

Mom's Christmas Do-Over

Author's Note

I know what you're thinking, why release a Christmas-themed story so long after Christmas when most have turned their minds to Valentine's Day, or at least the winter season? Maybe I just like to be different, or maybe it's because I see a lot of stories set on or before the big day but very few set primarily in the neglected post-holiday period. Or maybe, just maybe, it's because I think the joyful spirit that fills our hearts at Yuletide is bigger than a day, a month, or even a season, and deserves to be celebrated no matter what time of year it happens to be.

So, if at least one of my reasons resonates with you, or you have one or more of your own, then please continue and enjoy the story. Just be advised before starting that in addition to graphic descriptions of incestuous love, this tale contains a strong dose of holiday magic, meaning things happen here that are usually impossible or improbable in our everyday world. Also keep in mind that like many of my other stories it's also a bit of a slow-burn, but I think you'll enjoy the ride. And of course, everyone in the story doing naked sex stuff to themselves or with others is 18 or older.

Just one more thing I'm mentioning on the advice of a friend - this story and its plot have nothing to do with the movie Groundhog Day and redoing the same exact day over and over again.

Mom's Christmas Do-Over

It'd been the worst fucking Christmas ever.

Which was a shame really, because Christmas used to be my favorite time of the year, having grown up in a family obsessed with the holiday. My head was filled with fond memories of sitting in our home, smiling with childlike awe as I watched my father's model Christmas train roll around on the tracks he'd installed along the upper walls of the living room, gazing in awe at my mom's priceless collection of Nutcracker figurines over a crackling fire, sipping hot chocolate or (nonalcoholic) eggnog on a snowy winter night. And when I was older, playing Christmas music for my gathered kin thanks to the piano lessons mom had insisted I take, before enjoying a delicious goose dinner.

So is it any wonder I grew into the kind of person who started listening to holiday music in October, to the chagrin of my husband and son I might add, humming along as I flooded our house and yard with every type of decoration imaginable. This would be followed by a myriad of other Yuletide fun including crafting intricate gingerbread villages thanks to the cooking skills my grandma had imparted to me, spending hours picking out the perfect tree and then decorating it, and marathons of classic holiday movies complete with all kinds of seasonal snacks. Yep, if they gave out awards for most holiday cheer, I'd have been a perennial contender for the title of reigning champion of Christmas.

That is, until I'd lost my husband Nate six years ago in an accident a few days before Christmas, leaving me a single mother with very few marketable job skills. You see, when I graduated high school I'd already been pregnant with my son Eric, curtailing my college plans. Not that I regretted it for a moment, for my son became the light of my world, particularly after the loss of my husband. Fortunately, the life insurance had held out until I'd had a chance to develop a fledgling career as a personal trainer to the point that while we weren't as well off as we were before, we didn't have to scrape by either.

But having much less free time now, combined with the unpleasant memories that now hung over the season, I no longer felt the thrill I used to as December approached. And to be honest, I almost dreaded it, the grief that laid dormant the rest of the year rising up to gnaw at my heart every time I saw the first Christmas displays going up in stores.

Despite all that, I still put on the semblance of a celebration for the sake of my son Eric - a quick dinner, a few gifts, and a small, hastily decorated tree, which only went up on Christmas Eve only to be promptly taken down the day after Christmas, the ornaments back in the basement where all the other trimmings lay packed up in sealed, dusty boxes. As luck would have it, Eric didn't seem to mind the abridged celebrations, having lost his taste for prolonged festivities as well.

That'd been the status quo, at least until this year. My son, while never a social or athletic standout, was quite gifted academically, graduating second in his class with a full ride to a prestigious cooking school. However, to my mild surprise he decided to take a year off to pursue 'personal interests', as he put it, before pursuing his dreams of becoming a great chef. I fully supported this, thinking it would give us a chance to reconnect, to reform that close bond I'd shared with him before his dad passed, which had become somewhat frayed in recent years due to our busy schedules.

As the weeks went by, things seemed to go quite well - we'd take small road trips, make dinner together which we'd eat while binging on movies, and we even took a few cooking classes together down at the local community college. It made me feel good in a way I hadn't felt in a long while, fully appreciating what a kind, funny, and handsome young man he'd become. I was having so much fun I began spending all my free time with him, putting my lackluster dating life on hold for the moment.

I'd asked repeatedly him if he minded me hogging all his time, if he wouldn't rather be hanging out with people his own age, but he'd always dismiss my concerns, saying he had plenty of time for that later, that right now he just wanted to have fun with his awesome mom. For those with teenage sons, I don't have to tell you how good it made me feel to hear him say that, my heart swelling with love and happiness. It was a wonderful time and I treasured every moment, knowing it wouldn't last forever.

What I didn't know, is how short it would end up actually being.

It was Thanksgiving, and I was in the kitchen preparing the small turkey we'd be sharing, since it'd just be us as usual due to the long-standing feud between my sister and I. That's when I heard a small scuffling sound right behind me. "Hey sweetie," I'd said, turning around to see Eric standing there, looking everywhere except at me, in that stiff and weird manner that'd become common for him over the past few weeks. I hadn't questioned it yet, figuring it was just some sort of phase or minor issue he was dealing with, and he'd tell me when he was ready. And little did I know that time was now, and it was anything but minor.

"Are you done getting the rolls patted out?" I asked, shoving the last of the stuffing in the turkey before popping the bird into the oven, starting the timer.

He shifted in place uncomfortably, scratching the back of his head. "Yeah, they're rising now. And now, well...there's something I need to talk to you about, that I've put off for too long already."

This sounded serious, I thought, straightening and giving him my full attention. "What is it?" I asked, not liking the look on his face, trying to stay calm even as my mind flooded with horrible scenarios.

"I've decided to start school in January."

In a way I was relieved, since this was much better than some of the possibilities I'd been considering, like that he was sick or that he'd gotten a girl pregnant, although to the best of my knowledge he hadn't dated that much, if at all, something had been a bit of a concern to me. Not that I was one to talk, since between work and running a household I hadn't had much time to devote to my personal life since finally reentering the dating world two years ago. The few attempts I had made were at best clumsy and awkward, no doubt due to the fact I'd been out of the game for so long.

But then as my mind turned back to what he'd said and slowly processed what his words meant, I felt my spirits crash, thinking of all the stuff I'd planned for us to do in the coming months, including maybe having a big Christmas like the old days, now going up in flames. "What? Why?!" I asked, with more disappointment than I'd intended.

He flinched a bit at my outburst, but he held his ground. "Lots of reasons. In any case, it's already done, I've even found a small studio apartment near campus. I've been talking to the landlord and sent him my scholarship information, and he's willing to waive the deposit until my funds come through. I'm sorry to spring this on you out of nowhere, mom, but I really think it's for the best."

I closed my eyes, taking deep breaths, trying to collect myself, beating back the harsh response I'd been on the verge of delivering, that no doubt would have had me eating that damned turkey alone. "It's okay," I said at last, again looking at him. "I can't say I'm thrilled about this, but if this is what you really want, then I'll support you. On one condition," I added, coming to a snap decision.

He nodded. "Sure, anything."

"You're going to be home for Christmas, right?"

"Of course, I don't have to be there to settle some things until a few days later. Why?"

I smiled. "Because, since this might be your last Christmas at home, I want to make it special, like when you were a kid."

His eyes sauced with shock. "What are you talking about? I may be going to school, but I'll still visit during my breaks."

I smiled wanly. "You say that now, and I know you believe it to be true. But a thousand things could happen - you might get a job, make friends that you'd rather hang out with instead, or you might even find a girlfriend and spend all your time with her, to the point you'll forget all about your old mom."

"That won't happen," he swore, his voice laden with a firmness that I hadn't heard in him before. "I promise, no matter what happens, I'll always be home for Christmas."

Hearing him sound so bold and confident, promising that he'd always make time for me, reminded me of his father, whom he resembled in so many ways. The warmth I'd been feeling over the past few months spending time with Eric magnified, and suddenly I found myself feeling tingles in parts of my body that I shouldn't be having with my son. But, I mused, if he wasn't my son...

You're a sick woman, Megyn Cunningham, I chided myself, banishing those thoughts, thinking that if I was thinking such crazy things I needed to worry less about my son's love life and more about my own, determined to put more effort into it. After all, I was getting tired of relying on my well-used toys for satisfaction instead of a nice juicy cock, which I now that I thought about it, I was getting quite hungry for.

"So then, you won't mind if I go all out this year?" I asked, dragging my mind out of the sexual reverie it'd been wallowing in.

He shook his head. "Not at all. I know I sometimes may have griped about how overboard you went with the holidays, but the truth was I loved it, and dad did as well. So whatever you want, I'm in."

"Thank you, sweetie," I said as I hugged him, clinging to his well-formed body. Now as I've said my son's no sports star, but I guess my career in personal fitness had rubbed off on him somewhat, often repeating to him

what I'd say to my clients - it's remarkable what a little exercise and healthy diet can do for a person, I considered as I felt his modest but taut shoulder muscles, pressed myself up against his flat belly, rested my head on his toned chest. Not that I hadn't ever noticed these things before, but for some reason in that moment I was especially drawn to them, not as a mother appreciating that her child had taken her words about healthy living to heart, but as a woman in heat sizing up the fuckability of a potential mate.

I pulled myself away quickly, rubbing at my head. Fuck, I really did need a date.

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And so began my efforts to make this Christmas one to remember. After dinner Eric even volunteered to clean up so I could head downstairs and start rummaging through my Christmas boxes, pulling out all of my holiday gear, suddenly fixated with the idea of giving the most special man in my life the best Christmas ever, falling asleep that night with my head full of all sorts of wonderful ideas to make that happen...

Unfortunately the plans never made it out of my head, for almost immediately after I became swamped with a surprising amount of work. It seemed that Mrs. Peters, one of my clients, had received a plethora of compliments from friends and family over Thanksgiving regarding the progress she'd made with me, who then began calling and texting wanting to start their own sessions immediately, sometimes at two or three times my normal rate. I wanted to refuse at first, but we really needed the money. So in the end I accepted, vowing I'd find a way to meet the increased demand and give my son a great Christmas.

And that's what I'd told myself, all the way up to Christmas Eve, which arrived to find the decorations still flung around the basement, me having to scramble for a scraggly, half-dead tree, as well as more or less fighting another desperate mom for the last, small, sad chicken in the store, who were all out of goose and even turkey, at last bribing her for the prize.

But there was one bright spot - during the course of my work I'd met a handsome, charming prospect named Robert, the unattached brother of one of my clients, and we hit it off so well that on a whim, I invited him to join us for Christmas dinner. Impulsive I know, but ever since Thanksgiving I'd been having brief sporadic flashes of what had happened that day, what I'd felt when I'd embraced Eric that would rise in my mind unbidden, afraid I might do something stupid and irreversible that I'd regret forever if I didn't feed the famished libido that I'd been starving these past six years.

And to my delight, Robert accepted. Eric wasn't thrilled when I told him on Christmas Eve that we'd be having extra company tomorrow, even seeming quite rattled at the unexpected intrusion.

"What do you even know about this guy?" he'd asked suspiciously. "He could be a serial killer or something."

I chuckled at his overdramatization of the situation, and a little surprised by it. Normally Eric was at least open to giving the few men I'd made it far enough with to bring home a chance, albeit a halfhearted one. But for some reason he was now being unusually hostile to the idea. "He's not a murderer, he's a contractor, well-respected in town. Not only that, but he's quite sophisticated as well, having a keen interest in art and cooking like you do. Maybe you two could spend some time in the kitchen, swap a few recipes?"

He shook his head so hard I thought it would fly off. "Cooking is our thing, mom, I don't want him butting in," he declared adamantly.

I was a bit taken aback by his vehemence on this, but also more than a little touched. Ever since he'd wandered into the kitchen when he was five to help me make jello he'd really taken to this whole cooking thing, to the point his culinary skills now far surpassed mine. And although he could easily handle all the kitchen duties by himself he always insisted on having me along to

help when I could. But I shook all that away and pressed on. "Come on, I know y'all would hit it off, if you'd just give him a chance."

"What if I don't want to?" he asked, sounding petulant in a way I'd never heard from him before, and suddenly I realized what the problem was.

I took his hand in mine, which he must not have been expecting because he started slightly. "Look, sweetie, your father was a wonderful man and I loved him dearly, and no one will ever be able to take his place. But he's gone, and you're leaving, and, well, it would be nice for me to have some company, you know? Not to replace anyone of course, but it would be nice to come home to someone, instead of an empty house."

"I know mom," he admitted, still not looking at me directly. "And I don't expect you to grieve for dad forever, he wouldn't want that and it wouldn't be fair to you. It's just that I think there are a lot of better options out there for you than this Robert person."

"Like who?" I countered, genuinely curious. "If you know of someone, then by all means please share, because up to now my luck has been pretty abysmal. Robert's the best guy I've come across since, well, since your father. But if you know of a man more suited to me, then I'm all ears."

He opened his mouth to speak, hesitated a moment, then closed it. "Alright," he said finally, "If it's that important to you, I'll give this guy a chance. But no promises."

I smiled, patting the back of his hand. "That's all I ask. Thanks."

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So, while my enthusiasm was muted when I woke up late on Christmas morning, I still had hopes that some of the magic I'd planned for the day could still be salvaged. After all, I was with my son, with whom I'd have a nice day watching Christmas movies followed by a nice dinner with my enchanting new prospect. And maybe, just maybe, I thought, thinking about Robert, this could be the start of a whole new amazing chapter in my life.

Well, that optimism lasted about as long as it took me to get downstairs and find the note that Eric had left for me on the kitchen table, saying he'd decided to spend the day and night at a friend's house and would be back tomorrow morning, ending with wishing me luck with my 'date'. From the way he wrote it I could tell he thought he would be a third wheel and had removed himself from the picture, which totally hadn't been my intention, instead seeing it as more a chance for them to get to know each other better, in my mind Robert and Eric hit it off right away.

Well, you know what they say about where the road paved with good intentions leads, I thought bitterly as I put down the note with a long sigh, now regretting my rash decision to include Robert in the day's events, seeing too late that I should have moved more slowly before including him in something so personal as a family Christmas. Now not only had I failed to make the day extra special for Eric, I'd totally screwed it up worse than usual.

I was on the verge of just declaring the day shot, going back upstairs and flinging the covers over my head before remembering I'd promised Robert a dinner, and even though I was no longer in anything resembling a romantic mood, or even wanting to see anyone for that matter, I forced myself (with a little help from some Christmas spirits, and I'm not talking about the Charles Dickens kind) to get dinner going, before heading upstairs to make myself at least halfway presentable.

But as it turned out there was no need, for just as I was putting some last touches on my makeup, the phone rang. Given the trajectory of the day so far, can you guess who it was? Yep, it was Robert, calling to tell me he'd made up with his ex-girlfriend and would be spending Christmas with her

instead. Even though I could appreciate that he'd taken the time to call instead of just texting or even ghosting me, as you can imagine it sucked whatever wind I still had left right out of my sails and left me totally deflated, now seeing my unadorned, empty holiday house as a grim reflection of my lonely future.

So I did what any reasonable person in my position would do - grabbed a bottle of wine and a glass before settling down on the couch to do my level best to drown my sorrows in alcohol and whatever cheap holiday fare I could find on tv. Unfortunately, in my dour mood I'd forgotten all about the dinner I'd started, until I heard the fire alarm going off as smoke drifted into the living room.

Luckily I had a fire extinguisher and enough of my wits left about me to use it, thus allowing the casualties of my carelessness to be limited to a scorched dinner, a ruined stove, and a house filled with fumes. It also gained me some company for Christmas after all since a neighbor, seeing bellowing gray smoke rising from the kitchen window I'd opened to allow the plumes to escape, notified the fire department.

As the firemen were leaving, I received another unexpected but welcome visitor - Eric. Apparently, he had a friend down at the fire station who'd notified him of the incident here, and he'd rushed right over. "Are you alright?" he'd asked, stepping into the living room and throwing his arms around me, holding me tight. "I was so worried when Jon called, saying there was a fire."

"I'm fine, sweetie, now that you're here," I whispered, never so glad to see anyone in my life, for between my son leaving, the fire, Robert cancelling, and the holiday stirring echoes of better days in me, I'd seriously been on the verge of a complete mental collapse. But now, being here in my son's strong embrace, I felt safe and reassured in a way I hadn't since I'd lost Nate, maybe even more so, and I never wanted to let go.

But eventually, with a tinge of regret, I broke apart from him. "Everything's okay," I said with a wan smile, still holding on to his shoulders. "We're gonna need a new stove, but other than that we were lucky."

"So I guess dinner with Robert's off, huh?" he asked, and I could swear that even though he tried to sound disappointed, there was a trace of hopefulness in his voice.

"Actually, it was off long before now," and I proceeded to explain what'd happened. "So," I said, flinging my hair back with a resigned sigh, "since everything's under control here, you can head back to your friend's, if you want."

To my enormous relief, he shook his head. "Nah, it was kind of a drag over there anyway, what with his grandpa bitching loudly about how his team's losing the game on tv. But still," he continued, sniffing the air disdainfully, still thick with smoke and fire-suppressing chemicals, "I don't think we should stay here tonight and breathe in all this stuff."

"Agreed," I said, having other reasons for wanting to get away from this place, an idea forming in my head. I checked the time, only half past three. Excellent. "Tell you what, since I was already planning to take you up to your school in a few days, why don't we just go ahead and get started now? We've already got the SUV pretty much loaded up, so we can hit the road and make good time before we'd have to stop for the evening. Only thing is you might have to drive tonight, since I'm a little sloshed," I admitted, but already feeling so much better now that Eric was back with me.

He grinned at the idea. "Sounds like a plan, let's do it."

So we grabbed a last few things and, after making sure the circuit breaker for the kitchen was off, we set out for Eric's school. It wasn't extremely far away, and there was a chance we could get there by tomorrow night. As I expected we made it a pretty good distance before pulling over at a small

motel for the night. It had a cheap, dated feel to it, although at least the room appeared to be clean, even having a miniature Christmas tree in the corner.

"I'm sorry about this," I said as we both settled in our twin beds for the night, staring at the small tree. "I promised you a fabulous Christmas, and now we're spending the night in some cheap dive."

"It's okay," he said assuringly, pulling the sheets up over him. "And I know it sounds like some cheesy holiday movie, but at least we're together."

I smiled, even as I admired his determination to stay positive even in a less than ideal situation. "You know, you sounded just like your father when you said that. He never let anything get him down either."

He was quiet for a moment. "Am I a lot like him?"

"Yes," I said without thinking, "and not just your good looks, I mean your intelligence, your kind heart, your resilience, all the things that drew me to him I see in you. He'd be proud of the man you've become."

"I hope so," he said, seeming to think about something for a moment, then turning to me. "So, you think I'm good looking?"

I felt myself flush as I stared at the ceiling, memories of Thanksgiving rushing back to me. Fuck, why had I said that, now of all times?! I screamed at myself. I again felt that tingling between my legs, now accompanied by a growing moist warmth. Although I managed to suppress these decidedly unmotherly sensations again it was much harder than it had been before, a growing part of me resisting the effort, urging me to embrace it instead. Maybe it is a good thing that Eric's going away to school now, I considered to myself, because otherwise I might...

I turned to my son and smiled, praying my face didn't betray any of what I'd just been thinking. "Well, what kind of mother would I be if I didn't think my son was handsome? Not one worthy of the title, I'd say."

"Oh," he replied, as if he'd been expecting me to say something else. "By the way, I'm sorry about Robert."

"Don't be," I said, with a dismissive wave of my hand. "I mean, I'd just talked to him a few times, it wasn't like we were involved in a torrid romance or anything. Still," I reflected, "he was the best fish to swim my way in a while, but I should've known he wouldn't be interested in an old, used model like me." But despite my self-deprecating remark, a part of me actually felt glad that Robert had cancelled, that it was better that he had. Was it because deep down I knew that he'd been wrong for me, that maybe I was so anxious to find a man after what had happened with Eric I'd hooked on to the first one that seemed halfway acceptable? I was still trying to figure all this out when Eric spoke up again.

"You shouldn't talk about yourself like that," he insisted with an unexpected amount of passion that ripped me out of my musings, like had been in his voice on Christmas Eve when I'd first told him about Robert. "You're a classy, gorgeous woman that has a lot to offer the right man, you'll see."

My eyes widened at that. No one had ever called me gorgeous before. I mean, I'd always seen myself as somewhat pretty in a hometown girl kind of way, and by the demands of my work I kept myself in shape. However, I was under no illusions that I was anything close to supermodel or even model material with my diminutive stature, rather wide hips, round face, and low cheekbones. Even my late husband, who'd often (flatteringly) called me beautiful, had never labelled me gorgeous. It was a new and frankly overwhelming experience for me, especially coming from Eric. It literally took my breath away, my heart fluttering like an overcaffeinated butterfly, and I had no idea how to respond.

Thankfully, Eric spared me by changing the subject. "And in regards to the whole Christmas thing, why don't we have a do-over?"

I sat up in bed and cocked an eyebrow at him, glad to have something else to focus my overheating brain on. "A do-over?" I repeated, not sure what he meant.

"Yeah, once we get to the school and get my apartment squared away we can have a do-over Christmas, like I read about in a book a few years ago. A family's Christmas got fouled up for various reasons, so a few days later they had a do-over, and it came out perfectly splendid, as the dad put it. We could buy a few decorations, which I'm sure will be heavily discounted post-holiday, as well as some food for a proper Christmas feast, and do this right. Whaddya think?"

I mulled it over. I'd never heard of such a thing, but it sounded intriguing, and incredibly sweet for him to make the offer, particularly after I'd fucked today up so royally. "What the hell?" I said with a big grin. "It sounds like fun. There's only one thing," I added, cursing myself, knowing I'd forgotten something. "I left our presents at home under the tree." Not that I'd call the gift I'd managed to grab for him at the last-minute spectacular, another way I'd screwed up Christmas.

