

A Trip to Remember

TabooWickedPixie

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Summary

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Mother/Son camping trip that they will never forget.

1. A Trip to Remember

“Are you serious? You’re staying late, again?”

“Yes, I’m just swamped in work from the Lawrence case. I told you about it last week.” His tone shifted from casual to stern.

“I remember just fine. It’s just we haven’t enjoyed a nice dinner together in weeks.”

“I understand. I promise once this case is done, we’ll spend more time together.”

“That’s what you said about the last case, and the one before that, and the one before that.”

“Stacy, cut me some slack, would ya?”

“Fine, have a wonderful night at the office. See-ya whenever you decide to come home.”

“Bye.”

I mash the end button on my iPhone multiple times with my index finger until the pain is a little too much to continue. Not nearly the satisfaction I used to get back in the day, slamming the old corded phones down on the receiver. Just made me feel good when I was pissed off and hung up on somebody. Cell phones aren’t the same.

Night after night, my husband Tyler works late at “Kilroy’s and Associates”. A law firm he’s been employed with for the last ten years. Don’t get me wrong, I realize sometimes he needs to work after hours to finish a project. Lately though, he’s been working excessive hours even by lawyers’ standards. We spend essentially zero time together. On top of that, we fight so much, I don’t even want to have a conversation with him. I feel like we’re slowly drifting apart as a married couple. Like I’m not a priority to him anymore.

I walk over to the recently set kitchen table, lean in close and blow out the white candle that's in the center. As the flame flickers and vanishes, smoke dances in the air. The kitchen, now only lit by the faint glow of the living room lights. I pull out one of the two chairs and sit down while scooting up close to the wooden dining room table. The faint signs of smoke still loom in front of me but soon vanish into the air.

I peer across the dim room at the empty seat. In front, a warm plate of tender prime rib, steamed green beans and mashed potatoes as they become cooler by the second. A full glass of red wine lies still to the side. I lose myself for a moment, drifting off into space. Not really thinking about anything. Just staring off into the darkness. I pull myself back and look down at my own plate of food.

I cooked a great dinner. I'm not going to let him ruin it again.

Picking up my fork and knife, I dig in. The prime rib is to die for. Juicy and tender with just the right amount of pink in the middle. The crisp, steamed green beans deliver a crunch with every bite. The mashed potatoes mixed with brown gravy is delicious. Everything washed down with a glass of Cabernet red wine.

Through the meal, I keep looking over at the empty seat across from me. As if one of these moments, he's going to magically appear. As the night proceeds, I finish the delightful dinner. Yet again, alone. I stack my dirty plate and silverware in the dishwasher while his plate of food goes straight in the trash. I thought about wrapping it up and placing it in the fridge for him but that was quickly dismissed. The anger in me has taken over at this point.

I grab his full glass of wine with one hand and the bottle with the other. Heading into the living room, I flip the light switch off with my elbow. The only remaining light is illuminating from the T.V, giving off a slight glow to the nearby furniture. I set the glass and wine bottle down onto the end table and plop my butt on the couch. Grabbing the remote, I flip through the channels until something catches my eye. In the heat of the night, is the title.

Looks like a romance movie, I'll give it a shot.

I'm not a big fan of the whole romance genre. Not because I don't like them, they just draw out some deep seeded emotions of mine. Mostly sadness. Sadness that my life isn't a romantic movie. Sadness that it doesn't have any romance at all. Still, I turn up the volume and grab my glass of wine. It's about a married woman who loses her memory in a car crash and her husband tries to make her fall in love with him all over again. As the movie ends, I'm just finishing up the last bit of wine from the bottle. I did away with the glass an hour ago, figured drinking straight from the bottle was in the cards for tonight.

I turn the television off with the remote and lay down on the couch. I stare up at the ceiling, following shadows from the trees swaying in the moonlight. A tear slowly slides down my left cheek as I think about my twenty-year marriage to Tyler. How in the beginning we had immense fun together. How romantic he was. Taking me out on lavish dates. Always holding the car door open for me. Buying me flowers for no reason. Even writing me love letters.

I became pregnant with Jason on our honeymoon which is exactly what we were hoping for. Everything fell into place like puzzle pieces after that. Nice home in the country with lots of land. Tyler became a partner at his law firm. I even rose in the ranks in my own profession. Being a stay at home mother just wasn't something I wanted to do. Not that it wouldn't have been fulfilling for me but I still had ambition in my career.

After Jason departed for college at 19, Tyler became increasingly distant. Spending extra nights at the office, fighting with me over nonsense, and our romantic life became basically nonexistent. Despite my efforts, it didn't seem to matter. He commits little to no energy into our relationship these past few years. I honestly don't know how much longer I can endure. As I blink, two more tears run across each cheek.

I wonder if he even loves me anymore. I can't recall the last time he expressed it. What if he's falling in love with somebody else? That's why

he's always staying late at the office. What if he's secretly cheating on me?

Tears now streaming down. I roll over, smush my salty face into the soft couch pillow and ball myself to sleep.

* * *

I abruptly awake to the sound of the kitchen blender. I sit up, let out a long yawn and stretch my arms above my head. Instantly I notice the pounding headache. I suppose a whole bottle of wine will do that to a person if they're not accustomed to drinking. I walk into the kitchen to see Tyler standing at the counter, blending up his morning fruit smoothie.

"Hey there, drink a little too much last night?" His eyes scolding me as he speaks.

I make a beeline straight for the cupboard above the sink, refraining from even acknowledging his existence. I pull out the small bottle of Advil and pop two in my mouth. I grab a glass, fill it with water and take a few swigs.

"So, the silent treatment again huh?"

His voice is comparable to nails on a chalkboard. Every word spewing from his mouth compels me to slap him across his smug face. Knock that snub, shit eating grin clean off. I've never laid my hands on him before but it's becoming progressively tempting.

Keep calm, he always has his smart-ass remarks. Doesn't mean you need to resort to his level of asshole-ness.

"Well, I'm off to work. See ya when I see ya I guess," He says, flicking his hand in the air like it's a half ass wave goodbye.

He strolls out of the kitchen with his cup of banana, kiwi and kale smoothie. Moments later I hear the front door slam and his loud diesel truck startup, then fade away as he pulls out of the driveway. The familiar sadness returns but I restrain myself from breaking down and

weeping. I take another gulp of water and head to the bathroom. Time to take a shower and get ready for work.

Keep it together. At least you get to see your son today. It's going to be a good day.

This is Jason's second year of college at M.I.T. He comes home every year during break and lives with us. It's about the only thing I look forward to the past few years. Jason and I are very close. Even growing up as a kid he's always been a momma's boy.

After taking a shower, getting dressed and applying my makeup, I head to work. As I enter the Kelly building through the glass double doors, my high heels strike the blue marble floor tile. With each stride, they fill the massive vacant area with their sound. The receptionist looks away from her computer, slides her glasses slightly down her nose and gives me a long stare as I walk past. I stop at the elevators and hit the up-arrow button.

"Mrs. Banner, you look absolutely stunning this morning." She says

"Why thank you Maggy, you're looking good yourself."

"Is today the day your son comes home from college?"

"Sure is, I'm so excited to see him."

"I bet, you have a good day."

"You also Maggy."

