

# THE CABIN FEVER



## A MOTHER / SON SLOW BURN NOVEL PART I

By  
Fake Flower

**INCEST**

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# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[The Cabin Fever -- A Mother / Son Slow Burn Novel, Part 1](#)

[CHAPTER 1](#)

[CHAPTER 2](#)

[CHAPTER 3](#)

[CHAPTER 4](#)

[CHAPTER 5](#)

[CHAPTER 6](#)

## INTRODUCTION – Please Read

Please allow me to set some expectations. I'd hate for you to try this story if you will ultimately hate it.

This is part of a novel-length project, with a story arc that spans the entirety of the novel, which will be available as a bundle when this story ultimately ends. But until that final point is reached, this story should be treated as a 'slow burn', meaning everything builds. There is no formula. There is no immediate push to what are forbidden activities.

This E-Book, part one, is not a self-sufficient story, not that there isn't sexy content in here. There's a lot. But the real fun actually comes later, building as the story progresses.

But why?

Why wouldn't this story just move on to the good parts?

Because the natural reluctance of the characters, their anticipation, the waiting, the stress, the crossed lines, the forbidden touches, the sensations of finally uniting with the one person you are never, ever to be with, are so, fucking, fun.

Seriously.

I promise.

*Enjoy.*

## CHAPTER 1

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Mom looked a little nervous. Her head was tilted down, her eyes flicked upward, her gaze drilling through the windshield and to the outdoors as if there wasn't a beautiful coating of snow coming down across the highway. The mountain roads were everything anyone would want to see at the beginning of the winter season, but mom was stuck, preoccupied with the endless mental rehearsals going on in her head.

"You're supposed to enjoy the scenery, you know," I chided her.

Mom gave a quick shake of her head to show me that she wasn't listening. Not that I blamed her. A little more of her career than was comfortable rode on this trip. She had to be razor focused. That was kind of the way it was for her, and for women like her. Corporate America was a boy's club, and the only way it made way for women like her was the kind of wild, aggressive moves that demonstrated without a doubt that she could handle all kinds of responsibility.

In this case, it meant leading a stuffy corporate retreat, complete with presentations, schmoozing, and mandatory fun.

"God, I hate this," she hissed. I stole a quick glance at her while she stewed neurotically. She was stuck in her head, going over all of her itineraries and the personal profiles she had on every one of her coworkers, the kinds of perceptions she'd need to create and maintain in front of her bosses. Her light green eyes were angled with tense focus, her soft lips pressed out in what almost looked like a kiss. Despite all of the stress, she looked great.

Mom was pretty. Really, really pretty. Especially since she did herself up for the retreat – makeup, a short bob haircut, a few months of careful dieting to tighten her curves and to make her a little more impressive for public speaking. Her hair was a natural and bright blonde that almost seemed to bring light into a room. She had high cheekbones that defined her face and bright green eyes that seemed to cut through whenever she'd look at you. Her nose was sharp. Her gaze was clear, though she'd sometimes wear glasses since it made her look more professional.

Ha. Professional.

She liked to pretend she was more serious than she actually was – I guess she got a kick out of it, making her least favorite co-workers sweat over things that didn't need to be worried about. Maybe it was a bitch thing, maybe it was because she was bored; but she thought it was funny, and if I were being honest, I thought it was funny too.

I could see her moving out of the corner of my eye. Fuck, it made me nervous.

Her suit and pencil skirt fit her perfectly, accentuating the angles of her waist and chest. With each nervous movement, my peripheral vision could see those curves tightening and angling. Breasts under a blouse, pushing upward. Hips that filled the passenger chair. A taut neck. I hesitate to say sex appeal, but there it is anyway. Hard to ignore when your co-workers clearly salivate over her.

She knew exactly what she was doing, and that made my stomach churn.

I almost didn't wonder why she was chosen to lead the corporate retreat. She made for a very eye-catching figure on a stage, and I'm sure that somewhere in the CEO's brain, that played a factor in his choosing her for the event. Sex appeal makes people pay attention, or something. I'm speaking objectively here. It's not like I'm into my own mom.

I sighed, quietly enough to where I didn't think she could hear me. It wasn't that I was unhappy to help her – I definitely was. I had a few personal things going

on that I wanted to deal with – anything but going, with my mom of all people, to a work event.

God, it was stupid.

My girlfriend Cindy and I had just broken up. Not either of our faults, or something. Or maybe it was both of our faults – the complicated, talky feely mess that we just didn't try hard enough to understand or make work. I don't know. All I did know was that I had just spent the last couple days calling out of work and going through the most retarded screaming matches with my ex than I ever thought I'd stoop to. I thought it'd never end – it's a little hellish trying to reason with a girl like Cindy, and it wasn't until this morning that things shifted and I got out of the pit I was digging for myself.

It was maybe eleven AM. I was dying of a hangover on my couch and trying to think up some mean shit I could toss at Cindy after she called me, drunk, last night, alternately saying she missed me and my cock and telling me she fucking hated my guts and hoped I would jump off of a bridge. I was stuck in the dark, drowning in a feedback loop of missing her, hating her, hoping I could convince her to come over for drinks and a movie, and then unloading everything I had pent up into that tight, naïve college sophomore cunny. I hadn't cum in at least a week – since the death spiral of our relationship and everything else, I let the stress get to me and let night after night go by with only an increasing amount of pressure in my balls to show for it.

But eleven AM, there was a loud, loud series of knocks on the door, and I managed to roll out of the bed and make my way to the peep hole where I looked and realized who was outside.

“Fuck.” It was mom.

“Come on Keith,” her voice tinged with that mix of hilarious disappointment and impatience. “Don't be rude and let me in before I freeze to death out here.”

“Gimme a second,” I said as I rushed for a pair of pants and to make my place just a little bit tidier than it was before.

“You've got to come up with better excuses than the flu if you're going to call out,” I heard her through the door. “Cath from HR's been gossiping about your absences again.” I opened the door for her and let her in, hoping she wouldn't notice that her son was a tried-and-true bachelor with a bachelor's taste in cleanliness and décor. She strode past me, a pair of flashy sunglasses glinting across her head, her eyes raking over my apartment. “Christ, Keith.”

“What do you want right now? I've got shit I'm dealing with.”

Mom shrugged. “It's more about what you want. I just came to tell you that Cath and her supervisor have been considering terminating you for all of the so-called sick days you keep taking without a single doctor's note.”

That poked me a little harder than I expected. “Oh. Shit.”

“Yeah,” mom made an exasperated noise, moving her way to the clean end of my couch and sitting down. She looked so out of place – a truly professional looking woman, a woman of power and self control, trying to sit comfortably in the den of a guy fresh out of college. “So I hate to tell you this, but I made a deal with them for your sake. You're my assistant this weekend, and because you're making up all that sick time, you get to keep the internship, and I don't have to suffer the embarrassment of my son getting fired. Despite all the nepotism.”

I died a little in response to that. “You couldn't have texted me about this? And, I don't know, asked?”

Mom narrowed her eyes at me. That's when I realized just how serious she was, and I wasn't in the habit of defying her when she was serious. “I get that you and

Cindy are having a bit of an issue, but getting drunk and rotting in this...” she paused, looking for a polite descriptor of my room. “...in this cave... it’s not going to work. You need to get outside and somehow show the company you’re not already out the door. Plus, I really do need the help. So pack a bag. You’re coming with me to the retreat. All you have to do is be present and look busy. And keep Darrell from trying to visit my cabin.”

I nodded, now knowing everything I needed to know about Darrell, and immediately went to pack.

I knew mom had done me a solid – my absences weren’t exactly excusable and having another chance was going to be better than trying to find another job and simultaneously figure out my shit with Cindy. Despite how mom didn’t like to dress up everything she did with niceness, she really had come through for me. Like always.

The internship I worked was a paid one. Rare in our line of work – corporate America was so keen on slave labor that getting anything fresh out of college that could afford an apartment was a one in a million miracle. And mom pulled it off for me. I got to work in an office environment, and there was nothing on my resume except for some ill-fated fast-food jobs from high school.

In return, I had to put forward at least a little bit of effort. Mostly, it came in the form of shaving and showing up on time, which I guess was all anyone really expected of me. Otherwise, I filed papers, scanned documents, and traveled in and out for coffee. Barely a trial run, hardly a job, just enough to see if I’d actually commit to showing up to an office.

And anyone in this economy knows that I was insanely fucking lucky. Thanks, mom.

Now that keeping my job was nonnegotiable, I finally put forward a bit of positive, non-self-destructive effort. Within an hour, I had freshened up and packed and we were on the road. Mom, still disappointed from having seen how I lived, sat quietly in the passenger seat while I drove her car.

The city disappeared behind us while the GPS guided us toward a cold white pile of mountains.

We drove for hours. My hangover disappeared. Mom typed furiously on her phone. “God damnit,” I heard her whisper every once in a while. “What the fuck was I thinking...” I wondered about the snow and glanced over at her. She shifted, and the seat belt pressed a gentle flat space against one of her breasts. The texture of her bra was faint under the fabric.

I rolled my eyes upward, trying to be respectful. “So. Darrell.”

“He thinks he’s suave for a fifty-year-old divorcee,” she muttered. “Asked me out last year. And a couple months ago. And he propositioned me, right after I did the presentation on the place we’re doing the retreat.” She looked up from her phone. “‘Oh, Cara,’ he said, ‘a little woman like you is going to be cold. I could warm you up.’ That man has the flirting skills of a retarded James Bond.”

“Does he look like James Bond?”

“If he was retarded.” Mom looked at me, her eyes tired and her tone exasperated. “I don’t want to be rude, honey, but I think it was a good thing you and Cindy broke up. The way I feel about Darrell is almost the same as I feel about her. Not that she’s stupid. Just... dumb.”

“You didn’t think that before.”

Mom shrugged. “You should see the kind of things she’s posting on social media right now.”

I had already seen it. Then I knew where she was coming from.

“Airing your dirty laundry,” she said, “is trashy, no matter how many emoji’s and self help crap she dresses it up with. ‘Finding herself.’ What a load of...”

We were quiet after that. Mom went back to her phone and furiously messaged our co-workers.

The drive continued. We listened to Springsteen and bad rock and roll and anything else that played on the radio. The mountains where the corporate retreat was going to be held were remote – cell towers had difficulty penetrating through the range and neither of us were able to get service so we could play anything resembling modern music from our phones. Instead, we listened to what was left of a classic rock station, and then switched to the grainiest, grittiest country music that still fuzzed out here.

“A little out there, isn’t it?” I asked.

“A little,” Mom said. Her smile was brief, slight, and tight.

“You didn’t pick this place, right?” I asked.

Mom sighed. “I did.”

“Oh.”

We were headed to the November Ranch. It wasn’t actually a ranch. It was more of a camp, supposed to be full of remote and gorgeous cabins, a massive timber-framed conference hall, trails and paths and even some hills for skiing and tobogganing. The brochures looked fantastic, but as we made it deeper and deeper into the hills, the clouds looking denser as we traveled, there was more and more sign that maybe the place we were looking for was more remote than it led on.

“It’s supposed to have a spa...” mom muttered to herself, as if justifying her choice. She looked outside and her frown turned into worry. “God, I hope they’re all going to be able to make it.” There was a mild snow front coming in according to the weather reports. Most likely, they said that it’d just make the drive a little whiter, but it shouldn’t have had an effect on the November Ranch, which was supposed to be accessible from the highway.

The highway went on and on, and on, and on, and my GPS flicked back and forth with an amnesic uncertainty. The clouds grew darker. Mom looked more and more concerned. “It’s only three. It’s not supposed to get this dark. Do you think anyone’s turned around? Do you think the weather reports might have been wrong?”

I shrugged and tried to encourage her, telling her to relax. “I’m sure the November Ranch staff would have put up some warning about the weather. If there was anything to worry about.” I didn’t know that what I said was so wrong that it was almost fucking stupid.

An hour later, the snow was falling thick and crowding the windshield. I had the heat and the wipers on full blast and thanked god that I had all-weather tires. Mom kept pulling her phone out and sighing every time her attempts at texting bounced back to her.

Then there were signs. November Ranch, next right. We took it and rolled down the exit which felt a little too steep and a little too snowy for us to take a breath of relief any time soon. It was getting even darker, the winter sun was probably past the edge of the mountains, and the cloud cover and snow was growing so messy that it almost felt like night. More signs. November Ranch, five miles. Three miles. One. Next right. Mom cursed them for false advertising. “Right off the highway,” she said through her teeth. “Fucking con artists.”

We rolled in, the gravel of the road bumping us back and forth, and rolled up to the entry. It was a little closet sized kiosk with an employee on one side and a map of the grounds on the other – between both of them we followed an increasingly

darkening series of roads and signs. “Oh, there,” mom said, pointing at what must have been the conference building. Or... something. A massive, timber framed lodge that stretched out like a fallen sequoia and flickered with warm lights from one end and a cool blue glow from the other. “The pool, and hot tubs, those should be in there. It’s like a spa,” mom noted, relieved that they actually existed. She pointed toward a cluster of signs. “Take a right up here.”

I expected the cabins to be closer to the conference center. Instead, they were up the hill, off of split trails and roads. My car almost seemed nervous as I rolled along the slope trail, following mom’s directions. We eventually made it though, a final turn and a little slope downward led us into a grove. Our cabin sat in the center of the space, haloed by falling snow. “Damn,” I whistled as I parked and got out.

“Fuck.” I heard mom say. “Fuck!” She popped out of the car, staring at her phone in disbelief. “They’re all headed back.”

“Back?”

“All of them,” mom groaned and slapped a hand to her forehead. “They’re saying the pass is too dangerous and that nobody had any snow tires. And that the snow front is getting heavier. George just asked everyone to turn back.” After that, she started on an inaudible rant about George and what a fucking moron he was, and how nobody in the god-damn office had any sense to just keep a set of chains in their car, and why the hell did everyone ask to do a mountain cabin retreat in January of all god-damn times if they were just going to let winter weather cancel it.

“You don’t think it’ll get worse, do you?” I asked. “The snow front, I mean.”

Mom huffed and dug into the back seat for one of her bags. I watched her glaring at even the snow, as if it were the thing that personally had fucked her over. I took the hint and didn’t press her for any more answers.

“Gotcha.” Mom clearly needed a moment. A well-planned weekend had been canceled, after all. I looked up and into the darkening sky, tried to gauge just how much snow was falling.

“We could head back,” I recommended. “It can’t be too late for that, right?”

Mom looked at her phone, waiting in agony for the signal to come back after another round of texts. “Oh no,” she breathed, her breath exhaling in a despondent cloud.

“What’s up?”

“It’s closed,” mom said, her disappointment palpable. “The fucking state patrol just closed the pass. We’re stuck.”

That was fucking shocking. “You can’t be serious. It wasn’t that bad earlier.”

“I’m going to fucking kill myself with an icicle,” mom groaned. “Oh my god, this is so embarrassing.”

“Isn’t anyone going to show up? I mean, maybe you can salvage it if you have a few co-workers here...”

Mom shook her head and went up to our cabin. A little key box was fixed on the wall. She punched in a few numbers, and a tiny house key dropped out of it. The brass looked tiny in her hand, and she stared at it hatefully. “We’re going to have to stay here,” she muttered. “I’m going to have a hard time explaining how this doesn’t count as a vacation. Christ. I am going to KILL George when we get back.”

“How about we make something to eat first?” I asked. The temperature was dropping, fast. “Before the snow blocks us in. Then maybe we can figure out if there’s another way home.”

Mom unlocked the door and nodded toward the car. "Luggage, please."

"Yeah." I brought our suitcases inside, and immediately saw mom, staring at a little pull out bed in the center of the tiny space with her hand on her forehead. She looked so fucking pissed and disappointed. "What's up?" I looked around at the interior. Cozy pine walls, warm and glowing, a television set up above the fireplace, an antler chandelier. The kitchenette had a cluster of quaint cookware hanging above a wood stove. "Nice. Rustic."

Mom glared at me. "There's only one bed."

"So?" I asked. "I'm getting my own cabin, right?"

Mom maintained her stare.

"We... only have one cabin?" I looked around. The place was tiny. Barely enough for one. But for two?

Mom nodded slowly. "And shitty Wi-Fi. My email barely loads."

"So that rules out remote work, huh?"

"Basically." She was covering her eyes now. I could tell that the frustration and stress and disappointment was getting to her. If there was one thing I knew about mom, it was that she had a really difficult time with handling so many disappointments in a row; she was the kind of person to bottle it all up until it welled up, out of control, and tore her down from the inside, and that made for a total mess that usually left her feeling worse when it was all said and done.

"Come on," I offered. "I'll make a fire, and then let's take a quick walk around the cabins, yeah? A bit of fresh air after the road, and then we can come back once it's warmed up a bit."

"Alright," mom said quietly, resigned. Her green eyes were closed and she was rubbing her temples. I wondered how seriously she was contemplating just walking all the way back.

## CHAPTER 2

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Thankfully, the place did have enough of a bourgeoisie tilt to it that they had dry wood and tinder already stocked in the cabin. What disappointed mom the most while I made it, was that the cabin itself was tiny. And I mean, tiny.

“This is not what they showed in the pictures” mom noted as she came out of the bathroom, putting her gloves on. She had her jacket on, had changed to a thick pair of jeans, and bundled herself into a scarf and hat. The jacket itself was stylish, the kind with a fancy brand name stitched on the arm and the chest, the sort that went with fancy plastic coffee cups with straws. She continued musing about how badly the place had lied about the accommodations. “Must be those wide-angled cameras. Always promising the world and then—”

“This should be good,” I said, after a last puff into the fire. The flames were crackling upward and the dry sparks shot up the flume. Warmth spread out from the base where the electric heaters had only kept the place above freezing. “Let’s go, mom. You’re going to go fucking nuts if you decide to stay in here.”

Mom sighed and followed me out. When we stepped onto the cabin porch, we noticed that the streetlamps that they used for the cabin area were a little dim, especially as the snow fell around them. The thinnest chain of them went from our cabin to another a few hundred feet down, and then it chained out to another even more distantly. While some of the snow refracted the light, the overall spread of light wasn’t much. “Don’t worry,” I said. “As long as we stick to the property and stay within sight of the lights, we should be fine.” Mom didn’t respond. I think she was still too heated to think much about anything else.

The snow crunched under our boots. In the silence of the place, the only noise was our shoes pushing into the snow, our breathing, and the meditative space of the faintest brush as the snow fell onto the growing layers of white. Every once in a while, I’d turn around, and watch mom as she walked behind me. Even in her jacket, she had a feminine figure to her, I’m sure a very calculated thing to make sure the boss was happy. I didn’t like it, personally, knowing the whole purpose of it, but whatever. Mom was going to do what she thought was best.

“The walk was a good idea,” mom said after a little while. She had stopped with her aggravated tone, and was now calm and collected. “I really did just need to move.”

“You stay in offices too much,” I suggested.

“And you live in a dank cave,” mom shot back. “You’d be rotting in it right now if I hadn’t pulled you out of there.”

“And you’d be all by yourself up in the mountains if I didn’t agree,” I said back. “And who knows. Darrell might have made it.”

Mom cringed and laughed. We got lost in a conversation about Darrell, the stupid ties he wore, the iconic mug of coffee, his weird way of drawing out all of his requests into the most inane and complicated processes for the stupidest reasons.

And then, we stopped. I turned around, the snow churning over my boots.

“Hey, mom?” I asked. “Do you see the lights?”

Mom stopped and pulled her hood off her head. “The lights?” She looked around, her hair veiling her face.

“Oh. Oh, no.”

“It’s okay,” I said, panicking. “We just... we need to retrace our steps.”

This wasn't good. We couldn't see where the lights were at all, and that meant we couldn't see the cabins. And with how much darker it was getting, and the snow picking up, and rapidly filling in our shoe prints, I realized that we had a bigger problem on our hands than simply losing our way.

"We need to move fast," I said, making a 180. "Come on."

Unfortunately, ten minutes of backtracking turned into twenty, then thirty, and ended with us overlooking an unfamiliar grove of trees, and our eyelashes frosting. I could hear mom starting to shiver as the snow was now up past our shoes, and the shoe prints themselves were gone.

"K-Keith?" Mom asked, nervous. "You know the way back, don't you?"

I had to take a second to carefully assess whether I did. I looked around, and saw the shallow indent where a boot could have been, and when I got close, I saw another few moving in a line. "This is it," I said, sure of it. "Follow me."

It wasn't it.

We followed it all the way until we ended up back where we realized we were lost, with our footprints circling around.

Mom was panicking too by this time. "Honey, if we don't get back," she said, shivering, "we're... I don't know what's going to happen."

I didn't want to solidify that thought. I took a deep breath. The cold was settling in faster than I thought; for us, a couple of suburbanites who lived our entire lives within thirty seconds of a heat source, we were in real danger. Not only was there the whole freezing to death thing, it was how it all put itself together. It wasn't just dying I was afraid of. It was hypothermia.

Hypothermia fucked you up good before it killed you. First, it started to turn off your body's responses to the cold. You started to shiver less, turning off your body's ability to convert its energy to heat. Then your brain would misfire, just one part of your body shutting down perceptibly. You'd see things, you'd hallucinate, and you'd start to think that cold was warm. You'd get paranoid. I'd heard of hikers who started with hypothermia and who would actively run away from rescuers because of the paranoia induced by it. And once it was at that point, you were done. The last thing a lot of people with hypothermia did was they'd take off all of their fucking clothes, and then wander deeper into the wilderness. They'd be dead in minutes by that point, their clothes tossed only a short distance from their bodies.

And I was not going to let that happen to mom and me.

"Come on," I said through the snow as it picked up speed. I took mom's glove and tugged her through. I could feel her shivering in my hand; I guess her coat was more meant for looking good instead of actually weathering a storm. What was more, was that she was wearing jeans, and not the kind of pants that would actually keep her dry. I was wearing a shitty pair of khakis and the effect was the same, but worse. Snow melted onto our legs and then stuck there, collecting more of the frost and white.

The darkness settled in deeper. I was shivering too, my teeth chattering, my own little hat doing nothing to keep my head from feeling like it was stuck inside an ice cold vice. The snow mounted higher, more of it dropping into the tops of my boots, soaking and freezing my ankles and feet.

I don't know how long this was happening. The stress and the anxiety was churning through me and making every step feel like it was taking forever, and by the time I thought I saw a light, I was afraid that maybe I was hallucinating.

"Do we go toward it?" mom said, afraid as well. "I think we're late... maybe we should just go..."

This was bad. She was already a little delirious from the cold. I gritted my teeth, tightened my grip on her hand, and pulled her toward it, hoping to god we weren't both sharing the same hallucination. I almost closed my eyes, scared that if I were to look away that I would look back and realize that I was too far gone and that the light was just a figment of my imagination.

Except that I walked, face-first, into the side of a cabin.

"Fuck!" I said, my nose smarting and imprinted into the snow that had stuck there. "Oh—fuck!" I excitedly tugged mom along. We had found the cabins, the lights were barely visible, and walked as fast as I could with her until I found our cabin with our number on it. "The key—" I said, "where's the fucking key?"

Mom shook her head. "I don't know—I don't use keys—" her teeth were chattering uncontrollably.

"Come on, mom, is it in your pocket? Is it in your jacket?"

"I think I'll have a salad," mom said, her voice drifting and her eyes looking off to the side. "Just don't make it too hot... maybe..."

She was too far gone. Her lips were blue and she wasn't able to think.

I still had enough of my wits to realize that if I was going to get the key, I was going to take it from her. "Sorry, mom," I said, before taking off my gloves, baring my red hands to the cold wind, and then digging through her jacket.

"Hey!" Mom giggled. "You're awfully curious, aren't you?"

I ignored her impression and went on, touching at the inside of her jacket and feeling for a brass key. It wasn't in any of the pockets there so... it must have been...

"Sorry, mom," I said, "I'm going to go through your pants pockets now. Don't get mad." I moved my hands to her waist, and patted around.

"Oh... I don't know... if you touch me there..." mom was saying something that would have sounded like a seductive, husky tone, except that she was shivering throughout. My hands explored, touching at her waist, her hips, as I tried to find the entrances to her pockets.

What was most surprising was how... soft her body was.

I don't mean soft in terms of extra. I mean soft as in... beneath the denim and under the fabric of her shirt, her body had this delicate firmness to it, brought on by all of her exercise. But over that, was the familiar touch of the feminine. The same kind of feeling I had felt in other girls, like Cindy, the realization that this was the body of a woman, and as mom reacted to my touch, giggling and actually even moving closer without realizing who I was, I had an uncomfortable discovery that my mother's body was...

...real.

But there wasn't any time to worry about that.

My fingers, half-numb but drawing in the soft warmth of my mother's hips, closed around the key. "Fuck!" I said, startling mom, and I pulled her toward the door with one hand while holding the shaking key in the other.

The lock fought me, my hand was shaking too badly for me to cleanly enter it at the same time. My teeth were chattering so hard in my skull that it was affecting my vision. All I could do was hope that somehow, I could slip the key in, and that there wouldn't be something frozen inside the lock that made it impossible for me to put it inside...

The key slipped in. And it turned, cleanly, without any resistance at all.

The door opened, and a flood of warmth came out, washing over me and mom, and with the last of my strength I hauled mom in, and closed the door.

## CHAPTER 3

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If we didn't take off all of our cold gear, we were definitely going to die. I tore off my boots, my feet numb inside and making it difficult for me to walk. Once I had those off, next went my socks, my jacket, my shirt, and when I realized that mom was still shivering in her clothes, I went over to her and started on her. "Sorry, again," I said, trying to keep my eyes averted as I disrobed her. She didn't respond verbally. Her teeth were chattering too hard, and her face was pale and her lips a deep blue. She was listless as I set her down, took off her frozen boots, and then once I had her down to just her pants and shirt, I went over to the fire, heaping some more wood on top to make it roar.

Then came the difficult part. "Hey, mom?" I said, waving my hand in front of her face. Her breathing was still shivery, and she wasn't looking at me. This was bad. "Mom? Mom. You need to listen to me."

Her eyes drifted in my direction, as if she were trying to listen.

"Mom, I'm sorry, but I'm going to take off your clothes, okay? If I don't, you're going to stay cold and you're going to die. I need to get you down to some nothing so I can get you warm and dry, right now. Are you going to be okay?"

My conscience was churning. Mom didn't really answer, and so I took it as a necessity that I was going to have to do it. I unbuttoned her cotton shirt, revealing a clean, white bra. Well, mostly. It was soaked, which explained further why mom was doing so badly with the cold. Her jacket did nothing to keep the moisture or the cold out.

Mom's chest was... well, I tried not to look. But her breasts were barely contained by the bra that was soaked through with ice water. I stared at it, afraid of the boundary I was about to cross.

Her breasts were under there. Nipples. Parts of her I hadn't seen or... interacted with, since I was just a little, little kid. I cringed and hoped that I wouldn't get too weird about it, and that our understanding as a family that this as necessary would come through and that nobody was going to think of this twice.

My hands went behind her, her cold flesh prickled against my touch, and in the old familiar way that I had taken off girls bras in college and with Cindy, I slipped my fingers sideways, and unclipped it.

The bra fell away.

I could see my mom's breasts.

"Holy fuck," I said, completely involuntarily.

I don't know how mom managed to do this, but somehow, her breasts were as full and smooth as firm as girls half her age. Her nipples were a mellow pink, but of course in the cold, everything seemed paler. I blinked, averted my eyes, unwilling to acknowledge how fucking sexy they were and how much they reminded me of this one girl back in college who had the most gorgeous pair of tits that I could smother myself in. Mom's looked just like hers. Funny enough, the girl's name was Cora too, though she was a brunette, and didn't look like my mother otherwise.

Enough reminiscing.

I grabbed a blanket, and hurried to wrap it around her. "Come on," I said, bringing her closer to the fire. "Let's go." I sat her down on the edge of the bed, close to the fireplace, and then threw some more wood on to make it even hotter than it was before. I had to make the cabin like a sauna if I was going to reverse the hypothermia. Mom's body was just too cold.

She still had her pants on, I realized.

“Oh, fuck...” I turned to her again. “Mom... I’m going to have to take off your jeans. Okay?”

Mom shrugged, sort of. Maybe it was a twitch in her shivering. I couldn’t tell. All I knew that if there was a time to do it, it was now. I got close to her again, pulled the blanket apart below her chest, and since she wasn’t really holding onto it, the blanket revealed her breasts again. I got an eyeful of them, watching the color slowly returning to them, her pink nipples slowly growing in the heat of the room, the color returning.

But my focus had to be on her pants. “Uh...” I wasn’t sure how to go about it. She was sitting on them, technically. “Lean back. Okay?”

It didn’t take much to gently push her over. Once she was on her back, I gingerly lifted her legs, and tugged upward with the jeans. They peeled away from her legs, her smooth skin, ice-cold to the touch, was revealed, inch by inch. I couldn’t help but gasp as mom’s panties came into view. Her body was the kind that was motherly, sure, in some ways. She had these wide hips and an ass that men would kill to look at, and as the jeans were pulled away, her body was free of the forced contours of the jeans, and now, it was just her lush bottom, barely contained by black lace. I wondered for a split second if she had anyone at the company in mind when she put them on, or if she was just the kind of woman who liked to feel sexy, but that thought went by the wayside as I kept tugging at the jeans. “Almost there,” I said, embarrassed, when the legs finally let go of her feet, and she was nearly nude in front of me.

“I’m uh... I’m not going to remove your underwear,” I said. “I mean, except the bra, but I mean, that was soaked, and you’ve got to raise your core temperature...”

I realized that during all this, I was shivering too, and hurried to wrap up mom in the cocoon of her blanket before turning back to my own clothes. I tugged off my pants and went down to my boxers, before deciding that those were too wet and cold too. I pulled them down while I had the blanket over me, you know, for modesty’s sake, and I wondered if I should do the same thing for mom.

Considering how itchy my boxers were getting by the end, I figured it would probably be best to just take care of it. But it wasn’t going to be weird. I decided it firmly.

“I’m sorry, mom,” I said hesitantly, before reaching through her blanket, choosing not to look, and then slipping my hands along her waist until I found the thin line of her panties. “It’s... I think you’ll thank me later for this...” The panties went down, all the way down, my fingers tracing along the sides of her thighs, and my mind went into racy flashbacks involving drunken parties where I and some girl would get frisky in somebody’s bedroom, where the same movements were repeated before sinking into some hot, throbbing pussy....

I swallowed and refocused, getting them all the way off and ensuring that through the whole thing, I didn’t look underneath her blanket. Once that was done, I tightened her blanket, positioned her a little closer to the fire, and grabbed another one to hold over the fireplace so I could warm it up really fast. Once it was thoroughly toasty and maybe just a bit smoky, I went over to mom. “You’re going to think this is weird if you’re lucid,” I said, warning her, “But I think you’ll thank me when you understand. I mean, if you ever learn that it happened. Sorry again.”

I took her blanket off her, revealing the entire nude length of her body as she lay herself down on the bed. She was shivering, still, but the color was returning to her, and I couldn’t help but for a split second to admire her curves, the weight of her breasts, her lips, pinkening, and... between her legs, I saw the glimpse of something soft... and blonde.

This was fucking insane.

I took a deep breath, looking away from my mother, and wrapped the hot blanket around her, and as the heat enveloped her, I heard her make a pitiful moan through her shivering. "It's all good, mom," I said, trying to comfort her. "You're getting warm and you're going to be just fine."

I got up every ten minutes to trade out blankets, holding one up until it was as warm as I could get it, and then re-swaddling mom in them. The color returned to her, she stopped shivering, and now, she was just listless and half-conscious. The fire reflected in her eyes, heavy-lidded, as she breathed softly, finally warm and safe.

I changed out my blanket a few times too, until I felt all of my faculties come back. I put our shoes close to the fireplace, hoping that would dry them out before the morning.

Mom was snoring softly on at the foot of the bed, closest to the fire. I took a deep breath, and went over to the stove to see if I could figure it out and make some tea. "Figures," I muttered. "This fucking thing uses firewood."

## CHAPTER 4

---

**A**t some point, I passed out horizontally over the head of the bed, parallel to mom where I set her at the foot. And when I woke up, it was under the stern eye of my mother.

I tried to mumble some sort of hello, but the entire scene of yesterday surged into my mind. The snow, the hypothermia, the delirium, the... nakedness. Mom seemed to remember too. She looked down at me, angrily.

“Did you take off all my clothes?” She asked, her tone dark.

I wasn’t sure how to respond at first, since the guilt from having seen her nude body was now eating at me, even from the instant that I regained consciousness. “I mean,” I tried to explain, “if I didn’t, we probably would have died.”

Mom’s gaze softened. “Was it... really that bad?”

“Yeah.” I said, getting up and wrapping my blanket tighter around myself. I could see under mom’s blanket that she had her hoodie on, as well as some sweats. She must have gotten up before me, realized that she was nude, and was somehow well enough to put some clothes on. The cabin still felt warm inside, and I breathed easy now that I knew for a fact that mom wasn’t in any danger anymore. She was only merely uncomfortable.

“Sorry you had to... uh. See me,” she said. She sounded bashful.

“It’s alright,” I said, clearing my throat and looking away. My heart thudded as I watched her, out of the corner of my eye, looking at me strangely after I said that. I hoped she wasn’t reading my mind on this like she had read my mind on a million things before. “The uh... the stove takes wood only. I was thinking of making some hot beverages yesterday but it’s only large logs left.”

Mom kept her stare on me for a second. Then she seemed to make up her mind about something, and then relaxed. “There’s a bunch up against the outside of the cabin. I didn’t grab much. Just what was reachable from the porch. Here.” She turned and picked up a steaming mug of cocoa and passed it to me. “I’ve already got you covered.”

“Oh damn.” I took in the cocoa like it was water from the fucking fountain of youth. Then mom handed me a plate off pancakes. From a cast iron griddle that sat astride the stove.

Best breakfast of my fucking life. I wolfed it down, surprised at how hungry I was. Mom went to the tiny window by the stove and looked outside. “Did you see how deep it got?”

“You mean, last night?” I asked. “It was fast. I mean, it went above our boots in no time at all.”

“Take a look.”

I got up, but not before grabbing a shirt and a pair of underwear from my suitcase and putting them on. “Oh. Oh, shit.”

It was pure white out there. Our window even had some snow clinging to the rim, the cold of it sucking away the heat even over the stove. The snow went up above the skirts of the pines and I realized that out here, in the mountains, there was real, real snow. Not the cute little clusters of inches that came down in the valley where we lived, but the real deal. The stuff that made for a ski season and fresh pack, every fucking day.

“How deep do you think it is?” Mom asked.

“Four feet?” I guessed. “Five?”

“This means that we are so, so fucking stuck,” mom moaned. “I checked the internet. It’s still working, but just barely. High speed, the fucking lying—”

I got up and dressed myself, this time a hell of a lot thicker than I did last night. That was a mistake I didn’t want to make again. So several layers went on, some wool, double thick socks, and then finally the boots, which I carefully pulled my pants cuff over so nothing would slip down it. “Any word from the staff here?” I asked. “I mean, if it snows like this and they stay open for the winter, isn’t there, I don’t know, a system to dig people out?”

“Well they’re not answering the phone,” mom said. “So maybe you should go over to their kiosk and see if any of them have any information? I’d go with you, but...” Mom sniffled. “I’m not... feeling so good.”

I looked at her with concern. No surprise there. After everything last night, she was definitely getting sick.

Outside, the snow really was several feet thick. There was a pair of snowshoes, tied up by the side of the porch, so I tied those on and managed to climb up and over the top of the snowpack and then slowly shuffled through the resort. “Jesus Christ,” I muttered. The snow was so high that only the tops of the streetlights were visible. And then, the cabins looked more like oversized doghouses considering they were only uncovered from the windows up.

The kiosk was a much shorter walk to get to than I expected. It made our little trek last night ridiculous in retrospect, mostly because the distances we went must not have been that great in order to get lost so quickly. After a bit of trudging, I found the kiosk, or rather, the top of it. I bent down to look inside since the windows were half-covered by the snow. Nobody was inside, but there was a little help phone attached to the edge of it, half buried.

After digging it out and pressing the button on it, I got a grainy voice on the other end.

I got back to mom as soon as I could with the awful news. “The highways are clear now,” I said, but before she could look relieved, I shook my head. “The five-mile stretch from here to the highway, that’s not set for any sort of clearing effort for over a week.”

“You... can’t be serious,” mom said slowly.

“Unfortunately, I am. The place is... how can I put this gently... They’re not up to date on their taxes. So recovery efforts here mean nothing. But on the plus side, they said that the cabins had their own independent water systems, and lots of food inside. Complimentary. They also said they’d refund you if you put in an official request.”

“There are over a dozen cabin reservations here,” mom said, baleful. “You don’t think they mean all of them, do you?”

“I’m not sure,” I said. “I just asked about this one.”

“I had a gut feeling about this place. Last time I’m ignoring it,” mom sniffled and held a mug of hot tea close to herself. She started to shiver.

“You still cold?” I asked. I looked at the thermostat and thermometer on the side of the wall. It said that it was over eighty degrees inside, no doubt thanks to the fireplace.

Mom’s teeth were chattering quietly, and I noticed she looked pale. “You’re sick,” I stated.

“No, I’m not,” mom replied quietly. “Just exhausted.”

“How about you lay down,” I recommended. “You are sick. Don’t think you’re going to fool me,” I said, echoing the times where I used to pretend I was sick and mom would sass the truth out of me.

Mom muttered something before setting her mug down and then falling into the covers.

## CHAPTER 5

---

That night, I touched at mom's forehead and realized that she was burning up, bad. There wasn't a thermometer, but judging by the heat that was coming off her, so hot that I almost felt like I was scalding my hand, and once I realized that she had sweat through multiple layers of her clothes, I realized that we had a huge fucking problem.

"Mom?" I shook her shoulder gently. "Mom. You've got a fever."

She opened her eyes, and all she could do was mumble.

Well, shit.

I spent the night making bullion broth out of some tacky, salty cubes I found in one of the cupboards. To feed it to her, I held her head on my lap and carefully guided the spoon to her lips, making sure that it was both warm enough to soothe, and cool enough not to burn her. It was a funny reversal. Mom used to do this for me, way back, and now she was the one all sick and unable to go outside, while I was the adult moving back and forth between the stove and the sick person groaning on the bed.

Mom occasionally would stir, say something a little delirious, and then half-pass out again. I hoped that she'd stop sweating. I hoped she'd somehow get better soon, because there were two simultaneous things I was worried about.

The first thing was that she might get sicker, and die. The best case out of that was getting the kiosk phone line to have someone call us a helicopter, but in all seriousness, would the authorities be willing to come retrieve somebody with a fever?

The second thing I was worried about was the issue of all the sweat. Mom was getting soaked in her clothes from how much perspiration was happening, and while I did my best to keep her hydrated with broth and warm water, the simple fact was a person can't sleep in soggy clothes. So I was faced with the possibility of having to change her outfit.

Again.

Down to nothing and then back up to something. I watched her, nervously, keeping an eye on her face, screwed with stress and fever while she was bundled away and on the bed, her feet close to the fireplace.

What was most concerning was that I was kind of... tempted.

For just one more look.

I kicked myself for even thinking of it that way, realizing that if I was going to undress my mom in the name of helping her get better when I just, I don't know, wanted a peek, then that'd be sick. And that would mean I was a sick person. And plus, what the fuck would she think of me when she woke up?

I took my time, coming to my decision. Being stuck with her in the same tiny space, I'm not going to lie, it was like I could smell hormones, that the scent of her and her sweat was surrounding me with the same musk that I would get in damp, humid rooms where I had just fucked a girl silly and exhausted her body of every single fluid. And now, being in this tiny, bedroom sized space, smelling the scent of a woman, and knowing for a fact that I could just... peel it all off her, that drove me nuts.