Again, Eric showed his way-too-forgiving nature in the form of an unconcerned shrug. "No problem, I'm sure we'll come up with something nice to give each other. Well, goodnight mom."

"Goodnight, sweetie," I said as I laid back down, wondering what I'd done right to be blessed with such an remarkable son, wishing I had access to all the holiday treasures from my childhood to make this planned do-over extraordinary for him. Unfortunately, that was impossible, thanks to my spiteful sister, I considered ruefully as I switched off the lamp. "By the way, sorry in advance if I snore." Nate had claimed I did, mainly when I'd had too much to drink. But I never could tell if he'd been joking or not, and

since I hadn't been with a man overnight since then, I'd had no way to verify it.

He let out a short laugh. "Even if you do, I think it's something I can deal with gladly. Sweet dreams."

I don't know about Eric, but I was so mentally drained from this day and tipsy from my drinking binge that I was zonked out almost as soon as I closed my eyes. Even so I slept fitfully, tossing and turning, wracked by strangely vivid and erotic dreams. In them I was rolling around naked in bed with a man whose face I couldn't make out but whom I felt I knew and loved more than anyone else in the world as he worshipped my body, kissing and caressing me everywhere as he thrust in and out of me, a climax like no other building inside my core, growing and growing until my body practically exploded with ecstasy.

I woke up with a gasp, my body still shaking with the aftershocks of my orgasm. Fuck, I hadn't cum that hard in a long time, I thought as I shifted my legs a bit, hearing a slight unfamiliar squishing sound. Curious, I reached my hand down between my legs, astonished to find my panties and thighs completely soaked with moisture. I'd heard some women squirt during orgasm, but this was the first time, that I knew of anyway, that it'd happened to me. Come to think of it, it was the first time I'd ever cum from a dream as well. I idly pondered who the faceless dream man had been that had driven me to such heights, or if he was just an image my sex-starved body had conjured to trigger a much-needed release.

I looked over at Eric, who looked to be still asleep, glad I hadn't awoken him with my nocturnal...imaginings. For a moment I deliberated getting up to clean myself off, but I was feeling so pleasantly warm and sleepy after my first 'wet dream' ever that I just said fuck it, slipping off my pajama bottoms and panties with them, breathing in the heady liberated scent of my own arousal. What the fuck, I thought, pulling off my shirt as well. I hadn't slept naked in years, not since before Eric was born, and it felt deliciously naughty to do so now with my adult son sleeping only a few feet away,

wondering what he'd think if he knew his mom was in her birthday suit right beside him as I drifted back into dreamland.

I woke up to the feeling of someone jostling my shoulder, gently but insistently. "Mom?" I heard my son's voice saying. I opened my eyes, smiling to see him standing over me. "Good morning, sweetie," I said with a yawn, still feeling great from that splendid orgasm I'd had last night. "What time is it?"

"Just past eleven," he said. "Sorry to wake you, but checkout's at noon, and I figured you might want to grab a shower before we head out."

"Oh yeah," I said, remembering where we were as I sat up and flung aside the covers and stretched my arms, not having meant to sleep so late but feeling incredibly well-rested for having done so. "Looks like a nice day, doesn't it?" I commented, glancing out the window. When he didn't respond, I glanced back at him. He wasn't looking outside at the sunny scenery, but rather at me, his eyes bulging, his mouth bobbing wordlessly up and down like a fish caught in a net, struggling to make sense of what had just happened to it. "What is it?" I asked, seeing that he was trembling slightly, afraid he might be having some sort of seizure. Slowly one of his hands lifted, finger pointing at my chest. I looked down.

"Oh my God!" I cried, covering my chest with one hand as I yanked the covers back over me. I'd totally forgotten about my au naturel sleeping arrangement, I thought, face burning with embarrassment.

I...I'm so sorry sweetie," I stammered, "It just got so warm in here last night that I...I'm so sorry!"

"It's okay," he said, swallowing, recovering himself enough to speak. "I'm just gonna...gonna go stand by the, uh, what's it called? Oh yeah, the door, I'm gonna go stand by the door and, uh, you know, cover my eyes so you can go into the bathroom." Even now such a gentleman, I thought as he

moved over to the corner and covered his eyes with his arm. I rose, snatched up my bag, and darted into the bathroom, making as much noise as I could shutting the door so he'd know it was safe to look.

Shit, what had he seen? I asked myself, setting my bag on the counter before moving over to the shower, pulling up my blonde hair and snapping a shower cap over it. My tits for sure, I thought, and although not the biggest on the block, barely making it into D range, they made up for it by remaining firm and perky, capped by wide pink areolas and pert nipples. They were one of my best features, and obviously Eric hadn't thought they were too bad either, judging by how he'd gawked at them.

But what about my pussy, had he seen that? I wondered, as I gingerly touched the healthy patch of curly hair that covered my nethers, probing my still-tender labia underneath, moaning slightly as I remembered last night. I think it had still been covered, but I couldn't be sure, I fretted as I turned on the shower. Damn, what kind of mother was I, exposing myself to my son like that, however inadvertently? I felt terrible, ashamed, disgusted by what I'd done.

But at the same time, incredibly aroused, I considered, rubbing my thighs together I stepped under the hot spraying water, replaying the scene as my fingers still danced between my legs, fixing Eric's face in my mind, scrutinizing it. He had been shocked, yes, but through all that I discerned something else - a man who liked what he saw, who was quite possibly hungry for more.

I reflected on what this meant as without thinking I plunged one of my fingers into my cleft, unmotherly thoughts once again filling my brain. But this time, instead of trying to banish them, I let them linger like welcome visitors, enjoying the feel of them as with I diddled my pussy with one hand, the other massaging my breasts, thinking about the dream I'd had last night of the faceless man that I loved and had loved me back with such tenderness and affection. My subconscious was trying to tell me something, something I couldn't see.

Or rather, refused to admit.

I felt my eyes widen. Could the mystery man, the one who could complete me as no other could, be none other than my own son? It made sense, for what other man was there that loved me so unconditionally, or who I loved more than life? And who loved him more, knew him better than the one who carried him inside her, and gave him life? Would it really be so far a stretch to extend our love from merely emotional into the realm of the physical?

According to society, yes, my rational side reminded me. What you're considering is incest - it's forbidden, it's illegal, it's immoral.

True, but what if I don't care? I shot back as I continued to frig myself faster and faster, grabbing onto the shower bar for support, the faceless man in my dream now assuming Eric's visage as he ravished me with primal intensity. What if I finally, after so many years of pain, loneliness, and grief, have the chance at true, deep, delirious happiness? Should I reject it out of hand just because somewhere along the way someone decided it was wrong and everyone else went along with it? I contemplated as another climax struck, as strong as last night and forcing me to my knees, biting into my forearm to stifle my cries.

So what are you going to do, seduce your own son? The voice asked as I raised myself back up on shaky legs, making a half-hearted attempt to finish my shower.

I may not have to, I thought, thinking back to my Christmas Eve conversation with my son, remembering how irritated he'd been when I'd said I'd invited Robert, how he'd responded - I think there are a lot of better options out there for you than this Robert person. But who, he had refused to say.

And then there was the way he'd reacted just last night, when I was being down on myself - You're a classy, gorgeous woman that has a lot to offer the right man.

Gorgeous, I reflected, a word that no one had used to describe me before, and not a word sons typically use on their mothers, unless they're angling for a shiny new sports car. Or, possibly, because they were thinking about them as something other than a mother. Holy shit, I pondered with growing excitement, could my son feel about me the same way I was starting to feel about him?

"Easy, girl," I urged myself, trying to rein in my still-raging libido as I turned off the shower. You're reading a lot into behavior that could be nothing more than a devoted son doing all he can to bolster his mom's flailing confidence. Before you do anything you can't take back, be absolutely certain of his feelings, and yours while you're at it.

This time, my rational side had a point, I thought as I toweled off. Toying with the suddenly luscious notion of incest in the confines of my own head was one thing, actually doing it another. I was fairly certain of my own feelings regarding the matter, if anything they were becoming stronger with each passing minute, the concept of my son, my lover making more and more sense.

After all, I had loved him more than anything since the moment I'd found out I was pregnant, willing to do anything for him, give him anything. And now, the thought of giving myself to him - my soul, my mind, my body, filled me with more joy than I'd ever felt in my life, and I quivered at the thought. Now, I just had to make sure he felt the same way about me.

But how?

The problem niggled at me as I rummaged through my things, trying to decide what to wear. For a moment I toyed with the blunt approach - Going

out to him and saying something like Hey son, wanna fuck your mom? Before discarding that tactic. If I was wrong about his feelings then I could scar him for life, created a rift between us that would never fully heal. But on the other hand, I couldn't beat around the bush too much either, for I only had a few more days with him before I'd say goodbye for who knows how long. And during that time some college slut might snatch him up, my blood boiling at the thought. I could not, would not, let that happen.

Then inspiration hit me as I let out an excited squeal, pulling out a few articles I'd tucked away at the bottom of my bag - a pair of jeans and your seemingly run of the mill Christmas sweater. I smiled, for there was much more to these clothes than met the eye. For the jeans were the tightest, hip-hugginest pair I owned, leaving no detail of my lower body to the imagination. As for the sweater, well, it was a size or so smaller than what I usually wore, meaning it would cling to my torso like a second skin, showing of my lean arms, flat tummy, and perhaps most importantly, the swell of my breasts that Eric had found so fascinating earlier.

I giggled naughtily to myself as I slipped them on, deciding to forgo underwear as part of my quest to win over my son. For next to being naked, I could think of no better way to get a man's attention, this frigid time of year anyway. That's the whole reason I'd brought them along in the first place, in case I ran across a man I wanted to impress, not realizing at the time that I was already with my perfect match. I'd keep a close eye on Eric today and his reaction to my outfit, knowing that if he had a genuine interest in my body it'd be impossible for him to hide it from me. After all, my boy had never been good at hiding his emotions.

But there was more to my strategy than just getting him to ogle me, although I was looking forward to that aspect of it immensely. For real progress to be made, we would have to talk, and I knew I had to be very careful how I tackled this, deciding that a lighthearted approach might be best - start out by joking about him seeing me naked today, making it seem like no big deal, maybe asking him for an opinion on my body. Just to have a man's thoughts on the matter, I would say.

That would lead to more interesting topics, I thought as I took off the shower cap, freeing my hair as I began brushing it. I wanted it to look exceptionally full and radiant today, knowing Eric loved it almost as much as he'd obviously enjoyed the sight of my tits. And after that, hopefully there will be no more need for conversation.

"I'm reeeeady," I announced airily as I came out of the bathroom, eager to see what Eric's reaction to my efforts would be. But he was sitting on the far side of my bed, looking away from me. Clouds had covered the sun while I was in the shower, darkening the room, making it hard to see what he was doing, but he seemed to be wiping his nose with a handkerchief. When he heard my voice he started, cursing as he jumped up quickly, shoving the handkerchief in his pocket. "Mom, you surprised me," he said, not turning around. "I didn't expect you to finish so fast."

I chuckled. "It's okay, sweetie, you can turn around, I have clothes on now," I assured him in a teasing tone.

He stood there for a few minutes as he was, taking a few breaths before he finally turned around. "So, you all set to gooo.....," the last word trailing off as he took in the sight of me in my 'naughty list' outfit for the first time. I'd also added on a little makeup and lipstick to complete the effect, which was apparently devastating. Even in the low light, I observed with more than a little satisfaction, my son's expression mirroring that he'd had when he'd gawked at my bare chest. Yes, things appeared to be off to a great start.

"Do you like it?" I asked as I straightened my spine and pushing out my chest as I leaned forward on one leg, putting my hand on my hip to complete the pose.

He gulped again. "Uh, yeah, it's just, you know, a little more...daring that what you usually wear, you know? What gives?"

"Well, I figured that if I'm putting myself on the market, I might as well get serious go all out, don't you think? After all, you never know when I might catch the eye of a great guy, like the ones you say are out there," I said with a playful wink.

"Well, if that's your goal, I think you're right on target," he said, scratching the back of his head, unable to take his eyes off me, or rather my breasts, which I knew that he was picturing uncovered at this very moment. It seems I'd not only caught his eye, but damn near had him spellbound. Perhaps now was a good time to move on to the next phase. "Listen, about what happened earlier—"

"Don't worry about it," he said quickly, looking away suddenly, the spell apparently broken. "It was just an accident, so let's just leave it at that. I've already got my stuff loaded, so when you're ready to go we can check out. I'll be in the car." And before I could respond, he was out the door and gone.

I blinked at the rapidity of his departure a moment before I began grabbing at my things, putting them in my bag as I mentally accessed my progress so far. Yes, I'd firmly established that he liked looking at me, but was it because he desired me specifically, or because he was a teenager with raging hormones appreciating the only reasonably attractive female body in the vicinity, who just happened to be his mother?

And I didn't see an easy way of finding out, since he'd immediately shut down the only avenue I'd had for even beginning to broach the topic of, shall we say, expanding our relationship as I gathered up my pajamas from among the bedsheets, still smelling slightly of my torrential nocturnal release, frowning when I didn't find my discarded panties among them. Must have gotten tangled up somewhere in the bed or under it. Oh well, fuck 'em, I thought, too preoccupied with my thoughts about how to break this sexual communication barrier with my son to worry about finding them as I shoved my pajamas in my bag and zipped it up, heading for the door.

*

"Did you enjoy your stay?" the young, sprightly clerk asked me in an almost musical voice as I checked out. She was a thin wisp of a girl who looked to be around Eric's age, her bright purple hair bundled up in a bun atop her head, ringlets dangling down playfully on either side of a small face and delicate features that complimented her reedy, almost frail figure. She reminded me of a pixie without the wings, a notion reinforced by the bright, cheerful clothing she was sporting. I read her nametag - Aveline. An odd name, but fitting, I supposed.

"Um, yeah, it was good," I said, handing over the card keys.

"Uh oh," she chirped, "I'd know that tone anywhere, that's the sound of a woman with man troubles, am I right?"

"You could say that. There's this guy that I'm into, but I'm not sure if he's into me or not," I replied, shocked at myself, for I'm not the type to go around blabbing personal details to complete strangers. But I couldn't explain it, there was something about this girl that made me want to open up to her, and I couldn't help myself. Not only that, but my budding romantic feelings were driving me crazy, and it felt good to share with someone. And it's not like this Aveline had to know I had the hots for my own son, right? "Besides, I don't even know if we could make it work."

"Ah, married?" she asked.

"No," I replied, wondering why I couldn't stop talking about this. "It's just...complicated."

"Oh? Ohhhhh," she said, face lighting up with realization as if she'd just peered into my head and glimpsed the truth. "Yeah, I know all about complicated," she continued with a knowing grin. "It's sad how this world

can take a simple and beautiful thing like love and make it into a problem. But don't worry, I find that such things usually work themselves out marvelously in the end. With a little help, of course," she added with a wink.

"Um, thanks, I mumbled, not knowing what else to say.

"So where are you and your son headed?" she asked as she worked with the computer.

I frowned. How did she know about Eric, and that he was my son? The clerk that was here when we checked in last night must have told her, I surmised. "Towards the capital," I replied, not seeing the harm in telling her, "He's starting culinary school there in the spring."

"Ohhhh, a budding chef, huh? Good thing you're a personal trainer, otherwise you might get fat from all that good food he must make!" I should have been bothered by her knowing that rather precise detail as well, but I figured she just made a reasonable assumption based on the excellent shape I was in. After all, it wasn't like my outfit was hiding much. Besides, it was nice to have a woman to talk to about what was going on, even if she seemed a bit flaky.

"But just a head's up," she continued, not looking up from the computer, "There's some sort of emergency construction or some such on the interstate in that direction, so it's gonna be slow-going. Not to mention that there's a big bundle of snow heading our way. Personally I find it quite enchanting, but from what I hear it's quite a hassle to drive in."

"Damn," I muttered, now knowing where the sudden clouds had come from. This wasn't good, remembering how Eric had called the landlord of the apartment to let him know we'd be arriving early, how the old man hadn't been happy about the change in schedule, but had agreed to tomorrow afternoon.

But now with this situation with the interstate and snow moving in, I was no longer sure we'd be able to make it, and chances are Eric would lose his prime apartment. No way, there was no way I was going to let him down again, I resolved. "I don't suppose you know of any detours around here that wouldn't take us too much out of the way, would you?" I asked, hoping she could save me searching through options on my phone.

Aveline beamed. "As a matter of fact, I do. Just turn left out of our driveway and head down the road for a while, until you reach the turnoff for old Highway 10, and keep going along there until you reach a town called Coventry. It's where I'm from, actually. Anyway, just shoot through there and keep going for until you reach the next turnoff for the interstate. That way, you'll avoid the congestion and you two will get to where you need to be."

"Thank you," I said, so relieved that I took out some money and offered it to her for the help, but she just waved it away.

"No need for that," she said. "If you want to repay me, just promise you'll keep your eyes peeled - you never know when the perfect moment to act on your feelings will come along. But when it does, be ready to seize it with both hands!"

What an odd girl, I thought as I headed toward the car. What the hell was she even talking about, and why was I even listening to someone half my age? Perfect moment? Even if such a thing occurred, how would I even know it? And how would Eric respond? I wondered, as I opened the door and climbed into the driver's seat, Eric ready to go in the passenger seat.

But I put all thoughts of romancing my son out of my head for the moment as I buckled my seatbelt, focusing on beating the approaching storm. I explained the situation to Eric, before punching up my GPS app on my phone to find this Coventry place Aveline had mentioned. Unfortunately, the app couldn't find any place with that name anywhere in our vicinity.

Weather must be interfering with the signal, I concluded, eyeing the heavy cloud cover. Oh well, I thought with a sigh as I started the car, it would have been nice to have a backup, but the eccentric clerk's directions were straightforward enough.

After grabbing a fast-food breakfast I quickly found the way onto the old highway Aveline had said would take me through Coventry and back to the interstate. The way she'd talked I'd expected to come across it relatively soon, but before I knew it an hour had passed, then two with no sign of the place, just the open country and scattered farms standard in this part of the country. I tried my phone again, only to be met with the unending circle of frustration when the app tried to load.

At last, we came to a gas station, stopping quickly for snacks and bathroom breaks. I asked the attendant about Coventry, but he just scratched his head and said he'd never heard of it. Great, I'd thought, we must still be a long way off from it. For a moment I deliberated just turning around and heading back the way we came and find another route, but in the end rejecting it. Turning around would mean backtracking, since even though this road was much longer than I'd anticipated, we were still heading in the general direction we needed to go. So, gritting my teeth and cursing purple-haired motel clerks under my breath, we got back in the car and pushed on ahead.

To get my mind off my irritation with Aveline I once again attempted communication with Eric, even retreating into safe, nonsexual topics just to reopen the lines that had gone silent since we'd started out. But apparently, he was still feeling awkward about the 'revealing' incident earlier and I was met with a solid wall of bland, generic replies as he sank into the world of an old Nintendo 3DS he'd brought along.

But it wasn't all gloom, for more than once out of the corner of my eye I caught him casting surreptitious glances at me and my tight-fitting attire when he thought I wasn't looking. There was interest there, I was almost sure of it, but I was beginning to wonder if I'd have time to exploit it before

I said goodbye to him in a few days, asking myself now, in light of what I was now feeling, if I'd be even able to let him go.

I was still ruminating on this some time later when I came across what I was looking for. It was an old faded sign which said Coventry - Next Left Turn. Aveline hadn't said anything about having to turn. But then again, she hadn't mentioned a lot of things, I reminded myself. Besides, that was the general direction the interstate was in, if my sense of direction was right, thinking things were finally looking up.

The way things had been going lately, I should've known better than to tempt fate.

It was about ten minutes later, when I was entering what I assumed were the outskirts of the community of Coventry, a picturesque, wooded area with sloping hills, although I had yet to see any sign of human habitation yet. That's when I heard what no motorist in unfamiliar territory wants to hear - sputtering and other unpleasant noises under the hood that gradually increased in intensity, indicating something was seriously wrong.

"No, no no, shit!" I cursed as I angled the car off the road as with one final pop it died. I tried restarting it, but there was nothing, and I slapped my hands against the steering wheel in frustration.

Eric looked up from his game. "What's going on, mom?" he asked, with all the perceptiveness of someone who'd been soaking their brain in video games for the past several hours. "Something wrong with the car?"

"Yes, sweetie," I sighed, brushing aside a wavy strand of hair as I reached for my phone. "I don't suppose you took an auto repair class that I didn't know about, by any chance?"

"I wish I had now," he said, grimacing as he watched the tendrils of smoke rising from the front of the car.

"Well, I guess I'm gonna have to call for help," I said, reaching for my phone in its holder, praying the signal was at least strong enough to let me make a call. But before I could take hold of it, the voice on my GPS app blurted out 'You have reached your destination. Goodbye!' and then the screen went dark.

"What the hell are you talking about, you idiot? I shouted at my phone. "You never even let me put in a destination!" I tried to get back to the home screen, only to find that it was completely dead. How was that possible, since I'd still had over seventy percent on my battery five minutes ago? "How's your phone?" I asked Eric.

He pulled his out his phone, only to be met with a blank screen as well. "I don't get it," Eric said, frowning as he lowered it. "I charged it last night, and I haven't even used it much today. And didn't you have the car inspected a few weeks ago?"

"Yes," I said through gritted teeth, trying to hold back my irritation. "By Frank, who I've been going to for years and is, as you know, a reliable mechanic, who gave it a clean bill of health," I said, still trying in vain to reboot my dead phone. "I guess it's just one of those random things." Like this goddamned phone flipping out on me.

"It's not going to mess up our appointment with the landlord tomorrow, is it?" he asked, "We can still get there, right?"

