling her the truth. Then I remembered something dad had told me about her, about how he had learned about what worked with mom and how he always managed to keep things stable between them. It was something he used to laugh about all the time: how if he never ever lied to her, he would always get away with what he needed. The same thing could happen here. I just needed to stick with the truth as best as I could, even if it would take some serious effort.

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah."

Mom looked back at me for a few more seconds before nodding and going inside. "Goodnight. Sleep well."

Then we went to sleep.

TAGS:

mother son sex

creampie

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mommy play

The morning sun shone down through the window. The light had been what woke me up first, since I wasn't able to sleep well after all of those crazy dreams from the day before.

And that was no exaggeration; the entire night was spent either tossing and turning or waking up with an ache in my pants and an

unbearable hunger for relief. It was like being a teen again, except this time around I knew how to relieve myself properly. Yet every time I touched myself, jerking off or whatever, I felt this twinge of guilt.

Was mom hearing me?

How was mom sleeping?

Couldn't she hear my footsteps or something?

She couldn't do anything else, like watch TV or go for a run or call friends, and she definitely wouldn't want to go through the stuff on my laptop—she was the sort to be careful about using anybody else's technology because of their security protocols; no way she was going to check her emails or whatever on my device, although god knows I wasn't going to be able to get online, even though I had three days' worth of battery left.

After I finished brushing my teeth and washing my face, mom came inside the bathroom without any warning, nearly running into me. She let out a gasp as she steadied herself, before quickly averting her eyes. I didn't say anything except a quick 'hey' before getting out of her way so she could get inside. Then I shut myself in my room, the door locked, the lights off, and just lay there.

My thoughts ran away with me again. It was the dark that did it. But this time, they were all tame. I tried thinking about what dad might have been doing while we were here; if he was enjoying his freedom; if he had gone to Florida yet; and then if mom had made the right choice.

At one point, my hand had slipped under my underwear, my balls tingling and aching with need, but that hungering ache felt lessened. My fingers brushed over the shaft of my cock, stroking it absently until I was fully erect, until I wanted more friction. I wrapped my hand around the head, thumb rubbing against the tip, and I imagined soft fingers instead.

I wondered what a girl's hand would feel like instead. I imagined Cara coming home with me, her pretty face smiling at me, sitting on a park bench with her hand rubbing the top of my jeans.

My mouth opened, lips parting with a low groan as I pushed back against the sensation and I started to stroke my shaft harder,

squeezing the head as if she was tightening around my cock. I could only imagine what it felt like to fuck her. Her breasts were so gorgeous, heavy but pert, and my free hand moved up underneath my shirt and pinched my nipple in her place while my cock started to thrust against the air and into my fist, and soon enough I could hear her moaning in my ears—

But no... these were just memories of her...

"Oh..."

The sound of a tiny whisper made me stop stroking, mid-stroke. Mom was leaning over the pull-out bed, her chest pressed down into it and her eyes fixed on mine, the dim light from outside reflected in them and her jaw slightly open. Her night clothes had gone a little awry with how she had tossed around, and now, in the darkness and quiet of the cabin, they didn't hide anything; the way her breasts pressed against her shirt, or how her bare legs showed through, or even...

"Oh, Jared..." Mom's face fell into that pillow as her hips wiggled a little forward and back, making the bed frame shake just a little bit. It took me a second to realize that what she was doing underneath herself wasn't the kind of stuff mothers do—it wasn't rubbing against her legs for friction.

It was moving her waist in ways that you could easily tell she was touching herself with two fingers. The way she moaned out my name while I was masturbating to her made something click in my head. She was touching herself. Just like when I heard her moaning on the phone with dad. She had her hands on her cunt, and she was doing it... because of me?

She didn't stop moaning and crying into the pillow when she started getting wetter, when I could hear every movement of her finger over her clitoris, when my eyes caught a flash of bright pink between her legs when the fabric pulled up.

And her pussy... how many times did I imagine fucking it just that day? Now I was seeing the real thing, just right there... It would be so easy to touch her—to run my hand over the backs of her soft, beautiful thighs, over those round, thick cheeks... to press down against where her ass curved, to spread them open... to feel her

cunt's heat against my fingertip... to lean down and to run my tongue just right where her legs met...

The idea was too much for me. When I got up to lie down, mom was already in bed.

So I tried to get to sleep on the floor again. That way, I'd make sure nothing would happen between us. Maybe I should have gotten myself off again before bed to be certain that there wasn't any risk or something, but the way mom acted seemed like it was fine, and I didn't know what exactly had set her off before. So maybe just ignoring it until she brought it up was a better choice than going ahead with beating off, you know?

There was no point in lying to myself: The fact that mom had just seen me masturbating probably played into every damn fantasy that night. You've probably never slept on a floor with a hard cock straining against your pants while thinking about your own mother, but it's a lot more difficult than it sounds. My balls ached in this slow, almost torturous way that got worse every time I moved my hips to get comfortable, and when I shifted onto my stomach to give them a rest, then my fucking dick was pushing at the thin blanket I slept under.

And then there was that scent of mom's. It clung to my nostrils long after we had gone to bed.

It smelled different to how she usually did, and the closer I got to falling asleep, the closer the image of mom's eyes, locked on mine while her mouth took my load came into focus. I found myself wishing that she hadn't heard the things I was saying; then again, even if she had, as long as she didn't say anything then it could just be my guilty little secret, right?

No. I was already going through the motions of trying to figure out how not to let mom know. If it happened again—it—what? My mind was fuzzy from being tired, from being horny, from everything that had been happening over these past couple days. It's been a week, and a lot of crazy stuff has happened between us two. If I started off with fantasizing about mom when I jerked it, then somehow that fantasy ended up with... what?

Me fucking her?

I could imagine her face clearly while that thought went through my head. Those eyes would go wide, and her eyebrows would shoot up to the ceiling, before giving me a scathing look like I had crossed some kind of line that a son shouldn't cross in any family. She'd call me out, give me the motherly lecture or whatever, and I'd take it with grace and tell her it would never happen again. That it was just some sort of passing weirdness because of what we've gone through. That I was stuck here, alone, in close quarters with mom; that for once, after weeks of celibacy, that I had been so worked up, and I didn't really have a choice in anything: not my masturbation, and not who the woman I had used as material was.

What else would she want me to say? Mom wouldn't actually think I was seriously going to fuck her, would she? I mean, you get the gist. The way she has talked, the way she thinks.

That I've thought of mom the past few nights, imagined cumming all over those pretty red lips—all that would get a look of shock, and disgust—and then it would go back to normal.

The bed frame creaked lightly while I set my tea mug down on the table, the sound of me getting up made mom look over at me, then glance away when I looked at her. "Well—I should let you get some sleep," I told mom. It was weird. All night today, it was like this heavy air came between us after what we both said to each other. But the difference between us was that mom looked more relieved than anything. Whereas I had that same feeling when I was standing outside, about to face a firing squad.

It wasn't until I got into bed and covered myself up and tried to ignore everything going on in my head that mom got up from where she was sitting on the couch bed and took a quick peek at me. She cleared her throat softly, so as not to wake me. I pretended to be asleep. I felt her warm hand against my forehead, and her soft voice saying goodnight.

Then she turned out the light.

When I woke up in the middle of the night, it was still cold. I heard a soft crackling and a deep glow near the fireplace; I rolled over slightly and saw mom tending to the coals.

She must have been cold too. My first instinct was that she was adding wood and building it up again, but no: mom was laying kindling across the coals and watching it all burn out. She was standing with her legs slightly apart, wearing socks. Her pajamas clung tightly to her body, hugging those thick curves. That hourglass figure that had always been there made me dizzy, especially after I'd masturbated earlier today. The thin pajamas outlined every one of mom's thick curves that I wanted to squeeze, taste, tease—my cock stirred to life as my thoughts turned into pure hunger. My head filled with these filthy thoughts of my own mother; of taking her clothes off and tasting every inch of that body. Of getting inside her, spreading her legs and tasting that sweet pussy—

Mom turned towards me, looking almost surprised that I was awake. But then she turned back to the fireplace, acting like she didn't notice my stare. She added more kindling, until it grew into a full-blown fire again.

After the wood caught fully, the light and the heat returned, and then mom climbed onto her bed, pulled the covers up around her, and turned towards me, sighing.

"So how are you feeling? I'm sure you're still worried," I offered as a way of conversation. Mom shrugged under her covers.

"It's strange, Jared. We shouldn't be stuck here. So it seems to take me a little longer to believe that we're trapped."

"Me too."

Mom looked at me with those soft, hazel eyes and smiled slightly. "I know you miss your girls. Cara... whoever else." She finished her mug of tea. I kept my gaze neutral when she mentioned the name. She got up and stretched slightly, her breasts rising under her shirt, then came back, rubbing her elbows while she held herself.

"It's pretty cold, mom," I pointed out. "Want me to add another log?"

She shook her head. "That should last us till tomorrow morning. That is if you think there'll be more than one or two logs left around here."

"I don't really remember where everything else is," I replied. I tried to look into mom's eyes to make things more casual, but every

time I caught myself looking at them I realized that they were deep, and rich, and a whole host of things that weren't helping at all. I decided to take my gaze off hers and focus instead on how her hair curved just slightly at the back of her neck. And how she held herself in this way that accentuated how big her butt was and—

"What's wrong?" Mom asked. She had turned towards me as I was drinking down my tea. She must have seen my look go faraway, my face change because she looked...

"Nothing. Just tired."

I got up and headed straight for my bed, sitting down. In truth I was getting really fucking horny, even though my balls ached still from earlier today. It was insanely stupid too, because it seemed like no matter what I did, and what happened, and how much shame came with it, I couldn't keep these thoughts away from mom. Every time I blinked, I saw the image of her wet clothes stuck to her skin and I saw those perfect fucking breasts that were soft and yet curved, with a stiff pink nub of a nipple on them that were poking out under that transparent shirt, or the image of her mouth right above my cock, her eyes big, looking up at me, saying my name:

Jared... Jared...

Her lips, so red, her tongue sticking out as her head bobbed forward, pushing more and more of my shaft down into her—

"Goodnight," mom said.

I swallowed and took a deep breath.

What the fuck could I say? All that played through my head now were fantasies about mom, and every time they'd get further, filthier, all the stuff that would happen if we were ever alone together long enough that we got bored.

It was a whole lot of 'what ifs,' most of which revolved around the idea that maybe, just maybe, mom was into that kind of stuff. Even though she couldn't possibly be. You know the way a dude can pick out a woman with huge tits when all they do is jiggle for five seconds under a tight t-shirt? Or how the hottest girl on Earth looks hotter when you've been staring at your study partner in Stats class for three months straight? Maybe that's what it was. Just a couple of

dudes with dicks being dudes with dicks until we all turn back into the primordial soup or whatever.

But even then, there was that part of me that wondered... why did mom stay silent like that? It sounded crazy. Of course it did. Because I knew why mom stayed silent. Because who wants to walk into her son and see his cock and hear him say your name? And then have her son act like he had nothing better to do than masturbate out in the open? She'd have every reason to avoid me after that and want me to leave as soon as possible.

Even with this rationale, though... well... I wanted mom.

I was still fucking horny, alright? Two weeks without a fucking thing other than thinking about what mom looked like and the smell of her in the air when I walked past her, what she'd taste like, or how good she'd feel with those big tits pushed up against me, my hand on that perfect ass—all that does a number on your balls.

As I lay down, I had another quick sense that maybe if I didn't cum before falling asleep, then I'd have a wet dream tonight. Just my fucking luck too because wet dreams always leave you with soggy boxers and the sticky mess of having ruined a perfectly fine night's sleep.

You know what else is not helpful when you're trying to have a restful night of sleep after masturbating to your mother, then accidentally jerking off in front of her and then lying about it all while trying to suppress those crazy thoughts? You try doing all that then finding yourself sleeping next to your mommy in bed again.

It was impossible to forget everything when your back was against hers, her heat against yours; feeling her breaths through her back and mine through mine; listening to her steady breathing and trying to synchronize ours together. All this did was make my cock harder than ever, though the chill eventually came in, even with the fire roaring. That seemed to cool my loins a bit as I turned over to face away from mom and stared at the embers until sleep claimed me.

When I woke up, it was light outside and somehow I felt a lot calmer.

For one thing, my cock wasn't throbbing.

And also because I hadn't woken up mid night and found myself rutting against mom like last time. Instead, my dreams were thankfully empty and dreamless, and it wasn't until I heard some noise that I woke up and realized that we were still cuddled up against each other. Mom's hand had draped itself around my chest. We weren't spooning—not quite—but mom was facing away and she had somehow shifted just enough for me to feel the softness of her breasts, the way they were so firm but plush through her clothes. Her hand had somehow managed to drape across my body in a way that made me wonder if it was deliberate or just her own subconscious desire for closeness with somebody.

If I had to guess, I'd go with the second option. She probably hadn't slept much like this since dad had passed. That had been a few years ago, and from what I'd seen in our conversations since his death, she hadn't even been interested in other men, even casually.

I couldn't help but imagine how mom would have acted if she hadn't had my cock all over her stomach that morning. But it wasn't just a question of getting aroused anymore. That time it had been easy; there was no denying that, and there was nothing else to think about that day. This time, however, I was thinking. Mom would wake up soon and she would remember everything from the night before. She would likely want to talk to me about what happened again. I had already promised her that everything between us was normal, that nothing was weird, that this was just two people trapped together in a small space, trying to stay warm and comfortable.

All that felt true, too. At least, on the surface. And the deeper parts of my mind knew it was true enough too. There was something wrong here, yes. Something very wrong. But that could be fixed by some distance or separation from each other once we were let out. So far, every person we'd come into contact with believed the story we sold them, that we were family. And really—it wouldn't even take much of an effort to keep telling that story once we're out. Just being in proximity of mom had made me revert to being called by my name more than usual, instead of my preferred 'bud' or 'man' or something more casual.

The thing was that all these logical thoughts didn't work with my body, the way my heart would beat fast when I imagined mom's face while she saw me masturbating to her. The way my hands got clammy as I walked around, my head swimming with what happened outside today. I imagined it all differently, now that there was this whole other dynamic between us: I imagined that, if it hadn't been so cold and dark out there, if mom had heard me moan for her instead of calling out her name, then mom might have stepped closer and asked me why I was masturbating. My imagination was strong in conjuring her eyes up, a mixture of interest and disgust, but the way she held herself, the way her mouth curved with words that were not spoken, it spoke volumes. Mom's breath hitched, just slightly.