I did what I could to drive the thought out. First, I talked myself out of it, berating myself for even thinking of it. Then I scrubbed at my face with the ice-cold water that came out of the bathroom tap, trying to shock myself out of it. When that didn't work, I went a step colder, stepped outside, and pushed my face

into the snow wall that was building around us. The snow kept falling, especially as it got darker, and I watched with trepidation as the wall of white grew, and grew, and as our hope of getting out of this resort shrank away.

The snow didn't do too much to help, but I was able to go inside and at least resolve that I wasn't going to do it, not unless it was absolutely necessary.

Unfortunately, it was.

I stayed awake, making sure she was alright, until at some point, I stepped close to the bed and leaned over it to check her temperature. What surprised me was that the bed itself, the covers, they were now humid and wet. I cursed quietly as I tested her forehead, finding it damp, and then checking her hoodie.

It was soaked through.

I guess with all the hydration I tried to focus on, it all just sweated through her faster than I could replenish it, and that meant a couple things. One was that I'd have to put a lot of effort into making sure she didn't die of dehydration. And another was... I'd have to change her out of these clothes.

Again.

If mom didn't find this suspicious, I'd chalk it up to a miracle.

"You're not a pervert, Keith," I said to myself. "This is for mom. Alright? It's for her. She's sick. And you're just going to... you're just going to help." I swallowed, and took a deep breath, before putting my hand on the blankets, and gently unfurling them around her.

I hung her blankets up close to the fire, to give them a little preliminary dry, before getting to her hoodie. It took a bit of effort to sit her up, but I was able to prop her against me as I knelt on the bed. Her body was soft, pushing close, and hot. Her hair was against my face and the heat of her breath was on my neck. She was murmuring, and I was fighting the erection that was already throbbing in my pants.

I tried to crush it out of my mind and to get to the task. It took a bit of acrobatics to lift her arms and to pull the hoodie over her head. But once that was done, she fell back onto the bed, her white t-shirt almost clear from how much sweat had soaked through it.

I swallowed, a sharp ache of guilt in my stomach, as I looked at her breasts through her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra, no doubt for the comfort, but now, that meant that her nipples were shining through the cotton, and the natural weight of her tits was causing them to gently lean out to either side of her while she lay on her back. Her skin was wet to the touch, slippery, and I tried to push out of my head that it was the kind of wetness that I liked to feel against a girl's skin.

So I shook my head, and pulled at her shirt, trying to get it over with. This one was harder. I had to lean her up against me again, but as her head lolled and as she started to fall to the side, barely conscious, I had to move quickly to catch her. I didn't mean to, but I got a handful of her breasts, and in my strain to lean her back up, I took in the sensation of them, the softness, the warmth, the little nub of her nipple under my fingers. I worked faster, pulling her shirt up and off, and this time, she was softly moaning, not in distress, but with the subtle curiosity that I had heard in girls before when taking off their clothes for the first time.

And that made my cock fucking throb.

The shirt lifted, up, and up, and up, the cotton scooping under each breast, pulling them upward, until they fell free.

This time, my will broke.

I stared at her tits, unable to keep my eyes off them. I felt an ache in my jaw as I realized that I wanted, so badly, just to taste them again, to feel her nipple in my

mouth. I wondered if some deep, distant memory of the taste of milk was real. Whether it would taste the same.

Now, snapping out of it, I slapped myself and hung up the shirt by the fire to dry it out. I grabbed a sweater and a long-sleeved shirt from my bag and put them over her, this time managing to avoid looking out of sheer guilt. But under the loose fabric, I already knew.

I knew what her tits looked like.

I knew what my mom's tits looked like, and for the fucking life of me, I couldn't get the image of them out of my fucking head.

Next was the hard part. The very hard part.

I went to mom's pants, just sweats, this time a lot easier to take off than jeans, and since she was laying down, it was a simple matter to just raise her legs and... when both of her legs were up, and I pulled at the band of her sweatpants, I glimpsed her bottom.

Her bare bottom.

And something else.

I didn't mean to take off her panties at the same time; I swear, I promise. But I did. And her bare ass was suddenly visible to me, the beautiful curve of her bottom lifted with her legs brought up to her chest, her knees tucked over her.

I didn't want to look... but I did.

For much, much longer than my screaming conscience was happy to.

I couldn't take my eyes away from her ass. Fuck, I don't know how else to describe her ass than that she has the ass of every dream milf abundant and lovely in its curves and sticking out when she'd lean forward, and while I managed to ignore it all through growing up, the musk of her and her bareness made me fucking stare at each cheek, muscular and soft and... oh fuck.

Mom's pussy was just there too. Right above the curve of her ass, the smooth, tight curve of her bottom going up and then, just above a little pucker of pink, was her slit. Her pussy was so...puffy. There was a tuft of her blonde hair, just above it, but below that, I watched, hypnotized, the way her pussy seemed to move, slippery, around itself. I don't know if it was the sweat. I don't know what it was. But the deep, subtle scent was alluring me, and I watched, mouth dry, her pussy moving with her legs as I tried to pull her sweatpants off her completely. I had the profound realization that I came out of there, a long, long time ago, and swallowed.

I pulled my gaze away, and managed to get them off her feet, but once they pulled off, her legs...

They spread.

I only caught a glimpse before turning my head, but that glimpse was so vivid that I knew I would never, fucking ever, be able to get rid of it.

There was a delicious pink. Inside of mom. The brief image of fat, juicy lips. The promise of an unbearable heat, inside of my mother, where my cock would fit, so, fucking, perfectly.

I stared at a pillow, biting the inside of my cheek, hard, trying to keep focused on that. I had to close her legs. I didn't want to. I wanted... oh fuck, I wanted to look. I wanted to get close.

And a piece of me wanted to pull down my pants and to just... try it.

It took a lot for me to keep my eyes focused on the pillow, to lift her knee, and to push it over so that her legs were closed. I took a deep breath, and jumped off the bed as fast as I could. Once I dug around and found some underwear and pants for her, I went over, kept my face pointing somewhere else until her panties went over her ankles, her calves, her knees, and then were slid up her thighs, fast, my thumbs

feeling the smooth sensation of her hot, sweaty skin.

I took a deep breath and leaned back. At least she was covered. Without her panties, I felt like there was a danger, not to me, but to her.

Fuck me, I hated myself for this.

I had a pair of pajama pants in my bag, so I tugged them over her legs, bringing them up before sliding them onto her. Then I grabbed the newly heated blankets, swirled them around her, and had her bundled up and dry again.

And it was done.

I got up and went to the kitchenette, and dug around for something to drink. Sweet fuck, I needed it. There was a little pint of whiskey under the sink. It was nearly full, but clearly had been opened before, left by some previous vacationer. I took a quick sniff to make sure it was okay, and then lifted the bottle to my lips to drink straight from it. My heart was beating like crazy and the fire of the alcohol meant fucking nothing to me at this point.

When I pulled the bottle away, I could finally breathe. I went to the front door, stepped outside, and let the ice and the dark and the cold reset my mind and my body, calming my raging cock that was tenting in front of me. The facts were waving themselves before my mind's eye. I couldn't escape it.

My mother was in the cabin behind me. Just behind that door.

She was passed out. And vulnerable.

And so, so fucking hot.

## CHAPTER 6

---

After innumerable rounds of broth and warm water for mom, the fever seemed to break, and I drank myself to sleep.

I slept fitfully on the floor, and woke up as the morning light crested over the huge mound of snow piled in front of the window. My body fucking ached. Maybe it was a bit of the booze, which I had finished off so that I could pass out as fast as I could before I got any new fucking insane ideas.

The guilt hit me like a wave.

What the fuck was I thinking last night?

That's your fucking mom. Okay? That's mom. That's the fucking lady that bought you birthday cake, eighteen fucking times.

I got up slowly, dreading what I'd find on the bed in the center of the room.

Mom was sleeping, peacefully. Still wrapped up.

I reached over to her face, touched at her forehead, and sighed, relieved. The fever really was broken, and at least she wasn't sweating anymore.

Her eyes flickered open. My heart stopped. I didn't know if she was going to be angry, or disturbed, and frankly, I fucking regretted my choices last night. Who the fuck takes the liberty to undress their own mom? Again? The night before was legitimate, I don't think anyone could disagree with that. But last night? That was...

Well, even with how sweaty she was, I knew deep in my core that it was optional.

Mom's green eyes were heavy, but they settled on me. "Oh. Hello." Her voice was so quiet. She breathed in, stirring under the blankets and as one hand came out of the covers to rub her eyes and to brush her hair from her face, she stared at the sleeve.

My sleeve. From my sweater. She frowned, looked down, and realized that all of her clothes had been changed.

It was the moment of truth.

"What... Keith, what's going on?" She looked at me with a frown, the outrage creeping in already. "I didn't put these on last night."

I tried to explain. "You had literally sweat until the bed was... I mean, it was damp. You were really sick."

Mom blinked. "I was?"

"Yeah."

She thought for a second. "That explains so much." Then she looked at me again. "And you... decided to undress me."

"I dressed you up," I said, coughing. "I'm sorry. I just thought it'd be better than letting you stay in the clothes that you had basically soaked. It's what you did for me a long time back."

It was true. Once I had gotten so sick and delirious that mom had to basically baby me for days. Luckily, this time, it was just a single night.

Mom flushed. "Oh. I think... I think I understand. Thanks, honey. God." She rubbed her face. "I'm really sorry. I didn't mean for you to have to nurse your own mother. God. I can't believe you had to see me naked... that's just awful."

"It's okay," I said, a little too quickly, before standing up and walking to the outside before she could think too hard about it. Once I was out the front door, I grabbed some more wood from where I could reach it on the porch, and brought it inside, trying to keep my eyes averted from mom.

Except that she was watching me.

“Really,” I said, trying to keep things chill. “Nothing to be sorry about. I didn’t uh... I didn’t see anything.”

Now that was fucking stupid to say. Partly because it was a fucking lie, and mom could always, always, always see through them. And two, because it didn’t make any fucking sense.

Mom’s eyes went wide for a second and then she pushed her lips together and leaned back a bit. The intensity with which she stared at me was so uncomfortable. I wanted to run back outside and into the snow but instead busied myself with trying to light the stove and to get some hot coffee going.

“What... did you see, exactly?” Mom asked.

I turned to look at her and knew in the core of my soul that she could see through me. It wasn’t going to matter what I said. It wasn’t going to matter what rationale I had. All that mattered, was how well she knew me, and how easy it was for her to pick through every single lie I had ever told. I don’t even remember what I said. I have no fucking clue what words I used.

All I know is that after I was done speaking, mom’s expression was cold, she was blinking, so quickly, and her cheeks were flushed, brighter than I had ever, ever seen them.

*To Be Continued....*

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Thank you.

Fake Flower

# THE CABIN FEVER



## A MOTHER / SON SLOW BURN NOVEL PART 2

By  
Fake Flower

**INCEST**

# THE CABIN FEVER



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# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[The Cabin Fever -- A Mother / Son Slow Burn Novel, Part 2](#)

[CHAPTER 7](#)

[CHAPTER 8](#)

[CHAPTER 9](#)

*Continued from CHAPTER 6...*

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*Mom blinked. "I was?"*

*"Yeah."*

*She thought for a second. "That explains so much." Then she looked at me again. "And you... decided to undress me."*

*"I dressed you up," I said, coughing. "I'm sorry. I just thought it'd be better than letting you stay in the clothes that you had basically soaked. It's what you did for me a long time back."*

*It was true. Once I had gotten so sick and delirious that mom had to basically baby me for days. Luckily, this time, it was just a single night.*

*Mom flushed. "Oh. I think... I think I understand. Thanks, honey. God." She rubbed her face. "I'm really sorry. I didn't mean for you to have to nurse your own mother. God. I can't believe you had to see me naked... that's just awful."*

*"It's okay," I said, a little too quickly, before standing up and walking to the outside before she could think too hard about it. Once I was out the front door, I grabbed some more wood from where I could reach it on the porch, and brought it inside, trying to keep my eyes averted from mom.*

*Except that she was watching me.*

*"Really," I said, trying to keep things chill. "Nothing to be sorry about. I didn't uh... I didn't see anything."*

*Now that was fucking stupid to say. Partly because it was a fucking lie, and mom could always, always, always see through them. And two, because it didn't make any fucking sense.*

*Mom's eyes went wide for a second and then she pushed her lips together and leaned back a bit. The intensity with which she stared at me was so uncomfortable. I wanted to run back outside and into the snow but instead busied myself with trying to light the stove and to get some hot coffee going.*

*"What... did you see, exactly?" Mom asked.*

*I turned to look at her and knew in the core of my soul that she could see through me. It wasn't going to matter what I said. It wasn't going to matter what rationale I had. All that mattered, was how well she knew me, and how easy it was for her to pick through every single lie I had ever told. I don't even remember what I said. I have no fucking clue what words I used.*

*All I know is that after I was done speaking, mom's expression was cold, she was blinking, so quickly, and her cheeks were flushed, brighter than I had ever, ever seen them.*

I had to get out of there.

It took me a minute to lace up the snowshoes just outside the front door, and then I was again on top of the ice, out in the brightness and the cold, and even though the morning was cold as hell and I wished I was inside the cabin, eating breakfast, the truth was that the way mom looked at me made me want to fucking submerge myself in an icy river, permanently. The only other thing I could think of doing was somehow resolving this little uncomfortable situation by other means, which meant getting a second cabin so that there would be NO misunderstandings.

With the cold of the night, the ice had gone from a fluffy pack to a crisp icy shell over the snow. It took a little balance work but once I had gotten used to even the snowshoes occasionally slipping with all the ice caked in them, I was moving to that kiosk with the kind of speed that one only reaches when they're desperate. I had to dig out the phone again, half-laying down on the snow, but once it was uncovered, I put it up to my ear and sighed in relief as that crackly voice answered me.

"Hey. Yeah. This is Cara's reservation. You know, the corporate one. I think we're the only ones here. Yeah."

The voice on the other end told me that he knew and that he was happy to help me with my requests and would I just wait a moment. After tapping at the ice, laying down across it while talking on this phone like I was a teen laying on the bed and kicking her heels, the voice returned. "Alright, I've got your details here. How can I help you today?"

"I need to open one of the other cabins," I said, as calmly as I could. I had this little paranoid fear in the back of my head that this guy could sense the tension in me, and I hoped to god he wouldn't ask me why.

"But why?" His voice crackled through and I closed my eyes and pressed my head against the ice.

"Not important. Just give me the code to one of the other cabins and I'll just get set up there. Cool?"

"I'm sorry, sir," the voice crackled back. "But unfortunately, the rest of the cabins have already been refunded. As a matter of policy, we can't give you access to another."

"Policy—" My blood was boiling. "You've got to be kidding me. Who the hell cancelled it? We've got two people sharing one cabin here."

"Sir? I understand your frustration but you need to calm down."

“I am calm,” I fumed. “Tell me who cancelled it.”

“Let’s see...” the voice went silent for a very, very long time. “I’ve got a... George Caldwell.”

Fucking George. Mom’s bane and now mine. “He wasn’t the guy who made the reservations in the first place,” I pried. “I mean, he can’t make decision like that. Right?”

“Oh? Well, his name was on the card that was originally used for the reservation, so unfortunately, he did.” The voice sounded tired of me. “Sorry I couldn’t be of better service. Is there anything else I can help you with today?”

I was getting fed up with all the corporate bullshit so I hung up and resigned myself to a very, very difficult conversation with mom.

Being outside couldn’t last much longer. The only access to heat I had was the cabin again. And mom was there.

Unless...

I remembered the conference building, toward the front of the resort. It had to be warm in there, if it was open, right?

It took me a solid twenty minutes to make it there. The resort was built in such a fucked up, spaced out way that doing everything by car seemed to make more sense, but unfortunately with a little personal problem like mine, the amount of time spent travelling seemed more of a godsend. The thought of facing mom again, having to look her in the eye, having to spend time in the same room as her, it embarrassed the hell out of me.

Fuck me, what the fuck was she thinking of me now?

The sun was shining clear, straight down as it hit midday, and it was by that time I made it to the conference center. Windows, long and from floor to ceiling, ran along the length of the place. And yeah, there were hot tubs, on and steaming away inside.

I circled the building, trying to find the front door, but because of the snow there wasn’t really a clear entryway. The windows themselves had snow butted up against them, somewhat, the heat inside melting enough of it to leave the thinnest little corridor that people might be able to squeeze themselves into. Since I didn’t trust myself to be able to cleanly climb back up, I just circled the place until I got to an area where the snow went all the way up to the wall. I assumed it was the door, and after taking a long, hard look at it, I realized I’d need a shovel to dig it all away in order to open up a door.

“Fucking shitshow,” I complained to myself as I slowly made my way back. My stomach was growling like crazy. I mean, I hadn’t been sleeping well, and I hadn’t eaten breakfast, and after all the trekking up and down the slopes of this place in order to get anywhere, because that was an issue too, I knew that I was going to have to face mom and deal with the discomfort while I got my strength back.

And then...

And then what?

When I made it back, I was dreading the foreseeable future. We were going to be stuck inside together for forever, no telling when the plow crews were going to get over here and clear things so we could drive out. Even the car was buried completely, little more than a soft nub in the snow that I walked over to get back to the entrance.

I stopped in front of the door after taking off the snowshoes and tried to think.

I had to have an excuse. A better one. Or I had to at least pretend that my own mother’s body wasn’t affecting me the way it really was. That meant eye contact.

That meant being relaxed. That meant... pretending that everything was just like it was when I was younger. I took a deep breath and gave a little knock before opening the door and coming in.

The wall of heat that came from inside was glorious. I didn't realize how cold my face was; but now it was prickling and melting with relief. Mom was sitting on the pull-out bed, converted back into a couch. She looked up at me and gave me a little look before talking.

"You waited before coming in," she said, holding eye contact with me. "You alright?"

"Just had to make sure there wasn't any snow on my shoes," I lied, kicking them off.

Mom looked down at all the white caking them and then back to me. "I see."

Cringing, I went over to the kitchenette, rubbing my hands. Mom had already made a sandwich, toasted, and sitting on top of the stove. "It's still hot," she said, looking down at her laptop. Mom was wearing one of her loose turtlenecks, the kind that had a billowing collar. She also had on the sweats that I had put on her last night.

She kept looking up and studying me as I gratefully devoured the sandwich. "You should probably shower," she said her eyes frozen on her screen. "I did this morning. It's great hot water, by the way. Good pressure. Only took a second before it was up to temp."

"Good idea," I said, trying to act normal. Once I finished eating and warming up, mom seemed to look at me less. I figured my acting was working pretty well.

"I'm sorry again," mom suddenly said, keeping her eyes low. "For the trouble of everything."

"Oh, it's all good," I nodded and tried to change the subject. "Fuck, this sandwich is great." Tomato, mozzarella, even some basil. All it needed was a tomato soup, but we didn't exactly have that. Mom made a little smile and then closed her laptop.

"I looked into the reservations, by the way," I said, trying to get last night off both of our minds. "The reservation for the company's been cancelled, mostly. The guy on the help line said so."

Mom raised an eyebrow to that. "What do you mean?"

"I mean George got most of the place refunded for the company," I said. "And... I guess that means that we're not able to use any of the other cabins. I asked."

Mom gave me a hard look and then shook her head, disappointed. "Fucking George," she muttered to herself. "Didn't even call to ask what we needed."

"It's not a big deal, right?" I asked, wondering if her answer would simultaneously reveal that she didn't think anything was weird anymore.

She was silent for a second and nodded slowly to herself. "Yeah."

I finished the last of the sandwich. The awkwardness was so thick that I could almost get a shovel for it. "Thanks for lunch, mom."

"Mhm." She was looking a little uncomfortable. Her face was a little red and her body language was stiff and constrained on her end of the couch. Like she was trying to keep herself within a little box.

"I mean," I said, feeling awful. If mom was feeling at all uncomfortable, it was because of me. "I should apologize. I really... I promise that I was just trying to keep you comfortable and to keep you dry."

Mom looked up suddenly. "Huh? Oh. No, honey, it's fine. I was just looking at this internet. It's so fritzed that we're probably going to have a hard time finding

things to do.”

“Shit.”

“I know.”

“Do you think they’ll let us use the convention center?” I asked. “It’s snowed in and it’ll take some work with a shovel to clear the entry, but once we’ve done that maybe we can use the space. It’ll be more comfortable than hanging out in here, I think.”

Mom looked up at me and gave a nod that told me she thought it was a great idea. “You don’t have to do it now. I mean, there’s no guarantee that it’s even allowed. Let me email them. When this fucking internet works.”

“What else can we do?” I asked. The question made me nervous even if mom wasn’t. I looked around the place trying to make an inventory of all the things we could do. If mom and I were going to be stuck together, then we were going to have to wage our own little war against boredom. And I’d have my own little struggle, but that wasn’t worth mentioning to her.

While mom tried to send an email, fruitlessly cursing every couple minutes and fiddling with the Wi-Fi, I dug through the place until I had all of our options spread out across the coffee table.

“It’s not looking good,” I said to mom. “Cards. Which are great, but that’s a couple hours a day, tops. We’ve only got one pair of snowshoes, so exploring outside, which we can only really do during the day to avoid getting lost, that’s another couple hours. And there’s this DVD, *The Lovers on the Seine*. I think I’ve heard of it. It’s not a good movie and it’s only two hours long, so that’s a one- or two-time thing. Otherwise...”

“There’s cooking,” mom said helpfully. “Meditating, thinking, reading. Don’t you have some books on your phone?”

“Only accessible by internet,” I said. “And my phone isn’t giving me that. And you don’t meditate.”

“There’s using your imagination.”

“Christ, mom, what am I, eight?”

Mom smiled sweetly at me and rattled off about eight or ten other things that I hadn’t considered before. Two of them included using the shovel.

“Which you won’t do,” I accused mom.

“You’re the man around here,” she said, not looking at me and sipping at her cocoa. “Keith, you’re a young man in the prime of your life and you... you have hormones. So I don’t want to be rude, but you should probably work those off.”

Then it was palpably silent for a minute.

“I mean,” I said, facing the awkwardness like a man, “I feel like I’ve made you uncomfortable. And I’m sorry.” Sue me, it took a lot of bravery to say that.

Mom looked at me with a knowing nod and then shrugged. “It’s not that bad, Keith. You took care of me, and it was embarrassing for both of us.”

“Yeah,” I said, rubbing my eyes.

“So, to make it up to me, you’re just going to have to make dinner. And soup. And hot cocoa when I ask for it. Deal?” Mom gave me the most genuine smile I’d seen from her in a while.

“Deal,” I said, eager to get started.

“Good. Now let’s have a snow day. Like we used to, huh?” Mom shivered and wrapped herself in a blanket. “Starting with this godawful movie.”

If the internet thought *The Lovers of the Seine* was bad, mom and I thought it was worse. Probably the most agonizing two hours of my life. The protagonist of course fucked up his relationship by getting himself into a situation that made it

look like he was kissing another girl. And of course, his girl didn't like that, so she left, he said he could explain and didn't, and then it was a mooney, whiny goose chase through France until they found each other during a sunset, and—

“Jesus Christ,” Mom breathed to herself, hilariously disappointed. “That was worse than the time your father made me watch a hallmark movie with him.”

“Oh yeah?” She hadn't brought up dad in a while. “How's he doing?”

Mom frowned at me. I regretted asking pretty fast. Dad was a sore subject, and even though she was the one to bring him up, she didn't like it when people wanted to ask further. A little flaw of hers, I guess, but in this case, I really did have a vested interest in knowing.

Not that dad was a great guy. Years ago, he fucked off to South America and has since been leaving a trail of angry ex-lovers in his wake. He only sent cards on Christmas and on some birthdays, though he wasn't even consistent enough for that.

“Sorry,” I said, taking the DVD out of the player. “Tough subject.”

“I did get an email from him,” mom sighed and looked outside. “He's just rubbing things in my face again.”

“Oh?”

“Keith, please.” Mom looked at me and the seriousness of her expression told me I shouldn't really ask further.

“Cards?” I asked.

Mom relaxed. “Sure.”

I made us both some food in the middle of our card games, and hours after we started playing poker, using splinters for chips, the sun had finally gone down.

“Ah, fuck,” I said, looking outside. “Probably not going to get to shoveling tonight.”

“There's always tomorrow,” Mom offered. “And it's not like they're any closer to digging us all out. Fuck me. It's going to be Monday tomorrow. I hope George doesn't think I'm going to be happy staying here without getting paid for it.”

“Same,” I said, now worrying about my own finances.

Mom snickered. “Sorry honey. You volunteered.”

I made us dinner; soup, made with potatoes, those bouillon cubes, some flour, and a few cans of clams that I found tucked in the back. I had a chowder going after some time and that ended up taking a while, so I guess mom was right about the fact that there was a little more to existing than just finding distractions. Soon we were huddled in our blankets on the couch, listening to the wind outside and the infinitely quiet patter of snow settling against the window. I had the fire roaring, the stove still burning, and the place was like a heater.

“Wood's running low,” I assessed. I'll have to grab some more from one of the other cabins eventually. What the hell were they thinking with this little wood per place?”

“I think they counted on having more staff than a telephone booth,” Mom sighed. “Everyone's cutting corners these days.”

“Fuck 'em.”

“Keith, really.”

The clock kept ticking.

In the heat, we loosened out of our blankets. Eight PM. It was at that weird little crux of the night where it wasn't quite time to get ready for sleep, but there also wasn't a drop of light outside that said that we could do anything. I found myself pacing the place, the same little stretch of carpet while mom alternately wrapped herself in the blanket and unwrapped herself.

It's funny, when you're stuck in a tiny space with somebody, you find yourself talking about the most mundane things. We talked about potatoes, for crying out loud. And then, the real indicator that there was something wrong with me, I started cleaning.

But by the time it hit 9 PM, I was getting really worried. We had already blown through all our entertainment. The cabin was spotless since it was the tiniest little space and it didn't take any time at all to get it pristine. Mom was thoroughly cared for, and I... well. I had run out of things to do again. And my senses started to betray me.

Even though mom had showered earlier, with the heat of the fire and the stove baking us and forcing mom to sweat, to take off the blanket, to put it back on, it was like I could smell the scent of her, not in an odor, but more in the unmistakable way of sensing.

I don't know if it was because I was a horny fucking bastard or what, but the more time went on, the more I found myself looking at my mother and being transfixed. And I don't even mean sexually.

There was this humid scent, this sweet musk. Once it hit 9:30, I was so thoroughly aware of the scent and of my mother, the curve of her neck, the unfurled blanket revealing glimpses of shoulder, of skin, of the shape of her legs with the pajamas loose over them. Every passing moment meant that I was seeing more and more of mom's shape, her body, and I was growing painfully aware of how close we were, how this was just one tiny room and she was here, like my mind was pointing her out to me, screaming at me that there was this gorgeous woman here, on the couch, looking at me, close to me, and god damn, she smelled the way a woman did when she was in heat—

I don't know how I would have known something like that. I chalked it up to the beginning stages of cabin fever where crazy thoughts were coming through. In a way, I was suffering through this already, if the last couple nights weren't a major indicator that I wasn't meant to exist in a tiny space with a woman I definitely couldn't touch.

I spent a couple minutes out on the porch to cool down before deciding that I'd take a shower. Nothing like rinsing everything off and scrubbing your face to get you to see some sense and reason again.

Mom was right about the shower. The thing was fucking hot, the water pressure was powerful, and along with the pine soap that they had placed there, I got a hell of a reset that told me that I was still belonging to civilization and that I wasn't a degenerate, incestuous mountain man just yet.

When I got out of there around ten, I found mom half-asleep on the couch.

"Hey," I offered. "Let me pull the bed out, yeah?"

Mom mumbled and sat up, before heading to the stove for another cocoa. In the meantime, I pulled out the mattress, and threw the sheets over it. The remnants of my mother's scent from the last few nights floated up from the sheets, and combined with the sudden mental images of the nights previous, I found myself a little stuck.

All of the events of the last twelve hours seemed to mean absolutely nothing. Like I was a fucking werewolf and the simple presence of the nighttime was enough for the most degenerate side of me to emerge, because now I found myself stuck with the memory of that scent, the feeling of my mother's body in my hands, soft and feminine, the memory of the heaviness of her breast in my hand and how the nipple poked through, the sight of... oh god. That pink. That very special glimpse of... wet pink.

The image of it, even though it was only the briefest glance last night, was a vivid memory. Picture perfect. Her body, shining and sweaty and nude, her legs open, and... between two lips... she was open.

“Thanks for setting this up,” mom said quietly to my side. I jumped a little, having been pulled out of the little fantasy that had poisoned me.

“Yeah, yeah,” I stuttered. “You’re welcome.”

Once the bed was ready, mom climbed in, yawning. I threw some more blankets over her, and pulled back to go outside again as she drifted very, very quickly off to sleep.

Outside, the cold did nothing to stop the images that were flooding in my head. The sensations. The feeling of my mother’s waist under my cold hands as I looked for the key, the way her hips made a little flick to the side as she flirted, delirious. I forced my eyes open as I remembered the heaviness of her tits, falling from her shirt as I pulled it up, the color of her nipples... the scent of... fuck me, milk.

One face-full of snow later, I went inside and resolved that I was just going to go to bed, that I’d do enough shoveling tomorrow to tire me the fuck out, and that I was probably going to have to go out to the fucking woods to masturbate. Of course I couldn’t do it here. It was too close quartered, and how the fuck was I going to deal with the newfound strike on my conscience if I decided to jerk off within ten fucking feet of my mother?

It wasn’t looking good. It was looking fucking dire, to be honest.

“Hell’s Bells,” I muttered to myself, looking at my mom, sleeping innocently and without any worries across her face. It wasn’t that she was so fucking beautiful that was bothering me at this point.

It was that I was probably going to singlehandedly shovel us to the fucking highway to keep me from that beautiful space between her legs.

## CHAPTER 7

I wished I had a little more of that whiskey.

I knew because I had looked at my phone a hundred times over the past couple hours that it was late as hell, almost into the morning hours, and I was awake as fuck and... hard as a rock.

I didn't want to be. I had been struggling with thoughts of my mom for the last several hours. She was just sleeping, occasionally turning, pulling the blankets up and over her. I was far, far on the other side of the bed, trying to hang off the edge practically.

I've been through a couple situations where you're with a girl, she doesn't like you that way, but you end up sleeping in the same bed together. Not the most fun. It was just a matter of patience back then to make it to the day, but in this case, I was wrestling with the guilt on top of it.

How the hell does a guy end up so fucking obsessed with his mother's body? It can't be from just having seen her naked. Plenty of guys accidentally saw their moms naked. Maybe. At one point. I don't know.

What I did know was that I had a huge fucking problem, and it had two aching balls underneath it.

It took a lot of willpower to keep myself from stroking it. But what the fuck does a body expect when it's breathing in the pheromones, when the soft, feminine breathing is just a few feet away, and when her body is the kind that, I hate to admit, is the kind of body that guys fucking dream about when you say the word, "fertile."

Jesus Christ I was fucking nuts.

Fucking 'fertile'? That's what I thought my mother's body looked like?

I didn't notice while I was beating myself up over this that mom had moved her way into the center of the bed. I suddenly felt fingers, touching at my hip, and the sudden breeze as the blanket lifted slightly. Suddenly, my mother's body was next to mine.

I tried to hold perfectly still. Mom was making some sort of whimper in her sleep, her body stirring and seeking warmth. Unfortunately for me, I was that source. Mom drew closer, her body sliding up to mine and pressing against my back.

My cock throbbed, entirely without my wanting it to, as her breasts suddenly pushed against my back, warm and soft. Her hand moved along my hip and then I could feel her pulling, trying to move herself even closer.

I held as still as I could. At first, I thought it might be best if I woke her up, just told her that she was having a bad dream, something to get her to reset her position. I carefully turned myself to face up, and then put one leg down, over the edge of the bed, so that I could sit up and get out of her grasp, except...

"Landon," she whispered, her lips against my shoulder.

I took a deep breath there. Mom really was dreaming, and it was about dad.

No surprise there. Mom and dad met ages ago, starting as a bar hookup and then going full on to eternal declarations of love and marriage. It wasn't until much, much later that it all went to shit.

All I knew about their relationship early on, was that it was all passion and fire and, well, the descriptions implied sex about as much as any conversation could to avoid tipping off the kids to the kinds of things that are done in a bedroom at night. But when dad decided that married life wasn't for him and that he was going to be

a scummy piece of shit, he disappeared, and all of mom's passion and love and happiness just kind of... evaporated.

"Landon," she said again, her hand holding at my arm. "Come here... I'm cold, Landon..."

At this point, I couldn't disturb her dream.

What kind of an asshole would I be to do that? Mom didn't really have anyone in her life that made her feel like she was with somebody, so excuse me for allowing her some time in her subconscious with a lover from long ago.

While the pity and the concern did a little for me to calm my cock down, it wasn't until mom's hand smoothed along my arm, down to my hip, and then... down further, that I realized that I made a huge fucking mistake.

"Landon," mom's lips pushed against my shoulder. "Do you think I'm pretty?" Her murmuring coincided with her hand exploring my pants further, her fingers drifting along my lap until they found the fucking bulge, again stiffening, all to the insane alarm bells of my mind telling me that I was in fucking danger, that my mom was about to touch me, her hand was about to—

Her fingers wrapped around my junk through my pajamas and gave it a squeeze.

The shiver of pleasure that sent through me was nothing compared to the realization that I had just allowed my mother to squeeze my cock, and that I had to do fucking something to get out of this. If I didn't, if I just let this happen, then, well, I knew it'd complicate things at a minimum.

"Don't you like me?" Mom pulled herself up over my shoulder and her lips moved along my neck. My heart was beating with an intensity that was shuddering through my chest. Maybe if I woke her up now, I'd have a shot at explaining that maybe she had accidentally rolled over and knocked me or something, and then she wouldn't be embarrassed, but—

Mom's hand started to move over my junk. With my cock in her hand, only a bit of cotton separating her palm from my shaft, she slowly moved it and I felt the insane rigidity of my cock responding to her touch.

To my mother's touch.

Her thumb started to rub against the head of my cock.

My breath was tight and I was trying to keep myself from breathing loudly, but the way her thumb pressed down on my head, rubbing around it, smoothing up the frenulum and making me throb in her grasp was making my silence difficult.

All I could do was to try and keep quiet, hoping to god she'd either dream of something else or...

Her hand finally let go, and I was about to breathe a sigh of relief, except that her hand suddenly slipped under my shirt.

And then lower.

Her fingers tucked into my waistband, and like she was moving files with her fingers, pulled one layer of fabric toward her.

And then another.

Her hands, my mom's hand, were smoothing over my pelvis, the electric feeling of her fingers going through my pubic hair, and then—

I felt her bare hand, her palm, slowly closing over my aching stiff cock and then giving it a squeeze.

I swallowed and felt my hips respond. My mind was screaming at me to stop. But my hips pushed forward, and it was like, for a split second, that I was... fucking my mother's hand.

Something clicked inside my brain and the horror of realizing what I had done overrode everything; the pleasure, the breathing, the worry, all of it. All that I had in my mind was the fact that I had just done it, I had fucking pleased myself with my mother's hand, even if it was a giant mistake.

I had to get the fuck out of this situation before she woke up and my life would explode before my fucking eyes.

Using one hand, I went down to her wrist and carefully lifted it. Since she was asleep, her hand let go of my cock and she stirred, only minutely, as I tried desperately to have her moved before she'd wake up.

Because the simple fact was, to extricate myself from this was going to require moving out of her grasp, or her off me, and either of those were going to wake her up for sure.

Luckily, I was already on the edge of the bed. Once mom's hand was off me, and I had adjusted myself to where her mouth was only a few inches from my shoulder instead of being up and nuzzled against my neck like we were snuggling, I made a quick roll to the side—

And ended up on the cold, hard floor with a thump.

"Wh—" I heard mom stirring on the bed, my collarbone hurting from how I hit the wood planking. "Lan—uh. Keith?"

"Ah fuck," I acted as best as I could. "I think I fell off the bed. "I lifted myself slowly, trying to look like I had just woken up.

"Oh." Mom looked a little concerned in the dark. And guilty. Her face was a little pink, even visible in the dark. "I... I think I pushed you off."

"It's all good," I said, climbing back in. "Goodnight!"

Through an eye that I kept open the tiniest sliver, I watched mom staring at me, her chest moving fast and her blushed face growing a little pinker as she started to connect dots on what she was imagining in her dream versus the reality of how close she was to me. She scooted herself back, to her side, and wrapped herself in the blankets, shivering slightly.

On one hand, I felt the insane relief of not getting caught with my cock in her hand. On the other end of this, I felt bad for her. I heard her breathing steady out as she warmed up in her covers, and once she had fallen asleep again, I was able to breathe easy.

"Holy fuck," I breathed to myself as I finally fell asleep, the weird whirlwind of guilt and fear and the unbearable fucking heat of my cock, and that feeling, that blissful little feeling of throbbing in her hand, my mother's fingers pleasuring me in a way that I never thought I'd find myself longing for.

But there I was.

Longing for it.

## CHAPTER 8

When I woke up the next morning, I immediately threw myself out of the bed to avoid any temptation. Not that the temptation went away.

Mom was startled out of her sleep by my movement. She leaned up, looking through half-opened eyes, her blonde hair stock to her face and a tuft of it stuck in her mouth. “What—what is it?” She blearily looked around and saw me, hunched over, trying desperately to hide my erection.

“Just getting more wood on the fire,” I said. I grabbed some of the last pieces of wood inside and put them into the fireplace, turning the little coal pile into a warm blaze that made the place warm again over the next few minutes.

Now, I wanted to get my day started except that I was still tending to this fucking erection.

My face felt hot and my body felt like it was tensed up on a fucking wire. You know that feeling when you haven’t cum in forever and you’re feeling like a fucking raptor and you only feel this overwhelming need to put yourself inside something at all fucking costs?

Yeah. I felt it.

After a few minutes, it went down just enough for me to be able to stand without mom noticing the protrusion, too badly. I kept myself turned away from her as I got some clothes and then changed in the bathroom.

“I’ll get started shoveling,” I offered, while mom stirred still under the covers. She had the sheets over her face. Once I heard a muffled acknowledgement, I stepped outside in my boots, and took the shovel from the wall and got started.

I figured I’d do my best to clear a little perimeter around the structure, and then maybe dig a path out to the car so we could, I don’t know, listen to the radio later.

But shoveling snow ended up being a lot harder than I expected. Turns out old people fucking died from shoveling due to how strenuous it is, and how lifting your arms over your shoulders already did something to your heart. So I took it at a marathon pace and slowly dug us out from the fresh fall and the ice that had slightly compacted itself over the course of the last couple days.

When I finally came inside, chilled to the fucking bone and exhausted, mom had a plate of eggs and bacon for me on the stove. “Morning,” She offered, standing with her hip cocked to the side and an apron over her front. “Thanks for doing all that work, superman.”

“You are extremely welcome,” I said, taking the hot plate from her hands. She handed me a coffee. Our fingers touched for just a second, and while mom didn’t react to the touch, I did, and tried not to show that the very feeling of the tips of her fingers was enough to send the blood rushing to my crotch.

“I’m feeling a lot better by the way,” she said brushing the hair from her face.

“You do look a lot fresher,” I offered.

Mom wrinkled her nose at that. “Gee. Thanks.”

“Sorry. You were just in bad shape for a while.”

Mom watched me sit, wrapped up in her blanket and with her own little cup of coffee in her hand.

Once I was started on my breakfast, mom sighed. “I have bad news.”

I looked up at mom and dreaded what I was about to hear.