"Relax, sweetie," I said, putting aside the lost cause that was my phone and giving him my most reassuring smile. "We'll get there, one way or another."

Fucking fantastic, I thought, what are the fucking odds of the car and both our phones dying at the same time? I swallowed, trying not to panic in front of my son, which was damned difficult considering we were surrounded by nothing but empty countryside, with no sign of human habitation anywhere, and a massive winter storm heading in our direction and night starting to set in. I'd felt so smug taking this shortcut to get around that blockage on the interstate, but now it seemed about as brilliant as shoving a gun in my back pocket with the safety off.

"So, what now?" he asked, worry creeping into his voice.

Why don't you tell me? I wanted to snap. After all, it's your fault we're even out here. No, that's wrong, I corrected myself, we're here because of me screwing up Christmas. So I took a deep breath and reformulated my response. "I guess we'll just have to turn on the emergency blinkers and wait for someone to come by and give us a hand."

From the way he looked at me I could tell he had about as much faith in that plan as I did. "But who know how long that'll take, since we're out here in the middle of...of...where are we, anyway?"

"The outskirts of some small community called Coventry," I said. But where the actual town was located was anyone's guess.

Eric was quiet a moment as he looked out the windshield. "The town center can't be too far from here. Maybe I should try to walk there, or at least to the nearest house."

"Oh, no, you don't," I said, grabbing his arm protectively. He may be eighteen now and technically a man, but to me he was still my baby boy. My only baby, I thought ruefully, briefly recalling the heartwrenching anguish both Nate and I had experienced when the doctor had told us that I couldn't have any more children after my difficult pregnancy and delivery, our dreams of a large family dashed. "Tell you what, I'll make a deal with

you - if no one's come by in the next half hour, we'll both bundle up and try to find help. Agreed?"

"Alright," he said reluctantly, settling back in his seat, again turning away from me to stare out the door window. I know he didn't like it, but there was no way I was sending him out there alone. Not that I relished being left by myself on the side of the road, either.

"So sweetie," I said, trying to take both our minds off our predicament, "you never really told me why you decided to start school in the spring, instead of waiting for fall like you'd planned."

"Hey, what's that?" Eric asked, pointing outside his window. At first, I thought it was just a way to deflect my inquiry, but as I looked I thought I could see a pinprick of light through the skeletal trees that lined the road. My heart leapt, and I knew what sailors on a dark, storm-tossed sea must have felt to see the flare from a lighthouse - hope!

"There must be someone living out here, after all," I said, grabbing my coat from the backseat, reasoning it must be the light from someone's house that they'd just switched on against the coming darkness. "Come on, let's go check it out." I know, walking up to a stranger's house in the middle of nowhere is how a lot of horror movies start, but with no car, no phone, and a bitterly frigid night settling in, I was feeling desperate. And surely, even the coldest curmudgeon wouldn't dream of doing any harm to a stranded mother with her child, especially during the holiday season. Right?

So we bundled up and set out through the trees in silence, the only sound our boots crunching in the snow, a thin layer of which covered the countryside around here. Soon we cleared the tree line, stepping out into a large open area, in the center of which sat a large Victorian-style house perched on a small hill, and even in the encroaching dark I admired its steep roof and wrap-around porch. Light glowed from several of the ornate bay windows, revealing evergreen wreaths adorned with bright red bows fixed in the center of the glass.

Despite our serious situation I couldn't help but smile, for it was the exact image of the dream house I'd always envisioned for myself, having laid awake at night with Nate many times when I'd been pregnant with Eric, dreaming of one day getting a house just like this and filling it with all our children. But life had taken that dream, and many others, and shredded them to pieces.

Eric and I paused, looking at each other. "Looks promising," I said, trying to sound encouraging, reasoning that someone with such a nice house and holiday decorations couldn't be all bad. Eric only grunted in response to my admittedly dubious assessment but offered no protest as we continued on uphill toward the structure.

Then, when we were about halfway up the slope to the house, we were taken by surprise when the building and the trees around it, including two stately cedars in front, were suddenly ablaze with the glow of thousands of tiny white Christmas lights, so dazzling I had to cover my eyes, blinking as they adjusted to the brilliant illumination now assaulting them as I continued toward the steps, more buoyed than ever than someone with this much Christmas spirit would be willing to help us, maybe even let us stay the night.

We made our way onto the porch and to the front door, painted a deep red and ringed with fresh sprigs of holly and a massive wreath hanging from the center, with a mat in front saying 'Welcome to the Holiday Hideaway House'. How cute, I thought, ringing the doorbell, which played the opening tune of 'Jingle Bells', I noted with delight, now eager to meet the obviously fun, festive owners of the home.

And so we waited. And waited, and waited, but no one came to the door. I rang the doorbell again and another few minutes passed, but as before there was no reply. I knocked. "Hello?" I called out as loud as I could without being rude, but again no reply. Well, screw politeness, I thought, my manners worn down by frustration and the cold as I banged on the door, yelling as loud as I could. "Can anyone hear me in there? Our car broke down, and we need some help. Hello?"

"I don't think anyone's home," Eric muttered, looking around. "I don't see any cars."

"Let's check around back," I said, refusing to be daunted. Our search revealed a back door that again no one answered, but no cars and no apparent garage where they might be kept. So naturally, my optimism began to wilt as we made our way back around the house and back up on to the porch.

"So, what now?" Eric asked, starting to shudder in the cold, hands jammed in his pockets. "Do we head back to the car?"

I didn't answer as I eyed the colorful front door, or rather, the doorknob attached to it, a desperate hunch coming to me. I reached out and twisted it, and to my complete and utter surprise it gave way and the door creaked open. Amazed that my gambit had worked, I stepped inside.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Eric hissed, looking around as if he expected the owner to be coming up right behind us. "You can't do that, that's breaking and entering!"

"Well, technically it's just entering, since I didn't really break anything," I pointed out, enjoying the rush of warm air I felt flowing over me. "Wow, it feels so good in here."

"It's still trespassing," he said, still sounding nervous, not budging from his spot on the porch. "And the school might rethink their scholarship if I get arrested before I even get started."

I wheeled back to him, my 'trust me' grin on my face. "Come on, look at this house - whoever lives here must be a kind and generous soul, who would no doubt offer shelter to stranded motorists if they were home. Let's just step in

and warm up a minute, while I try to find a phone or computer or something that I can use to call for help. If the owner returns, I'll just explain what happened and even offer them a little money in exchange for the trouble, although I doubt they'd take it. And on the off chance they're unreasonable and call the cops or something, do you really think they'd arrest us given the circumstances?"

"Well, when you put it that way," he conceded, stamping off his boots and stepping inside behind me. "I suppose it won't hurt to warm up a little."

"That's the spirit!" I said, quickly closing the door behind him. I turned around, removing my mittens and rubbing my freezing hands together as I took in our surroundings. We were standing in a small hallway lit by old-fashioned lamps set into the walls, which were lined with a rich green wallpaper inlaid with golden pinecone patterns, the floors polished hardwood. There were two closed doors, one a few paces up to our right and one directly ahead beyond that. But what drew my eye sat to the left - a grand, intricately carved staircase leading up to the second floor, its polished bannisters wreathed in bright green pine garlands and golden ribbons and sparkling with strands of tiny white lights.

"What's this?" Eric asked as we hung up our coats on a nearby rack, pointing to a small table nearby on which rested a small envelope. I picked it up, reading the names written in a fancy cursive script on the back. "To Megyn and Eric Cunningham, please read before proceeding. What the hell?" I said, crinkling my brow.

"What? You mean that letter was left here for us? How is that possible? I mean, we didn't even know we would be here," Eric asked, suddenly looking anxious again.

"Has to be a coincidence," I assured him, although we both knew that the odds of whoever living here expecting company with the exact same names as us on this very night were beyond astronomical, right up there with winning the lottery. Five times in a row.

"Are you going to read it?" he asked.

I shrugged. "Well, our names are on it, so it's not like we're invading anyone's privacy," I reasoned, opening the envelope and talking out the letter inside, unfolding and reading it aloud:

"Dear Mrs., or should I now say Ms. Cunningham and her handsome son Eric,

Greetings, and welcome to the Coventry Hideaway House!"

"What the...?" Eric interjected, "this person not only knows our names and that we'd be here, but knows our relationship, and that you're widowed? This is beyond weird."

I couldn't disagree, my own uneasiness growing as I continued to read:

Welcome to Coventry, which is, as you'll soon discover, where fabulous things can and do happen with much greater frequency than elsewhere. Such marvels usually proceed just fine on their own, but sometimes a helping hand is needed to keep things running smoothly, or just to get the ball rolling, as in your case. That's where I come in.

You don't know how much I wish I could be here personally to help you on your journey of discovery, but as you can imagine I have a lot of demands placed on me this time of year. Speaking of which, I understand that your Christmas wasn't as great as you hoped. Therefore, allow me to offer you a do-over like the one you'd planned on, right here in Coventry's Hideaway House, which I guarantee will provide you both with a unique and wonderful experience that will change your lives.

And since the family that usually lives here is travelling at the moment, the house and everything in it is yours for the evening, which naturally includes all food, supplies, any other special touches you might require. So relax, enjoy yourselves, and open yourselves to the possibilities offered by this magical time of year. Christmas may be over, but its spirit still lingers, and will guide you both to what you truly desire.

Warmest Regards,

The Guardian of Coventry

I looked up at my son, whose face mirrored the dread that was squirming around in my stomach. How did they know that Eric and I had talked about a Christmas do-over, something we'd only discussed in the privacy of the motel room? Whoever this 'guardian', as they called themselves was, it was glaringly obvious that they were missing a few eggs in their carton, speaking as if they somehow knew Eric and I would be stranded, almost as if they'd planned for it to happen, that we'd be forced to stay here for god knows what twisted purpose. "We need to get out of here, now," I said flatly.

We practically ran back to the car in our anxiousness to get away from that house, that place that seemed to have been laid out for us like a trap for mice. I half expected the door to be locked, or for someone to pop out with a gun and force us back in, but none of that happened, and soon we were back among the trees that lined the property, making our way back to our vehicle as fast as we could, made more difficult by the fact that snow had arrived and had brought a bitch of a wind with it.

But we refused to let it deter us, both of us willing to take our chances in a broken and chilled car on the side of the road rather than back there in that warm but unsettling house.

That is, if we'd still had a car in which to take our chances, for when we got back to the road there was no trace of it. I knew it was the right place, still

seeing the tracks in the wet ground where I'd veered it off the road, quickly being covered over with snow. Where the car had been a thin tree branch had been jammed into the ground, holding another envelope wedged between two twigs, again with a note inside, which I read aloud:

P.S. - I took the liberty of transporting your car to a garage for repairs; I will deliver it back to you in the morning. In the meantime, why don't you get back inside the house and enjoy the evening? It's dreadfully cold out here.

Wishing You The Best Yuletide Ever,

The Guardian of Coventry

"What the fuck?" Eric exclaimed. "Has this freak been watching us, waiting for us to go in the house before swooping in and swiping our car?"

If that was the case, I deliberated, studying the scene, then shouldn't there be impressions from the tow truck, other footprints? But I saw no sign any traffic besides us had been on this road recently, let alone a wrecker, and the only footprints I saw belonged to Eric and I. "I don't know, but I think we better get back to the house."

He looked at me as if I'd grown a third eye in my forehead. "Are you nuts? No way I'm going back in there to play whatever sick game this psycho has in store for us! I say we strike out and try to find another house, ask them for help."

"But where is the next nearest house?" I asked, waving my hand around. "It could be several miles from here, and the way this storm's getting we won't make it far before we freeze," I said. And as if to emphasize my point the wind suddenly quickened, the snowfall intensifying to the point I could barely see him in front of me. "Look, I know it's a terrible option," I called out over the wind, "but at least in the house we'll be warm and able to think

clearly, better able to face whatever's coming. Out here, we're just sitting ducks. Frozen sitting ducks."

I could tell Eric didn't like it, but even he couldn't argue with my reasoning as he nodded, and we began to trudge our way back to the house. "Shit, that's cold!" I exclaimed as I slammed the door behind us and locked it, for whatever good it would do. Yes, it appeared we were being herded like cattle into this house, I considered as I soaked in the blessed heat of this place, listening to what had become a howling blizzard outside. But if it was my time to go, at least I'd go warm.

"So what now?" Eric asked, making no move to remove his coat in case we had to make another dash for freedom. I decided that was a good idea, although I had to unzip mine due to the intense warmth in this place, surprised at how much hotter it seemed than when we'd been here earlier. "Grab a cozy chair and wait for this wacko or wackos to show themselves?"

"Let's look around," I suggested, "make sure we're alone, at least for now anyway. And who knows? Maybe whoever this guardian is left something behind we can use to contact the outside world, or at least defend ourselves with." All very valid reasons, I told myself, but the truth was I was burning with curiosity to explore what appeared to be a beautiful house, even if it ended up being a death trap.

"Should we split up?" he suggested, "we could cover more ground more quickly that way."

I smirked. "Yeah, because that always works so well in the movies. Rule one for tonight - we stick together at all times."

He shifted uncomfortably. "What about, you know, going to the bathroom and stuff?"

"Hmm...I forgot about that," I said, blushing slightly. "Well, we'll see how things go." I knew it was totally the wrong moment for this sort of thinking, but just then the image of me standing in the bathroom with him as he did his business, his cock in his hand, filled my head, accompanied by a spate of sinful questions - was it as big as his father's? What about girth? If it was too bulky, I might not be able to cram it all in my pussy...

"Okay," he said rather quickly, breaking me out of my erotic imaginings. I'd expected him to put up more of a fight about that, but maybe it was just the seriousness of the situation that was making him more agreeable, I concluded as he held out his hand to me. "And maybe it would be a good idea for us to hold hands, at least until we've checked the place over."

I smiled at this suggestion, still tingly from my musings. I hadn't held his hand since he was a little boy, and even though it was fear motivating him right now I still saw it as a big step forward in my plans to get as close as a mother could get to her son. If we made it through the night, that is.

"Alright, let's go."

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We decided to start up on the third floor and work our way down. As it turned out most of the rooms on this level turned out to be bedrooms, a pattern repeated on the second floor. It must have been an inn or something like that at one point, and whoever lives here now must have a huge family, noting how many of the rooms were done up for Christmas with a variety of decorations obviously created by the hands of children.

And each of them contained a small Christmas tree, each with a different theme - such as a room with a pink tree decked out with red trim and illuminated crimson glass hearts, to another, which had a tree done up with various kinds of sports ornamentation and a light-up football on top, feeling a subtle but sharp pang of envy that these people, whoever they were, had everything I'd been denied.

But despite that, this was the most charming, cozy house I'd ever seen; I considered idly as we inspected a large room on the second floor, my fears beginning to wane as I absorbed the holiday cheer around me. I assumed this was the master bedroom, for it was quite larger than the others with a beyond-king-sized bed wrapped in opulent red silken sheets that dominated the room, large heavy curtains over wide windows, even its own bathroom and fireplace. But we found no trace of anyone else, nor anything that might be useful to us, so we headed back downstairs.

"So where to now?" Eric asked. We were back in the hallway, trying to decide between the closed door to the right of us, and one straight ahead that we'd seen earlier. I bit my lip, mulling it over. "Let's try this one," I said, pointing to the one on the right, something pulling me towards it as I reached for the knob. "I think this might be the parlor, where they receive visitors and spent family time," I explained, showing off my knowledge of this style of houses, which I'd studied probably more than was healthy for the day I could have my own.

I gasped. As I'd assumed it was the parlor, complete with comfy-looking sofas and chairs, a cheery blaze crackling in the corner fireplace. But oh, it was so much more than that, for it seemed that everything that I'd come to associate with the season was crammed into this one room - a vibrant, richly decorated Frasier Fir stood tall and proud as a decorated soldier nearby, filling the air with a fresh, coniferous scent and twinkling with colored lights, the large ornate mantle filled with exquisitely crafted Nutcracker figurines like the ones my mother used to collect.

And that wasn't all - potted poinsettias, my favorite flower, dotted tabletops and other surfaces, adding a splash of bright red color, complimenting the vibrant sprigs of what looked like real mistletoe hanging from the doorway we'd just entered, as well as the one that led to another room on our left, paintings of wintry holiday landscapes scattered around the oak-paneled walls.

"This is incredible," I murmured, letting go of his hand and stepping into the room, trying to take it all in. Just then I heard a slight toot, looking

upwards, squealing in delight to see a model train track had been installed along the upper wall of the room, a Christmas train, complete with carts laden down with presents and other goodies made its way around in an endless loop. There was even a festively dressed conductor leaning out the window of the head car, arm moving in a wave, that said 'Merry Christmas' cheerfully at random intervals.

"Wait a minute," I said, moving closer to the wall, scrutinizing the train as it went by. It seemed familiar, but could it be? Yes, it was! I realized, this was the exact same model of train my father had set up in our living room when I was a child!

"This is amazing!" I squealed, bouncing up and down, giggling like a giddy child, hurrying over to the mantle to study the figurines, particularly the sugarplum fairy. Sure enough, there was a slight brown smudge on her skirt, from where I'd rubbed it as a child when I'd had chocolate on my fingers. But the train, the dolls, all my parents' Christmas treasures, my bitch of a sister had snatched them all away despite my parents' wishes that I get at least part of them. And for that, plus other issues I won't get into right now, we hadn't spoken in years. So how in the world were they here now?

"And look at all this yummy stuff!" I said, rushing over to a table set up to the right of the doorway, laden with trays of sugar cookies, candied fruit, red velvet cake, sugarplums, and peppermint fudge - along with a bowls of what looked like eggnog and steaming hot chocolate. All mine and Eric's favorite Christmastime treats, gathered onto this table. And in a lighted alcove behind the spread sat a gingerbread town, like the ones I used to make with my grandma, above it a sign writing in frosting on a large flat graham cracker with the word 'Coventry'.

"Careful," Eric warned, as I hungrily eyed the table of treats, taking a big whiff of the spicy, sugary goodness, "it could be drugged."

"Maybe," I said, flipping back around to him, wearing a big grin. "But I don't think so."

He narrowed his eyes, crossing his arms over his chest. "Oh, and what makes you so sure?"

"I mean just look at this place," I said, as if the room was evidence enough. "I told you about my dad's train, my mom's figurines, right? I don't know how, but they're here, in this room, look!" I cried, gesticulating wildly. "I mean, this is everything I love about Christmas and more!"

He glanced at the train and the dolls before fixing his gaze back on me. "Yeah, I'll admit they're similar to what you described. But it could just be a coincidence, since lots of people have these types of trains and figurines around for Christmas."

I knew he probably wouldn't believe me, so further convincing was necessary. I took his arm and dragged him over to the tree, acting on a hunch, my eyes lighting up when I saw that I was right. "Look at these ornaments," I said, waving my hand up and down among the limbs, "recognize them?"

"Wait a minute," he said, forehead creasing as he studied the tree's decorations. "Isn't all this our stuff?"

I nodded, plucking one of the ornaments off the tree, cradling it carefully in my hands as I held it out to him. It was a lump of hard clay that'd been slathered with paint to resemble a bear donning a Santa hat, and from its misshapen legs hung a small wooden placard that said 'Merry Christmas Mommy' in bright red letters. "You made this for me when you were in the first grade, remember?" I asked, stroking the bear's hat fondly. "It's my favorite, and I always made sure to hang it front and center on the tree even though it made your father cringe. You gonna tell me this is a coincidence, or a replica?"

"No," he said, smiling wistfully at the nostalgic item in my hand for a moment before it dissolved into something more serious. "But mom, we know these people, whoever they are, have obviously been spying on us, who's to say that they didn't take these from our house, bring it here as part of whatever sick game they're playing?"

"Maybe," I conceded, "or perhaps they're not evil at all, that despite their odd way of doing it, they've arranged something very special for us as they said in that letter, to give us the Christmas do-over we talked about, so it can be better this time. The way it should have been, before I fucked it up."

"But—"

I clasped his hand again, not out of fear, but out of affection. "Look, sweetie, like it or not we're stuck here and whatever's gonna happen is gonna happen, whether we worry about it or not. But until then, I say we just relax and enjoy ourselves," I said in an exuberant, confident tone. "I mean seriously, how could someone with sinister intentions so perfectly encapsulate the spirit of a season that's all about love, joy, and giving like this?"

For I was now absolutely certain that whoever set this up meant us no harm, as certain as I was that I loved my son in ways I probably shouldn't. For thanks to them, I was now here alone and snowed in with him in this magical, wondrous house where I could work to reveal my true feelings to him without fear of interruption or judgment. No matter how or why, the moment Aveline had spoken of had arrived. And I intended to take full advantage of it, I resolved, carefully putting the ornament back in place on the tree, front and center.

"Well, you do have a point about the being stuck here part," he acknowledged, running his hand through his hair. "But still, I'd feel better if we had a look over the rest of the house before dropping our guard completely."

Despite my certainty now that there was no danger here despite the strangeness of it all, I tipped my head in agreement to Eric's reasonable request. After all, if doing so would help put his mind at ease about possible danger, it would be easier for me to turn it toward other things, I thought lustily as we made our way through the doorway to our left, my mind working furiously on a way to broach the subject of incest with Eric without sounding like a sex-crazed perverted sleaze as we continued on our search.

"They even have a music room!" I squealed as we neared the threshold of the adjoining room, clapping my hands over my chest at the sight of an elegant grand piano set up near a large bay window, whose green and gold curtains that matched the wallpaper had been drawn back, revealing the snow whirling by fiercely outside, again thankful that I was inside and toasty. Very toasty, I thought as I rushed ahead of Eric and over to the piano, unzipping my coat and tossing it on a nearby chair.