The elevator light flashes and the door opens. I wave to Maggy, enter the elevator and press the sixth-floor button. Listening to the cheesy music, I just can't help but be in a good mood on this lovely Friday. A complete 180 from how I felt this morning. As I pass the break room, I wave to Kyle and Bill while they fill up their coffee cups. Next I see April, we both smile and say "good morning" as we walk by each other. I reach my office door that reads "Marketing Manager, Stacy Banner" on the nameplate. I read it every time I enter my office, proud of my success with the company.

The workday flew by, Friday's always do. Most projects are due at the end of the week so it's always hectic and busy. The only thing offbeat about today is the way everyone is acting towards me. Staring at me, complimenting me constantly. I confess, it's no doubt my own fault. Not that I mind in the least. I may have slightly overdressed. My skin tight black dress that contains a slit on one side, running up a little past my knee combined with back high heels. A bit fancy for work attire but sometimes it feels good to dress up a bit.

I answer my desk phone as it rings for the second time.

"Stacy Banner speaking."

"Hey mom, I'm at the airport. Just got to baggage claim."

"So glad you landed safely. I can't believe it's four o'clock already. I'll leave now and be there in ten."

"Okay, see you then. Love ya."

"Love you too."

I hang up the phone, finish up the last few words of an email and hit send. I jet out of the office, down the elevator and out to my red Chevy Camaro. The airport is only a few miles away from my work so it's a short drive. I park outside baggage claim and walk through the revolving double doors. As soon as I enter, I spot Jason standing next to the moving conveyor belt. He certainly stands out from the crowd. A little over six feet tall, backwards hat, large muscular frame with his tight-fitting black shirt. He's always been proud of his body, making sure to take good care of himself. Fitness and nutrition wise, he knows his stuff. He's actually the reason I've started doing some working out of my own. I'm not getting any younger, might as well stay in good shape.

I walk up behind him and slap the bill of his hat. Startled, he swings around to face me. Once he realizes it's his mother, he wraps his arms around me and lifts me off the ground. His hug feels like it's crushing lungs, leaving me breathless. He sets me down and smiles.

"Great to see you mom and WOW, you look spectacular."

“Oh, this old thing. I just threw it on this morning because my other clothes were dirty.” A little bit of a white lie but who’s counting.

“Well, yeah the dress but I just mean you in general. You’ve had to lost weight since I’ve last seen you.”

“Twenty-two hard earned pounds and counting. I joined a CrossFit gym with a few girls from work about six months ago. We go three to four times a week. Plus, I’ve been eating healthy and sticking to it.”

“It shows for sure. You even look like you’ve put on a little muscle”. He says, grabbing my bicep. I instinctively flex, trying to make it bigger. He laughs and gives me a kiss on the cheek.

“It really is good to see you ma. I’ve been through a lot the past few months and it’s just nice to be home.”

“Well, I’ll cook us a nice dinner when we get home and you can tell me all about it.”

We wait about twenty more minutes before the luggage from his flight finally arrives on the conveyor belt. Once we had that we loaded it into the car trunk and took off for home. His room is always just as he leaves it, we never change a thing. He decided to take a power nap which was fine as it gave me some time to cook spaghetti and homemade meatballs, his favorite. It also gave me a chance to change into something more comfortable, like sweatpants and a t— shirt. Once dinner was cooked and the table set, I called up for him. It wasn’t long before he came running down.

“Boy does that smell delicious, homemade meatballs and spaghetti. How did I get so lucky?”

“Because I’m an awesome mother, that’s how. Now sit your butt down and let’s eat, I’m starving.”

“Aren’t we going to wait for dad?”

“I wouldn’t count on him being home in time for dinner.”

“Late night at the office again huh?”

“Yup, like every other night.” I could feel the pitch of my voice change for a brief moment.

“I’m sorry mom.”

“It’s ok, let’s not dwell on that. So tell me, how’s the school year been for far? How are you and Lisa doing?”

His body shifts in the chair and he looks down at his plate of food, twirling the spaghetti with the fork but not bringing it to his mouth. “Lisa and I broke up a few weeks ago.”

“What? How come you never called to tell me? You guys have been together since the ninth grade.”

“I was hoping we would get back together. She said it’s just too hard, with us going to different colleges and the long-distance relationship. I mean, I understand where she’s coming from and all but it just sucks. We’ve been together for so long, I just...”

His voice cracks a bit as he chokes over his words. I see how painful it is for him to discuss it. I walk over to him, put my arms around his neck and give it a big squeeze. “It’s ok, if she’s that easy to give up on your relationship, then she’s not worth it. You’ll find someone better. You’re a great looking kid that has plenty to offer a woman.”

I let go over his neck as he looks up at me, “Thanks, but you’re my mom. You HAVE to say that.”

“That may be true, but I honestly mean it.”

I give him one more hug before returning to my chair. We give each other a smile and start eating our dinner. Just by his slight attitude change, I can tell my advice and motherly love at least helped a little. After we finished, he helped me put away the dishes and clear the table. Tyler still wasn’t home, which shouldn’t surprise me. I decided to break out the wine, for the second night in a row.

It's a special occasion, my son's home. Why not have a few drinks?

"I have some red wine, would you like a glass?" I ask.

"Yeah, I could definitely use a drink."

"Find us a movie to watch and I'll grab the wine."

"Sure thing."

I pop the cork on the wine, grab two wine glasses and head into the living room. Jason's already sitting on the couch with the television paused. I pour each of us a glass and sit down next to him.

"Only movie I can find worth watching is The Fifth Element," He says.

"That's fine, I like that movie."

It didn't take long for us to start chatting over the movie anyway. We talked about his classes. His part time job. What he's looking for in life. We also talked about my current situation with Tyler. He even suggested if I'm truly not happy, that divorce may be something to look into. Surprising advice coming from him but he's always been a level headed kid.

As the credits roll, we're already on our second bottle of wine. We just continue on, talking about everything under the sun. It's nice to actually be able to sit down and have a conversation. After the wine ran out we started on the Genesis beers that Tyler had stored in the fridge. Before I knew it, it was 11pm and we went through two bottles of wine and 6 beers. Still, no sign of Tyler. Not even a phone call. It's late, I'm buzzing and getting tired. I figure it's time for me to hit the hay. There's a lot I want to get done tomorrow.

"Well, I think I'm going to bed," I say.

"Yeah, me too. It's been a long day with the flight and all."

I lean over to give him a goodnight kiss on the cheek, something I've always done since he was a kid. I reach in but so does he and we get our

signals crossed as our lips touch. My whole-body freezes, like a deer caught in headlights. I know I should pull away but I just can't muster the strength. His lips begin to move around mine, massaging their outer crest. It feels so good, so enjoyable. Mine move on their own free will, following his motions. His tongue separates my lips and invades my mouth. Our tongues collide and intertwine as his lips slide across my own. Shivers run through my body, creating goosebumps all over my soft skin.

What are you doing? Push away. This isn't right.

My phone vibrates on the glass end table, filling the quiet room with a few buzzes. Startled, our lips break apart as we pull our faces away from each other. I quickly turn around and grab my phone. It's a text message from Tyler. "Working late."