“Internet’s out.”

“Oh fuck,” I said, “What the fuck are you going to do?”

“Well, it won’t be work,” she said, looking pissed. “That’s for sure. George did get back to me though, right before the Wi-Fi cut. Said that at least I’d be getting paid. Not you though,” she smiled and giggled at me. “Sorry, intern.”

“Whatever.” The bad news wasn’t as bad as I thought, in the sense that going without internet wasn’t really going to make a difference for anything since it was only useful for mom’s emails and work. For me, it meant fucking diddley. The only thing that seemed to have any meaning was the breakfast—mom griddled some toast and I had butter and jam smothered over it. Best fucking breakfast in months.

After breakfast, I cleaned my dishes and went back out. To be frank, I was serious about exhausting myself as much as possible so that I’d have the mental numbness to keep from thinking of mom. Least I could do after the feast.

Shoveling a path in the snow, that wasn’t an easy feat at all. I made it about halfway to the car on this round of work before realizing that the whole damn effort was useless beyond freeing our vehicle in anticipation for the actual professional snow-plow people coming through to get us out.

My body was on fire with the exercise though. I muscled through and went until I didn’t have any energy left in my limbs and back, and then I went some more. Even when the sweat was pouring through my scarf and the drops of it were freezing at the edges, I just went until I thought I’d pass out. Not because I’m a hard worker. More due to the simple fact that the beautiful color of my mother’s nipples were dancing around in my head and there was that flash of the slick wet between her legs and...

When I finally managed to get the car unburied and even had a solid three feet of space all around it, I limped my way back through the mere dozen feet of trail I had just cut out of all that fucking snow. Piles of white, lining the walkway, were a testament to how much frozen water I had just moved.

Mom was standing on the porch, looking through the corridor that I had dug out and kept herself swaddled in a blanket. She had little moccasins on her feet and a cup of cocoa in her hand. She held it out to me and my shaking hand accepted it.

“What’s with you?” She asked. Mom was like that. So ridiculously blunt. “I never got you to work this hard at shoveling snow before. Even when it was only a few inches.”

“I like the exercise,” I lied. Inside, mom had a French onion soup already set on the table for us.

“Lucky you finished when you did,” she said, “I was thinking of coming out where and digging you out of the snow myself.”

“What have you been up to?” I asked. “I can’t imagine you were able to find anything to keep you from being bored.”

“Oh,” mom said a little offhandedly. “You know. Meditation. Things like that.” Her cheeks pinkened.

I scoffed. Mom didn’t meditate. The fact that she even suggested that she spent time on it was laughable, even in the direst moments of boredom.

Mom looked at me funny. “What?”

“It’s just,” I laughed, “you said you were meditating, but I don’t believe it.”

Mom got upset. Her face went red and she started to look nervous. “Stop it. I meditate. It’s not hard.” Her hand went to her hair to fidget with it.

“Really,” I prodded, the fun of messing with her too much. “What were you up to?”

Mom stammered for a second before her eyes settled on the soup. “Cooking,” she said, firm. And then she was done talking. She tightened the blanket around herself.

That was weird. Only cooking? For like, four hours?

I don't know what it was about that little exchange. Maybe I was imagining things. Maybe I was obsessed and assigning meaning to things that didn't have meanings, but something about the way she said that, and the way her cheeks went red and how she was playing with her hair did something to my gut. My breathing tightened, just a little bit, and I had this weird flashback to this time in college that there was a girl, looking just as embarrassed, her fingers toying with her hair and brushing it behind her ear. It's just that ten minutes after talking to that girl, I was balls deep inside of her, halfway to cumming raw inside of her pussy and then going through a pregnancy scare the couple weeks following.

But this was my mom in front of me.

And honestly with all the insanity of the last couple nights I wasn't going to think too hard about this.

Mom was just embarrassed.

That was it.

Right?

I finished my food as quickly as I could.

"Going on a walk," I said, something burning inside me. I don't know what it was. I felt weird. I felt this hungry something below my belt that had just been unlocked and I don't know if it was the way mom looked or how it reminded me of that one girl's unconditional arousal or what, but I had to get out.

The light was fading, just a little. I laced on the snowshoes as mom washed dishes, occasionally glancing at me with a worried, embarrassed expression. Without saying anything, I climbed up and out of the porch area and onto the surface of the snow, ignoring my shitty little path that I had painstakingly carved out to the car.

I had to move. I had to do something. The burning and heat and longing inside of me was bursting up. I hadn't cum in way, way too long. And I had just exhausted myself without any success at calming the fucking monster in my pants. And now I was getting weird vibes about what my mom was doing in the cabin while I was out.

What did it matter if she was doing something she didn't want to share with me? I mean, I could expect that.

Mom was an adult.

With needs.

I blinked as the snowfall started, startled by the thought of my mother, needing.

Was she masturbating while I was working?

Fuck me, I really was going stir crazy.

I moved fast, as fast as I could with the snowshoes, sifting through trees, memorizing which direction I was going, trying to keep my mind on something that wasn't the seed planted by the very idea of my mom having needs and spending time by herself and getting embarrassed and hot when pressed. Something that wasn't her body. Something that wasn't the way her hand squeezed my cock, something that wasn't the intense loneliness that had to come from over a decade of being without a man and what kind of crazy hormonal mess would she be if she hadn't had a cock inside of her for ten years...

I came out of my reverie and found myself leaning against a tree. I was breathing hard, not just from the movement, not just from my struggle to keep these thoughts at bay.

What was affecting my breathing this way wasn't any of that.

It was excitement.

I found myself shaking. On some weird primal level, the thought of my mom masturbating, the very fucking idea, sent shivers through me and made me fucking vibrate with horniness. My cock was pushing, hard as hell, hard enough for it to fucking hurt as it pushed against my pants.

Something crazy occurred to me as I looked around, checking my surroundings. After I had established to myself that there was nobody around, that I was in the woods with only my footprints being the only clue that there was another place, and with the quiet of frozen nature all around me, I realized that if there was a time and place to finally fucking masturbate, it was here.

I had a gut feeling. It jarred with my thought feelings. Part of me, the part that actually had coherent thoughts and generally kept me out of trouble, told me that *if I just masturbated to the thought of mom then all these thoughts might just go away.*

And that disturbed me.

The other side of me had this horrible, yawning hunger.

And it told me that if I were to masturbate, to imagine my mom, to think of her body and her sweat and scent, to think about the way her breasts were so heavy and how between her legs there was a *hot, wet place that would fit my cock just perfectly and no way in hell she wasn't tight by this point—*

That side of me didn't have an end thought. It focused on the only skin I had seen in weeks and *how fucking good it would be to taste it, to push my cock inside of her; you know she's fucking horny and that she was hiding it—*

I had my cock out by this point, the frigid air surprisingly refreshing around my balls, my own hand moving fast and my body tensing, coiling, all the while the thought of mom and her soft, panting whines while she was sick, the look of her sweat, making her shirt stick to her, transparent, and that *delicious slit of pink—how she might taste—have you ever heard her orgasm before? How would she look—*

I found myself biting my tongue between my teeth, suppressing my noises while my cock prepared to unleash two weeks' worth of jizz. I had already given up against the insanity of wanting her; I'd deal with the guilt of this later. The heat and the pressure was un fucking bearable, and *what kind of stuff did mom do with dad? She probably sucked his cock; she probably liked taking his cock from behind, or riding—you know she does cardio so she'd fuck like a bitch in heat, and who knows what could happen with you two trapped in that tiny little space—her name is Cara, did you know that? Dad called her that while he fucked her—*

“Fuck—” I hissed, my grip tightening. “Ugh... Cara...”

For some reason, that name felt so fucking right. I thought briefly back to that other Cara that had so gracefully swallowed my cum so many times and found myself suddenly fantasizing about *mom, on her knees, me on that bed and her mouth opening, just over my mouth, her tongue flicking out like it was ice cream—*

“Cara—” I gritted my teeth. It was coming.

*—legs spread, mouth drooling with cum, deep inside—*

“Fuck! Cara—”

I was lost in the image of *mom's legs, thick and shapely and soft and wrapped around you as you're balls deep inside and what if you came in there, where you came from, cumming inside—your semen, mom's womb, what kind of stuff do you think she said when dad came deep inside of her to make you—*

“Ca—”

I heard a gasp behind me.

I shouldn't have turned around. If I had any control over myself, I fucking would have held still or maybe dived into the snow.

But I turned.

Mom was standing there, her coat wrapped tight around her.

Mom's eyes were wide.

She was looking at my cock, the head bright red and throbbing and the shaft of it pushing beyond the palm of my hand, a drool of precum dotted against the tip.

"I—I just—" mom was stammering, stepping back. "I found another pair of snowshoes inside and I—" Her words stopped completely and I managed to snap out of how fucking stunned I was and turned away from her, zipping up my pants with my aching fucking balls hiding away.

The shame was extreme.

How much did she hear?

"I'm going to go back," mom said, her voice high and fading. "Sorry—I didn't know—I'm just going to..."

The soft crunch of snow disappeared behind me as mom left.

## CHAPTER 9

Needless to say, I did not finish. My balls fucking hurt, but what hurt more was the panic that mom had just seen me jerking it. It was entirely possible that she heard me saying her name too.

I waited for ten minutes, fifteen, just waiting and waiting until she was likely all the way back to the cabin.

What the fuck was I going to do? I had this crazy idea, this rash thought that maybe I could just break into the conference center and sleep there overnight. Or better yet, the car. If I didn't freeze to death at least it'd be a separate area and I wouldn't have to face mom, but the truth was that with the light getting darker and the chill picking up, I was going to have to figure out something else.

And the thought of facing mom, looking her in the eye, and somehow staying in the same space as her, that was off the fucking table.

*You jerked it to your mom, you jerked it to your mom, you jerked it to your mom*—all that played through my head over and over, singsongingly, like a demented tune that wouldn't end. The dark was cresting over the hills and the streetlamps were turning on automatically in the distance. The snow started to fall again, just a dusting of it, but it came with a vicious chill that cut right through my coat and sent a heavy shiver through me.

My heart was dropped somewhere in my gut as I made my way back to the cabin.

When I got to the door, I held up my fist as if I was about to knock. I didn't know what the fuck to do. Would it be more polite to knock? Should I just go inside and, I don't know, pretend it was another Cara that I was masturbating to?

If there was a plan that was going to work, it'd be that.

I knocked. Best to be polite, I figured. Mom opened the door and looked at me sideways as I came inside. She stood back and let me take off my shoes, her arms folded, her look studying and stern.

"Is there dinner?" I tried asking. "I'm starved again—"

"What did I see out there?" Mom asked, blunt.

"Uh..." I kept my eyes low. "I don't know."

"Keith," she said, her tone strange. "One of the things I really prefer in my house is honesty. Just like when you were growing up."

"Yeah," I replied as if that was par for the course.

"So why don't you tell me what I saw?" She asked.

I had this sinking feeling. There was no fucking way she was about to buy it. Maybe I could dismiss it and she'd give up on the idea. "Whatever, mom. I've got needs."

Mom nodded silently; her eyes unwavering as they stared me down. "I heard you. I heard somebody's name."

"Huh?" I looked up and acted confused. "Oh. That. I hooked up with a girl named Cara, you know. Back in college."

Mom nodded again, and took a deep breath. "Sure," she said. "Keith, you're going to be honest with me. Because I know when you're lying. I know when you're hiding things."

"I'm a dude, mom," I said, keeping my eyes averted. "I jerked off to a girl from college. It's not a big deal. Sorry I didn't warn you that I needed privacy."

"Keith," mom said slowly, her face a bright red in contrast to the rest of her fair skin. "Tell me the truth."

“I’m not—”

“Tell me the truth.”

“Mom, what the fuck—”

Mom suddenly slammed her hands down on the little table inside the cabin. The mugs were justled and the ceramic all through the cabin made a simultaneous ring. “Keith, you tell me the fucking truth, and you tell me right now!” Mom had gone high, shrill, and that’s how I knew that she was either mad, or scared, or both.

Now, you might think I’m a moron.

You might think I’m the dumbest, stupidest piece of shit this side of the Mississippi.

You might even think I needed my head checked just like mom did. Because...

I told her the truth.

Toned down, of course. And after a couple more minutes of silence. The moments ticked by silently and through it all, it was like mom was afraid to blink.

“I... I got aroused.” I finally said, finally meeting her eyes. I did not like that. Because with every word coming out of my mouth, I felt like I was sharing some terrible secret that was going to make her hate my guts or at least make her think that I needed to get locked up in a place with a lifetime supply of psyche meds. “I didn’t mean to get aroused when I got you out of the wet clothes the first night, and then the second night, when you sweat through everything, I... I didn’t mean to get all... It was just that I haven’t... It’s been a while. And I don’t want to—I don’t want to like—” I couldn’t even verbalize the whole thing. But mom was clearly discerning the meaning of it all, nodding seriously, a look of surprise, and maybe a hint of either shock or revulsion, I couldn’t tell.

My heartbeat was the only thing I heard in that cabin. It was like the sound of silence got turned up to eleven while mom nodded, silently, thinking after I had just unloaded a ridiculous amount of blather at her. The kind of blather that insinuated that I thought that she was hot.

I figured phrasing everything that way would at least soften it all. She didn’t need to hear from me that I had quite literally been fantasizing about fucking my mom.

“It’s just—” I tried to finish. “I’m—” I looked around, hoping for some kind of clue that would help exonerate me and make her think I wasn’t an incestuous freak. Then I got a quick sense that the place we were in was tiny.

“It’s just that I’m going crazy, being all cooped up in here,” I offered. “I know for a fact that nothing would be weird, even a tiny bit, if today was a normal workday and I was at my apartment that’s three times the size of this place to hang out in by myself. I mean... It’s just that we’re... we’re really cooped up. Probably a lot of carbon dioxide,” I finished, the idiocy of what I was saying somehow passing through mom’s filters.

Her gaze softened at me. She relaxed her shoulders. It looked like whatever was worrying her this much was finally either disproved or postponed, or something, because she gave me a tired look and nodded. “I get it Keith. I think I get it. You’re going crazy because this is a tight space, we’re bored, you’re stuck with mom, and the cabin has zero air flow.”

“Yeah,” I exhaled as if I had been holding in a breath for ages. “Yeah.”

Mom rubbed her temple with one hand. “Yeah. I’m... I’m sorry for getting us stuck out here. I really should have researched this place better and... well... it’s not fun for either of us. I’m going—” she started to laugh. “Ha. I’m going a little crazy too. Fuck—what a crazy way to get stuck, huh?”

She looked up, looking a little relieved that there wasn't something else said, and I jumped on it.

"No kidding."

For about half an hour, things went back to normal. Mom made us some hot tea and I found a box of cookies stuffed in a cupboard above the stove, and after I showered and was all cleaned up, we sat down on opposite ends of the couch, and watched *The Lovers on the Seine*.

This time, it started out a lot of fun. We laughed at the scripting, the wooden acting, the way people ran. Somebody dropped a dumb line and mom imitated it, copying it almost word for word.

It was when things started to get kissy that something shifted.

Not by much. But something happened in the still air of the cabin, and it was like there was a little bubble of heat that had just bloomed inside of the place, and from there, the way mom and I interacted seemed to change. It got dark outside, really dark, and mom seemed to fidget a little more, her hands toying with her hair, her sleeve, her blanket. I had a sudden realization that mom, with her pajamas, when she's tucked her legs up and around her chest that the curve of her leg would make this beautiful round where her bottom was.

I only looked at it once, but I'm certain mom saw. Because since that happened, she seemed to hold a little more still, before clearing her throat and relaxing her legs so that the emphasized shape of her ass wouldn't be visible.

When the movie dragged on, and making fun of the movie had slowly stopped and instead there was an awkward silence at the characters kissing and going to bed in a Paris hotel, we were both quiet, and frozen.

The fire in the fireplace had gone down.

Then the movie ended with a sappy orchestral theme over the end credits.

I got up to put a little more wood on, while mom turned off the DVD and put it away in its case, and she had to stand over me, just slightly, while I prodded things to make sure the flames went from a dull pile of coals to a roaring flame. Her feet here right by me, her legs, her knees cloaked by her pajamas, but somehow... she had this clean, sweet scent. Or a humidity to her, but only when I was so close.

I got up to grab just a little more wood from outside, but there wasn't much at all. "Sorry, mom," I said, coming in with only half an armful. "It might get cold a little later. I should have gotten some more from another cabin, maybe."

"It's alright," mom wasn't looking at me as she pulled the pull-out bed out of the couch. I thought she'd follow it up with some sort of reassurance, but she just pressed her lips together, trying to keep her gaze focused on the sheets and blankets.

We had one more round of tea.

This time silently. Neither of us looked at each other, and the clock, if we had one, would have sent out deafening ticks and tocks, except all that there was in the quiet of the cabin was the flickering of the coals and our breathing.

Mom's breathing wasn't steady and slow like it usually was. She seemed unsteady. Not sick, but clearly thinking hard about something. My own breath wasn't exactly steady either. I had this weird feeling that told me I should just sleep on the floor.

I kept looking at the bed while I finished my tea.

If I lay in that bed, with my mom on the other side, then...

Then what?

"Alright," Mom said, her tone a little strange. "I'm going to turn in. Goodnight, Keith." She went over to her side of the bed, sat down on the edge, and pulled the

covers and sheets up over herself. They slid along her legs, conforming to her shape, hiding her and simultaneously telling me where the angle of her hips were, her thighs, her breasts where the blankets pushed up in a little pile just under her chin.

“I’m... I’m going to sleep on the floor,” I offered.

I went over to one of the cabinets and grabbed an armful of blankets and pillows. Once it was all set up on the floor, I turned out the lights and tucked myself in, the wood pressing up hard and cold as hell. It didn’t really matter that the fireplace was full of flame, the floor, being lower, and also likely not nearly as insulated, seemed to suck warmth out of the blankets under me and then started to drain me.

In the dark, all that was left was the glow of the fireplace and the tiniest ray of orange from outside where one of the streetlamps was finally in view. Otherwise, it was just our breathing.

An hour passed, and I couldn’t hear mom’s breathing slow and soft as if she were asleep. She was still awake, but that’s to be expected. It was awkward as hell today. Thoughts swirled around, and luckily, I don’t know if it was some secret reserve of normality, but I wasn’t struggling so much with thinking of her. Finally. I actually had a chance at getting to sleep.

But that chance evaporated once I heard my name.

“Keith?” Mom’s voice was soft from the bed. “Aren’t you cold down there?”

I was. I didn’t want to say anything or come up to make her uncomfortable, but my teeth were chattering and my body was starting to shake from how damn cold it was on the floor. It didn’t help that the fire was slowly going out, that we didn’t have any more wood, and that the blankets weren’t quite as much help this time. At first, I tried to pretend I was asleep anyway, wanting to avoid any awkwardness, but I heard mom scooting on the bed over to the side where I was on the floor, and then I felt her hand, pressing at my shoulder, feeling at my face and hair. “Oh. Honey. You’re cold. Come up, alright?”

I wanted to say something like, “I don’t want to make things awkward,” but that’s not the kind of stuff you say out loud to your mother. Because of the implications.

Mom insisted. “I can hear you shivering, honey. Just come up. Please?”

I got up slowly and looked down at the sheets and wondered what the fuck was going to happen if I got in there. Mom’s shape was only a couple feet away, her curves subtly hidden and emphasized the way the sheets draped over her body. I bit the inside of my cheek and resolved I was going to try and not fantasize about her, to retain the normality that we had experienced for that brief half hour today.

It didn’t have to be weird; it didn’t have to be tense; I didn’t have to think of my mother, sexually, nor did she have to worry about me.

So, there wasn’t a problem if I just slipped into the covers, right?

Right?

I waited for a second before lifting myself onto the bed. Mom scooted all the way back to her side, and I settled into the farthest point away from her. Even over the few seconds that she was over on my side, she had warmed the mattress and sheets slightly, so I slid in and felt the warmth surround me and ease the shivering.

It really was warmer up there. The fireplace was radiating the last of its heat upward and so we caught a bit of that, and within minutes, I was toasty and comfortable again.

But then there was the issue of sleep.

And that my mom was hot as hell.

Ten minutes went by. Twenty. Forty. My cock ached in my pants and I had a million different versions of her in my head, moaning, whispering... kissing.

Mom's breathing hadn't changed.

I knew there was a way to make myself sleep, so I tried it, slowing my breathing all the way down, nestling my face in my pillow to shut out any light, and trying to focus on the sound and feeling of my breathing until my body finally dropped into a relaxed state. I wasn't asleep, but my body felt like it was on the verge of it. Even the horniness went down.

Once I was under the covers, and let the warmth get to me and to ease me out of the tense shivering that had come with the floor, I felt... I felt mom's warmth, radiating from the other side of the bed, from underneath the covers where her warmth seemed to flow through the sheets and to glow around me.

And when you're in a bed with a woman, her warmth is enough to excite you.

And while I wish it wasn't the same thing that was happening to me, the simple fact was that my body, it already knew about my mother. My mind had already remembered her skin, my eyes had already seen the real warmth inside of her... between her legs...

And she was only a couple feet away—

My cock was hurting from how erect it was. I kept myself pointed away from mom so that there was no chance she'd see, and I just fucking lay there, cock throbbing, my mind roaring with the image of my mother, in the nude, her breasts pushing up and tipped with bright, sharp nipples, the slick heat of... of her pussy.

Mom's pussy was so wet that night.

I tried harder to calm myself, and time went by, slowly, agonizingly, as I pretended to sleep.

Then I felt mom shifting in the bed.

I tried to keep my breath slow. I tried to keep myself as close to the appearance of sleep as possible.

Mom had slid her herself to the center of the bed.

And then farther.

I could feel her hand, pressing gently against the middle of my back, feeling at me, her palm warm and soft.

And then I could feel her drawing closer. Soon, her body was inches from mine. I could hear her breathing, unsteady, nervous.

And that made my heart race.

What the fuck was she doing?

Mom sidled closer, I could feel her body turning, and at last she put her back up against mine, her body warm and sharing in mine, and there, she held still.

I have to admit, it felt amazing, having my mother's body heat there, close, and if she hadn't moved even more, I probably could have fell asleep, just like that.

Except that's not where she stopped.

Over the course of the next few minutes, mom kept moving, slowly, her body turning. And then pressing closer. Her hands went to my arms. And around them. And then she was spooning me, holding onto me, like she hadn't done in a long, long time.

I could feel her breasts pushed up against my back.

I could feel her breathing against my neck.

I could feel her hand.

It was slipping down my arm and toward my hip.

Then I could hear her whisper, testing me to see if I was awake. "Keith..." her voice was so quiet that it was barely audible. But I did nothing, hoping that she'd

just think I was asleep and then she'd stop.

Or that she'd keep going.

Her body pressed closer. I could feel her hips pressing against my lower back. Her arm wrapping around me.

She held me close and then said my name again, trying to see if I was still awake.

Her hand then moved forward, across my hip.

And my heart stopped as her hand was on the front of my pelvis, and then she found the way my pants had tented, my cock throbbing, and she stopped there.

My breathing wasn't steady anymore. My heart was beating wildly. There was no way she couldn't tell, unless... she simply couldn't.

Her hand kept moving. Her fingertips tracing up only over centimeters as she slowly felt up the angle of my pants and then...

Right as her fingers touched at the head of my cock, it throbbed, heavy, and pushing against her touch.

I could hear mom make the most subtle gasp.

It clicked. In the most insane way.

Mom really... she was... I wasn't sure how to phrase it in my head. All that mattered at this instant was that mom was feeling my cock and her hand was moving over it more earnestly, her palm closing over the head of it, just for a moment, her breath shaking even more tensely as her hand closed around the fullness of the head of my penis underneath the fabric.

And my cock throbbed, and throbbed, and throbbed against her palm, my breath was breaking with the feeling, my mind was splintering at the realization that mom... wanted to touch it. She wanted to feel my cock.

Her son's.

But I knew for a fact that if I pretended to wake up, if she knew I was awake, that all of this would end, immediately, without any sort of resolution and for fuck's sake, I was too selfish to do anything to make her stop—I didn't care that it was my mom touching me, or rather, I cared a lot and I just wanted her to squeeze it, for her bare hand to wrap around it and...

Her hand lifted off my cock. It took all my willpower not to exhale or to thrust my hips forward so she would be touching it again.

Except that suddenly her hand was on my stomach, my pelvis, her bare palm seeking and feeling at my bare skin before she slipped her hand under the band of my underwear—

And then there was a sudden bloom of warmth and hot pleasure as mom's fingers wrapped around my throbbing, aching cock.

I heard her breath halt completely as her fingers wrapped around it, as her fingers explored the veins and the length, and then her fingertips traced along the head of her son's cock, and for the love of god I should have woken up in some way but mom was too carried away and I wasn't going to stop her; mom was touching me, her fingers wrapped around and sensing, exploring, and then her hand tightened and she moved herself, slow, and...

...milked me.

My jaw ached. My heart was beating a million times a minute. Her hand pushed up and pulled down, masturbating me slowly, her breath unsteady against my neck and her body... shaking.

Mom was excited.

She was fucking excited as she touched me.

I bit down on my pillow, trying to hold still as her pace increased. She really thought I was asleep, she really thought that I was just going to be unconscious through this, and I wasn't going to tell her to stop, no fucking way; I stifled a groan into silence as my penis seemed to burn with pleasure under her grasp. She squeezed me harder, moved her hand faster, keeping up a steady rhythm that would have made me groan and push my hips forward if this were any other girl, any woman, but my mother.

Do you know how hard it is to keep from reacting when you've held in your cum for weeks and have been blue-balled time and again and now finally the most forbidden woman in your life is finally masturbating you and making you throb in her palm—I felt my breath tightening, her breasts squishing against my back, her breath high and eager and in the excitement of thinking that she was getting away with this. I couldn't imagine what was going through her head.

I wondered about that the whole time, even as my breathing was getting tight no matter how hard I tried to seem steady. And as I let out a little gasping groan, mom seemed to freeze, at first, until she realized that I was still holding still, and then I heard her whine, almost imperceptibly, excited, her hand pumping faster and more eagerly.

And I was getting close.

My cock was screaming to release, my balls pulsing with pressure, Mom laid her head against my back and her fingers slipped down to feel at my swollen testicles as she let go slightly, feeling my balls and all the stuff stored inside. Mom seemed to take a deep breath, steeling herself in some resolve, her gasps a whisper as she tightened her fingers around the base of my cock, and then jerked me off at a speed that I couldn't fight against.

My mom was about to make me cum.

I couldn't control it, my breathing, my tone. There was too much stored up, too much sexual disappointment from before, but now the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in the nude was preparing herself, ready to make me bust, and—

It wasn't that it was just that my mother was touching me.

It was that she was excited to.

"Come on—" I suddenly heard her trembling voice behind me. "Come on—"

I couldn't hold it back. The tension was too extreme, the pleasure was too much, the fact that it was my mother's hand on my cock, the same hand that used to wipe my mouth when—

I shuddered.

And came.

All over my mom's hand.

Her grasp tightened and her breath suddenly went to a series of surprised gasps as my cock flooded with cum, as I spent weeks of pent up jizz, squirting out and up and over her fingers, drops falling into the sheets and smearing over her fingertips as she kept jerking, my body tensing and my hips pushing out uncontrollably as she tightened herself against my back, in wonder and awe at all the stickiness that was spurting out of my junk and covering her hand. Her palm moved up and she held the head of my cock again, feeling the cum filling up the well of her palm and then...

I gave a final suppressed groan as the last of my pent-up semen came out. I tried to hold still, tried to pretend I was still asleep. My heart was pounding like crazy, not just because I was cumming, but because mom was definitely going to notice and find out that I had been awake for this the entire time—"

Except that she didn't notice.

Mom was holding still, her breathing stopped, my jizz dripping from her fingers and onto my side of the bed, and then she lifted her hand, off, drops still falling and onto my pajamas, before she drew back her hand, covered with my seed, over to her side of the bed. I could hear a tissue pulling from somewhere behind me, and then I could hear her wiping it up. As I maintained my façade that I was still asleep, she scooted back, still observing me and trying to make sure that I hadn't woken up yet.

Now, my body was shuddering in relief. The afterglow of two weeks of spent jizz is like nothing else, and the shuddering realization that my mom had just jerked me off was... I mean, call it sick, but it was intoxicating. It was great for any girl to jerk me off but... mom?

It didn't take long for the relief of having released all over her hand to lull me towards unconsciousness.

I could hear mom, somehow relieved as well, her body still and her breathing slowing on the other side of the bed.

I had this funny feeling that it was out of concern or something, that she jerked me off.

And that last thought, somehow warm and nice, like a cool cloth when you're sick, that comforted me as I drifted off to sleep.

But the last thought that entered my head as I dropped off wasn't of appreciation.

It was that I was going to have to pretend for the rest of my life that I didn't know what she had done.

*To be continued...*

*Hey.*

*What did you think?*

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# THE CABIN FEVER



## A MOTHER / SON SLOW BURN NOVEL PART 3

By  
Fake Flower

**INCEST**

# THE CABIN FEVER



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# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[CHAPTER 10](#)

[CHAPTER 11](#)

[CHAPTER 12](#)

[CHAPTER 13](#)

## CHAPTER 10

I woke up feeling the weirdest blend of satisfied, horrified, and starving.

Horrified, not because I thought mom was a bad person for jerking me off, and more that I even let it happen. I knew for a fact that if I just pretended to wake up, if I had given any signal that I was conscious, there was no way she would have done that.

And speaking of, why the hell did she do that?

It was something to feel the bodily calm that comes after finally releasing. On one small measure, you'd think I could be grateful for that, but the mindfuck of knowing that my mother was the one to make it happen was too much to wake up to.

I sat up in the bed and saw mom, a robe around her body and a light blanket around her shoulders, trying to lift an egg from the pan to flip it. Her movement was measured, careful, until the flip happened. It was a well-practiced move that I had seen all the time growing up, but with only her robe covering her lower half, I saw the fast jiggle of her ass as the egg was scooped and flipped with the motion of her arm and body. She half turned and saw me looking at her.

"Morning, sunshine."

"Hey," I said, feeling on edge. I tried to hide that I felt that way and checked the sheets to see if any of my jizz was left as evidence; if there was nothing, then it was possible that I was just dreaming last night, and that I'd just have to worry about this as a brand-new fetish instead of a family secret.

Except that there was no chance that I was dreaming.

The evidence was there, to put it cleanly.

"The internet's been horrible," mom said as she dished up the eggs along with some french toast. In the meantime, I slipped into some pants so that everything left over from last night wouldn't be visible.

Sitting at the table with mom, across from her, that was a trip. She looked down at her food and ate, absent-mindedly and occasionally glancing at her laptop, as if it were just a regular weekday and she were just getting ready for work.

"Oh," she said, looking up and making eye contact with me, "do you think you could go to that help line phone thing, the one by the entrance? I'm sure if we ask about the snow patrol that they'll know something. I mean, they have to."

"Sure," I said, burying my thoughts in the french toast. Fuck me, it was fluffy.

Mom made the best french toast. She had this method that involved using sugar in the egg mix, and it made everything just a little crispier. I was never able to emulate it since I kept burning the damn things, but somehow, mom, even with the little kitschy wood stove in our cabin, had managed to make them perfectly. Crispy at the edges, soft and fluffy on the inside, sweet and light and syrupy—

Mom's right hand lifted a fork to her mouth.

That same right hand that had jerked me off in the night just moved along as if it hadn't done anything. Her hand twisted as she took the food into her mouth and I watched, transfixed, seeing her fingers delicately twisting, the rest of her hand just... moving. Up, into her mouth.

And then down.

The feeling from last night surged into my memory. Her palm, the way she closed it around the head of my cock, the way she held her hand just in front of my cock as I came, so that most of my jizz would pool in her hand—

"If we don't get let out of this place in a couple days, I'm suing," mom joked.

"Yeah. Ha." I scarfed down the rest of my food, feeling weird about seeing her act so calmly. What the fuck was going through her head? Didn't this bother her? If I was in her shoes, I don't know what the fuck I'd be thinking to myself. I'm not a prude, or anything, but for Mom to touch her own son's cock, to masturbate him while he was asleep, that kind of thing doesn't happen out of nowhere and it certainly doesn't disappear into nothing. Mom had to have something in her head about it, she had to be thinking something.

I had this weird little question in my head that asked whether she... enjoyed touching it. Whether she wanted to, or rather, why she wanted to. Did she feel pleasure in touching me? Did she like how my cock felt in her hand?

Was all that breathing really excitement?

The questions got louder in my head.

"I'm going to go check that phone," I said, getting up. Mom mouthed another piece of French toast and gave an off-handed "mhm" in response.

Once I was dressed and set up with snowshoes, I ventured out into the cold. The snow had increased just a little since last night. Only a few inches of soft white on top of the crispy shell of ice that had formed over everything. It took some balance work, and a little more time than I'm comfortable admitting, but I finally made it to that kiosk and did the same thing as earlier. I laid down on the snow, dug out the space where the phone was with one hand, and when I could reach the damn thing, I held it up to my ear. God damn it was cold.

"Good morning, and thank you for calling the November Resort. Er, Ranch," a tired voice said on the other end. "Is there anything I can do to make your stay better?"

I bit back a response that involved them getting off their ass and digging us out of this place but kept it civil. Somehow. Once I asked about the snow patrol, they seemed happy to actually have an answer for me. "Yeah," the voice said behind the crackle. "Snow patrol said they're clearing up to the resort property tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I asked. "That's amazing!"

"Yeah," the voice sounded relieved to hear somebody that wasn't complaining. "So I guess you'll be ending your stay then?"

"That's the plan," I said, excited.

"Aw, well I hope you enjoyed your day," the voice said with the most perfect and inauthentic customer service voice. "Did you guys like the conference center and spa? That's a big favorite."

"Oh. We didn't get to go inside."

"You didn't?" The voice now sounded a little confused. "It's open."

"Well, the door's snowed in—" I tried to explain.

"It's unlocked, yeah," the voice returned. "So just dig it out and you guys can go inside."

"Just dig it out," I repeated. These people were fucking unreal, but hey, if it meant another space to check out that wasn't our tiny cabin, I guess it might be worth it. "Alright, man. Thanks."

"We hope you enjoy the rest of your stay at the November Ranch!" The voice said cheerily before hanging up first.

Now, if I had internet and I wanted to be a vicious douche, I could write a bad review for the place and say something mean about how fucking difficult it was to enjoy being here, but honestly, the prospect of being able to leave and the chance at getting to use the spa area was too exciting. I went back to Mom with the great news, my mind relaxing the whole way. It was just one more night. Just one more little night and a hell of a lot more to do along with it. To me, that meant that this

whole situation with mom was just about over.

"Tomorrow!" I announced as I came in.

"What's going on?" Mom was sitting on the couch, her hand on her head as she struggled against the Wifi.

"Snow patrol's showing up tomorrow. They're going to dig us out and then we're going home. Finally."

"Thank goodness," mom muttered to herself.

"Guess what else," I said, grinning.

Mom took in my excitement and looked skeptical. "What?"

"The spa is open."

Mom's eyes went wide. She wasn't skeptical anymore. "Laundry."

"What?"

Mom looked around, almost giddy. "The brochures said they had laundry machines in that building, so we can actually get everything freshened up before we go—" she started gathering the laundry from our suitcases.

"I've still got to dig it out," I said.

"That's fine, go on! I'll get everything else cleaned up here."

With that, I was sent back outside. When I made it to the conference center with a shovel, it took me a little less time than before to dig out the doorway. Luckily, there was only so much snow in that area and it wasn't like I needed to dig out an actual path thanks to the snowshoes.

Once that was done, I was about to head inside again, except that mom stopped me, half-dressed up in her winter gear, and told me to get some wood from the other cabins. "It's just one more night, so not too much," she warned, putting together a couple bags full of clothes. While I was mid-shoveling in unburying some of the wood from one of the neighbor cabins, I saw her, all bundled up and tottering on her own snowshoes, carrying the laundry over.

When I was done, and all worked up and sweaty, I went over to the conference center to see how mom was doing. I hadn't even explored inside of it yet. The entry spread out into a couple of halls that extended the place into a long, long stretch, one side holding an empty conference room that had all kinds of projector equipment. The other side of the building held the spa, all the décor seeming to trickle in that direction. It was like the place condensed itself, being the most roomy at the conference room end, and then growing more and more tight towards the other.

I ducked into the spa rooms opposite the conference end and saw the hot tub, still on, roiling with bubbles. A sauna center with a couple rooms was tucked into the back of that area, and there was a television and some spacious couches set up for an impromptu theater, opening up slightly. The open space of it, even the parts that were smaller than the rest, was unreal.

"It's like you can actually breathe in here, huh?" Mom appeared behind me as I marveled at how the smallest spaces in the building still felt bigger and more roomy than the cabin.

"No kidding."

"You didn't pack your swimsuit, did you?" She asked.

Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but at no point in the entire process of getting pulled into this volunteer thing did mom tell me to pack a swim suit.

"Of course not."

"A shame," mom shook her head and wagged her finger at me. Her jacket was open and every movement dropped a little bit of snow dust off her, same as it was with me. "You're going to have to wait until I have shorts ready for you then."

I looked at the hot tub and felt weird about how small it was. It could barely fit two or three people and I definitely didn't want there to be any misunderstandings. "Oh, it's fine, I'll skip the hot tub."

"Uh huh. I'll wash your shorts anyway," mom said as she explored the place. "Oh. Look in here!" She opened a cabinet, and inside, there was a treasure trove of things to do. Puzzles, games, and even a stack of DVD's.

"No fucking way," I marveled. I'd never been this happy to see so many old discs.

Mom popped an action movie from a couple decades ago into a DVD player hooked up to the television, and in awe, we saw the menu show up in glorious twenty-eight-inch screen high definition. Once mom pressed play, we stood there for long minutes, not even settling onto the couches, just enjoying how the sound bounced around the place and how nice and dry it was. Mom eventually pulled off her jacket, wearing a turtleneck that was slim around her arms, her waist, but accentuated her chest. I kept my eyes averted but occasionally took a glance, not on purpose.

But every look, each time, was a refresher from nights ago.

Under the cotton of her turtleneck, I couldn't help but superimpose the image of her bare breasts, her nipples, the warmth and softness of them as they pressed into my back while she touched me—

I shook myself out of it and looked around for something else I could do.

"You don't want to see the movie?" Mom called as I left the room.

"Nah," I said. "You go ahead. I'll explore a bit more."

It didn't take long to find the kitchen. Or rather, the kitchenette. It was a tiny space, a little cramped, but with a full oven and a stovetop. And in the cabinets—

"Oh hell yeah," I breathed. Snacks.

It didn't take much more exploring for me to chill out. I eventually brought an armful of chips and cookies and juice boxes over to mom, along with a bag of popped popcorn.

"No way," mom seemed delighted as she took the bag of popcorn. "You know this means movie night, right?"

"All of them I'll bet."

"Every single DVD, if you're up for it." Mom was finally having some fun here. Leave it to mothers to only have real fun when they're in the spa end of a building.

We spent the afternoon going through movie after movie, just drinking in the entertainment. Every once in a while, mom would get up to go take care of some more laundry stuff, and somehow things had settled into some uneasy little balance of normalcy. When she'd walk off to get to the laundry room of the place, I actually managed to not look at her ass. At the same time, I still felt a little weird and uneasy.

That feeling multiplied when Mom suddenly came out of the laundry room in her robe. And to me, it looked like only her robe.

"Oh. Hey." I didn't mean to stare but I guess I did for just a second too long.

Mom gave me a weird look as she walked past me and toward the hot tub room. "Your workout shorts are folded up in the laundry area, if you want. Those count as trunks, right?"