I'd look back at her from the darkness and give her a slow smile. It took a while before I could think of something better than saying "why don't you watch, then?" That felt too much like baiting. What I ended up saying was that this cabin didn't offer any privacy. If she wanted to watch, she'd have to wait until later tonight, when everything was nice and warm, and she could ask me about it later.

Mom was silent for a while before responding that if I tried anything, she could kick my ass easily enough. I responded that mom should be the one worried about keeping her hands to herself; her tits were heavy and big, after all. Mom might try to cop a feel from the son she always knew she shouldn't be attracted to.

Her expression hardened then, not with revulsion at the thought, but in challenge.

She asked me if she caught me jacking off how much time I'd need to cum.

That sent a shockwave through me.

"Fuck you," I hissed, the shockwaves making my cock surge with blood and excitement. The image of me being all pent up with no real time to even get myself off came flooding back.

"Just tell me," mom demanded. "Or maybe you want your mother to get you off?"

"Cara," I replied. "I'll be ready to go in seconds."

Mom took in a deep breath. Inhaling deeply, her chest pushed against the tight blankets until I could almost see the edges of her breasts jutting forward. My mouth watered as she let herself breathe like that for just a second, then closed her eyes and held it in for several moments, letting all the air push between her lips as she sighed. "You can't say my name like that—"

"That's not your name?" I teased.

She glared at me, then rolled over. "Go to sleep, Jared."

There was no doubt what was going on in her mind now. The way she shifted, curling her body tighter with the blanket, and pushing her ass up in the air made that much clear. The tension between us didn't dissipate, even after the light had been turned off and we were lying down facing opposite directions. Mom took longer than usual, or maybe I noticed it because there was so much going on between us that didn't seem right.

When I woke up in the morning, mom had already made herself busy in the kitchen area. That meant she was cooking bacon on the stove, or brewing coffee. I stretched my shoulders and rolled around to try and see her doing these things, but there were sounds of plates and mugs being clinked around that sounded a bit too loud, that I couldn't.

That also meant I couldn't really look at what kind of pajamas mom was wearing. It felt silly to get so horny because of clothes. They covered most of you but I couldn't help imagining how she'd look without any clothes whatsoever—

My cock, for the second day in a row, decided it needed release. And when that happened, every inch of blood in my body flowed toward it. The rest of me felt limp, exhausted, tired of being so horny all the damn time. It got even worse as mom called my name and asked if I wanted scrambled or sunny-side up, her voice carrying over, the sound of my own mother saying such domestic words making my cock fucking hard as hell.

This was not a new occurrence. In fact, I could say that this very moment, with mom cooking eggs and my cock tenting the bedsheet that fell off the pullout bed was a very normal thing between us.

I think mom had forgotten about the thing I said yesterday because for some reason I had been thinking I'd just have to lie low, wait for things to return to normal, and then eventually mom and I would have to part ways. This would be my secret, I figured, a horrible one that would stay with me and make everything about our relationship just slightly off and weird, but something I could learn to live with.

Mom made eggs. We ate them sitting at the tiny table with plates piled with fluffy yellow stuff on it. Mom's hair had gotten long in the days since our flight and it curled around her ears in a way I hadn't seen since I was young. Her cheeks were smooth, clear; if anything she was even more gorgeous than usual, and I hated myself for it. Hated myself for feeling these things, for wanting my mom—but what can you do when you're trapped like a rat in a cage?

That's how I felt when breakfast ended and I tried to make excuses for why I couldn't be near mom. There was a whole list of shit we needed to do to prepare for tomorrow's trip home. I said all these things and I left mom looking bewildered as I headed outside for the trek back into town. The air was frigid again today. Maybe there would be a little snow soon. It was a welcome distraction. All I had to think about while I was walking over slippery paths was getting from one point to another without tripping or slipping off. I walked right up the main roads this time instead of skirting the sides. I knew mom saw me from where she looked out the window.

The town center had already been dug out by the time I arrived. The street lamps had fresh batteries, new bulbs, and they lit up brightly along the way. Most of the buildings were dark; their signs flipped to Closed and with curtains drawn across the windows. The grocery store wasn't any better either; the shelves were nearly bare and the few remaining items were dusty and past expiry dates. I managed to find two flashlights and a couple cans of peaches and sausages; everything else that had a good date stamp on it had been long since sold out.

"Hey," a gruff voice said suddenly. I had just stuffed the last can in my bag when I saw the man behind me. He wore a flannel shirt underneath a blue fleece jacket and a pair of jeans. His face was

lined heavily with wrinkles around his eyes. "I thought you folks weren't supposed to leave your cabin."

I raised my hands, defensively. "We're not," I said, trying to think up a convincing excuse. "We—uh—we've gotta get ready to head back to civilization, so... Yeah."

The guy narrowed his eyes at me, but nodded. "You want the woods? You oughtta go north of here a couple miles. The animals won't bother you up there."

I nodded. "Cool, thanks for the advice," I said. Before he could walk away, I called after him. "Uh—do you know when the next shipment of supplies are supposed to come in?" I figured that since we were out, and the whole area seemed deserted anyway, might as well find out.

"Dunno," the guy replied with a shrug. "They come in once every few days though. If not now, then definitely by tomorrow afternoon or something." Then he walked away without any further words. I tried asking other people too, but nobody really wanted to answer my questions; they kept telling me that whatever I was looking for probably wasn't around these parts.

So I went back to our cabin. It looked like mom was already busy preparing the stuff we had to take home. There was a big pile of things near the door. I felt a little guilty that I hadn't done anything in terms of planning our trip back. Mom probably did all of this work, but then again I doubted dad was going to help out either way. I figured I might as well pitch in now, because there was nothing else to do. We'd leave early in the morning tomorrow.

But as I approached the cabin, the door opened and somebody came out. The figure was lit up by a halo from the light behind them, so their features were hard to make out.

A woman?

Wait—that hair—mom's hair?

For a second, I paused. What the fuck? Why would she be walking around in the snow late at night like this? Wasn't she freezing? Why would she just wander out here alone?

She looked around, her hands stuffed in the pockets of her coat, before turning right and heading off into the woods. That didn't

make any sense. We had gone through most of the area that had actual trails and everything yesterday. She was going to get lost if she wandered off too much farther.

Was it the bear? The bear mom had seen earlier? Did the damn thing come back? It didn't make sense; I couldn't figure out what the hell she was doing out there so late, but whatever the hell it was it didn't seem safe.

So, after a minute or two, I started to follow her.

My mind spun as I followed mom in the dark. My thoughts went from 'is this dangerous' to 'would she notice that I'm following her'.

She wouldn't notice. Not with the snow muffling our steps.

At first she took the same path as yesterday, going to the conference center building again. But this time she bypassed the place and walked on past it, and soon we were further away from the cabins than I had ever been, and in about twenty minutes, I found myself watching mom go off the trail, between two tall pine trees, their branches swaying in the wind, their leaves making soft swishing noises.

We followed the slope of a small hill down to where the ground leveled out into a little valley that was covered in snow, its sides a wall of darkness. A small clearing in the middle was where the stars shone clear in the sky. There were a few benches placed around it; it seemed to be some kind of little park or something, except nobody would ever want to spend any time there in this weather.

It didn't make much sense for mom to stop. I watched her curiously from a safe distance as she sat on one of the benches. Then I realized what she was doing, and suddenly a lot of things began to click in place. She was wearing boots. It made sense. Her coat was thick, and long enough to cover the upper part of her leg. So if you needed to do something like take a leak, just get a cupful of snow—

She looked over her shoulder and met my eye. I turned away, because I had no idea why the hell I was spying on her taking a piss. I looked around, trying to figure out why she chose such an awkward place to unload a bucket of pee.

Then mom cleared her throat from behind me. "Can... can you turn around?" Her words came through the wind, softly, and I turned around, thinking she just wanted privacy.

When I did, however, mom was standing up, holding up a ziplock bag. It had been hidden against the snow and only by standing where I was did I even notice it at all. I frowned at mom; there was something that was making her hesitate. The fact that she needed to take a leak probably meant that there was too much alcohol in her system, and I thought maybe she didn't feel comfortable drinking in front of me anymore.

But then mom handed me the bag, and I saw what was inside.

Her clothes were bundled in it. Wet. Sopping wet and frozen stiff like they'd been left there for two weeks straight, which was impossible because we'd only been here for three days. There was a sweater and a pair of sweat pants, as well as a long-sleeved shirt, socks and underwear. But even as she handed it to me, I took it without really taking it all in at first, because suddenly there was an odd heat inside the cabin, and I noticed the little bumps on mom's neck and how her collarbone curved down into her blouse—

"I think," she said softly. "I need your help tonight, too." Her look wasn't a request.

I nodded my head quickly, trying not to betray the sudden wave of panic that flooded my chest. I went into the bathroom, closing the door behind me, my hands shaking with nervousness as I turned on the hot water. Mom's clothes felt warm and almost damp and it didn't hit me until then that my mom had been naked less than twenty minutes ago. My breath came faster as my mind unhelpfully reminded me about what had happened just moments ago outside. The way mom looked at my cock... how she looked a little shocked, but not really...

Fuck.

I was hard. So fucking hard, so quickly and completely, that when I realized it, I just groaned with the pressure of it. No way was I going to masturbate right now, there wasn't enough time. And I wasn't just horny anymore. I was... tense, anxious, scared. A combination of everything I was feeling had come together to push

my arousal all the way past horniness and into something more sinister.

The heat was back in the room. The air was stifling even though I was alone in the bathroom. Even though we were miles from anywhere, the idea of having a hot shower didn't interest me—the idea of being naked was terrifying.

When I came out of the bathroom after washing up, brushing my teeth and changing into my clothes, I came out to find mom under the blankets of the bed, laying on her side. From here, I could tell that her eyes were wide open.

I was frozen in place for a moment. There wasn't anything I could do to calm myself down.

Except pretend that this was totally normal.

And I tried. I really did. Because who knew what kind of damage would be done to our relationship if mom felt threatened in any way? I couldn't tell her that sleeping together was fine since it wasn't. There was no fucking way in hell this wasn't wrong and even though part of me kept telling me it was okay as long as I didn't actually do anything, I couldn't bring myself to climb into bed without knowing, for sure, that I wasn't going to wake up with my erection poking the back of her head.

And I wasn't about to explain to her that, either.

She took one look at me as I sat by the fireplace and put another couple of pieces onto the burning embers. "Jared?" she asked gently.

"Yeah," I croaked, my voice too high from nerves.

"Did you..." Mom looked back down to the ground. "Did you still want to sleep next to me? For warmth?" She looked back up again, and met my eyes.

It wasn't an honest question. Not a completely honest one. The way her face was reddened, the way her body seemed tense and stiff—mom wasn't entirely sure what she wanted. What did she mean to ask, and how far did she actually want to take that sentence?

So I replied honestly. "Whatever makes you more comfortable, mom."

She blinked rapidly. "Okay," she said, then swallowed. Then nodded. "Alright."

So we slept together.

We were close, but not quite touching. She faced away from me. I laid on my back.

For about ten minutes, we remained awake. It was like even though we both were tired—tired beyond belief—we couldn't get rid of the energy buzzing between us. And it didn't help that my cock, which had finally decided to calm down after what had happened earlier today, found itself stirring once again, waking up as if in greeting for the soft scent of her hair and body just inches from me.

You can guess what I thought about, or what part of my anatomy wanted to do when I smelled mom. It was the same primal thing that made my stomach growl when there was food nearby and it demanded satisfaction. Only this time it felt weird to touch myself with my mom right next to me. There wasn't a shower curtain to hide behind and a closed door wouldn't be enough to muffle how loud I could get. So I just held still and took deep breaths until it hurt less and I was able to sleep.

And then, just as I started to drift away, I heard her whisper.

"Jared? Are you up?" Mom asked in an anxious way. I could feel her head shift against the pillow we shared, and my body tightened because of that whisper. The voice that had been in my ear. I wondered if I could hear it moaning the way she had moaned through the cabin. I imagined those lips opening for mine.

I swallowed. Then managed a quiet murmur. "Yeah..."

Mom sat up and turned to face me. I couldn't tell what kind of look she was giving me. Just that it was dark. "Do you remember when you used to sleep in the same room as me, and every time I tried to fall asleep, you would always have some story or other for me?" She smiled a little. "It used to drive me crazy when you talked so late, but you did keep me company through many a thunderstorm."

"I don't think I slept," I replied quietly. "Not at night."

Mom smirked and shrugged. "Well—I think now that we're trapped out here, with only one bed and two snowshoes for our

escape—and with the possibility of being stuck here through next month looming over us, Jared, do you think we can keep each other company this way too?"

Mom patted the mattress next to her.

My eyebrows went up. I took my mug in both hands and tried not to stare back at mom's inviting hand. The same hand that made me feel all weird in my guts earlier was patting the mattress just above the edge. It would mean sleeping together again, but I knew from the first night that we could make room for ourselves. And it wasn't like anything was going to happen. There were no hidden signals. That had been in my mind and nothing more.

But there was a tension there, a kind of electricity between us. And though the air smelled clean, something dirty was inside of my head as I got up and put away the mug, turned off all the lights, and then slowly made my way over. Mom was already under the sheets, so I kept them aside to crawl in, keeping a generous amount of space between us while she lay on her back, staring up at the ceiling.

"Can we..." mom finally whispered.

I held still.

"I need to talk about some stuff," she said quietly. "About—what happened outside."

"Uhhhh..." I wasn't sure if this was a trap or not. "Sure...?"

She shook her head. "I don't think you do though."

My brows went up. "What?"

Mom looked up. "I can't tell you how I know these things, but I know them for a fact. This cabin—it has terrible sound proofing."

My blood froze over. "You—"

"Don't try to say it's something else Jared. Because I heard what you said. You're horny because of me. Right now, all through your rant, you've been trying to avoid the truth."

I didn't know what to say. The way she said it, so firm and authoritative, it made me think for a second that she was angry again. But when I looked at her face, she didn't look pissed at all.

She had a strange smile, the kind that said she knew something that I didn't.

"Jared..." Mom bit her lower lip as she moved off the side of the couch and walked towards me.