The message barely registered. All I had on my mind was what just transpired. A kiss that should have never come to fruition. A moment of a taboo act. I didn't even want to look up from my phone and face Jason. I'm so embarrassed and ashamed, but I have to say something in this awkward moment.

"That was your father, he's going to be working late again. I'm going to bed. Night."

I stand up without looking at him, walking past the couch and up the stairs. I hear a faint, "Good night mom," as I reach the second floor. I head straight to my room and shut the door, collapsing face first onto my bed and into my pillow.

What have you just done, you idiot. You just kissed your son. How pitiful are you?

I lay in bed, not wanting to move. Just thinking about what a horrible mother I am and how Jason must feel. A few moments later I hear his bedroom door shut across the hall. Even though I know how wrong the kiss was, I can't shake the sense of how wonderful it felt. I sit up on my bed and close my eyes. I slowly press two fingers against my lips. Instantly I imagine Jason's face, his mouth pressed to mine. Once again

sending shivers through my body. I open my eyes and snap out of it, pulling my hand down quickly from my face.

Get a hold of yourself woman! You need to get over there and apologize to him. Imagine how uncomfortable you made him feel. Tell him that you're drunk and you meant to just give him a kiss on the cheek. Reassure him it meant nothing else.

I compose myself, stand up and open my door. I thought I heard his door shut but it's still slightly cracked with a slight glow shining through.

Good, he's still awake.

I give the door a small push open and peak my head in. My eyes widen as Jason comes into view. He's sitting up against the backboard of the bed with his pants down to his ankles. His laptop next to him, tilted enough towards the door that I can see what can only be described as hardcore porn. As soon as his eyes meet mine, he tries to conceal himself with his hands but only partly being able to do so. I quickly turn my head to the side but not before I catch a glimpse of the large appendage between his legs.

"MOM, what the heck?" He says. Now hunched over, covering his private area while shutting his laptop.

"I'm so sorry honey. I just wanted to apologize about earlier." I say, looking over to the side of the wall away from him while shielding my eyes with my hand.

"Yeah, it's no big deal. Can I have some privacy please?"

"Yes, I'm so sorry again. Night."

Good job Stacy. You went from kissing your son to seeing him masturbating while watching porn. What else are you going to do to fuck up your relationship with your son?

I shut his door hard and briskly walk into my room, shutting the door behind me. I take off my clothes, turn off the light and climb into bed.

My mind races with images of our kiss and his half naked body. Images of him pleasuring himself while watching his laptop.

Before I knew it, my hand is under my panties, reaching for a scratch that's been begging to be itched for a long time. As wrong as I know it is, I just can't stop. I shut off my inhibitions and let my primal self take control. I close my eyes while my hand goes to work. Vivid pictures of Jason's hard, throbbing member comes to light. Instead of trying to block them out, I let my imagination run wild.

I imagine myself catching him in the act again, but this time he calls me over to his bed. For some reason, I obey. He pounces on me like a tiger, pinning down my wrists to the bed. I try to escape but he's just too strong. No words are said as he presses his lips to mine. He continues to kiss his way down my chin, to my neck. He places both hands between the buttons of my white blouse and rips it open, sending buttons bouncing off the bed and walls. My chest now rising high from the hard breathing.

His hands slide up the skin of my stomach, pushing my bra up and over my breasts as he cups over them for a moment. His mouth makes its way down to my nipple, clamping on and sucking. His hands travel south while pulling down my sweatpants. His mouth releases and follows suit, giving little kisses to my skin along the way. I arch my hips up, allowing my clothes to pass with ease. His mouth now nuzzling my pelvic bone as his hands caress my inner thighs. He pries my legs apart, latching his mouth onto my shaven mound. I buck my hips against his face while his tongue pleasures me.

He must sense my orgasm approaching, as he pulls his face away and lays his body on top of mine. He kisses me again and at the same time his large rod enters my haven. I bite his bottom lip as he repeatedly thrusts himself inside of me. I moan loud and open my eyes wide as I orgasm. The only thing above me is a dark, blank white ceiling. As soon as my orgasm begins to fade, shame quickly fills my soul. Shame of the dirty and perverted thoughts accompanied by me masturbating over them. I roll my remorseful self over and try to fall asleep.

The next day I woke up early to make breakfast. Once at the bottom of the stairs I notice Tyler sleeping on the living room couch. Didn't even have the decency to go to bed with his wife. No telling what time he even got in last night. For breakfast, I cook up some omelets with a side of bacon and little sausage links. I wake everyone up and let them know the food is ready.

Just as I thought, awkward as could be, sitting at the table eating breakfast with Tyler and Jason. Every time I put one of the sausage links in my mouth I couldn't stop thinking of Jason's penis. How it might feel inside my mouth, how it would feel for him with my lips wrapped around it. I had to cut up the links into tiny bite sized pieces in order to stop myself from daydreaming. He seemed fine though, telling me good morning and even giving me a hug. Like nothing ever happened last night.

Heck, maybe he drank so much that he just forgot about it all.

"Well, that was a good breakfast. I need to head to the office for a bit though. I'll be back in a few hours," Tyler says.

"On a Saturday?" I snap back.

"Yes, I need to finish up the Lawrence case by Monday morning."

"So, the yearly camping trip is still on, right dad?" Jason says.

"Of course my man, wouldn't miss it. Love ya guys and I'll see you in a bit."

And like that, he's gone again. Got to see him for a whole thirty minutes.

"Hey mom, I'm heading out for a few hours also. Jordan wants to hang out so I'm going to meet up with him."

"Alright, see you later honey."

Well, looks like I'm home alone. Time to get some chores done.

I clean up around the house. Doing the dishes, vacuuming, laundry, folding clothes. After a few hours, I figure it's time for a shower. As I pass Jason's room I notice his closed laptop, sitting on the bed. It brings a flashback of the porno he was watching when I caught him playing with himself. Curiosity got the best of me. I walk in and sit on his bed. I open the laptop lid and power it on. Lucky me, no password to get in. Once everything is loaded up I open up the Chrome browser, then access his browser history. I half expected it to be cleared but to my surprise, it wasn't.

Looks like he was on here this morning, searching for directions on Google maps. Probably to the place he's meeting up with his friend Jordan. Let's see what he was looking at last night.

As I scroll down see a few entries around 11:20pm.:

Porn Hub: MILFS that want young cock

Porn Hub: Older Female with younger male

Porn Hub: Hot MILF riding 20 year old

Porn Hub: Mom sucking off son

Porn Hub: Taboo mother and son

Porn Hub: Spying on mom in the shower

My jaw drops. I can't believe what I'm reading. It looks like he was searching on this porn hub site for MILFS having sex with younger men. Even more specific, moms and their sons. I click on the "Porn Hub: Taboo mother and son" link and it opens a new browser tab, loading in a video. I click play and watch it for a few minutes.

Sure enough, it's about a Mother and her 20-year-old son. Apparently, he's nervous about a date because he hasn't had sex before so she teaches him how. By the looks of it, she gives him more than a crash course. I go back and click on the other link "Porn Hub: Spying on mom in the shower" and watch part of it, skipping through the video. It's about a guy who's spying on his mom in the shower. She notices him but

continues to sexually lather herself up and put on a show. Afterwards she confronts him and they have sex. I recognize the scene where the guy getting the woman from behind on her bed.