"I guess," I said. Mom shrugged and went inside. The door had a massive window in the center of it, giving me a full view of the hot tub area, and against my better judgement, I kept looking through it as mom unfurled her robe.

It seemed to fall to the ground a little too slowly.

Mom was wearing one of her one-piece swimsuits, the kind with the low back that seemed to just hold her from the front, and left her with basically a panty-sized covering for her bottom. And fuck me, the way it clung to her ass was too much for me to look away. It wrapped around the bottom curve of her butt and seemed to suck in tight where her apex was. As she stepped toward the bubbling tub, I watched her ass chewing up the fabric of her swimsuit and saw the exact shape and curve of her ass as it led to that secret place between her legs, emphasizing the exact spot where her ass curved out from her leg, emphasizing the soft lips of her pussy, visible thanks to how tightly it clung to her.

And it clung to the rest of her too, tight on her chest, her breasts looking compressed and wanting to break loose and burst out of the rest of it. Every little movement seemed to contain her breasts in the tightness of the swimsuit, and to the unknowing person, it'd seem that maybe she was more busty than the swimsuit would let on, but me, I knew. I knew exactly how much of her breasts were hidden, exactly how heavy they were.

Exactly what they would look like once the swimsuit was gone.

Right as she seemed to turn my way, I ducked to look back at the screen and tried to make it look like I was thoroughly enthralled by the has-beens on the screen. After a moment, I turned to look back.

Against my better judgement.

Mom had settled into the hot tub, facing away. I watched her bare back this time, her arms spreading and her fingers walking along the concrete that edged the tub. Her blonde hair ran over her back, some of it dipping into the water, clinging to her, some of it veiling the sides of her face.

I felt this heat in me. The same heat as before. A little disturbing thought crept in that this heat was quite literally the sensation that I described as the feeling of not having cum in forever, except that I did, just last night.

Into her hand.

Why did I still feel this way?

Why did I want to see more?

And at the same time, I wanted to forget about all of this. I mean, moms weren't supposed to be sexy. Moms were supposed to be your friend. Things were never supposed to be tense this way, I wasn't supposed to feel this heat and this longing to stare and to get close and to feel her body under my hands again, to feel her wet skin, no longer damp with sweat but with the warmth of a hot tub... Fuck. It would be so easy, to just take my fingers and to peel her swimsuit from her shoulder and to let it come down.

It would just fall from her breasts, wouldn't it?

As I stared after her and struggled with the guilt of wanting to see more of my mom's body, I didn't realize that she was turning. I mean, on one hand, I could. I saw her torso gently bend as she turned around to look at the door, and as she turned, her hair started to unveil her face. Mom really was gorgeous, both at this time and long ago, and as the hair drew back on her face as she turned, I basically took in her features, side profile, at slow motion. Her cheeks were high and gentle, her lips were full and as they eclipsed her turn, I marveled at how soft they looked, how light and pink they were. Mom's eyes were so vibrant that even as she turned, the light caught through them for a split second and I saw the brightest flash of emerald, green in her eyes.

As her chest turned toward me, I couldn't help but watch the curvature of her breasts; it was like the sun and the snow all conspired against me in order to create the most gorgeous reflective glow coming through the windows and onto my

mother's chest, before shining through the window between the television room and the hot tub.

Truth be told, I was marveling at her. At my mom's beauty, still there even in her forties, if not highlighted by the awareness that only life experience gives. Mom was beautiful. Not just beautiful, but lovely and gentle and learned and... just a little sad.

As that last little tail of a thought occurred to me, I realized that she was staring at me.

More accurately, she was staring at me while I was staring at her.

Mom raised an eyebrow at me, and I could only blink, shrug, and wave.

Mom seemed to snicker and then turned away and back to her relaxation in the hot tub. Even as she turned away, I didn't. Minutes passed, watching the lowering sun glinting through her gorgeous blonde hair, the steam of the place haloing her.

The tension was gone for those blissful moments.

As I worshipped her.

After the television made some snapping noise for a gag, I shook myself out of it. It was almost narcotic, seeing my mother in that way.

What a fucking miracle, I thought to myself, that mom didn't think anything weird of me staring after her that way. Especially considering what happened last night. Was she really so confident that I was clueless? Was she really so sure that her son didn't know, didn't feel it?

She sure acted like it, her head leaning back and her whole body seeming to melt into the hot tub, guiltless. Her head lay back and I could see just the tips of her breasts under the swimsuit as her body arched up. She stretched her back that way, angling herself upward, and I had to carefully close my eyes and look away as the light show coming through the glass in there only made her body look heavenly on display.

This couldn't go on.

I got up, knocked at the door, poked my head in.

Mom turned upward at me, looking relaxed and sleepy. "Hey, superman," she said gently. My cock throbbed under my pants as I turned myself to hide my pants behind the door.

"Hey," I said. "I'm going to head to the cabin, and I'll cook us some dinner, yeah?"

"Oh?" Mom turned around and leaned down onto the concrete to face me.

I wished she didn't do that.

Her breasts pressed onto the concrete, ample and rounding almost out of the top of her swimsuit. I know for a fact that she didn't mean anything by it, but it still didn't do much as far as keeping my mind off of the pink nubs just barely hidden by the cloth.

"Yeah," I said, turning away. "See you in a bit; I'll bring it by and we can re-heat it in the oven here."

"Oh, just bring the ingredients!" Mom called to me as I was about to close the door. "It's an electric stove here. It's going to be a lot better than using the wood stove at the cabin, won't it?"

"Yeah, but I'm getting used to it," I lied. "See you soon."

On a glance back before leaving, mom was frowning at me, looking just a little concerned. I avoided the look and went outside, snowshoed up, and wandered my way back with the half-submerged lights of the camp guiding the way.

The walk back to the cabin was surreal. It's a wonder what just a little time treading on snow does for the mind; for me, it was a magical moment of reflection

that drilled the same images into my head, the same flesh-tones, the same movement of her breasts. I felt this thick hunger in me, one that grew harder to deny with each step as it all solidified.

My mother was so, so fucking beautiful.

My mother was so, so fucking gorgeous.

And a little crazy piece of me said that it was probably alright that she jerked me off, that my own mother used her hand to make me cum.

Fuck—what must it have been like, feeling her son's semen squirting up and over her hand?

The thought was so fucking crazy. Nobody'd believe me. If anyone did they'd immediately ask a lot of questions.

When I got into the cabin, I was stuck on what to make, and decided on whatever was going to take longest, hoping that through the process of cooking and working that somehow this crazy little thought would leave, but through the entire order of making biscuits from scratch, through cooking up a stew, I couldn't shake the fact that the bed where this all happened, was just folded up and right behind me. At some point, when everything was in the proper pots and the biscuits were cooking in the Dutch oven on the stove, I was just stuck in that cabin, staring at the couch.

Reality wasn't leaving me at this point.

Mom made me cum.

Mom made me cum all over her hand.

She had to wipe it off that night; what the fuck was going through her mind as she cleaned my sperm from her hand? What did she think of how it felt on her... her skin? What was she thinking before she started? Was she afraid of getting caught? Did she do it because it was sexually exciting or because she really just wanted me to not be so horny? Was it because she felt bad about my breakup?

Was there a chance she wanted to do it again?

The hot smell of burning biscuits, along with a thick cloud of smoke, suddenly caught my attention.

You know when you're stuck thinking of something wild, all the while you're supposed to be careful with something? And that wild thought just makes you forget one critical, little step?

In this case, it involved grabbing the Dutch oven lid with my hand and scalding the shit out of it. I practically threw the lid across the cabin and it clattered, loud as fuck and denting the wood floor, and making a scary little sizzling noise as the edge of the lid burned into the wood.

After throwing open the window and the door to empty the place of smoke, and plunging my hand into the snow, I got my wits together and managed to take the dutch oven off before the bottoms of the biscuits burned too much worse.

A solid fifteen minutes later, the biscuits (or rather, the tops of them) were detached from the bottom, the stew was collected in a pot with a lid, and I was on my way back, absolutely no better in terms of the content of my thoughts. And now I had to struggle with both of those and the logistical problem of transporting a full stew with biscuits across a long distance of four-foot-deep snow.

For one, trying to lift the stew up onto the ice before climbing up with my snow shoes made for a bit of a problem. Partially because the pot was so damn heavy. And at the same time, it was hot. Imagine trying to time a melting pot disappearing into the snow while you climb a ridge wearing snowshoes. Yeah. Yours truly did that.

Walking back through the snow, carrying the stew and the biscuits, solidified the idea that something needed to change. And it needed to change, fast. I couldn't operate if things were going to stay this way; I wasn't about to go the rest of my life with these fucking feelings for my mom.

Walking back took a bit of balance, and with the gentle night air and the glow of the lamps just above the snow, and with the trail of our snowshoes clearly marking the way to the convention center, walking back did eventually turn into a little space of zen. But not enough to shut off all my thoughts, the ones that struggled with my beautiful mother and the way she had touched me. And definitely not enough to prepare me for what I saw as I crossed the ridge and the convention center came into view.

Part of it was definitely that the lights were on inside. Another was that mom was still in the hot tub area, but this time, she wasn't in the tub itself.

I stopped in my tracks and couldn't help but watch her.

Mom was looking at herself in a mirror that was placed close to the hot tub. She was posing, not sexually; instead she was merely examining herself, her hands lightly touching over her body as she held different poses, just trying to look cute. Even with the steam of the place, it was ventilated enough that the windows were almost perfectly clear, giving me the fullest visual access to everything about mom that she showed off. In the mirror, I could actually see my mother's expression too. She held her hips carefully, turning herself from one side to the other, looking closely at her face, her forehead, her sides. Her breasts. Her ass. She toyed with her hair and made faces, trying to look beautiful.

But she looked almost distressed.

And insecure. With every pose, she just seemed to frown afterward. Even though she looked incredible and her body was in its prime, and I mean that literally, mom's body was as fit as it's ever been, and she drew so much attention whenever she was even remotely close to men that there was no way she was dissatisfied with how she looked.

But there she was. From the way that she looked at herself I could tell that to her, people's admiration didn't count. Her stare was analytic, critical, tearing her down from the inside, focusing on every tiny detail of her that she could criticize. And then she wouldn't smile at herself.

That brought back a flood of memories.

She never, ever, ever at any point dated after Dad left. She never accepted praise, she never allowed men to speak with her beyond what was absolutely necessary. And it wasn't because she was stuck up or wanted to be distant from men, lord knows she was lonely ever since dad left, but the truth was, I realized, that she was mostly insecure. And that attention from men, to her, didn't feel deserved. She had her looks, that was true, but even in her place of work it was only an asset that could be used and not something legitimate that was actually a part of her.

At that moment I realized that my mom didn't feel beautiful.

What a collection of thoughts to live with. Attracted to mom. Touched and pleased by her. Her insecurities, unmerited. Beautiful and unknowing and masturbating her adult son in his sleep.

Look. None of the weird shit that's been happening over the last few days means anything when it compares to how much I loved my mom. I'm not exaggerating when I say that I'd do whatever, go through anything, awkward or not, to help her feel like I love her. Mom was wonderful, through and through, from the very fucking beginning.

And then I realized that I was the only man in her life.

If anyone was going to make her feel at all better about herself, that responsibility fell to me.

I mean, I owed her at the minimum the love and respect that she deserved, and even with everything being so awkward and weird and with mom maybe making a mistake that otherwise never would have occurred to her in this situation, the simple fact was that I owed her. Mistake or not.

Mom raised me, mom was good to me, mom cooked 99% of the time. Mom got me my job, saw me through college before that, saw me through school without my turning into a delinquent, mom worked jobs and spent the time necessary to make sure I turned out okay, even set me up with a career path and even went the extra step of bailing me out when I was about to lose it, and honestly, if the worst part about her son after all this was that he thought that she was too fucking hot and he had some inappropriate thoughts about her, then maybe she didn't do too bad a job. I'm sure some psychiatrist out there would back me up on it, even if there was a Freudian twist to their opinion.

God, I hoped she liked the food.

## CHAPTER 11

I moved on, and I carefully edged my way down the little slope to the entry, and came in. "Dinner!" I called, as if this was home and as if I were just coming in after a long day with some takeout.

After a few seconds, I heard mom using the door by the theater.

"Over here!" I called her to the conference room, or whatever the open space was at the other end with the projector and all that open space.

Mom showed up in a towel over her swimsuit. "Keith?" When her head poked into the conference room, her eyes widened at the big pot of stew that I had brought in. "Wow. I wondered what took so long. Smells great."

"Pretty sure it's your recipe." I set the food on the ground and rolled a table from the edge of the place to the center. Mom disappeared to change into some real clothes and came back a few moments later. By that time, I had grabbed some silverware from the kitchen, a couple plates, real napkins. I had a legitimate table for two set up in the center of the space, the square and open windows ringing us and the mellow dark of the resort surrounding the place with soft orange streetlights. You could describe it as romantic, I guess. Except I definitely wasn't going in that direction.

"Oh, Keith, this is lovely!" Mom came in, wearing a large sweater that billowed around her and wrapped her in what must have felt like a blanket. Her hair was tied up behind her head and she had on the jeans from the first night.

"You look amazing," I said.

Mom looked at me with a curious glance before saying thank you. When she came up to the dinner table, I moved over to pull her chair out.

"Oh, so fancy," she said to herself before sitting down shyly. "What did I do to deserve this?"

I shrugged, ignoring the obvious answers that would have ruined the night. "Just wanted to have a nice final night here. I figured it was a great way to finish up our little vacation."

"Huh. Vacation." Mom laughed to herself while I dished up everything. "Wow. It smells wonderful." She took a mouthful from a spoon and closed her eyes.

"Good?"

"Mhm." Mom savored it for a second before swallowing. I watched her throat make a little bob and felt something weird inside of me. Her lips parted as she smiled. "It's great, honey."

"Glad you like it."

We ate the rest of our food in comfort, talking about the rest of the movies in that pile that we were going to watch, the one particular European art film we were going to avoid, the ludicrousness of this place and how badly she was going to review bomb it.

"These assholes definitely deserve it," I agreed. "I was about to write my own after talking with the guy today. But if things go well tomorrow I might have mercy on them."

"The people need to know," mom said urgently. "These assholes have to be stopped from offering such a terrible place to stay if they're going to advertise it the way they did." Mom went on about her new crusade and all the people she was going to call when we finally made it back home. "The Better Business Bureau. Social media groups. I'll have to text my friends. Travel hotel review sites." Mom mused for a moment while she thought about how she was going to destroy this

place. "I might call the mayor. Of wherever this fucking place is."

"Great idea," I joked.

When we finished up, I brought the dishes and containers over to the kitchen and washed them up while mom prepped the movie area for the evening. Pillows were fluffed, additional blankets were set up on each one, and best of all— "Guess where the alcohol was," mom said excitedly as she jumped into the kitchen.

"Booze?" I asked. "Where was it?"

"Right below the television. Weird, huh? Like they didn't want to put any more DVDs in."

"What a weird fucking place," I shook my head. "Did you know I found a bottle in our cabin? Half drank." The memory of how fast that bottle disappeared, and why, soared up.

Mom raised an eyebrow. "And you didn't share?"

"No, I didn't," I shrugged. "Sorry. You were out sick."

"Not fair," she pouted. "Anyway. There have to be shot glasses up here too. We're going to have a party."

"How much booze is there, exactly?"

"It's in bottles. Rhymes with poor and is more than three."

"Damn!"

Mom really did have the place set up for a perfect movie night. She jumped into the couch that directly faced the screen, calling it since, "you drank the booze in the cabin, which wasn't fair. So I get the good couch."

"You got it," I said, rolling my eyes.

The evening was, frankly, wonderful. After a movie and a half, we were pretty sauced from how much we were drinking, the result of a drinking game where every time the main character lied, we'd take a shot. It was too bad that was the whole premise of the film, because we demolished a bottle in less than an hour and found ourselves swimmingly drunk.

"Hot tub." Mom said, standing up out of nowhere. "Oh my god we have to use the hot tub—"

I followed along, not literally, since Mom changed in the bathroom, but I did find the shorts she mentioned and changed in the laundry room while she put her swimsuit back on.

Going into the hot tub room, I had this nagging weird feeling. Not that I was listening to it of course, being drunk and all, but once I was inside, I was able to shake it off. Mom was already in the hot tub, and with a smile and a wave she called me over.

God, getting into a hot tub is bliss when you've experienced the cold.

Mom watched me getting in, her face flushed. "Pretty great, right?" She asked, grinning.

"Hell yeah," I said, sliding in. The torrents of hot bubbles pressed against my back and I leaned into them, letting the rhythm of the pumps massage my back. Soon, it was quiet, and meditative for the both of us.

When you're in a place that's serene and quiet, thoughts process differently. When aided by alcohol, thoughts process even more differently. "Hey," I said to mom before thinking too hard.

Mom's head swayed slightly as she turned to me. Then she pulled a bottle that she had artfully hidden behind herself, invisible due to the angle I came into the place. "Voila!" She started laughing, presenting the bottle of rum.

"Wow," I was laughing too. "Awesome. But hey. Listen."

Mom's smile only grew. "Yeah honey? What is it? Oh, I love you so much." She put the bottle down and waved a hand at me, touching lightly at mine.

"I just wanted to say, that this wasn't too bad." I shrugged and tried to keep my smile up. God, being drunk and trying to talk to Mom was tough. I had thoughts that kept popping up, thoughts about how hot she was, how the swimsuit clung to her tits and how badly I wanted them in my mouth—drunk thoughts like that. Obviously not par for the course but I had spent too much time feeling weird about them to have it be useful. I kept dodging my thoughts and the weird guilt of having them in the first place to get to my point. "Let me rephrase. This place, this vacation," I said, slurring. "I liked it. I really did. Every bit."

Mom's eyes went a little wide. "Really? Oh. You did?" She blushed a little more. I couldn't help but think she might have been remembering last night. The blush crept through her cheeks and down her neck and onto her plush chest.

"Yeah," I said, trying to steer it away. "You can't deny that it's beautiful here."

"Nope. You just can't." Mom hiccupped and then unscrewed the bottle. She passed it to me. "You first. I'm... I'm pretty... I'm a little in deep."

"Yeah, you are," I laughed at her and she shyly laughed back. "I just wanted to say thanks."

Mom looked at me with a hopeful little smile.

Then I finished it off with the best I could muster. "Mom," I said, meaning it, "you're beautiful. And you need to accept that and appreciate that you're more beautiful than you think. God, I love you."

"Aww!" Mom covered her mouth. "You're so sweet! But I know." She jokingly brushed her hair from her face in a way that reminded me of her favorite pop stars. "I know I'm beautiful."

"Come on," I said, egging her on. "I'm just saying. I don't think you realize that you're a very, very beautiful person. I mean woman. You know."

Mom was grinning harder than I'd seen her smile in a long, long time. "Stop it, Keith. That's enough."

"Sure," I said, shrugging. "I'm just trying to say. Thanks. And you're beautiful." I started to hiccup too, while mom took the bottle from me and took a sip before making a sour face. She shook her head and swallowed. I saw the movement of her throat again and the push of her lips.

"Hey," she suggested, leaning toward me. Her chest dipped and I looked down the front of her breasts, not really meaning to. "Let's watch more movies."

"Give me fifteen," I mumbled, sliding into the water further, as part of an impromptu strategy to stop looking at my mother's tits. "It's too good."

"Ha! I'll go get the area ready. Whoops—" Mom staggered on her way out of the hot tub and fell toward me. I reacted, bracing, and helping her to steady herself, my hands touching her bare skin, another palm on her side.

The feeling of her skin, even with the droplets of water, felt electric.

Mom didn't seem to notice that I had a sudden flood of feelings in me, precisely because of the feeling of her bare skin on my hand, because of the texture of her arm, the way her body felt under my fingers, the delicate weight of her side. Feeling my mom's body made me envision what it'd be like to handle her.

To handle my mother.

I clammed up, pulling my hands back the instant mom was balanced and moving. My cock was surging and stiff underneath the surface of the water.

"See you in a bit," she said in a sing-song way. I couldn't help but watch her leave, the droplets of water falling off her, down her hair, trickling down her lovely, firm legs. I watched one drop, as if in slow motion, clinging to the curve of her ass

and then sitting down between her legs, trickling down her knee and her calf.

All the way down.

Clinging to her foot and then disappearing into the carpet of the television room as she closed the door.

And then I was by myself, hard as fuck, feeling lost and confused.

I didn't understand. Maybe it was the booze. Maybe it was the hopeful feeling from when we ate dinner. Maybe it was that I complimented my mom and made her blush. Maybe it was the fact that once again, my mother's body and how gorgeous she was overrode my attempts at making things normal and treating my mother with the love and care that she deserved, and was overdue for.

But I sat in that hot tub for long, long minutes, no longer feeling drunk even the smallest amount, feeling like I was on the edge of something dangerous.

In the silence, the little thought kept creeping up, kept overriding anything conscious that I tried to bring into it. The thought of her breasts, bared. Her hands under each one, squeezing them, her mouth opening up for a kiss or more...

I wondered what it would feel like if her breasts were pressed around my cock—until I slapped myself.

Pretty wonderful how quickly a slap works. "Get it the fuck together," I whispered to myself. And I guess I did. Because from that point in the evening forward, something was different.

I got out, toweled off, dressed in a set of clean clothes and went to the television space where mom was already bundled up on her couch, with mine perfectly ready for me to literally sit and to wrap everything around me with a single movement. Snacks also peppered the couch in bags.

"You're right," mom said as I came in. "It's not that bad. Yeah. Hey." She lifted the bottle of rum and toasted me. "To a vacation well spent."

I picked up a vodka bottle that was left close to my couch. And to my surprise, didn't get any weird thoughts about her. "To a vacation well spent." It burned as it went down, but my mind felt... I don't know.

Free?

The rest of the evening was spent playing drinking games, watching terrible movies, and laughing our hearts out.

At some point in the evening, long after midnight and with another movie just started but with both of us barely clinging to consciousness, I heard mom muttering. "Ugh. I could just sleep here."

"Me too," I mumbled at her. The couch was so warm, the open space felt so easy to breathe in. The blankets felt heavy and my body felt relaxed, blissful in the alcohol and the relief that I wasn't thinking anything sexual about my mom. I forced a reply, but my words came more and more slowly. "Let's... let's do that. Let's just sleep... here..."

Mom made the sweetest, softest yawn. "Yeah."

With the background of a comedy film soundtrack from the early 2000's, my first real normal movie night with mom, in years, closed out.

And we both fell asleep.

## CHAPTER 12

Confusingly, I woke up to knocking.

I forgot that we were in the conference center and thought for a moment that I was at my apartment. Might have had to do with sleeping on the couch and having a pounding headache, but once I was up and moving, or rather, swaying to the entrance of the conference center, I started to piece it all together.

A guy in a high-visibility snow suit was standing outside the front. I opened the door, probably looking like I lived there.

"Hey!" The guy pulled down his mask to talk to me. "Yeah we're just clearing the road here and wanted to let you know you're good to go. It's been salted too."

"Oh." I rubbed my face. "Oh. Oh! Damn, really? Thank you!"

"Yeah, you guys are good." The guy turned and climbed the mound of snow that led out of the conference center's entryway.

I blinked a few more times and looked out and over the snow.

Nothing in the resort itself looked different. The snowplow seemed only to make it to the entrance of the place, and since the conference center was visible from the entry, the guy must have come over thinking that this was as far as he needed to drive the thing.

"Hey!" I called out to the guy and he turned to look at me with an impatient scowl. "Our cabin's actually up the road into the resort a bit. The lamp posts should mark it, or if you need help, I can point out where—"

"Hold it right there, bud," the guy said. "I'm only going as far as the entrance."

I looked at him like he was stupid. Maybe not the best attitude, but considering how many hundreds of yards of chest-deep snow went all the way to our car, I thought I had a right to be confused. "We're not staying in this building. Our car's out there."

"Sorry, guy." The snowblower guy kept walking off. "Public roads only. We don't clear things for private entities."

"Private—you can't be fucking serious," I said. But the guy kept walking, got into his machine, and drove it off even with me standing there in my jammies and looking at him like he was a rescue crew that decided to stop just barely short of actually saving us. Which he was.

I went back in, stunned and unable to comprehend how fucked that made us.

When I entered the television room, mom woke up, groaning, her hands going to cover her face. "What was that outside?" She said, muffled into her palms. "I heard a voice. I think."

"They're not going to free our car," I said.

Mom sat up immediately and stared at me, her hair wild and up and around her face, her eyes a little red from the hangover. But she sobered up really quickly with the news. "No. They have to."

"They just drove off," I said, motioning outside. "You want me to chase him down and steal the fucking plow?"

"Oh. Oh, God damn it," mom groaned into her blanket. "I'm going to fucking ruin this place with my review. I'm going to fucking ruin—"

I went back out, laced up the snowshoes and climbed up and outside, not even bothering with a jacket. I was too fucking mad to wear one. I dug out the fucking phone in the kiosk again, laying down on the cold ice, half shivering, angry as hell and ready to lay into the fucking crackly voice if it answered.

And it did. "Thank you for... oh boy—" the voice yawned at the other end of the line. "Thanks for calling the November Ranch, how can I help you?"

"Hey. Cara reservation," I said.

"Yeah, the crews will get out there today—"

"They didn't clear the roads in the resort," I said through my teeth. "They do public roads, not private ones."

The voice was silent for a second. "Oh."

"I need," I said slowly, "to get out, of this resort. I need my car freed and I need to get to the highway, so my mom and I can go home."

"Yeah. Wow." The voice sounded almost genuine. "I'm so sorry to hear that."

"Look dude, you can't tell me you guys don't have a snowblower or a guy that does this kind of thing. What, you've never had snow at the resort before?"

"Yeah, our maintenance guy is out sick," the voice said. "Sorry."

"Sorry?" I about punched the phone box on the side of the kiosk. "I'm— look, man, I need to get the fuck out of here. Can't you, I dunno, hire somebody to come out here to clear this? I mean if you guys have a machine it should only take an hour or two, right?"

"I completely understand," the voice said. "It must be frustrating to have to deal with this problem."

"Who's your manager?" I asked, covering my eyes. "Just connect me to the manager."

"Well, I am the manager."

"Oh, great," I said, about to blow a fuse. "Please call somebody out here so we can leave. Our check out date was supposed to be yesterday, and you guys told us that the snow crews would get us out of here today—"

"Sir, please calm down."

I am not exactly proud of how I responded to that. Because I may have used some words and phrases that shouldn't really be used when speaking to any person for a variety of reasons. Luckily for the person on the line, they could just hang up. And they did. My subsequent attempts to reach them resulted in them answering, and then immediately hanging up the instant I said anything.

I was probably hot enough to boil water by the time I came back, jacket or no. Mom was wrapped up in a blanket on the couch, still unable to get all the way up. "No luck?"

"I'm half certain they wouldn't care if we died," I said honestly. "No fucking luck. We're stuck unless I can shovel us all the way out, to a car width." The realization settled over both of us that we were fucking marooned. Together. For the foreseeable future. I ground my teeth thinking about how the fresh ingredients in the cabin were almost out and how we were going to have to fucking subsist off chips and cookie snack packs if things went on for any longer.

After relaying everything to mom, with her nodding and sleepy the entire way, she shrugged. "Unfortunately for the November Ranch," she said with the calm I had only seen when she was insanely mad, "I now have internet access."

Mom and I worked together on the review. I can't say that I'm proud of how vicious it was, but I can say that I was proud of the content. It's rare to write a bad review so poetically destructive that you can almost hear people reading it and changing their minds.

When the review was finally done, mom was breathing heavily like she had just killed something with her bare hands. "Jeeze," I said. "You good?"

"I'm just so fucking mad at these people," mom muttered. "If nothing changes after this I'm going to start breaking into cabins to loot things from the

refrigerators.

"I don't blame you," I said. "That beef was pretty good last night."

"And nobody else is going to eat it," mom shook her head. "God. A whole corporate retreat's worth of groceries, all going to waste."

It occurred to me that it didn't all have to go to waste. "We can learn to pick locks you know," I said, pointing at the laptop. Mom gave me a long, blistering look before smiling and nodding. Mom wasn't a malicious person, but when her temper was up she could be just as frightening as any dad. And this time, it was a fucking joy to not be on the receiving end.

The morning was spent studying how to pick locks and how to break into places. Amazing what you can find on the internet, though of course it was going to be fucking illegal and if anyone found out, we might, I don't know, get the cops called on us.

But the silly truth was, they wouldn't call out rescue crews, so why the hell would they call the police on people who had to stay so long that they had to bust into other places just for food? I figured we could dress it up in court if it came to it.

Being stupidly petty like this made for a great fucking morning.

We had a bit of oatmeal we found stashed in a cupboard for breakfast and then immediately went to work, searching for anything we could use to open another cabin. Once we'd assembled a little collection of paperclips, needles, and tin foil, we trekked out to the cabin closest to ours.

"In, like that," mom said over my head as I carefully pushed a bent clip into the deadbolt of a place. "Yep. And now... Turn..."

I held my breath. If we turned this lock in a way that broke the clips then we'd find ourselves with a busted lock and likely a few hundred dollars' worth of repair fees, because for sure these guys would charge us for breaking it.

But one held breath and a slow turn later, and we heard a click, deep and reverberating in the wood of the door.

Mom looked down at me as she hovered over me and smiled. "Nice job."

"After you," I said, pushing the door open.

After looting the place for the nicest snacks and checking in every possible nook and cranny for another bottle of booze, we moved on to the next one, and the next one, and the next. By the time we had gotten most of them, we had enough steak for lunch and dinner and breakfast. Fresh eggs, bacon, a huge bag of fresh vegetables. No booze, unfortunately, but there was still plenty left at the conference center.

"I'm not cooking on the wood stove again," mom warned me as we carried everything out of another cabin door. "I'm using an electric stove or I'm going to cook off the burned-up ruins of one of these cabins. Your pick."

"I don't know if I'm about charred steak," I said. "So conference center's fine."

You ever have a fat New York Steak for lunch?

We did. Fucking delicious, seasoned with salt and pepper and butter and a huge dose of pissed off, vengeful stealing. "There's one more cabin," mom said, savoring her food. "Oh God this is amazing. Anyway," she wiped her mouth and made a vague gesture out into the snow. "One more. It was supposed to be the cabin for the CEO, and I wonder if George made any special requests since he was so damn familiar with the staff here."

"What do you think he had put in there?" I asked. "We didn't get anything too special in ours."

"George has fine tastes," mom shook her head. "Not really. But he does like to put a lot of stuff on the company card. Once he took everyone out to a work party, turned out to be his birthday party, and of course thousands of dollars ended up being charged out on the card, and nobody thought twice about it. Accounting certainly didn't raise a fuss. So who knows?" She sighed. "I'm sorry, honey. I'll have to sit this one out. My head still hurts."

"No worries," I said. I finished up my steak and took a last few seconds to enjoy the richness and warmth before heading out.

I found myself back out in the snow, hunting for what was supposed to be George's cabin. Mom gave me the number and I did find a pamphlet in the conference center that actually mapped out the place, and so I used the tops of the streetlamps poking out from the snow as my indicators that there were roads at all. It took a little while, but sure enough, George had a cabin. "Fuck me," I muttered as I observed it for the first time.

George of course got the cabin that was three times as long as any of the rest of the cabins, and about twice as wide. The thing looked almost like a house compared to our little shacks, with bright, clear windows, a steep roof, patterned carvings on the cabin facade. After a bit of acrobatics getting to the front door from all the piled-up snow, I practiced my newfound lock picking skills and managed to get the place open, and a wash of dry, warm air came out.

"You can't be fucking serious," I breathed.

The place was heated. Electrically, while all the cabins were heated by wood. The inside smelled like cedar, like air freshener, and the walls and the roof were so wide out and high that it was like walking into the conference building all over again. Not only did George reserve the best fucking cabin for himself, but it was ready for him, having been filled by the staff with all kinds of products to make his stay nicer.

And wouldn't you know, George had the fucking gall. The guy had condoms sitting on his well-made king size bed. And there was some premium liquor on the nightstand.

I grabbed the liquor, ignored the condoms and everything they implied for George (our very single CEO) and whatever woman was unlucky enough to be offered the receiving end of them.

There was also grass-fed bison steak, grass fed butter, a fucking tub of microgreens that were on the verge of going, and, some premium fruit from Japan, individually wrapped, and then individually boxed, and individually given a red fucking bow on each one.

Fucking George and his expensive taste.

## CHAPTER 13

Walking back to the conference center, I studied the bottle. The brand name was something Irish, or maybe some old Gaelic, and the proof was a lot higher than I was used to seeing. But this kind of bottle was the one that you'd get for a couple hundred dollars and stick in a case to be presented to somebody you really, really wanted to kiss ass. It wasn't that much of a wonder to me that George had one sent to himself, but hey. What can you do with a CEO but coddle them?

"George has probably five hundred dollars' worth of goodies in his place," I complained as I came back in. Mom was wrapped up on the couch and sipping a hot mug of something.

"Don't tell me," mom said. "Fucking fruit."

"Fucking fruit," I confirmed. "With little bows on them."

Mom shook her head. "Did he get that Irish whiskey?"

"He did," I said. "Ta da. How'd you know?" I set it on the table in front of her couch and she eyeballed it.

"Oh boy." Mom shook her head. "I guess I didn't have just Darrell to worry about, then."

I blinked. "You can't be serious."

"Yes. Of course he propositioned me," mom sighed. "I told him I only drink that stuff thinking it'd turn him off. It was a miracle I pronounced it that time but unfortunately it sounds like he took me seriously."

I decided mentioning the condoms was a bad idea. The thought of it made me want to hurl. And to kill George.

"Well," mom said, doing an inventory. "We basically have three full bottles of booze. Four puzzles, three movies we haven't seen, one of them isn't even in English. Enough steak for a couple days of only eating steak. Did you bring the fruit?"

"I guess I should have," I realized. "Are they going to be weird about us eating that too?"

"Not if it's going to waste regardless," mom suggested hopefully. "We can get it for dessert later. Not a big deal."

"Hope so," I said. "I mean, they're Japanese."

Mom raised an eyebrow. "It's just fruit."

"It's wrapped, individually."

Mom snorted and got up.

"How long do you think we're going to be here?" I asked. "I mean, if the plow people aren't coming, and if the snow crews finally cleared up to this place, is there a chance we'll be marooned here forever?"

Mom shook her head. "Who knows? None of my emails have been answered, so... I don't know."

The uneasiness of not knowing how long we were going to be stuck started to actually affect me at this point. "I've never been trapped anywhere before," I said.

Mom looked at me and nodded. "Me neither. It's not what I expected."

"Me either," I said, meaning it more than mom knew.

The thought made us both so uneasy that a malaise seemed to settle through the conference center. We got antsy. Agitated. I hopped out to George's cabin and grabbed the fruit and eyeballed the condoms again. That fucking rat bastard thought that he was going to make my mom lead this fucking retreat thing and that he was going to get to fuck her. The disturbing thought occurred to me that he might have

almost been counting on getting snowed in with her. And that was a gross thought.

I swiped the fruit with prejudice and grabbed the box of condoms, stuffing it into the garbage and throwing the expired microgreens on top. "Fucking asshole," I muttered as I left with an armful of apples and cherries from thousands of miles away.

By this point, I was getting upset. A part of me didn't just want to enjoy all the loot we got. I also wanted to mess with these people, but that idea got quickly quashed when I got back into the conference center.

"No. Absolutely not." Mom was damn firm about it as I recommended toilet papering the cabins. "Yes, it's funny. Yes, the company deserves it, but I'm not going to make the maintenance guy do any more than just digging our car out.

"Fuckers," I muttered as I put everything into an untidy pile on the conference center's kitchenette counter. "Maybe we can fuck with your boss, then."

"Maybe," mom said, glaring at me like I was doing something dangerous by recommending we mess with the boss of the company that employed us, "we can do a puzzle instead."

"You have got to be fucking kidding me."

"You have got to be fucking crazy for thinking of doing any more." Mom shook her head at me and pointed toward the television room. "Go get a puzzle."

What was I, ten?

I got one and we ended up putting it together in the middle of the open conference space in record time. "Five hundred pieces?" I asked. "Is this the biggest one?"

"Unfortunately," mom looked nervous as we boxed the thing back up. "The rest are for kids."

I was too amped and frustrated to let that dissuade me. We plowed through the rest of the puzzles and found ourselves with only two films, and one European 'film' in French to pick from. And not much else to do than to use the hot tub.

"Three bottles..." I looked down at them with mom as we tried to figure out what to do. My blood was boiling. We were stuck in this place with nothing to do but rehash puzzles and sit and wait and frankly, no fucking way for us to go hiking because of how dangerous the possibility of getting lost was, and we had already been through that.

I turned to mom and gave her the most frat-boy self-destructive recommendation I could.

"I want to get trashed," I said. "And when the booze runs out, I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm not going to spend the next 24 hours sober if I can help it."

Mom gave me a long look as she thought about it. I knew she was hopping mad too, but obviously as the real adult in our family she knew how to keep it beneath the surface. But with my recommendation, that little calm facade cracked. Mom looked outraged and a little excited. "Yeah. You know what? Me too."

"Shots."

I lined up some shot glasses and at two in the fucking afternoon we got started. We put the Irish whiskey off to the side so we could save the best for last, and otherwise dug into a bottle of vodka and chased it down with juice boxes. After we got started with a few rounds of shots and chasing with various flavors of cherry berry and fruit punch, we were like a couple of hoodlums let loose in an abandoned building. The time together blurred with the alcohol; we interrupted movies for shots, changed in and out and tried the hot tub for various points until we got bored and pissed and tripped our way over to the booze again.

All throughout, the thing that surprised me the most was just that I was having fun with mom and that I wasn't thinking anything too crazy. In a way, us being so angry together at the resort and at the snowplow people made us closer, united against the world, and in a way, it was like mom was actually my friend. We were almost to making it through two bottles, which was an achievement for us considering how many shots it takes to get through one bottle, and before we knew it, it was late, late, late.

"It's dark out there," I slurred. Mom had her arms up and over her face while she lay on the couch, the turtleneck tight around her chest. Thankfully, I didn't care to look too closely.

"God. What a shit show," mom mumbled. "Hey. Let's get the fruit and this last movie and let's go back." She held up the last DVD, the only one we hadn't seen. I examined it for clues. All it said was that it was a masterpiece, and everything else was in French, except for a little bar on the back that said that there were English subtitles.

"Hey. You know what this means?" I asked Mom.

Mom held it in front of her face and studied the title. "No idea. I took German in high school."

Fucking French.

I gathered some of the goodies from around the place, the fruits, the snacks, what was left of one bottle and the Irish whiskey. Mom and I trundled out into the snow, slipping with our snowshoes, barely able to follow the street lights as they poked over the top of the drifts, until we made it to our cabin. Once we were inside, and the door closed, mom looked up at the ceiling.

"Oh. I don't know if I like that."

"What's going on?" I asked.

Mom swayed. "Just—a little dizzy—" I caught her as she tripped over to the couch, and in a second, we were tumbled on it together.

Mom's body, underneath the jacket, with the brushing sound of polyester and plastic rubbing against each other, didn't do much to hide the sensation of her body pressed against mine and her breath, soft and giggling in my ear.

And then the feelings all came rushing back, all at once.

"Hey," I said, underneath her, her breasts pressed on my face while she tried to get up. "Woah—"

"Keith!" Mom looked down and gave me a light slap on the face. "No!"

"I didn't touch you—" I muttered as mom got off of me, laughing. Clearly, she was just joking around.

But there was still the phantom feeling of her body on mine.

And the danger of how tiny this place was. And the scent of her as she took off her jacket. And then there was the couch, just waiting to be unfolded...