I ran my fingers along the keys, recalling the lessons I'd taken as a child, how my family would gather around our piano at the holidays and listen to me play and sometimes sing along to lively seasonal tunes. I remembered how my dad had smiled, how my sister had seethed since it was one of the only times the spotlight was on me instead of her and her glamorous prom queen existence. I had adored those times, and that piano. Which is why I suppose sister dearest insisted on having it as well, not that Nate and I'd had a place for it in our more modest home anyway.

Then I remembered the dolls, the train, and the ornaments, making my way over to the other end of the piano, kneeling down and looking under it. Sure enough, there were two letters carved there - M.R., Megyn Reynolds, my maiden name. Although it had technically belonged to the family, as I child I'd invested so much time and tears into learning it that I felt it was mine, and marked it as such. And now it was back, along with all my other Christmas treasures. Eric, come look at this!" I called out as I stood up, rubbing the surface of the instrument affectionately.

"I'd love to," he said sardonically, "but I appear to be having some sort of problem here."

I looked up and saw that he was still standing in the doorway, just inside the parlor. "What are you doing?" I asked excitedly, puzzled as I motioned him forward. "Get on in here."

"That's just it," he said, doing an impression of a mime in a box as he extended his hand out in front of him, his outstretched palm seeming to press up against a hard surface in front of him. "There's something here that won't let me through."

Frowning, I walked back over to the doorway, pushing out mine to where his had been and beyond towards him, feeling nothing but air. I then walked slowly forward until I was standing beside him. "There's nothing there," I said with a shrug, thinking he was just having some fun with me.

"What the hell?" he muttered, walking forward. This time there was an audible thud as his forehead hit a hard surface, the impact causing him to stagger back. "Are you okay, sweetie?" I asked as I tried to steady him, but given his larger height and frame my efforts weren't very successful.

But fortunately despite the sound the blow must not have been as hard as I'd thought, for Eric soon righted himself, rubbing at his head. "Believe me now?"

I nodded, looking back at the doorway. Wanting to test something, I walked, slowly, back through the doorway, managing to pass safely through to the other room. "Whatever it is, it appears to just be affecting you for some reason."

"Screw this," he grumbled irritably as he stomped away toward the other exit that led to the hallway, "I'll just go around."

"Okay," I replied, "Just be care—"

But my warning came too late as he was once again stopped short by an unseen barrier in that one as well. Fortunately this time, by design or chance he caught the brunt of the collision in his shoulder, which reduced the stagger effect but did nothing for his rising temper. "This is stupid!" he raged, banging his fists on what seemed to be an invisible wall of air, "am I just supposed to be stuck in this damn room all night?"

Well, there are worse places to be trapped, I mused to myself, again admiring the festive nature of the room, although I kept my thoughts to myself, not wanting to stoke his ire any further as I studied the doorway, trying to figure out what could be causing this strange problem. Then my gaze settled on bright berries of the mistletoe dangling above, something clicking in my mind. Could that be it? I wondered, my eyes flitting to the sprig suspended above my furious son still pounding vainly on the unknown obstruction blocking his exit.

"Come here," I said to him as a wild and thrilling theory came to me, adjusting myself so that I was standing directly under the mistletoe, just inside the parlor. "I've got an idea that might help."

He stopped his futile battering, a mix of relief and hope in his features. "Really? What is it?"

"Just come here," I urged, too nervous to put what I was planning into words, knowing that if I even tried Eric would never go along with it. Yet at the same time, the prospect of my intended solution for his dilemma had me oddly excited. Again I felt delightful tickling sensations in all my naughty parts, my blood thrumming in anticipation. I just prayed that it would work, otherwise I might have a hard time explaining myself afterward.

His eyes were full of questions, nevertheless he obeyed, coming over and standing in front of me. "Okay, now what?"

I put my hands on his arms. "Now remember, what I'm about to do, I'm doing for you, alright?" I said, hoping I was able to keep what was whirring through my head and body out of my face and voice.

"What are you talk—"

But before he could finish I leaned inward toward him, raising myself up on my toes and, before I could change my mind, planted a quick but firm peck on his lips. It was over and done in the blink of an eye, the contact so slight and fleeting it barely qualified as a kiss, my lips dry and tight from nervousness. But fuck me if it didn't send a jolt of erotic current surging through my body the likes of which I had never felt before.

But I had no time to revel in it right now, eager to find out if my little test had worked. I started to say as much to Eric, until I saw the far-off and unresponsive look on his face, very similar to the one he'd had this morning when he'd been greeted by the sight of my bare chest, and I knew words would be useless at this point. So I took his hand in mine and led him gently across the threshold, Eric offering no resistance as this time we were both able to pass over into the music room without incident. I led him over to a nearby chair and sat him down gently in it and waited for him to recover, which fortunately didn't take long. "Why did you do that?" he asked softly when he found his voice, looking at me blankly.

I grinned, knowing I should feel bad at his discomfiture, but instead I was dancing among the clouds, having made my first intimate contact with Eric. And even though it was as brief as a lightning flash it had been charged with infinitely more energy, and I was unable to feel even the slightest tinge of regret as I savored the taste of him on my mouth. Fuck, I was turning into a perverted whore lusting after my own son like this, but it felt so good I didn't care. "I had to, sweetie," I replied, gently but firmly as I ran my hand through his brown hair, short and scraggly like his father's. "I wouldn't be a very good mom if I left you stuck in there all night. And besides, it worked, didn't it?"

"Well, yeah," he admitted, touching at his lips gingerly, "but what made you think to try that, of all things?"

I flicked a finger toward the greenery over the doorway, his eyes following my gesture. "I thought that might have something to do with it, since it's a Christmas tradition to kiss under it. Apparently, I was right," I said triumphantly.

"The mistletoe?" he said sounding baffled as he glanced back and forth between it and me, before settling on me. "So are you saying that just because we didn't kiss under it, I was being held prisoner in that room until we did?"

I shrugged. "I wouldn't put it so harshly, but yes, that seems to be the case."

"But how is that even possible?" he asked, his rational mind still trying to figure out what I was just coming to accept as natural around here. "And besides that, it's gross!"

I folded my arms across my chest, accentuating my breasts in my too-small sweater as I did so. "Well, that's gratitude, calling your mom gross when I was just trying to help my poor son!" I huffed, more than a little indignant.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that," he said quickly. "It's just that, you're my mom, and it's weird, you know?"

"Actually, I don't," I replied, keeping the irritation in my voice, deciding that now was as good a time as any to test, and hopefully stretch, the boundaries of our familial bond. "Why is getting a kiss from your mom gross and weird?"

"Come on, you know what I mean," he insisted. "It's just that...you know, we're related, and we're not supposed to...interact like that."

"Why not?" I pressed, continuing my offensive. "I mean, you grew inside me, I gave birth to you, fed you at my breast, nurtured you into the fine young man you are now. You and I share a deep connection no other woman can or ever will be able to claim. So what's the big deal if we swap a little saliva here and there?"

For a moment he just stared at me with a flabbergasted look on his face, obviously not expecting me to get so...brazenly intimate with my argument. "Look, all I was saying was...oh, forget it," he said, shaking his head. "Look, why don't I just say thanks for helping me, and we can move on?"

"You're welcome, sweetie," I said, beaming as I patted his shoulder, squeezing to feel the lean muscle underneath. As I said, he wasn't exactly a bodybuilder, but he sure had enough to impress me. "There isn't anything I wouldn't do for my precious boy, and I mean anything," I said, really leaning into that last word and infusing it with hidden promise.

"Still, it's weird," Eric mused, either not picking up on my meaning or ignoring it, "I don't understand how disobeying this 'tradition' could have a physical effect on me like that. I mean, neither of us were affected when we entered the room, and mistletoe was over that door as well."

My Christmas-tuned brain quickly came up with a possible solution to that puzzle. "Maybe because we hadn't seen it yet," I offered, "and we very well couldn't be expected to adhere to the mistletoe rule when we didn't even know it was there."

He leaned back in the chair, rubbing at his temples. "Fuck, this is so messed up on so many levels I don't even know how to start wrapping my mind around it."

"Then here's a tip - don't even bother trying," I suggested as he gave me a funny look as I continued. "So many things about tonight don't make sense, even to me, and trying to figure it all out is just going to give us both headaches. So, let's just go with it and manage the best we can, alright?"

"But what if this jerk guardian or whatever is taping us and recorded that kiss, to blackmail us or something?"

I scoffed. "That might make sense if our last name was Hilton, Buffett, or Hearst, or someone else with oodles of money or influence, both of which we are sadly lacking. Think about it sweetie, whoever owns this house is obviously far more well-off than we are, so unless they're just itching to get their hands on a rather old house in small town America with a scorched stove and a basement full of old Christmas decorations, I'd say we we're in the clear.

"Besides, I wouldn't even call that a kiss," I lied, feeling more exhilarated by that split-second encounter than an hour with my vibrator. "After all, it's not like I Frenched you and hoovered your tongue out of your mouth or anything." Although now I was wishing I had.

I was relieved when he chuckled at that, and it was good to see him laugh, which alleviated some of my own lingering tension. "No, I guess you didn't. Fuck me, it's weird thinking of my mom like that, to believe she could French anyone."

It was my turn to laugh. "I'm a sexual being, sweetie, with needs just like everyone else. Just like you," I pointed out, not sure why I'd added that. I should have stopped there, having already pushed the envelope far beyond what I would have dared even an hour ago, but something inside me was feeling bold, something fierce and primal that was casting off caution like my unneeded coat. "And if you'd like proof of my superior...oral abilities, I'd be more than happy to demonstrate," I said, wagging my eyebrows.

What are you doing?! some part of me screamed. You're going too fast, you're gonna fuck this up! I thought, figuring he was going to get disgusted and leave, taking his chances alone in one of the many rooms upstairs, or at least give me an astounded and admonishing look before continuing the sermonizing from earlier. But to my amazement he didn't show the slightest sign of shock or disgust, actually seeming to consider my offer before finally shaking his head. "Let's finish searching the house," he said, standing, "then we can talk about other things."

I nodded, even as I felt my heartbeat quicken. When he said 'other things', was he referring to practical matters, like food and sleeping arrangements, or to other things, matters that most mothers and sons never dare even contemplate? I pondered, remembering the curious look he'd had in his eye a moment ago. It had only lasted a second, but it had definitely been there, as if imagining what it would be like to experience a real kiss from the one who'd given him life.

With tentative but rising hopefulness I began to entertain the possibility that he was beginning to drop his guard and his suspicions, that the isolated and sequestered nature of our situation was spurring him, like me, to increasingly entertain illicit and forbidden possibilities. After all, anything that happened here would be forever shrouded from the rest of the world by the enveloping darkness and the snow piling up around us like a protective wall against prying or judging eyes. It was as if nature itself had made itself my accomplice in my yearned-for debauchery, even urging me on in my wicked endeavors.

"Let's go this way," he said, pulling me out of my pleasant imaginings, pointing toward a door set into the wall to the left of the one where we came in, and I was disappointed to see that there was no mistletoe there, apparently only in the doorways of the parlor, or Christmas corner as I liked to think of it. I realized with disappointment that Eric would probably now avoid the parlor like the plague, now that he knew the apparent power of the mistletoe. Too bad, I thought, for it was not only my favorite room in the house, but perhaps my favorite room anywhere on earth, perfectly embodying everything I loved about the holiday season in one enchanting space.

And it had been a great help to me on a whole other level, I reflected, remembering how my 'kiss' to help my son had greatly accelerated my amorous plans for the evening. For even though he had protested at the time, and still seemed reluctant to take things further, I could tell that he was curious. No doubt his desire to experience more of what I had to offer was mingling with images of my nude body that he'd witnessed earlier, chipping away at the moral and societal restraints that I'd wrestled with and had more or less overcome by now.

Too bad that there isn't mistletoe everywhere, I idly mused as I followed my son toward the other doorway. Not that I liked the stress it had caused Eric, but it did open up an opportunity I might not otherwise have had, breaking through the ice that had seemed to form between us since the events of this morning.

As we moved on, we found ourselves in an elegant and spacious dining room, which to my surprise only contained a small dining table not much bigger than the one we had at home, although this one was of much higher quality, with finely carved and polished wooden chairs, its surface covered with an elegant crimson tablecloth trimmed in gold. In the center sat a finely crafted Christmas centerpiece of pine sprigs and cones mingled with bright holly berries, and jutting out of the middle were three tall, slim candles. This must be the parents' private dining room, the one for the entire family must be elsewhere, I reasoned, although it seemed odd to waste all this space on one small table reminiscent of the one at our house back home.

There were two doors, on the left and right. The one to our left turned out to be the other hallway door, so we decided to try the one on the right, which we discovered led into a rather impressive kitchen. I smiled as I watched Eric gawk at the shiny, seemingly new array of pots, pans, cutlery, and every cooking implement and gadget a budding chef could ever need filling the glass-covered cabinets and lining the walls, gleaming in the bright light. We also found the back door we'd seen earlier, also unlocked.

After securing it we proceeded down a flight of stairs into the basement, which to my surprise was clean and finished, containing state-of-the-art exercise equipment and supplies. I could open my own gym with all this stuff, I thought, admiring it. And even though we had yet again found nothing that we could use to contact the outside world we also found no trace of anyone else on the premises, assuring Eric somewhat that we were most likely alone in the house.

We were making our way back through the kitchen to the dining room, Eric in front of me. I was just pondering why in a house with such a grand family that there wasn't a single picture or portrait of any of them anywhere when Eric came to a sudden stop so fast that I, coming up behind him, collided with his back.

Okay, I might have done that on purpose just to have an excuse to do this, I admitted to myself as I wrapped my arms around his torso, mashing my tits into his back in a bid to take full advantage of the situation. "What is it?" I whispered, not really caring, my mind flooding with images of him lifting me up on the nearby island and taking me then and there.

But my dreams were a bit premature, for something had seized Eric's attention to the point I could have climbed naked onto his shoulders and ground my saturated pussy along his neck (not a bad idea - I filed that away for later) and he wouldn't have noticed. "Look" he said, pointing. I gazed to where he was gesturing, toward the top of the open door that led back into the dining area, feeling my mouth fall open.

For there, drooping down almost defiantly, was a bundle of mistletoe, brighter and bushier than the last sprig. That wasn't there before, I thought to myself, since both Eric and I had been dutiful in checking doorways for any trace of the kiss-inducing plant.

Or had it?

I mean, to be honest my mind was more than a little lust-hazed ever since that rapid but incendiary kiss back in the parlor, so I couldn't vouch for the

reliability of my senses at the moment. But I had the feeling there was some critical piece of information that I was missing, poking at my brain, but my mind was too slippery to grab hold of it. I struggled to pull my head back into focus, finally taking hold of the elusive thought. It was something I'd been daydreaming about earlier, about how I'd wished that the mistletoe was everywhere. And now it was here, and possibly over every other doorway, just as I'd been dreaming about.

I swallowed, thinking back to other curious occurrences this evening - the house I'd always dreamed of that just happened to be out here in the middle of nowhere, filled all the holiday trimmings that I loved and had secretly wanted to make our do-over Christmas one to remember- the tree, the train, the Nutcracker dolls. And even this expansive, state-of-the-art kitchen, with all its shiny tools and gadgets I'd always wanted to give Eric but could never afford to. Even all that stuff downstairs, a reflection of the thoughts I'd had about starting my own gym someday.

And how the mistletoe had affected Eric previously, just when I was thinking about how to open up the conversation about where I wanted things to go with him, presenting me with a perfect opportunity. And now, here it was again, apparently summoned by my idle thoughts earlier.

I felt myself shudder as the pieces all fell into place, coalescing into a thought that was both impossible and undeniable at the same time - that somehow this place was picking up on my wants and desires, making them reality. Even that small table in the dining room, I'd been thinking about how something like that would be better for Eric and I than a long rectangular one like I'd expected for this household, and that's what we'd found. And that grand piano from my childhood...

Get a grip, Megyn, I chided myself, shaking my head to clear it of the absurdity of what I'd been pondering. Yes, a lot of bizarre things were happening tonight, but there was a logical explanation for all of them, one that I wasn't seeing. But whatever their source, natural or supernatural, these strange series of events were helping me, step by step leading me towards my desired outcome for the evening, so why should I worry or

complain? I decided. Now all I had to do was convince Eric not to freak out and just go with it.

That task proved easier than I thought, for instead of getting upset like I'd expected and shouting an angry challenge to our invisible tormentors, he simply shrugged. "Huh, I guess we must have overlooked it," he said, scratching his head, coming to the same conclusion I had. "So what should we do now?"

"Well," I said, so taken aback by his muted and accepting response to the situation it took me a moment to put my thoughts together. What I really wanted was pass under that mistletoe so I'd have an excuse to kiss him again, maybe more properly this time, I thought devilishly. But then my motherly, protective side kicked in, and I went with a more muted response. "If you don't want to go back under it right now, we could just stay in here in the kitchen awhile. After all, I am getting a bit hungry, and there's bound to be some canned or packaged food around somewhere that would be safe to eat, right?"

"Nah, I think we should just bite the bullet and get it over with," he concluded. I blinked. Was it just me, or did he almost seem as anxious as I was to get to the mistletoe again? "Well, all set to do this again?"

I nodded solemnly, but inwardly I was dancing with glee that we were now doing what I'd been burning to do all along, but was waiting for him to suggest it so as to not make myself appear too eager. "If you think that's the best course, then I'm with you, ready to do what I must," I said, as if it was something I was only doing out of a sense of parental obligation instead of something I was craving more than anything. Besides, I wanted to test out if the wild theory I had about this place was true, forming an image in my mind about what I wanted to find in the dining room once we made it passed this 'obstacle'.

A sense of anticipation filled me as we walked toward the threshold separating the kitchen from the dining room, my arm around Eric as we

came to a stop under the bushy plant above us. Eric and I stared at each other, Eric swallowing audibly as he gathered courage for what had to come next as I regarded the anticipation mingled with nervousness in his eyes.

"I'm sorry you have to do this."

"It's okay, sweetie," I said, anxious to say so much more, like I want this, I need this, and it looks like you do as well, my sweet child, so there's no reason for any guilt or shame. Instead, I simply nodded understandingly.

"Are you ready, sweetie?"

He nodded, inclining his head a bit to give me easier access as I struggled to hear my thoughts over the thumping of my heart, trying to decide on the best way to handle things this time around. Should I go all in, or just something simple like before? I pondered, finally deciding on a middle-of-the-road approach. I moistened my lips before slowly inclining my head forward until they were mashed fully and directly against Eric's, having to actively restrain my tongue from darting outward as I just held them there for a moment, savoring the contact. I'd expected just to hold that pattern for a few seconds and then pull away, and that would be that.

But then some deep savage part of me, triggered by this contact, took over as I reached around and put my arms around his neck, pulling his face even closer to mine, my tongue diving into his mouth, wanting more...more...

And then I had it, feeling a rush of elation as I felt his tongue rise up to meet mine and for a moment the rest of the world ceased to exist, the only reality was his hot, wet appendage dancing with mine, the taste of his hot breath tinged with those mints he liked, the feel of his hands in my hair. His technique was a little stiff and awkward, but what he lacked in skill he made up for with enthusiasm, fully committed to our embrace instead of a passive recipient.

And then as fast as it started it was over as he gently but insistently pulled his mouth away from mine, wiggling out of my embrace and stepping back,

breathing heavily, face flushed. But there was none of the shock, even slight aversion that had been there earlier. "So, I guess that should do it, huh?"

For a moment I was silent, trying to quell the carnal heat surging in me as naked desires, dormant for far too long and simmering all day, flared to life with a vengeance within me, demanding to be sated. With an effort I tamped them down. Things were definitely moving in the right direction, I told myself. Eric was clearly becoming quite comfortable with the growing closeness between us, yet even now I feared that I'd pushed things too far too fast. "I'd say so," I whispered, voice a little hoarse with need, "And I'm sorry about that, I didn't mean to take things so far."

He chuckled at that. "I have to admit at first I was scared as hell, but towards the end, well, it wasn't so bad. It was kinda nice, actually, since I've never kissed a girl like that before."

My eyes narrowed at that, my brow crinkling. Wait a minute, is he telling me that he's never kissed anyone before now? I asked myself, hoping my surprise didn't show. I knew my son was rather withdrawn socially and hadn't dated that much, but to discover he had never been kissed at all threw me for a loop. After all, he was quite handsome and charming, when he chose to be anyway.

But it would explain the clumsiness of his technique, I considered, which I had earlier attributed to anxiety, beginning to speculate about what other pleasures of the flesh he hadn't yet sampled. "Say sweetie," I said, making direct eye contact with him, knowing I probably shouldn't ask this next question, but suddenly itching to know, "have you ever, you know, been with a woman?"

He flushed a deep shade of red I didn't even know existed, looking away from me. "Hey, w-what's all that?" he stuttered in an obvious attempt to deflect my question, looking toward the dining room.

So that would be a no, then, I surmised with the slightest of smiles, this new knowledge opening up a world of fascinating possibilities. Just thinking that I could be the first one with Eric, the one to truly make him a man...god, just the thought of it almost made me climax right then and there. "Huh?" I said in response, my arousal-soaked brain not comprehending what he'd just said.

"You said something about food," he said, pointing into the dining room, toward the table. I followed his finger, for the first time taking notice of the food that'd been laid out on there. And not just any food, a true Christmas feast - roasted goose with chestnut dressing, candied yams, green bean almondine, fresh rolls with a small tray of butter, and cranberry sauce, accompanied by two chilling bottles of red wine. "Awesome!" I said, rushing past him toward the banquet laid out before me, forgetting how hungry I was until that moment, deciding any further unmotherly intentions toward my son would best be carried out on a full stomach.