Oh my god... this is the video he was masturbating to when I came into his room. He was watching a video about a mother and her son having sex. Is this something he fantasizes about? Is this something he wanted to do to me?

I delete the history from today so he won't be able to tell I was snooping around on his computer, then I shut it off and close the lid. The rest of the day, all I could think about was Jason watching videos of mothers and their sons. As mad as I wanted to be at him, I couldn't be a hypocrite. I myself had impure thoughts about him while pleasuring myself in bed.

This needs to stop before it goes any further. I'll talk to him when he gets home.

Around three o'clock, Jason comes barging in the front door, "Hey mom, I'm home."

"I'm in the kitchen," I yell back.

Ok Stacy, time to sit him down and let him know this isn't right.

The first thing I notice as he walks in is his shirtless upper body. His muscles bulged and glistened from the sweat. His abs are clearly visible in the classic six pack shape. I try to look away but his body almost looks like a Greek god, it's so hard not to stare.

"Hey mom, cooking again huh? Whatcha making?"

"A casserole. Look, I think we need to have a little chat. Do you mind?"

"Sure, what about?"

"Have a seat at the table."

"Ok, let me grab a glass of water first."

I'm in front of the sink so I try to move out of his way but instead he just reaches over and above me to grab a glass from the cupboard. He presses his body firm against the back of mine as he leans in to get the glass. He only lingers for a brief moment but in that split second, I feel something hard brush up against my butt. Something that feels like it's between his legs. I'm not naive, I know what it is. Once he has the glass and makes a little space between us I slide out of the way, letting him fill the glass with water. He smiles at me and walks over to the table and sits down.

Did he press his body to mine on purpose? That was definitely his manhood I felt. Alright, don't get flustered Stacy. Time for the talk.

As I walk past him to the other side of the table I take one more glance at him. Getting a vision full of his rock-hard body as his chin is in the air, guzzling down the water. My eyes wander to his lap, looking over his gray basketball shorts. Underneath, a long bulge runs down the side of his leg. A bulge in the shape of a hotdog, well more like a bratwurst. Heck, maybe even a summer sausage. A sensation hits my loins, longing for its desire to be fulfilled. I become nervous and feel the sweat beading down my forehead as I sit down next to him.

"Ok, we need to talk about last night."

"Awww mom, really? I'm a grown man. So you saw me beating my meat? Who cares."

I blush as the words "beating his meat" escapes his mouth. "Jason, I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about the kiss on the couch."

"Oh," He says, setting the now empty glass down on the table. "Yeah, sorry about that. I don't know what came over me. I was drunk, my girlfriend just left me and you're just so beautiful. I got caught up in the moment."

"You think I'm beautiful?" I ask, disregarding everything else he just said.

“Of course, you’re the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever laid eyes on. Dad is one lucky man to me married to you. That’s why I don’t understand why he’s been neglecting you.”

Although I know he’s being a little forward, it’s nice to hear that I’m still a beautiful woman at 41 years old. “Look, I appreciate the compliment but what we did was wrong and can’t happen again.”

“I understand, let’s just pretend none of this happened.” He says nonchalantly.

“Agreed.”

The rest of the day and night went well. Tyler got home around 6pm and we had a nice family dinner. We watched some television and went to bed around 10pm. I tried to get some romance going in bed but Tyler wasn’t having it, again. Another night of rejection and sexual frustration.

By the time I wake up the next morning, it’s already 8am and Tyler’s not in bed. As I pass by the bathroom in the hallway I hear the shower running and notice the door is half way open.

Tyler must be in the shower, wonder if he has to go to work... AGAIN?

I barge in opening my mouth, just about to ask him about work, but stop dead in my tracks. I was right, someone is taking a shower but it’s not Tyler... It’s Jason. I quickly duck back behind the door and partially close it, waiting for him to scream.

Nothing...

He must not have seen me.

My mind tells me to shut the door and leave but my eyes have their own idea. I peak my head around the door and peer over to the glass shower, easily being able to see through it. Able to see Jason’s toned body, lathered with soap as he runs his hands over his chest. I watch as they make their way down to his limp manhood, giving it a few strokes

with his slippery, soapy hands. It grows a few inches as he lathers up the rest of his body.

I take a quick glance in both directions of the hallway, making sure nobody is watching me. I slide my right hand down my pajamas until it reaches my warm center. With my index and middle finger, I rub my clit while continuing to spy on him.

His hand is back to his now semi-hard cock as he strokes it some more, seemingly really getting into it. He thrusts his hips back and forth into his own hand, almost mimicking himself having sex. He places his other hand up against the glass shower and leans into it, still thrusting into his other hand. As he picks up the pace, I do the same.

What are you doing? This is your son you're watching in the shower. This is so wrong, so taboo. Maybe that's why it turns me on so much. Why I get so hot watching him, thinking of him. Why I'm in the hallway with my hands down my pants, pleasuring myself while watching him pleasure himself.

I envision his hand being me, thrusting hard while I'm bent over for him in the shower. The warm water raining down over us as he ravages my body. His engorged rod, repeatedly sliding in and out of my velvet pink tunnel.

Oh yes, here it comes...

"STACY? ARE YOU UP YET?" Tyler yells from downstairs, interrupting me a split second before I would have climaxed.

Jason turns his head and looks at the bathroom door as I swiftly snap my head back, avoiding his gaze. I hastily make my way down the stairs, hoping Jason didn't catch me perving on him. My body still in "go" mode, needing to release itself.

"Hey, I was just heading down the stairs as you yelled up. Did you need something." I ask, walking into the kitchen.

"Yeah, I just wanted to let you know..."

I interrupt him, "Let me guess, you're heading to work on a Sunday?"

"Ummm, yeah."

"Okay, hopefully you have a good day."

"You're not mad?"

"Nope."

He gave me this confused look and left for work. I honestly wasn't mad. I have other things on my mind. I cleaned up the mess he left from cooking himself breakfast, didn't bother cooking any for anyone else. After that I went back upstairs, passing Jason in the hallway.

"Hey, I'm heading over to a friend's house for a bit," He says.

"Ok sweetie, have fun," I say with a smile.

I grab some clothes from my bedroom. As I hear the front door open and close I realize I have the house to myself, again. I go into my closet and open up my private toy box. I pull out a realistic, seven-inch suction cup dildo.

I haven't used this in years. I'm alone in the house and horny as no other. Seems like the perfect time to put my little... well not so little... friend to good use.

I take my clothes, toy and lube with me down the hall to the bathroom and shut the door. As soon as I walk in, I picture Jason behind the glass shower door. A slight tingle rushes between my legs. I smile and turn on the shower. As soon as I climb in, I suction the dildo to the shower wall at just the right height. I lather up my hair and body, cleaning myself off first. After I'm finished, it's time to satisfy my other needs.

I turn the shower head so it's barely spraying me and squirt some lube into my hands. I place one hand to my clit and the other over the mounted dildo. While playing with myself I rub lube onto the fake penis, stroking it like it's real.

“Mmmmm, how does mommy’s hand feel around your big cock?” I whisper. “I think it’s time you put it to good use.” Just whispering those words to myself turned me on even more.