I had to do something. Something that would ensure that there would be no misunderstandings. And in a way, I thought it would be best to split us up so that mom wouldn't be tempted, and therefore, according to my drunk logic, she wouldn't need to feel weird about anything.

"Hey," I suggested, "maybe I can walk you over to George's cabin." I sniffed and swayed. "It's like ten times as big."

"Really?" Mom picked up the bag of stuff we brought, offering no resistance at all. "Let's go!"

One trudge through the snow later and mom and I managed to slip down an impromptu slope to get to George's cabin porch. The door was still unlocked and I ushered mom in, jumbling up the ladies first rule and basically bumping into the

place at the same time.

Inside, the place did feel a lot more open.

"Oh. Oh, man, that's nice," Mom said, closing her eyes and just standing in a spot that didn't make her feel like she had to bend over. "Fucking George," she muttered to herself, swaying. She looked tired. I was too.

"Let's get you all set up for bed." I went over to the bed in the center of the suite and threw some more blankets over it. Mom slumped a bit as she watched. The heat in my core was going down, and my mission to put mom to bed so that I could go sleep in the other cabin by myself was going well. It looked like for the rest of our time here, that I'd actually be out of the woods and wouldn't have to worry about sleeping in the same bed as mom or having any more misunderstandings, and mom could certainly avoid anything on her conscience for... well, the other night.

Except that things did not go according to plan.

The funny thing about being drunk is that sometimes, you just forget things. Like that mom needed to bring some spare clothes to another cabin in order to change. But mom didn't seem to care. She disappeared into the bathroom, and by the time I remembered that she didn't bring her pajamas, she exited the bathroom.

She wasn't wearing much.

Mom was just in her underwear and socks. It seemed to me that she was in that drunk place of mind where it no longer matters how one gets to bed, but that one gets there at all, and for her, pajamas weren't a requirement for getting into the bed. Instead it was just panties. A bra. Long, smooth legs tipped with dainty little socks.

Christ, she could have been a lingerie model.

I blinked a few times as I watched my mother making her way unevenly to the bed and then hopping into it. I mean, she moved fast enough to where I couldn't focus on any detail, but the way she moved created momentum around her hips, and as she leaned into the bed and jerked up the covers, I couldn't help but I see the way her breasts bounced under her until the blanket pulled up and over all of her but her face.

I just have been standing there looking like I was staring because mom frowned at me briefly. "It's my cabin," she said, before giggling. "Thanks, George."

"Gross," I said before turning to head out. "Night mom."

"Wait—" When I turned to see what she needed, I saw her with this expression of worry and honestly, a bit of disappointment. "We're not going to watch this last movie?"

"I mean, it's a little late, isn't it?" I shrugged. "Aren't you exhausted?"

Mom shrugged back, now looking only marginally sleepy. "I just don't want today to be over yet."

Well, shit. Neither did I.

I realized that not only did I have a ton of fun with today's adventures, but mom did too. It was probably going to be a memory for the history books. Minus the incestual angst, of course.

But with mom looking sadly at me and my heart strings tugging, I relented. Mom smiled as I sighed, went over to George's television, which was bigger than ours, and plugged the DVD in. An ancient menu pulled up, with terrible quality music and a mirage of fades in and out of various characters, all thin and looking French as hell, poured themselves into five-second romantic clips. It took me a second to figure out which entry was for languages, and once I had the English subtitles set, we started watching it.

"Hey," I heard mom whisper as the credits came in. "Let's have that Irish whiskey."

I looked at the bottle, slightly hesitant about opening it. But if there was a poetic moment to be had in returning our thanks to George for his sleazy and horrific management style, it was by drinking his fucking booze and watching a movie on his screen.

"You got it," I said. I dug into the cupboard and found a couple of really nice champagne glasses.

When I brought one to mom, with only a shot's worth of whiskey in the base of it, she laughed, and extended a bare arm from underneath her covers. "Thank you —" she said, before giving it a sniff. She winced. "Christ. It's just like all the other whiskey I've had."

"Great." I averted my eyes from her, seeing her mentally in the nude under the blankets and going immediately back to the first night, where she lay sweaty under my hands and her body was mine to observe. I pulled out of that memory and sniffed at my own whiskey.

Mom wasn't too far off about how it was much like other whiskies. The funny thing about some drinks is that despite how expensive they get, they really do still taste like swill and everclear and maybe a mouthful of grass.

"Mm." I pretended to enjoy it to humor mom. "It's much better than I thought. Better than the cooking sherry."

"You're not supposed to drink that," mom chided me. She bundled into her covers tighter while I took a chair and sat on that next to the bed. "Now hush. Let's watch."

The plot of the film was agonizingly slow, with low angles and portrait shots and lots of staring and walking on the street. The exact type of film I hated most, but mom and I settled into a rhythm of filling the champagne glasses with just a splash and sipping away at it while the film stretched on and on. The subtitles didn't do much to give us an understanding of what was happening. From what I could tell, the main character was an unemployed loser who fell in love with a flower girl. Her parents, being rich as hell and making no sense as to why their daughter would want to sell flowers in a shop, disapproved and did their best to make sure the guy stayed unemployed and unlikable. By the time we reached an hour into the damn thing, though, we were stinking drunk again, with half the whiskey bottle already gone.

I didn't realize I was so far gone until an attempt to pour into my glass turned into a spill directly onto the floor. The heavy scent of alcohol wafted up and mom was laughing at me from the other side.

"It's not easy," I mumbled as I tried to balance the glass in one hand and then of course spilling it all over my arm and my pants. "Ah. Fuckin' A." I put the bottle down. Mom was half passing out on her side, so I looked over, made sure her eyes were closed, and took off my pants and hung them onto a chair. I figured it'd only take a bit before the alcohol evaporated and I could put them back on, and by that point, maybe I could just go back to the other cabin and call it a night.

"You awake?" I asked. Mom didn't really stir. I leaned back and took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I hated that the whole day felt stained by the forbidden, craziness in my head and in my balls, but all together, it went well. I was almost out of this. I stood up and put one leg into my pants, figuring the alcohol would evaporate anyway once I was outside.

"Hey," I heard mom mumbling from her end of the bed, barely, through the swimming haze that was my consciousness. "It's too late to go back to the other cabin," she mumbled. "And it's cold there."

She was right about that. But so?

"Nah," I mumbled back. "I gotta go."

"Just sleep here, Keith," she breathed into her pillow. "It's okay. It's really warm."

Even with the heater on in the place, there was just barely enough of a chill that meant that being without pants really was too cold, even being indoors. I realized that the cabin we were originally given had to have been fucking freezing, considering we were out of there, and that we hadn't put any fire in the fireplace since yesterday.

"Maybe," I said, trying to parse it out as to what would be the best decision. What's funny about booze is that it's very hard to choose what makes actual sense.

The alcohol spoke.

"Fine." I shrugged and tossed the pants. I pulled off my jacket and sweater and, with my conscience alarming me that something was wrong and I was making a mistake, I slipped into the bed with my mother.

The film still went on, flickering and with warm notes accompanying the actors and actresses as they bumbled their way through the city of love.

The amazing thing about Europeans is that they are very, very open minded when it comes to sex. Per American tastes, their sexuality could be considered satanic and vile, but for me, drunk as hell, I thought it was pretty nice. The loser guy ended up kissing the flower girl, which was nice.

Or would have been, except that the guy didn't seem content with that. His biggest obstacle through the whole ordeal was his rich mother-in-law. She had some choice words for him, called him a few different names and what seems to have been some local slang. She even called, back when phones didn't tell you who was calling, and told him to come over to her husband's house because she wanted to berate and belittle him some more.

And right when he got out of his car and just strode right up to her in the doorway, that's when I realized that something was off about this film. When he pulled her into the living room of their house, and then when he started to kiss and knead at her breasts under her blouse, the soundtrack diverted into a romantic, orchestral theme.

I watched it in a mixture of horror and sleepiness and the wild, unhinged mental wilderness of my drunk brain.

The scene went on for a while. The mother in law had pulled down her blouse, exposing two round pairs of dark nipples, her tongue kept flicking over his lips, her legs were spread, parted for the camera, and then after everyone got a good look up her skirt and at her panties, the guy bent her over a chaise and started fucking her. Her reactions, as far as I could tell at first, were genuine, as well as his. The guy pulled out for half a second and his cock was way fucking visible, right in the middle of the screen, and that told me that this wasn't your standard French art film.

I turned to look at mom and saw her having very much the same reaction as me, looking up at the screen in disbelief as this woman was getting railed from behind, her breasts squishing into the top of the chaise lounge chair, his cock plunging in and out of her, her moaning and wailing swelling with the music that played as if this were a special, tender romance and not a guy fucking his girlfriend's mom while her husband was asleep upstairs. The noise of their sex had grown frantic, had turned into a rhythm of hot skin and slickness, of breathing deep and the occasional melodic sound of the husband's name, whispered in contempt.

I was unable to tear my eyes away. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh was punctuating everything with an erotic beat. The lady's gasping was turning to

music. "Hey, mom?" I asked, trying to find a place in this to turn it off.

And then I noticed the age range between the male and the woman on screen. It was the same as ours; it wasn't something I comprehended or thought of as a thing of concern until they started fucking and the poor girlfriend was getting left behind. I don't know if mom noticed that but I sure fucking did, and felt my cock pushing upwards.

"Yeah?" She didn't turn to look at me, completely transfixed by this French woman appearing on the verge of orgasming all over the velvet.

The angles changed.

We could see his cock pressing into her pussy, wet and practically dripping from arousal.

Now, I'd seen an art film or two in college on accident. But this was several steps more explicit. The sex was real. It wasn't simulated. This wasn't a fucking art film at all.

"You didn't catch a... rating on that DVD, did you?" I asked. My cock was surging below, tenting up my boxers and threatening to push up under the covers. I could feel mom's legs moving, subtly, on her end of the bed as the movement went through the springs.

"It was unrated," she breathed, still looking up, the screen reflecting in her green eyes. "What is this?" She asked.

"I... I think it's porn," I said flatly. The sound was rising. The alcohol was surging through my face, my head growing dizzier by the second.

Mom then turned to look at me, her face, if already flushed from the alcohol, was flushing another three shades redder. "We—porn? We have to turn this off—oh my god—"

I took the initiative, leaned over, almost pitched off the bed, grabbed the remote and turned off the television. Knowing only a little about DVD players, I could tell that the film was just going to keep on playing until it was done, right behind the screen.

It was quiet after that.

Extremely quiet.

My heart was beating a thousand times a minute and I felt like the room was swirling around me. What took so long for us to turn this off? Were we really that drunk? We had to have been—

"I need a drink," mom said, stunned.

"Yeah." I reached over and grabbed the bottle, took a pull from it, and passed it to her. It didn't even seem to have a flavor. The whiskey just rolled off my tongue and down and became warmer.

And warmer.

"Oh my God." Mom drank and made a face, her bare arm just out of the covers as she sat up and took more swallows of it than I expected. Her back, bare except for the clip of her bra, was exposed. The bottle pulled away from her lips and I saw in the half-light the reflective trickle of the whiskey move down her mouth and then brush away as it dipped under her chin. "What a bunch of fucking psychos." She laughed to herself and seemed to collapse on her side, facing me.

I collapsed back too. My vision was blurred, seeing double; the pillow felt so warm, and the heat coming from mom was so radiant that I found myself scooting a little closer.

Maybe too close.

Mom's face and mine were almost in front of each other. In the dark, with only the faint glow of the streetlamps outside, we couldn't see each other too well. But I

could feel her breath. I could smell the whiskey and something sweet.

She was so close. I could almost feel the faint warmth coming off her face. I could smell her, her skin, her hair. I could see the subtle movement of her, languid through the alcohol.

“Hey,” my mother said, her eyes looking deep into mine.

“Hey.” I said back.

Our faces were closer than I thought. Even the mild breath of her ‘hey’ was felt on my lips. And I’m certain she felt mine. We breathed each other in for a long, long moment, one where I wanted to fall forward, to get just a little closer.

Maybe what happened next isn’t excusable. Because in the heat and the warmth and the golden feeling in me from the drink, in the swaying half-mind I had with all that whiskey, all I could feel was the breath from her face, the breath that slipped between two perfect lips. I leaned in, my lips seeking that breath, wanting to take it in.

And I did.

My mother’s lips felt, for the smallest second, cold, right before the warmth in our mouths covered it with heat. They felt, for the smallest second, sharp, electric, like a spark, before they melded into soft and wet warmth, before her breath blew out warm and in mine, and then in, pulling the wind from me.

In a slow moment, our lips pressed closer and softer and warmer and I heard a little note of surprise, a tone held in her throat, confused.

I thought I felt her tongue touch at my lower lip, a curious flick.

My instincts responded the only way it knew how, with my own. I could suddenly taste my mother’s mouth, and felt how smooth, how full and warm her lips were as they pressed, still, on my tongue.

I heard breathing.

The breath of excitement and delirious surprise.

I heard my heart beating in my ears.

I opened my eyes and saw mom, not having moved, looking curiously at me, her fingers on her lips and her own eyes closing just as fast as mine were again. The sleep rose up like a wave and dragged me out, into the pillow.

And then into sleep.

*To be continued.*

*Hey.*

*What did you think?*

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*Fake Flower*

# THE CABIN FEVER



## A MOTHER / SON SLOW BURN NOVEL PART 4

By  
Fake Flower

**INCEST**

# Table of Contents

[The Cabin Fever -- A Mother / Son Slow Burn Novel, Part 4](#)

[CHAPTER 14](#)

[CHAPTER 15](#)

[CHAPTER 16](#)

# THE CABIN FEVER



## A MOTHER / SON SLOW BURN NOVEL PART 4

By  
Fake Flower

**INCEST**

## CHAPTER 14

Maybe I should have stopped sleeping in different buildings, because waking up to knocking in a different place was confusing as hell and frankly, I wasn't sure where I lived anymore.

In fact, I don't think I was sure of anything at that point.

I saw mom, first. She was passed out, her face angled toward me, her soft mouth just barely open and her eyes somewhat fluttering thanks to all the noise that came from the front door. I slid out of the covers as carefully as I could, tried to keep from hurling because of the hangover, and managed to get to the door before I'd start chucking all over everything.

Once I regained my composure and forced what came up to go back down, I opened the door and saw a ratty looking dude with a beanie the color of burnt french fries.

"Yo," he said, holding up his hand like he was a star trek extra. He had a clipboard in the other hand, and kept looking at it and then at the cabin number, looking a little confused.

"Yeah, uh," I said, rubbing my eyes. "What's... what's going on?"

The dude shrugged at me, dropping the clipboard to his side. "I'm here to clean the roads, bro. So you guys can go home."

I blinked at him for a couple seconds before remembering that we were stuck here in the first place. "You're maintenance."

"Yeah. I heard you guys wrote a shitty review so the management wanted me to dig you guys out. I read that thing, bro. Brutal." He nodded and gave a cheesy, dipshit grin. Now, I was elated. I'd never been so fucking happy to see a maintenance guy in my entire life. "Thank God, man. I thought you were sick. They said they couldn't get anyone up here at all."

"Yeah. I was, uh, sick. But you know." The guy shrugged and belted into a stoner laugh, and then looked at the clipboard again. He frowned, triple checking the cabin address, and then asked, "is your car like, around here?"

I realized that it must have looked a little funny. We weren't in the cabin we said we were. Our car was parked way, way down the road. I pointed where it was and gave a bullshit reason about how we had this one reserved in the first place and we had just parked over there and hoped that would be enough to make sure that the guy would stop asking too many questions. He nodded, obviously taking me for my word. "Respect, man, respect," he said, his head nodding unceasingly. He seemed to detach from the conversation and wobbled back toward the entrance to the place.

I watched him depart and laughed in disbelief as he pulled a joint from under his beanie, lit it while stumbling around on his snowshoes, and then puffed at it as he made the slow walk back to where the blowing machine must have been. The smell of marijuana wafted toward me and I could only shake my head and go back inside.

Mom was waking up, but just barely. She was moaning, her head likely just as fucked up and pounding as mine.

And then the memories of last night came back, all at once.

Pornography, or something French. A lovely lady getting pounded by her impending son-in-law. The moaning and the music, the close up of a pussy getting fucking wrecked to the cries of bliss by that woman on screen and then we turned it off and then – oh fuck.

The kiss.

I was certain that I kissed her last night. My mom. I had kissed my fucking mom the way had wanted to kiss girls in high school.

And there wasn't anything that could undo that.

I looked at my mother trying to get up and to organize her own thoughts, I touched involuntarily at my lips as if that would tell me if last night was real. It was so damn hazy but there was this little pit in me, this little certainty.

It did happen. She kissed me, I kissed her.

With tongue. I had tasted the inside of my mother's mouth, and she, mine.

"What's—" mom lifted her head and looked up at me. Her voice was hoarse and she seemed more confused than anything. Under the covers, she was still only in her underwear, and the way the sheets clung to her almost made it look like she was completely nude, if not for the bra straps that went around her shoulders. "Was that somebody?"

"Yeah," I said, coming in and trying to reach the coffee maker before it was too late. "The snow blower guy is here. From the resort. They're going to dig our shit out."

"Thank you, Jesus," mom muttered as her head collapsed back into the pillow.

Mom and I struggled to get ourselves put together. We had to hurry; it was only a matter of time before somebody would ask questions and I preferred being as ready to go as possible to avoid those. It was a struggle until the second cup of coffee, by once we hit that point, the pieces started moving and we were getting ready to go.

For some reason, I thought we'd be a lot more joyous about finally exiting this place, but for some reason, even as the hangover cleared and as we ate and showered and drank enough coffee to kill a horse, there was this unsettling little feeling that hung over everything, the same little feeling that had bothered me before, but... this was different.

I found myself touching my lips again after finishing a cup of coffee, while mom was in the shower. As I rubbed them I could very, very realistically recall the exact sensation of her lips on mine, how soft they were, how her tongue came out and mine did too and we...

Tasted each other.

I shook my head and tried to understand if this had really happened or if in the drunkenness, I had just made something up, but when Mom came out of the shower, not just fully dressed but wrapped up in her jacket and her sweater underneath, and her eyes hanging low so they couldn't look at me, I realized that it was real.

Holy fuck, last night was real.

Mom was embarrassed. Or something. No avoiding that descriptor. Judging by the avoidant shame that was all over her face, and how I was the object of avoidance, it was perfectly clear that something had happened and that she was fully, completely aware of it.

But... maybe with how embarrassing it was... and with the drunkenness and the fact that we really did outdo ourselves with the drinking, then maybe it could be forgotten. Or ignored.

Or swept under some long-forgotten rug and then rolled up and donated.

My stomach fucking churned as we put our snowshoes on and went back to our original cabin. The snowplow guy was making steady progress up the road, and while he waved at us, clearly a little slow from what he was smoking, mom and I just plodded a long without looking at each other or speaking.

I can't tell you how agonizing that was.

I wanted to look at her and to talk to her about something, fucking anything that would ease the tension, but with every single little thought that came into my head on what to say, there was only the overwhelming questions of what happened last night, rising up and unavoidable if we were to even speak.

Why.

How.

How could we get close enough to each other to do that, how could we kiss for so long, how could we go farther and after that fucking porno—how was any of this okay?

It wasn't.

Both of us knew it.

We packed painfully and got all our stuff in the car before he finished up. The guy with his machine took two minutes where I would have taken half an afternoon, and soon our car was freed and there was a singular path that led from our cabin to the entry. By that time, it was starting to snow again, and a breeze, fucking freezing, was blowing through and threatening to put us back where we started, and by that, I mean snowed in.

When I put the key in finally, and turned it, and the car gave a shuddering start in the cold, mom and I took a deep, deep breath and let go in the car, both of us fogging the glass with relief.

"All right," I said, gripping the wheel. "It's... it's all done."

Mom nodded in my peripheral, looking straight ahead.

I guess we weren't going to mention anything, after all.

"We'll have to hurry," Mom said with her hand over her eyes, whether from the hangover or from embarrassment, I'm not sure. "The snow's getting thick again."

I looked out the window and up into the sky, and noted that the clouds were thick and darkening, and it wasn't even noon. They moved fast, and my heart sank as I realized that they were only getting thicker and that the sky was getting darker, even in what should have been the height of the day.

The fucking pass.

We had to get there before it closed—which meant I needed to get going right fucking now. It was probably going to be close, judging by how the snow seemed to multiply in the air and turned into a heavy fall.

Driving out of the resort led us onto the oversalted freeway, muddy on the sides and with cars pattering along slowly to avoid any patches of ice that would have suddenly formed in the darkening cold. It was definitely below freezing, and so the highway was dangerous as hell.

I matched the speed of everyone else and kept it to a conservative twenty-five miles an hour. Mom reached over to the radio and pulled up a music station that was barely audible, one that didn't belong to our side of the mountain but to the one that we were on, the one closer to Kellerton on the same side of the mountains as the November Ranch. It skipped along with radio fuzz but kept us at least halfway distracted while the snow thickened in the sky, gathering on the wiper blades and struggling to melt even with our heat turned up all the way.

The slope climbed upward, on and on, and I noted with relief that we were getting a little closer to the summit, and that soon, we'd finally be home, and that this would all end and that I'd get to go back to normal, real life, and suppress this series of memories until they were just something that a very, very understanding therapist could listen to.

If that, I mean.

I didn't want to tell fucking anyone even if it was going to mean unresolved mental issues.

As we crested one of the last hilly ridges before the sign that labeled the summit, I saw police lights.

"Oh no," I breathed, while mom leaned forward to try and make out what was going on ahead.

"Oh, fuck," she breathed too.

Multiple highway patrol cars were blocking the highway. Their lights flashed red and blue, blinding in the darkening storm. Beyond that, I could see there was a semi-truck, flipped over and right in the fucking middle of the highway, stretched out in such a way where every single fucking lane of traffic was blocked, completely. The cars ahead of us filed into a line and I could make out an officer, going car by car and then speaking to them before directing them to turn around.

And one by one, all of them did, as my heart sank and as I'm sure mom resented as well.

When the cop came to ours and I rolled down the window to speak to him, he sounded hoarse. His hat was topped with snow and even his sunglasses were held in a mitten as he tried to talk to us as authoritatively as possible. "You're going to have to turn back," he said, loud through the wind that howled louder along with him. "There's nothing else we can do but wait for us to get some equipment up here, and that might take a day or two."

"Where the hell are we supposed to go?" Mom said loudly back at him. The sound of our heater and of the wind, starting to howl through the trees that lined the highway, it was getting more and more difficult for us all to speak.

"You'll have to head back to where you were," he said, before waving us on. He was done talking, and so as a result I guess we were too.

We turned around and went just as fucking slowly downhill.

The road rumbled underneath us, the snow tapped on the glass, and mom was breathing tightly, stressed and furious and both of us just fucking dying of embarrassment that once again, we weren't going home, we were still stuck together, and...

There were other nameless things that we didn't want to say out loud either. For a long, long time.

"I guess..." Mom whispered after what felt like an hour, sounding like she was almost going to cry, "it's back to the November Ranch."

"Yeah," I said, nervous.

Mom looked at me for real, for the first time since the morning began. "Keith..." she said, slowly. "I... I think maybe we should get separate cabins this time."

I didn't even blink. "Yeah," I said back, matching her volume, her tone. I wanted to keep this as neutral and as detached from what we were really talking about.

But the thought was there.

Both of us knew, we both fucking knew what happened, we both fucking did it, we both fucking kissed.

God, if only my junior high school bullies could see me now.

The impression of her lips on mine felt so real. Like she had just pulled me.

Like I had just tasted her.

The car moved slowly until we made it to the turnoff that led to the November Ranch. Thankfully, since the roads there were somewhat clear, and that the snowplow guy had gone through and made everything traversable, we rolled up

without slipping off the road or crashing into anything. I stopped at the front kiosk where a vehicle-sized trench was dug in the snow, and got out to pick up the phone. It looked like the snow blower guy was gone, considering there was no sound of the machine, and that the whole site looked dark with the exception for the streetlights, which, mercifully, had turned on in the dark. I lifted the receiver and waited for that fucking crackly voice, and hoped to God somebody would answer.

"Thank you for calling the November Ranch," the voice said after a heart-stopping moment. "How can I help you?"

"Hey, uh, it's the Cara reservation," I said nervously. The person on the other end of the line was silent for a second.

"Yeah."

"I... uh, we," I clarified, "we tried to make it over the pass but it looks like a semi rolled over and we're stuck on this end. So... I was hoping we could rent a couple of those cabins. Or have them opened back up for us."

"Oh, sir," it said, a little warily. "We closed out your reservation. You're officially checked out."

"Yeah, that's fine," I said, rubbing my eyes. "I'm happy to pay for another couple cabins. It won't take long for me to get my card out, hang on—"

"I'm sorry sir," the voice said, tense. "But I'm afraid that the owner has decided to ban you from the premises."

I stood there for a second with my mouth open. Mom, I think saw me from inside the car and rolled down her window to poke her head out and to see me more clearly. Her eyebrows were furrowed, as I'm sure mine were as well.

"Banned?" I asked, unable to blink.

"Yeah." The voice sniffed. "Yeah, unfortunately I guess with that bad review the owner just said he didn't want to rent out to you guys or your company again."

I wondered if they knew about us breaking into some of the cabins.

"There was... no other reason that we were banned?" I asked. "Because a bad review can turn into a good one in situations like this."

"Yeah, unfortunately not," the voice said, sounding tired. "The boss just told me what he wanted and I gotta do it. So unfortunately, I'll have to recommend our competitors."

"Who are your competitors?" I asked, my teeth grinding.

The voice was silent for about five seconds. "I have no clue, dude."

"Christ." I shook my head and looked around. Mom shook her head at me and mouthed a question asking what was happening. I made a thumbs down and then went back to the phone. "Look, man, can't... Can't you just use my credit card? I'm sure that I my name wasn't on the initial reservation, so maybe I'm personally not banned."

"I'm sorry sir," the voice said. "But unfortunately, I'm going to have to end this call. Have a good night and thanks for—well, never mind."

The guy on the other end hung up and I could only put the phone down on the receiver slowly, my system practically going into shock as I realized that we didn't have a fucking place to stay, and that another fucking storm was blowing in.

"What's going on?" Mom called out to me from her window.

I shook my head and went back, closed the door, buckled, in and pulled into reverse without saying anything. Mom watched me for a few seconds while I turned us around and went back onto the highway. "Kellerton," I said, a little numb. "There's a small town called Kellerton a couple dozen miles down the mountains, and I think it'll have a place to stay there."

"Christmastown?" Mom asked.

"Yeah. The one with the Christmastown," I said, shaking my head.

"That's not bad," mom said doubtfully.

Kellerton was the kind of spot that you saw advertised in tourist magazines and those little booths that gave them away for free. But since nobody wanted them at all, you could often see the same faded, outdated papers showing off bad graphics and ancient photos of the corniest little Christmastown this side of the Mississippi.

At least, that was all I knew about it. Since it was January, the Christmas decor had to have been taken down, so at least we wouldn't get a corny Christmas-y experience.

The drive to Kellerton was long, and dark, and despondent. Mom and I watched the signs edge us closer, as the light went from darker to darkest. It was early evening, but it looked like it was nighttime completely by the time we pulled into the little town with a couple of its Christmas posters still up.

Kellerton was tiny. It said, population eight thousand, which was only about two or three times the size of the high school I went to. The buildings were only up to two stories, faced with bricks, little streetlamps looking like they were made of iron and styled in a Victorian gas lamp sort of aesthetic. There were sidewalks paved with bricks that started to go uneven from the course of time, countless little store fronts that advertised antiques or books or furniture, and there was even a hardware store. But as we drove through and as mom looked on the internet for a hotel that wasn't completely filled up, we marveled at this sleepy little place that didn't have people walking around to justify the lamps at all. It was the deadest little downtown I had seen, but then again, I had only seen a couple downtowns of major metros, and not the kind of small town that was way the hell out here.

Mom eventually found a little spot that was still open. "It's practically a bed and breakfast," she said, rubbing her eye. "But the Internet says they have rooms, while everywhere else is full up."

"I can't see why," I said. "It's January. Wasn't everyone supposed to go home for the holidays?"

"I think it's more because there's only a couple hotels around here," mom said, looking nervously out and at the silent blocks. "Turn right here."

I pulled in front of a little building that had a homey looking entrance complete with red painted door and frosted glass in a mosaic style. The lights on inside the place looked warm, and of course, the Christmas decor was all still up, complete with "ho ho ho's" and "happy holidays" and everything else that people would have been happy to see at their hotel, if it were December. But we were tired as hell and sick of it all. No offense meant to Christmas.

The front desk lady gave us a bright, bright smile as we rolled in with a couple of our bags. "Hello! Welcome!" She was cheery and a little round but her voice was so bright and friendly that I just wanted to shake my head and disappear.

"Welcome, so much to the Kellerton Bed and Breakfast!"

She looked between us. And I saw the gears turning in her head. "Are you two here to see some of the small own charm we've got to offer?"

"No," I said, trying to keep things short. "I just need a couple rooms."

"A couple—" She looked between us again and raised an eyebrow. "You two aren't a couple?"

Mom made a sharp no and the lady gave a shy nod before turning to her computer. "I'm sorry about that," she said, blushing. "It's just... You two look so cute together and I was just thinking—"

"I'm his mother," mom said, sounding tense. The lady looked at me and then her and then back at me while I nodded.

"Ohmygoodness. I'm so sorry about that. Well, let's see what he have here for you two..." She made an anxious frown at her screen. "I'm so sorry, but unfortunately I've only got one room available at this time."

I sighed.

You'd think at some point I'd get used to this.

"Do you have a room with two beds? Or a bed and a couch?"

"No," she said, sounding nervous. "Just a single queen-sized bed in a room on the second floor."

I turned to sort-of-look at mom and she nodded, defeated. I pulled out my credit card and nodded at the front desk lady before she could talk to us anymore, and in awkward silence, she rang us up for a stay together in a tiny room with a tiny fucking bed.

What the fuck were we going to fucking do? And it was only six, barely dinner time. We had an entire evening to 'look forward to' together.

But I wasn't going to stand for this any longer.

Poor mom was so frazzled and embarrassed after last night that at the bare minimum, I was going to spare her any more of this and just find some other way to make this work.

Once we were up and our stuff was inside and mom took off her shoes to lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling, I decided that I was just going to either sleep in the goofy fucking armchair in the corner of the room, or that I'd just go down to the car and sleep in there. The closet here had extra blankets, and I figured that if I kept out of sight of the front desk people that they wouldn't mind if I just borrowed them for a cheeky little sleep half a block away.

"So," Mom said, sitting up, "What are we going to do tonight?" She looked at me with a bit of shy expectancy.

We?

I didn't think that we were going to do anything. I was invested in keeping as far from my beautiful mother as possible, when possible, so that all this awkward shit could come to an end and be forgotten as soon as possible.

Without any more incidents.

"I mean," I thought for a moment. "We haven't eaten. Hardly anything since breakfast. "

We checked the Internet to see what was open close by. "Hey," I said to mom once I found a spot that looked promising for her. "This bar a couple blocks down has that wine you like. I guess they're partnered with the winery that makes it."

Mom's eyebrows went up and she nodded. "That sounds nice."

"Yeah," I said, looking down. "And there's a diner close by that does buffalo burgers. With bleu cheese."

"You like that," Mom said, as if I as a child. She then looked embarrassed.

I felt it too.

"So," I said, putting my shoes on. "I guess the plans are settled."

"What do you mean?" Mom looked confused. "Are we going to the bar or to the diner?"

"Both," I said. "I'll go to the diner for dinner, you can do the bar, and we'll get a bit of private time to ourselves."

For some reason, mom looked... hurt. And disappointed.

She cocked her head slightly to the side. "You can come to the bar with me, if you want. You're old enough, remember?"

"Yeah," I said, heading toward the door. "I'm... I'm just gonna hit the diner. I'll see you in a bit."

The door closed behind me and mom didn't say goodbye. I could see her in my peripheral vision, just staring as the door shut.

I went down to the lobby, avoided the smile of the front desk lady, and walked out into the snow and the cold. The cold front was a little more relegated to the mountains, but even here in town, the clouds were heavy and snow was dropping at a mellow pace. At least it wasn't quite as cold as it was in the hills, but it was still below freezing, and the snow slowly built on the sidewalk even despite the shale and salt that had been poured everywhere.

I was alone with my thoughts and the cold and the wondering, curious little feeling that I was missing something.

And that it had to do with mom.

Her sad look haunted me all the way into the diner.

## CHAPTER 15

The burger was good, the fries were better, and I felt miserable.

Nice thing about small towns is all the connection you feel with everyone else that lives there, I guess. Though I think that feeling is more reserved for people that live there, because I got a bit of half-friendly service at the counter of the diner and was largely left alone. Maybe it was my vibe. Maybe on some psychic level the workers there could tell that there was a lot on my mind and that I didn't want to talk to anyone, not at all. My mom was first and foremost in my thoughts.

It all swirled together. The kiss. The touching. Her body, sweaty and slick and beneath me, the night where her hand wrapped around my cock and my cum shot straight into her hand.

The kiss.

I couldn't fucking believe it.

I could still feel it on my mouth, her lips soft and hot and her tongue....

Thanks to the way our tongues pushed together, I knew what my mother tasted like.

I finished up my food without too much notice and left.

The streets were mostly empty. A cop rolled by at some point but didn't even slow down for me, and the streets seemed so dark and so quiet that it was a total opposite to the way I was used to living. In the city where our suburbs were, there was only bustle and lights and ads. Out here, with nothing to do and no customers that they were keen on capturing, the place was just... quiet. Just a small expanse of snow and brick and nothing but the patter of flakes falling to the ground.

My mind spun and all I could see, through the confusion and the taste, through the hundreds of images and my conscience and my stupid fucking plan to sleep in the car was how mom sat on the bed as I left the hotel room.

I realized that she looked... sad.

My heart sank.

I must have hurt her somehow. Maybe she did want to talk about it. Maybe I was just embarrassed in a way that pushed away her desire to get it cleared up. Because what mother wouldn't? I knew for a fact that my mother was the type that hashed things out when they got rough, so what made this situation any different?

Except the obvious, of course. Sexual tension with mom wasn't something that anyone had prepared either of us for, I suppose.

I made a little resolution to myself. Being alone in a quiet place made it easier to settle on what to resolve and why, and then it was simple to just do it; I was going to be a good son and try to make sure my mom was doing alright. If things were awkward, and my mother had overstepped some bounds or I had made her feel uncomfortable, that was worth working through, worth rectifying. It was like sanity was returning to me, the light of non-crazy choices shining bright and giving me a huge out when before I thought I was going to have to just live with this new barrier, biologically made and confused, and that I was just going to have to keep my mom relegated to a yearly phone call.

That wasn't a future I was okay living.

I checked the map on my phone and went toward the bar where mom was. Chances are she was there, and if she wasn't, she was definitely going to be at the hotel. My heart started to lift. I was going to make things right with her, and things were going to be just fine.

I found the bar. It looked cozy, a bit like a dive, and some apartments were situated directly over it. There were some neon lights and some signs that showed off the various brands they had to offer, but the biggest one was the graphic that took up an entire window, bragging about the new partnership they had made with mom's favorite vineyard. They made sweet wines, the kind women liked, and while for me wine wasn't really something worth spending time or money on, to mom, it was a breath of fresh air. You know how it is.

I went through the front doors, heavy and oak with thick windows that let me see inside. It was a haze of people's heat and bright lights mixed with dark booths, and toward the front I could see the long bar where a dozen people sat with their backs to me. I found mom's jacket and headed in her direction.

And then stopped.

I'm not sure why I did. Well, I had an inkling. But my heart throbbed in a weird way that forced my feet to stop, stuck in the carpet, because I saw my mother giggling, her eyes a little narrow, her lips smiling up in a laugh that I hadn't seen in a few days.

She was definitely a huge departure from the mother that I had seen in the hotel room. In there, she was despondent and quiet. And here, she looked like she was having fun. A man was talking to her on her right, and she was looking him in the eye.

And up and down.

He had a beer in his hand and that hand was awfully close to her wine glass, where her hand was as well.

The guy was chatting her up, that much was obvious. Mom was reciprocating, chatting back, smiling and laughing and looking free and loose.

The guy moved a little closer and I could see the backs of their fingers touching, him leaning in, flirting way, way too fucking hard.

And that's when all the nice little feelings and resolutions I had seemed to disappear. It was all replaced by jealous rage.

I moved up fast. Wedged myself between them. My hand went onto my mother's shoulder and she turned, her eyes going wide as she saw me. "Keith—" she said, surprised that I was there.

"Hey," I said, pulling on her elbow. "We need to go."

Mom looked confused and looked between me and the guy that was chatting her up. I didn't want to fucking deal with the guy, but I heard him protesting behind me. "Hey man, I was talking to Cara. What the fuck's your problem?"

I ignored him and resisted the urge to get into a fight. "We need to go," I said sternly, firmly, staring into mom's eyes. She looked upset, almost offended.

"I just—I'm having a good time, Keith."

"Come on," I said, pulling her along. Once she was off her chair, her eyes glaring furiously at me, I pulled out my wallet and threw some money down on the counter and pulled her with me. Mom was protesting, the guy was calling after me. I wasn't fucking listening. All I knew was that mom wasn't going to talk to that fucking guy anymore and that she was going to do something else tonight, anything else, than to spend another second close to a person that made me see fucking red because he fucking existed and wanted to talk to my mother.

"What the fuck—Keith!" Mom tugged her arm out of my grip once we got out of the bar. I could see in the window that people were staring at us, but I didn't care. "Keith, what the fuck is your problem?" She looked at me and demanded an answer, her hands pulling away from me when I reached for them.

"We're going," I said. "Let's go."

"Keith—"

"No."

"No!" My mother pulled away from me and went to the door. "God damnit—" She looked at me with disbelief. The gorgeous green of her irises were almost glowing as her eyes reddened with tears. "I was—I was having so much fun in there—"

"I don't want you talking to people like that," I said, almost snarling.

"Like fucking what, Keith?" Mom looked askance at me in disbelief. "There's nothing wrong with talking, honey—"

"He was fucking flirting with you," I said, and Mom suddenly bared her teeth.

"That is not your fucking concern," she hissed.

"Come on." I grabbed her arm, hard, and pulled her with me. It only took a couple steps before mom yanked it out again. But she was following me while I walked toward the hotel.

Mom's angry voice was the only thing we could hear in the night, in the snow. "It's not a big deal for me to talk to people, especially if I want to—he was interested in me!"

"I know," I said, "I didn't fucking like it."

"It's not your place to like it or not, I'm—I'm not a girlfriend of yours that you can just—"

"I didn't fucking like it, mom, and that's that."

"You don't—" Mom actually started to cry now.

I slowed down and then stopped and turned to look at her, my heart sinking.

Mom was crying. Actually crying, her hand up to her eyes and her head bowed down, and her hair hanging over her face and hiding it. She was crying and I could see that she was trying to summon the strength and the words to really let me have it, and now, at least since we were away from the bar, I braced myself to fucking take it.

"I'm... I'm lonely, honey," she said quietly, her voice breaking.

Oh.

I felt like something was pressing into my heart and cutting it.

"I'm lonely and... I'm... I'm fucking desperate. You don't understand. You're in your prime. You're younger than that, even. You're barely out of boyhood and I don't have the dating opportunities you do, or the time. You have all these opportunities, and there's all these girls your age, and what do I have? Huh?" Her face lifted and I saw her eyes shining with tears.

I felt like dying.

I couldn't believe I was hurting her like this.

"It's just that—" Her nose was running—she tried to sniff and rubbed her face with her hand as the tears rushed on, uncontrolled. "I don't... I don't have anything. Since your dad left, I had to work, to figure it out so I could raise you and get you into a half-decent career, and what do I have to show for it? I have you, but really, what else, huh? I have a career and... what else?"