"Careful mom," Eric urged, mirroring his caution from earlier, "it could be—"

"It's not," I said with conviction, cutting him off. "It's not drugged, poisoned, or otherwise tampered with, other than being seasoned to perfection. Here, I'll prove it." And before he could stop me, I'd torn off a piece of the goose, shoved it in my mouth and chewed it, savoring the succulent flavor before swallowing. I then snatched a roll, biting off half of it, marveling at how warm and scrumptious it tasted. I then turned to face him, thrumming my fingers on the table, and waited, my son staring slack jawed at my audacity. "I hope you're right about this," he finally muttered as he came up next to me, continuing to watch me closely, monitoring for any symptoms of drugs or poison.

But nothing would happen, I was certain of that. How, you ask? Because back in the kitchen, when I'd decided to test my theory about this place somehow working to make this evening perfect for Eric and myself, I'd thought about this room, about this table being filled with my favorite Christmas meal - steaming, delicious, and most of all, safe to eat. And now

here it was, made real before my eyes, proof that we were caught up in something incredible that defied explanation. I wanted to tell Eric all about it, but I knew he would never believe me, not yet anyway.

"Satisfied?" I asked, raising my eyebrow at him after ten minutes had passed, and I remained healthy and lucid, albeit ravenous to dive into the rest of the meal. "The food is safe, as is this house. No one's going to hurt, bother, watch, or otherwise disturb us. And before you ask how I'm so sure it's because I'm a mother, we have sharp instincts about these sorts of things. Now what do you say we just stop worrying about everything and officially start our grand Christmas do-over?"

For a moment he looked like he might argue, but in the end I think my words won him over. Either that or his appetite, I noted, amused at how his gaze flicked to the table before back to me. "Alright," he conceded, seeming relieved not only because I was alright, but that now he could dig in as well.

And even though I knew he was probably hungrier than I was, I was moved when he took the time to pull out a seat for me before taking a place on the opposite side of the table, at last taking off his coat in a sign of trust in my instincts, hanging it on the back of his chair. The lighting along the wall fixtures had dimmed, leaving the task of illumination mostly to the three candles on the centerpiece which had been lighted, creating a rather romantic atmosphere. Again, just as I'd wanted.

"Would you like some?" I asked, unstoppering one of the wine bottles and pouring some into my glass.

He shook his head. "I'm underage, remember?"

I giggled as I leaned over and poured some into his glass, leaving it up to him if he drank it or not. "You're eighteen, old enough to vote, smoke, and die for your country, therefore entitled to a little Christmas wine in my opinion. I won't tell if you don't, and that applies to everything that happens

this evening," I said with a mischievous wink, raising my own glass. "And now, here's to our do-over Christmas!"

"Here, here," he said, as we clinked our glasses.

After that we dug into our food, and as our dinner progressed Eric relaxed more and more, until the final clouds of doubt and apprehension lingering over him were at last dispelled, and we again slipped into that casual, easy manner of interaction that I'd become accustomed to over the last few months, reminiscing and laughing about holidays past in that cozy, romantic atmosphere.

"Remember that time you took me to see Santa?" Eric was saying as he helped himself to more yams.

I chuckled. "You'll have to be a little more specific, since I recall taking you to see him every year. Until you figured out the truth, that is."

"I know, but this time was different from the others. There I was, sitting on his lap and ready to tell him what I wanted for Christmas, when suddenly he sneezed, and apparently he didn't have his beard on right since it came flying right off! I was so confused and upset I started crying, as did several other kids in the line. But then you came up and took me in your arms, explaining that Santa was just wearing a fake beard today because his elves played a prank on him and shaved his real one off. That was some quick thinking, I gotta admit, convincing even me."

I laughed at the memory as I swirled my wine. "Yeah, I remember the mall was so glad I'd helped avert a potentially traumatizing and costly fiasco they gave me a rather generous gift card. But I'm just glad I was able to salvage the Christmas magic for all those kids, and for you most of all," I said, smiling as I fixed him with my eyes, filled with warmth and longing, delighted to see the same reflected in his expression as well.

"Things sure have changed since then, huh?" He remarked, his candlelit face contemplative.

"They have," I acknowledged, an image of Nate and my old life dancing in my head, before I shook it away. "But one thing never will - I love you, and would do anything to see my precious boy happy, anything at all," I said as I began to rub the toe of my boot against his leg under the table, wanting to focus on present possibilities instead of past memories.

He must have liked what I was doing, or at least didn't mind it, because he didn't ask me to stop or try to pull away. "Anything at all?" he repeated, his voice sounding strangely dreamy and suggestive.

I nodded, barely able to contain myself. Could this be it? The moment I'd been waiting for? I set down my wine glass, so giddy I was afraid I might spill it. "Whatever you want, sweetie," I practically purred. My stomach was full, and now it was time to attend to other parts of my body that had been empty for far too long. "All you have to do is ask."

"In that case, would you mind playing the piano for me?"

Of all the things I expected to come out of his mouth, that hadn't even been on the list anywhere. "I'm sorry, what was that?" I said, wanting to make sure I'd heard him correctly, wondering if he might be using some kind of innuendo or slang I wasn't familiar with.

"I want to hear you play the piano. I've heard you talk about how you used to play for your family around Christmas when you were growing up, but I've never actually listened to you perform, and I thought now with one available it might be a good chance," he said, casting a glance toward the music room.

"Oh, sweetie," I said, genuinely moved by his request. No one had asked me to play in years, not even Nate. Admittedly he hadn't really been into that kind of thing, recalling how his eyes had glazed over the few times I'd performed for him when we'd been dating. And I don't know why, but hearing Eric invite me to play for him now was more of a turn on than if he'd asked to touch my pussy.

"I don't know if that's a good idea," I said after a few moments of reflection, rubbing my thighs together involuntarily. "It's been such a long time, and I'm probably way beyond rusty. It might sound better if you just found a cat to walk back and forth across the keyboard."

He chuckled. "Don't be silly, mom. You might be out of practice, but that doesn't matter because I'm sure it'll all come back to you once you start. And even if it doesn't, there's no way that anything you play could sound anything less than beautiful to me. Please?"

Well, how in the world could I say no after that? I thought, for it was the sweetest, nicest thing that anyone had said to me in a very long time. "Alright," I said, standing with a wry look. "But just remember when you're wincing at my sour notes - you asked for it, mister."

"Oh, I'm well aware of that," he said, taking my hand in his. At first I was a bit perplexed by this, no longer seeing the need for such caution at this point. But then he gave it a soft squeeze, and I knew that this time it wasn't about safety or anything like that. This time it was out of a sense of fondness, because he liked this intimacy that was growing between us, that seemed to be coming to a head faster than I'd hoped.

There was no more sign of the mistletoe anywhere as we made our way back to the music room, and I noticed that the sprig hanging over the door to the parlor was gone as well. It had really helped get the ball rolling between Eric and I, I'd give it that, but I'd resolved after the second time, after I'd realized the effect my thoughts were having, I'd made a vow - that

from this point on, whatever happened between us would happen because we both wanted it to, and not because of some trick or gimmick.

And apparently the house or whatever agreed, removing all traces of the plant. It was something almost beyond comprehension, that would have had me freaked out and running for the hills only a few hours ago. Yet now I barely gave it a second thought, for it was nothing compared to the miracle now taking place between Eric and I on this magical evening.

I sat down at the piano, Eric taking a standing position right behind me to my left. Normally I hate it when people hover over me when I'm trying to concentrate on something, making me self-conscious and edgy to the point that I mess up what I'm doing. But this time it was different, my son's close proximity bolstering instead of breaking my poise, filling me with a steady assurance as I cracked my knuckles and ran through the brief warm-up piece I'd used as a child, as expected finding the piano perfectly tuned, each note clear and crisp.

"Any requests?" I asked as I flipped through a book of traditional Christmas music I'd found 'conveniently' waiting for me on the rack.

"Whatever you like."

I glanced out the open window, seeing that the blizzard had calmed, the snow now falling soft and steady, inspiration hitting me as I flipped back a few pages to 'White Christmas.' Yeah, I know technically Christmas was already gone on the calendar but in this moment, I was really feeling that that swell of hope, love, and endless possibility of the holidays burning brighter in me than it ever had before as I began to play.

As I anticipated my performance was a bit haphazard as I started out, missing a few notes and hitting several wrong ones as my fingers blundered over the keyboard. I expected Eric to make some sort of smart comment or at least scoff at my inelegant execution, but he didn't. He remained a silent, strong presence behind me, as apparently enraptured as if he was listening to some master pianist in a grand hall.

But Eric had been right, for as I continued to play as the musical part of my brain dusted itself off, my fingers relaxing as I slid back into the old familiar rhythm, my playing becoming as smooth and clear as the serene winter night the music evoked, and I allowed myself to be carried away by the images of all the Christmases past that, while treasured, seemed small and insignificant compared to the promises held by this evening, thrilled by its promise but saddened by its brevity.

When I was about halfway through, I felt something soft and warm pressing on my shoulder. I'd been so absorbed on the piece and the images it conjured that the sudden contact startled me a bit, causing me to skip a note. Eric, I realized with a smile as I settled back into the music, drawing confidence from his tender yet stalwart touch.

But it didn't stop there, for as I continued to play his hand began to wander away from its initial position, finding its way down and around my back in slow, concentric circles before heading back upward to caress the nape of my neck, sending pleasing shivers dancing down my spine as I struggled to maintain my concentration on the keys and the music, an increasingly impossible task as I felt his fingers running through my hair, letting out a soft moan as I soldiered on, a wetness I hadn't known in ages gathering between my legs.

I don't know how, but somehow I summoned enough willpower to finish the piece, breathing a sigh of relief as I struck the last key and dropped my hands to my sides, breathing heavily. Eric's fingers were now tracing their way around behind my ears, which had always been one of my most erogenous zones, more turned on than I'd ever been in my life. I spun around to him, finding myself staring almost directly at his crotch. And not just his crotch, the magnificent bulge that protruded from it, suddenly eager to play an instrument of a different kind.

Through my hormone-hazed brain, I saw my hand reaching upward and begin to rub at the hardening protrusion through his jeans, having the

sensation I was outside my body, experiencing this surreal moment from a distant point. After all, it couldn't really be me, his own mother, actually rubbing Eric's cock, could it?

I looked up at Eric, waiting for him to say or do something to stop me, but his eyes just simmered with the same boiling passion I felt consuming me alive, giving me tacit permission to proceed. And so I did. My fingers found the zipper, pulling it down with agonizing slowness as I continued to stare at him. I reached my hand inside, my eye cocking when I realized that he hadn't worn any underwear either today, although it made my job easier as I wrapped my digits around his restricted unit, pulling it out into the open air.

I hadn't seen my son's cock in years, and never hard, and seeing it now at its full, rigid length was something akin to a religious experience for me, my eyes widening, my breath hitching in my throat. And not just because of who it was attached to, but because it was the first one I'd seen in years, forgetting until now how excited I always felt seeing one, how much I missed the mere sight of them, that intoxicating aroma of musky manhood filling my nostrils as I inhaled deeply.

However, despite my lurid fascination I hadn't actually seen very many, just Nate's and a few guys I'd gone out with before him, so I really couldn't call myself an expert. Still, only one word came to mind when I took in the sight of Eric's - perfect. I know that's a high standard, but that's the way it seemed to me. It was easily the longest I'd ever seen, but not excessively so, thinking that with its decent girth it would fit my pussy nicely without causing any discomfort. However, I thought as I smacked my lips, I had other plans for this delectable specimen at the moment.

I didn't have much experience with blow jobs, owing to the bizarre fact that Nate had never really liked them that much, no matter how much I'd offered, to the point even I'd lost interest and stopped asking. But now as I took in the sight of my first beautiful cock in ages, I felt that old need to venerate this splendid specimen welling within me, to show how much I

loved and adored it, wanting to please it as much as I knew it would please me.

I reached out one, almost shaking finger, making contact at the base of his rod where it met his scrotum, brushing along his swollen, cum-filled balls. I then traced my finger slowly up his length up along its long, steely underside, savoring every centimeter of its throbbing, veiny surface, feeling Eric shudder at my touch as I painstakingly made my way to his bulbous crown, a glimmering droplet of precum hovering on the tip. It looked so tasty that, unable to control myself any longer, I took it in my mouth.

I had intended to give Eric some warning before I took the plunge, but I was so overcome with the desire to have a cock in any part of me I just said screw it as I suckled with pleasure on his glans, relishing the musky, salty taste of real live manhood again as I gradually worked more and more of him into my hot wet mouth, my other hand finding and tickling his testicles as I did so. Again Eric offered no resistance to my efforts, his only response a happy groan as I welcomed as much of him into my oral cavity as possible.

However, as I said I was a bit out of practice and my son was a big boy, so I knew from the beginning that I couldn't deep throat him like I wanted to without coughing and gagging all over the place, which would no doubt break the erotic spell now binding us so tightly. No, that would have to later, so for now I settled for working in as much of his cock as I could without triggering my gag reflex, which was a good two thirds of it I noted proudly, allowing my drool to drip down over the remaining segment all the way down to his nest of pubic hair so that now his entire shaft was lubricated in my saliva.

Wrapping my other hand around the now-slick base, I began to pull back, my hand following my mouth as it slid back off his cock until with a loud pop I released it completely, watching it quiver in the air a moment before looking back up into Eric's eyes, always getting a rush from watching a man's expression as I pleasure him. A broad grin decorated my face, my hand making sloppy slippery noises as it continued to vigorously massage

his cock, enhanced by its spit-coated surface, now mingled with the generous amounts of precum oozing from the tip. "How's this for a belated Christmas present?" I asked coyly, but before he could answer I plunged my lips back down over his shaft.

I continued like that for I don't know how long, satisfying him with the dual actions of my hand and tongue, losing myself in the thrill of once again having a cock to worship, sucking and slurping with enthusiasm more than skill, loving how Eric quivered when I flicked the tip of my tongue along the underside. I felt his fingers softly pushing into the back of my head, providing gentle encouragement to my endeavors but not being rough with me as I'd heard some of my friends say their men did during fellatio. For some reason this drove me into an even greater frenzy, the hand that had been stroking his balls diving down into my jeans, rubbing at my sopping pussy as the 'glug, glug, glug' sounds of a mouth filled with cock echoed in the otherwise silent room.

"I'm...getting close...." Eric said, the first coherent words I'd heard from him since starting the song as I felt him starting to pull away. Such a sweet boy, I said to myself, always thinking of his mother. But mommy's got a surprise for you, I thought as I gripped his ass with both hands, halting his retreat as I continued to slobber and slurp his cock. It's been so long since I'd tasted cum, too long, and now I craved it.

Eric, sensing my intentions, ceased his efforts to pull away, and to my astonishment even began encouraging me. "You want me to come in your mouth, mom?" I heard him cry out, his grip tightening on my hair. "I'm gonna do it, I'm gonna shoot a hot load right down your throat! Damn, you suck my dick so fucking good!"

I smiled, at least as much as I could with my mouth full anyway. Is it wrong to feel a sense of pride when your son praises your cocksucking skills? I considered idly, although I didn't have time to finish the thought as I felt Eric's body tense, his cock swelling with impending release. "Here it...OHFUCK!" he screamed as his dick twitched as it began spewing

torrents of hot milky cum, the likes of which I'd never experienced before, into my waiting mouth.

However, do not equate my unfamiliarity with man cream in such generous quantities with an inability or unwillingness to handle it, for as soon as it started coming I started swallowing, loving the taste and feel of the salty fluid squirting so powerfully against my tongue and the walls of my mouth before gulping it greedily down my gullet to make room for more, almost delirious at the sensation of the warm, tasty goo as it slid down my esophagus to my stomach. I felt like a cum-hungry slut, and I loved it.

I continued to suckle Eric's flailing cock as he moaned above me, hungrily draining it of every last drop before I at last released it with a wet plop falling back against the piano, my elbows hitting several of the keys as I landed. "Fuck," Eric grunted in exhaustion, falling back into one of the nearby chairs.

For a moment neither of us spoke, Eric trying to catch his breath as I used my finger to wipe up some stray strands of cum dribbling down my chin before sticking it in my mouth, determined that not one drop of that precious, yummy fluid would escape me, Eric watching me intently the whole time, his flaccid cock still laying flopped out of his zipper hole.

"Not what I had in mind for dessert, but damned better than any I've ever had!" I quipped, pleased that the walls holding us back from our union were, in my mind, completely obliterated. And it couldn't have happened at a better time, for despite my rather vigorous self-help I still found my need of some urgent relief. I'd just gone down on him, with rather satisfactory results if I do say so myself, so now he should be more than willing to return the favor, eager to introduce his mouth to my pussy.

Now I'm usually pretty good at reading people, but there are times when I've been off the mark. However, none of them came close to the spectacular error I'd just made regarding Eric. For instead of chuckling or even cracking a smile at my attempt to lighten the mood after such a pivotal moment in

our relationship, he just glared at me as he hastily shoved his cock back in his jeans, zipping them up. "This isn't funny," he said, straightening and turning serious.

"What's wrong?" I asked, taken aback by his reaction, the hope I'd been feeling clumping into dread in my gut. Fuck, what have I done? Did I misread the signs? No, he had wanted that as much as I did, hadn't he?

"Do you really have to ask, after what we just did?" he asked. "I mean, you're my mom, for crying out loud!"

"And you're my son," I retorted, hiding my trepidation behind a screen of irritability, flicking my somewhat disheveled hair behind my back, trying to contain my frustration. It's common knowledge how maddening it is for men when a woman cuts off the festivities when things start getting hot and heavy, but we women can get pretty flustered as well when a guy backs out. Not as common, but it was happening now. "So what?"

"So what?" he repeated, apparently shocked by my nonchalant attitude. "Do I have to say it? Fine. This is incest, mom, it's illegal."

"It can't be illegal if no one knows about it," I said, having given the matter some thought. "And I'd say the chances of anyone coming across us out here in this isolated house in the middle of a snowstorm is about as close to impossible as you can get," I declared boldly, my raging libido giving me a courage hitherto unknown to me. "Besides, as far as I'm concerned when love is involved, the law has no say in the matter."

"L-love?" he sputtered.

I nodded, deciding that now was the time to lay it all out on the table, and let the chips fall where they may. "I've always loved you, Eric, from the moment I knew I was carrying you in my body," I began, rubbing at my

belly. "And now, I've discovered that I love you in an even better, deeper way than I ever believed possible. And," I added, "I think you feel the same."

He started as if someone had come up and grabbed him from behind. "What? What are you talking about?"

I smiled. "One of the perks of being a, shall we say, more mature woman, is that I've learned to tell when a man's interested in me, and not as a personal trainer, if you catch my meaning. The way you've been looking at me today, yes, I noticed! And the way you returned my kiss, the way you touched me as I was playing, the way you responded to...well, what I just did. And I just want you to understand that it's okay what you're feeling, because I'm feeling the same way."

"But...it's wrong," he protested feebly.

"Is it wrong if we both want it?" I pressed, feeling angry and confused, not sure what he meant, flustered that he could even say such a thing after what we'd just done together. Had he somehow just used me to fulfill some fantasy of his and was now tossing me away now that he'd gotten what he wanted, while I was here still aching with pent-up desire that now had no outlet?

I took a deep breath, deliberating how to proceed, determined to find the argument that would put an end to his wavering. But then I took note of his expression, and I knew it would be pointless to continue like this. There was a war going on within him, I could tell from the bewildered, almost frightened look on his face. I sighed, knowing I'd pushed too far too fast, pushing him beyond what he was ready for just to satisfy my own lust, and now I'd flipped his world upside down and now he didn't know which way was up. Fuck, what kind of mother was I?

I went over and knelt in front of him, taking his hand, although what I really wanted was to rip his clothes off like Christmas wrapping. "Look sweetie, you know how I feel now, and I think I know how you feel. But the last thing I want is for you to be uncomfortable or feel forced into anything, so I'm going to make you an offer. I'm heading into the parlor to have some eggnog, maybe watch some tv while you think about what's been revealed in this room. If you decide you're as interested in exploring this new thing between us as I am, then please join me and I'll give you the best gift a mother can give her son, well, besides giving him life of course.

"If not, then, well, I'll see you in the morning, and I swear not another word will ever be said about this." Those words were so hard to say, not just because of my almost painful physical longing, but because more and more I was seeing Eric as the only man I could ever be happy with, the only one who could really know the real me and make me feel special.

Even so I stood up, rubbing at his cheek, determined to be what he needed right now, a caring and compassionate mother, not some desperate cougar trying to get her claws in him. I wanted to kiss my boy to reassure him, just innocently on the cheek like I'd done every night when he was little, but I didn't trust myself to keep things pure the way my pussy was flaming. "And I promise, no matter what you decide, I'll always love you as much as I do right now."

"There's no tv in the parlor," he muttered absently as I turned to go, slightly bemused that of all the things I'd just laid on him, his brain latched on to that seemingly irrelevant fact. Must be a coping mechanism, I reasoned, as he worked to wrap his mind around the new reality I was offering him. "There is now," was all I said as I left the room.

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As I'd suspected would be the case, when I entered the parlor I spied a tv in front of the couch, an old box set like the one I loved to watch at my grandma's when I was a kid. And even though the room was still bright and

bursting at the seams with holiday cheer, the mixed and now uncertain nature of the evening had drained away some of the charm for me, I ruminated as I trudged over to the snack table and dipped out a glass of eggnog before sinking down onto the couch. I took a sip, savoring the heavy infusion of brandy I'd requested mingled with the creamy spiced flavor. I had a feeling I'd need it before the night was out.

I picked up the bulky remote off the end table and switched on the tv where the movie Christmas in Connecticut was just starting. It was my favorite holiday movie, having watched it every year since I'd first discovered it as a teenager. Not only that but it seemed remarkably appropriate for the occasion, for just as the protagonist had been lying to the world about who she really was, I was lying to myself about the chances of Eric and I getting together, I was coming to realize.

For despite my evolving feelings for my son and the opportunities this night had presented to me like a Christmas goose on a silver platter, even if everything still somehow came together tonight as I hoped, that I was able to come together with my son in a way that has been forbidden to mothers, could it ever be anything more?