I turn around and bend over, pushing my ass to the dildo. It slowly enters my sweet honey hole, stretching me open along the way. It’s got some girth on it and it’s been awhile since I’ve had anything that large inside of me, well anything at all really. Once it’s fully engulfed, I add some rhythm with a little more dirty talk.

“Oh baby, your cock feels so good inside of mommy. Want me to go a little faster?”

I don’t even know why I’m talking dirty. It’s definitely not something I normally do. On top of that, I’m by myself in the shower and talking about my own son nonetheless. So wrong, but at the same time, so damn sexy. I push myself into the hard rubber dick, faster and harder while placing my hands on the glass wall in front of me for support.

That’s when I notice Jason, standing in the doorway with his pants pulled down and his hand around his hard cock. In the same exact spot I stood, just a little earlier today. The only reason I notice him is through the mirror. Looking into the large bathroom mirror, I can slightly see him reflected in the corner. My heart skips a beat and my chest feels like it’s on fire. Then something else crosses my mind.

I wonder if he was able to see me in the mirror earlier? He was looking in the same direction as I am now. He could have easily seen me. Was he putting on a show for me?

The entire time I’m thinking, my body never misses a beat. Still moving itself back and forth. My eyes now locked to the mirror, watching Jason pump away. It makes me feel desired and wanted. Without warning, my orgasm creeps up and explodes. My eyes shut tight and I let out a loud moan, letting the sensation wash over me and take over. My legs quiver and my muscles contract over the dildo as my ass cheeks stay firmly pressed to the glass. My heavy breathing slowly returns to normal as I open my eyes.

He's gone...

I dry off, get dressed and put my toys away. I walk through the house looking for Jason, but he's nowhere to be found. He must have taken off again. I sit down on the couch and stare at the television's black screen, thinking about the past few days.

What has come over me?

Jason returned later on in the day but I didn't say a word to him. I acted like I never saw him and that everything was fine. He seemed to act the same. Tyler arrived home later that night, yet again. Over dinner, Jason talks about the camping trip.

"I can't wait for our Colorado camping trip tomorrow," He says.

"Me too." I say.

"About that, The Lawrence case got an extension so I'll be swamped in work for another week."

"So, what are you getting at? You're canceling the camping trip?" I ask, while glaring at him.

"It's not like I have a choice, work calls."

"I'm busy at work too you know but I managed to take an entire week off so I could spend time with our son. You know, the person we only get to see a few times a year."

"My hands are tied." He says.

"What the fuck Tyler, I'm so tired of this. You never have time for anyone but yourself and work."

"We can discuss this later, when Jason isn't in the room," He says, glaring back at me.

I stand up, scooting my chair out with the back of my legs. "I don't care if he hears this or not, either you find a way to get the time off and spend it with your wife and son or you can just live at your office."

I march away from the table and up the stairs to my bedroom. I slam the door shut with one hand. As soon as I sit on the bed, tears roll down. I cover my face with both hands and just let go, weeping and sobbing. A rollercoaster of emotions take over.

How can he just not care like that? His own son is home for a short time and he won't even take off the time to go on our annual family camping trip. What a jerk. He only cares for himself.

I hear a soft knock at the door.

"Go away Tyler, I don't want to talk or see your face right now." I yell.

"It's me, can I come in?" Jason speaks softly.

My tone changes, "Oh, uhhh, yeah. Come in."

I try to wipe the tears away as he slowly opens the door and enters my bedroom. He walks over and sits down next to me, putting his arm around my shoulders.

"It's ok mom, don't cry."

"Where's your father at?" I say, turning my head to look at him.

"I don't know, he just got into his truck and took off."

"Figures, he always leaves whenever we get into a confrontation."

Jason moves his hand to my face, wiping away the water left over from the tears. His warm and tender touch fills my heart and soul with love. Filling a void that's been missing for some time. I close my eyes and press my cheek against his firm but tender hand. Just enjoying the moment.

I grab his hand with both of my own and lower it to my lap. Gently squeezing it I say, "Thank you," with a big smile. He smiles back and says, "You're welcome." We gaze into each other's eyes for a moment before I stand up and compose myself.

“Well, I haven’t been to CrossFit in a few days so I need to get a workout in.”

“Yeah, I need to hit the gym also.” He says, standing up from the bed.

“I have an idea. I have some weights in the garage that the neighbor gave me since he knew I started working out. Why don’t we go get in a workout session?” I say.

“Heck ya, great Idea mom.”

“Alright, let me change and I’ll meet you out there in 10.”

As he left the room, I shut the door and began rummaging through my clothes for some workout ones. I found my black leggings and a sports bra.

It’s 98 degrees out today, and with this humid Oklahoma weather, I’m going to want the least amount of clothes on possible. Nothing wrong with a sports bra.

By the time I get out there, Jason is already pumping iron on the bench press machine the neighbor gave me. And of course, he already has his shirt off. I walk over to the stereo and turn on some tunes.

“Gotta have some music to workout, right?” I say

“Well yah.” He chuckles.

I go through a little warm-up routine first. Some jumping jacks, mountain climbers and jump squats. Get the blood flowing and what not. After that I do my 100 rep, thirty minute legs and ab circuit. twenty crunches, twenty squats, twenty lunges, twenty good mornings and twenty decline sit-ups. I repeat this as many times as I can in thirty minutes. While I do my circuit, Jason does his own thing with the bench and dumbbells.

Throughout it, I would catch glances from him. Seemingly staring at my ass when I was squatting or doing good mornings. Every time I would get done with a set and turn around, he would quickly turn his

head from looking at me. I was soaked with sweat and exhausted once the thirty-minute timer went off.

I flop down on my back, trying to catch my breath. After a few moments, Jason walks over and stands by my head. He laughs and extends his hand out, offering to help me up. I go to grab it when my eyes catch something. Since I'm flat on my back and he's standing by my face with baggy shorts, I can see right up them.

His dick, I see his dick up his shorts. He's not wearing any boxers or anything. Who works out without any underwear?

My mind quickly went from wondering why he's not wearing anything under his shorts to sexual thoughts almost instantly. Just as he's about to grab my hand, I pull it away and lift my left leg straight up in the air.

"Could you stretch out my leg a little please? My hamstring is tight in this leg."

You're such a little liar. He better not catch on to what you're doing. What has gotten into you?

I was in gymnastics as a kid and have retained a good amount of my flexibility, so bringing my foot all the way to him was no problem. After all, I didn't want him to have to move. He grabs my foot and pulls it a little past him.

"Sure thing. Still flexible as ever I see."

"I try." I say, while trying to look up his shorts without getting caught. I get a few glimpses of his almost hairless, shaved region. His slick and smooth shaft hanging down the side of his leg. I already feel myself begin to moisten, like my body is anticipating some action.

"Here, let's do this from the front." He says as he lets go of my foot and walks around to my feet.

Damn...

He puts my left leg over his shoulder while the other says on the ground. Then he pushes his body over me, forcing my leg back and stretching it. It's definitely an odd-looking stretch. If we were naked it would look like we were having sex. As odd as it looks though, it really does work well. He has to really push deep to get my leg to stretch but I feel the burn already.

"How's that?" He asks.

"Yeah, I definitely feel that."

"Just let me know if it's too much."

"Oh, I will."