Now that the bed was out from the couch and took up a fair portion of the room, there was little room between mom's body and the edge of the mattress. She moved so slowly, almost languidly, and I was starting to think this was a dream when I saw how her pajama top slid aside, revealing those soft round curves that made up her cleavage. It got even hotter around us and my mouth started to dry up like I had been in the desert for weeks.

It felt like there was an iron vice squeezing at my heart. My cock twitched against the inside of my pants, pressing tightly at the fabric. Mom's eyes were so clear, so fucking gorgeous, it felt like her eyes had swallowed me whole. I couldn't tear myself away from them.

Mom opened her mouth as if to say something else, but there was nothing that followed. We stood still and stared, mom looking up at me just slightly because I'm a fair amount taller than she is.

And then we leaned towards each other.

At first I don't know who was first to move forward, but when I got closer, mom did too.

There were mere inches between our lips. Her breath, sweet and moist, washed over my mouth as I felt hers brushing over my lips. There was this tiny gasp I couldn't place at first; I thought it came from the embers crackling in front of the couch.

We were frozen. Mom had put both her hands up to the collar of my shirt. My own hands had moved towards her arms, my fingers resting so lightly against her body I barely touched her. The tips of my thumbs were right against the soft curves of her tits, almost touching her hardening nipples.

I couldn't stop trembling. A shiver went through me, then to her. And I swear, it was like mom was holding her breath, waiting. Waiting for me to take action.

Then the moment passed.

Mom pulled away first. "It's..." she gasped, her breathing heavy. "Sorry," she finished, looking at me and shaking her head quickly,

before turning around, walking hurriedly to the bathroom and shutting herself inside.

The sudden separation left a chasm between us. I could see through the space that she'd left. There was the door, there was a shower stall, a sink and a toilet; things that were part of life, but now seemed alien because of how fast everything had gone, like the speed of light.

There was this strange silence from the other end of the room; the walls were thin, so much so that they sounded paper-thin when I listened closely enough. And then, barely audible at all, the sound of running water in the background.

That brought me up short. I froze and listened very carefully. Then, I heard mom gasp softly. The soft sound was distinct and I didn't know what I was hearing at first, until I realized that there was only one thing it could be: she was touching herself.

Her tiny whine, not quite a moan or a gasp but some mix between the two, was stifled; I couldn't tell how, but there was clearly something between mom's mouth and the air. Maybe she was biting down on a finger, I imagined. Or holding back with her fist balled up in her mouth.

All the while, it seemed like mom was trying not to let any noise come out. That somehow it was shameful. I stood there awkwardly, unsure if I should move to my bed and ignore the noises until she fell asleep or if I should make my way into the bathroom. But my cock responded automatically. There was no hesitation in it, no thought for the fact that my mother was on the other side of the wall; just hardness and neediness that pulsed through me like waves as I kept listening carefully to the sounds coming from the other room.

After another minute I became sure. Mom was definitely stroking herself off. That little wet noise was there in the background and even though I was getting really uncomfortable by being aroused by my mom masturbating, I couldn't leave.

There was nowhere to hide.

I stood there, unable to move, unable to speak. If I moved at all it'd give me away, even if I just went to sit down and pretend it was

normal, pretending I hadn't heard anything.

Mom stopped after about ten minutes; ten of the longest fucking minutes of my life. And then she was breathing normally and not making any more noise at all. The bed creaked as she laid down underneath her covers.

"Goodnight Jared," she said. Her tone was even; it sounded perfectly natural. It was like there hadn't been this long gap of silence, as if things were completely normal.

I wanted so badly to just leave to make this whole mess stop. But where could I go? Mom and I didn't know anybody around here. And even worse, this storm wasn't over. The news was reporting that another big blast was coming in three days, right around New Year's eve. There was no chance of getting on a plane with the runways shut down, or being able to get any kind of transportation out of town without freezing solid first.

The only thing to do was to sit there, frozen on that sofa and wait for morning, hoping that this strange atmosphere would magically disappear by the time mom got up.

The last thing I remembered was staring at mom, my eyes barely open. She was doing that thing again, the fidgety thing where she played with the strands of hair beside her head. This time, when she did it, instead of imagining her sweaty skin beneath her nightclothes, I felt a heavy pang of guilt.

I wasn't sure about anything anymore. It almost seemed like maybe I should have just come clean to mom about why I got hard that night after she was sick, because if she knew, and she knew the real reason, then maybe everything would be okay. I figured it'd even help explain why I'd have such an insane idea of wanting her. Of desiring her. Because she was safe. Safe in that she didn't have any of the complications a new girlfriend or a one night stand, that she had always been my mother, and always there for me and loved me unconditionally—that if anybody were able to deal with the crazy fucked up ideas I had about sex with my mom, it'd be her. And maybe once she knew, she wouldn't have minded as much if I wanted to touch her and...

And fuck her.

There was a heat blooming against my neck, spreading upwards through my face, and it wasn't the fire, but it was the way my cock was hardening slowly and pushing out of the crotch of my sweatpants. At the same time, however, there was a wave of disgust going through me. I thought about what happened earlier today, mom catching me jerking off to her name, to thoughts of her, and that made me realize that she'd likely never speak to me again. Ever. Even if she did accept how fucked up my fantasies were, there was no fucking way in hell I was going to act on them. But she'd know. Forever, she'd know. It would be so much worse than finding a porno magazine under a teenager's bed, so much worse than catching him stealing condoms or cigarettes or getting caught looking at her underwear drawer, because I was fucking old enough to know what I was doing.

I felt disgusted by myself. By this point, that feeling wasn't new anymore; this had been going on for weeks since I started getting into weird thoughts, but the idea of making it to the couch without pitching a tent was suddenly very unobtainable. My heart raced as the thought became more apparent. How can I get there without my pants showing my boner? I couldn't fucking do it. It didn't matter how dark it got, I was sure she'd notice, somehow.

My mind raced and raced, trying to think of ways to minimize damage.

Mom took a deep breath. "Do you want... um, water?"

I jumped up, surprising her. "Yeah. I'll get it. Do you need something to drink too?"

"Sure," mom murmured. "If there's any juice."

That got me thinking. A shot of vodka or tequila would probably do wonders, right? It could take the edge off, or maybe kill the boner for tonight. Or both. Both were great ideas. There was no way she'd refuse—not with the weather being so bad, not with the stresses, not with us being completely alone.

Mom got up after I found what I was looking for; there wasn't much. Two bottles of vodka, one of them practically full. Two shot glasses. Some other liquor stuff in there that was a whole lotta nah. No mixers.

I brought back out the bottle of vodka, mom eyeing it suspiciously. She knew I was into booze. What did she think I wanted to get all boozed up for? Wasn't my place. Maybe she thought I was trying to drink away my problems. Which was fucking laughable—if I had any idea where the problems came from, then sure, why not? But I didn't think about any of this as I took a quick slug and felt the bite go down my throat. Mom watched me while doing the same thing, holding her eyes open and pulling a face of disgust before wiping her lips on her sleeve.

I filled her glass again. "This isn't good," mom said suddenly, staring at her glass as if it was a puzzle she needed to figure out. "This is bad."

"We're not going anywhere tomorrow," I replied, taking another swig. My head started feeling warm and my shoulders loosened, relaxing. "And since when did you become a lightweight?"

Mom frowned and held the shot glass to her nose. She sniffed the shot once and cringed. "I don't know, since vodka went up in price ten dollars for a tiny bottle and you could barely taste what was good. When did you become a drinker?"

I smiled at her. It was a stupid question, but she asked it earnestly, almost childlike. "Since it was cheap back in college, and even now it still kind of is."

"Ha!" Mom smiled and shook her head. "What happened to you, Jared? How did you end up like this? Drinking and smoking weed—"

"You caught that," I said.

She waved me off. "You're lucky we're here or I would have given you a lecture about how pot smells like something that gets stuck at the bottom of my trash bin because I just can't seem to ever get rid of that smell and you can't tell me you smoke but then you expect me not to notice."

"Hey," I retorted. "It's all about getting rid of the smell and airing things out."

Mom shrugged her shoulders and gave a small smile. "It worked for your father and I when you were still going through your hormonal phase. Though he was never caught... You know how dad

is, always smart." She took a sip from her mug. "And so are you, really."

"Mom," I protested.

She smiled again.

For the second night in a row, it didn't take me very long at all to fall asleep. The day was exhausting, both physically and emotionally. My body was spent and my brain was shot, but as I fell asleep, something gnawed at me. It was this strange dreamlike memory, almost; that moment when mom caught me masturbating to thoughts of her had stuck me hard, and the whole thing left my stomach a mess. And what I felt for mom—that primal urge, the way I needed her...

Was not normal.

But fuck normal. Fuck this place and fuck normalcy, and fuck everything else. Because you know what?

If it was just once, if there was just a sliver of possibility that I could somehow manage to get inside mom, just once, to push myself between those thighs and into her and feel her wrap around me as I came, fuck anyone who would think that it wasn't worth it. I wanted her so fucking much.

And in my sleep, I reached out for her, pulling her close to me as she slept. Her hand came over to my back and she patted it. It wasn't until I woke up in the middle of the night did I realize what was going on: she had felt me hard against her ass, and though I tried to subtly move it away from her, somehow her eyes opened and we were staring at each other, in shock, in confusion.

Because both of us knew what it was. And both of us knew how fucked up this was, yet mom didn't say anything when I rolled away and moved to the farthest corner of the bed.

We went through the motions, again, of another morning in the cabin. The chill was so biting this time that mom suggested staying inside. There was still a whole bunch of firewood outside; plenty to

last another day, but the storm was heavy and there was no reason not to stay inside today if we weren't going to go anywhere.

And with both of us avoiding the weirdness in the morning, I agreed.

I started the tea again while mom changed out of her pajamas. And when she came back and it was my turn to change out of my pants (mom's rules for sleeping together were simple: if I slept without pants or underwear then she would do the same. It meant two different sets of underwear because nobody wanted to sleep in damp, unwashed panties) I did so quickly, and with as little visibility into the room as I could manage, before pulling on a new set of jeans.

"Here we are," mom said, pouring herself a fresh cup, offering me another one which I accepted. "Ready to finish our book?"

My stomach sunk and flipped at the same time. On the one hand, the idea of reading out loud with her, where one of us could stop and the other one could take up the thread of the story was relaxing in the way that we had always done it whenever I was too lazy to read out loud or couldn't make heads or tails of something. But on the other hand, being close to each other felt dangerous somehow now. The way mom had looked at me earlier...

Was she afraid? She might have been disgusted. If she had seen something wrong with the way I masturbated, then... That'd be normal, right? Anybody would be upset. I just hoped it didn't go deeper than that; like some kind of horror story where my mom found out about some dark part of myself that even I wasn't sure of, and she hated me forever because of it.

But I needed to sleep. Even if the bed was small, the heat of each other was the only reliable source we had. And as much as I hated to admit it, I didn't want to get a fucking case of frostbite. I made up my mind quickly when the fire got a little low and it was clear that mom was taking a really long time changing her clothes behind me in the bathroom.

When she came out, she looked relieved to see that I had already set aside some towels on the side of the pull-out bed that was closer to the fireplace.

"Just to help warm up," I tried joking, but mom looked downcast. She mumbled a quiet "thanks," and tucked herself under the covers without any more word.

I kept the door to the bathroom open a crack and then stripped in the shower after turning the tap so the hot water would warm up for a little while, and after a couple moments of hearing the sounds of mom getting comfortable under the blankets, the soft squeak of the mattress springs and then silence, I opened the door and got changed quietly. Mom's back was to me and I turned off the light, which did very little anyway; I made my way along the perimeter of the cabin until I climbed into bed.

And found myself face to face with mom.

She wasn't sleeping. Her eyes were closed, but I saw her chest move and rise as soon as I slid in between the covers. Mom opened her eyes. Even though we couldn't really make out each other's features, there was enough light coming from the fireplace that we could almost see each other's outlines and I got the distinct sense that mom's pupils were dilated, searching across my eyes, searching for something.

Then she blinked. Mom scooted away just a little, rolling over on her side, and it occurred to me that this pullout bed must have been tiny. For someone who was average height or taller, it probably sucked. Mom seemed cramped. She moved to lie down more comfortably, her legs curled up a little bit, and as she did so her knees bumped against mine and then she pulled away.

It became clear really fast that this wasn't going to work. Not at all.

In fact...

If I was reading this correctly, we both had two choices. One: get back into our regular sleeping positions. Or two: try and take turns making the best of what we had. I didn't know how many times we would be using this stupid pull-out bed so I couldn't think like that for too long. And even as I thought of these options, I felt this sudden surge of heat run through my body as my cock decided to push itself up against my underwear again, hard as ever.

Fuck—did that mean that we'd have to sleep in it together?

That had to be wrong. We both knew now that I had a boner when she stripped before, and now the idea of doing anything close to that, let alone with her in pajamas, would be just insane. We were adults—and no matter how much it might not feel like it because of what we were forced to do, there was no way that I was about to even go near any sort of boundary or line in the sand or whatever was keeping us apart.

I didn't trust myself to even breathe.

I wanted my mom. If mom were to look me in the face right at this very moment, I knew there'd be fucking lust in my eyes, my lips maybe parted a little, waiting for her. She'd be disgusted—how could she not be disgusted? All the things that had passed through my head would just be wrong, I know, but they also felt so incredibly natural and I can't explain why.

"Jared," mom said softly. She still kept her gaze locked somewhere above the bed, her eyes half closed. "You were honest with me earlier." She let out a long, slow breath. "About what I saw."

My heart dropped and froze midair before it could slam against my ribs again.

"Yeah," I said quietly back.

"And you weren't lying. You aren't a liar." She took another deep breath that came out with a little tremor.

"I'm... Mom, what are you—"

"Jared," she replied suddenly, and for some reason that sounded so damn sexy. "You're an honest guy, and your dad has always—he's very fond of you. You don't lie when you can avoid it."

"So what are you asking?"

Mom didn't turn to face me. She just pulled off the blanket and slid between the sheets. Even though they covered her body, they still managed to hold tight against the swell of her hips. In fact, mom moved around a little before settling in, and it felt like the covers clung to the shape of her body even closer now.