She looked at me as if expecting an answer.

I didn't have one.

"I have this career, and nothing else," she said, her voice trembling. "I am lonely, honey. I'm desperate to have somebody pay attention to me, you know, not the kind where it's my—my fucking creepy, old, boss—the kind where somebody is nice to me, and, and treats me like I'm worth—like I'm worth something and that I'm not just a body to trade for a better salary. I want somebody—I want to talk to people, to men, to have them look at me—you don't—you don't fucking understand

—"

My heart was breaking.

I knew everything she said, too. I could see it through the years and I could see the strain recently and I could see that for the first time in a long, long time, she looked excited that somebody was talking to her and flirting with her.

But I felt so horrific and jealous about that.

"Don't fucking get in my way, Keith," my mom's voice was shaking as she cried. "I am lonely, and I deserve, after all the years that I raised you, I deserve to be able to have a chance at happiness, okay? You don't understand how lonely I had to be—you don't understand how much wanting and waiting I had to do with the—the hope that I could maybe have a life of my own again." She rubbed her eyes with her sleeve and kept it there.

It was quiet for a moment while she sniffled, her face hidden.

And through it all I knew that she was right.

"I get it," I said, quietly.

Mom sniffled and moaned. "No..." Then her head raised. She started to look angry; not just sad, or frustrated, but truly angry. "No. No, you don't."

"But I do," I insisted.

"What the fuck do you mean, Keith?" She was furious now, her face reddening.

"I know," I said. "I know that you're lonely. I know about how much time you spent raising me by yourself. I know why you want to talk to people and I think I know how much. I understand."

Mom was quiet for a second while she watched my face. What I said clearly wasn't enough. Mom glared at me, harsher than I'd ever seen her, and she stomped off, toward the hotel. I followed after her. The snow crunched under our boots and the dark of the night blended with the lights, the remnants of a Christmas glinting off windows and making the place seem emptier than it truly was.

Mom rounded on me. Squared off against me. Her finger was pointed, jabbing at my chest, this small, lovely woman was pushing against me and speaking, angry as hell and furious against the world and the unfairness of it and the tears were springing up again. All I could do was watch and let her express what was going on inside other.

"No," she said, her words shudderingly angry. "You don't know how lonely I am. You don't understand how desperate I am. You have no— FUCKING—clue how many years I've spent single, truly alone, all by myself and without any sort of person to fucking help me, because I was trying to raise you, and then to make my own money so I could retire someday—you don't understand that I couldn't, and can't count on your father to provide a safety net for you; you're about to start your whole fucking life, Keith, but me—I don't know if I'm going to be able to retire, to stand up on my own when you've got your own fucking family to worry about. Keith—I—" she was losing control. "I have feelings, Keith! I have wants, needs, you—you have no fucking clue what I've had to resort to," she started to look ashamed, the fear and embarrassment clouding in through all of her rage. "You have no fucking clue what I've—what I've done because I'm so fucking lonely for a man to touch me—"

"But I do know," I found myself saying.

Mom looked stunned as she looked at me. The words were stuck in her mouth. After a minute, all she could manage was, "what?"

My heart was thudding like crazy. My mind was screaming at me, my body was telling me that this was a bad, bad fucking idea, but for some reason, it was more important to me in that moment that my mother knew that I at least understood.

"I know. I know how lonely you've been."

Mom shook her head in disbelief.

"And I know what you've had to do," I said, feeling ashamed. Of fucking course her desperation would lead her to the only person, the only male she was close to. That's why she touched me. Why she masturbated me, why she kissed me.

Because she was lonely.

"I know," I said, summoning the courage. "I know what you did the other night. To me. And I know what we did last night."

It was like the whole world tilted.

Mom looked at me with an indescribable shock. Her foot stepped backwards as she realized that I did know what went on between us. That I did know that she had touched her son, jerked him off, made him release. That she had kissed her own little boy.

"I know," I said. "I get it."

Mom looked at me warily, still unable to bring words to the fore. She looked horrified. "You... knew?"

"Yeah. I knew. Last night. The night before."

She stared into my eyes and in the midst of the shock of realizing that everything she'd done was known, I could see that she was studying me, analyzing me, trying to see if I was judging her.

I wasn't. It had to be overwhelming to her.

"I'm—" she clamped her mouth shut. She looked so fucking horrified. "Oh my God," she breathed.

It was perfectly quiet then, for long, long moments. We both stood there, feeling strange and ashamed and scared that the truth was not only spoken out and that we both knew what it all meant and that it was something we weren't going to be able to avoid.

"I am a terrible," she whispered, "horrible, horrible mother."

"No," I said. "You're not."

Mom looked up at me, her face burning red. I'm sure mine was too based on how fucking hot it felt despite our both standing in the snow.

"Why didn't you say anything?" She looked at me with fear. I was certain that she felt like she had molested me. But she didn't need to feel like that anymore. I took in a deep breath and I spoke the truth like a man.

"Because I liked it, mom."

My mother blinked and took two steps back.

And now it was my turn to feel like a fucking terrible son.

Mom looked like she was reeling. She turned around and started to walk slowly toward the hotel, unable to handle it. I walked at her pace and caught up, and we walked, side by side, adjusting to the new little reality that we shared. "Oh my God," I heard her whisper every couple minutes. "Oh my God. Oh my God."

When we went through the hotel's front door, the lady at the front desk took one look at us and made the intelligent decision to say nothing and to practically hide behind the counter so we wouldn't have to interact.

Mom and I went upstairs.

Toward the hotel room with a single bed.

But tonight, I wasn't going to have us both sleep in it. It was too much for us to handle, dealing with the truth.

Mom went in first, and I slipped past her to open the place's closet. I grabbed some blankets and a pillow.

"What are you doing?" Mom's voice floated over to me, a little vacant, like she wasn't really there. She had to be stunned beyond belief after all that.

"I'm gonna sleep in the car," I said, quietly. "I'm sorry, mom. I know you've dealt with a lot. I'm gonna do the right thing and stay out of the way." I felt something burning in my chest. And my core. "I think you should date, mom. I'm sorry for getting in the way tonight." I stepped out with all of the stuff in my arms and left without looking at her.

Fuck, I felt awful.

There it was; the honest truth. And the consequences of it.

I slipped out the back stairwell of the place and went to the car, threw all the stuff into the back seat and crawled in. I took off my shoes and wrapped myself up and stewed in the thought that I was the one responsible, I was the cause, I was why mom was so desperate and alone.

My fucking fault.

## CHAPTER 16

I found myself a hell of a lot more exhausted than I expected. With all the stress, the yelling, the worry, the disappointment, there was nothing left in my mental gas tank and I ended up passing out, even in that tiny space in the back of the car.

I woke up after a few hours to a text.

It was from mom.

She wanted me to come back inside. Because it was cold out. I lay there for a long time, trying to reason out what the best move would be. I knew mom reached out because she was trying to do some kind of reconciliation, or something. Or maybe she really thought I was suffering out here.

What would it be like if I went back up there? Where would I sleep? There was the chair, of course. There was the floor. Mom wouldn't insist that I slept in the bed with her, definitely, but...

I was shivering in the car and realized that even with these blankets, it wasn't going to be warm enough for me to get a full night's sleep. My breath was fogging inside the car, and I could see that there was a thin, thin layer of frost building on the inside of the windows.

It would be better for me to go back in, but then I'd have to face this whole situation without the benefit of having another cabin to walk to.

Mom texted me again.

She said it was going to get colder and snowier tonight, and that the cold front was intensifying.

She finished her text with a please.

I got out of the car, feeling numb and tired and worried. I gathered the blankets and the pillow and since the back stairwell of the hotel was locked, I had to go through the front carrying everything. The front desk lady looked at me funny as I carried the bundle of their blankets and a pillow up the stairs and toward the room, but luckily, she didn't ask any questions.

I got to the door and stopped in front of it, feeling ashamed.

I had the feeling that she also asked me to come over since she was lonely. So me coming in would ease that, maybe, but then again, it wasn't like I could provide what she was really looking for. I felt fucking stupid. Why did I have to get in the way tonight? Why did I have to interrupt her when she looked excited for the first time in forever?

I knocked softly and waited.

Mom opened the door, in her pajamas, the silk ones that buttoned up and that hung low around her ankles. The ones that clung to her chest and let me know immediately that there wasn't a bra underneath. Her nipples were subtle, only visible for the shine in the silk. She saw my eyes look briefly there, and then immediately looked embarrassed. I felt that way too.

She backed up and out of the way so I could come in. We made eye contact, just briefly, and I felt a new wave of shame as I realized that I had told her that I liked it when she touched me. It was getting harder and harder to track all the things that had been said and what hadn't. All the secrets I had been building since we started this vacation were devouring me from the inside, from the way I looked at her, the way I wanted her body, was tempted with her nakedness the first night, the second—

Christ, what kind of fucking evening was this going to be?

I put the blankets over onto the chair and then wrapped myself in them and sat, while mom stood by the bed. "You don't have to do that, you know," mom said, quietly.

"I just don't want you to feel uncomfortable," I said, sitting and trying to find a comfy position. It was super hard to get cozy in the armchair. What a surprise that it was less comfortable than the back seat of a sedan.

"I'm not uncomfortable," mom said, looking down. "You can sleep here. It's not a big deal. Really." She sat down on the bed, the mattress making the smallest bounce from her light weight. Her hand smoothed along the covers, disturbed from when she was laying in them earlier. I couldn't help but look at the shape of her legs as she sat, the softness of her thighs as her legs pressed together and how her bare feet were crossing, how I could see the curve of her behind and how the pajamas rode just below the bareness of her lower back...

"Yeah," I said, before closing my eyes. I tried to put my mother's body out of my mind. But couldn't. "Goodnight, mom."

Mom sat there for a little while, just looking at me.

"I'm sorry for yelling at you," she said, finally.

"I'm not upset about that," I said into my blankets. "I'm just sorry that I got in the way."

Mom shook her head. "Honey, it's not a problem. I just... I lost my cool. I shouldn't have yelled."

"It's not a problem."

"It is."

"Goodnight," I insisted.

Christ, this chair fucking sucked for sleeping.

"You're not going to fall sleep in that."

I grunted and pushed my face deeper into the blankets in a half attempt to smother myself.

"If... I promise not to touch you," Mom said, sounding hurt, "Then you'll sleep in the bed, right?"

I pulled my head out of the covers and looked at her. I didn't expect her to look so dejected.

Was she feeling guilty? For touching me?

"You don't need to promise anything," I said. "I'm just sorry, is all."

"But why?" Mom wrapped her arms around herself. "You didn't do anything."

"You didn't either. Just go to bed."

"Come on, honey. Please."

I felt the armchair digging into my back and finally yielded. I grabbed some sweats and a shirt from my suitcase and changed into them in the bathroom before going back to the bed. It really did seem a little small, especially after that king-sized one in George's cabin. Mom was already in it, the covers up to her neck, her face pointed away from me.

I slipped in, careful not to extend onto her side at all.

And then we were in the bed.

Together.

I felt like we were facing away from each other, that there was a cold spot between us, that there was a cloud of confusion and mistrust. All I could do was close my eyes and try to sleep.

And the more time went on, the more I felt like I had to do something. I couldn't let this be the way it was with my mom anymore. "Mom?" I asked, before hearing her shift slightly in the bed. She was quiet for a second but finally

responded.

"Yes?"

"I just wanted to say..." I tried to be brave. I knew it was difficult for me, so it had to be difficult for her. The only thing I knew to say was... "I love you, mom," I said, before shutting my eyes and trying to go back to sleep. I hoped that this would make her feel better, even the smallest bit.

Mom's reply was unexpected. Softer than expected. More tender than I expected. "I love you too, honey. I hope you can forgive me."

I turned. "For what?"

Mom was quiet again. And then I heard her voice, infinitely small. "I'm sorry for touching you."

It was my turn to be quiet.

"Why?" I asked. I mean, I knew why. It was a huge line to cross, so to speak. But for her situation I didn't blame her at all.

"I'm just... I got so lonely and...."

I realized mom was about to confess. To share her feelings. To open up for real; that kind of feeling went through my gut and I knew without a shadow of a doubt that I needed to listen, and to listen right now. I turned over in the covers and looked at her, watched her, took in her gaze as she looked at me with those big green eyes as her words dripped from her soft mouth as she explained to me what she felt.

"I..." Mom closed her mouth hesitantly. And then I watched her summon her bravery too. "I thought... I thought the first night, when I was cold... When you changed me out of those wet clothes and got me warm again..."

And now it was my turn to feel guilty. I remembered that first night. And how all of this, in truth, started with me. How the fuck could I live with letting her carry the guilt for this?

"I remembered that, in bits and pieces, and... I just remember you over me and caring for me, and all I could feel at that time, oh god—" she closed her mouth again, holding back something that I could see she felt was a terrible secret.

"I just thought—oh God, it's crazy now that I'm saying it. It's crazy to sound it out. I just... I thought you were... looking at me. And I thought you liked... I'm sorry, Keith." She shook her head. "I was hallucinating and... I thought you were looking at me, that you liked my—my body, and I just couldn't get my head out of that. I thought you liked how I looked and I felt so... I don't know. I felt like a young woman even in that weird space, in that weird way. I know you didn't... you didn't do anything, that you didn't mean anything, that you were just caring for me so I wouldn't die of hypothermia, but I felt so seen, so beautiful, even though it was — even though it was my son."

She choked back a sob. I wanted to rush to comfort her but she was still speaking.

"I couldn't get that out of my head," she said in a whisper. "I thought... I thought you liked my body, when nobody else paid attention to me except to see what they could get out of me, and I must have been going crazy because I just felt like I was being seen by somebody that cared and that I was... I was liked, or admired—I don't know..."

She went quiet. She pushed her face into the pillow and moaned, slowly, the guilt pouring out of her.

"I thought," her voice was muffled in the pillow, "I thought... that maybe... maybe you liked how I looked in that way... and that... that maybe... when I saw you masturbating and you said... I thought you were saying my name and not that

girl's from college..."

My eyes had to be wide as saucers as my mother confessed that she wanted me to see her.

"I wanted... Oh, fuck, it's so sick," she almost wailed into her pillow. "I wanted... I wanted you to like me, in that way, honey. I wanted you to desire me. Your mother. God, I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

Mom started to cry.

"No, no," I said. I put out a hand and touched her shoulder over the covers. "Don't say that. It's not."

But mom was crying anyway. I let her cry for some time, let her process the guilt and the worry and the fear and the horror. I just patted her shoulder, let her know I was there. She sniffled after a time but didn't raise her face.

I couldn't believe she had been carrying those thoughts for this long. She wasn't wrong to think that I desired her—I did.

But she was the one carrying the guilt.

"I'm sorry," I said back. I took a deep breath, manning up for yet another confession. "I did, mom. I did see you that way. The way you mean. When I had taken off all your clothes, I couldn't stop looking. You saw right. You didn't hallucinate. And the day you saw me masturbating out in the woods... it was your name. It wasn't anyone else's."

I swallowed.

"I wanted to fuck you, mom. I wanted you to touch me."

In the stunned silence after I said that, there was only the sound of shallow, tense breathing. And then I finished the thought.

"I still do."

The words were out.

No going back.

Mom froze. She turned slowly, one green eye looking at me over the edge of the pillow.

She looked at me and I at her, both of us having admitted very simply what we both felt.

Mom didn't have to feel guilty anymore. Or at least, she didn't have to bear it alone. Now she knew that I saw her that way.

It was strange, being in that bed, looking at my own mother and realizing that both of us had this strange, strange new way of seeing each other. I wasn't a little boy. My mother wasn't a caregiver. She was a woman. One I desired.

One that reciprocated.

Even though it was so, so wrong.

It was quiet for a long time. The covers were warm. The sound of the snow outside made gentle taps against the window, and for the first time all day, with mom and I looking at each other with understanding, it felt like all the weight and guilt and fear of all of this was lifting, and a new world was opening, one where it was almost okay. That things happened, that it was okay that I had looked, had wanted, where my mom had touched me, and that it was okay. Because I wanted it.

Cara was my mother. That was an unavoidable little fact.

But at the same time, she was a gorgeous woman who had touched me, and I her, and there was the strange little want, the seed of it, that had been planted in both of us and was now getting the sunshine of our awareness and understanding that wasn't choked out by anything, not society, not morals, not rules.

Mom was a woman.

I was a man.

And her eyes, both of them, looked at me from her pillow and I looked into hers losing myself in the green and seeing myself in the mirror of her pupils.

I felt her hand. Smoothing under the covers.

Toward me.

And in a reflex that came from my love of her as a mother, or of my want for her as a woman, I couldn't tell, I reached out and our fingers... interlaced.

I don't know what happened when our fingers touched, when they intertwined and pulled together, when our palms crossed each other and when our fingers pressed into each other's hands, but it was like a warmth that I hadn't experienced in my heart before had bloomed up and washed over me.

Because the simple fact was that I loved my mom.

And my mom loved me.

And our faces were getting close to each other, cautiously, slowly, crossing across the cotton of the sheets until, perfectly sober this time, our faces were close and our foreheads touching, my mother's breath brushed against my mouth and her eyes were glittering and unsure.

But we were closer.

And then closer.

And when her nose touched mine, my heart rate spiked. And when our lips were about to touch, my heartbeat seemed to multiply, the pounding going to somewhere in my core, a spike of excitement shooting up inside of me, and then when our lips connected, and when the warmth of her mouth opened into mine, and mine into hers, and the taste of her mouth came back in memory and on my tongue, when my mother's eyes were closed as she kissed me, and when her face pressed closer to mine and I could feel us shifting closer, the madness set at bay by our exhausted souls, I felt our lips crush against each other, our bodies slipping through the covers and coming closer, the heat from our bodies warm under the blankets, our hands closed together and then—

I realized then what was happening.

And didn't want it to stop.

The first kiss went on, languid and slow and soft and chaste; it was our lips, and our lips only, our faces the only other thing that connected so intimately.

Her cheek was so soft, and so warm, and so smooth.

And so unbearably hot.

It was like there was a fire inside of me, inside of her, our lips pressed closer and pushed harder, my mother's body was sliding closer to mine and mine to hers and—

There was an electric shock as my erect cock pressed up against the inside of her thigh.

Our kiss stopped and we were breathing, hard, our eyes wide and our hearts throbbing through us and my cock pressing against that warmth and the softness of her leg, our hands still intertwined. We breathed, fast, shocked that it had happened, our bodies connected and the only fucking thing keeping my cock separate from her skin was the thin, thin fabric of our clothes.

And it wouldn't take much to pull my pants down... and hers...

Like I was being pulled into her, I felt my lips coming close again to hers, even with our bodies touching like that, even with us both aware of how wrong it was, and then our breathing blended together again as we closed our eyes and our bodies moved closer, my cock pressing hard, my balls resting on her thigh, her torso pushing closer and her breasts touching lightly against my chest, and the heat between us not just blooming but exploding as the warmth of our bodies mixed.

I was panting. She was too. My mother was looking me in the eye and her pupils were so dilated and wide, and her breathing was getting tight and her fingers around my hand were getting tighter, and in her eyes I could see the excitement, the unsureness, the overwhelm of her biology and the heat between her legs betraying her like it was betraying me.

And soon our bodies were perfectly pressed, my legs against hers, my mother's body on me, our faces close and our tongue suddenly in each other's mouths as we lost our minds and the throbbing of our bodies grew stronger.

And the excitement was overwhelming me, even though I was starting to panic—we were going farther than before, on purpose, aware, a hundred percent aware of how related we were and how this could never, ever be revealed to anyone; but we kept kissing, we kept touching, her hands were going to my shoulders and mine to her hips and suddenly we were pulling each other, into each other, my cock surging between my mom's legs and her breasts squishing up again pressing hard against my chest, her nipples hardening and poking me even as my cock pressed not just on her leg, but inside, between both of hers, and I gasped in shock as I suddenly felt my cock slip off the nub of her clit, and her body reacted like lightning to it, stiffening and then rolling into me more, a slight and suppressed moan coming from her mouth and brushing against mine.

My mother was aroused. She was losing control.

Just like I was.

Her hands were in my hair, my hands were feeling her waistband, her hips, her waist, the softness of her ass and then—I couldn't help it—I squeezed my own mother's ass and felt her cheeks, soft and firm in my hands and lovely as I pulled her onto me and her body melted with excitement.

She was moaning, breathing that way into my mouth.

Her hands went down—I couldn't help but press my pelvis against them, her fingers exploring the length of my cock through my sweats and her tongue exploring the inside of my mouth, and as I tasted her, lost in the forbidden madness of my mother's body, I felt her fingers going to my waistband and mine feeling under the hem of her shirt and at her bare tummy, her skin so soft and smooth and exciting me beyond any of the girls I had been with through college and after—mom's breathing was sensitive against my fingers as I felt her whole body reacting, to the hardness of my cock, the way my hands slipped up her back around her front, when my fingers went to her breasts.

When I reached them, we stopped again.

My hands were on them. On my mom's tits. They were hot under my hands, soft, unbelievably soft.

Her breathing was making them rise and fall under my fingers.

She looked at me with disbelief.

And with... heat.

My mother's breasts were warm and soft and heavy in my grasp, her nipple sensitive and soft but hardening under my fingertip, each little push from them making her breaths stagger. My cock rubbed against her, against her pussy under her pajamas—I saw her eyes go wide and then roll back as it ground hard on her clit, her tongue suddenly pushed harder against mine and then I was fucking losing it, my hands were shaking, I was tugging at her clothes, her at mine—

And then when my cock was out and between us and her hands went under it to hold it and to stroke it once—I knew we had crossed a huge fucking line but there was no fucking way I wanted to stop but—

"Wait—" mom suddenly choked out, her eyes in a panic, her breathing fast and her body shaking, almost vibrating against mine.

She was struggling with what was happening, and in my own biology there was some little warning bell about there being so related to me but otherwise—how else could I fucking respond to this beautiful woman and her lovely body than by wanting to press closer, into her, around her.

But she said to wait.

"Honey," she whispered, her hand still on my cock, her fingers tentative, but not releasing, my hardness was throbbing in her hands.

I couldn't imagine what she must have been thinking, holding her son's cock after everything we had been through, but all I knew was that her face was flushed, her chest was as well, down her neck, her breathing was fast and mine was too. It took everything I had to not push forward and to ravage her.

Even if she was my mother.

"We—we should stop," she said. I could see the effort she was making, trying to control herself, and there was this huge effort in me to stop too, but my fingers were still on her skin, her beauty was mine to touch, my cock wanted to thrust in, to use her hand, to go further and to press again against her body and it would just take the smallest fraction of effort for us to move, to pull down our pants completely and—

I managed somehow to gain some semblance of control, and I realized that my breath was insanely fast too, and deep, and that I was like a beast on the verge of mating but there was only the wide eyes of my mother in the way.

And it was enough.

I took a huge breath and then pulled back, turning away, trying to regain some self-control.

Our breathing slowed, and I gripped the sheets as hard as I could.

I wasn't an animal. The kind that would fuck its mother if it was in heat.

But I fucking felt like one.

Mom's breathing slowed, her body shaking noticeably behind me. "I'm sorry," she whispered, not out of sadness, but shock. "Oh my God. I'm sorry. Oh my God."

I nodded, even though she couldn't see me. "I'm sorry too," I said back, panicking. And feeling ruthless in my pelvis. I didn't want to stop. I didn't care about boundaries, or what was fucking right anymore, I wanted to press closer, to taste her mouth, but if she wanted to stop then—

I felt my mother pressing against my back.

Like the other night.

I realized that she was losing control.

Like I was.

I didn't move or avoid her as my mother's hand went around my waist, her fingers light and slipping along my waist band and then under it as she grabbed my cock again—and this time, it was like a flood of savage overwhelm hit me full on.

At first, I stiffened and let her hand circle around my cock—mom's fingers gripped me tight and she started to jerk me, and I was twitching in her hand, my whole body excited at her touch, my whole being only focused on the way my mother's hand stroked me, on the forbidden and the delight of it, and when I turned back to face her, mom was flushed and her mouth was open and she looked desperate and wild and her hands were shaking—my body was too, her hand was pumping and then—

Mom slipped under the covers.

As she moved, the blankets were pushed aside, and she was suddenly kneeling, her head bent low, her hand on my cock and gripping it and holding it up as I shifted to my back.

Mom was poised over it, my dick in her hand, and she was looking down at it, at me, and now we were faced with a choice.

We were in control of ourselves, only for this moment.

We could stop now. We could separate, mom could let go of my cock and I could let go of her breast in my hand, but instead we waited, staring at each other in fear, as if somebody would tell us no, as if there would be anything stopping us from what she and I both ached for.

But nothing came.

"Honey," mom said, her voice sounding distressed. And what else could she be?

She looked at me with panicked eyes, her chest heaving, her breath panting, her hand involuntarily squeezing my cock and making it pulse in her grip.

She could tilt her head down now and take it into her mouth.

I could reach for her face and pull her down.

Either would result in what I felt myself wanting beyond anything else, for my mother to suck on me, for her to take her son's cock into her mouth. More than anything in the world, I wanted to release inside of her, to cum into the woman that made me and to have her taste the semen that came from her boy.

Her eyes were wild and her hesitation was painful, but she said again, scared, "honey," not because she was wanting to stop.

But because she was warning me that she was about to do it.

I said it out loud. "Mom," I begged. "Please."

One second.

Two.

Three.

And her head tilted down, her mouth opened. My mother's beautiful eyes closed and her tongue came out, wet and pink and then—the liquid warmth of her mouth pressed against the head of my cock.

Like the shock of lightning, my hips bucked forward, and my cock pushed in, my mom's eyes went wide as my penis slipped between her lips and then into her mouth, and I could suddenly feel her tongue moving underneath it, and it was all I could do to gasp and to roll my head back because it was happening—my mother was sucking me off.

Her head moved desperately, faster than I expected, her mouth working on me with a suckling, wet noise that was loud in the room.

My mother was moaning, her mouth humming over my cock because of the taste. My cock was the first one she had in her since dad. She almost sounded like she was crying with happiness and relief to finally have a cock in her mouth.

And that made me throb inside of her, it made me groan with the pride of being the one to claim her, her mouth, my mother, to be the first man in forever that fucked her lips.

And I did.

My hands went to her head, my fingers wrapping into her hair, and soon I was lost, my cock slipping in and out of her mouth and my hips pushing it deep. My mother surrendered to my hands, letting her son fuck on her tongue.

I couldn't believe this was happening, that we were doing this. I couldn't believe that it was my mother who was moaning at the taste of my cock. I couldn't believe we were in this bed together, that everything had led to this blissful point where my cock was throbbing, uncontrollably against the front of her throat.

I suppressed a groan, and mom suddenly pulled herself back, her mouth slipping off of my cock and leaving a wash of wet spit, dripping down my shaft and from her lips. She was breathing, fast, her body pulling back, her eyes staring at me in shock.

There would have been words, I'm sure, if nobody moved from that point.

But I had no sense of control left.

I reached back up and pulled, gently, and mom complied. She let me guide her face to my cock again, and then as her mouth opened and as her lips sealed around my cock again, I felt the rush of her warm mouth sucking me in, slurping over me and pleasuring me with the same tongue that had lashed me with scoldings all through my growing up. One of my hands went to her legs, feeling at the silk as I struggled to keep lucid through the blowjob. My hands pushed between her thighs as she knelt, and mom lifted herself, just slightly, so my hand could fit right at her apex, and as she settled herself down my hand was wedged right against her pussy, my thumb was pressed against it—my mother's clit, and as she worked over my cock I circled her nub, pressing gently and keeping track of how her body responded to it. My mother was shifting over my hand, her hips rolling and pushing, riding it, grinding her sensitivity against my fingers and her mouth letting go of soft, reactive moans and shivers as she licked me and sucked at my tip.

I was going insane—the pleasure was incredible, but I needed more—I needed release—I needed to do it now.

My other hand wrapped tightly into her hair and I couldn't stop myself from thrusting, from pulling her face over my dick, from fucking into her mouth in such a way where she was holding herself suspended over me, letting me use her as if she were a girlfriend and not the woman who gave birth to me.

I was biting hard on the inside of my cheek, everything about me was sparking and tightening, and mom was surrendered to the way my cock was thrusting in and out of her mouth, her eyes closed and her whole body reacting in desperate need to my hand rubbing her.

It was coming. I was unable to hold it back, not my groaning, not my cum. All I could do was warn her, by hissing, tightening, and mom's eyes snapped open, realizing what was about to happen.

She moved fast, pulling herself off of my cock but moving her hand to it, her hot fingers wrapping around the base and jerking, fast, and her hips bucking as she still rode over my hand. The tightness of my balls shocked through into something, snapping upward, until suddenly I came, and mom sputtered with shock, saying, "oh, oh," over and over, with each shot of my semen squirting upward and arcing, landing on her legs, the silk, even as she still ground over my hand and was gasping from the pleasure of it, shots of semen still splitting upward and squirting across and against her pelvis and torso, decorating the entire front of her pajamas with her son's cum.

She stopped, as my legs were finally unlocking and as the semen slowed into a deadened, pulsing drip that covered her small, warm hand.

And then we were both aware.

Far, far too aware.

Mom was breathing fast, her face red and her brow a little shiny with sweat. She looked down, at the front of her pajamas, at my own pants covered with semen, at my softening cock in her hand and everything fluid that covered it. She shook her head in disbelief, her hand letting go, shaking, cum dripping from her fingers and across the sheets.

I heard her swallow and realized that some little iota of my precum was likely now traveling down her throat...

Mom wordlessly lifted her hand, and drops of semen fell down onto my cock. She backed away, her legs letting go of my hand, her mouth open and her eyes unfocused and her whole body seeming to shrink as she slid herself back and then went to the bathroom, hand still extended in front of her, dripping with my seed. I saw the dark run of my cum that had soaked into her pajamas, more of it than I had ever, ever seen before.

She went into the bathroom.

I didn't hear anything in there for a long, long time.

*What did you think?*

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# THE CABIN FEVER



A MOTHER / SON  
SLOW BURN NOVEL

PART 5

**INCEST**

# THE CABIN FEVER



A MOTHER / SON  
SLOW BURN NOVEL

PART 5

**INCEST**

# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[CHAPTER 17](#)

[CHAPTER 18](#)

[CHAPTER 19](#)

## CHAPTER 17

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I waited for mom for what felt like a long, long time, half delirious from having cum all over her pajamas.

And while at first, the thrill was exhilarating, the fact was that mom didn't seem to be settled. To her, it was wrong.

And therefore, it was.

The faucet wasn't turning on, no shower, no nothing. Just silence and the noise of the fan. The bed was getting colder. I couldn't imagine how it must have felt for her. I imagined her looking at herself in the mirror, at the cum that had soaked into her silk, at her son's seed, which she herself elicited. I imagined her looking at her own mouth, her hands, her face, wondering why she would do this, how it could have come to this point.

I started to get the feeling that I should have slept in the car.

Mom came out after what felt like an hour. She walked a little unsteadily, looking down at her pajamas, at the semen that had soaked into it. She looked up at me from the bathroom doorway and bit down on her lower lip. Her eyes were anguished.

I sat up in the bed.

It was like the whole thing was a giant question. Where both of us wanted to say something to fill it in with an answer, but there wasn't one; just mom and I hanging onto this thin, unbalanced feeling that didn't give us a conclusion.

I wanted to say something. Something that would make her relax. Something that would tell her it was... okay. Somehow.

Mom moved first. To me, it looked like it took a lot of bravery, to be the one to decide to go to the bed after what we had just done. Mom put one small foot forward, then another, and then the look on her face disappeared into something I couldn't discern, and she came awkwardly to the bed. Mom slipped under the covers and went to her side, and I stayed on mine, and we both laid back and stared at the ceiling.

We lay together, like we had committed a crime, like we had murdered somebody and were unable to manage the guilt.

Mom blew me.

She really fucking blew me. I couldn't tell exactly what was going on in her head, but she seemed to be stuck in the shock of it, and I felt like I was stuck in the worry that mom wouldn't be able to snap herself out of it. It was one thing, to be overcome by temptation built up for decades to touch the first cock truly available, but it was another to take that cock into her mouth and to suck until her offspring's cum shot up and all over her clothes.

It was another to make her son her first in a long, long time.

We fell asleep, fitfully.

And of course, it was like we closed our eyes and then the day immediately showed up, uninvited.

"Housekeeping," I heard a voice call while knocking at the door. I shot out of bed, saying loud enough that we were still in there, and that's when I realized that the clock said eleven.

It was checkout time.

"Shit—Mom!" I said, rubbing my eyes while she startled herself out of the covers. She looked at me, her eyes almost shut tight from her squinting, and her pajamas shirt was askew on her body, baring one of her shoulders, the divide in her

shirt going down her chest, where my hands last night squeezed her lovely, soft-tipped breasts.

I looked away, and mom noticed. She looked down and pulled it up and over herself, covering it. "It can't be eleven," mom muttered, trying to make it seem like she wasn't bothered.

"It is," I said, jamming our stuff into our suitcases. "And if we're not downstairs in just a bit I know they're going to charge us for late checkout. The pass should be open, yeah?"

Mom sighed, and yawned, and scrolled through her phone for a second before. Her eyes went wide.

"Shit."

"What's up?" I asked.

"It's George." She rubbed the bridge of her nose with her fingers, eyes shut tight. "Fucking George thinks we're being lazy and that we're just hanging out here. Said we were doing this on purpose. He said that we're showing up for work tomorrow, and that's that."

"But the pass was closed," I said through my teeth. I was fucking enraged. "Why the fuck does he think we stayed here on purpose?"

"It's open now. And to George, that means it was always open. He doesn't really understand how time works," Mom said bitterly while she got up. "Well. No use fighting him on it."

I threw on some clothes and left mom's suitcase open for her, ignoring her panties that sat daintily on top of her clothes and reminded me that between her legs, there was a hot place—a wet place—

I realized that Mom looked at me as she got up, her face screwing with anxiety and concentration. I could tell she was thinking, and thinking damn hard.

"Listen," she said, looking at me with her arms hugged around her. Her body was angled so I couldn't see the evidence of what we did last night all over her front. "I don't... I don't need to detail what happened last night. We both know it."

The phantom feeling of her mouth on my cock just about sent me rock hard. I carefully sat down to hide it too.

"But..." Mom said, swallowing and looking to the side. Her eyes watched me cautiously. "I think... it would be wise if it was just... we don't have to think about it. I mean, it was crazy—we can just put it behind us, yeah? I mean, there's no way —"

"Yeah, yeah," I said, agreeing before I could process it. "That's... that's cool. I mean, it's a good idea. Because of what happened." I had this strange feeling as she looked up at me, like I was throwing my stomach over a cliff and that I was just following it down, down.

Mom seemed distressed, worried, her hand going up to her face and cradling it with her palm. "It's just..." she said, "it's complex."

Mom looked at me, her hand slipping over her chin, her lips, covering her mouth that had only a short time ago was suckling on the tip of my cock. It was one thing to touch a cock with her hand. Another to put her son's shaft into her mouth. If the memory of how her mouth felt sucking was so vivid for me, then was the feeling of my hardness on her tongue that vivid for her?

I got back to packing, trying to avoid the questions and the feelings and mom's crippling discomfort. She seemed subdued, slower, her mind clearly on what had happened. When I handed her a coat after packing, she didn't seem to notice it until she had practically ran into it, and even then, she wasn't looking at me.

We got our stuff and went downstairs, checked out, and narrowly avoided the late checkout fee. Then we dumped our stuff in the car and got onto the highway. Again.

Again, toward George and normality and home. That fucking asshole, George.

At least we were finally headed back, maybe—I was about to think that things would be over and that we really were going to make it home, but knowing our luck, they were going to send us back the fucking way we came once we showed up at the pass. And then what? I couldn't imagine trying to check into the same fucking hotel again.

The highway stretched on for a long, long time, even before we got into the hill and before the hills turned into mountains. The asphalt, heavily salted, was butted up with snow on either side. Sometimes whatever remnants of crystalized salt would grind under our tires, and when the snow picked up, it all created a gentle rhythm that almost served as a distraction.

The music stations were all foreign to us, in that we were getting old time country and evangelical radio and all the other stuff that wasn't nearly as popular where we lived, and after a long period of silence we ended up settling on the old-time country. It went on mournfully, most of the singers telling tales about how they were sad, or dead, or dying, or alone. Not exactly a mood lifter.

And not the kind of music that helps when your mom sucked your cock.

Mom eventually reached over to the console and turned it off. "Keith," she said suddenly, not looking at me.

"Yeah?"

Mom was quiet for a second. "I need... to tell you that I love you," she said carefully, her body language looking stiff. "I love you so, so very much. But you know that... we're not going to do anything else, right?"

She looked at me hesitantly and then immediately back to the highway when my eyes met hers.

I nodded. What else could I do? Ask her for more? No, mom was clearly uncomfortable as hell, and the guilt of going a whole step and a half farther than before, that meant that both of us had a lot of therapy to catch up on. "I get it. No worries."

Mom looked down at her lap. "It's just that... these were... very strange circumstances. And they were very... erratic. And emotional. And I think we'll just need to accept that it really was just a, a mistake—"

That hurt, somehow.

"No, absolutely," I said back. "It's something we don't... well, we're headed home. So, it's... we don't have to worry about it anymore," my words dropped off and then it was quiet again.

For a long time.

"Yeah," she whispered, before looking up and to the hills. There was another shelf of dark clouds over the peaks, darkening the way up ahead. "I hope it doesn't snow like it was doing last night," she said, quiet.

"Me too," I said.

It was going to be a long, long way home.

With the resort being three hours away from home (without traffic), and the Kellerton another hour farther (without traffic), we were ready to go through the whole four hours it would take to get back. Except that the four hours stretched out, turning into the slow crawl of a line of vehicles, climbing the mountain cautiously due to the snow that grew heavier and heavier. Cars slowed to twenty-five miles an hour, slower, turning into a caravan of sedans and vans and trucks trying to get over

the pass all at once due to all the blockage that had been going on the last several days.

Our embarrassment, or shame, or hesitancy, whatever it was, seemed to calm down and move itself just out of our awareness. With the 'understanding' settled between us that our little mistake was really just something to forget about, we settled down and instead got invested in the ridiculousness that was this whole trip to begin with. For me, it was forced.

Mom, her legs crossing and uncrossing, nervously started a conversation about how George was going to get an earful when she got back, and that she was going to have to be careful about how she was going to turn this into some sort of positive for her career. "Maybe, I'll just have to say that I was willing to go through hypothermia for the company line," she said, wryly. "God. Fucking George and his fucking fruit..." She looked out the window, her rant drifting.

In the slowness that was the long, long climb up the slopes, the skies darkened, going gray, dark gray, and then hanging lower until we were once again in the dark, the snow so thick and the clouds so opaque that even at four, it was like we were driving into a midnight snowstorm. The fall was heavy, flakes getting huge and turning into clumps that fell onto our windshield and were carried off bodily by the wiper blades. Mom and I looked ahead, staring at the unending series of red lights ahead, all the way until it was actual nighttime, and we were tired and drearily depressed with the dark and the quiet and the strange, strange feeling of leaving all this behind.

To be forgotten.

Eventually, we got close to the pass, the same point where we were turned around.

Mom and I both leaned forward, tense, watching for any sign that they were turning vehicles around. I saw a series of lights and some personnel in huge jackets, tending to a checkpoint, hanging by the light up signs that metered out the cars and warned of icy conditions ahead.

"Oh, fuck," I breathed. Not because I was anxious. Because I was starting to get really fucking mad.

A car turned around after spending a minute with one of the guys yelling into his window.

That was not going to fucking happen to us.