After a few minutes and static holding, he pulsates. Pushing down with little thrusts, stretching the leg further with each try. This technique is used to help stretch a muscle past its limit for short periods of time. With each shove, his pelvic region touches mine. I immediately feel his hardness press against my folds. Repeatedly, it bounces off me. Almost like he's trying to tease me.

"I think you might need to go just a little deeper with the leg." I say

"Ok."

You're so bad. What are you trying to accomplish here?

He pushes a little harder, so much that my hip rotates up a bit and comes into direct contact with his manhood. Neither of us say a word, he just continues to stretch my leg, still pulsating off and on. His large appendage now firmly pressed to my folds. Each push rubs it slightly up, then back down. Almost like he's dry humping me. As he works my leg, his penis makes its way over my clit. Still slightly shifting back and forth. The sensation is driving me crazy. All I can think about is what it would be like if neither of us had clothes on. If he just took me now and here, fucking me senseless out in the garage.

Would I be able to resist? Would I want to?

“Want me to get your other leg now?” He asks.

“Yes please,” I say with a smile.

He puts my left leg down, scoots over a bit and stretches my right one in the same fashion. It takes a minute or two but he eventually reaches the same point as before. His manhood grinding up and down my now wet and eager vagina. His motions become increasingly noticeable, grinding harder and faster while stretching me. The friction warms the clothes between us, getting me even more flustered.

You need to stop this before there’s no turning back. Your innocent flirting won’t be so innocent anymore if this goes any further.

My rational mind tries to convince my body to stop this foolishness. To stop being such a bad mother and get a hold of myself. Take control of the situation. Instead of my body listening, it rebels. Ever so slightly rotating its hips in little circles, pressing against Jason’s manly cock.

I want him so bad, it’s almost like I can feel him inside of me.

The moment is dashed away as the garage door leading into the house swings open. My stomach jumps into my throat and my first instinct is to see Tyler standing there. Instead, it reveals Julie. One of my CrossFit friends that lives only a mile down the road. Tyler quickly rolls off me and walks away from us, over to the weight bench. No doubt hiding his erection.

“Oh my, what’s going on here?” Julie asks with a smile.

“What, what do you mean? He was just helping me stretch. He’s my son for Christ’s sake.” I snap at her.

“Don’t get your panties in a bunch. I was talking about you. It looks like you already worked out. If you remember, you said to come over today and we would do something together.”

“Oh crap, I completely forgot. I’m so sorry.”

“But speaking of your son, I’ve never had the pleasure of meeting him.”

By this time, Jason already has his shirt back on and is walking back over to us. “Hey, my name’s Jason,” He says, extending his hand out.

Julie shakes his hand, “I’m Julie.”

“Nice to meet you Julie.”

“The pleasure’s all mine,” She says, winking at him.

Julie is like half my age, smoking hot bod and one of the biggest flirts I’ve ever met. Leave it to her to flirt with my son right in front of me and as soon as she meets him.

“Well, I see you two are busy so I’ll let you get back to it. I’ll call you later Stacy and you’ll have to tell me about your workout,” She says smiling as she turns and walks out.

I knew exactly what she meant. What she saw wasn’t exactly standard stretching. After she left, Jason and I just stood there, looking at each other. Not knowing what to say.

“Well, that was a good workout. Think I’m going to hit the shower really quick.

“Yeah, ok,” He says back.

I head upstairs to take a shower, making sure to lock the door this time. Once I’m done with that and a little me time, I change into my pajamas and give Julie a call from my bedroom phone.

“Hello?” She answers.

“Hey, it’s Stacy. Just wanted to give you a shout.”

“Yeah you better after what I walked in on.”

“Like I said, we were just stretching.”

“Yeah, stretching your vagina.” She says while laughing.

“Don’t be gross, he’s my son.”

“If I had a son like that... I don’t know how I’d be able to sleep in the same house as him.”

“That’s gross, he’s my little boy..”

“He’s not so little anymore, is he? I bet you felt how big he was when he was on top of you. I mean helping you stretch.” She says in a sarcastic voice.

“Not all of us are as perverted as you are.”

“Just saying, If I had that hunk of a man running around shirtless in my house. We would be doing a different kind of workout.

“You’re impossible.”

She laughs, “So are you all still going on that family hiking or camping trip or what not?

“Tyler has to work, again. What’s new? So probably not.”

“Why don’t you and Jason just go?”

“Hrmm, not a bad idea. I didn’t think of that.”

“Maybe some alone time will spark a few flames, if you catch my drift.”

“Oh my god. I gotta get going anyway. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Later lover.”

I hung up the phone. She’s always such a dirty person but she’s a blast to hang around. I started to think maybe we could still take the camping trip. Why should I let Tyler ruin our plans? We could still have a good time.

I went down stairs and watched television with Jason. Tyler came home about an hour later and joined us for a bit before going to bed. I

stayed up a few more hours with Jason then we all went to bed for the night.

I wake up to the sound of Tyler's truck pulling out of the driveway. I look over at the alarm clock, 7:45am.

Nice of him to even tell me goodbye...

I get out of bed and walk straight over to Jason's room. I knock loudly on his door with my fist.

"Yeah, come in." He says, almost in a faint sleepy voice.

I open the door and walk in. "Okay, your father may not want to go camping but I don't see why that should stop us from going. Can't break tradition, right?"

His eyes light up and he jumps out of bed, tossing his comforter to the side. "You serious?"

"Yeah, why not. We can still go have fun."

"When?"

"Right now, pack up some clothes. We've already got all the camping gear packed up in the garage and ready to go."

"This is awesome, let's do it." He says with excitement.

We pack up some clothes, food and a few other essentials we will need along with the camping gear into the car. I left a note on the table that read, "Decided to go camping with our son. Have fun at work."

We left around 10am. It's a six-hour drive but we took turns driving so it's not so bad. It was a little awkward being alone in the car with him for that long after the events that transpired over the weekend. I tried to block it all out and enjoy the ride. We arrived at our destination a little after 4pm. We unpacked our gear, locked the car and got ready for our hike.

Jason straps on his backpack which contains the bulk of the supplies. The tent, his sleeping bag, the food and a few other essentials. I strap on mine which only contains my sleeping bag, both of our extra clothes and some thermal blankets in case it gets cold.

Up the trail we go. This is normally a 3-day excursion for the family. One day hike, one day at our camping spot and one day back down to the car. We started a little late today but we should still make it by dark if we huff it.

During the hike, we only took a few small breaks, trying to make the most of our daylight. We get to the campground just as the sun is setting. We quickly set up the tent and gathered what we could of wood for the fire before it's too dark to see. We lit it up and roasted some hotdogs for dinner. We tell a few ghost stories, one of our family camping rituals. We're pretty exhausted from the hike so we go to bed shortly after. I slept like a rock.

The next day we basically spent the entire time at the lake with the few other people who were camping around the area. Someone pushed a picnic table into the water and it was floating offshore. We used it as a diving board all day, jumping off and sitting on it. Couldn't have asked for a more beautiful day.

That night a family invited us over to their tent to roast marshmallows and hang out. Their daughter Lacey looked to be about Jason's age. I would catch her flirting with him, playfully shoving his arm every time she laughed at his jokes. Feeling his muscles and whispering in his ear. I don't know why but it was ticking me off. She even did the whole, bend over in front of him ploy. Acting like she was picking up something while her skimpy swimsuit bottom rode right up her ass crack, a foot from his face.

