



The Cabin

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Category: Incest/Taboo

Published: 2023-02-20

Updated: 2023-02-20

Packaged: 2024-01-16 22:51:19

Chapters: 1

Words: 25,125

Publisher: literotica.com

Summary: Mother and Son find heaven in the wrong cabin.

Erotica Tags: Huge Cock, Impregnation, Mother Son Romance, Pregnant, Younger Man

Average Rating: 4.79

The Cabin

Amy Johnson had never fucked up this bad before. Maybe that awful trip to Cancun came close, but it wasn't as bad as what she was faced with now: several days sharing a broken-down cabin with her son, in the middle of nowhere.

They'd just gotten dropped off by a local after an all-day bus ride, with instructions to come back for them in 4 days. After a walk down a narrow drive, they'd come across their 'cabin'.

The listing had pictures showing a lovely building with two bedrooms, a sitting room, and a nice big kitchen. Less of a cabin, more of a vacation house. What they had in front of them was a run-down piece of shit that looked like it could fall apart at any time. Gray wood siding, a rickety door, two small windows covered in grime. Not a great start to her getaway.

Amy looked at her son with dismay, and he returned the look. "I swear," she blurted. "I swear, I booked a lovely cabin. This has to be a scam."

"Are you sure we're at the right place?" he asked, his usually mellow timbre troubled.

"We better be," she muttered. Tucking her amber hair behind her ear, she bent to her bag and pulled the booking info from a side pocket. "Number 11 Marsh Avenue," she read.

"You told that guy Marsh Road," Chris stated.

"I did," Amy confirmed, heart dropping. So, not an incorrect booking, but a fucked up destination. She felt her mood dip even lower. "I wonder if we can catch the driver?"

Chris' face didn't give her much hope. He said, "That guy was gone right away, and it took us 10 minutes just to walk down this drive."

Amy looked around. Maybe there was someone living here who could help? As she turned 360 degrees, she found just tall grass, trees and more trees. No cars, no people. She looked up at Chris, who towered over her every day of the week. "Let's check out the cabin, maybe there's a phone."

"This is why you should have let me bring mine," he grouched, as they picked up their bags and trudged to the steps leading to the rickety front porch.

"Hush. You'd be on it too much. This is a getaway...and I'm not even sure we'd get a signal out here."

The steps creaked alarmingly as they climbed them. In front of the door was a charming doormat that read: 'Welcome to our Family'. Chris knocked on the door.

"Hello?" he called, followed by another knock a few seconds later, with a louder hail. Nothing.

Amy reached to try the knob, but it was locked.

Chris started to check around the door frame, before kneeling down to lift the mat. Under it was a key. "Why bother locking it?" he asked rhetorically as he fitted the key in the lock and let them into the single room beyond.

The inside seemed to be no nicer than the out. The dim light seeping through dirty windows barely illuminated the space. On one side was a wooden table with two chairs, a small counter, and some shelves. Against the back wall was a wood stove next to a narrow bed which seemed to have a patchwork quilt. The only other furniture was a tattered upholstered chair near the door.

"I don't see a phone," Chris intoned.

"I figured. There weren't any wires leading to the house. Probably no power," she said, adding to the miserable situation.

"So, what do we do? Head back to town?"

It was a ridiculous suggestion, and they both knew it; the ride out had taken a while; they'd never get back before dark. Amy did her best to wrap her head around the situation. It was bleak: Thursday afternoon, and no one was coming to get them until Monday.

Walking to the shelves above the counter, she spotted a pot and a pan, some plates and utensils. Enough for two. A large bowl and a jug on the counter showed where water could be poured. Maybe there was a well? They'd brought enough food to get them through the four days, but it was just staples.

Thinking of the food, Amy remembered it was still in boxes back at the head of the drive. She turned to her son, seeing the anxious look on his handsome face, and felt a surge of sympathy. He hadn't signed on for this. "I'm sorry I screwed up the directions," she said. Her admission threatened to make her cry, so she clamped her lips together.

He'd always been observant, so it was no surprise Chris came to her and took her in his arms. "It's okay, Mom. This wasn't what you sold me on, but I'm sure we can make it work. Who knows, maybe the owner will show up and help us get back to town?"

"Maybe," she said into his shoulder, doing her best to keep it together while clutching at his larger frame. The warmth of his embrace filled her up, giving her strength. When she had a better grip on her emotions, she said, "We need to go get the food before an animal finds it."

"Okay."

Together they clomped down the hollow stairs and hurried back the way they came. It ended up taking them two trips each to get it all to the small cabin, and once settled, the boxes ended up taking a significant chunk of the floor space. Amy left one box of perishable food out on the porch to use the colder temperature outside to keep it fresh longer.

"Can you see if there's any wood around? I'll see if I can find some water."

"Kay," he said.

Amy checked the sides of the cabin, and then looked for any trails that may lead to a well or spring. Nothing. She spotted Chris carrying stacks of wood into the cabin, so at least they'd have heat. She felt a surge of gratitude she'd convinced him to come with her, even if it had already gone wrong. He worked out regularly, and handled the pile of wood in his arms like it was nothing.

Amy was about to give up on her search when she spotted a trail out back. It led to a hand pump sticking out of the ground just a few yards into the trees. A few tentative pumps soon had cold, clean water streaming onto the ground.

Feeling marginally better, she headed back to the house to get the pitcher from the counter. Chris had a flame flickering in the stove by the time she returned, which further improved her mood. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

Amy looked around, noting that between their bags, the food, and the wood, there wasn't much room left for them. She sat in one of the wooden chairs, finding that it wobbled on the rough floor. Figures. She watched Chris struggle to get the fire going. It had been a few years since boy scouts, so he must be rusty.

"How much wood was there?" she asked.

"Plenty, more than enough for the weekend."

Well, that was something. The last thing they needed to be dealing with while bored was being cold as well. What were they to do with themselves? She had a couple books, but wasn't sure if Chris brought anything besides a deck of cards. It could be a dull weekend.

When the fire eventually got hot enough to keep itself going, Chris closed the little door and stood up. He looked around, meeting his mom's eyes. She gave him a little smile. "Sorry," she said again.

He shrugged. "Have to make the best of it, I guess. The owner might show up. Maybe someone will see the smoke and come investigate."

"Maybe." She didn't hold too tight to that hope.

The one blessing of the trip to that point turned out to be the metal roof. A roar built overhead as the clouds opened up and dumped their load onto the area. It was thunderous within the cabin, but when Amy walked to the porch and looked out at the forest around them, it was oddly peaceful. The rain on the roof transformed into a bright tinkle in the open air. She found herself smiling, the soothing susurrations easing her anxiety.

Wanting - needing - to be in this scene longer, she went inside and grabbed one of the chairs, dragging it to the porch and sitting down. Chris joined her a minute later with the other chair, and the two of them sat and took it in. It was very different from city living, as there was rarely a lack of noise. Here, despite the metal roof, it was serene.

At one point, Chris leaned back in his chair, causing it to groan an urgent warning. He slammed it back on all four feet, grinning sheepishly at her.

"Don't destroy all the furniture, you're not sharing mine," she joked.

"I don't think either of these would hold both of us," he considered.
"Maybe the cushy chair..."

"Well, we're not going to find out," Amy said. "That's just asking for it to break."

"I'm going to test it," Chris said, surging from his chair, causing it to protest again. He went inside, closing the door carefully to keep the heat in. A few moments later he came back out, and said, "Actually, despite how it looks, it's really sturdy. I bet it's better put together than the cabin. It probably could hold us both."

"Good thing we don't need to test it," Amy grinned. "I'll sit in it when I read."

"Great reading chair, guaranteed."

A while later, the already low light from the rain clouds grew dimmer as dusk arrived. "I guess we'd better get something to eat. I don't suppose you found a lantern with the wood?"

Chris shook his head. "Maybe the outhouse?"

Amy grimaced. "Have you found one?"

"Yeah, it's out back by the wood shack."

"Okay, can you go check? I'll scrounge some food."

"Kay."

They separated to go to their chores. Chris was done much faster than she was, so he dragged their chairs back to the table and sat to wait. Amy pulled together some salad and cold chicken, with two glasses of chill water from the well. Chris set to eating right away, while she went to put another log in the stove.

"It's a good thing you're my son, and I love you," she said, holding up the lantern she found behind the stove.

"I was busy getting the fire lit!" he protested with a full mouth.

"Sure. At least you're cute."

His brow furrowed. He swallowed and said, "I'm handsome, not cute."

"Okay, at least you're handsome."

"That's better," he grumped, and they laughed.

When the food was done, Chris washed up the two plates and forks by the light of the lantern. It seemed to have a decent reservoir of fuel in it, but there was no way to know how long it would last, so they'd have to use it sparingly.

They played cards by the light of it for an hour before Amy called an end. "Get yourself ready for bed, lights out soon," she warned.

It was then that they realized the one thing that hadn't been settled. Where would they sleep?

"I can use the chair," Chris said. "It's pretty sturdy."

"Are you sure? I'm smaller than you are, you should use the bed."

"I'm sure. If I sit sideways on it, I'll be okay."

Amy looked at the chair doubtfully. "Let me try it first." She stood up and sat on the chair, feeling that there was a decent amount of stuffing left in it. It dwarfed her slight frame, though her ass did its best to cover the cushion. At 38, she was spreading out a bit, even though Jill at work told her to shut up whenever Amy mentioned it. She turned sideways, lifting her legs over the arm. It was not comfortable.

"Yeah, no, that won't do," she said, standing up. "You try it, but you're bigger than I am, no way you fit."

When his attempt confirmed her prediction, he said, "Well, what are we going to do?"

"Maybe we can make a spot to sleep on the floor with our clothes?"

"Maybe...if we pile them all together. There's only one blanket."

Amy reluctantly came to the conclusion she'd been avoiding: share the bed. She hadn't slept in the same bed as her son in over a decade, and he was much bigger now. "I guess we can try the bed. Go back to back."

Chris gave her his best skeptical expression, but she told him to lay down on the bed. He did, turning on his side against the wall. He had to place his hand down to stop himself from rolling into the center of the bed. When Amy lay down on her side next to him, she found herself pressed up against him by the sag in the middle of the stuffed mattress, but she wasn't in danger of falling off.

"Is that all the room?" she asked, turning her head.

"Yeah," Chris said.

The quilt didn't cover them both, but maybe it would work. Rolling off the bed with some effort to escape the gravity of the sagging middle, she went to grab her bag to change. "Go wait on the porch while I change," she ordered, pulling out light PJ pants and a shirt.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, but not in the light joking manner he'd usually use.

Dismissing it, she changed quickly and swapped places with her son so he could do the same. Once they were ready, she doused the lantern and made her way to the bed where Chris was waiting under

the quilt, facing the wall. She lay down next to him, and was immediately pressed up against his back by gravity. Unfortunately, the size of the bed meant that unless they kept their legs straight, limbs would poke out of the blanket.