She breathed long and low, like she was trying to think out what to say next. "What... How..." She cleared her throat, looking away. "Just, please answer me honestly. It's important. When you saw me earlier—"

"Yeah," I interjected, my pulse going through the roof. "Sorry mom. I know that was bad—"

"Don't interrupt me Jared. And look at me when you talk." Mom stared me down; her eyes locked onto mine, holding steady until I could tell it made her nervous and she had to glance back at the tea mug. "How... Did you feel when you saw me? Was it only physical attraction?"

"What?" I blurted out. There was no way she was asking—she couldn't be. "Mom, no. That's not—I mean—"

Mom nodded silently. "It's ok, Jared. I just want... I just want the truth."

The tension was palpable, even thicker than when I saw her naked, because now both of us had this weird feeling that something crazy was going to happen if we said or did anything that felt wrong. But what exactly felt wrong or right was beyond me.

"No," I exhaled. "Well... Yes."

Mom's look didn't change from its intensity. It felt like she was studying me for any sign that I was lying. Which meant there was no place left to hide.

"Okay..." Mom breathed heavily. She swallowed, then looked down. I could tell she was still trying to take all this in and wrap her head around it. I don't know if she ever expected such a response from me when she had asked me earlier that day what I really thought about seeing her naked and sweaty. "So you... So that means..."

I kept my eyes steady on hers. This was going to be rough either way; there was no turning back at this point. But I found myself wishing and praying that mom would just take all this calmly. There had to be something, some words, or combination of them, that would reassure her that everything was cool and nothing was happening.

"That means that... when I saw you the second time?" Mom swallowed, and her voice was low, quiet, with almost no tremor to it. "Your... thing... grew harder."

This was probably going to be the most honest answer of them all, and probably also the stupidest. In the dark of the room, though,

lit only by the flicker of red from the fireplace, I couldn't really help myself. Even with all the embarrassment, it was easy enough to talk about this kind of stuff in this kind of atmosphere.

I nodded. My heart was pounding a mile a minute, and mom kept her eyes on mine, staring, studying, like she was trying to discern what I felt from my expression. It wasn't that much different than when we were playing poker earlier today. She didn't even need cards.

Mom was silent for a little longer.

"Why were you calling me Cara?" She asked. Her tone wasn't accusing, not in the slightest. She could have asked about whether or not it rained, it felt so neutral. But this wasn't neutral, not to me. "Was that her name? The girl from college?"

"No," I tried to make sure I kept calm. Mom was fishing. Why the fuck did I say mom's first name? You idiot—"She was... It just came out, and you know, things have been awkward lately and—"

"It's okay Jared, you can tell me." Mom was getting that look, the same look from when I got home late after partying with my buddies during senior year.

The problem was that when she made that face, her expression hard and eyes boring into mine, the same expression I had known for years and years was suddenly fucking sexy. Maybe because I was looking at her lips. Maybe because I still knew what color panties she wore under those pink pajama pants and her shirt was light enough that if she hadn't shaved since this morning, there might be a thin trail of pubic hair starting to show.

That made me feel guilty. And excited. And guilty and horny all at once, which just seemed to be giving mom even more confirmation.

"Is it... I mean... It can't really be me." Her words came slowly as she looked around. She had been looking down, deep in thought, and then snapped back up to look at me, shaking her head. "You're going crazy—we're stuck—" she waved her hands in front of her. "There's nowhere to go—I haven't showered, not properly—I don't have my makeup on—and I'm... you know." Her voice dropped so low that I almost didn't catch what she said next: "old."

Fuck. Old wasn't even the right word. There was a reason why I liked to look at her, and it wasn't because she had some old lady body—because she didn't. Her tits were still full and perky; she must have had the ass of a supermodel hidden beneath her pants; her hair still fell in soft waves; and whatever makeup she did wear seemed like it was more of a formality than anything else.

My silence confirmed it all, didn't it? She was probably wondering if I had fantasized about her while doing it or something, the very same thoughts that I had been pushing from my mind since we first got trapped. It took everything for me not to say it again: I don't think of you like that—you're my mom.

And as soon as she got up, stretching in a way that accentuated how her shirt lifted over the bottom curve of her breasts, I couldn't even say those words anymore. All I could do was try my best to keep my eyes away, on the floor, or outside where the snow had already started coming down heavy again. I tried to take interest in it, but no matter how hard I squinted, no matter how much I forced myself to ignore the sound of her breath, there was no doubt that she was the most captivating thing around.

I waited for my cock to go soft, waiting for it to wane and stop fucking betraying me, but it did nothing of the sort. Instead it remained hard, unceasingly so, until at last she spoke:

"Should I get the lamp?" She asked. "So you can go change clothes?"

All I could think as she said that was how much I loved the sound of her voice, the little tingles that came when her tone hit certain places. What kind of a fucked up pervert would be thinking of his own mother in that way? A bad one, that's what—and yet here you are, getting harder just hearing her.

You want her to touch you—you don't care about your mom, or anybody else. You just want that sweet pussy between her legs and the taste of those lips on yours.

My eyes were lowered, my mouth dry, and all I did was shake my head.

The air shifted. It got hotter. But not in a way where we both knew we were going to start sweating soon; no, it was like this was

some weird fever dream, something where reality didn't matter so long as it seemed impossible.

That's when mom moved over to me slowly, until she was standing right in front of me. Her hands were fidgeting at her waist. "I... uh..." she spoke very slowly and deliberately. "Are you tired? Can I...?"

"Yeah," I responded, unsure of what I was responding to. My brain hadn't really registered what she said yet, but by this point there was nothing else to say, because everything had changed. That was my first clue. The second was the way mom looked at me like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar, almost. Like she wanted something but couldn't take it. Or rather, she knew exactly what she wanted but didn't know if she could have it or not.

Then there was the thing I felt between my legs. An arousal. Hard and demanding and so strong that it made my chest heavy. Mom was only standing about a foot away from me now, and there was only one light, a small lamp in the corner that was dim and cast a gentle shadow over half of her face.

Her eyes looked at me sideways for a moment while she thought hard about something. It seemed like I knew what it was, because my eyes were glued on those eyes of hers and on the lips beneath them, so soft, just a hint of red—and I think if anyone has ever kissed me they'd probably feel exactly the same way as I did.

Then my world fell apart.

Because mom raised her chin up and she looked directly into my eyes, almost daringly, and then her hand went to my chin. Her voice trembled a little when she spoke next, saying, "Goodnight," in a very small tone, but it felt like all the power and presence in the whole world had condensed into that one point and her eyes seemed to swallow me up.

She leaned in towards me, closer, close enough for me to see myself reflected in the brown of her irises, and then my body seemed to go into fucking auto pilot and I met her half way there; our mouths brushing together. The softness of her skin pressed against me and that smell of something so clean, so intimate and

natural, made me feel heady. And when she let go with a small gasp, she gave a shuddering little noise and looked down.

For some reason, my reaction was the only reaction possible, and so I did it again: kissing mom again on those plump, sweet lips of hers. This time they opened, yielding, letting me brush my tongue into her mouth and taste the sweetness of her tea. She tasted like honey; my tongue touching hers softly and hesitantly as she responded by leaning in just a little bit further. The scent of her hair flooded my nose as she came into my arms and our kiss deepened. Mom's hand came around the back of my head to press me closer and the sensation of how it felt to have this woman's mouth moving slowly, passionately, sensuously on mine nearly sent me to the edge of something terrifying.

When mom pulled away again, I wanted more than anything else just to lean in again, but before I could, her face tilted in slightly and she moved over to plant a small kiss on my cheek, the soft touch of her lips warm and wet and sweet and tender.

She pulled away completely, sitting just two feet apart from me. I couldn't quite catch what her expression was like, because there was hardly any light to tell. But it felt like I saw, anyway. The slight, tired smile of someone who was afraid, but had no choice but to take a risk, all framed by a dark curtain of wavy brown hair.

"Goodnight, Jared," she said, her voice hoarse and thick. "Sorry about earlier. Really."

"Sorry for—" I started to say. Sorry for jerking off? Then why did you do that, kiss? You just made it ten times harder for him not to be thinking about you.

Then her hand reached across the space and cupped my knee. It rested there for a moment, before slipping up, almost agonizingly slow, and it brushed along my leg until her fingers rested just barely above my groin, close enough to feel the heat of my crotch, but far enough away from anything that could have been considered sexual.

"You're a good man, Jared," she said finally, her voice soft. And then she got up.

The moment she was out of sight in the bedroom, I threw off the covers and ripped off my clothes. The fire was doing a decent job

keeping things warm, but the way my cock was swelling to life was threatening to cook me alive. I found myself pulling down the waist of my underwear and letting it pop back up against my stomach before pushing them down my hips.

I wrapped my hand around my thick, full cock, hot and heavy in my palm, pulsing with need. Then, taking a deep breath, I tried to figure out what I wanted. I looked around and, making sure that no shadows or ghosts were haunting me, imagined myself kneeling at the foot of mom's bed.

Then I closed my eyes and saw myself on top of mom, looking at those gorgeous brown eyes of hers, seeing them wide with surprise. Maybe lust. Her arms would be pinned over her head, her lips parted, gasping, whining softly for more while my balls slapped wetly against her ass—

I groaned aloud and felt precum gush through my fingers.

Just as my body started to tense up, the bed creaked from the other side of the wall.

Mom must have heard me, because in a flurry of rustling blankets and sheets, the door opened suddenly. Mom gasped, looking at me. I jumped away, turning from her, pulling on my pajama pants. "I—uh—" I was stammering. "Yeah, I'll try not to let you hear what's happening."

There was no laughter. Mom stared at me, eyes wide, then she came close to me. There wasn't a space between us as mom put both hands on my chest, gripping my shirt, staring up at me. It was dark in here, but with the fire flickering and sending out its orangish light, I could see every shade of brown in mom's eyes.

Her voice was hoarse, breathy when she spoke. "Jared... honey..."

"What is it, mom?" I tried to speak casually. But there was something in her expression that made me tremble. There was something in the way she stood just in front of me that sent chills through me. My chest burned, like I was freezing yet hot as hellfire.

She looked down, then stepped back. "I need you to do something for me."

I swallowed the lump in my throat, trying to not lose it entirely, or think too much about how badly I wanted mom at this point. How I was literally aching to get inside of her. "What is it?"

"I need you... I need you to sleep next to me tonight," she said slowly. Then quickly, as if anticipating a complaint, she went on. "Please. Don't say anything. This cabin—it's cold. And I'm afraid of losing body heat again. You know... when there's just..." She was blushing, staring at the ground. It was as if she could hear the sound of my heart pounding against the floor, but she forced herself to look up at me. "I'm your mother, Jared. But I'm... scared."

Her last few words broke something in me. Because when she finally looked at me, I saw that there was a kind of fear there that I never expected, ever in my life, to see in her expression. And there was an edge of panic to it that told me just how real it was, and it made her seem vulnerable in a way she hadn't been at any time before.

"I can't... have that happen again," she whispered.

I found myself nodding.

When I crawled into bed, she lay down in front of me and pressed her backside to my front and for the second time, I felt those hips I had seen, and that ass I had imagined, grinding against my crotch.

It was maddening. I knew that there wasn't anything I could do about it, and when we lay in the dark and the air chilled around us, when my cock got hard yet again and pushed insistently against my pants, against the thin cotton of the pajamas she lent me, and against that bottom of hers—

She moved again. And again. I froze. And then, when the movement of my cock seemed too much to bear, I tried to angle it, so that it would be somewhere else instead of right where she was most sensitive, least expecting it.

I managed to push it lower, away from between her legs and away from where she would know that she affected me; that if I didn't have an erection then the thing wouldn't function anymore.

Instead, the heat of my shaft slid across the bottom of her ass, past the swell of her ass, until I settled between the top of her

thighs instead. Mom shivered when she felt my hardness push across her crotch, sliding through the cleft of her legs, and her whole body seemed to shake with it for just a moment before she settled again.

Mom didn't look at me, didn't say anything. I didn't even move or breathe during that point in time. But I watched as she took one slow, shuddering breath after another, each one making her exhale a little harder. The back of her neck seemed flushed. There was something almost like... anger?

"Did I do something?" She finally said. "Is this because—" Her voice caught in her throat.

Fuck.

The answer was so fucking obvious, I wanted to die of shame. It made my guts squirm inside of my gut to think that she even suspected that this had anything to do with her, or worse, with me being horny. I knew she had heard me call her name when I jerked off. There's no way she didn't hear that—the thought brought a fresh blush of embarrassment into me.

"No," I said.

"Is it... because you've been cooped up for a little while?" Mom pressed. "You must have... you know."

Mom was staring hard at the mug, but I knew exactly what she was implying. I knew exactly what she was referencing. It wasn't even close to something else, or whatever she had suggested. She wanted to know if I had...

I found myself unable to say anything.

Mom gave a short, tight nod. It was like she knew, or sensed, the answer without me saying it. But she continued pressing, the topic making her stammer and her words come out haltingly, almost like they weren't even her own. "You never got around to saying what Cara was like," Mom pressed.

"It doesn't matter," I mumbled. "I was really just bored. Like you were worried that I'd need to blow off steam." I felt defensive, angry at this weird intrusion into my personal life. Sure, she was right that I got hard seeing her naked body, and sure, for two days afterwards it kept haunting me, and sure, that very same horniness is the exact

thing that landed us in this whole awkward mess in the first place, but the least I could do was hide the truth from her. She didn't need to know.

It didn't occur to me that she wasn't asking because of concern, but maybe because...

"C'mon," mom tried joking. "Give me some details about this Cara girl. I used to talk to you all the time about boyfriends—or, you know. About how I had girlfriends—" Mom let loose a small laugh, like there was a joke in her memory. "Was she pretty?" Mom finished with that last line, her tone high and innocent sounding.

"Yeah," I answered. It was almost painful admitting it. I hated myself. Maybe she did too.

Then mom shifted herself closer, until we were a couple inches away. She was studying my face, her look a mixture of curiosity and surprise. There was something else going through her head, some kind of idea that seemed to pop up in the form of an epiphany, and it slowly spread across her face and made her lips part so that I could see the tiny tip of her tongue press against her teeth.

Mom scooted herself over again, so that our knees touched.

"Did you two sleep together?" Mom asked quietly.

It was impossible to miss.

There was no way to dodge. Not when she had come so close, not when I could smell her shampoo and whatever laundry detergent she used for her nightclothes. And what really sent my mind reeling was the fact that mom hadn't exactly been a supermodel at the start of all this; even during all those times that I was taking care of her, I remember just how tired she looked. But now...