This little floozy, trying to get into my son's pants. Who does she think she is?

As the night went on, I found myself becoming increasingly annoyed with her. It was hard for me to even focus on the conversations at hand.

All I could concentrate on was the little tramp trying to seduce my son.

“Well, it’s getting late and we have a big hike back tomorrow so we should probably get going.” I say while standing up.

“Awww, are you sure you guys have to leave? Can’t you stay a little longer?” Lacey says.

“Afraid not.” I say.

She pushes out her bottom lip and makes a sad face. “Pleeeeeeease.”

“This old woman needs her rest. You younglings can stay up if you want. I’ll see you back at our camping spot later Jason.”

“I better get going too. Mom’s right, it’s a long hike tomorrow.” Jason says to Lacey.

I’m a little shocked but delighted at the same time. Jason chose to walk with his mom back to the tent, I raised one heck of a good kid. It’s pitch black out, but we make it. Good thing their camping spot is close to ours. We get into the tent, each of us in our sleeping bags and call it a night.

I’m trying to fall asleep but there’s something I just have to get off my chest. For some reason, it’s bugging the crap out of me.

“Are you sleeping yet?” I whisper, trying not to wake him if he is.

“No, what’s up.”

“I don’t want to sound like an overbearing mom or snoop around in your business but...”

“But what?”

“Is Lacey the kind of girls you go after?”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh come on, she was flaunting everything she had at you. Probably would have done you right then and there if her parents weren’t around.”

Jason let out a long laugh, "I think you're exaggerating a bit, she wasn't that bad."

"She practically shoved her ass in your face at one point."

"I'll give you that, she did bend over right in front of my face."

"See..."

"It was a nice ass though."

"JASON..." I yell in a stern tone.

He laughs, "I'm only kidding. Why are you getting so worked up over it?"

"I'm not, I just don't want to see my boy get seduced by some hooker."

"I highly doubt she's a hooker. Although come to think of it, she did ask me how much cash I had on me."

"Are you serious?"

He laughs again, "You're too easy."

I laugh along with him. I guess I am being a little over protective. I'm not sure why either. I haven't been like this around him before. Certainly, I'm not jealous or anything like that.

"Well good night," I say.

"Good night mom, love ya."

"Love you too."

The next morning, we woke up early for one last swim in the lake. An hour turns into two which turns into three and before I knew it, we spent most of the day swimming and just enjoying the day. I notice the sun and figure it's got to be about 3pm already.

"We better get a move on if we want to make it to the car before dark." I say.

He nods his head and we pack up our clothes, what's left of our food and our tent into our two separate backpacks. As Jason straps his on I ask, "Do you want to take one more hike up to our family viewing area before we leave?"

"Yeah, sure."

This is where we would go as a family to just relax and talk. It's only about a five minute hike up this hill. At the top is a wide-open area where you can see clear over the lake and woods. It's a beautiful site.

"You can just leave your bag next to mine, we won't be gone long," I say.

"That's okay. I already have it strapped on. No biggy."

We hike up the hill and spend a few minutes at the top. Looking over the lake, the water is like a sheet of glass. Not one ripple to be seen. The tree tops as still as a statue, not a breeze to be felt. Off in the distance we see a wave of black and purple clouds rolling through the sky.

"We should get a move on, those clouds don't look friendly," I say.

"Yeah, let's go."

We hike back down to the campsite. Looking around I can't seem to find my backpack anywhere. We look for a good ten minutes but it's nowhere to be found.

"I can't believe someone stole my backpack. That had my sleeping bag and both of our extra clothes."

"Are you sure you just didn't put it somewhere else?"

"I left it right here," I say, pointing at the ground. "Someone stole it."

"Well, we're not going to get it back now. Let's just get going before we get caught in some bad weather."

Jason's right, we needed to get a move on. The first hour of the hike, I was pretty pissed that someone would just take my backpack. We were

gone for fifteen minutes. Some people are just assholes. Jason was cracking some jokes halfway into our hike and it was taking my mind off of the thief. He knew how to cheer his mom up. Until the rain drops.

“Crap, did you feel that?” I say.

“Yeah, it’s just a bit of rain though. We should be fine. Just a few more hours left.”

“It’s getting really cold though. I’m starting to shiver and we have no more clothes to put on.”

“Should we stop and put up the tent?” He asks

I think for a second. “No, let’s just power through it. I can handle it until we get to the car”

As time went on, the weather became worse. The wind picked up tremendously, blowing the rain so hard that it stung my skin on contact. It’s so dark, it’s hard to see. Lightning lights up the sky in the distance.

“We’re going to have to set up camp. It’s too dangerous to continue on.” Jason yells back at me.

“I agree, let’s put up the tent.”

We quickly help each other set up the tent, which is no easy task in the middle of a storm. Once completed, we get inside and unpack the rest of his bag. The sleeping bag has a waterproof cover, so that’s literally the only thing dry. Both of us stand in the middle of the tent, shivering.”

“How the hell did it get so cold out. I’m freezing,” I say while wrapping my arms around my wet, shivering body.

“Ok, all of our clothes, your sleeping bag and thermal blankets were in your bag so we have none of that. All we have is this one sleeping bag. You’re going to need to take off those wet clothes and get in it to warm up. If you don’t you run the risk of hypothermia,” He says.

“What about you?”

“Don’t worry about me, I’m fine.”

“Turn around, don’t look.” I say back

He’s right, I don’t want to get hypothermia. Jason turns around and I stirp down naked and climb into the sleeping bag. It feels so warm compared to my wet clothes but I’m still cold. I look over at him and he’s shivering also.

“You need to get warm too. If you get in here, our body heat should keep us warm. Don’t worry, I won’t look. Just climb in behind me.”

At this point I honestly didn’t care as I didn’t want either of us to catch hyperthermia. The only thing on my mind was our safety.

“Are you sure?”

“Do you want to get hyperthermia? I would rather be in an awkward situation than have to rush my son to the hospital.”

I turn over in the sleeping back so my back is facing him. I hear him take off his clothes as they fall to the tent floor with a loud thud. He climbs in the sleeping bag behind me and zips it up. It’s a rather large one but with two people, it feels small. His naked body presses up against my back and ass. Both of us lay and shiver together.

“Here,” He says, wrapping his arm around me and pulling me in close to him. “This should help keep in the body heat.”

He’s right, I’m starting to feel warmer already. His body heat is really helping. Our bodies stop shivering after a bit. That’s when the realization starts to set in. I was so cold that my mind didn’t really process the fact that I’m in a sleeping bag naked, with my also naked son.

As I think about it more, I notice something hard pressed to my ass cheek. Every time he fidgets and squirms, he pushes it harder to me. It can only be one thing. The more I think about it being so close to me, the more sexual thoughts cross my mind. Nothing in-between his manhood and my womanhood. All he has to do is move a few inches lower and a hair to the right and he would be in line.

The storm should pass soon. Just hold still, keep warm and you'll make it out of here without doing anything you regret.

The more he moves around the more he turns me on. Every movement getting me wetter and wetter, in a good way this time. If he keeps it up, he'll end up accidentally slipping that thing in. Heck, maybe he's doing it on purpose.