One of the guys ahead flagged us. I rolled down the window slightly and immediately got a face full of white sleet. I squinted through it as a department of transportation guy came close. "It's dangerous ahead!" He yelled, the only way to sound clear in the wind. "You guys got the right tires?"

"Sure do," I yelled back as he looked at the car doubtfully.

"I dunno, bud. We're considering closing it—you might want—"

"We're going, we've got an appointment over the hill," I said, insistent, while mom tapped at my arm and she said something about how maybe we should just go back. I ignored her.

The guy shrugged and pointed down the highway. "If you guys really are brave enough, you can make it through. It gets to the downhill portion soon; you'll need to take it at twenty or less."

"Thanks," I said, before he waved us on and moved to the next car.

"You can't be serious," mom said, looking at me full on for the first time today. "Keith. This sounds really dangerous."

"I got it," I said.

No fucking way I was turning around at this point. Mom wasn't going to have to deal with the discomfort anymore if I could help it—we were going to make it back, and then mom was going to get to live a normal life and we could pretend like all of this never fucking happened. "I'll just take it extremely slow. We'll get back late, but we'll get there."

"Do we have chains?" Mom asked, looking concernedly at the signs. One of them said icy conditions. Sliding.

"No," I said, "but the tires are all-weather tires."

Mom nodded doubtfully. "Alright... go slow. Please?"

"You got it."

Once we passed the last guy in a high visibility jacket, the highway seemed to open up. For whatever reason, a lot of the cars that were ahead of us jetted their way going down, not seeming to care about the ice warning. The ones behind us quickly moved to pass us, since we were still going about fifteen miles an hour.

"Fucking crazy," mom breathed as another car hurtled past us. "These people, they're going to realize that these signs are here for a reason."

"No kidding," I said. I gripped the steering wheel as tight as I could. With the snow falling heavier, and the highway going from a pitch dark of asphalt to a grayed over layer of compacted snow, and with the snowplows and de-icers nowhere to be seen, I tried even harder to keep control and to make sure we weren't letting gravity throw us down the slopes. Going off the road would prove lethal, considering the steepness.

There was an uphill bit, not a particularly long one, just a run of us going up the hill before the slopes would more or less trend downhill from that point forward. I was white knuckling. Once we crossed the tip of the rise, we started on what felt like would be an easy downhill. We were more or less home free. Or we would have been, except that once we reached the top, we could see that the snow was now sticking to the highway. Despite all the de-icer.

"I can't see the markings," I warned, my body locking into readiness. "And I can't see the road that clearly. We'll need to be careful." The rails were our only guide as to whether we were going to make it around another bend or down the hill as the latest statistic.

Mom didn't respond, instead gripping her door and under her seat as I tried carefully to make sure that we were still on the road. The ice was falling fast, the snow mounting up and sticking to roads that clearly weren't salted nearly enough, or were simply out snowed for all the effort they put into making this traversable.

My headlights only extended a couple dozen feet. We had slowed down to ten miles an hour, five, and I was sorely regretting not just turning around at the peak.

And then when the tires started to slide, that's when I realized that it would have been much, much wiser to insult my boss by taking another day than to attempt to cross.

Because the car started to slide, aided by gravity, not just forward and down the slope, but also to the right, where the highway tilted just slightly.

And the loss of control made us both go from a white-knuckled, tense wire of anxiety to a terrified groaning as the tires shifted, almost hissing across the snow, until there was a rail right in the center of our vision—and instead of sticking to the left for us to stay on the highway, we slipped past it and...

To the right.

Mom screamed as our car suddenly dipped forward, and then it careened downward, no matter how tightly I jammed the brakes, no matter how I steered, the car had no traction across the wet and we were rolling, downward, until a soft

crunch threw us forward.

Mom was gasping, terrified, and I was staring in disbelief at the perfect white that covered our windshield and the front halves of our side windows.

We were embedded in a snowbank.

"You alright?" I looked at mom to see if she was hurt. She wasn't—just terrified and hyperventilating.

Her whole body was shaking. "Jesus Christ," she said, almost sounding like she was going to faint. "Do you think the car's okay?"

I realized that there wasn't going to be any air flow coming through the front since we had dug into what seemed to be a huge pile. The engine was still running, and we didn't have any lights popping up on the dashboard at least. "Seems like everything's still working," I said. I tried to pull us into reverse. We didn't budge a bit.

Fucking hell. It was my fucking fault, too.

Mom looked worriedly out the window. "It's pitch black out there," she said.

I tried to open my door, but since we had quite literally stuck ourselves into the drift, there was no way for us to wedge our way out. The tires weren't getting any traction anyway. I struggled with the door for a few more seconds before mom looked behind us. "You might be able to get out the back," she suggested.

As I looked behind me and tried to see what was out there, mom pulled herself up and over the center console. I only realized it when she had crawled over it, her arms on the back seats, her ass stuck by my face.

I tried not to look and ended up having to deal with the awareness of her lovely, shapely bottom, moving around and rubbing against my shoulder before she gave a last push and hurdled over, and into the back seat, before opening one of the back doors. "At least we're not completely stuck," she said, climbing out and into the night.

The door closed behind her. I worked on climbing out and into the back as well. Being a lot larger than my mother, it took a little more, but soon I was outside too. Mom had her flashlight on, and was trying to circle the car to see the actual state of things. And sure enough, we were stuck. Bad. Our car was pointed downward and the nose was fully swallowed by the mountain of snow beneath, while around us, we could see that there was a clear ramp going from the pile where we were, up to the highway.

"It's a truck ramp," I realized. "They're so that trucks can bail and not crash into other cars when their brakes fail."

"Lucky us," mom said, taking deep breaths.

I felt relieved, seeing that she wasn't angry with me. I felt angry enough at myself; any fucking hotel would be better than getting stuck in a drift during a blizzard. The snow was practically howling.

I looked back. "We'd better stay in the car," I said, studying the grade of the highway. "When it's daytime we'll be obvious from up there, and we might be able to get somebody to call for help on their way down."

Mom seemed to agree. She was shivering, the snow clinging to her hair and blowing through her clothes. I gently pulled her arm, and she followed me back to the car, where we got into the back seats. "Christ," mom said, her teeth chattering. She brushed off some of the snow onto the floor. In the dark, all there was, was the sound of our jackets rubbing against the upholstery from all of our shivering.

It looked like another night where we'd be huddled close.

Fucking hell.

Mom and I quickly gave up on any awkwardness due to the temperature, and huddled closer together, bundled up and trying to retain the meager warmth under our jackets. But with the temperatures dropping further, and with a huge pile of snow we effectively forming the front half of our car, everything was getting colder and colder. She was shivering, even in her jacket. I tried climbing over the front seat and turning on the car for a minute, but due to the lack of airflow, something must have been blocking a vital air stream, because the car petered out and wouldn't start anymore, even though the battery and the starter were all working just fine.

Fucking. Hell.

It got colder and colder, and mom and I drew closer and closer. I could feel her grip pressing through my jacket, and I could feel her body pressing close to mine, but even with us tightly bound together, there wasn't enough heat. It was simply too damn cold.

"Fuck!" I burst out, shivering in the dark. "We're going to fucking die at this rate." Every word made fog inside the car.

Mom pressed closer to me, her own voice a shiver. "What are we supposed to do, then?"

I remembered a bit of training from my time in Scouts. Back then, when Mom had just enough time to drive me to a scout troop meeting once a week, I learned the smallest fundamentals of survival. When it came to surviving the cold, what was important was retaining heat with as much insulation material as possible.

"We're going to have to get clothes out from the suitcases," I said, chattering. "And we'll have to share body heat," I warned. Now, I was mature enough to recommend this without at all implying anything else. But mom looked at me briefly. I couldn't make out her face in the dark, but I could tell she was looking. I went into an explanation of what we could do.

"It's simple. We'll basically layer everything in such a way where there's a little tunnel, built horizontally over the passenger seats. We will be the ones in the tunnel. We'll have to be close to each other, but at least we'll have our warmth. The key is not letting any escape," I said. "So it's going to be a lot of fucking layers. Won't be comfortable, but we'll be warm."

"Alright," mom said, immediately on board. "No time to waste."

We pulled to one side of the passenger seats and I opened the back of one of them to get to the trunk from inside. I pulled my suitcase out, and pulled out everything big from inside before shoving it back and repeating the same with mom's. In all, we had a bunch more jackets and sweaters and shirts, and in a slow, uncomfortable shuffle, we layered it over the passenger seats, making it as solid as we could. Layer by layer, the clothes went on, and with a large blanket that we kept in the trunk for emergency purposes, we were able to seal it all in.

Somehow, we managed to crawl into it together without upsetting the whole thing. The only thing really uncovered was the tops of our heads on one side of the vehicle, just underneath the window. The rest of us was enclosed in a cocoon of sorts.

Underneath, mom and I were sandwiched together, her ass rammed against my pelvis, her hair in my face. We couldn't see. It was only the blackness of nighttime, the sound of our breathing, the scent of... each other.

Mom was pressed tight to me, her back to my chest. It wasn't the most intimate of positions, but I think that was the intention. Mom's back melted against my front, her ass, unintentionally of course, was pushing hard against my hips, and the only saving mercy about the cold was that I was too chatty to get hard. It was just

too damn cold.

But together, pushed close, with a ton of layers draped over us, it started to warm.

"God," mom said, her shivering slowing. "Not a bad idea."

The heat grew, mostly between us, rising into the covers, finally warming the seat cushions underneath us, and finally bringing some much-needed relief. Mom started to relax in the warmth, and I did too.

Which might have been a mistake.

Because with the danger of dying of hypothermia gone, all I had now to deal with was my mother, and her beautiful, soft body, pressed hard against mine.

And the consequences of that.

## CHAPTER 18

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I don't think it was intentional of her—but mom seemed to shiver, and her ass wiggled against my cock, and I felt myself immediately change in the depths of my body. There was an excitement in my stomach, an electric feeling that shot through my hips and... up. I felt myself stiffening, faster than I expected, and Mom suddenly froze as she realized what was pressing hard between the cheeks of her butt.

"Keith," she asked, while I tried not to move a muscle. "That better not be what I think it is."

"It is," I said, embarrassed.

Then we were quiet for a little bit.

"I didn't mean—"

"I know," mom cut me off. She moved herself slightly and I felt her ass pull away from me just a little, and that would have worked out fine except that it gave my cock more room to swell up, seeking the softness, the warmth. Soon my shaft was sticking, hard, against her ass, full mast, and... throbbing against her.

"Oh... Oh boy." Mom said, resigning herself to the discomfort.

"Sorry."

"It can't be avoided," mom said, nervous, unable to convince herself of what she just said. "So we'll just ignore it. Okay?"

I bit down on my lip, as hard as I could, to avoid moaning.

Now, in a situation like this, it's important not to move. I knew there was a chance my cock could settle down if only we didn't do anything that stimulated it, nothing that would cause my body to feel like it even had a chance at fucking now. If I could manage that, I'd deflate, and mom and I could maybe get some sleep together.

Except that wasn't possible.

"I'm about to fall off—" mom suddenly said, and she pulled back, pressing her ass hard onto my cock. She didn't mean to, but the simple fact was that if she fell off the front of the passenger seats, then she'd slip out of the bivouac and into the cold interior of the rest of the car. Instead, mom had to wriggle herself closer, her ass rubbing against me, my cock now throbbing harder, almost hurting with how fucking erect it was, as it wedged in tight between her cheeks and pulsed against her warmth, and I had the distinct sense, maybe an impression, or maybe the fear, that my cock was actually pressing up hard against her asshole and she was somehow just having to deal with the fact that her son was pushing against a part of her that she probably had only used with my dad.

Then I wondered if my mother liked anal.

I shook off the thought. It kept making my cock throb against her.

The way things were, my arms were uncomfortably pressed at my sides so that mom could have just enough room to sidle in. But that needed to change if mom wasn't going to keep struggling with the edge; if we had to deal with that, then there was no fucking way we'd get to sleep, and I'd have to deal with my mom's ass rubbing against me the entire night.

"I could... put an arm around you," I offered. "It's not so we can—"

"No, no, of course," mom's words sounded a little clipped and strained. "It's... it's so I don't fall."

"Exactly," I said, not really convincing myself. My arms shuffled up, almost numb from the way I had to lay on them, but mom scooted a little so my arms

could circle around her, one around her upper shoulder and by her neck so she could rest on it, and the other around her chest. But once I realized how close my arm was to her breasts, I pulled it down and instead wrapped it around her tummy. Mom didn't mean to scoot any closer than she could possibly help, but the simple fact was that she was going to need me with my arm around her to keep from falling off. Her body was almost vibrating.

At first, I thought mom was shivering.

But she wasn't.

Mom's body was shaking, imperceptibly, her heat flaring between us.

After she shifted, mom was much, much closer to me. I could feel her breathing, so intimately, I could almost feel the way she breathed, feel her arms moving to keep her from falling, before folding up, under her chest, to keep another barrier between my arm and her breasts.

The way she was pressed against me was different from before. While before my cock was jamming up hard against her ass, this time, it was tucked, just below, in the cute little hollow under her butt where her thighs intersected. Some people call that the thigh gap; in this case, it was a thick pocket that gave my cock just a bit of room, and consequently, allowed it to push out.

Mom seemed to be making some kind of an effort. I couldn't really see anything, but I could feel her body, tight and tense, her breathing suppressed, until the faintest gasp of a whine came from her, barely audible, right as my cock throbbed, harder, hardening up and extending all the way, pushing against a softness between her legs...

Judging by the way mom seemed to shift at the connection, by the surprise in her breath, by the insistent little buck that flicked her waist back and caused her to rub on it, just slightly...

It had to have been her pussy.

After that whine, she froze. Almost as if she knew that I heard it.

Her body was still in my arms, and while I was doing what I could to fight my arousal, the simple fact was that I couldn't control how my cock was throbbing.

It gave another thick pulse, pressing against my mom's secret place, and as it throbbed, mom seemed to suppress another noise. She tensed, trying to hold still, except that her movement only served to tighten her thighs together, wrapping around the tip of my cock as it forced its way ahead and against her.

My heart was going fast; we were in some real fucking trouble, considering how my breathing was getting faster too.

Mom seemed to let go of all the tension in trying to keep quiet, and instead to try and wiggle her way forward so that it would press less against her, except that her movement forward threatened to tip her over the edge, and so her body fell back just a few inches, our closeness more than enough to ensure that her ass falling back over my cock only served to make me feel like I had just humped her.

And that made my balls ache, my dick pulse, pressing harder against her. Against that spot.

Mom's breathing started to quicken.

I wanted to say something. Anything. Something that would tell her that this was a mistake, I didn't mean to rub up on her pussy, that everything that was happening was just a bit of bad luck and that we were both mature enough to ignore it and to go to sleep—fucking something—anything to distract us from the fact that my mom's pussy was being massaged by my cock through our clothes.

Except I didn't say that.

Instead, all I could focus on was the subtle way my hips pushed forward...

And how my mother's pushed back.

It was barely detectable. It might have only been about as subtle as a heartbeat, but with each thump, it almost felt like... a thrust. The head of my cock throbbed hard, again, and this time mom seemed to push her head down, to pull it away from me, to deal with the feeling between her legs.

Her breath was getting faster. The heat between us was insane, going from the relief of warmth out of the cold to the inferno of two bodies, arousing, against their will, wrapped together.

Eventually, I managed to break through. "Mom," I whispered, trying to keep detached. "Mom, I'm sorry."

Mom seemed to be focused on what was going on her in her head, probably her efforts at keeping this out of the forefront of her mind so she wouldn't feel like this was actually happening. Except it was.

"Yeah," she said, her voice tiny even with how close we were.

"I don't mean for—" I said, before the warmth and her soft, lovely ass pulled another throb out of me, rolling forward and massaging her pussy underneath her pants. My cock was hurting, pressing way too fucking hard through my pants. This time, the throb seemed to go on for longer. It seemed to pull something out of me, making my heart race faster than before, and this time, as my head pushed hard, farther and farther, the way it pushed this time made mom react. Not emotionally.

Physically. Mom seemed to shudder, and that made my cock even harder, and her body seemed to almost shake next to me.

My mother, my sweet mom who had been trying all this time to stop from lusting after her son, was struggling with my cock rubbing against what had to be her clit. But with her shivering, with her shaking, with her breath getting light and tight, and with her soft ass pressing and gyrating around my cock, all I could do was feel it, pressing her, masturbating in the inner softness of her thighs.

I was breathing faster, heavier, mom was too, our breaths filling the small space and making our faces hot with carbon dioxide.

"I'm sorry," I said, quiet, and mom just seemed to nod, her mind elsewhere, her own awareness not so much on my words... and instead... On what was happening to her.

My cock throbbed again, and this time, my hips pushed forward, hard, and against my will, against my hopes, against the fear that this would happen, it did. I pushed, thrusting, slowly, pressing my cock up and the tip of it rubbing hard against her, until I thought I could almost feel the little button through all the cloth, and when my cock had pushed on it hard and my mother's body seemed to tremble and push back at that.

"Keith," mom's voice was small, but high. "We... we need to stop," she said. As she said it, her hips pushed backwards, harder, and I found myself pulling my arms tighter around her, almost grinding her ass on me.

"Yeah," I said back in a whisper. "I'm... I'm trying..."

Mom shook her head and I thought I heard her whisper that she was trying too.

Mom's hand slipped over to her waist, pushing under my arm. "You... You need to stop, I can feel it—" she whined, her hand going behind her, her fingers pressing at my hip, my leg.

Another throb went through my cock, rippling over my mother's pussy, and her hand, instead of pushing me back, seemed to explore further.

I was on fire.

"Mom?" I said, my breathing tight as my cock reveled in her soft heat. "Mom—we need—" Another throb.

Mom let go of a breath that revealed just how turned on she was. It wasn't even a breath. It was a begging sob.

I followed her example, putting a hand on her hip, and trying, I swear, just trying to push her off of me slightly, except that in doing that, my cock dragged down her cunt and made her whole body ripple with reaction. Mom was breathing fast now, for real, and I was too. Things were happening in our bodies, making it harder to think, dragging us from questions of right and wrong and what had happened and all of our exhausted fighting, and all there was between us was the heat and the warmth and the minute perceptions of pleasure. Mom's voice was going through her breath, no longer just the tense, tightness of hesitancy, but now the shaking and resisting submission to the heat that had to be happening between her legs, that had to be making her body... activate.

"We have to stop," her voice was faint, her hand behind me almost pushing on me, except... That it wasn't pushing. And her hand was slipping lower.

I felt her fingers trace over my shaft, just briefly, while I felt it coming, another throb, another one we couldn't escape, going merely from just the body to the soul, in my awareness all I could focus on was the way her body felt to push against, how her hips were accepting me, how her hands were slipping up, and down, up my pelvis and then down—

And into my waistband.

My breathing stopped as mom's hand lingered there, stuck and hesitating, her fingers inches from my cock.

I couldn't help myself even a small amount. My arm that was wrapped around her torso... it pulled downward, my thumb just hooking into the belt loop of her pants and pulling her.

Onto me.

I didn't mean, too consciously, to pull her onto me, but I did, and mom let go of a noise, a real one, the kind of betrayed gasp that mixed with the frustration of what she felt, all underneath the unstoppable hitch that came from my cock stroking her sensitivity.

"I'm sorry—" I said, struggling to keep my breathing even. "We need to stop —"

But we were lost in it already, I could tell, because our hips were moving on their own.

"We have to stop," she insisted too, her whisper barely audible.

"I know," I groaned into her ear, but my hips were pushing, her body was trembling, her legs were winding tight and massaging my cock.

Her hand seems to push down behind her.

To pull my pants down.

And my own hands seemed to pull down hers.

In the mindless shock of how our clothes were moving, I felt the warmth of her soft lower back, the smoothness of her skin right above her ass, and then—

We stopped, only having moved an inch, only having somehow made the leap from rubbing to undressing, but there we were, our hands caught and around each other's waistbands, and the inferno of heat between us getting worse and worse, my breathing was shuddering uncontrollably as I struggled to control myself. The rubbing, the humping, it didn't stop; I didn't stop pushing against my mother's cunt. Mom didn't stop rubbing herself on my cock, and now, with both of us barely still and struggling to break out of the haze, mom started to hiss, to moan, to let go of something inside of her that meant that her body would push harder, her hands tugging more.

My mother. My lovely, beautiful mother was pulling my pants down still, and the more of my hips that were touching her lower back, the more I was losing it, all sensibility, all reason.

To feel her skin, for her to feel mine, was electric and forcing us further, our hands tugging harder, our movement getting more jerky, our bodies flaring with pleasure at the way we were grinding together, and through it all I was going fucking crazy, scared of what was happening. Mom was too, clearly, but her hands were still moving, as were mine, and the voluptuous softness of her hips and ass were spilling out as I tugged, and then, somehow our pants were both pulled down enough where each of us didn't need to struggle to pull them down further.

And in a move that seemed to slip like melting ice, both of us, our underwear, out of nowhere, it was all down and around our thighs and I was feeling the searing hot skin of my mom, wet with sweat, hot against my skin, my cock surging and hot and now slipping between her thighs—

And with both of us exposing our skin to the touch, with both of us naked there, mom somehow managed to regain some control over herself— "Keith," she choked, freezing, my cock pulsing and hard and pushing somewhere that felt so fucking hot and wet—my mom's pussy, I knew, it was just there, all of the hot and wet of her, right there, all it'd take is a single move, a single adjustment, a single change of angle and I fucking knew that I could be inside my mom.

But my cock was right where it was before, but now without the pants, and I could swear that with the heat and the sweat that there was a slickness that made my cock glide between her legs.

"Keith," mom said, afraid, excited, resisting, "Keith, you need to stop. It's... it's right there."

And it was.

My cock was pressing at her entrance, the length of it going over the entirety of her slit and fitting right between her thighs.

Both of us were still, the only movement between us my heartbeat, causing my cock to pulse, and pulse, and pulse, surrounded by the wet of my mother's body.

"Holy fuck," I breathed, and mom seemed to share the sentiment. "Fuck—" I was biting my mouth, hard, straining to hold still, my cock still rubbing at her, still sliding between her legs, still pressing up and definitely—against her clit. With the farthest reach of each thrust, mom made a soft moan, her body trembling with all of its need and want and sense.

I held still for as long as I could, struggling, fighting to muster the will that it would take to pull my pants up, to pull back, for us to breathe and to maybe adjust ourselves so that we could lay in a position that didn't cause this, but I couldn't fucking stop, I couldn't fucking muster it. And over the long, long minutes where my cock was right there, touching her, the shaft slipped between her lips and rubbed up against her clit, and there was no way I could get the strength to pull away from it.

I was fucking scared.

I was scared because I didn't know if I could exercise the self-control that would be necessary to keep from going any further.

And truly having sex with my mom.

"Mom," I hissed, desperate. "I'm sorry—I'm trying—" I was, I really was, I was fighting to pull back and out and to get my cock off of her wet slit, to put it all away.

"I know—" she said back, her voice high and restrained. "It's okay—we can—we can—"

But I wasn't the one who struggled most here.

Mom was.

"I can't... We have to stop—" she said, her voice almost pained with effort, and... her ass pressed back, grinding her pussy over the length of my cock, slipping it around her vulva and pleasuring herself on its stiffness. She kept moving, her moaning going through her bitten lip, her hips undulating, her waist moving, her ass shifting over me, and I couldn't help but let go of another moan as the slipperiness of her cunt was covering my cock in her juices, with every single movement.

Mom was gasping, all throughout, unable to hold it back, and soon, I couldn't hold it either. Mom was moving back on me, my cock slipping between her thighs, over and over, the heat surrounding my cock and making it feel as if...

As if...

As if I really was fucking her.

But instead I was fucking her thighs, fucking between her pussy lips, using her body without truly penetrating. All through her movements, she was groaning, little 'uh, uh,' sounds that were audible despite how quiet she tried to make them—my cock was on fucking fire as I struggled not to go with it, to fuck my mother's thighs, to use her body in this way.

And of course, there is only so much fight in a man.

My arms tightened around my mother, and she gasped, shifting along with me. Her hair was sweaty, sticking to my face, her breathing fast and her body leaning into mine and her hands slipping over my waist as my cock pushed forward and fucked at her, fucked between her legs, pressing against her clit and then slipping over it thanks to her juices, until I was pushed so deep between her thighs that the head of my cock truly was rubbing her clit, over and over, her body almost twisting as it slipped over and massaged the bell of it.

Mom's body was getting tighter, more strained, her arms were moving now, no longer just behind her back and on me, but roaming, under the covers, reaching up, little gaps of opening causing a rush of cold air to come into the bivouac, washing over our sweaty bodies with cool, her own body insane with fire and pushing back onto me still.

I had fucking lost it, my control was gone, my mom's body was being used, by me, like a little fuck doll, the softness of her tummy under my hand getting hotter still—I was in disbelief as my hands shot up and gripped her, one hand slipping up through her shirt and over her smooth belly and then up—reaching the frame of her bra, pushing under, until the bliss and soft of her breasts were exposed, and then, my fingers were slipping up then until I could find a nipple and her body was moving, faster, fucking on me, her breaths in time with the thrusting and her whining in time with how my cock slipped over her nub and her voice like little shocks of surprise, every single thrust, every single movement, every single slick of wet that passed through her lips.

Mom was getting faster, her body losing control, mine as well, my balls tightening as the simulated fuck got hotter and faster—I was lost, unaware of much other than that it would only take the smallest adjustment, the tiniest change—if I just curved my hip upward then—

The head of my cock pressed up and against a hot, hot opening—  
—and then—

In.

I gasped, my body locking up, as the molten heat of my mother's pussy enveloped me, out of nowhere, my mom gasping with surprise and her whole body

stopping and shuddering as my cock penetrated her and slipped into her cunt and I was suddenly inside of her, shaking, her breathing a shudder of fear and shock, our bodies still and united as the head of my penis pushed in, stiff and throbbing and inside of her.

It was a heaven and it was a hell and my mother's pussy was beautifully, beautifully tight, clenching on me, hard, harder than I'd ever felt a girl tighten on me.

We stayed perfectly still, unsure what to do.

Mom was breathing fast.

I was too. Our gasps were timed irregularly, our hands had somehow found each other and were gripping hard, and while my cock was inside, I felt the most subtle movement almost... stirring inside of her, and my cock was throbbing with relief at getting inside, but then there was only the unsurmountable drive, the need, to go in, to fuck in, to...

To fuck my own mother.

"Keith," mom said, panicked.

With a final groan I was able to pull back, to pull out, the tip of my cock drawing from inside of her and then out, still hot, still pressed against her pussy, but at least it wasn't in.

But it had happened and now Mom and I were so horrified by it that everything came grinding to a halt. Our arousal, our temptations, all of it was obliterated in the new awareness that I had been inside of her, no matter how small, that my cock had kissed her pussy.

And that we both knew what it felt like.

Mom was moving fast, her hands darting down to her pants and pulling them up, her breathing fast and scared and mine the same. I pulled up my pants after much shifting and then it was just my erect cock, pushing against her ass, somehow safer and acceptable compared to what had just happened.

Mom and I were struggling to catch our breath. Not from effort. But from something else. It was blind panic—it was one thing for us to have been dancing around all of this together and for mistakes to happen over and over, but this?

I had penetrated her. My own mother.

And we were till clamped together like we were in a vice.

Soon our hearts started to settle, not out of relief, but instead into a difficult dread, all the while our moving all stopped, our moaning, our pleasure, all of it was gone.

It was now just the slow passage of time, the falling snow that tapped on the glass, the slow minutes and our breath that fogged the inside and our warmth pushed together while our car swung back and forth from being intolerably cold and unbearably hot.

And the difficult reality.

I was inside of her.

I had penetrated my mom. The inside of her was so hot, so tight, so alluring that I was still facing the shock of intense need that throbbled in me, the honest desire of the body that said that I wanted her, to fuck my mom.

Holy.

Fucking.

Shit.

My heart was still beating, way too fast. Mom didn't say anything, didn't look at me, and we were struggling, tortured, unsure, unable to speak with each other.

I fought to say something. Anything.

But what could one say after that?

## CHAPTER 19

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**Y**ou'd think I was used to people waking me up with knocking by now.  
Except I wasn't.

A policeman was tapping on our glass with a flashlight, and mom and I both awoke, both of us suddenly hyperventilating and confused as fuck at the heavy tap of his flashlight on the glass as we struggled to get out of the mountain of clothes. The cop leaned up to the window to see us and was laughing as we struggled under the mound of insulation.

I opened the door, and somehow managed to pull myself out, grabbing and shoving into my shoes at the same time. The cold was shocking, waking me up faster than any coffee could. The cop stepped around the door and took a better look at our little makeshift bivouac. "You two look like you had a fantastic night," he observed, the white snow reflected off his sunglasses. "Need a hand? I've got a winch truck up the ramp."

"Thank goodness," mom said, her tone unsteady as she tried to get up. Our clothes and the blanket had toppled and pieces of our wardrobes were falling out and into the snow as she got out. Both of us were squinting, seeing the forests and mountains extending for miles and miles, along with a sunrise that sifted through the clouds and made the whole place brilliant and sparkling with ice.

"I can't believe you two actually tried to make it over, in that little thing," said the cop, hands on his hips and looking at the little sedan. "It got colder than we thought it would last night. I guess it broke a record for January, or something." Well. That explained the sticking despite all that salt.

He really did have a guy with a winch truck at the top. It took a little bit, but once things were hooked up and the car pulled out, and we had turned it on to make sure we could actually go, we were finally situated at the top.

And about to go home.

Fucking finally.

"I gotta say," the cop said, insistent, "you two are lucky to be alive. Not just to slip off here and onto this ramp in particular, but not to have frozen to death."

Mom and I gave him a blank stare. Neither of us were about to tell him about the massively unlucky thing that happened last night. After a second of awkward silence, the cop tipped his hat and waved at the winch guy to head up further before getting into his own car and heading off.

We got into the car and I shifted into drive, and rolled out and onto the highway.

Where we drove in a pure, and impossible silence.

Mom and I must have looked like a duo in a comedy sketch. Our hair was all messed up. We had these shellshocked looks in the mirrors. Our clothes were askew and slept in. Neither of us spoke. Neither of us could think.

We both knew what happened last night.

Mom's ringtone suddenly went off, earsplittingly loud, startling both of us and making us both jump in our seats. Mom struggled with her mobile and looked blearily at the screen.

It was George.

I could see mom's shoulders deflate as she resigned herself to talking to him, the both of us already late for work. I wondered what shit he was going to give us for this.

"George," she said, eyes closed. She was quiet for a second. "Yeah. No. We slid off the highway around the pass last night. Yeah." She looked at me, briefly, before

her eyes snapped away. “Yeah. The policeman that got us out said we were lucky to be alive. Yes. Oh. Okay.” Mom closed her eyes and leaned back with an expression that looked like relief. “Thank you, George, we will,” she said, almost whispering. Then she hung up, and without looking at me, told me that George had just given us the day off. “He said that since we weren’t going to be useful today, having survived a traumatic event,” she said bitterly, “that it’d be better if we just stayed home. And then we can go in tomorrow.”

“Okay,” I said, feeling hollow.

The road went on, and on, and on.

Mom got brave enough to turn on the radio at some point, familiar stations finally coming through. We started to see signs for our city, a pull off for fast food, and we drove right up and ordered two coffees for each of us, hashbrowns, sandwiches, and we basically sat listless at that joint for an hour, just eating.

Fucking glorious, considering the circumstances. It almost made everything feel okay now that we had hot food in our bellies and caffeine.

We didn’t look at each other, still. Didn’t speak. It was like there was a thick curtain between us, and in a way, it felt better that we didn’t look at each other at all.

After we ate, I drove us all the way back, two hours without traffic to my place so I could drop myself off. Mom would take her car back after that.

When we parked, we were silent.

And finally, home.

Like we had wanted. Like we had struggled for, all so we could avoid anything awkward, but... the worst, the strangest, the weirdest thing had happened already.

And there was no way to undo it.

Holy fuck.

How was mom supposed to cope with the fact that her son had inserted himself into her? How was she supposed to live with the knowledge of what her son’s cock... felt like?

I had no clue. I myself wasn’t sure I was going to be able to look at myself in a mirror, forever. In a way, I had actually fucked my own mother. Fucking her thighs, that was fucking, wasn’t it? I was rubbing on her clit with my cock, wasn’t I?

I can’t imagine anyone knows how to explain this as me not fucking her.

I got out after a long time, and got my suitcase, grabbed a few of the loose clothes that were around and stumbled toward the door. I looked back and saw mom, staring straight ahead in the passenger seat.

She looked like a statue. A rabbit, frozen in terror. An internal one that I could see bubbling up from inside of her, torturing her with the same questions as me.

I came back after a bit to see if I could help her at all, but by the time I got out, mom was already in the driver’s seat and pulling out of the driveway. I stood awkwardly while she got onto the road and drove away, not noticing me.

Though how the fuck was she supposed to interact with me at this point?

Was she supposed to wave goodbye? To say I love you?

To say that she had a good time?

Holy.

Fucking.

Shit.

*To be continued...*

••••

*WHAT DID YOU THINK?*

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# THE CABIN FEVER



A MOTHER / SON  
SLOW BURN NOVEL

PART 6

**INCEST**

# THE CABIN FEVER



A MOTHER / SON  
SLOW BURN NOVEL

PART 6

INCEST

# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[CHAPTER 20](#)

[CHAPTER 21](#)

[CHAPTER 22](#)

## CHAPTER 20

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It was barely noon.

And I had a whole fucking day to stew.

I felt like I wasn't really there, in my apartment, that I was even back. I unpacked my shit, did laundry. Did chores for the first time in forever like a civilized man, all while completely detached from reality.

Everything was different now.

I kept thinking of mom. I kept thinking about the way she stopped looking at me, how we didn't say goodbye. Everything was so confusing now, now that the world had turned upside down and I had—oh god.

I had been inside my mom.

My mind fuzzed out, unable to take it now that I was home and could breathe. All I could do was clean, force myself to focus on what I was doing with my hands. All the while, the mental images kept flashing through my mind, the sensations of my mother's skin, her breathing, her pressing tight against me, her firm, thick thighs, wrapped and slick around my cock as I fucked between them, rubbing her clit with the head of my cock.

Just cleaning.

And the inescapable thoughts of my mother.

Now you might think it's impossible for a guy to clean all goddamn day. But I did. The apartment that my mom called a cave started to turn into an actual dwelling. Things were vacuumed. Wiped. Innumerable things were thrown away, filling the garbage cans outside. What remained was altered from their dusty, dark forms and revealed to be belongings as I threw open all the windows to air out the place.

Eventually, I fell asleep on my couch, and had a series of weird, weird dreams, mostly centered around Kellerton and that ridiculous little bed and breakfast mom and I stayed at.

Inside our room, my mother and I were kissing, just kissing, no tongue, no sexiness; just slow, loving kissing, our lips pressing gently together while we sat on the bed, like a couple of shy teenagers. Then I dreamt that the front desk lady was knocking on our door, demanding to come inside, demanding to see what my mother and I were doing together. Mom and I wrapped ourselves in a blanket to hide, and the more we tried, the tighter it got, pressing our bodies together, tightening our hips to push, hard against each other. My cock had sprung up, and inside the wrapped blanket, with both of us completely swallowed up by it and with no way to see into the room to check if the lady had gotten inside, my mother was touching my cock, stroking it, somehow, even with us so tightly held together that there was no room between us to move. Mom's face was pressed just below mine, her breathing heavy, like panting, her face red and her body wet with sweat...

The alarm clock woke me up.

It was the first non-knocking wakeup I'd received in days, so in a way, I was almost grateful for it.

What I wasn't grateful for was the massive erection that was threatening to split my pajama pants open. Reality came right back. Everything from the last several days came back. The dream melted away into a strange reality, where my mother and I really had pressed together so tight, where my own mom had allowed me to fuck between her thighs, where she ground her pussy on the length of my dick, before that little accident.

I remembered the exact sensation.

Of penetrating my mother, of my cock slipping inside of her.

Where I came from.

The exact tone of her breath, a frantic and deliriously pleased gasp as my cock split between her wet lips and dipped into the hot and wet of her pussy.

My mother was tight. That came back too. Just as tight as my ex, as if she weren't a mother at all. I knew some women reverted to being just as tight as when they were eighteen after birth, but I didn't expect it from my mother. The way she gripped me, squeezed me, that itself was like a dream.

In a way, I hated that she was my mom. If I could find a woman who looked like her, talked like her, whose body was just like hers, then...

I got up, showered, went to work.

Where mom would be.

Like I mentioned a long time ago, my mother had managed some nepotistic stunts and gotten me into a little paid internship at her company where she was a lower-level executive. I did the filing and gopher work; she made small decisions and the admin work of everyone else's decisions. In all, not too bad for the both of us, if one enjoyed the thought of being a white-collar drone forever.

The building that we worked in was the kind that held several different company's offices. There was a huge parking lot, a legion of janitorial staff, unclear signage all over the damn place, and whatever passed in the corporate world as professional décor, including fixtures made of ropes, or art that looked like somebody had spat a hundred times onto construction paper, or furniture straight out of the 2000's. Now I'm not one to complain too hard. I didn't mind doing a job that didn't involve busting my ass on a construction site, but you try going to work and seeing your mom every day and see if that doesn't make you a little crazy.

And of course, now there was everything else to deal with.

At nine sharp, I was in the filing room where I was more-or-less assigned to stay. It was normally chock full of file cabinets, huge ones, going row by row by row, but today, it was chaos. Instead of clean straight lines, the file cabinets were clustered in practical piles. Some of my coworkers were trucking them around with handcarts and alternately studying a little chart that was supposed to tell them where everything was to go.

"What's going on?" I asked a coworker.

"George decided he didn't like the layout," one of the other interns explained. "Good thing you weren't here yesterday. He tried to make us move it all around without equipment at all."

"You can't be serious," I said. George was like that, of course.

If there was one upside to this, it was that I'd get to lose myself in some actual heavy activity. Some days I did just about nothing, and that would have been a death sentence for the neuroticism that having sex with my mother inevitably produced.

Thanks, Freud.

"Keith—" a supervisor brought the paper layout to me. "You've got to clarify this row here with George. I don't know if we can fit them all in this zone—"

In a minute, I was on my way to George's office. I wasn't excited for it, partially because mom directly reported to him, and because George was probably going to make the whole file cabinet situation worse.

And of course, the sleaze tried to fuck my mom.

His office was a couple floors up, behind layers and layers of glass offices that would have given more privacy if they were just eye-level cubicles. But of course,

modern corporate sensibility can't have that. So instead, it was row after row of floor-to-glass walls that shielded dozens of offices but left them completely open to inspection. Somewhere in there was mom's office.

And far behind it all, was George's. With real walls.

I kept an eye out for my mother. I wasn't sure exactly how I was going to avoid her, but luckily didn't see her all the way to George's office.

Of course, it was because she was in there.

I could see through the front window that mom was sitting, uncomfortable, in front of George's desk. He leaned back, looking smug and especially divorced, ogling my mother who was dressed as modestly as the corporate fashion would allow. She had a white blouse on, a thin suit jacket that rested around her shoulders, a pencil skirt that defined the curves of her legs. George seemed awfully interested in her blouse, though.

I raged internally while mom rested a chin on her fist and did her best to look somehow engaged with George's proud blathering. He seemed tickled pink by her attention.

Fuck me, what a sleaze.

One of mom's coworkers stepped past me and made a little sigh as she watched George do his stuff. "Sorry your mom has to deal with his, Keith." I felt their hand pat my shoulder once. "George will get the message. Eventually."

"Hope so," I muttered.