Now she looked incredible. She had lost all those pounds of flab; the lines of her face, of her neck, they were smoother. Her breasts didn't look as saggy. The curve of her backside seemed almost perfect. If anything, her hips looked wider, like they were just ripe and ready for something—

She didn't wait for my answer. Mom cleared her throat and stood up. "Go ahead and take the bed." Then she turned and walked

toward the bathroom. "I'll go after you get your sleep," she finished before closing the door behind her.

The bathroom door had always been thick, I guess in case a pipe broke or something, because it never let through any kind of sound. So I heard nothing, which was both good and bad; good because I didn't want to hear her showering or changing or getting undressed, but bad because it meant that maybe she wasn't feeling well. I don't know how long I had stood outside of the bathroom before I heard a low thump on the other side of it, then footsteps on the tile. A drawer opened and shut, some rustling, then finally silence again.

I knocked. "You alright in there?"

"Just fine," mom answered. There was a pause. "I just took something for headaches. I'll be okay, Jared. Just take the bed."

My thoughts churned inside my head. There was nothing more dangerous than a sleeping mom because if there was ever going to be a chance to think crazy thoughts, they'd be while I was alone and she was out cold.

But it had been days since I've actually slept in a regular bed, and even though that pull-out had springs in it that poked and prodded like it was alive, it was still softer and less crowded than the tub or the futon. And mom said she'd take care of everything else anyway; if there was anything she needed, she'd ask me for help.

It made sense. "Alright," I relented. "Don't let your headaches keep you up."

Mom smiled and laid down. "Trust me. I'm too exhausted to do anything else." She closed her eyes and relaxed into the mattress. With a single word, she fell asleep.

The cabin got chillier after an hour, like I suspected. I heard the whump of snow falling off a tree and onto the roof, along with the occasional crackle of a branch settling somewhere against the exterior walls. But even with my blanket over me, it felt like it got colder and colder as the night drew on.

At about two in the morning, the fire dimmed. I shivered. The only part of the couch that I had left to myself was the very far side, pressed almost into the wall. And yet, something was pulling me toward mom. Like she had some kind of gravitational pull, it was

clear to me that I needed to stay close to her warmth, especially in these temperatures.

It had been days since we were on that first bus ride. If I just made sure not to touch any other part of her... well... maybe a couple more inches closer wouldn't be a big deal, right?

And for all the times we'd cuddled on Christmas before, this really shouldn't feel any different.

I didn't move closer immediately. It took an hour or two until I finally couldn't stand how cold I was. By this time, the fire had gone out completely. But I had waited for mom to go into a deeper sleep; to stop moving around and her breath to turn from little pauses into one long breath that rose and fell.

I shifted, making sure my back was firmly pressed against the back edge of the pull-out couch, and as I moved my hand to get a grip on the blanket over me, instead, what touched her skin was my fingers.

There was no movement under them.

So I slowly pulled back, moving again. It didn't go well. This time, my whole forearm grazed the side of hers, then along the crook of her elbow. I pulled away as quickly as possible, but mom held still. And from what I could see in the low light of the fire, her face was completely red.

The space between us felt like miles. But if there was something inside of me that was desperate to do anything but be alone, to get just a bit closer, or to get mom closer to me—anything than what was happening. My heart started racing like mad when mom stood up abruptly and walked past me, not bothering to say a word.

I figured she was just going to grab something, but there was no noise coming from her room. I moved a little closer to hear if maybe she had fallen asleep or was just breathing hard. Then, after a moment, I saw the shadow of her pajamas appear, and suddenly mom emerged, her face resolute, her eyes staring straight ahead. She was dressed in that same outfit again, but this time, there were socks on her feet that reached halfway up her calves.

And in her hands was the blanket from before.

I realized then what mom intended for tonight. And as my stomach went into overdrive with excitement, I knew that whatever we might be doing was probably not going to be easy for me to control myself.

Mom laid down, her back to mine, on her side of the mattress. But unlike last time, where it had been clear that she kept herself close to the edge of her side of the bed, tonight, she moved so that her body was a mere two inches from touching mine. That same kind of hot distance that made me feel like maybe there was less than a few millimeters keeping us apart, even though the thick blanket acted as an extra barrier.

Mom didn't bother making an excuse.

Not that night. Not like the nights before. She just breathed softly and evenly, until I noticed that there was no way to possibly sleep when this much heat and tension was in the room. When mom shifted, moving her legs or her shoulders, those two inches between us became one inch, and I could feel how warm she was by just sensing the heat that radiated off of her body. It was a sweet scent, too, coming from her skin. This time, as if the cold had been hiding something that only really came out in heat, I was sure that it wasn't my imagination playing tricks on me.

Then she cleared her throat, turned her head towards me, and started speaking quietly.

"Jared." Mom said quietly. "I need your help again."

There was an unspoken, yet incredibly obvious thing hanging in the air. That unspoken thing seemed to take up all the space around me until there was no room to breathe. I felt light headed as I nodded slowly, as if everything from my waist down was under water.

My voice sounded so small; it sounded like I hadn't ever grown older, like it came from my six-year-old self when I finally told the truth about why I had taken apart all the clocks and the TV, or when I told dad what the noise was last night in the living room when he asked how we woke him up while we were both playing a board game at two AM.

"Okay." It was the best I could say.

And then I followed behind mom to the bedroom again. The heat of her back radiated through her pajama top and I knew my hands were sweating as they hovered inches above the small of her back while she went down the short hallway.

Tonight, I didn't sit on the side of the bed opposite where she was laying. Instead, I watched as mom sat on the mattress, her expression worried but otherwise impassive. Then I walked past her, turning and getting into my side. I figured being polite meant leaving space, and I found that I could breathe better once I was sure that she wouldn't be able to feel me, or bump against me when she fell asleep.

But tonight, mom's feet made a soft brush against my side and I knew it wasn't by accident. My heart leapt up into my throat as I stared up at the ceiling.

What was I supposed to do?

Did mom know how weird things had been between us? Was she okay with it or was she hoping for some kind of sign from me that she wasn't alone? Mom didn't turn away and her feet rested against my body; her toes wriggled and pressed a little harder like she couldn't resist pushing. It was the first thing that broke the strange atmosphere since mom put down the sheets for the mattress.

Then, just like that, everything went quiet. The air stayed hot and dense and my mother was still awake. I knew she was because I could hear her swallow every couple seconds, like she was trying to stay awake too. But also not trying to get up, lest things seem more uncomfortable than they already were.

How long did we stay awake? My eyes drifted closed once or twice and the thoughts of Cara came back, but this time she kept morphing and changing into different people—my friends' girlfriends, and then girls from high school who wore tight sweaters and had full, pouting lips. When I tried to think of them more, of fucking their mouths until I unloaded a heavy batch of semen straight inside their tonsils, nothing really came out.

But thinking of them, thinking of anything else—it all led to mom again. And thinking of her, with her ass against me in the snowmobile, and with the way I caught her when we first entered

the cabin. With the way that she looked so fucking good and even better with every layer of her clothes removed—they made her look sexier by degrees. There was a moment where all her wet clothes were off and it was just a robe that clung to her skin—

It was then that I heard my mother moan.

A light moan, quiet as hell. But one that went straight from my ears down to the end of my cock.

The effect was instant. I found myself stiffening. I kept my eyes closed, not sure if it was real, and waited, hoping that mom wouldn't make any other sounds that would make my heart flutter like that or make my balls ache.

But... mom moaned again. Lightly, breathily. Like she was enjoying herself—

"Um..." mom muttered. She cleared her throat, her voice high and breaking. "I think something happened to your mother—" she said, quickly adding: "On the movie—in the movie." Mom was sitting against the wall on the mattress; her feet tucked underneath her and her knees spread just slightly enough that I could see what lay between them through the sheer fabric of her pajamas.

She sat back with a hard sigh, her bottom lip sucked deep into her mouth, before she finally relaxed enough for me to breathe, even just a little bit.

I nodded.

"Yeah—uh..."

Mom turned to me, and in the dying orange light of the fire, she looked beautiful, gorgeous, the skin of her neck catching a glow that was like it came from inside her.

"Jared," mom asked, leaning closer. She licked her lips. "Are you okay?"

"Wha...?" I looked back at mom and my eyes drifted down her figure. This time, she didn't stop me. In fact, I'm pretty sure I wasn't even supposed to look up—but when I did, her eyes were heavy lidded and her mouth had relaxed into a gentle curve, something almost sensuous in its subtlety.

"How are you sleeping?" Mom asked, not seeming to notice or mind how I looked at her. The tone of her voice was low, smooth

and warm. "I know for a fact that I don't really sleep well these days —" she gave me a tight-lipped smile.

"Is it nightmares?" I tried asking, suddenly worried about my own.

Mom nodded. "They come back every once in a while," she said simply.

Her words, her eyes, they made me ache. Something about this image, it had to be true—she was being open and vulnerable and real with me, and it felt strange. As if things that I thought would always be closed off to me were somehow right here within arm's reach.

I felt my body lean toward her. She looked beautiful, almost ethereal, in the soft glow of the light that had been left on overhead, just enough so that we didn't trip over ourselves, and not any brighter. Mom looked at me again, as if asking for help without ever saying anything. Then she nodded. "I can turn over—or you can sleep first, whichever one is—"

"Whatever works best for you," I answered, nodding. "Is... what are you going to do tonight?"

Mom smiled weakly at me and shrugged her shoulders, pulling up her knees until the pajamas hugged them softly. "Try to get some sleep," she sighed. "Maybe tomorrow morning we'll head out early."

"It won't take long to walk," I said.

Mom nodded. "We'll find a car or something. Maybe your uncle left something." She sighed. "And then maybe we'll go straight to the airport. How about that?"

"Sounds good," I lied. "Yeah, I don't know if I'd want to go back to work after all this."

Mom's smile was forced. "That's a good boy," she said, and there was a hint of bitterness or sarcasm in the words. Then she took a deep breath. "Maybe tomorrow you could show me those skills on that gun."

I looked over. I almost didn't expect it, but mom had brought her handgun up with her when she was pulling the bed out, and even though she placed it carefully to the side and pointedly didn't look at it, I found myself wondering where this was going.

"Sure," I finally said, after mom had sat there and waited. "Not too long—just to be safe."

"Of course," mom agreed. Then she pulled the covers over her pajamas and snuggled into a cocoon against the pillows, her face turned away from mine. "Goodnight, Jared."

"Goodnight," I said in response, putting my mug on the kitchen counter, turning off the last light, and slipping under the sheets next to her.

I found myself on my back again, staring at the ceiling. But this time, it was because I was too afraid to do anything else. I couldn't help myself with the fantasizing about mom. And this time around... It was as if there was no longer any point trying to deny that there were certain thoughts and ideas running through my head. Even if it was sick. Even if I fucking shouldn't have been thinking these things at all.

I just kept thinking of Cara sucking me off. Of how hot her mouth would feel—no doubt she knew how to suck cock perfectly well—how soft she would be, the feeling of a warm pussy wrapped around my dick... I wanted to find out how it felt for somebody to cum inside me—and not to sound gay, but what must it have been like for dad? He came inside mom when I was made, right?

And with those thoughts swirling around, the room had this subtle scent—something like heat and the smell of sweat, and something so distinct to mom, like perfume or lotion. The heat made everything seem hazy and almost thick in the air.

What's mom doing now? Would she ever touch herself? How would her hands feel on her breasts, stroking her thighs, how would she rub between her legs, the look on her face if she was turned on, the way her tits might hang low... what does her pussy look like now? Does it need a shave? What color is her clit? Did I get it from her?

I had another crazy idea that maybe she'd get up in the middle of the night to take care of herself, that maybe I could watch, the way she'd touch her breasts and moan, what she'd say, I wanted to see my mom horny—

There was no way in hell I was getting through any of this. My cock was painfully hard against my pants, even through the sheets. I had managed to convince myself that mom must have forgotten about my whole spiel earlier, where I said her name. Maybe she forgot. Or worse, she pretended she forgot so things could be normal.

What kind of mother and son could we be now, anyways?

But... there were still things I wanted to know. About my mom's sex life. The way she liked her cocks. Whether dad would do it to her in the shower; how mom looked when she was pregnant with me; did she ever let someone come on her face back in high school —and not to sound too kinky or anything, but the idea of my cum shooting across her tongue and eyes and cheek—

Fuck!

I rolled over as quietly as I could so that I wouldn't have to face a half-asleep Cara who had no doubt decided to forget what I'd been up to with my dick out earlier today.

I closed my eyes. Maybe tomorrow would be better. We'd eat breakfast, watch TV until lunch, maybe find an escape route somewhere and finally get back home. And maybe... we'd find another excuse to talk to each other sometime in the future. I couldn't bear it right now; my shame was too great to face her, really face her, because after hearing her talking and knowing that she knew about... she knows about you and your... what, obsession, with mom...

I tried shaking those thoughts off. If it's any consolation, I never wanted to like you mom in this way. It doesn't mean anything. Mom's mom. You're a person who loves someone you've known for ages and... that person is you, the son. Just... just go away from mom's room. Stop watching porn, stop masturbating to girls with dark hair and wide hips and curvy bodies and sweet voices, stop looking at girls naked—

I tried pushing everything out of my head and falling asleep to nothingness instead. Except when I heard breathing, soft, but close enough to me, and felt a warm body behind me, I almost freaked out again.

"Shh." I heard a whisper near me.

My heart skipped a beat. My whole fucking world stopped.

Something touched my back—soft fingers. Mom's hand moved around, her nails scraping against my skin lightly, just under my shirt, the same way she always did to help me fall asleep when I was a little kid and stayed home from school. I didn't dare breathe; didn't dare even turn around.

"Goodnight," mom whispered, just a bit louder.

"Night—" I choked out.

Mom withdrew her hand and rolled away from me. There were only a few moments of silence before her breathing grew heavy and I knew for sure that she fell asleep.

But I couldn't do the same. I tried counting sheep, staring at the wall, even closing my eyes and trying to let it come to me, but whatever the fuck was happening wouldn't go away. Even though mom seemed like everything was cool between us—that maybe I had convinced her that nothing was weird, something happened. It was as if her smell and presence got all locked inside of my head; there was no shaking her out of it, and then on top of it, I found myself replaying that moment when I had finally cum earlier today.