The cold quickly built in Amy's arms and legs where they poked out of the quilt, and as much as she tugged, couldn't get enough to cover her. "You're not hogging the blanket, are you?" she asked.

"I was going to ask you the same thing," came his laughing reply.

"This is no good. Try rolling over."

The bed wiggled and jounced as her son obeyed, and soon his arms were pressed against her back.

"Not like that, hug me," she said, rolling her eyes to the dark. He complied, his arms snaking around her middle. It felt odd, having her grown son cuddling her so intimately, but they had to do what they had to do.

"All good?" she whispered.

"All good," came his quiet reply.

The only light was the low glow of the last of the burning logs in the stove shining through the smokey window. Amy felt Chris' warmth fill her from behind, and she started to drift off almost right away, until he started squirming.

"Quit it," she said, nudging him with her elbow.

"I can't, I need to move my legs."

"Why?" she asked, a little exasperated.

"I just have to."

"Chris, I can't sleep with you doing that. What's the matter?"

"I just need to, okay?" he whined, which set off red flags for his mom. He was not a whiner.

"Seriously, what's the matter?" she said, softer, and rolled towards him, putting her in danger of falling off the bed. As she did, her cushy butt pushed into Chris' bony hip, and he groaned.

"What?" she demanded.

"Just...never mind."

"I can't sleep if you're fidgeting."

"I know, just give me a couple minutes to flex my legs and I'll stop," he said. In the dim red light of the stove, he looked embarrassed.

"Okay," Amy muttered, rolling back onto her side, his hip once again dragging across her butt cheek.

Chris sighed deeply but didn't say anything. Eventually he did stop his fidgeting and she was able to relax enough to fall asleep.

The temperature dropped once the stove went out, and Amy woke up a few times glad to have the large heater that was her son pressed up behind her. At one point she felt his hip digging into her butt, which was weird because how could it be there? She was too tired to give it much thought and drifted back to sleep.

The next morning mother and son were woken by light streaming through the filthy glass at the front of the cabin. Amy rolled off the bed, immediately feeling the cold bite deep. She stretched her arms and shoulders to relieve the stiffness from sleeping in one position all night.

Speaking of stiff...Amy blushed when she spotted a bulge in Chris' pajama pants, and quickly averted her gaze. It was bad enough they had to share such a small bed, but having to deal with random erections could make everything much more awkward. She cursed herself once again for putting them in this situation. It was all her fault; she couldn't blame Chris for being a normal teenager.

The flustered mom quickly headed to the porch, mumbling, "I'll let you change. Be quick, I'm cold."

Outside on the porch, listening to the rustling of Chris getting changed, she surveyed the area around the cabin again. The ground was covered in tall grass for 50 feet in every direction before the trees started, giving it a semi-wild look. Despite the thin rain, the day felt bright and fresh. Amy took in a deep breath; it was time to get on with the day.

A quick switch, and she was in the cabin, Chris on the porch. She pulled clothes from her bag and quickly stripped her PJs off. She sighed in relief as she took her bra off, her heavy tits hanging from her chest, thick nipples hard from the cold. Amy hated her bras with a passion but didn't feel comfortable being around others without one. Her tits didn't really sag, per se, her nipples were still perky and pointed to the sky, but they did move around a lot without support.

When she'd finished massaging the pain points away, she dressed in fresh clothes and added a hoodie for warmth. She let Chris back in, asking him to make another fire while she got some kind of breakfast going.

The activity warmed her until Chris had the fire going, filling the small cabin with waves of heat. They ate a cold breakfast of eggs, bread on butter and well water while Amy tried to heat some water on the stove for instant coffee. It kind of worked, and the warm caffeine did wonders for her mood.

"So? What do you want to do for the day?" she asked, once they'd finished up.

"I think I'll wander around a bit. I saw a couple trails, and I can start to mark my territory."

It took Amy a moment, but she smirked. "Must be nice. I'm going to have to brave that outhouse."

"You could squat in a bush."

"Maybe...what do you suppose the chances are there's toilet paper? I might have to grab some leaves."

"Good luck, don't get any poison ivy."

Amy grimaced. "No, thank you. Don't go far in your exploration, if you have an accident, I need to be able to hear you."

"I just want to see if there's another place close by where we can go for help. Even just a phone we can use to call into town for a ride."

"Don't hold your breath," she said. "I didn't see any other driveways for a while on the way out."

"Yeah," he said, dejected.

"Hey. We'll make it work, okay? It's not the end of the world. Surely it's not going to be too tough hanging out with me here?"

Chris smiled reassuringly. "It'll be fine. At the very least I can beat you at cards."

"Ha, what a dreamer! Go on your walk, I'm going to finish my coffee and go find that outhouse."

A cold waft of air entered the cabin as Chris left, and Amy was left alone. She looked around the cabin, taking in the corners and the

roof that she'd been too busy to check out. It was sturdy enough to keep out the bigger drafts, and hadn't fallen apart, so they had that to be thankful for.

She got to thinking about who the owners were, and who had built it. Lonely hermit? A couple living off the grid? Despite a healthy amount of dust, it wasn't falling apart. The quilt had saved them from a cold night, the supply of wood was generous...all in all it could be worse.

Amy found the outhouse; there was no toilet paper but there was a pile of soft, dry cloth placed on a small shelf. Using one, she threw it down the hole and wondered again who had lived here previously.

When she got back to the cabin, she took Chris' shirt from the day before and wiped the windows as best she could, trying to get more light into the space. It worked, the extra light changing how the single room felt and looked. Details started to leap into view: cobwebs in the upper corners, dust floating in the air...and hooks on the walls where pictures had hung.

Next, she checked out the bed to see if there was anything that could be done about the sag. She found more dust and cobwebs, and a single broken slat hanging from the middle. That explained the sag. Maybe they could find a branch to fix it?

Amy lifted the stuffed mattress and was surprised to find a thin book shoved under it, about the size of a 5" x 7" photo. She pulled it out, letting the mattress drop with a puff of dust. The book had a faux leather cover and the word 'Memories' stamped on it in gold letters. She opened it to the first page, finding a photo of a smiling woman, sitting in what was obviously the stuffed chair.

Fascinated, she took the book to said chair. The woman was very pretty, about her age, with long, dark hair. Her expression radiated joy. She was wearing a dress that looked like it was from the 70s with her hands folded in her lap. The photo was attached to the

page by little corner flaps, so Amy gently pulled it up to check the back. She found a handwritten note 'Me, 1970'. Whoever 'me' was.

The next page had two photos, another of the woman standing at the counter in the cabin, and one of a man. He was much younger than she was, possibly her son? They had similar faces. He was handsome, with a quirky grin, and was sitting on the bed, with the same quilt that lay there now. His hand was on the cover as if urging someone to join him. The photo had 'Josh, 1970' written on the back.

The next few pages were of scenes around the cabin, without people, and without notes on the back. The ground was clear cut, the cabin looked new in one picture, with a note on the back that said, 'Uncle's new cabin, 1970'.

The last two photos made Amy gasp. The first was of the young man, outside of the cabin, totally nude, with an erection jutting from a thatch of dark hair at his groin. He was smiling, clearly proud of his displayed manhood, but also at ease, as if he did it all the time. Amy felt her cheeks heat up as she stared at the picture, unable to keep from examining the healthy, erect penis with interest. She'd never have had the nerve to get a nude photo developed, but the 70s were different times.

The last photo was of the woman. She was sitting in the stuffed chair, but her dress was pulled down, exposing her breasts and what was obviously a pregnant belly, hands laid on top of it. She had the same bright look of love on her face. Amy examined the woman's nudity with no less interest, taking in the large, dark nipples on heavy breasts.

Next she pulled the picture of naked Josh from the page, turning it over. It said, 'A proud papa, 1971'. So, that's how it was. The couple had come here to live and start a family. To start anew, or to be

away from people who might judge their relationship based on age difference?

The final photo, of the topless woman, had a note in different handwriting, 'My Mom, Peggy, 1971' on the back. Amy felt a chill go through her as she flipped it over to look at the pregnant woman again. Mom? She compared the photos of the couple, again seeing the resemblance. Could it be? An incestuous relationship had led to them fleeing to this remote place to be alone?

Heart beating quicker at the shocking find, Amy's mind went down a rabbit hole trying to understand what might have led to a mother being with her son. She looked at the photos of Peggy again, trying to read the mind of a fellow mother. What could have led her to this? What possible motivation could have let her start down that path? Amy's slippery brain snuck in an image before she could stop it, of Josh and Peggy making love in the bed that she had shared with Chris the night before. Amy slapped the album closed, face burning. The unbidden image had her tingling below.

She looked around, seeing the cabin with fresh eyes. The two chairs took on a loving veneer when she put the mother and son in them, eating together. The empty hooks on the walls displaying...art? Family photos? The bed, previously innocent, now the location of incestuous coupling.

Chris' 'morning glory' flashed before her eyes, taking on a new meaning of its own. How many times had the mother and son woken in a similar situation? How many times had they woken and made love, right there in that bed? How had that slat broken?

Filled with new purpose, Amy put the album back under the mattress and left the cabin, determined to find a suitable branch to fix the bed. Hopefully she could prevent the sagging, and give her and Chris a bit of breathing room...and erectile expansion room.

The crisp air, laden with moisture, seemed to wake her up as she exited the small room. She was being silly. Even if the photos were of a sinful couple, it didn't mean anything to the situation she found herself in now with Chris. She'd find a branch to fix the bed because it was more comfortable, not because there was anything she needed to be wary of.

She gave a call out for her son and listened, but nothing came back. He'd gone further than she asked. Determined to admonish him when he came back - what if she needed him - she went down the drive to find a likely spot to hunt for a long branch.

An hour later, Amy arrived back at the cabin with a branch sturdy enough to take up the slack under the mattress. She wanted to install the limb before Chris got back, so she could keep the album hidden. No need to show him that.

When she entered the cabin, she spotted the mattress rolled to one side, and a branch similar to hers in place of the broken slat. Chris was in the chair, slowly flipping through the album.

"Oh. You found it," she sighed. Oh well, at 19 he was old enough, she supposed.

"Yeah," he said. His face was red, and he quickly closed it. He'd been on the final page showing the nudity. Maybe he hadn't seen the notes on the back?

"Guess we know who used to live here," she said, dragging her branch to the bed. She added hers to the one Chris brought, and when she rolled the mattress back it was no longer sagging in the middle.

"Crazy. I wonder when they left?"

"Maybe after the baby was born? I don't see them lasting too long in this small space."

"Maybe," he agreed. "What do you think they meant by 'My Mom'?"