For what could I offer him as a long-term romantic partner? I asked myself for the first time, up to now only taking into account my needs, how fulfilling and fun being with my son would be for me. I was a woman twice his age, for crying out loud, on a completely different page generationally. I still had my looks, but how long would they hold up before my hair started to gray, before lines began to mar my face?

And children, I reflected bitterly, no doubt Eric would want to start his own family, something that would be impossible with me and my barren womb. Not to mention the stigma and danger that would always hang over us if anyone even suspected our true relationship. If I really loved Eric as much as I kept telling myself I did, could I really condemn him to a life like that?

No, I decided at last, taking another deep chug of eggnog, I could not. Yes, if I found him willing, I would like to have my son return to me, to fill me as he once had, to feel that profound joy of loving my child the deep and meaningful way only a mother can. I would be patient and kind with my son, teaching him how to truly please a woman until my body gave out.

For that's all it would be, I resolved - one incredible, magical night that would melt away with the morning sun, leaving behind nothing but memories that I, and hopefully Eric, could cherish forever that no one else would ever know about. Then I would let him go to find his own way in the world, to the lucky girl he'd eventually make a life with. And happiness, let him find lots of that, I prayed.

Although it appeared that even my trimmed-down fantasies were not to meant to be either, for as time marched on and my first eggnog became my second, then eventually my fourth or fifth (I lost count) Eric still remained absent, my hope seeping out of me with each passing minute. I had long ago silenced the train and its overly jovial conductor with a well-aimed boot, no longer sharing his merry sentiments as I knocked him from the track. The fire, which had flared strongly all evening without any sort of assistance was now dimming, along with the lights on the mantle and tree, which now looked droopy and dry as the parlor seemed to absorb my souring mood. Even the nutcracker figurines looked sadder than they had earlier, losing some of their luster.

Finally I could take it no more as I got up and made my way over to the doorway in my bare feet to the music room to see how Eric was doing, maybe throw in another encouraging word. But he was gone, no doubt having slipped out quietly through the dining room to the hallway, and then from there up to one of the countless bedrooms upstairs. So that's his choice, then, I realized as I slumped against the wall, my heart suddenly feeling like it was filled with heavy stones.

For a moment I was furious at him for rejecting me, the one who'd fed and raised and loved him all these years, and for a moment I was tempted to go find him, to press my case even harder, to 'coax' him into submission before my desire ate me alive. He was a teenage male after all, consumed with

thoughts of sex, and we'd already established that he was attracted to me, at least physically.

It wouldn't take much, I reasoned, flash him my tits again, maybe my glistening honeypot, which was now starting to soak through my jeans, and he'd be putty in my hands. And even if he resented me in the morning, so what? I was losing him anyway, probably to some worthless slut at that school of his, so I might as well have some fun while I could, right? Maybe I could even get the house to help me somehow...

I thumped my head hard against the hard oak paneling of the wall. "What the fuck is wrong with me?" I hissed, continuing to hit my head against the wood. Had I really fallen so far into depravity that I was actually deliberating seducing my own dear son, just to slake my lust? Eric has made his decision, so deal with it, move on, and hope that you haven't scarred him too much, I chided myself as I stumbled back to the eggnog bowl, quaffing the whole cup immediately. But something was different about it, I realized, and then I figured it out - the brandy was gone. The house, no doubt playing the part of an overanxious barkeep, had cut me off.

"Screw you," I grumbled to the house, the world, the whole fucking universe as I made my way carefully back over to the couch, the room spinning a bit. Now not only did I not have Eric, I didn't have a way to get totally plastered and forget about my rejection and hopeless situation, the aching fire between my thighs doused completely by my abject misery. After all, if my own son, who knew me better than anyone, didn't want me even with a magic fucking house acting as wingman, what chance did I have with anybody?

I suddenly felt more depressed than I had since losing Nate as I stretched out on the sofa, too inebriated to make it up that long staircase to a bedroom, not to mention too humiliated to even chance seeing Eric. I laid there and stared at the ceiling, turning the movie off in disgust, having no desire to see its approaching happy ending now that I'd been denied my own.

For this so-called do-over Christmas had turned out even worse than our actual Christmas, since a scorched stove and a lonely house was a lot easier to deal with than a broken heart any day of the week. Not to mention the shame of baring my soul only to be turned down flat. My last thought as my mind fogged over and I slipped slowly into unconsciousness was how could I ever face my son again after this, how he probably hated me now, certain he'd have me locked up after we returned to civilization...

*

I found myself being reluctantly dragged out of my alcohol-induced slumber by an insistent prodding on my arm. "Are you okay?" I heard a distant but familiar voice say, even as I tried to ignore it and slip back into welcome, oblivious sleep. But the relentless poking and pressing made that impossible so at last I forced my eyes open, and through my bleary vision I was able to make out a figure leaning over me, tall, strong, and assuring, like the man in my dream last night.

Then my vision cleared I saw that it was Eric over me, and everything that'd happened over the course of the evening came rushing back, culminating in my disastrous dismissal. I groaned, rubbing at my head, which although it was throbbing slightly didn't feel nearly as bad as it usually did after I'd had too much alcohol. "What's going on?" was all I could think to say as I turned away from him, too embarrassed to meet his gaze. "Was I snoring and woke you up all the way upstairs?"

He chuckled. "You don't snore mom. In fact, you sleep like an angel, so much so that I hated bothering you."

"Then why did you?" I barked a bit irritably, although I couldn't help but smile a bit at his compliment. As I've said before my boy knows how to make me feel like a queen, even at a time like this.

"I wanted to talk, and it can't wait. And could you look at me, please? It's weird talking to your back."

With a groan I lifted myself into an upright position on the couch, wondering how long I'd been out, but there was no way to be certain since there were no clocks in this fucking house anywhere, but a glance out the nearby window told me it was still nighttime. The snow had stopped and the sky had cleared, as evidenced by the bright moonlight spilling in the windows. It was the only light in the room now that the fire had completely died and the tree lights had faded out, leaving the room feeling sad and a bit cold.

"Look sweetie, if it's about what happened earlier, let's just forget it," I began, desperate to salvage some sort of relationship with my son now that he was at least speaking to me again. "It's just that being alone and out here in this house at this time of year played with your mom's head and made her a little screwy, alright? No need to read more into it."

I expected that in light of his obvious rebuff of my earlier proposal that he'd jump at my opportunity to dismiss it totally, allowing us to just slide back into standard mom and son mode. So, you can understand my amazement when he shook his head. "No mom, this isn't just something we can sweep under the rug, I want to discuss this with you."

Inwardly I moaned, not looking forward to this, trying to find any way to avoid it. "Look, sweetie, I don't see the point in talking about it, since you've already made your feelings on it perfectly clear. So can't we just drop it? Please?" I begged.

"Well, that's the problem," he replied insistently, "I haven't made my feelings clear, haven't said yes or no."

"So wait a minute," I said, rubbing at my temples, my sleep and booze addled mind struggling to make sense of what he was telling me. "So what you're saying is..."

"I haven't yet turned you down, mom, and now I want to speak with you before I make any decisions, okay?"

"Of course, darling," I said, smiling with renewed optimism, patting the spot on the couch next to me, realizing what an idiot I'd been. I'd had much longer to mull over taking things to the next level with Eric than I'd given him, laying out my offer and expecting him to just come jumping into my arms just like that. I should have stayed with him, answering his questions, giving reassurance where necessary, but I'd let my hypercharged libido do my thinking for me. Well, better late than never.

To my relief he took the proffered seat, meaning that at least he wasn't afraid to get close to me. But he still looked nervous, making me rethink my plan to put my arm around him, not wanting to scare him away. So I just sat there silently, hands on my lap, waiting for him to begin.

"To...begin with," he began, sounding like the words had to be yanked off his tongue, "Let me just say I'm glad you opened up to me. It makes me feel a lot better to know I'm not the only one who's been having these kind of thoughts. In fact, it's more of a relief than you can know."

"Wait, what?" I asked, thinking I'd heard him wrong through my liquor-sloshed brain. "So does that mean you've been imagining, you know, being with me before now?" I asked, startled by this admission.

In response he reached into his pocket, taken out what I thought was the handkerchief he had been using earlier at the motel, my eyes saucerizing when I took in the color, the texture, the smell of what he was actually holding. Those are my panties, from last night!" I exclaimed. "I thought I'd lost them at the motel. You had them?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Something like that. You see, last night, when you got...excited, I wasn't asleep, and I heard the whole thing. Fuck me if it wasn't the hottest thing ever. I convinced myself it must have been some sort of fever dream, until this morning when, well, you know, I saw a side of you I'd never seen before," he said euphemistically. "Then when you went to take your shower I found these in your sheets. And with everything that'd just happened I couldn't help myself, and I again did something I shouldn't have in your bed."

I felt my breath hitch in my throat, my nethers again flooding with heated moisture as I pictured my son pleasuring himself in my bed with my panties, now realizing that he hadn't been wiping his nose when I'd come out of the shower at the motel. No, he'd been inhaling my scent, reveling in it. And what I'd done last night, he'd heard every single last detail.

Even a short time ago I would've been shocked to discover this, mortified out of my mind, but now I just thought it was one of the fucking hottest things I'd ever heard. But even as my mind processed that fascinating tidbit it fixed on something else interesting in what he'd just said. "Wait a minute, you said again," I replied, "so does that mean that you've done something like that before today?"

He nodded, staring at the blank tv screen. "I mean, I know we've always been close, and I've always thought you were pretty, but I'd never really thought about you in a physical way before. That is, until that day a few months ago when I came home early to find you exercising in the living room. Do you remember?"

I nodded, knowing exactly the day he was talking about. It'd been back in late October, an unusually hot day for that time of year. The air system had been on the fritz, turning my usual exercise space upstairs into an unbearable inferno, so I'd taken a mat and a few other portable items down to the moderately cooler living room. Due to the heat I'd changed into my skimpiest workout gear, which amounted to little more than a string bikini

when you got right down to it, thinking it'd be fine since Eric was supposed to be out until suppertime.

But then, just as I'd been finishing up, a hot and sweaty mess on all fours, my ass facing the front door, there came Eric walking in. It was several weeks before I'd realized my own attraction for him, at the time feeling nothing but embarrassment at being discovered this way. I hadn't considered for a moment the effect that such a sight might have on Eric with his burgeoning sex drive, especially after we'd both laughed it off at dinner later. I hadn't thought anymore about it until this moment, and suddenly so much that had been murky was made clear.

"That's why you started acting so odd around me," I surmised, "Why you got so upset about Robert. And that's the reason you decided to start school early, wasn't it?"

He swallowed, nodding. "After that, sick as it was, I couldn't get you out of my head, all my fantasies now revolving around you. But even that wasn't enough. You never noticed, but sometimes I peeked in on you while you were exercising. And it wasn't just the thought of being with you in a physical way, I began to picture a life with you, because I realized that I was never more comfortable, never more content than when I was with you. But even though such thoughts filled me with more joy than I ever thought possible, they also scared the hell out of me.

"I mean, what kind of monster does things like that, thinks about his mother like that, to violate her in such a vile way? But no matter how hard I tried I couldn't push down these thoughts, and they only became stronger and stronger until I thought I might burst, thinking I had to get away before I did something stupid that would make you hate me. Or make dad hate me, if he were still here."

And just like that, what he'd said earlier in the music room made sense, when he'd said what we were doing was wrong. It wasn't the illicit nature our relationship was taking on, or even the thought of somehow hurting me

that was the major force holding him back. No, it was his father, for now that he himself could potentially find himself in the position Nate had occupied, Eric was feeling guilty at somehow betraying him. My poor boy, I thought, I had no idea he'd been feeling such anguish, and my frisky behavior and brazen proposition must have really thrown him for a loop.

"Oh, sweetie," I said, reaching out and running my hand through the brown scraggly hair of his downturned head. So much like his father, I mused, yet so different. No, not different, better, because he has the best parts of Nate, and me as well. "Now I understand, you think that if you get together with me, that you're somehow betraying your dad, that we're somehow dishonoring his memory?"

He looked up at me. "How could I not? I mean, you can't honestly tell me that this is something that dad would be okay with, can you?"

I shook my head. "No, not for certain," I admitted. "But what I can tell you is that a little while after you were born, your father and I had a talk about what each of us should do if something happened to the other, each of us agreeing that in that case the survivor, if they so desired, should try to find a new life with another person, both for our sake and yours. And although obviously neither he nor I foresaw this particular scenario, I really have to say I don't think he would mind."

He cocked an eyebrow at me. "Do you really believe that?"

"I do," I said firmly and without hesitation. "Because I know he loved us both so very much, and more than anything he would want us to be happy. And if you're feeling guilty about taking his place, don't. It would be impossible for anyone to take the place of your father, and unfair of me to expect such a thing of any man, you most of all."

"No, what we would share would be something brand new, something wonderful, something distinct and totally our own that would be just as

beautiful and profound, perhaps even more so," I said, feeling tears welling behind my eyes as I pictured that glorious future, but now knowing that could never be.

"Mom..." he began, moved by what I was revealing to him, what I fervently believed in the innermost depths of my being. I now saw the answer I had craved before in his eyes, yearning to hear him speak it aloud. That's why it was the hardest thing I ever did when I raised my hand and cut him off, not yet finished.

"However," I pressed, remembering what I'd concluded earlier, "I now know that would be asking too much of you. I'm old, Eric. Well, maybe not old old," I amended, "but still, I have a lot more years on me than you do. As such, there are many things a younger woman can offer you that I can't, things that you deserve. Things like a real family, and a chance at a normal life free from stigma and whispers that would no doubt plague us, whether people guessed our real relationship or not.

"That's why I'm altering my earlier offer," I continued softly. "If you're willing, I'd like to have just one magical night with you, this night. It would be so incredible to know I was the one to make my only child a man, to feel the joy of being with someone who I truly love and I know loves me back one more time. No strings, no regrets, just a precious secret between us, a treasured memory I can cling to when I return home by myself," really leaning into those last few words. Yeah, I know I was laying it on thick, but I wanted to make sure he knew just how much this meant to me, how much he meant to me.

At first he said nothing, just regarding me with an unreadable expression. He then slowly held out his hand and began running his hand through my hair, as he'd used to do when he was still small enough for me to carry, a thin smile on his face. "Now what makes you think I'd be satisfied with just one night, now that you've helped me see things so clearly?"

"But..." I began, but this time he silenced me, by tapping a finger against my lips, sensing a new self-assurance, an authority in him that had been lacking before. He'd never asserted himself like that with me, and I had to say, I really liked it.

"You've had your say, now I'll have mine," he said simply. "First of all, I don't care about a normal life, whatever that even is, what I want is a good life. I'd been dreaming of a future with you before, and now, after spending this admittedly odd but amazing 'Christmas' do-over evening with you, well, it's helped me put things in perspective. Tonight's been a reminder of how you've always striven to make the holidays special for me, no matter what the circumstances, as well as every other time of the year. No one could ask for a better mom, or a better partner for that matter, so why bother even looking?"

And as for family, you are my real family, mom, the only family I need. After all," he added, putting his arm around me, "we've made it just fine this far on our own, haven't we?"

"We sure have, sweetie!" I exclaimed, ready to erupt with the emotions surging through me, unable to believe what I was hearing, afraid that I was still asleep and only dreaming. But the feel of his hot breath on my face, the feel of his arm on my back was no dream, I assured myself. I said a silent thank you to the house, the guardian, or whoever or whatever it was that had helped us reach this moment.

Without thinking I reached down to the hem of my sweater, grabbing it and slowly pulling it upwards, peeling it away from my skin and over my head, my tits almost sighing with relief as they flopped free from their tight confines. "And now," I said in my most sultry tone, shaking my shoulders and making my boobs jiggle pleasingly, "how'd you like to jingle your mom's bells?"

"I...um...wow," he stuttered, looking at my chest with the same wide-eyed amazement from this morning, although at least now he was able to find his

voice. "You don't waste any time, do you?" setting aside my panties, no longer needing an appetizer now that the main course was laying itself out before him.

"Not when I know what I want," I giggled, knowing then that mine were the first pair of breasts he'd seen up close and personal. This will be a night of many firsts for Eric, I reminded myself, and you must be patient to make this experience tender and extraordinary for him, despite your voracious and impatient hunger. You heard what he said, there will be many more nights ahead where you can give full vent to your desires and take what you crave in a less than motherly way, but for now, keep your mind focused on your son and what he needs. And in this moment, he needs permission to delve into his new acquisition.

I reached down and gently took his hands by the wrists and brought them up to my tits. I cupped his hands under them, pressing his fingers into my yielding flesh, my hair tickling at them from above. "It's okay," I said soothingly as I released my hold, "they're yours to touch, lick, squeeze, whatever you want, whenever you want, just like every other part of my body is now open to you. So go on, say hi to the girls," I offered invitingly, jutting my bare chest even further out towards him.

For a moment he didn't move, as if he held the two most priceless and fragile items on earth and was afraid to move, or even breathe for fear of breaking them. But then I felt some motion down there as his fingers stirred to life, mashing his digits into my mounds of his own accord. "So beautiful," he breathed, "Just like the rest of you," and before I could respond he'd buried his face in my cleavage, rubbing his face in them eagerly like his new favorite pillow as I threw back my head and laughed with delight.

But the laughter soon turned to moans as I felt his hot, steaming mouth search out and find one of my waiting nipples, causing me to yip with pleasurable surprise when he finally found one, suctioning it even better than that time I'd tried the vacuum on one on the recommendation of a friend. "Swirl your tongue around the tip," I whispered softly as I clasped my hands around his head, drawing him in even closer to my bosom as he

took my advice to heart immediately, feeling the rough slip of his tongue as it danced over my hardened bud, the sensation driving me wild.

At first I was a little worried that he might get a little too rough in his eagerness for this delightful new activity he'd discovered, maybe even accidentally bite me or something. But I needn't have worried, for despite his rampant enthusiasm he was as gentle as he'd been when I was breastfeeding him so long ago, smiling at the memory, thinking that as good as that had felt at then, it was nothing compared to the adoration he was lavishing on my tits now, going from one to the other like a child who couldn't decide what new toy to play with.

"I love that you love my girls so much," I said softly, not remembering the last time they'd received such affectionate and devoted attention, even from Nate, basking in the ripples of pleasure rippling through my body. "But sweetie, don't forget about the rest of me." Almost immediately I felt his hands running along my bare back, his touch like fire, reigniting the heat in my blood.

In response my hands began moving along him as well, lifting off his shirt and roaming over his modest but taut torso. And for a while we just sat there entwined in each other's arms as he venerated his mother's breasts as only a son can. Part of me, specifically my long-neglected pussy, seeing the action my tits were getting, wanted to speed things up a bit. But yet I held back, wanting to luxuriate in this moment a little longer. After all, Eric was mine now, and I was his, so there was no hurry to the finish line.

At last Eric finally lifted his head, all hesitation gone as he kissed me with a hot, lingering passion that made my toes curl and the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. "Fuck," was all I could say when we finally came up for air, trying to catch my breath.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," he said with fiery promise as he faced me forward on the couch, my body putty in his hands, to mold as he wished. He then slid down on his knees onto the floor, parting my legs and sliding

between them, working to unfasten my jeans. "What you did for me earlier was one of the most amazing things anyone has ever done for me, and now I'm going to return the favor."

I immediately knew what he had in mind, and I opened my mouth to tell him I didn't need it anymore, that I was more ready to go than I'd ever been in my life, and at this point would be like adding oil to a motor already dripping with lubrication. But then I immediately closed it. After all, what woman in her right mind turns down a man ready and willing to eat her pussy? Particularly when her muff has sadly lacked in attention, given Nate's negative feelings on all things oral.

"Go for it baby," I said encouragingly instead, pride blossoming in my chest that my sweet boy would want to do this, honoring his mother with the ultimate act of selfless devotion as I heard the zipper give way and felt my jeans being tugged down my legs, coming to rest around my ankles.

"Oh my god, where are your panties?" he cried. Oops, I said to myself, until then forgetting I hadn't worn any that day. He must've been expecting them as a sort of buffer between him and the forbidden prize he was working his way toward, but was instead instantly greeted by the unrestricted view of my bare snatch, watching him gaping at it with a mix of awe and trepidation.

Normally I don't mow the grass much down there, so to speak, since for the past several years it's been a neglected corner of the yard that no one was likely to see. But this morning, in light of my changing perspectives regarding my son, I'd been inspired to do a little trimming. That's why even though it was still quite wild and woolly with golden curls it was no longer the tangled, untamed jungle it usually was.

"Whoopsie, I guess some naughty little elf scampered away with that pair too," I teased, hoping to pierce that spell of transfixed adulation that had taken hold of him, spreading my legs out even further to give him an even better view. In doing so I caught a whiff of the tart, heady aroma of my

unleashed arousal, knowing that if I could smell it from where I was, Eric must be getting positively blasted with it. I feared it might be too much for him, but he made no move to recoil. "Disappointed you can't add them to your collection as well?"

My attempt at humor seemed to have broken through the reverence-like trance he'd been in as he took in the sight of a woman's most intimate treasure with the wonder of a traveler seeing an exotic land for the first time, which just also happened to be the one he'd emerged into the world from, bringing him back down to earth as he chuckled. "Now why would I need those, when I have the real thing to play with?"

"That's right, darling," I cooed, "anytime you want. Now, let me tell you about what you're gonna find down there—"

"I already know all about the equipment under the hood," he said with a wry smirk. "Sex ed is the one part of school everyone pays attention to. Just tell me how you'd like me to...rev your engine."

I laughed at his creative use of language, and enormously titillated by it as I briefly mulled over the matter, finally giving a small shrug. "Just go with your instincts, baby," I said at last, not really knowing how to answer due to my aforementioned lack of familiarity with the subject, deciding to trust his judgment. "I'll let you know as you go. And keep in mind I'm very, very sensitive down there right now," I added.