That thought made me hard again, really fucking hard, so that it almost hurt to not deal with it. What had felt great was the fact that I was thinking about mom's pussy.

It felt disgusting to even think those words. I shouldn't be looking at her there, in that way, except—god damn it—I needed to deal with this. I wanted to cum so badly and the fact that my balls were sore, tight, aching and I hadn't done a thing about it, it was getting too much to bear. It felt like forever that I had been hard for. I remembered how good it felt when Cara swallowed every last drop of my semen in college. She loved having me in her mouth, loved making me finish on her breasts...

Cara... Mom... The image of their soft, wet mouths, of their pussies, dripping...

I could feel the warmth radiating from where mom lay down next to me. Just barely within touching distance. The sound of her breath filled my ears. What did mom do with dad? How had she fucked him

before I came along and ruined all that shit? Did mom take cock easily or was she tight; did she enjoy having daddy cum inside of her, or did she love cumming around his thick, throbbing member. Mom probably took it rough, the way he liked it. Dad was pretty dominant, in an aggressive way, and mom let him have that part of her—he probably grabbed at her, turned her around, spread her cheeks open and put it deep—

A warm body, against mine. A small moan. Soft hair brushing across my shoulder.

A hand, pressing lightly on top of mine.

Something stirred inside of me. It pushed everything else away from my head except for the thoughts and dreams that had kept me hard for the past three days. That heat that radiated from her body. Her voice, right above me. "Jared..."

My heart nearly stopped when her finger interlocked with mine. Then her palm squeezed mine.

I couldn't hear anything over my heartbeat and my blood pumping. Mom shifted next to me on the couch. Her body pressed against my shoulder. I felt her warmth radiate through me. Our hands stayed locked together; even as they were both between us, the fingers twisting, squeezing and playing, almost absentmindedly.

The warmth of the tea went down my throat into my belly and then it came up again, the whole place hot. Mom put her hand down on my leg and gave it a little squeeze. "Jared," she whispered hoarsely. It was strange hearing her voice like that. It was so husky. Like something had just turned on in her.

Mom shifted towards me again, her hand sliding further up my thigh. She leaned against me, her breath tickling my ear, her voice dropping an octave, her breasts against my arm, soft, full, round. "You want to fuck me."

"Yeah," I exhaled. No sense hiding it anymore. What did I have left to lose? Mom knew. Everything was out on the table. "I do mom. A lot. Every second."

Her fingers played with mine. We had our hands clasped together and mom squeezed, tight, pulling my knuckles apart. "I see the way you look at me," she murmured, almost singing the words. "You

stare so much. You're so desperate for your mommy to pay attention to you," she breathed, her head lolling over to rest on my shoulder. "And I know that you don't want to. And you're telling yourself that you shouldn't..." she took a deep breath through her nose, inhaling my smell. "I'm just your mommy."

I stared into space, looking at the fire while my whole body went rigid. There was a strange kind of tension to how we were sitting, with mom pressing against me, our bodies touching. "No, Cara," I corrected her softly. It seemed right that I use her name now; she'd be Cara as far as I knew from that moment on. Just like dad would always be David. Mom—Cara—would not be called Cara when I told her this.

"It's been hard not to get... aroused around you," I mumbled. "I'm sorry, Cara."

Cara's fingers kept working at mine, our hands slowly locking together until they were completely enfolded by one another's. Her warmth was spreading through me already. "Jared—" she swallowed. "Maybe that's just because you're going crazy being locked up in here."

"Maybe," I said, staring intently into her face. Our faces were so close. I could smell the remnants of tea on her lips, the softness of it making them seem dewy. "But I mean it."

A tiny part of me expected her to slap me, or call me something terrible, or even start screaming for some kind of help, but instead, she did none of those things. The hand that I wasn't holding onto moved upwards towards my chest where it settled and held on, clutching onto the front of my shirt. "But you know we can't, right?" she exhaled shakily.

There was a small thrill of excitement when she didn't reject me. She didn't recoil or get angry. But at the same time, she clearly indicated why.

So I nodded, letting my hand fall away from hers. "Of course. Mom," I added as if the name would help push all of this down.

Mom's hand lingered, but as I stepped back, she followed for just one moment before pulling it away quickly. Her mouth opened again

like she had more to say, but no words came out. Then she turned away from me.

I found myself suddenly staring at the curve of her hips; the way they pushed out from her body. Even in pajama pants, that beautiful swell was very clear; so inviting—just big enough to fill both of my hands, with a gap between the thighs that I could fit my hand into if I wanted, and there, behind those cloths was a dark and hidden place with something deep and hot that throbbed, ready to receive all kinds of heat inside of it.

My mind went back to my fantasy. Cara's legs spread, mouth drooling with cum, legs splayed with semen leaking from her pussy—cumming inside—your semen, mom's womb, what kind of stuff do you think dad ever said when he came deep inside of her to make you happen?

I turned away from mom after too long of a stare, taking the blankets with me as I curled up on the couch bed, pulling them over my shoulders to fend against the cold.

"Night, mom," I called.

She mumbled something before turning off the lights. I saw the silhouette of her climb onto the twin sized mattress, where she settled down, pulling her blankets over herself. She didn't have pillows, which meant she was resting her head on her own arms, curling her body inward, making sure her feet were covered by the thickest part of the blanket.

In a way, it was just like how she slept back home. A memory hit me and it felt warm inside—it was during the summer of last year; dad was still alive. The heat had become so bad that mom got sick, and we all took a week off to just camp out in front of the fan; all sleeping in one room so that we'd always be comfortable. Back then, mom slept the same way—except she had more space, and less clothes. It was also during the summer that you could see the outline of her breast and waist through any of her shirts, no matter how heavy they were.

Even now, seeing the curves and lines of her body brought back all those memories of that week we spent together. When dad woke up with a fever he took his car to a hotel that didn't have air

conditioning so that we wouldn't all get sick, and for the entire week, we shared ice cream, lemonade, movies, and stories of the future; mom made a point of telling us that she'd take dad to Paris, and then when the kids grew up, they would join them on trips to Italy.

"You remember that trip I want to take dad on?" She asked, suddenly stirring me from my reverie. I blinked away the memory.

"Yeah. How could I forget?"

"Maybe if you visit after it's done, I'll bring you there." Her voice was tired and soft and sleepy.

I smiled. "How could I say no to that?"

Then... nothing. Nothing was said, the flames were getting dimmer, the only sound being the shifting of embers under wood, and the sound of a faraway owl in the woods. Then mom stood up abruptly, turning back from where she was on her way to the bed.

Her fingers twisted. They weren't as sure or steady as they usually were.

But this time when she turned, she did not leave her head bowed.

No. Her eyes lifted and met mine, with some kind of strength behind them.

She swallowed, and opened her mouth—once, twice, before saying it.

"Did you mean what you said earlier?" Her voice wavered.

I blinked; the heat inside the room suddenly spiking. "Mean what?"

A pause. Then, "That it's hot in here?" She licked her lips, then swallowed again, almost nervously.

"Uh," I found my mouth completely dry, trying to remember when I said that. "I—" I looked around at the place. The tiny space had a nice feel to it, and for all I could see, we had plenty of food, and plenty of heat. Mom had made it cozy enough, what with all the curtains and pillows on the couch, and a couple of the other small comforts in the place. "Not... not really," I managed. I finished my cup and tried to keep up the conversation. "Did you mean it earlier? When you said that tomorrow we can probably walk back."

Mom nodded. "I called the highway patrol." Her tone was clipped as she spoke, trying to sound normal, though I saw her eyes were still lowered and fluttering quickly; thinking, thinking, thinking about who knows what. "They said there might be some plow trucks out on the roads early on Wednesday. We might be able to make it through, depending on how deep the snow is around here. There's a lot more places to get stuck along the road too."

"Ah." That was good to hear. "Great news. Guessing this means we go into work Tuesday night instead?"

"Yeah," mom said softly. "But... well... we should see where the highways are and go from there."

The fact that we were probably going to survive meant there was less incentive to stay together in this tiny cabin, but the problem was that the cold had already seeped down into every floorboard and cupboard in the place, and neither of us were willing to brave the freezing night without this kind of heat.

I lay awake, unable to sleep at first, not knowing how or where or why I was feeling the way I was.

I mean, it didn't matter what my body was reacting to—mom or no mom, the thought of being stuck inside with any woman with nothing else to do would make a guy think thoughts. And hell, maybe a girl could get hot and bothered about it too.

What would happen if there weren't two bedrooms here? If there was just the one room and the sleeping bags or whatever and then you add that to the stress of what you've been through the past two days, it's probably no surprise that anybody stuck in a tiny little space like this might just wind up jumping on someone else if only for a way to forget it all.

That idea seemed to calm me down. Because if this were some random lady instead of mom, and we were stuck somewhere together and bored out of our minds, well... we would wind up doing something silly together. That much was certain. There were these urges and instincts and the human animal was an animal, right? You get trapped somewhere, you try to escape. You get trapped somewhere with no way out, you're going to get frustrated and desperate and that frustration manifests in some strange ways.

My heart skipped when I saw mom's face. She looked at me.

"Are you ready for bed?" Her voice was soft. Almost a whisper.

I nodded. "Yeah."

It was almost automatic how we both set about our business, closing the blinds on the windows and taking a pee. We switched off the lamp between the couch and the fireplace, leaving it dark save for the red glow from the flames. The air in the cabin felt still. Quiet. Hot. And I kept thinking back to all those times I had spent my teen years hiding in this room, pretending to study and read but instead surfing the web on my computer, and I had no idea what I was missing out on then, how things were so much better with someone else close to you. Even if there was a bit of distance, even if you couldn't talk or touch or see much of each other—it was just that there was another living thing nearby, and that somehow seemed to help.

That kind of realization came with the knowledge that mom and I had slept very closely these past couple nights; she'd been naked while we huddled together against the cold, my hands touching her skin, feeling the lines of her curves.

I shivered a little despite the hotness of the room as I lay down to sleep.

My heart did a flip flop when mom came from the bathroom. Mom moved quietly but didn't say anything, which was strange because she always told me goodnight before heading to bed.

She slid into the sleeping bag and pulled the blankets over herself, and the warmth between us slowly built as we lay still next to each other. She stayed on her side while I lay back, facing the ceiling. The reds of the flames lit the walls. They reflected in the window panes. For some reason I couldn't stop thinking about all those stupid movies mom liked watching, and how in most of them the girl is afraid and needs the guy to cuddle with or hold her close because she's scared and then somehow everything works out perfectly by morning and you realize that there are no real problems in life that a couple can't solve together as long as they both just admit that they're crazy about each other.

"Mom?" I suddenly asked. My throat felt thick.

"Hmm? Yes Jared?"

It took me a second to ask. And I couldn't even look at her while I did it. "Would it be alright if we shared the sleeping bags again?" I asked.

"Sure." Mom replied, without missing a beat.

Neither of us said another word as we shuffled around for the arrangement. Mom was the first to get into hers and then she pulled out the blanket to put on top, before sliding under and waiting for me to come closer. She had a soft pillow against the couch, and while I slid my legs under, she looked back at me for the first time since we stopped watching the DVD. Her eyes were a bright green. That was surprising; they were almost like gemstones in the dark. She didn't look away, and neither did I.

For some reason, my hands kept moving and pulling at things until finally, I slipped them under her stomach and curled up to hug her belly. At least that felt natural, at least it didn't feel creepy, or dangerous.

Because that is when mom turned towards me.

Her leg came forward and pressed between mine, and I suddenly felt the pressure of her skin pushing against my cock, my balls, and it woke everything up again. She brought her hand forward, her palm warm. "Good night, Jared." she murmured in a husky voice as her fingers touched my cheek. She stroked my jawline softly as she whispered the words.

She closed her eyes slowly and sighed, settling into sleep quickly.

In that moment, with mom falling asleep by my side, the only thought on my mind was whether it would be better for me if I just broke away from her. To move away, just take my pillow and put some distance, enough so that I didn't wake up to the warmth of her body. Enough distance to stave off the crazy thoughts in my head. Enough distance to make me safe from myself, from what I knew I could do to her if given any sign that she might welcome it.

She fell asleep quickly; the smell of tea still drifting in the air. Mom's legs curled up beneath her, her hand rested under her neck, and while she drifted off, my eyes were focused on the little hollow

behind her collarbone. The way her chest rose and fell with every breath.

Her skin was clear of freckles, just lightly touched with sunburn on her cheeks from our skiing expedition. Mom's eyes twitched slightly as she breathed out softly, almost moaning something that sounded like "no".

A little part of me told myself that this whole thing had been going a little far—it's probably just been my imagination and I needed to chill, calm the fuck down. Maybe even talk to someone about it all to make sure I wasn't imagining things. It was definitely a little overboard to imagine my mom wanted me inside of her, wasn't it? What was next, her fucking me in front of dad? The very notion seemed ludicrous in hindsight, as if the past day was some weird fever dream.

I slipped into my sheets as quietly as possible, hoping that maybe the soft cotton would give me a sense of warmth against the frigid air.

The light went out, and we lay silent. My eyelids felt heavy for a few minutes and I could have sworn that it wouldn't take much more than five minutes before I drifted off to sleep.

Except, when I opened them again, it had only been a minute or two since they had closed. The sounds of shifting beside me made me blink.

There was another shift of weight, then something moved across the space between me and mom's pull-out bed. I turned a bit, my eyes half open, and saw mom standing awkwardly over the edge of my bed. She was wearing one of those old style nightgowns. It had spaghetti straps; the material was silky and sheer—the kind that you couldn't see through no matter how bright it was in the room. And yet, with her shape under that cloth, even dimly seen, the sight of her silhouette seemed to fill my head to the brim with this crazy desire and lust.

"Mom?" I said in a quiet voice. "Are you okay? Do you need something?" I asked. I knew something was wrong the moment mom stood over the edge of the bed, one hand fidgeting with the

other, her fingers dancing over her palms like she wanted to say something, but wasn't quite sure how to start.

She didn't speak for a little while, but as soon as I was awake enough to really see what was going on, the heat inside the place rose exponentially and mom suddenly spoke up. "Jared... Honey... Can I ask you something?" Mom's tone was so soft and so quiet that it could have been easily missed, if it weren't so silent between us.

And something about hearing my own name, the very fact that this is who I was and how everything made me tick, something about that set me off a little, and I had a feeling.

"Yeah."

"Can... can I sleep here with you tonight?"