"I don't know...maybe he meant soon to be mom of his baby." Amy desperately hoped he would drop the subject.

"Kind of a weird way to put it. Sounds like it's literally saying that is his mom."

"I guess."

"So, what do you think the 'proud papa' bit means?"

Amy laughed, trying to ease the tension in her chest. "I don't know, Chris, it's just a few photos from decades ago. Probably an inside joke."

"Yeah, I guess so." Chris closed the album, taking one last long look at the topless woman. He put it aside and said, "I'm going for a walk. I want to try another trail, the last one just ended at a stream. Probably a deer trail."

"Okay. I think I'll read a bit. Come back when you get hungry."

Amy grabbed one of the books she brought and loaded the stove with wood before curling up in the chair. She tried her best to concentrate on the story, but found her mind wandering to the mystery of the couple. *Had* they been mother and son? Was her imagination going wild?

She did her best to fix it in her mind that they weren't related, and their relationship was just a normal one, full of joy and laughter. It helped, and soon she was deep into her book. She shifted on the chair a few times over the next hour, trying to get comfortable. It was like the broken slat had ended up in the chair, under her butt.

Eventually hunger drove her from her book and her attempt to get comfy, so she went to the food boxes to pull together a lunch.

Coincidentally, Chris came back with a load of wood in his arms right when she'd finished preparing some sandwiches. He stacked it on the diminishing pile and fed a few logs to the stove.

"Just in time," Amy said, handing him his plate.

"Thanks, Mom," he said, sitting down to eat.

"How was your walk?"

"The second trail goes much further than the first, but I think it's still just a game trail. I did some exploring but there's really nothing out here."

"Do you want to play some cards after lunch?" she asked.

"Sure. It's starting to rain again anyways."

Right on cue, the thunder of falling water built on the roof, making it hard to talk without raising their voices. Chris ran for some water from the well, while Amy got out the cards. It sounded like the rain was going here for a while.

The card games went on for a while, with laughter and teasing, jeers and cheers as mother and son managed to evenly split the wins. The rain didn't let up one bit the entire time, but Amy didn't mind. The warmth of the stove and company kept her content, and she forgot entirely about the photo album and what it suggested.

When they were done with cards, Chris lay on the bed, playing on a handheld game system, while she went back to the chair to read by the light coming in the windows. She allowed the electronics, as he didn't normally like books, and knew he'd run out of juice if he played very long.

Amy ended up squirming on the chair after a while. Something about it just wasn't comfortable, despite the lush padding and strong structure. She tried to fluff the cushion under her butt to get more padding and found a rigid lump on the side where she expected softness. No wonder it got to be a pain to sit in it for long. Reaching under the cushion, she thought maybe there was a piece of wood poking up, but her questing fingers found a textured surface, similar to the photo album. Taking a good grip, she lifted her butt and pulled, eventually dragging a small book from under the cushion.

Examining the small volume, it had 'Diary' on it in similar gold writing to the Memories album. Opening it to the first page, she found it covered in a tidy script with the date 'June 7, 1970' written at the top. On the inside cover of the diary was the name Peggy Grant written in the same hand.

Amy looked behind her to see if Chris had noticed, but he was still engrossed in his game. She turned back to the diary, reading the first few words.

I don't know if anyone will read these words. My name is Peggy Grant, and I'm 38 years old, and I am my son's lover. It feels funny to write the words down in permanent ink, for if anyone were to find it, we would surely be censured by the locals, if not run out of town entirely.

After such a bold statement, I would guess I should explain myself. I gave birth to my son, Josh, 19 years ago. The story of his growth into the man he is now is worth telling, but I won't place it in these pages. Instead, I will attempt to explain how we ended up where we are, and why I think our relationship should be celebrated instead of criticized. Everything I have done has been driven by my love for my son. Read on, if you would know my mind.

Curious beyond measure what the possible justification could be for incest, Amy read on.

First I have to go back to a year ago, when I first saw Josh in the full flush of manhood. He and I were washing at a stream while on a walk, and he took his shirt off. I noticed right away his impressive chest, and strong arms. What woman would not? It was as if I was seeing him for the first time with new eyes. I drank in the sight, glad that he had grown up well. He'd make a fine partner some day.

I was splashing myself with water around the neck and face, to remove the sticky sweat of our walk, and got a little too enthusiastic with my washing. I ended up drenching my shirt, which then got plastered to my chest. Josh happened to look over and smiled. I thought at first it was amusement at my appearance, but I soon saw that his appreciation was going in a different direction. I looked down first at his groin, and then at my chest, to see my nipples thrusting proudly through the thin fabric of my shirt, just as his erection was through his pants. It flustered me, and I started the next portion of our walk without saying anything to him.

Later, after the walk, we headed home and I felt Josh's eyes on me every step of the way, as if he had discovered a new fascination, which I suppose I was. Over the next few days, I would often see him examining me from afar, evidence of his pleasure obvious. I gathered the courage to ask him about it, and he admitted he couldn't help it. Even as we spoke, his erection again grew between us.

I asked if this was going to continue forever, and he claimed he didn't know. He explained that his eyes were perpetually drawn to me, and his state was the result. It was hard to meet his eyes during this explanation, for they were filled with such admiration I felt myself blush.

After a time, Josh started to complain about soreness in that same area. He claimed that he was so happy to see me that it was hurting now when he got aroused. I was surprised by his confession, but his distress seemed genuine.

I sought advice on the situation. First off, my mother.

Amy shifted in the chair, feeling a warmth growing in her pussy from the text, and read on.

I knew my mom would have advice, as she had advice for every situation. I explained what was going on with Josh, and as expected, she claimed to know exactly what to do. She told me that young men had urges which needed to be satisfied. If they were not, pain could result, but only in times of extended arousal. The only way to ease the pain was to quell their urges. Once they were 'satisfied', the pain would be gone. I asked her how he could quell his urges if self-pleasure was a sin? She told me it was a mother's duty to care for her children.

The implication was clear, and I was shocked to my core. I left almost in tears.

Confused by what seemed like poor advice, I went to my Aunt Mary. She had given me some excellent guidance on the eve of my marriage to George, and I hoped she would have some now.

Amy's eyes opened wide at the revelation that there was, or had been, a husband in the story. Josh must have come from somewhere, but where was George in 1970?

Aunt Mary just smiled when I told her of my predicament, and told me it would all sort itself out once Josh became a man and found himself a woman, but in the meantime he would have to be handled differently. I told her what my mom said, and she agreed that it was a mother's duty to do anything she could to keep her children happy. I noted the difference between what my mother and aunt thought were a mother's duties, but supposed the end result was the same.

I was getting concerned that the only advice I would receive would be incestuous, but forged on to my last visit: my grandmother.

Nanna laughed when I'd finished filling her in and asked me how I thought my father had gotten his first education in the ways of love. It was a mother's task to guide and teach their men in all ways, including love.

I was very unsure of myself by the time I got home that night. I had gotten the same advice, with three different motives. George was out, but Josh was there, watching some television. He stood up to greet me with a hug. That was when I felt it against me, pressing into my belly - his ever-present erection.

I tried to scold him again, but it failed to make an impression, as he confessed his admiration for me once again, despite the pain it caused him. Not sure at all that I was doing the right thing, I took Josh by the hand to his bedroom.

Despite my current happiness, writing out these words makes my cheeks burn with shame.

I told him that if his erection was taken care of, the pain would stop and we could go back to being mother and son. To that end, I tugged at his pants, dropping them to his ankles, and stopped my mind long enough to take hold of him...down there. He was impressively hard in my hand! I steeled my nerves and tugged at him, urging him to let go. In what felt like no time he was spending himself in my hand. I left him there, red faced and smiling, to go wash away the evidence of what I'd done. Crisis averted! At least, so I thought.

Amy was starting to have trouble reading the cursive writing, and lifted her head to see the light from the windows was dimming. She thought about getting the lantern and reading more, but realized it was time to prepare some dinner. She reluctantly stood, with the diary next to her book, and surreptitiously placed them both in her bag. No need for him to read about incest!

As she prepared a cold dinner, her mind swirled with thoughts of Peggy's confession. She had a hard time imagining a mother doing what she had done, but she'd also never been in her situation. Had Chris ever found himself in pain like Josh had?

Dinner by the lantern light was quiet. Their first full day hadn't been as dull as she feared, as the discovery of the album and diary had certainly spiced it up, but she was sure Chris was going to be bored out of his tree by the end of their 'ordeal'.

After dinner they once again kept the lantern time short, and yet neither were eager to head to bed so early. Amy wished she could read more of the diary but knew she'd get too many questions if she pulled it out. Instead, she took a chair out to the porch again, sitting and listening to the rain in the dark, watching the last of the day fade away.

The words in the diary came back to her, about what Peggy had done to help Josh, despite the situation not being of her making. It sounded so backwards, and she wondered if the reason the women gave such odd advice was generational or regional. Any new info would have to wait for the next day.

In the meantime, she felt like she might be ready for bed. She poked her head in the door. "Hey, are you ready for bed? Let me know when you're changed and we can swap."

A few minutes later, they'd swapped and Amy was dragging her bundled up PJs from her bag. She quickly changed into her bottoms, glad she'd brought full length pants for warmth. When her shirt and hoodie were stripped off she removed her bra as well, but only long enough to get some relief. Despite having worn one for over 24 hours, she didn't want to sacrifice the warmth...and a darker part of her felt it was better to wear it when sharing a bed with Chris, though she'd never have expressed it out loud. She once again took a minute to massage her breasts, noting her nipples standing up

firm and proud. They echoed the lingering tingling warmth in her puss from the diary earlier.

Before putting her bra back on, she pinched her nipples firmly, breathing deeply to avoid moaning. She was horny, she realized, and firmly turned her mind from how long it had been since she'd felt it.

Once changed, she called Chris back in, and they settled in for bed. The added branches did help, meaning they weren't pressed together quite so firmly, and the lingering warmth from the stove meant they were nice and toasty.

A few minutes later, she felt Chris start to move again, like he had the night before, occasionally poking her in the butt. Amy, annoyed, did her best to not say anything but when he didn't stop after a while, she huffed and asked, "How long?"

"Sorry," he muttered from behind her.

Unlike the night before, he didn't promise to stop anytime soon. He wasn't normally a fidgeter and his behaviour had her perplexed. Why couldn't he lie still, and why wouldn't he talk about it?

"Chris, seriously. What is it?"

"It's nothing."

Amy hit her breaking point. She rolled off the bed and stood up, turning to confront her son. "You need to tell me what is going on that prevents you from lying still, or I'll kick you to the chair." It was an empty threat, as she knew it wasn't an option with his size.

Without saying a word, Chris stood up from the bed. Amy thought he was going to go to the chair, but he just stood looking at her expectantly, his face red.

"What?" she asked, exasperated.