"I'll bet," he said as he braced his hands on my thighs, lowering his head toward my crotch until his face was only inches from its slick, matted surface, my engorged lips protruding from the tangle of thick golden hair, my clitoris swollen to a hitherto unknown size. I wanted this to last and really enjoy what was really the first real oral attention my pussy had ever gotten, but the state I was in I'd be lucky to make it past first contact before gushing out my climax. "Don't touch my clit yet," I breathed, hoping that might prolong this at least a little longer.

I have no idea if he even heard me, for even as I spoke the words his face lurched forward, and I felt the tongue that'd worked such magic on my tits scrape lightly across the surface of my pussy, a slow broad stroke from bottom to top, causing me to shudder as a small gasp escaped my throat. I moaned as his tongue continued to graze along the outside of my soaking honeypot, up and down, side to side, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, always feeling amazing.

"You sure you've never done this before?" I asked, whimpering in delight as I felt his hands caressing my thighs, my hips, even around to my ass and as he gave it a playful squeeze.

"No, but I've read some books on the subject," he said between licks, the vibration from his words creating even more pleasant sensations along the surface of my snatch as I writhed and squirmed under him. "Fuck, I knew women get wet when they get excited, but this is crazy."

"Sorry," I breathed, "but you've got me hotter than any man ever has." And it was true, I don't know if it was because I loved Eric more than I ever had any other man, or because it was the fact that the one with his head between my legs giving me hitherto unknown pleasure was the one person who law and most religions had forbidden to do so, but there it was.

"Don't apologize," he said as he continued slurping at me like a thirsty dog, "it's delicious." Fuck it was so hot watching him go down on me like that and actually enjoy it immensely, like something out of the deepest, darkest corner of my most depraved fantasies.

"That's—ahhhyeeesssss!" I cried out as I felt his tongue dart between my labia, another pleasing new experience for me. How ironic, this was supposed to be a night of firsts for Eric, but I was experiencing my share as well, was my last coherent thought as I yielded control to the primal, pleasure-seeking part of my psyche as I put my hands on Eric's head, pushing him down even further between my legs, my thighs clamping him in a vise to hold him there. Not that he seemed to want to go anywhere,

doubling down on his efforts of licking, thrusting, diving into my cleft and driving me closer to the edge.

"Yes!" I shrieked. "Keep going, harder, faster! Eat your mommy out good and make her cum hard!" I urged, my hips bucking. I was a bit shocked at myself, having never spoken, acted or felt this deliciously wanton before, but finding it was something I wanted very much to get used to. "Do it baby, give momma what she needs, I'm so fucking close!" I cried out as I threw my head back, closing my eyes as I rode the rising surge.

And that's when I felt it, his hand, which had been squeezing my ass, slid around over my hip and across my stomach, then glided southward on a direct course with my enlarged clit, trapping it gently between his thumb and index finger at the base as he began to massage it carefully but persistently with delicate pressure, and at last I could take no more as my body tensed and I let out a rafter-shaking cry as an earth-shattering climax seized control of my body, and as I helplessly rode out the upwelling of euphoria gripping me I felt a torrent of fluids gushing out of me even more copious than last night, feeling Eric's steady tongue lapping at them furiously, driving me even higher.

At last I felt myself coming down, wonderfully satiated but still craving more, like someone who'd tasted a sample and now wanted the whole pizza. I looked down at Eric, who was still dutifully licking glistening juices off my thighs, fluids drizzling down his chin.

"Oh dear, mommy has made quite a mess, hasn't she? Here, let me help clean it up," I said, pulling him up so that his face was level to mine, giving him a grateful kiss before I went to work diligently clearing my pussy cream off his face and neck. I had never so much as tasted myself before, and now here I was licking it up like some cheap whore. It was pungent and slightly acrid, yet having a slight spicy rich taste like...eggnog? How was that possible? I see why Eric seemed so taken with it, I thought as I continued my eager efforts, the fact that I was licking my own cream off my own son making it even more sinfully delectable. Eric said nothing as I worked, merely watching me with burning eyes.

When I was done I pecked him on the lips, beaming broadly, practically able to feel my face glowing. "Thank you, I can't even begin to express what that meant to me," I said, my voice filled with emotions I couldn't even begin to communicate with mere words. "But let me try." With that I made to stand up, Eric doing so as well. "Are you ready for this, sweetie?" I asked as I fumbled with his belt, both of us knowing what was going to happen now, that once it did there was no going back.

He nodded. "I've never been more ready for anything in my life. I love you mom, more than anything in the world."

Hearing him say that took my breath away, calling me mom, showing he loved me not just because of who I was to him, but in spite of it, giving a big middle finger to a world that would mock and condemn us. "I love you too, my son," I said, returning his gesture, "and I'm going to spend every damn day going forward proving that you made the best decision of your life."

With those words I yanked away the belt, flinging it to the floor before hitching my thumbs into his jeans and dropping them to the floor, an easy task with the belt gone, his hard cock springing free and bobbing in the air, as if as excited as I was for what was about to happen. "Did you miss me?" I asked his member as I again took hold of it, eliciting a soft groan from Eric. "We barely got acquainted before, but now that you're mine forever we're going to get to know each other very well."

I reluctantly released it as I gave Eric a frisky nudge, sending him falling back down on the couch. I was about to join him when a sound off to the side briefly distracted me. I looked and saw that the train I'd knocked off earlier was again on the tracks and in motion, the conductor again looking jovial. However, instead of 'Merry Christmas' he was saying 'Nice Knockers!' as he seemed to leer at me, making me giggle at the praise.

But that wasn't all, I observed as I reexamined the room - the dying fire had rekindled, the Nutcracker figurines above looking resplendent in its glow.

The tree was fresh and green again, lights sparkling brilliantly, life returning to the room as life had returned to me. In that moment I felt the spirit of season that'd been missing from me for so long returning, creating a cozy, intimate atmosphere for Eric and I to consummate our love, and our new life. Speaking of which...

I turned back to Eric, who was regarding me with a look a look of pure, unadulterated lust, an expression I hadn't seen for the longest time, that told me I was desirable and wanted in a way that words never could. And that bulging, magnificent cock jutting outward, pointed directly at me, as if beckoning me. "Ho, ho, ho, come sit on Santa's lap, my lovely young lady," he said in a deep voice that reminded me more of a seasoned pro rather than a young man about to have his first real sexual experience. "And tell me what you want me to give you."

I giggled as I lowered myself down onto the couch, straddling his lap facing him, my knees sinking into the plush material of the couch. "Oh Santa," I cooed, playing along with the fantasy as I wrapped my arms around his neck, feeling the tip of his hot steel shaft pressing into my stomach just below my navel, a trickle of precum sliding down my skin. "I've been a very bad girl lately, so I don't know if I deserve a gift this year or not."

"Nonsense," he said, mashing my chest against his. "All girls deserve gifts, even the naughty ones. Especially the naughty ones, for I find they're the most fun," he said touching my nose. "Now tell me what you desire most in the world, and I'll see what I can do."

"Well," I replied, smiling shyly and putting on a fake air of modesty even as I scooched forward a bit. I raised my hips, taking hold of his rigid member and guiding it to my slick entrance, rubbing it against my puffy lips. "I know this is probably one of the most racy and unusual requests you've ever received, but what I want more than I've ever wanted anything is my son's cock, to rock his world every day and night for the rest of our lives."

"I think that can be arranged," he said softly in his normal voice, ending the fantasy. Now it was just he and I, mother and son, on the threshold of crossing the final boundary with no games or pretenses, confronting and embracing the reality of what we were about to do together with no shame or hesitation, simply pure love and joy.

"I love you," I whispered as I, with painstaking slowness, began to impale myself on his shaft. My cautiousness wasn't just for his sake but mine as well, for even though I was more primed and slick than ever down there, it'd still been years since I'd had a real cock inside me, and never one as impressive as the one I was now accepting. In many ways I felt like a virgin myself as I guided what felt like a massive rod of red-hot steel wrapped in spongy silk into my innermost depths that had sat abandoned and neglected for far too long, stretching out constricted muscles and awakening long dormant nerve endings.

Fuck, this feels so amazing, I thought, sighing contently, my mind losing focus as I continued to slide inexorably down his rod, which was now delving into territory within my love canal that had hitherto never known the feel of throbbing manhood. Just when I was beginning to question if I'd be able to take it all I felt the tickle of his pubic hair against mine, the feel of his heated scrotum against my inner thighs, and I knew I'd leveled out.

Oh my god, I've never felt so full, I thought as I squirmed a bit, my pussy getting accustomed to the feel of it. Yes I was stuffed, but not so much as to be painful or cumbersome, but in a pleasant, content way like after a good meal, or a glove that has found the perfect hand for it. But there was far more to it than that, for this time it felt...different. Even though I'd loved Nate dearly, every time he or the men before him had penetrated me I always had the sensation, however slight, of being intruded upon, that something foreign was invading my body. But this time there was none of that, instead having the sensation that instead of being violated somehow a missing part of me had returned home, that it belonged here in me. And I suppose in a way, that's exactly what had happened.

I heard a soft sighing sound, and I realized I'd gotten so caught up in my own enjoyment of the moment that I'd momentarily forgotten about Eric, whose expression I could now only describe as trancelike rapture, as if he were having a vision. "How do you like it?" I asked teasingly, wiggling around on his lap, holding onto his shoulders for balance. "How do you like being back inside your mother?"

"It's...ugh...DAMN!" He screamed, and far before I was ready for it I felt his cock twitching in me just before it began blasting my insides with jets of his thick, sticky cum with such force I could feel it ricocheting off the walls of my cunt. How much cum does he have in him? I marveled, knowing he had already cum twice today, this load feeling just as substantial, if not more, than what I'd swallowed earlier. But that and every other consideration were swept aside as the simple knowledge of knowing it was my son's cock pumping me full of his swimming seed, surrendering his virginity to me, triggered another orgasm, not as huge as my prior one but still far better than any I'd had over the past several years.

"Sorry," he said abashedly after we'd both calmed down. "I didn't mean to, you know, that fast, but you're just so hot, and so tight...damn, I wasn't prepared for how amazing it would be. I mean fuck, mom, you're tighter than I've heard virgins are supposed to be!"

I laughed, adoring how Eric turned even what he must have felt was bad news into a way to praise me. "Thanks, sweetie, but you have to remember as well that I've been out of the game for a while, so in a way I'm just as new to this as you are. Or were," I amended with a sly smile, feeling his cock still pulsing weakly within my walls, his copious cream flowing out of my pussy, mingling with mine. "So, how does it feel, being a man now?" I asked, rubbing his hair.

"Surreal," he replied, bringing his hand up to meet mine. "I still can't believe that just happened. It did happen didn't it?"

"It sure did, darling," I said, giving him a quick kiss. "And thank you for letting me be your first. It's the best gift anyone's ever given me, besides you yourself that is."

He chuckled. "My first, my last, my one and only forever. And as for presents, don't ever worry about buying me anything ever again. For my birthday, Christmas, or whatever, just put a big red bow on yourself and let me unwrap you, and that will be more than enough."

"Deal," I said with a big grin, massaging his shoulders. "I'll even do it every day if you'd like. So, I take it that means you have no regrets about what we just did, about moving forward with us?"

"Only that it was over so fast," he said with a hint of disappointment, "I really wanted to make it great for you too."

"Oh sweetie," I said, cupping his face in my hands, "you've already made me feel more wonderful than I have in a long time, if ever. Besides," I added with a smirk, "who says it's over? You've awoken a sleeping sexual giant, mister, one that isn't easily satisfied. You've got a lot work to do before I'm through with you, so I hope you're up to the challenge," I said as I began to grind my groin against his, already feeling his cock stiffening again in the drenched, heated depths of my canal. That was one of the things I was going to love most about being with a younger man, I considered, helping him expend all that bountiful, seemingly limitless sexual stamina. And now that he'd cum so hard and got all those first-time jitters out of the way, he'd last much longer on the next go-around, I reasoned.

"Well," he said with mock resignation, unable to hide his grin. "It sounds like a hard job, but I'm willing to give it my all, over and over and over again."

"Oh yeah, that's what mommy likes to hear from her man," I purred hotly in his ear as I licked at his lobe playfully, dosing him with some of my famous dirty talk to speed up his cock's recovery, that I knew from past experience worked wonders. "Mommy loves the feel of her studly son's hot

staff inside her pussy, filling her with all that gooey, yummy cum, and now she craves it more than air.

"So, from now on her boy's delicious cream doesn't get deposited anywhere except inside her, one way or another. That means no more wasting it in tissues, rags, or even her panties, alright? Anytime you have an urge, day or night, even if she's working, she'll make time to take care of you, since you mean more to her than the world. She's the only one who really loves you, who will do anything for you, and as such deserves all you have to give in return, right?" I asked, continuing to gyrate, gripping his shoulders for balance.

"Yeeeeeeeeesssssssss....," he drawled out as if in a hypnotic trance, my words having their intended effect as I felt his reviving shaft stiffen at once to steel between my legs, again filling me in that exquisitely perfect way that only my special boy could. No, my special man, I amended proudly, for I had made him so.

"Good," I said, my filthy words affecting me as well, sending my already soaring libido into the stratosphere, "and now that we've had our tender moment, it's time for some serious hardcore fucking that mommy's been needing for a long, long time," I pronounced, and with that I began to slip up and down along his well-lubricated pole, sometimes only a bit, sometimes raising up until only his tip remained tucked between my glistening, dripping lips before slamming back down, appreciating the various happy noises my actions were drawing out of his mouth.

I went slowly at first, delighting in the feel of it and the exquisite squelching sound it produced. For my pussy, deprived of the company of a cock for so long, now that it finally had one seemed to cling to it like lichen to a log, its slippery walls clinging around his shaft to the point I felt I was almost peeling it away from my sheathe every time I lifted up, creating an indescribable sensation that only fueled my yearning for more.

"Fuck, my pussy loves your marvelous cock!" I exclaimed as I picked up my pace, multiplying the sensations rocketing outward from my groin to my entire body, the wet squishing sounds of our coupling now mingled with the slapping of skin as my tight toned ass collided forcefully with his thighs again and again. "I've never felt anything like it!"

"Damn straight," he growled as he slobbered my neck with kisses, his tongue occasionally flicking at my nipples as his fingernails dug into my back, now as aggressively charged with lust as I was, beginning to raise his hips to meet my thrusts, pushing him even further inside me, "and I'm gonna fuck your sweet pussy and everything else you've got with it until you beg for mercy!"

"Mmmm, is that a promise?" I asked in my most challenging, lustful tone. I loved hearing Eric talk filthy as he had when I'd sucked him off, and hearing it again now as his cock was pummeling my pussy so thoroughly drove me into an absolute frenzy, and I wanted more. "Tell me!" I practically ordered him as I bounced up and down on his cock like a frenzied kangaroo, "tell me all the wicked things you're gonna do to your sweet, innocent mother!"

After he got done laughing at that slight bending of the truth he proceeded to lay out his plans for me in vivid, vulgar, and exquisitely rich detail - painting an image in my mind as sumptuous as any artistic masterpiece of how he was going to ravish every single square inch of my body with his cock, tongue, lips, fingers, and everything else at his disposal until I was a heaving, quivering, cum-covered mess. Afterward he'd then watch as I licked up every drop of his glorious outpouring that coated me like a second skin, before proceeding to ravage me again and again. I was his to do with as he pleased, he declared, and woe to any other man who even looked at me the wrong way.

Although his feral state of mind was probably pushing him toward exaggeration, (but I have to admit part of me hoped he wasn't!) it drove me wild to hear him assert himself like that, and filled my body with an astonishingly euphoric sensation that had nothing to do with the fierce,

fantastic fucking it was currently receiving, amplifying my pleasure a thousandfold.

And even though we had said the words, I hadn't really felt the shift in our relationship until now. We were still mother and son of course, but more than that we were lovers, mates, equals. Eric would now watch over and protect me as I had done for him all these years, making me feel secure and loved in a way I hadn't in the longest time. Just the thought of it spurred on the climax that was already building in me like an underground volcano, ready to burst forth to the surface.

"That's so hot," I muttered when he'd finished as I once again brought myself down hard over his length, grinding my clit against his pelvic bone, moaning with the pleasure of the sensation. By now both our bodies were wet and slick with perspiration, my hair a matted golden mass as we drove each other closer to the edge. "You fuck mommy so damn good, and I can't wait to do all sorts of fun things with you. But right now, I'm pretty damn close to exploding all over this place!"

His only response was an affirmative grunt, which I took to mean he was close as well. Such a good son, I thought, knowing he must have summoned every ounce of his willpower to last as long as he had against my all-out assault on his cock driven by my desperate, pent-up need that'd been accumulating for years. Although how long that was, I couldn't say since I'd lost all sense of time one or two climaxes ago. But now a mile-high wave of pure ecstasy was about to come slamming down, and I wanted us to experience it together. "Cum with me," I urged, my pussy now so soaked it sloshed sloppily around his cock as I slammed down on it over and over. "Shoot mommy to the moon!"

This time there was no response, only the sensation of his hand seizing my arm to hold me up as his thrusts becoming stronger, more forceful under me to the point I yielded control of my body and my pleasure to his magnificent efforts, trusting in the one I loved more than anything to take me where I wanted to be, my faith rewarded sooner than I expected when I felt his fingers once again encircling my pleasure pearl, caressing it with that

perfect, delicate pressure that was somewhere between a nudge and a slight squeezing motion, wondering if he learned it somewhere or if it was just pure instinct as I mewed like a cat in heat under his manipulations even as he continued to pound upward into me like an overpowered jackhammer.

But it didn't matter, for halfway through the thought the mother of all orgasms, which had been slowly but steadily approaching, was sent into hyperdrive by my son's enthusiastic and relentless handling of my body swept over me, crashing into me with the force of a speeding bus as I howled to the heavens, my back arching, my pussy walls contracting uncontrollably as fluids gushed forth, losing control of my body as the indescribable bliss seized control of me, and I surrendered myself to it totally. Through it all I vaguely sensed my midsection rising into the air as Eric pushed further into my pussy than ever before, firing a load into me that made all his previous attempts seem like a broken water pistol in comparison, the vigor and quantity of the cum basting my cunt magnifying and prolonging the already unfathomable rapture that was savaging my body.

After what seemed like an eternity of pure blazing euphoria, I finally felt myself slowly but steadily returning to earth, feeling as drained as a wrung-out sponge, yet at the same time completely satisfied in a way I never had before. My vaginal muscles still spasmed slightly around Eric's cock, determined to extract last drop of his seed. How had I ever lived so long without this feeling? I asked myself, dreamily considering that if I'd known fucking my son would be this mind-blowing, I'd have served him breakfast in bed for his eighteenth birthday, and me along with it.

I tried to crawl off of him but, finding I lacked the energy even for that simple task, I simply slumped down against his chest, my wet skin smacking against his, feeling his hot labored breathing on my back. I wanted to say something meaningful, maybe how much I loved him or how much he meant to me or how marvelous it was being with him, but apparently my brain was still swimming in hormones because that wasn't what came out when I finally found my voice. "Damn, that was...that was...the hottest fuck I've ever had!" I panted out.

He chuckled weakly. "Well, that was only my first time, but I honestly don't see how it could be any better, or with anyone sexier. Like it or not, mom, I think you've ruined me for all other women."

"Way to Go!" I thought I heard the train conductor say as it went by overhead, both his and Eric's words causing me to flush with joy, locking this moment along with all the others here tonight in my heart for safekeeping.

"Glad to hear it," I replied, "because I don't think there's a man on earth that can hold a candle to you, in any department. I guess that means we're stuck with each other, darling."

"Maybe more literally than you think," he said with a yawn. "I'm too fucking tired to move."

"Me too," I said, snuggling my head into the crook of his neck as I felt drowsiness seeping into me, my limbs becoming heavy, my eyelids drooping. "Any objections to sleeping like this?"

He scoffed as he adjusted himself a bit to get more comfortable. "Yeah, like I'm really gonna object to a hot naked woman sleeping on top of me. Goodnight mom, and thanks for everything. I love you."

"Goodnight, sweetie, I love you too..." I mumbled happily before I drifted off.

*

When I finally pried my eyes open the room was flooded with sunlight, and for a moment I thought I was back in my room at home. That is, until I

noted the unfamiliar layout, the oddly placed windows, and perhaps most importantly of all, the taut, warm torso I was currently laying against.

Then in a flash it all came back to me - the car breaking down, finding this strange house, then finding real love with the person I'd least expected to. For a moment I just lay there, soaking in Eric's warmth, listening to his steady heartbeat, more beautiful than the birdsong outside. I lifted up my head, studying his face, so serene in sleep. Unable to help myself I leaned down and kissed him softly on the lips, causing him to stir as his eyes fluttered open and he smiled. Damn, I would run across the country barefoot over broken glass just to see that smile, and I resolved that from now on I would wake him every morning in the same way. Or by sucking his cock, I thought wryly.

"Mornin', mom," he said sleepily, stretching his arms. "Did you sleep well?"

"Good morning, my love," I said in a soft, affectionate tone that I hadn't used in forever as I rubbed at his chest. I was a little apprehensive that he might wake up regretting last night, but I detected none of that in him as he fingered my matted hair. "I did, better than I have in years. You?"

He grinned. "You bet, I slept like the most gorgeous woman on earth screwed me senseless last night. Oh, wait, she did, didn't she?" he finished with a wink.

"Hey, you contributed your fair share to our mutual workout session too, you know" I said as I sat up on his lap, playfully slapping at his arm. "And considering my pussy is still pleasantly throbbing with the lovely pummeling you gave it last night, I think it's safe to say you've won me over, so you don't have to keep lavishing me with all those outlandish compliments."