Mom wasn't looking at me. Her eyes were on the floor in front of her. There was an intensity to her tone that was difficult to miss. "I'll sleep on the right side. I don't move much at all anymore," she kept talking.

Then she lifted her gaze to mine, a look of determination etched firmly into the angles of her face. It looked like she was about to speak again when suddenly, something seemed to change inside of her mind.

I knew because her face had gone from confident to surprised. She looked startled for a few moments, but then she shook it off. "We're snowed in and freezing to death and what? You think that sleeping without me makes you some sort of... sick pervert?" Mom's voice had an edge of anger, or fear, or even worse—betrayal. But now she was talking loudly, her fists clenched so that her knuckles showed. "And after that whole big scene in the snow..."

What? What did she want me to say? What was there that could even be said at this point?

"I—"

"Fuck this, Jared! If we die out here like this I don't think the fact that you shared your bed with me is going to come up at all. You've been a sweetheart. You're an adult. Just because I'm your mother doesn't mean that I want to make you feel uncomfortable. It's not like you were raised in the eighteenth century!"

It took a while for me to process what my mom said. That was because she had yelled it. And then she huffed and sat down heavily on the bed. After a few moments of quiet, she added, almost inaudibly, "unless you really are uncomfortable?"

No. There was nothing comfortable about any of this. Even the fact that we were sitting apart. The idea that we were going to sleep in the same room together made my whole body tense. I tried not to look at the space next to her, on the bed, or how far she would be from me when she came back out, or—

I realized mom was talking again. "I need some rest," she said. She paused. And when she spoke again, it seemed to drain whatever energy she had left. She sighed, and laid her head on a pillow.

"Maybe you just need a release," mom said after a pause.

Mom was turning her back to me. It wasn't like she could see me go wide eyed. But my heart jumped into my mouth. Because mom might've been talking to me, but her tone had an edge of fatigue—like she was going to sleep regardless. That made me wonder why she even bothered to say anything. Was it so she wouldn't think of me as perverted? Did she think I didn't already know that I'm fucked up for fantasizing about her?

But... no, mom kept talking. "Don't let me get in your way," she added, before pulling a blanket over her shoulder and going still.

It took me a solid five minutes to make my way over to the bed, the words going around and around in my mind.

She thought I was pent up because of the place. Which wasn't all untrue.

Maybe she was suggesting something? Was she saying I should go outside to jack off again? Wouldn't that have been fucking mortifying? And the snow, it would fall everywhere—

You're being crazy, I kept telling myself as I pulled out a pillow for myself and then made my way towards the left side of the mattress, as usual, to take my corner.

By now, we didn't even bother with the whole "you can stay on your half I can stay on mine" dance. At least, mom didn't bother with it and neither did I, and before too long, things got a little

warmer. With the fire, and what felt like our body heat radiating together as we laid there facing away from each other, the awkwardness faded, somewhat.

That is until I started to feel horny.

It was strange. When I had seen mom today, after we had walked into the woods together, I hadn't felt anything out of the ordinary. She seemed like a normal, everyday person who I happened to know pretty well. It was weirdly comforting just sitting across from her and talking about work, or the weather, or whatever else. But when we had our backs turned to each other like this, my body responded differently. There was a kind of heat between us, but it wasn't something warm that made me comfortable. It was hot. Something that made me sweat. I tried closing my eyes and thinking of anything but that first morning we woke up in here and how soft and wet mom looked.

Nope. No good. I was stiff in less than thirty seconds. And that's where the awkwardness started to return. Like when mom realized she was showing so much of herself off for me, because my eyes were drawn to her thighs and belly, like some hungry puppy dog. Or when she saw me with my cock out and hard, with only a thin, thin wall of clothes separating me from her and all she had to do was move my pants aside. I felt myself start to sweat again as my pulse raced. This time it was harder to contain, like there was no hiding it at all and I thought if she saw me she'd call me a liar—again—and make me admit what I was doing. I looked down into my mug and kept taking big, slow sips, but my eyes darted upwards again and I couldn't help it; she looked gorgeous when the light hit her face in just the right way.

She was beautiful, her hair falling over her shoulder in waves, her eyelids hooded over tired eyes as she looked straight ahead into space. And my mind was playing tricks on me; suddenly all I could think of was what her mouth might taste like if she had just finished swallowing my semen, how she would look with that flush in her cheeks, and all that was happening inside of my brain was this constant refrain of mom's name followed by an echo of what she must look like with cum oozing from her lips...

The tension wasn't getting any better.

"Well," mom said, breaking the silence at last and setting down her mug. "I think we'd both better get some sleep now."

"Yeah," I answered, feeling weirdly relieved that something broke the monotony of silence and tension. I let out a nervous laugh. Mom's eyebrows went up.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Totally cool."

Mom chuckled. She looked a little surprised. "That's funny, Jared," she said softly, her eyes hooded with exhaustion. "It just reminded me of when you were... seven years old. Or something."

"You didn't ask for my age!" I joked back, trying to sound normal.

Mom raised an eyebrow. Then her eyes widened and she covered her mouth to hide a chuckle. "Jared! You were eight years old and we watched Titanic!"

"What?!" I feigned shock. "You did not see it! That was—you totally cheated!"

"I saw your—" mom shook her head. "Nevermind. How is that any better than me seeing your thingie?"

I laughed a little. "Well you said dick or penis and that's totally crass."

"It was your choice in words!" Mom accused.

We talked on a little while more until mom turned off the lights after I took my shower, then we laid in bed without saying anything else for another couple hours. Every now and again, when I looked up, there was something new I noticed about the place above us. The cracks where light leaked through. The strange creaking noise somewhere on the roof that had probably been there for days and I never noticed it. Maybe the air conditioning kicking in. The soft ticking of mom's phone charging.

"Good night Jared," mom finally said, turning over so that she was facing me. I felt like we had already stayed in bed for weeks, because her face was almost exactly at level with mine, and for once, the bed did not smell musty and stuffy like it did most nights.

For whatever reason, it was clear. Crisp. Like we had just washed them. Or opened up the room to some fresh air.

Her face was close. It was dark.

But I could see her eyelashes, how her brows arched. Her lips. And then, as if to distract me from what she had said, as if maybe my thoughts had started going crazy or something, she sighed out through her nose, and it blew a couple strands of hair in front of her face, away from her eyes.

"Night mom," I whispered back.

She didn't say anything. She turned around, her body curled, and in a few more minutes she was asleep.

I found myself staring into the darkness; the faintest red embers giving the faintest glow against the floor. My head filled up with those same kinds of images: mom's sweat on her shirt, her skin so pale and yet glowing with pink—how soft, how fucking smooth she must feel; how would it feel, how could you hold her? What noises did she make? How would dad know she was about to come?

What if he made her come?

The question sent such a jolt through me, sending such a violent shiver through me that I knew there was no way in hell I was going to get any sleep for at least a while. I tried getting cozy underneath my blanket, even though I knew the temperature was just right, that this whole room wasn't moving, that the snow was packed perfectly around it so that everything felt snug and warm, that this couch was far more comfortable than anything at home—but none of it helped.

All I kept seeing was mom's bare legs. Her thighs.

Her mouth drooling cum after sucking me off.

"Good night, Jared," mom said from somewhere in the dark.

I didn't bother pretending that I was asleep. "Night mom."

For half an hour, I closed my eyes tight and counted sheep until the image of a girl taking me down her throat dissolved into that fuzzy blackness behind my eyelids.

And then, when I heard mom breathing slow and even and her snore was starting to come out, I felt my balls ache again, remembering the earlier heat and friction that was cut short. I knew it wouldn't take more than five minutes of my hand to finish me off;

hell, knowing now what I know about mom, two minutes might do it. And my balls ached hard as fuck knowing that I was going to jerk off tonight. There wasn't a fucking chance I'd let this night pass without coming at least once.

I got up quietly. Slowly, silently, I pushed against the door with a gentle nudge, waiting to see if there were any complaints or comments from mom before slipping myself through the crack and stepping outside. It was cold as fuck out there; my breath was a pale mist, illuminated only by the faintest red glow of embers left after the fire went out, but still... It was worth the risk. I couldn't hold it any longer.

I had it out as soon as the door was closed, and though the chill was intense and immediate, so was the need. My cock needed release and it wasn't about to take no for an answer.

"Fuck," I whispered as I felt how hard I was; it took no time at all to work myself into a furious speed. There was no teasing here; all that mattered was finishing fast before anybody else could walk outside and catch me with my pants down—literally.

For once, I tried imagining the usual; some hot girls in magazines or porn videos. They didn't do anything for me. Instead, I found my mind wandering back to Cara, from college, Cara with the pretty eyes and the big tits, but she seemed distant. As if it were impossible to focus on her.

It was easier to remember other Caras; there was Cara with the long hair and the long body that I met at a barbecue. And Cara who always wore those tiny red panties when I was watching football games at her apartment. When I came, the idea of them seemed too fuzzy to matter anymore. My balls were so pent up from the day that I had two loads waiting to leave my body, and now, both times came hard and quick; one thick burst filled my hand while the second left streaks of cum splattered across the tree in front of me.

After I cleaned myself off and made sure I didn't miss any drops of spunk that might be on my shirt or my coat or snowshoes, I got back inside.

"You need sleep, honey," mom said in the darkness.

I don't know how she saw me come in—she seemed to always sense when something was wrong or when something was about to go sideways for me. "Yeah," I yawned.

The couch creaked under my weight. The springs had gone long ago. It was the most uncomfortable bed I had ever slept on, but in a way it seemed fitting. It was kind of like my conscience telling me not to be comfortable. I didn't want to relax and fall asleep with such crazy thoughts and fantasies swimming around in my head, not while I was sleeping next to mom.

Mom made her way to the light switch and turned off the lights. In the silence, I heard her feet padding softly, then stop. "There are some extra pillows in the top shelf, if you can reach them," mom said. "And uh... thanks. For getting me dry yesterday."

I thought the night might never end.

But soon enough, all I could hear was mom breathing steadily from the other side of the tiny space we called home. Her breathing, which seemed irregular at first, seemed to lull me into a strange dream, one in which I imagined myself as my younger self. A kid whose mom would rub his back and sing him to sleep—her voice sounded so warm in my mind, so familiar, even if it didn't fit quite right when I was trying to figure out whether she did those things or not. There was just this kind of hole in my memory where these things were supposed to be, but they didn't seem right. I had no idea what it felt like. To have my mother do these things for me. And maybe that was why I was thinking about them; I wanted them to happen so that I might have something to compare it to.

So far, being here with my mom in this tight space had only proved that we hardly knew each other.

I didn't remember how long I laid there in the darkness, half asleep, listening to her breath, when suddenly, I noticed that it seemed... shallow. She seemed to be gasping, making little sounds as if she was in pain, and after a while, I figured something was wrong, because her breathing kept speeding up before slowing down.

That's when I realized what exactly mom was doing.

She was masturbating.

"Mom?" I whispered through the darkness. "Are you okay?"

For a few minutes, there was no reply. But I could hear that same rhythm, almost as if she was moving slowly enough for it to be undetectable. "Yeah," came her soft reply. It was high pitched, barely audible, and it wavered.

The sound of her own voice, the fact that I heard it, made her stop moving around, until it was dead silent again.

And then I heard the movement of the sheets. And a faint rustling of clothes.

I don't know how long mom took getting under the sheets, but I listened intently and couldn't tell what sounds were from her taking off her clothes until she got down to her panties or whether it was just the normal nightly sounds. But soon enough, even though the fire was bright and the night outside pitch dark, everything seemed shrouded in this ethereal light, as if my eyes were adjusting and seeing everything dimly, because...

...mom was on her back, facing up, eyes closed, the covers pulled up to her neck, the sheet rising and falling slightly where her breasts pressed against them. Her mouth was almost shut, her nose crinkled, and she let out a few little breaths, and one long, low exhalation that told me she wasn't asleep yet, but she was relaxing.

In a way, that's when things started getting weird, but they weren't too bad at first. I turned around and made my way to the bathroom while mom settled herself into bed, and brushed my teeth with one hand on the doorjamb. The mirror reflected a guy who didn't have enough facial hair to bother shaving, but his cheeks were fuller and he didn't look malnourished as he once did in college. There was an almost rugged look to him; kind of like dad. It's not that he went to prison for beating somebody up or anything, but when I thought about him, I remembered that his hair was graying in the front and sideburns. That his cheeks got scruffy and red by the end of December every year.

It was only when I came out of the bathroom, walking quietly so as not to wake up mom, when things shifted.

My eyes adjusted to the dimness of the light again, and that time I saw that she wasn't just lying still on her back—the blanket was

moved down now, bunched at the waist. Mom's pajamas were button-ups, something silky and comfortable, and it was half open now, a sliver of her stomach visible. But then what surprised me is that mom wasn't sleeping either.

Because her hand was under the covers, doing something. She had her face pointed to the ceiling, her mouth open slightly and her eyelashes fluttered while her head slowly rocked back and forth. For some reason, she couldn't help but sigh, just the barest of noises coming out of her mouth while her face turned red, sweat dripping onto the pillow, the smell of feminine musk floating through the room. I could hear her hand move beneath the covers, could see how her fingers curled against the sheets beneath, could even see the shape of her mound moving just beneath the fabric.

"Mmh..." she let out the faintest noise as if she was holding back an urge, the kind of sound that makes a guy's cock instantly hard and ready for action. The way her mouth opened and her body arched just a tiny bit off the bed made me wonder just how wet she was getting between her legs; and just how big she'd get with a man's tongue on her slit.

It wasn't a question I should have been thinking about, but the image of Cara's face looking up at me with eyes wide, my dick pushing between those soft lips came to mind while mom shuddered on the couch, biting her lip so no noise would come out. Her hand moved quickly over herself, the bed shaking just the smallest amount while her legs twisted and kicked at the blankets like she needed to hide.

"Fuck... oh fuck," she mouthed silently. Her mouth opened so slightly, almost nothing—and then I heard the distinct gasp of mom coming to an orgasm. She was silent as possible, as if I hadn't heard her, and kept on panting for a few seconds, before catching her breath again. Mom looked to the side, seeing me staring and suddenly she jerked her hands away from herself and curled up with them held against her chest.

"Um—" mom said, looking at me sheepishly, but not saying anything more.