"I'm trying to get rid of this," he said, almost yelling.

"Huh?" Amy felt her brain lock up, trying to figure out what he meant, when he gestured down. She looked, and was presented with the same view as that morning. Lit by the glow of the stove was a clear and obvious erection making itself known to the world under the cloth of his PJs.

"Oh," she said, taking a step back, frustration forgotten. "Well. Um, okay." She looked up at his face, a safe spot for her eyes. "Uhh, can I help at all?" It was an automatic thing to say, a concerned mother offering assistance to her offspring, but she realized it might not be the most appropriate.

"I'm not sure how," he said with a perplexed look, which was the best response, all considered.

"Is there a way you can make it go down?" She felt her cheeks burn as Peggy's diary came to mind.

"I, um, have read online that if I flex my thighs, it'll go away. That's why I was fidgeting."

"Oh. I...guess it's not working?" Amy was sure it was the heat of the stove nearby causing her face to heat up.

"It worked last night, but not so much tonight. I'm not as tired, and we've been here for, like, over 24 hours." Chris mumbled the last bit.

It took Amy a long moment to understand the last few words, but eventually she got it. "I see. What about, you know, taking care of it?"

"I tried, when I was out walking. I couldn't relax enough, standing in the forest. I can't do it here..." he gestured.

"Yeah. Not exactly the awesome two bedroom cabin we expected. I'm sorry for barking, I didn't expect our awesome getaway to be like this, and I didn't anticipate you having your own issues."

They stood, not speaking for a bit before she said, "What if I give you some privacy? I'll hang out on the porch?"

"I guess."

She left, grabbing her hoodie on the way out. Almost right away she regretted her offer. It was pitch black out, not a star or moon to be seen behind the rain clouds and even the stove light didn't filter through the windows. It was so different, away from the lights of the city, and not being able to see at night.

Amy waited as long as she could, huddled up against the door jam, hopeful that Chris would be able to finish quickly. The diary came to mind, as she hugged her arms around her for warmth in the dark. Peggy's 'solution', while incredibly inappropriate, had gotten results. She briefly wondered if she could ever do something like it, if it was clearly necessary, and stopped the thought dead in its tracks. He was her son, and they weren't living in the 70s.

When she couldn't take it anymore, she knocked quietly on the door. "Sorry, but I'm cold. Are you almost done?"

"Come in," came his muffled answer.

Amy re-entered the cabin, immediately grateful for the return of warmth. "All good?" she asked, trying to make it sound routine. Her mouth dropped open when she saw Chris facing the wall, under the quilt. "What are you doing? We can't fit when you lie like that...did you finish?"

He shook his head. "I can't, with you out there," he said to the wall.

She sighed and sat down on the small bed. "Look, we need to be warm. What if you just ignore it? I'll ignore it, too, and if it comes up, oh well. It's natural, right? Just let it do its thing, and we can get some sleep."

Without saying more, she lay down, pulling at his arm behind her to roll over. With a deep sigh, he did, and they were soon warm once more. Amy's heart was thumping pretty good at this point, waiting to feel him behind her, and soon she did. What she'd thought was his 'hip' the night before was actually his erect penis. She took a deep breath, and tried to ignore it.

Before long, without Chris fidgeting, she drifted off to sleep in the cradle of his arms.

It didn't last long, or at least, it didn't feel very long. Amy woke gradually to the feel of Chris' legs moving again. "Still bugging you?" she whispered.

"Sorry."

Amy rolled the options through her head. They could take turns on the bed, with the other one shivering and cramped on the chair. They could try and make a bed and blanket on the floor with extra clothes. How did Josh and Peggy manage sleeping in this bed? It didn't take long for the answer to that question to pop in her head. She thought of Peggy's mom's advice in the diary, about it being a mother's duty to care for her children.

Was it any different than anything else she'd done in her life, raising him? Who would know?

Before she could think about it any more, Amy reached behind her and found the waistband of her son's PJs, snaking under the elastic. Immediately, she found her palm filled with hot, hard flesh, and Chris groaned. She 'shhhh'ed, while forming a ring with her fingers and thumb. "Push, Chris."

Keeping the ring firm around him, she waited until a tentative thrust sent his length through it. "That's it, keep going."

Another thrust into her circled fingers, and soon he picked up the rhythm, pumping into her simulated vagina, his arms firm around her middle. His movements got faster and longer until she felt his entire length, from head to base, passing through her hand. Soon, she felt him stop pushing, his body freezing in place, and then he was coming with a long groan in her ear.

Long moments of silence passed, with nothing but Chris' heavy breathing filling the cabin. Amy pulled her hand from his bottoms, reaching for a shirt to wipe it with and handing it to her son. "Wipe up, let's get some sleep."

The shirt was soon thrown on the floor, and they fell into a relaxed sleep. Amy felt a wave of gratitude to Peggy's mom.

The morning dawned the same way the first had, with low light slowly filling the small room. Amy woke first, opening her eyes and felt a rush of shame and guilt. She'd jerked off her son. Well, technically he'd masturbated into her hand, but the result was the same. Despite how necessary it felt last night, it didn't change the fact they'd committed incest.

She struggled with that thought, lying in bed next to Chris. What did they do now? What would she do if it happened again? She couldn't keep jerking him to sleep every night. Could she? Whatever the future held, they couldn't change the past. Better if she just left it there, and hopefully Chris could do the same.

Despite having to pee, she didn't want to get up and expose herself to the cold air, so she just lay there and enjoyed the warmth, letting her mind roam. It was still raining, so outside activities were

probably going to be short and quick until it stopped. They had the cards, and she had her books...and the diary.

She might...yes. Her bag was just within reach of the bed without leaning too far, and Amy was able to fish the diary from it. Turning to where she'd left off, she resumed reading the account of Peggy Grant.

June 8, 1970

Yesterday I told you about seeking advice from the female members of my family, and then taking it. At the time I thought that this would be enough to relieve Josh's pain permanently.

Not quite.

Josh returned to a kind of normal, however I noticed that he was quiet and looked sad a lot of the time. I didn't pry at first, but after two days of him moping around the house, I had to ask. He confessed that he was unable to keep the other day from his mind. He knew that I'd only helped him out of sympathy, and not any real desire to make him feel good, but it still refused to leave his mind.

I asked him how I could help him get back the quirky smile I loved so much. He told me that he wasn't in pain anymore, so if I were to take him to his room, it would show that I was doing it for his happiness.

I did want him to be happy again, and the last time hadn't been so bad. Aunt Mary's words about duty came back to me. If it brought back his smile, I could do it again. As soon as the door was closed, he disrobed, presenting his erection to me. I took him in hand once more, tugging as I had done the day before.

To my astonishment, Josh stopped me.

Amy closed the diary briefly as Chris stirred behind her, afraid he would waken, but he quietened so she went back to reading.

I asked Josh to just let me do it and make him feel better. He agreed, but only if I let him kiss me first! I promptly presented my cheek to him, just wanting to move on with my day.

Mystery reader, I will forever remember in crystal detail what he did next. Instead of the normal kiss on the cheek I was used to, he stepped close, taking me in his arms, and put his lips right on mine, kissing me firmly. Having only had one person do this ever in my life, I was not prepared for how it felt for a different set of lips to touch mine.

They were warm and mobile, soft and inquisitive, unlike George's brutish kisses. I found myself allowing the kiss to go on for much longer than I should have, all the while feeling Josh's erection pressing into my belly. Blood started to pound in my ears, my face was hot and I felt a flutter in my chest. I didn't know what was going on. I thought I might be going to faint, but I didn't. I let the kiss continue, wanting to feel more of it.

If you want to discourage a man, don't let him kiss you. I knew that, and yet forgot it entirely as my son pressed himself to me. In the end, it wasn't me who ended the kiss. Josh did, stepping back far enough so he could pull my hand to his penis. This time we worked together, me tugging and him thrusting, until he was once again going in my hand.

I left his room feeling more than a little flustered, wondering so many things. Why had I never been kissed like that? Where did he learn it? Why was I so full of energy, as if ready to pop? To my shame and astonishment, I went to the washroom and found that my panties were sticky, matching the warm tingling in my womanhood. I had never felt like this before. Ever.

Amy stealthily put down the diary, feeling a similar warm tingling to that Peggy described. The diary was affecting her, making her feel guilty for lying in Chris' arms while reading it. Bad enough she'd helped him 'feel better' the night before without adding to it.

As if summoned by her thoughts, Amy felt a presence growing behind her. A pressure against her soft cheeks, getting bigger by the second. Her son's morning erection insistently pressed into her while the rest of him remained still. She'd experienced something similar with her husband, but never imagined it would happen with her son.

It grew to the point of disturbing her comfort, so she shifted, causing him to move to the crack of her ass, as if drawn by a magnet. Amy stifled a squeak of surprise as Chris' erection seemed to bore into the space between her fleshy cheeks, brushing up against her anus. She reflexively twitched away, causing Chris to stir.

Amy lay still, many emotions warring within her. Despite helping him the night before, she wasn't sure how he would feel waking up with his hardon pressed into her. If she got out of bed, it would start the day rolling and avoid the potential embarrassment, but disturb the peace she was feeling. Reasoning Chris' hardon would have to go down at some point, she just lay still, eyes closed and breathing softly.

Unfortunately for Amy, If there was one thing sure to get her going, it was the feel of a hard penis tapping at her back entrance. Chris couldn't have aimed it better if he tried. The thin cloth of her panties and PJ bottoms did nothing to block the feel of him there, poking and prodding in time with the subtle movements of mother and son. When he breathed out, she shifted away, and then back again, causing the smallest of bumps each time. Bumps that just happened to be on a sensitive spot.

Amy called it quits when she realized her pussy was getting moist in her panties. Warm and cozy or not, that was going over the line. She

rolled off the bed, letting the blanket fall away as she stood up. Grabbing her hoodie and slipping on shoes, she ran through the rain to go pee at the outhouse. The cloth squares, while soft, were rough enough to send wild signals to her brain when she wiped.

When she got back to the cabin, she found Chris awake and dressed. Not wanting the night before to get between them, she forced some cheer into her voice. "Good morning! Sleep well? I think I did, better than last night."

"Yeah, I did. Thanks, uh, for helping me...get settled," he said awkwardly. He looked worried, so she walked the two steps separating them and hugged him tightly.

"Of course, it was no trouble," she lied. Better that he be at ease than worry about it.

Over the course of making and eating breakfast, she did her best to keep up a stream of happy chatter, but couldn't help but see that Chris looked out of sorts. Amy realized she was overcompensating, and tried to tone her cheerfulness down. When they were done, she suggested a walk when the rain eased, which he seemed happy to agree to.