"You're moving around an awful lot," I say.

"Sorry, just trying to stay warm."

"Yeah, maybe if all your blood wasn't in..." I stop myself mid-sentence.

Why would you even say that? Good job making the situation even more uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry. I can't help it," He says.

"I know, you're a man. Any sight of a remotely decent looking woman turns you guys on."

"Not true."

"Oh please, you could be laying here with a sack of potatoes and probably still get it up."

"I'm lying naked in a sleeping bag with one of the most beautiful women I've ever met. What do you expect?"

"Oh please... Give me a break. I'm sure you would much rather be next to someone like that Lacey girl."

"Not even a little bit. If I had to choose anyone to be naked with, in the freezing cold storm, huddled up and sharing a sleeping bag. It would be you."

We both chuckle.

"Let's try and get some sleep. I don't see any sign of this storm letting up," I say.

I try to close my eyes and rest but every time I do, I picture his large dick pressed up against me. I wonder how good it would feel if he just slipped it inside of me. There's no way I'm getting any sleep with that thing prodding my body.

"Ok, you're going to have to do something about your... ummm... package. I can't fall asleep."

"What do you want me to do? If you want me to keep you warm I have to lie like this."

"I don't know, go ahead and relieve yourself."

"You want me to jack off?"

"Whatever you have to do. I won't look or anything but I can't sleep with that thing poking me."

There's a long awkward silence before a bit of shuffling on his part, slightly rolling over a bit. There's not enough room for him to lay completely on his back so he's still somewhat on his side. His hand on his dick, slightly over my hip. He starts slowly as first, barely moving his hand back and forth.

"You don't have to be discreet, I told you to do it. Just hurry up so we can get some sleep."

He picks up the pace, stroking himself faster. Every motion that passes, brushes against my hip bone and soft skin. I move my hand between my legs and discreetly play with myself while he pumps away.

Oh my god, this is so hot. I'm such a bad girl.

It's not long before I hear a slight moan from Jason as liquid repeatedly squirts over my hip and trickles down my inner thigh. The warm cum making its way between my legs as I continue to masturbate. As it gets close to my hand I scoop some of it up and use it as lubricant for myself, not that I really needed any.

"I'm so sorry, I just..." He says as I interrupt him.

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it. I’ll wipe it off. Lets just get some sleep now please.”

He shuffles himself back in place and wraps his arm around me. I stop moving my arm since now he will surely notice. His slippery cock slides between my ass cheeks, shriveling in size with each second. I want to finish myself off but don’t want him to notice. I wait patiently until he falls asleep. About 15 minutes later. I hear his breathing change. A signal that he’s most likely asleep.

“Jason,” I say in a whisper. Hoping not to get a response back.

Silence...

Perfect.

I continue where I left off, moving my fingers around gradually so as not to wake him. I still feel his sticky sperm being used as lube around my clit. I notice his hand hanging down in front of me, just inches from my breast. I take my other hand and place it on the back of his, pushing it to my chest. I give it a tiny squeeze, imagining him doing it all on his own. I hold it there while continuing to pleasure myself. Something starts to harden against my ass once again. I quickly release his hand.

Shit, he’s waking up...

“Jason. You awake?” I whisper.

Silence...

He must be getting hard in his sleep.

His dick increasingly becomes harder, working his way between my ass crack. Like it’s cold and also trying to find warmth. Involuntarily my hips and ass sway, slowly massaging his rod. I place my hand back over his and to my breast once more.

Just do it, slide that thick beast inside of you. Nice and easy, he won’t even know. Maybe just the tip.

I scoot myself up a tad, letting his hardness slide down my ass. I open my legs a bit, enough for my fingers to reach back between them and guide his shaft to my opening. As soon as my fingers touch his hard, swollen mushroom head, I know there's no turning back. I guide it to my dripping wet tunnel. With the amount of lubrication I'm creating, I know it'll slide in without issue.

This has got to be the horniest I've ever been in my life.

I edge my butt back as his head slowly pushes past my folds. I take in an inch before stopping myself. I pull away then push back, slowly fucking the head of his cock while still playing with myself and massaging my breast with his hand. Little by little with each push of my hips, I take in more. My void becomes fuller with each pass.

"Mmmmm, fuck mommy good." I whisper under my breath.

Damn this is hot. As wrong as it is, it's what I've been craving. A craving that only he could satisfy.

Suddenly, his hand squeezes my tit on its own. My body completely freezes. His hand releases and squeezes a few more times. His hips also begin to move, slipping his shaft further into me. I gasp under my breath as he fully enters. I move my hand from between my legs and over my body to his hip. He pulls himself out of me, then thrusts his hips a little harder, ramming deep while pulling my body tight to his chest. His fingers pinch and twist my nipple. I slide my hand further back, cupping his ass and pulling him into me with each motion.

"Your body is so fucking sexy," He whispers while nibbling my earlobe.

I can barely think as all my brain power is purely focused on his massive cock being inserted into me time and time again. What did catch my attention though, is what he said next. Something I wasn't sure how to react to.

"How does your son's cock feel?"

Good baby, it feels so damn good... I want to blurt out. I don't know if I should though. As real as this moment is, that would be the icing on the cake. Solidifying that my son is fucking me from behind at this very moment and I'm enjoying every damn second of it. That I want him to go harder and faster. Fill me up with everything he has to offer.

My mouth remains silent but my body continues its rhythm, until he stops thrusting. We both lie still. The only sound is our heavy breathing and the rain pouring down onto the tent. I begin to wonder why he stopped.

I don't think he came yet, did he?

"Do you want me to continue?" He asks.

With my hand still on his buttocks, I pull it into me, giving him the signal that I do.

"No, I want to hear you say it." He demands.

"Yes." I whisper

"Yes what? What do you want me to do?"

I see what he's doing. He's trying to get me to talk dirty. I wonder if he heard me earlier when I was whispering about him fucking mommy. Maybe he was awake that whole time.

"Yes, I want you to fuck me." I say. He starts his thrusts once again, sliding in and out but at a slow and easy pace.

"Want me to fuck you harder?"

"Yes?" I say, almost in a question.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, fuck me harder." I say more boldly.

He has me like putty in his hands. I would probably do anything he asks at this moment. He drives his hips into me with more force, creating a slapping sound with every impact. I don't know how much more I can

take before I climax. Based on his breathing and the way he's driving his meat into me, he's going to burst any moment also.

"Oh fuck mom, I'm need to pull out. I'm going to cum."

I'm on the brink of an orgasm myself, no way I'm not going to finish this time.

"It's ok baby, keep going."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I want you to cum inside of me." i say, almost pleading to me at this point

"Ohhhhhhhh FUCK." He yells as his warm sperm shoots inside of me, rope after rope.

"Yesssss baby, cum inside of Mommy." I scream, pushing my ass back hard into him.

I don't care how naughty I sound. In fact, I kind of like it. He grabs my exposed hip and pulls me into his final few thrusts, releasing the rest of his seed. My orgasm rolls over me like a tidal wave, washing pleasure through my body. It's the most intense climax of my life and I don't want it to end. After a few brief moments of insane satisfaction, it gradually fades. Still spooning, we listen to the rain beat down on the tent.

Well, this is going to get interesting...

and so, it begins...

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