George looked up and noticed me outside. He immediately stiffened, sat up straight, and tried to look like he wasn't fraternizing. After a couple words, he dismissed my mom and she got up, turned, and once she saw me, she froze—only for a split second, before recovering and stepping out. She brushed past me, neither of us looking each other too closely in the eye. Mom seemed flushed. Bothered.

And not in a good way.

George gave me a thick grin as I explained what we needed downstairs. After some confusing directions that all contradicted themselves, and with the distinct sense that George thought he had something over me, I went back down to the files floor and carefully considered pushing the guy out of his stupid fucking corner office window.

When I got downstairs, the chaos had gotten worse. Somebody had a lateral file cabinet on a hand truck, tipping it back so that the insane heavy weight was just balanced on two wheels, and was struggling to keep it under control. What made it worse was that it was right at the entrance to the entire file room area, blocking me from getting inside. I made a mental note to avoid getting crushed by the damn thing, and waited for the poor intern to figure it out.

Mom was down there too, already inside, looking confused as she tried to explain what she needed to my supervisor, who shook his head and pointed out and toward me. Mom turned, looking uncomfortable, her head slightly bowed and her eyes not quite meeting mine, but she headed my way.

I told the intern to put the fucking file cabinet down for a second so mom could get past. She squeezed between it and the wall, and in the increasingly tightening space, she came up to me. "George said I needed to get these files," she said, holding up a little paper, skipping past any greetings. Her voice was tight. "And Jim said you know where these ones are."

"I just got back too, you know," I said. "The whole place is chaos right now."

"I know—" Mom was suddenly shoved forward by the intern behind her as he struggled to hold up the file cabinet. "Hey—watch it—"

As the intern crowded closer and the cabinet precariously tipped here and there, I noticed that there was an open janitor's closet that the poor dude could use as a turning-point. I got closer to him and tried to direct him. "Over here, man—careful—hey—I said fucking careful—"

I don't know exactly what happened. All I know is that something heavy and metallic smashed into me as the intern swung around, so fucking heavy that I was launched into my mom, and immediately, the both of us tumbled into the janitor's closet together, and before we could get up and out, the intern somehow managed to close the door on us.

The kicker was that it locked from the outside.

It was not a large closet. And it was pitch fucking black in there. I was standing, barely, propped up on the shelving that was immediately across from the door. I could sense mom below me, her warmth and form rising slowly in the dark.

"Hey—hey!" I stood up and banged on the door while mom, hissing with curse words, stood up fully and was getting her bearings. Outside, I suddenly heard the bellow of music from the radio. Classic rock. Christ.

My supervisor had a saving grace usually, in that some of the work in the filing room could be done under the music of the radio. But today was the worst fucking day for it—with all the moving I guess they felt at liberty to crank the volume.

Which meant that us hammering on the door, yelling from the inside, that would do fucking nothing.

"Fucking—" mom was brushing her clothes off. "Jesus Christ. You ever get the feeling that we keep getting pushed into tight spaces together?"

"What?"

"Nothing. God damn it—" Mom pushed past me, her body warm and soft, and I pushed myself into the back corner so I wouldn't rub up against her. Mom tried yelling and hammering on the door for a minute too. With no luck.

And then it was just us, pushed together and in the dark again.

Mom smelled amazing.

Fuck me, I was nervous. Mom seemed nervous too. If this had happened a week ago, it wouldn't have been this way at all. Mom probably would have just told me to relax and to be patient while she'd just knock steadily at the door, waiting for somebody to come along and let us out. But this time we were jammed together with the very, very recent memory of what had happened the last time we were pressed so close.

I couldn't fucking imagine what mom was going through.

Her voice was high. As if she were just trying to say things to distract us from the obvious. "Fucking George," she began, her tone wavering. "I don't know how this department functions with him making everything so goddamn complicated—"

"What were you and him talking about?" I asked, hoping that this would keep things on work instead of... you know.

Mom was quiet.

That was bad.

"He knew that we went into his cabin," she said, sounding defeated.

"Oh, shit," I whispered.

"Yeah. He asked me if it was nice. If I enjoyed the fruit. And the whiskey."

"Shit."

"And I told him that I liked everything in there, it was all very nice—"

I realized I still hadn't told mom about the condoms that George had placed in his cabin. And that if mom said she liked everything in there, that George would definitely misunderstand. And that he'd think she was more into him than she

actually was.

“Oh boy,” I said, realizing that mom was in trouble.

Mom kept going. “I don’t know what the fuck it was about the fruit and alcohol, because for some reason he thinks that because we took it that I, I don’t know, appreciated it or something,” She sighed. “He said he wanted me at his place tonight for dinner. So we could talk about it.”

I felt a surge of rage welling up inside of me.

“Jackass,” mom muttered to herself. “I didn’t give him an answer. You showed up and I got out of there as fast as I could. So. Thank you.”

“His place?” I clarified.

“Yeah.”

Now I was dreaming about going to his house and finding the highest possible window to push him out of there.

Mom went silent.

And we were still stuck. The awkwardness, the anxiety, the forbidden subject, all of it was rising up fast. We took turns knocking, trying to yell through the door, but with nobody showing up and with the muffled sound of the radio playing out there, I had a feeling that we’d be in here for hours.

The heat of my mother’s body was so vivid in there. Our breathing, no matter where we turned, it seemed to circle the minty scent of our breath right around to us. Every little movement, every little twitch, every exasperated fidget was felt between us.

And it was getting warm in there.

Mom was getting more and more nervous.

So was I.

It was welling up in me—the need to talk about it. The need somehow to get some sense of relief—something, anything that would at least make it plain what we were going to do.

Because at the moment, all we were faced with was that, as mother and son, we had basically fucked, and with us being crushed together again like this, it was all, and I mean all we could think about.

“Mom,” I said, trying to be brave. “We should... we should talk.”

Mom froze. “About... what?” Her words were hesitant and slow.

“You know.”

Mom was quiet for a moment. “I... I don’t know. Maybe we should just forget it.”

I knew for a fact that if we were going to leave things like that, that our relationship was going to fall the fuck apart and I’d only see her once a year, if that, at a family reunion where we probably would only exchange glances.

“Mom,” I said, quiet. “I don’t want to... I don’t want it to be like this.”

She listened and then sighed. It was a shaky one. I tried my best to stay pressed against the wall. She was uncomfortable as hell with this talk. Least I could do was not rub up on her.

“We—” mom cleared her throat. “We don’t need to talk about it.”

“We should, though.”

“And say fucking what, Keith?” Mom’s words were small but cutting.

“I don’t know.” I took a deep breath. “Something.”

“What,” mom gave an empty laugh in disbelief. “Should we acknowledge it?” The stress that she had clearly been dealing with since it happened was coming up fast in her. Her body was shaking. Her voice was full of tremors. “You think we need to—to talk about what happened and then it’ll, I don’t know, all go away?”

I took a second to let her breath. “Maybe,” I said.

I could almost see the glimmer of mom’s eyes, looking at me like I was crazy in the dark. “Okay—Keith—” her voice was breaking. I don’t know if it was madness or panic, or what, but her words weren’t steady at all. “You want to talk? You want me to say it? We—you were inside me, and—” she couldn’t even finish the sentence.

But there it was.

Our heartbeats were practically audible in the closet.

Mom took a shuddering, deep breath. “Anything else you want to acknowledge?”

I waited a minute to reply. Maybe wanting to talk about it really was a bad idea. “No. I guess not.”

But even with that half-sentence, acknowledging what had happened, it was like there was a slight lifting of the weight off of us. It wasn’t something unacknowledged anymore. It was a new, strange little fact of life. But mom’s breathing was still heavy. Unsteady. I suddenly wondered if she resented me. If she thought I was a fucked-up creep.

“Do you hate me?” I asked.

“What? No. Obviously not.”

Then she was quiet for a moment. Her voice came out, small and embarrassed. “Do you hate me?”

“No,” I said immediately. “Never have.”

“Okay.” Mom’s reply was a whisper. Her breathing was slowing.

“Well, okay.” I took a couple deep breaths too. Our heartbeats were calming. Somehow, it was almost like it wasn’t quite the disaster we thought it was.

“...are you okay?” I asked, hoping to clarify.

“Yeah—I think so,” mom whispered. “Does it... does it bother you? What we did?”

I wasn’t sure how to respond.

Truth be told, the only hangup I had was that it was something I hadn’t ever considered possible before. And that society kept telling me I shouldn’t have the hots for my mom. And that if mom and I were to... you know, then the baby might

—  
“I... I don’t think so,” I said. “You?”

“No,” Mom said, almost sounding relieved. And then she immediately covered it up. “I mean, yes. It’s... it’s bad, Keith. What we did, that was—that was all bad. We can’t do stuff like that. Nobody does it. It’s illegal, I’m sure—and, and who knows what might—” she clamped her mouth shut.

It was all the same stuff as me. And from the way she said it, it didn’t quite seem like she was against it because she was personally conflicted. But more that there were a hell of a lot of rules that we broke. Expectations. I was certain the law about it did nothing to sway her either way, but she seemed set on feeling bad about it since the world told her it was so.

My heart was throbbing with something. I wasn’t sure if it was care or concern or what, but I realized that mom was holding on to the whole idea of it being wrong simply to keep from going crazy. How else could she cope? What kind of guilt was fucking with her? How could she possibly live with herself if she...

Liked it?

I had these words welling up in me, this curiosity, questions that I knew I probably should just keep to myself.

But I couldn’t.

“Mom...” I said, quietly.

Her breathing hitched. I could feel her turning to face me, our bodies just inches from connecting.

“Mom,” I said. “I... I want to know... if you... if you liked—”

The closet door swung open and we were suddenly overwhelmed with fluorescent light.

“Well—shit—” one of the janitors was standing outside, keys in hand. “How’d you two get in there?”

## CHAPTER 21

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Mom got out immediately, pushing past me and leaving me standing there, looking dumb, while the janitor waited patiently for me to leave.

"It's alright, bud," he joked. "It's safe to come out now."

When I was finally in the hall, I saw mom duck into the women's bathroom. I guessed I wasn't going to get an answer, exactly. And I guessed I was fucking dumb as shit for even asking.

I stumbled into the file room to help and relayed what I could remember to my supervisor, who gave me a tired and confused look. "George seems intent on making this the most difficult fucking reorganization in the history of the company," he said, rubbing his eyes. "Just... go back and clarify about row H3, please."

And so I went back up.

I figured mom was still in the restroom, and I wanted to go talk to George and get the hell out before forcing mom to see me again. Now I was finally accepting the fact that mom wasn't going to be okay with this.

Not now.

Not ever.

It hurt, surprisingly. There was this strange, empty feeling in my chest.

When I got to George's office, he waved me in and gave me an annoyed look. "I thought my instructions were clear," he said.

"We need a clarification about row H3," I started to say. But his smug fucking smile and the knowledge of how he was really pulling the stops to try and fuck my mom, combined with how my mom and I were probably never going to be close again, made something snap.

"George," I said, slowly. "Why did you have condoms set up in your cabin?"

His face fell. He shifted, slightly. "I'm not sure what you're talking about."

"Yeah, sure," I said, feeling my face going red. My vision was blurring. My breathing was getting fast and deep and I could feel myself shaking, clenching my fists.

This was bad.

"In five minutes," I said, breathing fire, "I'm going to go to HR. And I'm going to report you for sexual harassment."

He held still. "Now, listen, Keith," he said slowly. "I'm not sure that's necessary."

"Pretty sure those condoms are going to show up in the records somewhere," I snarled. "Maybe in the receipts from the resort, huh? HR's going to be really, really fucking interested in that. And how you're pressuring my mother to go to your fucking house tonight."

George blinked, almost innocently. "Well. I'm sure there's just been a huge misunderstanding. I—I have no intention—well, this might just be the kind of misunderstanding that... I don't know... a bonus might cure?" He watched my non-response, and then swallowed. His face started to change colors. "Maybe a promotion. Maybe that should settle things."

"If I get a fucking whiff," I said through my teeth, "that my mom feels uncomfortable because of you, I am going to have HR fuck your ass so hard you'll feel it against the back of your goddamn teeth."

"Ah. Understood." George nodded quickly. "Perfectly understood."

I turned around to leave and barged out the door.

I blew past mom, a stack of files in hand. In the brief instant that I saw her, she looked between me, looking furious, and George in his office, looking embarrassed as hell. I didn't wait to see what her reaction was.

I left, and went back down to the file area. It took a while to calm down, but eventually I was just doing the work my supervisor directed, moving heavy cabinets, letting all the frustration and rage work itself out. Thank goodness for that. If I had to merely file papers, I'd probably end up blowing a fuse.

But instead, I worked myself to exhaustion. And depression. With everything that happened and me basically chewing out my boss, I felt like my time here was limited. No way he wasn't going to push me out by this point. Then I realized that in all likelihood, it'd probably be better if I left the state. Mom didn't need this kind of stress.

When the day ended, I got into my car, started it, and then leaned back and sat there, numb.

What the hell was I going to do?

There was a knock on the glass—startling me out of my little hopeless reverie. Mom was leaning forward, looking concerned, her little fingers curled and holding back.

I rolled down the window. And I didn't look her in the eye.

"Hey," she said softly. "You alright?"

"Yeah," I lied.

"I hate to ask you this," she said, looking across the parking lot. "But you didn't make George angry, did you?"

Well, fuck.

"No," I lied again.

"Oh..." she pushed her lips together and thought hard. "I guess... I guess I must have. When I told him I wasn't going to his house. Because he just dumped the most ridiculous amount of work on me—"

"Fucking hell," I said, getting angry as shit again.

Mom was talking awkwardly, standing back from the car, a hand tugging on strands of her hair while she spoke. "He said he needed it done by tomorrow. I just put the boxes in my car, it's the Hampton files. For whatever reason the triplicate papers weren't recording the bottom two layers on a lot of them, so he wants me to go through and manually write in everything—"

It was the most bullshit task I could have ever possibly dreamed up. It didn't make any fucking sense. And in a way, it seemed like workplace bullying, or some form of petty retaliation. I lost my shit.

"Fucking George—" I seethed. I wasn't even sad anymore. I was just angry as hell. "Sorry mom. It's my fault."

Mom went quiet. "What did you say, Keith?"

Then I told her about the condoms.

Mom's jaw dropped and I relayed to her how I knew, how the condoms were likely on the receipts, and how she had a full-on suit she could file if she wanted to. It would certainly fuck up George if HR took it at all seriously.

"Wow," she said. "Well, I guess that makes sense. I can see why you'd talk to him that way."

"Sorry, mom." I groaned. The emotions were too much. They were flooding all around me, a limitless ocean of anger, of impotence, of loss. "I'll help with the paperwork, mom. Here—I can take half of it home—" I started to get out of my car.

Mom shook her head and put her hand on the door. "Just come over tonight and we'll work on it together. And then tomorrow I'll talk to HR about it."

“Yeah.”

“And...” mom suddenly looked nervous. “I just... I want to make it... you know, clear. It’s just... it’s just the paperwork. We’re not... going to do anything else. Okay?”

I felt like something was stabbing me.

“Sure,” I said, resigned.

“I’ll see you in just a bit,” she said, walking away and to her car. I watched her hips make a gentle, subtle sway as she walked, and felt like dying.

## CHAPTER 22

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I took a few minutes before going to mom's. Had to.

She had a little house in the suburbs. It was the one that I grew up in. Nothing too fancy, nothing too big. It had a microscopic front yard and an even smaller back yard, a holdout from when her and my dad got married and bought the place when houses were, once upon a time, affordable. And even then, it was as much of a starter house as one could describe it. Thankfully, since it was so small and they got into it at a good time in the market, mom could afford to keep the place with a single income. For an only son, it wasn't too bad. There was space, at least, once dad left.

It happened when I was really, really young. Dad had anger issues, wild ones, and it only took a few abusive explosions around me as a baby for mom to put her foot down and to tell him to get the fuck out. So he did.

And to this day, he was still fucking around in South America. Good riddance.

When I got to the front door, mom opened it immediately for me, and ushered me in with a brief, 'hey'. I saw the banker's boxes on her kitchen table, practically covering it with a mountain of forms that I knew George had assigned out of spite. Now I really hated the guy.

"You'll take this box," mom said, pushing one of them over to one side of the table. There was just enough room for me to work on one paper at a time, and on the other side, it was the same for mom. The paperwork sat between us, acting as a wall, preventing us from seeing each other.

And we worked.

For hours.

We settled into a rhythm that somehow kept our minds busy enough to relax. The forms disappeared at a steady clip. Mom looked more and more relieved as the pile grew and as the completed work was sorted into the boxes, and even as the pile shrank and we could start to see each other over it. Even if we weren't making eye contact.

Mom ordered pizza.

We churned through the work.

And then it was midnight.

"Holy fuck," I groaned as I rubbed my eyes.

Mom was resting her forehead on her hand. She took a deep breath. Soft, and soothing, and almost melodic. "God damn you, George," she muttered. She looked up and met my eyes for the first time in the night. And flinched.

"Sorry," I said, looking down.

"No, it's okay," mom said, her voice shaking slightly. I guess even looking at me was enough to upset her. "There's not much left. I can handle the rest if you want to go home."

"Yeah."

I got up, stretched, and went to the front door to put on my shoes. At least George would get what he wanted tomorrow. Mom came over to the door, her arms circled around herself, her head slightly tilted forward.

Outside, it was cold. Nothing like the mountains, but out here, it passed for cold, and in our thin professional outfits, it definitely felt that way. I stepped to the edge of the porch so mom could close the door, and then we just looked at each other.

The night was quiet. Streetlights, glowing orange, just like out in the mountains. The clouds were thick above us, a shifting gray in the dark.

Mom was looking at me with anxiety. She looked like she was trying to say something. Her gaze toward me was... I wanted to call it tender. But there was something else in there. Pain, maybe. Confusion, still.

But her words were unexpected. "I... I love you, son."

That surprised me. It took me a second to snap out of it and to reply.

"I love you too, mom."

She lifted her head and we looked into each other's eyes for a second. I felt like my heart was breaking a little.

"Well," she whispered. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight." I hesitated before leaning forward. Would she want a goodnight hug? Would that make her uncomfortable too?

It didn't seem to. Mom moved close to me, her arms slipping under mine, while I held her over her shoulders and...

Our bodies connected.

The warmth. The softness. Her breathing, making a subtle pulse against me. The pressure of her form, her breasts, pressing against my body, molding into me, sent a wild mix of fire and electricity through my body, all submerged under the longing sadness of wanting to hold her forever, but knowing I couldn't.

I kissed her head.

And then mom looked up.

And I don't know how it happened. Because the both of us were clearly trying so, so hard not to let anything through. I don't know if it was because neither of us could control it. I don't know if it was just a mistake, from both of us, but I tilted my head down and she tilted hers up and... Her eyes looked deep into mine and pulled me in, and I felt this terrible need in my chest, so deep that I couldn't help but pull her closer.

And mom slipped closer, unresisting, her gaze wavering.

Our lips brushed against each other, for only a split second. Our eyes closed. The feeling of her face, of her lips, both awakened and broke something inside me, and at the same time, I felt her pushing up, her lips pressing against mine, trembling.

And then I kissed her. My mother.

Slowly, at first just pressing our faces close and feeling our breathing coming through our noses and the gentle heat of our foreheads pressing together.

And then deeper.

I couldn't help it—even though I knew I shouldn't, even though I knew she didn't want what I wanted, but somehow, she was giving in. Our lips pressed deeper, and then in a longing, desperate move, I opened my mouth, just slightly.

Mom did too.

And our kiss transformed, our mouths taking each other in, the kiss going from warm to wet. I lost all control.

Our bodies pushed closer, tighter, and then our arms were pulling each other in, our pelvises were pressed together and my cock sprung up, hard and aching and pulsing, and mom's hips rubbed against it while her voice suddenly erupted with a whine—and then her tongue—I tasted her mouth and she tasted mine and our kiss moved into chaos, our breathing uncontrollable and our chests aching for air as we gasped around the kisses.

I don't know if it was because she was lonely. I don't know if it was because I was sick.

But I loved every second, and had the forbidden hope that maybe—just maybe—we could keep going—

“Stop—”

Mom’s face broke from mine. She was breathing, heavily, her face flushed red and her eyes wide. She looked deep into my eyes, and with a shiver, she said, “no more.”

I looked at her, stunned and hurt.

“You know why,” she said, struggling to keep her voice even.

I nodded. And then went down the couple steps and got into my car. It was like all the sound was sucked out of the world. The kiss was still happening in my mind, even as her words tore it away.

I looked up to see if mom was at the door.

She wasn’t.

She’d already gone in.

I touched my lips, still feeling her mouth on me, still feeling her body pressed tight against me and grinding on my cock, and realized that I was going to have to treasure this little memory.

It’d be the last, I guess.

“You know why.”

I started my drive home. Everything was numb. The roads were silent under me.

I realized that I really would need to leave. This was too much for her. Too much for me. There was no way forward that I could see, no positive ending to a son and his mom wanting each other like this. It wasn’t possible. I thought about states far, far away. Maybe I could go to Alaska. Forget white collar shit—just work on pipelines or oil rigs. Plenty of people did that, so many of them escaping something on the mainland.

In the nighttime, the city was silent, and empty. Suburbs, rows of houses, they all flitted by with their lawns and fences and signs, everything edged with the faintest bit of frost as the nighttime temperatures took everything below freezing, turned the grass from green to azure. Other cars were rare. They were just lights. Just movement.

It started to snow.

And I finally let go, and accepted it all.

Yeah.

Maybe I loved my mom in a way that wasn’t possible. Maybe we had made mistakes together. Catastrophic ones. Maybe it wasn’t either of our faults. But maybe, if I had tried harder, things wouldn’t have worked out this way, and my mom and I would still be okay. It would have been like it was used to. Life could have progressed in a way where she and I were still close, where all of her efforts to help me would eventually pay off and we’d all settle into the lives we were meant to lead. Maybe everything she had worked for wouldn’t have been thrown away like this.<sup>9</sup>

But maybe, it was all just circumstance and bad luck. Maybe it was all confused feelings, misdirected affection, blind and helpless need.

Maybe it was inevitable.

And maybe my mom and I wouldn’t ever get close again. But I knew that in the end, she’d be fine. And that was what mattered. I could live with it all if she was fine.

And she was always fine.

Always, always, always, never needing anything from me, always providing, always helping, always giving me a leg up when I needed it.

And now it was her turn. She was still young enough; still strong in her career and, if George got ousted, she was one of the people next in line for his job. She had the time now, if she wanted, to meet other people, to find love, to be happy.

I was young, too. I had a whole future ahead of me. And even if I went to Alaska, even if I left everything here behind and accepted that my life wasn't ever going to be the same, I'd still be alive. And there's a hell of a lot of stuff you can do, when you're still living.

I felt my pocket vibrate, out of nowhere.

I pulled it out to see who it was.

It was mom.

I took a deep breath and answered, but mom's voice immediately ran over it, frantic, high with need, scared as hell. "I did like it—" she blurted out.

I blinked. "What?"

"In the closet today," mom said, her words rushing together, "you tried to ask me—right at the end—if I liked it."

My heart seemed to stop.

"I did," mom said, her voice small. "I... I loved it."

I couldn't even speak.

"All of it," she continued. And then she confessed.

To everything she had suppressed.

"From... from the first night. When you looked at me. When I saw you in the woods, saying my name—when I touched you, when you and I—when we kissed, and in the car the other night—that second where you went inside of me—honey—I felt you inside of me and I—I couldn't help but feel like it was—god—I feel like I—I needed it—all of it—I loved all of it—I can't stop thinking about it—"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Son," mom said, her rant dissolving, her tone changing only slightly. Her trembling voice took on a note of firmness, the last, frantic attempt at her trying to regain control. "I know this is crazy, but I don't—I don't care right now. If you were to come back, I don't know what I would let us do, but I know I would—I would let something happen—"

I choked.

"But you have to come back, right now, before I change my mind."

All I could manage was, "Okay."

"See you in a minute," she said. The phone hung up.

Now, by this point, I was on the highway. And no, it's not safe to slam on the brakes, to pull the steering wheel as hard as you can, to make your car go to a screaming, drifting halt in the middle of the highway, and then to gun it, as fast as you can, going up to double the speed limit, blasting through neighborhoods, the accelerator stomped heavily under your shoe and every stop sign turning into a brief blur.

But of course, I did that.

Mom was standing on the porch when I parked, her hands gripping the railings. I got out, stepping up to the front door like it was a dream, the warmth and gold of the light in her house sifting through the snow as she held the door open.

Every step upward felt so slow.

Mom's eyes were glowing with the light from inside, reflecting off of the green. One of her hands was on her collar, tugging at it, nervous.

She was breathing fast. Anxious. Excited. Her face was flushed—delirious from what she had just asked, what both of us knew we were going to do, from the rules and taboos that we were going to break.

And instead of pushing past, it was like I pulled her in instead, and then we were pressed against the wall, just inside, and my mother's lips were kissing me, my tongue deep in the sweet and wet of her mouth. Her breathing was like a series of pained sighs, holding back, letting go, frantic.

Because mom knew what we were doing.

My cock was achingly hard, and her hands were pressing over it, over the length behind my pants. Her palm squeezing as her fingers curled over and dragged along the length. My hands felt at my mother's body, the familiar curves that I had grown with, grown larger than, the softness and comfort of her hips and waist.

And her breasts.

My hands moved up her front, and with each inch, her body seemed to tighten, her eyes lifted and our kisses slowed as my hands felt the weight under her bra, as my fingers hooked under the frame, as my hands pulled her blouse up and her fingers were feeling at my neck, at the buttons on my chest, and when her bra lifted, her breasts fell, still under the fabric and peeking as her shirt lifted all the way. She stripped it over her head, revealing the abundant cream of her skin, of the fullness of her breasts, of the light pink of her nipples, brushing against my shirt. Her mouth moved up and I kissed her still, unable to pull myself away. Her hands were undoing my buttons. My hands were around her bare hips as I pulled her pants, but she stopped me.

We were panting together, my shirt halfway open, my mother's face and chest flushed before me, her breathing fast and mine uncontrollable.

"We're not doing what we did in the car," mom blurted out. She looked at me, scared, waiting for my reaction.

"No," I said immediately, "of course—"

"It's too far," mom said, her hands around my waistband and pulling down, hard—

"Too dangerous—"

My pants were down to my thighs, my cock already out and stiff and lifted in front of her face as my mother, against my expectations, fell to her knees.

"Absolutely—" I gasped as her hand wrapped around my cock.

"We have to—be smart about this—" she said, looking up at me while my hands went onto her head, wove into her hair—

And her mouth opened.

And in a single move, mom took me into her mouth.

All of me.

My cock was suddenly bathed in heat, and her mouth closed around the base of my cock and I could feel her throat—

And I shuddered as my mother's face moved over my cock, sucking hard, frantic with need and slurping like my ex would on her most passionate nights—mom's tongue was slipping all around in her mouth, licking around my length. She was groaning with relief, with release, with desire, letting the taste and the forbidden shudder through her as she pleased me.

All I could do was to hold on; to her hair, to her neck. My mother moved quickly, bobbing her whole head back and forth in order to fuck her mouth on my cock. The sound of slurping was fast, wild, desperate, and through it all she was looking up, at me, her eyes wide and watching and only filling with relief as I groaned and tried for dear life to keep from immediately cumming. Her mouth was

expert, combined with what had to have been the sexual frustration of more than a decade. It made my knees buckle, to feel her tongue rubbing so quickly over the head of my cock, to feel her sucking me down, to feel her whole mouth moving back and forth in the slippery wet of her spit.

She pulled back, the head of my cock popping out from her mouth and leaving inches of drool, stranding from the tip and pouring down her mouth. Mom was gasping for air, watching me. Her hand grabbed onto my cock and she jerked it, fast, in front of her face. My hips were bucking forward and it pushed the tip up against her mouth.

And she kissed it, looking up at me, her son, slowly and gently kissing the tip out of...

Love.

And that made my heart ache.

“Mom,” I choked as her grip on me tightened and as the precum started to pulse up. Mom pulled her kiss back and then saw it emerge, a bead of white at my tip, and her hand slowed, just enough for her to study it, to be taken away at the awe of her son’s seed, evoked by her.

“Honey,” she breathed, looking at me, back to my semen, and then back to me. Her hand held my cock gently. Her mouth opened in another kiss—

And she pumped my cock, hard, fast, her grip tight. My knees were buckling again, as the stimulation of her kissing the tip while jerking me off at the base sent waves of unmanageable pleasure through me. All I could do was groan, as she kissed me, kissed my cock, made out with it, her eyes closed and in the thrall of her love that she had been holding back, and as my balls started to throb, as my fingers wove through her hair and as my grip tightened and pulled her face harder onto my cock, I could feel it building, and mom could too—she made a whining sound while my cock sucked deeper into her mouth, while her hands moved up and cradled my balls, swollen and preparing to release.

And I was going crazy, realizing that now, consciously, willingly, my mother was bringing me to the edge, faster and stronger than any lover had before. And as I reached it, mom looked up, and gave me an excited nod as the pitch of tension got so wound tight—

Then I came.

Mom’s green eyes went wide as my cock suddenly erupted with cum, filling her mouth, her whine went into a closed mewl of surprise as a flood of my cum squirted down her tongue, down her throat, and I could only shudder and stroke my beautiful mother’s face as my balls continued to pump into her mouth, and as she swallowed, looking straight up at me, her face struggling to smile as the taste of my semen flooded through her mouth, as I tried in vain to stifle my groaning as my cock pulsed between her lips.

She coughed, her eyes closing, her mouth turning away, and as she pulled off, her mouth opened and my cum and her spit flowed out of her mouth, dripping across her shirt, falling to the floor. I could only step back, trembling, in awe at my mom, who was trying to wipe the dripping white from her mouth and to look up at me with a mysterious curiosity.

And how could the both of us not be curious at this?

“How—how was it,” I gulped.

“Salty—” mom coughed again and covered her mouth, leaning back. She stood up and went to get some tissues to clean her mouth.

Even though I had just orgasmed, and even though the evidence was all over my mother’s mouth and she seemed fine—I needed to know. “Are you okay?” I

asked.

Mom pulled a last tissue over her mouth, looking ahead, at the wall, instead of at me. She gave me a glance. “I think... I think so.” She shook her head and swallowed one more time before looking back at me, cautious. “Are you?”

“Yeah,” I admitted.

And then there was a hunger in me. My mother had just gone out of her way for this; she’d allowed her son to cum in her mouth—and as it stood, with her having been through so much at this point it didn’t seem fair not to at least ask...

“Do you want me to return the favor?”

And I didn’t really expect to ask it. Maybe it was a leftover habit from when I was with girls who gave great head. But now the question was out—and mom froze.

I guess when things are simply said, it’s hard for people to make decisions and then to say things back. Because with mom, my question seemed to completely stop her from speaking. I knew for her, it was one thing to offer. But to be asked if she’d allow her son to... reciprocate, I could tell by the look on her face that it was just too far for her to say it.

So instead of waiting for her to say yes, I just took her hand.

And pulled her toward the couch.

Mom let me lead her, silently to the couch. Every second that went by was deafening with the sound of my heartbeat, all the while mom’s movement was slow, elegant somehow. She sat down in the middle of the couch.

And I knelt in front of her.

And I reached for her waistband.

Mom’s hands went to her lap, undoing one of her buttons. Her eyes were fixed on mine, her mouth open, her face captured in a look of surprise, of awe, of all the suppressed excitement that was breaking through. I pulled down, from her hips, her slacks peeling down her thighs as she lifted herself, just enough for me to pull her pants down, and down, and down. Her thighs were a delicate white; her panties were a rich, deep green, and underneath them, I could see the mound of her pussy lips, soft constrained by her underwear. Her legs lifted as I continued to pull her pants off, unfurling past her knees, her ankles, her feet, until it was just my mother in her panties, sitting back on the couch.

Her breathing was fast, now, her eyes wide with caution and unrestrainable eagerness, I could tell that she was nervous about this, nervous as hell, but all I could do to reassure her was...

To worship her.

I gently lifted one of my mother’s legs up, and settled it on my shoulder. I decided that before I would take off her panties, I would let this be where we started. I leaned down, putting her other leg over me so she could wrap her legs around my face, and I moved in, kissing down my mother’s thighs, kissing the pale of her skin, the softness that only grew softer as I went farther in. With each kiss, mom’s breathing turned to gasping, like it was electric. Her hands went up, tangling through my hair and pulling me in like I pulled her over my cock, and I obliged, until her panties were right in front of my lips and all I could do was to kiss her—to kiss my mother over her panties, my lips now pressing against the softness of her labia under the cotton.

Mom made a subtle moan as my lips felt through the fabric. There was the softness of her divide, there was the soft nub of her clitoris, and below—I kissed, licked over the fabric, felt the wet inside of her wicking to the outside and her panties started to taste like—

The mild sour of pussy.

My mother's taste.

I devoured it through her panties, licking her, taking the taste of her where her wetness was soaking through. Mom was trembling, not just with her hands, not just with her breathing, but I could feel the trembling through her legs, through the softness between them. Mom pulled me in further, my tongue pressed broad and long over her clit and she shuddered. With each twitching pulse of her insides that I could feel through her pussy, my cock surged harder and tighter, reacting to her arousal.

Mom's hands were woven tight through my hair, her fingernails delicately tracing the back of my neck. Her thighs tightened around me, her voice changing, going soft, going shy.

I could see in her eyes, pleading, that she wanted to go farther.

And how could I not?

My hands slid up her thighs, causing her to shiver. I pressed along the insides of them, guiding them toward her softness, and I could feel her legs tightening around me in anticipation.

I hooked a finger under her panties and paused. Mom noticed. I could feel her writhe with frustration, her pelvis pushing forward and crushing her clit against my mouth.

So I moved my fingers farther. I used my middle and ring finger and gently slid them over her labia, under the cotton, feeling the slick wet of her juices that had prepared her for something, anything to penetrate her. Mom's body was tight, her breathing strained and anticipating.

I pressed my fingers against her entrance. Felt the slipperiness, felt the softness of her plump lips, felt her body choke as I stopped right before entering her.

"Come on—" I heard her, agonized and desperate. "Please—honey—"

I slipped inside of her with my fingers, felt her delicate parts, slick and slippery, her vaginal walls hot and squeezing, felt the overwhelming awe of my fingers penetrating my mother, the awe of her delicious sigh as she felt herself taking me in. I slipped my fingers in farther, curling them up, and right as my fingers touched the rough wall of the top of her, I gave it a gentle press, and mom shook, her mouth closed, her eyes fixed on me.

And I pulled my fingers back. In a slow, gentle rub.

Mom bit her tongue, just the tip of it, closing her eyes and furrowing her eyebrows and almost looking... afraid. Afraid of the pleasure that she was about to receive.

I moved my fingers forward, using the soft pads of my fingertips on that sensitive spot, and watched as mom's expression melted, as her mouth opened in a gasp, as her eyes, still closed, relaxed into the feeling of me stroking her G-spot.

I touched it, tenderly, slowly, letting her body relax into it, letting her take her time to get used to the fact that her son's fingers were inside her. Before her pussy started to clamp down on me, on my fingers, positively leaking with wetness. I watched in awe as her slit, pink and just barely opened by my fingers, clenched and dripped. There was a thin, thin line of clear fluid dripping from her, going down the inside of her pelvis, running down and over the bottom of her ass, the faintest spot of wet soaking into the couch. With each movement of my fingers inside of her, that wet only increased, the fluid only shining more, leaking more from inside of her.

My fingers moved more easily inside of her, more freely—and with each rub, mom's breathing grew into a whine, and then that whine into an open-mouthed

moan. I kept my fingers curled, kept the slow massage on her G-spot, watched as her moaning grew more relaxed, more tense, and right as she seemed settled in, her face bright and pink, her breathing deep and uncontrolled, that's when I pounced.

I tightened my fingers inside of her to press on her spot, and watched as her body seemed to lift itself, and when I started to move my hand back and forth to rub that part inside of her, mom's breathing stopped and turned into a tight whine that came with her hands gripping my head, her nails digging into the back of my neck, her mouth biting down hard on her lower lip as I fingerfucked her, as I rubbed the spot inside of her that I had so often relied on to make a girl's evening.

Mom was shuddering with pleasure, her green eyes half-open and her body reacting with each firm rub, and as I moved faster, her body twitched harder. As my fingers pushed and rubbed on her spot, her voice got tighter and her legs pulled harder.

And I wasn't done escalating.

I used my other hand to pull her panties to the side. The bottoms of them were soaked, soaked with her pussy juice, and at the top of her cunt, I could see her clit, firmed up and barely poking out of the top of her labia.

I leaned forward and settled my tongue onto it, and mom reacted like it was lightning. Her body immediately tightened up, pulling my face in, crushing me against her cunt and burying my face in her hips.

The hot, sweet taste of... my mother's pussy.

I couldn't believe I was doing this, in a way. But everything had gone so wild and upside down that I couldn't find a way to stop, or even to feel like I should anymore.

I licked her, feverishly, unable to get enough of my mom's taste. I licked at her clit, up and down her pussy, around my fingers even as I continued to finger her and to play with her spot. Mom was getting close—the agony and excitement of what we were doing too much for her to handle, and I pressed the advantage, rubbing faster at the inside of her spot, licking with the tip of my tongue to play with her clit. I could feel her cunt pulsing, her body reacting and changing, mom's breathing was stopping, starting, and above all, I could feel the way her legs were tightening over my head and how her body was doing everything it could to pull me in, deeper, helpless under my mouth and fingers.

Mom was getting close to something—and my heart was going wild in my chest as I realized that I was about to give my mother her first oral orgasm in forever. Her voice was a choking, sobbing mess as her eyes were closed and her head was leaned back but her legs were pulling me, tighter, her thighs starting to shake as my tongue lapped over her clit and as the steady rub of my fingers on her spot drew her further out, further, further, until—

It was like a rubber band snapped, and as mom cried out, her legs suddenly crushed me in, her pussy suddenly squeezing tight over my fingers like a vice, and on my tongue, even as I licked at her clit, I suddenly tasted the sweet wash of something squirting from inside of her. Her hands were unable to find anywhere of me to hold on to—they were trying in vain to grab onto something, my hair, my shirt, but instead, all they could do was let go and shake and helplessly roam my face and shoulders as the beauty of her orgasm took her out of the realm of control and somewhere else. I watched her, watched my mom go through the transformation, watched all the tension in her body explode through her hips and legs and as her eyes flew open, her mouth trying helplessly to vocalize something, anything.

And then mom's body fell back, her breasts heaving as she tried in vain to catch her breath. I stayed still, watching the pink tips of her nipples rising and falling, watching her flat tummy and the cute little well of her belly button moving daintily. I pulled back, just enough to wipe my mouth, but tried to focus on the taste of her, my mother, still on my tongue.

"Honey—" mom said, regaining awareness and leaning forward, her hands moving to my face to cradle it. Her legs had settled, to either side of me. I pulled myself up, only a little, and lay my head on her lap. And we were there for some time, long minutes, where mom ran her fingers through my hair, where I used her thighs as a pillow.

And my hand rested by her pussy, my fingers spread loosely over her labia, feeling the warmth of her, the softness of her. And she let me. Mom's breathing slowed and relaxed while we waited there, as if something else would happen, but the feelings were that of calm, of contentment, just long minutes where nothing was needed.

Mom and I had each other at this moment. I think we both realized that somehow, that even though we had made this choice to do this with each other, in a way, it meant that we were closer together than ever before.

"I love you, honey," mom whispered, her eyes glowing and tender.

"I love you too, mom," I said back. I closed my eyes and let the warmth of her thighs cradle me.

For now, everything was alright.

For now.

*To be continued...*

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#### *WHAT DID YOU THINK?*

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