Mother and son hung out in the chairs and on the bed for a few hours, waiting for the rain to stop. Amy did her best to distract herself from thinking too hard, but failed in every way. First she thought of Peggy's diary, then she thought of Chris and his dour expression, then she shied away from the reason they were out here in this neck of the woods in the first place. It was exhausting.

When the rain finally let up enough, they emerged into the fresh bright air, happy to stretch their legs and lungs. "Are there any trails you haven't explored yet?" she asked.

Chris pointed wordlessly towards the direction of the outhouse. "The trail back there keeps going. Could be worth checking."

"Right, let's get to it."

Everything was wet. The grass, the tree branches, the shrubs and ferns, anything they touched left a wet smear behind. Amy did her best to steer the worst of them away from her, but ended up getting wet all over nonetheless. A half hour into their walk, she stopped under a tall pine tree to rest. Chris stood nearby, still quiet.

"What's wrong, hon?" she asked. "And before you say 'nothin', I'm not accepting it."

Chris shrugged a shoulder, looking down at the ground. "Just bored."

"Yeah?" She steeled her nerves. It had to be talked about. "Nothing to do with last night?"

Another shrug.

"I'm sorry, I should have asked first. I just didn't know what else to do...and it seemed to help."

"It's not that, I just...it was my first, you know."

"Oh." Amy was genuinely shocked. Chris had had girlfriends before, one of them quite serious, and she'd assumed he had at least a little experience. "Sorry."

He looked up, alarmed, "Stop apologizing!" He smiled to take the sting from his words. "I'm not mad at you, or sad you did it. It felt great! It just feels like I'm going to be waiting my whole life to feel it again because I'm not experienced enough to get past the awkwardness."

It was a shocking thing, to hear her son admitting an insecurity so openly. He did his best to put on a good face for her, to make it seem like everything was fine. To find out it wasn't the case was

upsetting. "I know it seems like a big deal to you now, but I assure you, in time you'll realize it's not."

"Sure seems like it. That's all I can think about. Who knew having someone else touch me would feel so incredible? In a way, I wish you didn't need to do what you did, so I could just keep on going in ignorance. Now I know what I'm missing!"

Amy hoped he would smile, or laugh, to show he was kidding, but he didn't. Seeing his despair reminded her of Peggy's story, and the advice given to her by her aunt. A mother's duty to make sure her children are happy? How could she help Chris out of his funk? "I guess I opened Pandora's box, didn't I?" she sympathized.

Chris nodded.

It was like Peggy's aunt was beckoning her to do her duty from beyond a diary written 50 years ago. The guilt from that morning had subsided, and she was faced with her son in distress. "I mean, I guess...it wasn't so bad, what I did last night." Her cheeks warmed, and her throat started to close up on the words. "If you want, I could do it again..." She immediately regretted the words and opened her mouth to take them back. "I mean..."

"Okay."

"Well, but tonight, I guess. To help, like before. Let's keep going on our walk." Amy wished a hole would open up and swallow her whole. What had she been thinking? That stupid diary put thoughts in her head, and now here she'd just offered to 'tug' her son again, as Peggy put it.

In silence, they resumed their walk. Within another 10 minutes the trail petered out, and so they reversed course to return to the cabin. The entire trip back was done in silence, because Amy didn't know what to say, and Chris was in front, making it hard to talk, not that

he seemed inclined. She did notice that his mood seemed to have lifted, though, so that was a plus.

Back at the cabin, they had lunch, trying to use up the perishables. Most of it was gone by now, leaving them canned and dry food for the last two days. When they were done, Chris washed up and Amy went to her reading chair to occupy her afternoon. He left on another walk, while there was light and the rain held off.

June 9, 1970

To my unknown reader, I left off yesterday with an account of how I felt after Josh kissed me. I smile to think of it now, as I sit here writing while he is outside trying to cut into the ground for a garden. Despite being a mother and a wife, I was innocent of many things. George was a good provider but a terrible partner. At no point in our marriage had he ever made me feel as Josh had made me feel with just one kiss. It is a miracle to me now that I ever conceived him with George, but I guess Mother Nature has her ways.

After the kiss, I tried to distance myself, of course, but in each quiet moment of the day, my thoughts would return to the feel of Josh's lips on mine. I wanted more than anything to feel it again, but reasoned with myself that it was surely a fluke of circumstance, not to be repeated.

Josh seemed much happier after our kiss and tug. I think he would have pressed his affections, however George came home for dinner and didn't go out again until the next day. I performed my wifely duties when we were in bed, laying still as my husband took his pleasure. I was astonished to discover how little pleasure I took in the act. Before Josh kissed me, I would have sworn that my husband's attentions were welcome. Now? I couldn't wait for him to be done. What a change one kiss could make!

I had my second kiss the next day. I felt compelled to test if the feeling could be repeated, sure that it couldn't. Josh often came

home for lunch from his job, and I would have it ready for him. When he came through the door, I was standing by his seat, waiting for him. My heart was going mad!

I stopped Josh from sitting, telling him there was a payment required for his meal, and lifted my face, eyes closed tightly. It seemed to take him forever! When I felt those lips on mine, I almost swooned. It was exactly as I remembered it. My son took me in his arms, holding me firmly but gently as he expressed his passion for his mother. My body lit afire.

Josh didn't have much time to eat on his break, so I pushed him to his chair and went to my room. I was confused and needed to be alone.

Amy squirmed, feeling the effects of the story, while also sad that the woman had been living in a passionless marriage for so long. She deliberately turned her mind from the reason she herself was in the cabin far from home and read on.

June 10, 1970

It took me three days to reconcile what I was feeling. Three days of avoiding being alone with Josh, so as to not tempt myself any further. Three days of enduring the nightly thrusts of my husband in our marriage bed, all the while wishing it was over.

When I could look at myself in the mirror again, assuring myself I was not a monster, I took myself back to my mother for more advice. I avoided mentioning Josh when describing my newfound feelings, but she saw right through me. After my last visit, I guess it wasn't a hard mystery to solve. I told her of the advice Nanna gave, of teaching Josh of love, and explained it was him doing the teaching instead.

I've never seen a look of sorrow such as I saw on my mother's face that day. I don't think she realized the state of my marriage, which

was fine, as I hadn't either. She told me that it was a crime to go through life without passion. She never went a day without it when she wanted it, thanks to my dad, and it would be the saddest thing she knew if I went another day in a marriage without the fire of love.

When I got home from my visit, my heart was filled with hope that George would be out for the night, and I could be alone to talk to Josh, but it was not to be.

I spent the night exchanging longing looks with my son, while cursing my husband. It was a strange night, to be sure. I went to bed that night and lay quiet through the thrusts of my husband, but in my heart and mind, I was far away, kissing my son. I believe George may have noticed the increased dampness between my legs from my thoughts, for he gave me an odd look after he had finished. I ignored it and rolled away from him. In my head, I was dreaming of what it might be like to perform the act I had just done with my husband...with my son.

Chris interrupted her reading when he came in the door of the cabin, wet and bedraggled. The rain had picked up while he was out, and Amy hadn't noticed, being so engrossed in Peggy's tale. She jumped up to help him strip off his clothes while he shivered and did his best to help.

When he was almost naked, she turned to his bags to pull dry clothes out, reflecting on Peggy's aunt's words: 'If her son needed her, in any way, she should provide.'

Steeling her nerves, she thought about the best way she could help warm Chris up...and help him to cheer up. Amy turned back to Chris to see him naked with his back to her. She hadn't seen him nude in years, and seeing him now, she realized he was a fully grown man, no different than her husband when they'd first met. His lean, but well-defined arms and legs drew her appreciative eye, and she even

allowed a glance at his butt. It was cute, and she resisted an urge to smack it playfully.

Pulling herself together, Amy said, "You need to warm up." A mother's duty was to ensure her children were safe. "I think I know how I can help."

Walking the short distance across the floor, she pushed him gently, her hand on cold skin, moving him to the bed. He let her guide him, his puzzled expression under the wet mop of his hair tugging at her heart.

"Sit," she said.

He did, putting his hands over his crotch. She looked down at him and smiled reassuringly before kneeling down and taking his hands in hers. She pulled, and together they saw his penis come into view. It was the first time seeing it fully grown, and she was impressed.

Chris' penis was soft, his circumcised head and shaft resting on his ball sack. His pubes were trimmed short, giving him a neat appearance. Tentatively, afraid of rejection despite his earlier words, Amy reached for the limp organ. She glanced up at his face and saw his focus was on what she was doing. When she covered him with her hand, she was surprised to find that despite being in the rain, he was warm there, and growing warmer as he responded to her touch.

Amy watched and felt as her son's penis grew, gaining inches in both girth and length before her eyes and in her hand. Before long she was holding only part of him, the rest jutting out the top of her loose fist.

"Oh my," she whispered. Despite having helped him the night before, she hadn't anticipated him being so...healthy.

She ran her hand along his length a few times, feeling the veins under her fingers. His head was tight and shiny atop his shaft, his

slit gaping open. Inevitable comparisons came to mind. No other lover came close to his size, not even his father. Despite her rationalization that she was helping, Amy knew she was more than a little intrigued by the sexual organ in her hand.

Another stroke, and Chris let out a quiet gasp. She tore her eyes from the towering tool to look up at his face. He was red, mouth agape and staring at her. Not where she held him, but her face and chest. Amy felt the weight of his eyes on her breasts, and was confused. It was easy to sink into the role of helper, someone here to solely assist and nothing else, but his interest in her was reinforcing her own desires.

Closing her heart to it, she bent to the task at hand: making her son warm and happy. A few more strokes of her hand along his shaft produced more low sounds from his throat. As she watched, a bead of clear fluid appeared in his slit, growing with each slow pump of her hand until it got too big and dripped down his glans and onto her thumb. Despite her need to remain aloof, Amy could feel herself responding to the feel of his hard cock, and the smell of his musk filling the air between them. A tingle grew in her privates, spreading to her chest and face.

Chris suddenly let out a louder moan. She had time to notice that he grew in her hand, and then he was shooting into the air between them before raining down onto his bare thighs and Amy's arms. She kept slowly pumping, not letting up while he jerked and squirmed in front of her.

Six, seven, eight times Chris' cock expanded in her hand, each time delivering a volley of come into the air, until it started running down his shaft, coating her hand. His scent filled the cabin and her lungs, fully waking her nascent desires - she wanted more, but knew she shouldn't.

Amy looked from the still hard cock in her hand up to Chris' red face. He was looking right back at her, a wild look in his eyes.

Without word or warning, he leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers. Amy froze for a second, surprised, and then responded. Her lips softened, and she kissed him back reflexively. His mouth on hers felt amazing. Her thoughts melted away, and she sat still, not moving anything but her mouth. Tingles swept down her chest to her nipples, her already warm puss growing moist in her panties. She hadn't felt this in years...the thought made her pull away with a gasp.