I couldn't help but notice that between her legs her pussy was red and wet, with the slightest of blushes. Just like the kind of blush you get when you're aroused for a while and—

"I'm sleepy," mom yawned.

I didn't think mom was sleepy. But it occurred to me that maybe she just wanted to finish jerking off in peace. And why the fuck would she need my permission?

We lay down and we pretended to fall asleep pretty quickly. It was weird. Because I could hear her lying right behind me, her hand between her legs, moving fast, her pants almost imperceptible; even as close to her as I was, and every stroke of her fingers across herself sent shivers through her body like a tiny wave.

In an alternate universe, if mom's bed was bigger than what it was and if there were no boundaries in place between the two of us, I'd have slid up behind her, my arm wrapped around her body, feeling her shivering, her breast pushing against my hand, heavy, nipples hard, my lips on the back of her neck, soft moans escaping while my cock slipped into her, wet—

You know she needs it—you know how she is—didn't you tell yourself that you wanted to push your cock against her pussy while her legs were spread and see what happened? Didn't you fucking—

There was a sharp exhale from behind me. A quick inhale, and then quiet, like the end of a song. She had just orgasmed, mom had, and I felt myself tensing, wondering if I could feel her heat while she came. My own balls, so tight with pressure, began to pulse.

Did you know mom has been touching herself at night too? She knows how to be silent and discreet; probably because she thinks dad won't get off unless it's with missionary style with no lights and curtains drawn, and she gets really horny, and sometimes that leads to a very wet situation—she must really not want him tonight—

Mom took in another breath, and she held it for a long moment, and finally I heard her shift under the covers and turn over, making sure she wasn't going to fall out of the bed and sleep with her feet pointing out the whole night.

I listened and waited for something else. There was a silence and then, after what felt like ages, there was another tiny movement. The squeaking of the couch-bed. The slightest moan.

And I felt my body reacting to that in the most visceral way. Something inside me just jumped, like something hungry and dark and carnal that had suddenly been given just the tiniest shred of nourishment and had sprung to life, clawing its way out of my insides to consume the source of it. It had started somewhere in my dick and then shot through me, making my balls heavy once again with a pressure that seemed to pulse.

Was I actually hearing mom masturbating?

No. Surely not. It wasn't possible. Mom would never do that.

But then she shifted, and there was a soft exhale.

I sat upright on the couch, staring into the dark, not daring to breathe myself, even while my cock throbbed and thickened; my thoughts turned to my own fantasies. My mind spun circles around what I had done earlier, before I had stopped to hear mom's steps behind me. Had I really imagined how her lips looked when they were covered in cum?

Would she take me into her mouth while on her knees like that? Would she look up with those beautiful blue eyes of hers, watching me carefully for every reaction, for how sensitive my cock was while I leaked precum all over her tongue?

My heart beat so fast that my chest began to ache and I felt short of breath. I held still, waiting until mom seemed asleep under the sheets and blankets that we shared. The soft sounds of her breath—not heavy like when she was sleeping deep—gave away whether or not she was awake and I listened closely for those little telltale signs.

"Are you okay, Jared?" Mom's voice interrupted me in my own little fantasy and I nearly jumped right off of the couch.

"What? Why?" I asked, sounding way too tense and suspicious. "Of course—"

"You're not shivering," she replied simply.

"I... am now," I added, not quite knowing what to say. "Because it got colder. But before, yeah."

That little excuse didn't do a whole lot for her. She turned around slowly and gave me a look that told me to come clean, immediately.

And because of that look, I came clean.

"It's really kind of embarrassing to say," I said quietly, barely getting my words past my teeth. "I... don't want to be caught."

Mom seemed confused. She shook her head. "We're safe in here."

"But..." I shrugged. "Yeah."

"Jared... We talked about this earlier," mom began. "If you have any concerns, let's just talk."

"I've been..." I swallowed heavily. My throat had completely dried out by this point. The silence went on for too long. Finally, I tried again.

"Mom, I can't stop thinking about you."

My own voice startled me. I could tell that it shook mom as well. It sounded like a declaration, something more serious than what I was aiming for. The words had come out so clearly that even my mind took a while to catch up.

A heavy weight, something that felt like gravity, pulled down around my neck. What I said seemed to affect the very air around us both, making my stomach tighten in ways that didn't feel entirely unfamiliar.

But mom looked away, and then at me, almost timidly, before clearing her throat. I realized that this thing that I just spoke—that we both shared—wasn't something either of us were prepared for.

"I'm..." Mom paused, shaking her head as if something in her brain needed a reboot. "I mean... are you sure? You've never done this before."

"Yeah," I confirmed for her, and myself.

Mom nodded back.

That's when mom kissed me. She leaned in from the side, slow and deliberate, pausing only once to look at me with a soft, questioning expression. Her eyes met mine with a silent query that asked a hundred questions, yet needed no answer. But my response must have satisfied her, because when she finally planted her lips against mine, we kissed gently, softly. And after, both of us sat there

for what felt like ages, frozen in time, afraid that even moving would be to destroy this moment.

I moved first. Slowly, I put one hand up, and traced her cheek with my fingertips. A little bit of fire returned to mom's eyes; the green flecks sparkling as they danced inside the hazel of her eyes, a warm golden brown, almost amber-like. Then she opened her mouth slowly and pushed into me, this time hungry, ravenous, and our mouths opened up until tongues found each other and then we were both kissing and exploring each other's mouths until she took me in.

A deep moan escaped from inside mom when her lips tightened around the tip of my tongue. She sucked, softly at first, before increasing pressure. Her body came into mine, the swell of her breast crushed up against my chest, and I let one hand trace the shape of her back. The fabric of her pajamas was smooth and thin, letting me feel the texture of her skin, but the cloth clung to her back so that as I slid my palm down towards her ass, I could feel every bump, every groove of her backbone and muscle.

When my fingers brushed along her bottom, tracing the curvature with just enough force to let mom know where I was going, she shuddered. Her mouth opened wide again, and her hot breath came against my face. Mom's hands clutched my shirt tightly; the tips of her nails pricked my sides.

Our lips parted, but our bodies remained close, and in the dim light of the dying fire, mom's eyes met mine.

"Jared..." Mom's voice was soft, yet low. "I know it might seem like we should be ashamed of ourselves, but I'm not."

I nodded, taking her face in my palm again.

"Let's try it," I heard her whisper.

She stood on tiptoes, but I came into her anyway, meeting her lips.

And from there, everything felt right.

Like my body and hers fit together perfectly and all I needed to do was relax.

I let myself go in that kiss.

In the beginning it was slow, careful. Like mom wanted to make sure she knew exactly what she was doing. But soon, her breathing

quickened against my face. The tip of my tongue pressed against her lower lip and she shuddered with need.

She was a wild girl when she started kissing me back, taking long deep draws from my mouth, sucking and nibbling on my lower lip, letting her warm wet tongue flick out and then explore deeper inside my mouth, making me taste her while she tasted me. My cock felt like it was pushing to break through my boxers, hard and solid and aching as my hips pushed into her thighs.

When we pulled apart, I was panting and her face was flush, her eyes glowing amber and hazel in the dying light of the fire. "Jared," her voice was a husky whisper; I could barely hear it, yet its effect sent shockwaves of lust rippling through my entire body. It was as though my mother had just become a whole different being entirely. She took one hand and caressed the side of my face. Then she leaned forward, bringing her lips to my ear, and whispered, "Fuck mommy tonight."

Then she grabbed me, and threw herself on top of me, straddling me and pressing down on me with the full weight of her body; soft and feminine and yielding in all the right places. With a loud pop her nightgown came over her head and tossed it aside, leaving mom nearly naked but for her panties; her bra already lying on the floor. I gazed at my mother's breasts, perfect teardrops covered by a lacy white bra, and I knew right then and there that this was not Cara or any other girl from college; this was real and it was now and I wanted it badly, so bad that I would die if I couldn't have my mother right then.

I lunged for her breast, taking it in my mouth as if I were still an infant. My hands slid up her back, unhooking her bra easily—damn these things were a pain—and then her gorgeous tits were bared to me, creamy-smooth and flushed pink. I took her nipples between thumb and forefinger, squeezing them gently while rolling them around. Mom's nipple hardened under my touch and I heard her let out a shuddery sigh.

Her sighs grew louder, her voice becoming more throaty when she felt my cock rub against her. I could feel the wet heat of her pussy even through both pairs of underwear we still had on; it made

me want to tear every last shred of clothing off our bodies. As if reading my mind, mom reached down with one hand and pushed my boxers down as far as she could reach. In less than a few seconds the offending article was thrown to the other side of the room.

The firelight reflected in my mom's eyes as I stared up at her. It gave her the look of an ancient fertility goddess, so alluring that it nearly made me come right then and there. She moved her hips forward once, twice, sliding her panties along the length of my erection. On her third thrust forward, my cock hit home and sank deep inside her pussy. Her eyes were closed now, but when I leaned up and kissed her they opened again. Our tongues danced for what seemed like hours, each of us enjoying the taste of the other. When we finally parted, she pulled away slightly and grinned at me. "Now," she said, "fuck mommy."

"Okay."

Mom blinked. "Wait—what?"

I grinned and turned her over onto her back, spreading her legs wide open for me. With one easy thrust I slid in to the hilt.

She was hot.

Very hot.

I didn't know a pussy could ever be so hot. Or tight. Was mom really this tight? Or had I never taken the time to notice it before? Not that it mattered... my cock felt amazing and it didn't take long for both of us to start getting worked up. Mom had one hand on my shoulder, clutching at me while I sat and she straddled over top, her hair falling forward in two waves around her face. As for my hands, they had a vice grip on her hips, holding onto her so that as my hips bucked upwards into her body I wouldn't have to worry about her losing balance.

Mom whined every time I moved inside of her, her breasts bouncing each time she settled back onto me. "Fuck—honey—"

"Do you need help?" I asked her, taking her waist in both hands again. She was so much heavier than before, so full. Full in my lap, full in my arms, and just a look in between her thighs would tell you that she was very full there too. When I lifted her, her cunt clenched

up at the head of my cock and she whimpered even louder, shaking her head yes furiously.

"Please baby—please!"

I lowered her slowly on me, making sure that she got all of it before moving again. Even then I took care.

Her hair stuck to her sweaty forehead as she rocked against me, crying out into the pillow.

Afterwards, though, when mom got off of me and cleaned herself, the reality of what she'd done was starkly obvious. With no lights on, her silhouette didn't reveal the fact that her skin was flushed pink and her belly rounded from fucking; instead, her nakedness was clear in how still and straight her posture was, even as I watched her slip back into her pajamas and slide under the covers.

She looked at me quietly from the corner of her eye before turning over onto her side.

"Goodnight." She whispered.

"Night," I replied.

A couple of minutes after that, mom was asleep. Her snores, which had come in waves, got louder. I watched her breasts rise and fall from across the room, and in my own little cocoon of blankets, I wondered why everything felt so very different, and why everything would feel different now, knowing mom's nakedness intimately, and having her taste on my tongue.

The morning came quietly, and I woke up with a start. There were no alarms or beeps, no calls or texts, but just the natural rhythm of light through the windows and the silence of a world outside that was cold as hell and buried beneath heavy mounds of white snow. The cabin, I noticed right away, was incredibly hot compared to what it had been in the past few mornings. It was almost suffocating, like standing in an oven, or something equally claustrophobic. Mom stirred when I moved, her eyes peeking out from under her comforter and catching mine, before closing again as if to feign sleep.

For a long moment, I just sat there on my spot on the couch, looking over at the side where mom's hair draped all around her

shoulders in soft curls, wondering about things and what I needed to do. We didn't have much food left at all, I knew.

At some point in the night, the heat must have made me throw my covers off and the cold of the morning seeped into my body and gave me this weird, uneasy sensation between a chill and the discomfort of knowing I couldn't take off anymore clothing, unless it was my skin.

Then mom let out a sound. A sigh.

There was another sound. Like the shifting of fabric, and I was instantly hard again. My heartbeat quickened. There was the sound of flesh—mom's breathing became ragged. I tried not to look at her as I stared straight ahead. What was happening?

Did she know I could hear? Could she sense I was paying attention?

I had my back turned so I couldn't see what she was doing, but the sounds were unmistakable.

They were soft at first. The rustle of fabric against the couch cushions. It didn't take much imagination at all to visualize what was happening. The rustling of the fabric intensified. Mom made a tiny gasp. There was the faint sound of suction, and then a pop, like a piece of candy was pulled apart.

Mom's breathing got shallow.

At one point, she exhaled—a sharp, fast exhale, as if she wanted to blow out the candles before something caught on fire, or something similar. Then came these soft groans, these little noises that barely escaped her throat but that carried clearly and distinctly through the small space. She seemed to try her best to hide them, or muffle them, but after the initial surprise that mom would do this right now passed, it wasn't all that shocking, really. We were both adults. I was eighteen—I was fucking nineteen, almost twenty. But still, nobody can help being horny, so of course I couldn't say anything about it.

The way the springs of the pull-out mattress creaked with her movements was enough for me to imagine what she was doing on the other side of the living room area, hidden by the little curtain that divided the area in half.

She was probably lying on her back, maybe pulling her pants aside just a little bit, and pushing fingers into herself while biting on her other hand to make sure she didn't give herself away. It's probably been years since mom felt satisfied, given how busy she's been working.

What did dad do to make her happy? She probably took care of her own needs before his. I could tell from when he left that he wasn't exactly a caring or attentive partner.

There were more groans and then suddenly, a moan. It wasn't soft at all, and it was deep and clear—mom gave off something that was either shock, pleasure, or an orgasm; it sounded like a combination of all three. Then came the muffled moans, her breathing intensified and I heard her sheets move, shifting against her body.

Mom's breath shuddered and then she made some quick movements, followed by silence.

I had never been this horny before. And there I was, with my hand around my cock while I listened to mom fuck herself in the other room. Was she thinking about me? What was the sound that just escaped her mouth, and why had she stopped?

Also by Mason Wolfe

Mom Son

Making Videos With His Mom Part I
Making Videos With His Mom Part II

Standalone

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Substitute Son
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A Mother's Taboo Request
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Mastering the Family
Fertile Family: Mom, Sister, and Girlfriend
Controlling the Milf
In Bed With His Mom
Controlling Mom and Sis' Fertile Bodies
Claiming and Training Submissive Daughter
Claiming and Training Submissive Mother and Aunt
Milf Harem Conquests
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