"But I want to," he said as his smile waned and he became more serious. "Because I mean every one of them. I don't know how you see yourself,

mom, but when I look at you I see the most gorgeous, vibrant, funny, sexy woman I've ever met, or will meet even if I live ten lifetimes. So if you really want me to stop singing your praises you're gonna have to tape my mouth shut, because I love you so damn much I can't help myself!"

"Oh, sweetie," I whispered, again feeling tears in my eyes but this time from joy. "I'm sorry, it's just that...oh, nevermind," I said, throwing my arms back around him, letting go of my previous insecurities. "You're the best son a mother could hope for, and the best lover a woman could ask for." It sounded a little strange saying what were now aloud like that, but Eric didn't seem to mind, even pulling me tighter as if in agreement.

"And now," I said after I finally, reluctantly broke apart from him. "I suppose we should get up and get something on, since that guardian or whoever owns this house will be coming by with our car." Although I wanted nothing more than to stay with Eric like this all day, I didn't want anyone to see me like this. Not that I was ashamed, it's just that I was no longer comfortable with the thought of anyone seeing me naked besides Eric, I thought as I lifted myself off him, noting with motherly pride the copious amounts of dried semen that coated my thighs and groin, even feeling some encrusted on my ass.

Fuck, if this much drained out of me, then how much must he have fired up there, I marveled, touching my still-sensitive slit gently, remembering how deep Eric had plunged into me that final time, almost like he was stretching up into my stomach, still able to feel the mighty torrents of fertile cream he'd deposited. "Good thing I'm barren," I commented flippantly, still idly fingering my slit, "otherwise I'd be pregnant now for sure."

And as soon as I said it I knew I shouldn't have as I watched Eric's face turn serious again. No, not serious, maybe wistful is a better word. "Would that be such a bad thing?" he asked quietly.

I cursed myself for being such an idiot. Why, when we were both so happy, did I have to bring this up again? "Look, Eric..." I began, not exactly sure what to say, almost glad when he raised his hand to silence me.

"Look, when I said last night when you were enough, I meant it," he reiterated. "All I'm saying that if it were possible, I'd be thrilled to have kids with you, to have living embodiments of the love we share."

"Oh, sweetie," I said as I hugged him, having had no idea until now he felt this way, having a new appreciation of the depth of his affection for me. "And even though I can't, it means the world to me to hear you say that. And I just want you to know if things were different, I'd be honored to carry your child." After a moment I broke away enough to look up at him, beaming broadly. "But on the bright side," I began, taking another shot at humor to diffuse what had become a rather solemn moment, "at least now you can spray me with that rampant firehose of yours anytime you want."

He grinned broadly, no longer the least bit abashed talking about sexuality, or even being naked and pressed against a woman who just happened to be his mother, to whom he'd just given a thorough fucking and slathered with his cum. All scenarios that were beyond the realm of even remote possibility not that long ago. "Funny, I didn't hear you complaining about my 'firehose' last night," he countered, pushing his stiffening cock even harder against my belly.

"It was just a loving observation, not a complaint, sweetie," I murmured, already losing focus at the feeling of his phenomenal shaft reawakening against my flesh. "Mommy is beyond satisfied with all your equipment, and quite pleased that she's raised such a strong, vigorous man."

"You've got quite a selection of merchandise there yourself," he replied, tracing his finger along my breasts. "I'm just glad I got my hands on it before anyone else did."

"Me too, darling," I moaned softly under his touch, my body responding and eager to jump back in his arms. "Later," I assured him, summoning all my strength to gently push him away. What the fuck was wrong with me? I screamed at myself. Here was a strapping, virile young man eager to fuck me, his cock already half-hard, and I was putting on the brakes. "As much as I hate to say it, we should probably clean up and get dressed."

"How?" he asked. "Our luggage disappeared with the car, and I don't relish the idea of putting the ones from yesterday back on," he said, crinkling his nose.

"We won't have to," I said, looking over at the nearby chair. On it were two piles of neatly folded clean clothes, towels, even soap which I'd mentally asked the house for.

This time, Eric didn't even bat an eye at the seemingly impossible occurrence as he picked up his stack. "Huh," he said, looking around the room, "all the Christmas stuff is gone."

"What the...?" I said, following his gaze. I'd been so focused on Eric and how good I was feeling I didn't even notice the changes that had taken place around me, but he was right - the tree, the train, the figurines, and even the holiday snacks were all gone, whisked away as if they'd never been, leaving only the furniture and other mundane fixtures you'd expect to find in a room like this. Even the wintry paintings along the walls had been replaced with normal landscapes.

I was a little sad at first, until I realized that all those things, while meaningful, were just trappings. The true spirit and wonder and joy of the season, which I'd thought I had lost forever when Nate passed, was now back in my heart thanks to my beloved son, a feeling that I knew would now burn bright all year round.

And with this surge of buoyancy, I followed Eric upstairs for a shower, unable to resist a playful slap to his backside. He suggested we take one together, since he pointed out the stall we'd seen in the master bedroom last night was easily large enough for both of us. But I again had to go against everything in me and opt to use a smaller one nearby to avoid temptation, not wanting to be literally caught with our pants down by the owner of this house who'd done so much for us, promising Eric that I would make it up to him later.

And I would too, for I was just as horny as he was if not more so, resolving that we'd stop at the first motel we came across, where I'd proceed to fuck his brains out. I even considered renting the honeymoon suite if they had one available. After all, we'd bound our bodies and souls together last night more securely and permanently than any minister or justice ever could.

After I'd dressed and was waiting for Eric to finish up, I took out my phone and checked it, pleased to see that it was again working. On a whim I looked up my sister's number on my contacts list, staring at it a moment before hitting the call button. We hadn't spoken in years, and chances are she'd just ignore me, but I didn't care. I was so brimming with belated holiday love and joy I just wanted to share my cheer and goodwill with someone, even if I ended up being rebuffed.

But to my surprise, there was an answer on the other end. "Is that you, Megyn? What do you want?" I heard my sister's gruff voice snap testily, already sounding wary and defensive before I'd even said a word.

Well, hello to you too, bitch, I replied in the confines of my mind, before going with a more diplomatic vocal approach. "Hello Carol? Yes, it's me. Now before you get jump all over me, I'm just calling to wish you and your family a Merry Christmas."

The line was silent a moment, but at least she didn't hang up. "Christmas is over, Megyn. Have you been binging on leftover eggnog again?" she asked drily.

"Not at all," I said, allowing her attempt to rile me to be swept away by the euphoric cloud I was riding. "But, well, Eric and I had what you might call a late holiday, and it was the most marvelous thing. Anyway, it made me realize how stupid it is for us to keep up this fight of ours." Even if the whole thing was all your fault, I wanted to say, but bit it back. "So I just wanted to apologize, and I hope that we can make a fresh start."

Another moment of silence. "Um, well," she said at last. "Gotta say, I wasn't expecting this. You caught me off guard again, Meg. But, um, yeah, I'd like that. And, um, I'm sorry too I guess. For everything."

Wow, I didn't expect it to be this easy, I thought as she continued. "And look, I know how much all that holiday stuff that mom and dad collected means a lot to you, so I'll be glad to give it back to you, since I can't use it anyway without feeling guilty as hell. Once the police find it, that is."

"Huh?"

"It's the damndest thing," Carol replied irritably, "Someone went to all the trouble to break into our house, but didn't touch a damn thing except all that Christmas stuff I had tucked away in the basement. Oh yeah, and our family's piano too! Can ya believe it? I mean, how'd they even move that fucking thing without anyone seeing them?"

"No idea," I replied, stifling a laugh. "But you never know, it all might turn up again when we least expect it."

There was another moment of silence, neither of us really sure how to proceed. "So," Carol said at last, "You and Eric are doing pretty good then? He must be a fine young man by now. And from the sound of things, you two are still as close as ever."

"The best son a mother could want, and I can say in all honesty that we've never been closer than we are now," I replied cheerfully, hoping I wasn't giving away too much. I was glad that Carol and I seemed to be mending fences, but that didn't mean I wanted to share the finer details of my son and I's new relationship just yet. I then pondered if I'd ever be able to tell her or anyone else, not sure if I even wanted to. The possible consequences of our illicit romance becoming known aside, it was just so exhilarating having this naughty little secret between just the two of us, presenting the image of the typical, respectable mother and son duo in public while fucking like wild animals behind closed doors.

"That's great," Carol replied, "wish I could say the same about me and my kids."

"Trouble?" I asked, wondering if that was why she was being so conciliatory.

"Nothing I'm gonna bother you with right now," she said with a long sigh. "But listen, I'd love it if we could maybe grab lunch sometime and catch up. There's a lot I want to discuss with you, Meg."

"I'd like that," I said, not happy to hear about her problems, which partially explained her sudden one-eighty, but pleased at the progress we were making. "Look, I'm travelling right now, but I'll call you when things settle down, and we'll work something out."

"Sounds good. And Meg, thanks, I don't know what possessed you to call right now but I'm glad as hell you did. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," I repeated, hanging up and putting the phone away, settling back in the chair with a smile. First Eric, and now Carol. Things were certainly looking up for my family. Way up in the case of Eric, I thought as dreamy images of his cock danced through my mind.

Soon after Eric appeared and we headed back downstairs to be greeted with a blend of tantalizing smells wafting from the dining room, entering it to find the table now filled with plates of pancakes, sausages, and fresh fruit. There was even a bottle of honey, which I preferred to syrup. I'd forgotten how famished a night of vigorous lovemaking made me, and after we'd moved our seats so that we were right next to each other we dug in, feeding bites into each other's mouths, chatting and laughing like newlyweds.

"So what now?" Eric asked as I munched on a strawberry he'd just fed me.

"Hmm..." I hummed as I swallowed the morsel. "I think I'd like another piece of sausage next."

"No, not that," he said with a wry smile. "I mean, what happens now, with our lives? I mean, now that we're together, I don't think I can stand the thought of being so far away from you."

With everything that'd happened I'd totally forgotten about the original reason for this trip, to take Eric to school. I felt a sudden, sharp ache at the thought of being separated from him, no longer able to bear it, no longer willing to even consider it. Yet at the same time, I couldn't hold him back. "I could come with you, sweetie," I offered, taking his hand. "Maybe sell the house, get some place near campus. It might be better this way, since no one knows our real relationship there, we wouldn't have to be so secretive."

I thought he'd jump at that, but he still looked concerned. "Sounds great, but I think we'd have to keep it low key anywhere, since most people can tell we're related just by looking at us, you know?" It was true, I remembered now that he'd brought it up, for although Eric got his stature and build from Nate, most of his facial features came from me, and it was obvious even to perfect strangers that we were connected by blood. "Besides," he continued, "you've worked so hard to build up your business back home, I'd hate to see you throw it all away."

"True," I acknowledged, stroking his cheek. "But I'm sure they need personal trainers where we're heading as well. Besides, I know how important going to this school is for you, for your future. I couldn't ask you to give that up."

"It used to be," He said, grabbing my hand. "But now, you are my future. I'd gladly be a fry cook at some fast food joint the rest of my life as long as I was with you."

I was so overwhelmed with emotion at his declaration that I was rendered speechless for a moment, overcome at the enormity of what he was willing to sacrifice for my sake. "Look," I said finally, "this is a big decision, so why don't we do this - tell the school you've decided to wait to enroll, and we'll head back home for now. That way we'll have time to adjust to this new road we're on, to figure out how we can be together in a way that works for both of us. But let's promise now that whatever we decide, we'll go forward, together, with no regrets and no looking back. Agreed?"

"Agreed!" he said without hesitation, sounding relieved.

"Excellent," I said, flashing him a winning smile as I held up my fork, laden with pancake. "And for now, we can get back to just enjoying this newfound happiness that's been dropped in our laps," I said cheerfully, guiding the morsel into his open mouth, watching as he chewed, a dribble of syrup dangling from his lip. Yes, this life may be unconventional and risky as hell, but it was the one I wanted, the one we'd both chosen, and we would find a way to make it work no matter what.

After we'd finished we went back into the parlor to collect the clothes we'd carelessly flung around last night, eyeing the mess Eric and I had made out of their sofa. Oops, I thought to myself, although I couldn't bring myself to feel bad about it, considering what it represented, the consummation of the love between my son and I. I'd just buy them a new one, if the house didn't provide one that is, and have this one moved to our living room. Yes, I

thought, then Eric and I could reenact last night, every night on it. Our own little love seat! I thought wickedly.

"Hey, what's that?" Eric said, breaking me out of my wicked musings. I looked up, seeing that he was pointing to the empty table where the snacks had been last night. Only it wasn't empty now, for in the center sat what looked to be a letter, beside of which was a flat, shiny gold box topped with a green ribbon. I walked over and picked up the note, seeing it was written in the same script as the ones last night. Again I read it aloud:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham,

Forgive me again for not appearing in person, but I did not want to intrude on this personal time between Eric and yourself. However, allow me to be the first to congratulate you on the newfound love you've found together! The house was tight-lipped about the details of course, respecting your privacy, and would only say that your union was one of the most beautiful and touching that has ever taken place within its walls. For as you've no doubt figured out for yourselves, this is no ordinary house, having started out its life as an Inn of sorts where, shall we say, nontraditional couples could meet and express their love without fear of punishment or judgment.

As you can imagine all the tender affection and joy produced here over the years seeped into the very floors and walls of this structure, and together with the unique nature of this community, created a will within it to continue to help and encourage unconventional lovers to find their way into each other's arms, long after the family that originally ran it was gone. That's why I, as guardian of this fine community, often send those whose love for each other is being held back for one reason or another here so that the house can give them a nudge toward the happiness they desire, but are too afraid to grasp. As such, you and your son are the latest among many that have connected within these walls.

But do not make the mistake of thinking you are just run-of-the-mill guests. From what I understand, the house has gone above and beyond its usual

measures of courtesy to make you both feel welcome and to bring you together, all but rolling out the red carpet for you two in a way I've never known it to do for anyone since its original owners. The house has taken an extreme liking to you two, and as such has authorized me to offer you another gift - ownership of the property to you and your son, the deed to which is in the gold box.

I know all this is weird and a lot to take in at this crucial moment in your lives and new relationship, but I hope you will consider making this your home. For not just this house, but the entire community of Coventry is a unique place where familial love such as yours is not only accepted, but celebrated and encouraged.

However, I hope you'll at least consider the offer, for the house has been getting rather lonely without regular occupants (no family is currently living here, I smudged the truth about that earlier), not to mention the talents you and your son could bring to our town would be more than welcome. Our town is in need of a quality personal trainer such as yourself and perhaps even a gym, and there's a fine Cordon-Bleu trained chef in town that would be more than happy to take Eric under his wing as a protégé. These, and many other possibilities are now open to you, should you choose to remain.

Don't answer now, for I know you probably have other things on your mind at the moment (wink, wink!). Spend a few more days here, on the house so to speak, as a sort of honeymoon, enjoying yourselves and getting a feel for the place to see if it's for you. If you can spare the time (wink, wink again!) feel free to speak to your neighbors or even come into town, and you'll discover what a welcoming, close-knit community we are.

However, if you decide Coventry's not for you, then simply leave the deed here and take your car, which is waiting outside fixed, gassed up, and ready to go wherever you want. Whatever your decision, I wish you the best in your new future together.

Sincerely,

Aveline, Guardian of Coventry

I read and reread the name over and over again, unable to believe it. Aveline, that had been the name of that perky clerk in the motel, the one who'd directed me us here. Has she somehow set all this up - the detour, the car breaking down, this house, all to get Eric and I together? It seemed incomprehensible, but here we were. At first I was I was furious at being manipulated like this, and for a moment considered calling the cops.

But what would you tell them? A voice asked wryly, that an eccentric motel clerk had lured you and your son to a magic house and made you fuck? They'd lock me up for being a wacked-out pervert. Besides, even though we'd been led here for the night and given some strong encouragement, we really hadn't really been forced to do anything. Our love, not the house, was the reason we were together now.

I reread it to myself two more times just to make certain I hadn't missed anything, fixing on certain parts to work out their meaning, both of us silent as we deliberated what all this meant. "What do you think?" I asked quietly after several minutes.

He opened the nearby box, pulling out the deed and examining it. "I'm no expert, but it looks real," he said, raising his eyes to mine as he put down the document.

I nodded, that particular issue never really having been in question for me. "So, what do you want to do?" I asked.

He shook his head. "To be honest, part of me wants to check into a hospital for drug testing and a complete mental evaluation, because there's no way in hell any of this can be real." He took my hand. "But if all that's happened here is the result of hallucinatory drugs or a mental breakdown, then I don't want to know, because then what's happened between you and me wouldn't

be real either, and I couldn't bear that. So, what the fuck? We're already neck-deep in this madness, so what difference will a few more days make?"

I nodded, taking his hand, having come to the conclusion to give this place a test run as well. And if Aveline was telling the truth then this seemed like the ideal solution to our dilemma, to be among like-minded people in a community where our love could be flaunted for the miraculous thing it was, not hidden like something shameful. "You're not mad or dreaming, sweetie, because what you're feeling is the same thing filling me, maybe even more so. I can't vouch for everything else, but what we share, this love between us, it's as real as your hand in mine."

"Thanks, mom, I needed to hear that."

I responded with a devilish grin, my privates tingling. "And you know what this means, right?" I asked lustily, dropping the letter. "That we don't have to wait and find a motel now."

It took him a second to comprehend my meaning, but once he did his eyes lit up with that aggressive passion I'd seen in them last night. Then, before I knew what was happening, Eric had swept me up into his arms with a fierce grunt, a feat I didn't even know he was capable of, causing me to yelp in surprise. I was a little nervous at first, but it quickly evaporated as he held me secure with an easy confidence and he carried me out of the room.

"Where are we going?" I asked as we began to ascend the stairs, my low voice husky with lust, although I didn't really care about our destination. Even if he chose to fuck me on the roof in the cold open air it would still be fantastic as long as I was with him.

"This house is ours, for now anyway," he said in a deep, gravelly voice as his hard cock dug into the small of my back, "so I think it's only fitting that we claimed the master bedroom, multiple times, just to make sure it takes. And if you thought last night was something, brace yourself, because it's only getting better from here."

I laughed in delight at his suggestion, instantly loving the idea of being taken by my man in the very heart of our new domain, officially making this house ours and me his woman. "Mmmm...I can't wait," I whispered as I clasped my hands behind his neck. "And mommy has a few surprises for her new hubby as well that she knows he'll love."

At last we made it to the top of the stairs and headed toward the master bedroom, finding the door open for us. It felt so delightful having Eric carry me over the threshold like his new bride, marking the start of our amazing new life, making me feel like the luckiest woman in the world, knowing it was the truth.

"What on earth..." I murmured as Eric kicked the door shut behind us, my voice cutting off as I surveyed the room, unable to believe what I was seeing. For all the Christmas ornamentation that'd been down in the parlor hadn't just disappeared, it had simply been relocated here. And when I say everything, I mean everything - the glittering tree with our ornaments, the Nutcracker dolls and train that were now mine, the wintry paintings, all complete with a crackling fire.

But now it was even better, for the large, heavy curtains I'd seen earlier had been drawn back, revealing a pair of sliding glass doors that led out to a small balcony. Beyond I could see the snowy hill the house sat on rolling away to the white-dusted trees beyond, reflecting the bright sunlight. Although we hadn't made a final decision yet, I knew right then in that moment that we'd be staying, believing that everything that Aveline had said in her letter was true.

Even the part I hadn't yet told Eric about.

For in that last letter there had been a post script at the end, so astonishing, so seemingly impossible that I'd kept it to myself:

P.S. - By the way, Megyn, there's one more thing that I think you'll especially appreciate. You see, the house has granted you another gift, whether you decide to stay or not, one that you have been wanting for a long while. Let's just say you may be expecting it for some time, although it won't be delivered until sometime around September. And if you desire it, more will follow.

At first I'd been puzzled. September? Why so long? That was nine months from now. And then it'd hit me like a tsunami. Nine months. Expecting. Delivered. Oh my god, I'd thought to myself, swallowing, was I pregnant?!

It couldn't be, I'd reasoned, even this house with all its wonders couldn't undo the damage to my body, could it? But surely no one would be sick and twisted enough to lie about something like this, would they? And how would they even know about it? The only ones besides my doctor who knew were Nate and Eric, and I know they'd never told anyone, I reflected as a hope that I was afraid to believe in starting to swell in my heart at the possibility that it could be true, that miracle of miracles, that I could now give the man I truly loved the one thing I thought I'd never be able to - a family.

That's when I realized all the decked-out rooms we'd seen upstairs when we first arrived, they didn't belong to children who lived here now. Rather, the house had shown Eric and I a vision of what could be - a gaggle of our own children to fill our enchanting new home.

I'd wanted to scream the news from the rooftops, but yet I'd bottled my elation. For even though I was convinced in my heart it was true, I had to be absolutely sure before I said anything. A pregnancy test, maybe a visit to my doctor, before I told Eric. After all, this wasn't the kind of news you wanted to be wrong about, to be forced to retract should it turn out to be false. So, for now I kept this precious information locked in my heart, although unable to stop myself from smiling at the thought of becoming a mother again. "So beautiful," I murmured, putting my hand on my stomach.

"Yeah," Eric agreed, obviously thinking I was referring to the room as he carried me over to the bed and laid me down as gently as a newborn as I looked up at him with starry eyes. "I love you," I said dreamily.

"I love you too."

Before long, our clothes were scattered around the bed, Eric mounted on top of me, thrusting into my pussy with rhythmic precision, mauling and suckling my breasts as I wrapped my legs around his waist, pushing him in deeper as I shrieked and screamed out my pleasure. This Christmas do-over had turned out far differently than I'd expected, I reflected as I felt another searing orgasm rising within me. It had turned into a life do-over, and this time it would be amazing.