"Um," she said, staring at Chris in shock. When he made a move towards her again, she scrambled back. "I, uh, I have to clean up," she stammered, standing up. Finding his wet shirt, she used it to wipe her hand and arm, giving it to him when she was done.

As he followed suit, she put some dry clothes on the bed next to him, saying, "Put these on, I'll get dinner started."

Mind fogged by the last few minutes, Amy got some water heating on the stove and pulled noodles out. She had a jar of sauce but only one pot, so she'd have to take it in turns to cook the food. As she worked, thoughts started to surface, and she fought to not think of what she'd just done.

What had started out as a simple desire to help him had - nope, she wasn't thinking about it.

Why had she - stop it.

All the while, Chris was laying on the bed, not talking or moving. It was so unusual that she checked on him and found him asleep, curled into a ball. Breathing a silent sigh of relief, she allowed herself to relax.

Puttering around the cabin, the rain tipping away at the roof, Amy breathed carefully, willing her body to calm down. She could feel a stickiness in her panties where her arousal had leaked out, matching the ache of need in her chest. A casual brush against her nipples sent a ripple of tingling to her pussy. Stop.

Leaving the water to slowly come to a boil, Amy went to the stuffed chair. Sinking into it, she let the thoughts she'd been blocking out come to the fore.

So what if she did *that*? There's plenty worse she could do as a mother. The simple fact was, she'd offered her help, and he accepted. When she examined that, there was little shame at all. The conflict came from inside of her, from her own reaction to the act and the kiss. She got carried away, her body blossoming, mind melting, submitting to her carnal need to feel passion again.

It had been months since she'd felt even a glimmer of desire in her marriage. Months of empty beds and cold shoulders, followed by the revelation that her husband had *cheated* on her with his secretary. It came as such a shock, she'd had to get away, get space to think, or to not think, whatever she needed. Paradoxically she didn't want to be alone, and so convinced Chris to come as well, and here they were.

Thinking of Peggy's diary and her story of finding passion after being in a loveless marriage, made Amy realize it could be a powerful force. Both Amy and her husband had been in that place, separate and together, and so was it surprising he had succumbed? Her reaction just now spoke of how love starved she was, and how easy it could be to just...let it happen. Jason was an asshole, for sure, but upon reflection maybe not the biggest asshole in the world.

The day's light slowly drained away as Amy mourned her long dead marriage. She'd assumed she would be out for blood once she got over the shock of his infidelity, but instead found herself

empathizing. Distance and time gave her the perspective she needed to see Jason had bowed to the inevitable, effectively freeing them both from their marital chains. How could she do anything but thank him?

Feeling an internal knot loosen, Amy took a deep breath and let it out. Things were far from perfect, but at least she could move on. She got up to find the water boiling and got going with dinner.

A while later, she woke Chris.

"Thanks, Mom," he said, rolling out of bed to join her at the table. "Guess I was tired."

"I guess so," she agreed. Unspoken in her head was the thought that one's first sexual experiences tended to be draining.

They ate in silence, turning the lamp on once it became too dark. They played more cards, their awkward exchanges easing gradually, and by the time it was lights out, Amy felt like they'd gotten back to their normal banter. Part of her wanted to discuss what they'd done - what she'd done - but couldn't find the words. How did you ask your son if he was okay with a sexual act?

When they were done with cards, Amy took a chair out to the porch to listen to the rain in the dark. It was growing on her, to not be able to see anything, just relying on hearing, which was taken up with the white noise of the rain. She was comfortable in her hoodie and warm pants, so stayed there for a while, letting her thoughts roam free.

It was quite a move for Peggy to go from married, to jerking off her son, to living with him in a cabin in the middle of nowhere, pregnant. How did she get from one to the other?

Amy thought of what Josh's kiss had done for Peggy, equating it to her own surge of desire when Chris kissed her. Given her recent lack

of physical touch, it made sense she responded the way she did, but that didn't make it right. He was her son, for goodness sake.

Sitting in the dark, she looked out into nothingness and forced herself to stop thinking of it. She'd lived up to her word and repeated the act he craved so much. They had two more days before they were to be picked up, so they just needed to get through that and they'd be back to normal, in the world they belonged to, instead of Peggy and Josh's hedonistic love den.

When she had had enough of the outdoors, she called into the cabin to see if Chris had changed. He had, so they swapped to let her get into her PJs. There was part of her that pondered sleeping in the clothes she was wearing, but she knew it wouldn't be comfortable.

Stripping her bra off, she almost cried out in relief. Each full day of wearing it was causing the rub points to get more and more painful. The thought of putting it back on was torturous, so she delayed the decision while changing her bottoms.

Amy thought about changing her panties, as the ones she was wearing were still wet where she leaked into them, but didn't have enough to get through the weekend if she did. An oversight to not pack more, but how was she to know she'd be making puddles in them while on a secluded getaway with her son, mourning her marriage?

The thought was ridiculous.

Even just the brief time of being without a bra had her tits feeling much better, so she left it off and put her PJ top on. It would be dark enough that Chris wouldn't be able to see anything.

"All done," she called, and stood waiting for Chris to climb into bed. In the bed, under the covers, Amy closed her eyes and willed herself to sleep, which thankfully was quick in arriving. As she drifted off,

she reflected that the afternoon hand job must have been enough for Chris.

Amy woke before her son again. This time, as soon as her eyes opened she was reaching for the diary.

June 11, 1970

There's a lot to be said for anticipation. After that night with George, which was to be our last together as man and wife (though I didn't know it at the time) I woke knowing what to do. I sent him on his way to work, signaling to Josh that he should stay behind a minute. He'd be late for work, but not by much, and what I had to say was important.

When George was truly gone, I turned to my son and opened my arms for him, and he took me in his. After only a half day waiting for my son's kisses, it was like heaven to feel them on my lips. Both my heart and my panties flooded with desire. If he hadn't had to work, I would have had him right there in the kitchen.

With regret, I sent him on his way with a promise that I would accept his kisses again, and more if he wanted. The way his face lit up told me everything he wanted.

Amy had to pause then, to take a breath. It was such a simple tale, but the depth to which Peggy had fallen spoke to her need. She found it affecting her, her nipples erect, close to where Chris' arm was wrapped around her middle. It would only require a movement of inches and he could have his hand on her tits. Her heart flipped in her chest at the thought.

I spent the day planning. I packed up a few things I would need, having decided to spend some time at my mother's. George would

have no objection, I knew, for apart from being a regular hole to pump away at, he had little use for me.

When I arrived at my mother's, bags in tow, I went to my old room and unpacked. I left a message at Josh's work letting him know where he could find me, and waited.

That evening, my son arrived and gave me a big hug, lifting me high. When he saw his grandmother sitting nearby, he blushed and put me down, but she just smiled and said she was headed out, to give us some privacy.

As soon as we were alone, I took Josh to my old room. His erection was visible, and I knew my own arousal would be obvious to him soon. He took me in his arms and kissed me, like I had been dreaming of, and I was his.

I hesitate to write more here. The words to describe the love we shared that day and that night don't exist. I gave myself to him in every way, and he gave of himself equally. By morning, I was no longer his mother, or rather, not only his mother.

We stayed there in my old room for a few days, learning what we could teach each other. My mother covered for us, until she could no longer, and we left. We are now in my uncle's cabin while we decide where to go. Aunt Mary brings us food, and we spend our days making love.

Amy squirmed in the circle of Chris' arm, imagination swimming at what Peggy and Josh had done in this very bed. As she lay in thought, she felt the now familiar prodding at her backside that spoke of Chris' burgeoning erection. Just as she was going to write it off as a sleep erection, she felt a pressure. A bump. A thrust, if only in the vaguest sense.

It was enough. Amy felt heat gather in her pussy, warming her lips. Squeezing her thighs together pressed against her clit, sending a

wave of pleasure through her pelvis. The movement caused her to bump back on the rigid rod pressing into her crack. Her panties, taut over her cheeks, slowly contracted under the pressure, letting him reach her rear hole. Once again, he was knocking on her back door, but this time she didn't retreat from it.

Not having had any release the day before, her body prepared itself for pleasure. Moisture formed, trickling from her vagina. Nipples hardened, nothing covering them but flannel. Saliva flooded Amy's mouth, a sure sign she was primed for fucking.

But this wasn't Jason, or any other lover, this was her son. Amy closed her eyes, almost whimpering with the effort to tamp down her excitement. No matter how much she needed to be touched, kissed, loved, caressed and fucked, she couldn't let it happen. Giving Chris a couple hand jobs was not an excuse to get carried away.

Regretfully, Amy rolled out of bed for the second day in a row to escape her son's questing penis. Once again, she went out into the rain - did it ever stop - to run to the outhouse. Sitting on the cold wooden seat, clouded breath in the air, the distant sound of her pee tinkling below her, she tried to let her pent up desires dissipate. It wasn't easy, but the cold helped.

They had one more day and night to get through, and they could be back in the real world.

When she got back to the cabin, she found her son still sleeping in the bed, so she sat in the stuffed chair and curled up as best she could with the diary.

July 15, 1970

We are still at the cabin. We expected to have moved on by now, but it is harder than we thought. My mother is collecting some money to send us out east, where we can live anonymously, but says it could take some time.

The days are filled with Josh's attempts to farm, and my photography. Mother sent me my old camera, and I've been taking some photos. Aunt Mary says she will get them developed in town, she knows someone. It's a way to fill the days, although I have little film.

It's been a month or so since we arrived here, and I think the stress of the change, while wonderful in itself, has affected my cycle. I'm crossing my fingers that is all it is.

August 17, 1970

No word on how long we will be here. Mother visited us and brought food and news. George has filed for divorce, and is dating a barroom waitress. She asked after us, and I knew she meant if Josh and I were still intimate.

I still yearn for his touch. I desire him more now than I did when we first moved to this desolate cabin, and Josh seems to match my interest. We go days completely nude, taking turns to pleasure each other. I couldn't say all of that, so I just nodded. She accepted it with a smile, and told me I'm a good mother.

I fear I may be a mother again, soon.

September 4, 1970

I suppose it's no use hiding it from here. I am pregnant. We have been here for three months, and while we did our best, we weren't careful enough. Despite my earlier fears, once I accepted my situation, I became quite happy.

Josh's desires seem to have grown since he found out, and constantly seeks me out for pleasure. I am happy to oblige, and he finishes inside of me freely, now that it doesn't matter.

I have been unable to keep much food down for the last few weeks. Josh is worried, but I told him I was the same when I was pregnant with him. It should subside soon. He is very protective, which is a welcome change from George's involvement when I was last pregnant.

October 31, 1970

It is Halloween, but there aren't any children coming knocking on our door, and we haven't decorated. We spent the day indoors, cuddling and reading. I am showing now, a belly bump growing. Josh adores it, constantly caressing and kissing me there. Sometimes he moves his kisses lower, and I proclaim my satisfaction for his oral prowess long and loud. There is no one to hear.

We have been trying names for the boy or girl when it arrives. I hope we can move east before then, to somewhere more comfortable for a newborn. I am partial to George, which makes Josh's head spin. I like the name, and feel it deserves a new owner to cleanse it.

Josh had some crops come in, a few small carrots, but he is happy.

My mother is due to visit soon, according to my calendar.

December 5, 1970

I am big. Not as big as I will get, but it's getting awkward to move. We are making love less often, but I still pleasure him with a few tugs of my hand.

My breasts are tender all of the time. Josh likes to play at suckling, and I feel he may compete with the baby when they arrive. I will have enough, if that is his desire.

January 10, 1971

We are leaving soon! Mother is bringing us money and bus tickets, and we will be going east, to Chicago. I can't wait. As lovely as it's been, having this time with Josh, away from society, I need to be back in the world.

Josh will look for work, and we will pretend at being husband and wife. I love my new life.

Mystery reader, whoever you should be, know that I regret nothing. Being with Josh is the most wonderful part of my life, and I experience joy every day. We have gotten used to expressing our love fully, as I am pregnant, and I'm not sure I'll be able to change that after the baby arrives. He says he wants a big family. I'm not so sure. I feel as big as this cabin, and not as young as when I had my first child. We'll see.

Amy looked up from the diary, lost in thought, imagining the life of Peggy and her son. They had obviously had a lot of support from their family, enabling them to live a happy life out here, and in Chicago. She hoped they had lived a good life. It was funny that reading the account of her life allowed Amy to set aside any prejudices she might have towards their lifestyle. It opened her eyes to what was possible, despite society's stance on it.

Her hoodie wasn't enough to keep her warm, even huddled in the chair. There was no fire in the stove, and Chris didn't show any signs of waking up. She looked at him, asleep and cozy, and felt a stab of envy. She contemplated joining him, weighing the benefit of warmth against the awkwardness of potentially being jabbed in the butt.

Amy discarded the awkward aspect and stood up, stripping her hoodie off and lifting the quilt. Chris didn't protest as she lifted his arm and lay down next to him under the covering. Warmth filled her immediately, and she sighed her contentment. This was worth any downsides.

The comfort and security she felt, with the drone of the rain overhead, made her drowsy, and she soon dropped off.

When she woke again, it was because Chris was stirring behind her. She came awake in time to feel his hand casually brush against the underside of her breasts, sending a tingling to her nipples. She lay still, waiting to see if he would repeat the action, but he didn't, which she found disappointed her a bit. Her breasts were so sensitive that there had been a few times when her lover had made her come just by massaging them. Never Jason.

Rolling out of the bed and blanket and his arm, Amy stood up and yawned, stretching her arms to the sky. When she glanced back at her son, and saw him staring, she instantly covered her chest, blushing furiously.

"It's okay, Mom, you don't have to hide," he said with a small grin.

"People stare if I don't hide them," she said defiantly, still covering.

"Okay, but what's wrong with that? Well, I mean some people."

"Some people like you?" she retorted, and then clammed up. An awkward silence developed between them.

"I'd like it," he said quietly.

Before replying, Amy took a moment to think. He wasn't suggesting she go topless, just braless, and it would be heaven not to wear her bra for a day, after the last stretch. "Okay. Head out to the porch, I need to get some clothes on."

Chris clambered out of bed and ducked out the door, leaving her to strip down. She changed her panties and put on warm sweatpants, and then went digging for a shirt. All she had left were a couple of long t-shirts, and when she put one on, was not shocked to see her nipples thrusting through the cloth.

She put on her hoodie, mostly hiding the bumps from her large nipples, and then went to the door to swap. She was watching for it, so wasn't surprised when his eyes dipped to her chest and up again as they passed. Amy hid a smile. Men were so predictable. In the back of her head, largely ignored, was the fact it was her son looking.

Out in the fresh air, the rain had mostly calmed down. The colours of the grass and trees jumped out at her, vibrant and clear. She took several deep breaths, and went to the well to pull some water. She needed to freshen up.

Later, feeling much better, Amy returned to the cabin to find Chris putting together a cold breakfast of buttered bread and granola. She felt good, and smiled several times at her son while they ate. The world felt...better. Working through her thoughts about her marriage and her son the day before seemed to have helped her mood a lot.

"Any plans today?" she asked, half serious.

"Not really," he replied, contemplatively. "I've explored all the trails. I'll get the stove going and pile up the wood, but after that I'm out of ideas. Cards?"

"We can definitely play some cards. Maybe after lunch? I want to do a bit of reading."

"Sure."

Finishing up, he went about his chores while Amy cleaned up the dishes. They didn't have any soap, but a good rinsing seemed just as good. Afterwards, she grabbed the diary and settled in.

January 15, 1971

This will be my last entry in this secluded cabin. Tomorrow we head out, and not a minute too soon. My mother brought us money and

tickets, and news that George may have found out where we are. I thought that having divorced me, he would not want anything more, but mother says he has been asking around town. We need to leave, to get a fresh break.

I am very close to being due, I know it. We haven't been to a doctor, but the pregnancy has been very smooth. Mother brought a doula to see me a few times, and she said I am doing fine. I'm sure in Chicago we can see someone to ensure a safe delivery.

Farewell, dear reader. Thank you for hearing my story, and I hope you have as much joy in your life as what I now have in mine.

The next page was blank, as were the rest of them. Amy never imagined it would have a cliffhanger ending. What happened to Peggy and Josh? Why was the diary in the cabin, if they went to Chicago? A chill went up her spine, as her imagination went wild. Did George find them? Did something happen?

An ache formed in her heart at the sad implications, and she hoped that the couple had found their way to happiness far away.

Her morning plan thwarted, Amy set about tidying just in time for Chris to come stomping in with an arm load of wood. He set it down and went for another load, so she arranged the logs in a pile against the wall.

When her son got back, he set to the fire making, and soon warmth was filling the tiny building. A kind of sadness lingered from the abrupt end of the diary, and Chris must have noticed.

"Are you okay?" he asked. He was squatting in front of the stove, warming his hands.

"Yeah. My book was sad."

"What are you reading?"

"Um, just a diary type story. The woman runs away from her husband but he finds her and drags her home again."

"Oh. That is sad. Want to play cards then?"

"Sure...um, can I have a hug first?"

"Of course." Chris stood up and she stood to meet him. In the small open area between bed, chair, table and stove, they met and embraced. Amy buried her head in his chest, her breasts squishing between them. It was a nice hug, firm and warm, just the way she liked it, and his arms were strong as he held her. When she looked up to thank him, he leaned in and kissed her, as natural and easy as anything.

Amy didn't freeze this time, nor did her body do anything she didn't want. Just feeling his lips on hers was thrilling in a way she hadn't felt in decades. When he pulled away, she almost pulled him back.

"I love you, Mom," he said quietly.

"I love you, too." She put her head back on his chest.

They stayed there, hugging lightly. When they pulled back, she looked up at him again, taking in his lips still moist from their kiss. This time it was her who pushed forward, and after a bit, opened her mouth to dart her tongue out. A thrill ran through her when she tasted him, and another when he met her tongue with his.

Their hug grew firmer, standing in the middle of the cabin. She was clutching to him, pressing her chest to his, feeling the pressure on her tits. She could feel herself responding to it all, and wasn't surprised when she felt a poke in her midsection, indicating his response.

"Would you like...help, again?" she asked. It felt remarkably easy to offer, and she was looking forward to feeling his penis in her hand.

Wordlessly, he stepped to the bed, and she followed. When he simply dropped his pants and underwear, she was happy to see him there, thrusting towards her. She took him in hand, his heat and rigidity still startling. Instead of sitting, he leaned in for another kiss, which she eagerly returned.

Hand stroking, tongue tracing his lips, Amy felt he would probably not last very long.

"Wait," he said. "I want to see you."

"No," she protested, as he reached for the hem of her hoodie. "I don't mind helping you. Let's just do it quickly and we can play some cards."

He ignored her, and lifted, and she briefly struggled before letting him go. Her cheeks burned hotter with each stretch of skin revealed, until the cool air hit her breasts when her top lifted off over her head. She was exposed in front of her son. Her rock hard nipples strained from her flesh, begging for attention.

Jason had never been a breast man, or at least, not her breasts. She waited for a hint that Chris was disappointed or uninterested, like his father, but he just stopped moving, eyes wide.

Amy tried to cover herself up, suddenly ashamed. "I know they're not the best..." she tried.

Chris recovered enough to lift an eyebrow. "Are you serious? You're joking, right? Mom, you are amazing." He gently took her wrists in hand, moving them away.

Amy looked down at her tits, trying to see them with his eyes. They sagged a bit, but her nipples still reached for the sky. Her areola were crinkled and bumpy, nipples dark, hard nubs.

"Can I?" he asked.

She shrugged, so he palmed her there gently. His warm hands on sensitive skin sent a thrill through her body. Lightning hit her nipples when his thumbs rolled over the tips. "Your dad didn't like them..." she whispered, ashamed.

"Dad is an idiot," Chris stated, like it was a known fact. He squeezed her, exploring the slopes, swells and curves. Eyes flickering to her, as if for permission, he leaned down and took a nipple in his mouth, sucking lightly. A thrill roared through her, and she ached for more.

"Harder," she moaned.

He did, taking more of her flesh in his hot mouth and sucking firmly. It sent a spike of painful pleasure to her core, and she had to grab his head to keep him there.

"Harder," she hissed.

Taking a deep breath, Chris drew hard, and Amy screamed as she came. His mouth worked her nipple, as if to drink from it, and each draw sent a mini-orgasm through her. She flooded her panties, finally coming after being teased for so long. It wasn't his fault, but he was sure doing his best to fix it.

Amy grabbed her son by the ears and moved him to her other breast, where he latched on. Another hard pulse of pressure, and she came again, the flood in her panties growing larger. As she climaxed, she held him to her, not letting him go until she could take a breath.

The breath turned into another one, shakier than the last. She had to sit down, so took the step to the bed and flopped down. Curling up under the quilt, she closed her eyes and wallowed in the aftershocks. She barely registered Chris climbing over her and joining her under the blanket. Hardly noticed his hot flesh on hers as he cuddled up behind her. Hardly felt his arm snake around her chest and settle on her wet tit, a club poking her butt.

When she'd calmed down enough, she shimmied back into him, noting what she'd missed: his warm chest against her back. Reaching behind her, she felt his hips were bare. Reaching further, she found the hard club poking her butt. She fondled him there, happy to play a bit, matching touch to memory of each vein and ridge.

Chris' hand roamed, coming to rest on the waistband of her sweats. When he started to tug, she lifted her hips and let him push her clothing down. It was the work of a second to finish with her feet, joining him in nudity. It felt right, to be cuddled up naked, hot skin on skin.

Thinking of the wonderful pleasure he'd given her, she thought to return the favour. She formed the ring with her hand again, right below his glans, and gave a gentle tug.

Chris groaned behind her, and gave his first thrust into her welcoming grasp. A few thrusts later, Amy knew it wasn't enough. Taking a deep breath, and thinking of Peggy and Josh in this very bed, she lifted her leg. Pushing his cock down, she popped it between her thighs and clamped them together.

He took no time to resume his pumping, only now he was rubbing along her wet labia. The friction drove her wild, causing her hips to jerk involuntarily and screw up his rhythm. He grabbed her, holding her still with his strong arms and resumed.

It wasn't enough. Amy needed to feel him...where he shouldn't be. Time seemed to stand still, as Amy teetered on the edge of a decision. It would be so easy to just *tilt* her hips, and present herself to him, silently requesting...

As soon as the thought occurred, she acted. On his next retreat, she moved just so, placing her soaking wet entrance in his path. On his return, he found it.

Amy was so wet, she thought Chris would just slip in, but she'd never had anyone of his size before, and there was no way it could do that. When he hit her entrance, he stopped dead, and Amy let out a loud groan of pain and pleasure.

"Are you okay?" he asked, worried.

"Yes, I just didn't expect..." she managed. He was still there, tip perched at the brink of heaven, so she pushed back, mouth agape as she felt how wide her pussy stretched to take him in. She kept pushing, and he kept stretching, until his head was in her, and then an inch, and then she stopped, amazed at how full she felt already.

Chris picked up where she left off, grabbing her hip and pushing. Amy felt sure it was too much, until she felt the tickle of his hair balls on her ass, and the tip of his cock hit her cervix. Amy had never felt this before. She was full in a way she had never experienced, and didn't want it to end.

"Don't move," she urged.

"I can't," he protested, and then she felt it. What he couldn't do, was hold back his orgasm.

Impossibly, she felt him grow inside of her and then he gasped as his first shot of semen entered her pussy, followed by another and another. He was groaning and grinding behind her as he emptied his balls into her, splashing his load against her cervix.

Cervix. Amy felt like there was something there, a reason why what he was doing was important, but all she could do was lay in the cradle of her son's arms, snuggled up to his chest, with his cock buried deep inside her. Closing her eyes, she could feel him there, expanding with each load delivered.

She didn't begrudge his quick finish, he'd already given her an excellent orgasm, and he was young. With a wave of dizziness, Amy

realized she had just taken her son's virginity.

When he'd calmed down, they stayed as they were, joined by their sexes. She could feel his heart jackhammering against her back, his quick breathing against her neck. Glad that he hadn't withdrawn, Amy squeezed with her kegel, giving him a very private hug.

"Oh my god," he said, mouth by her ear.

She did it again.

"Jesus." He gave a tentative thrust into her grasping pussy, sending a surge of desire through her. Juices leaked around his shaft, dripping down her thigh. It was surreal and sexy at the same time.

Soon she felt him retreat from her sex, and a flood followed in his wake. Amy quickly leaned over the edge to grab a shirt, handing it to him. "Wipe up, please."

He did, cleaning his spend from his dick and her legs and lips, tossing the wet cloth over the edge when he was done.

Amy wiggled back into him, not willing to think too hard about what they'd just done, and not wanting the cuddles to stop, but eventually, she had to say something.

"I hope it was okay, for your first time." She was unaccountably nervous he might be disappointed.

"I'll never forget it," he said, his voice full of sincerity and appreciation. He squeezed her, then gently cupped a breast.

She purred her approval, pressing her tit into his palm. They lay there, warm and naked, his hand exploring every inch of her breast. Her nipples stayed hard, and he played with them until Amy felt a stirring behind her.

She waited for him to achieve full erection before lifting her leg again and welcoming him back into her sopping cunt. He fucked her like that, slowly, lasting much longer the second time, until she came on his cock.

"Fuck, Mom," he grunted when she did, as her core tightened up, squeezing and gripping the invader inside her. Between the pleasure of his hand on her nipple and his cock spreading her wide, she came long and hard.

To her surprise, he kept at her after she came, continuing to fuck for a few more minutes. Just as she thought she might go again, he tensed up and delivered his second load.

His cock slipped from her pussy just as sleep took her down for a nap.

Cervix. Amy woke up from her sex nap, and the first word in her brain was where Chris had just dumped two tablespoons of semen. She wasn't on birth control, hadn't been intimate with her husband in months, and now she was playing fast and loose with her fertility? Stupid, Amy, very stupid.

She quickly calculated how long it had been since her last period, and decided she was safe for now. Tuesday she could get a plan b, and she'd count this as a wake up call to be smarter. She'd be single soon, and she couldn't rely on her husband's low sperm count.

Amy rolled off the bed and started to pull clothes on. She desperately needed to pee. When she grabbed her bra, she hesitated before dropping it again.

"Good choice," Chris said from the bed. .

She smiled and tugged a shirt and hoodie on, feeling her son's eyes on her tits until they left his view.

Running through the rain, Amy made it to the outhouse in time to not pee herself. Sitting on the cold wood, she shook her head. What had she done? Why had she done it? It had to be Peggy's diary putting thoughts into her head. There's no way she would have even imagined touching her son without that influence.

Amy's face warmed as she recalled what he, they, had done in vivid detail. As if to prove she hadn't dreamed it all, a stream of warm goo trickled from her, down into the hole. Chris' semen, shot far up inside her, now draining. A hot flash ran from her pussy to her tits to her face, as the realization hit hard - she'd fucked her son.

She waited as long as she could on that cold, hard seat to make sure as much of his come dripped from her as possible. When she was sure it was done, she took one of the soft cloths and wiped, noticing that it did a good job of picking up the traces of semen still clinging to her labia.

When she got back to the cabin, she found him still in bed, under the quilt. "Are you hungry?" she asked. It was probably past noon, but their schedule had been screwed up by a midday nap.

Chris grinned, and said, "Hungry for you."

"Oh..."

"Oh? That doesn't sound good. Are you okay?" He sat up, letting the blanket fall from his torso.

Amy smiled to see his muscular chest and arms bare; he was a good looking man. Shaking her head, she replied, "Yes, I'm fine, it's just...we shouldn't have done that."

A flicker of sadness crossed his face. He nodded. "I guess. It...well, I thought you liked it."

"Hon, don't. Of course I liked it," she said, quickly. "It was wonderful, but you're my son...it's not a good idea, in any shape or form."

"Why? We're both adults. You didn't pressure me, and we both enjoyed it."

"Well, yes, but still...," she trailed off, feeling like she'd run out of arguments already.

Chris stood up, letting the quilt fall away, exposing himself to her. It was the first time seeing him completely nude, and she couldn't not look. His penis was limp, dangling from his groin, its shrunken state hinting at the impressive cock it could become. He walked to her, and she allowed him to hug her tight, twin echoes of her earlier pleasure blossoming on her chest when he pressed into her.

"It felt so good, and you made me so happy," he said. "I can't imagine my first time being with anyone else. Thank you."

His words filled her with pride, and eased her mind. Knowing she hadn't completely screwed him up was a relief. "You made me feel good, too. I guess, maybe, it wasn't such a bad thing."

"Good. I was thinking...the bed wouldn't be so small if you lay on top of me."

A long silence, as Amy fought with her desires and what society would have her say. Finally, "Would we be naked?"

"I hope so."

The blush of new passion she'd felt when Chris first kissed her flooded back. She lifted her head to his, and he met her lips with

his. Clutching hard to him, wanting to make sure he didn't stop, she kissed her son with more love than she had with any man.

Inevitably, she felt him respond below. She pulled away and smiled, reaching for the growing cock poking at her. "I'll need a bit of a break, but we can try your theory tonight," she said. "For now, let's have some lunch. I'm starving."

Chris grinned and nodded, going to put clothes on. The stove kept them warm, but the floor was still chilly on bare feet.

They ate, sharing smiles and staring happily at each other. When it became clear they weren't broken for good, Amy relaxed enough to ask, "So? Now that you've had time to take it in, how did it compare to what you thought it would be?"

"Truly? It was way better. You made me feel so relaxed and...welcome? I'm not sure what the word is. Like, you made it so easy, I wasn't nervous or anything. When I've gotten even close with other girls, our inexperience made everything awkward, and we stopped. There was none of that with you."

"I'm glad. The first time can be a bit overwhelming. You did very well...," she finished with a shy smile.

Chris laughed, which made her heart sing, knowing it was going to be fine between them.

"Is there anything you want to know?"

"I think I've got the mechanics of it down," he grinned.

"Ok, smartass, is there anything you'd like to do?"

He paused a bit, and said, "I'd like to be face to face. I want to kiss you. I want to see your face when I go in."

Amy smiled and said, "I'd like that, too."

After eating, they played cards until the light failed. They lit the lantern for what surely would be the last time, and Amy was pleased that there was still plenty of fuel left. She didn't want to think she'd drained it, even though clearly no one lived there anymore.

When the lantern time was done, Amy retired to the porch, to once again listen to the rain in the dark. Having this time alone with her thoughts and away from outside distractions was becoming her favourite thing. She'd have to find a way to mimic it at home.

The oddly abrupt end to the diary still worried her. It had been 50 years since the time of writing, but it felt new to her, like a friend had vanished from her life. Amy sincerely hoped Peggy and Josh had found their way out east, but it seemed a long shot. She pondered if there was a way to track them down. Maybe someone in town would know, but they wouldn't be staying long enough to ask.

As time wore on, Amy started to feel a familiar itch. It was getting close to bedtime, and all that it entailed, and she could feel anticipation build at what they might get up to. He wanted to be face to face, which was an exciting change. That afternoon, she'd just felt him entering her from behind, and experienced the feel of his penis and hands. Adding his face to the mix might be overwhelming...

Finally chilled to the bone, Amy brought her chair back into the warmth to find Chris in bed. He was on his back, under the quilt, and there was a tent pitched in the center of it. He looked over at her and watched in the dim light of the stove as she undressed.

Her breasts hung on her chest, nipples hardened to nubs by the cold. She could feel her pussy prep for him, moistening just at the sight of him under the quilt. "Rather eager, aren't you?" she teased.

"I got cold waiting."

Amy walked the few steps to the bed, putting a swagger in her hips, and pulled the quilt down his body, exposing his nudity an inch at a time. When his impressive cock came into view, she grinned and climbed up on the bed, straddling his legs. Seeing him laying out in front of her, penis jutting to the ceiling, she could feel a trickle of juice seep from her.

She took him in her hand, stroking his cock a few times, feeling how hard he was. Chris groaned at her touch, warning, "I'm close. I might have been playing while you were outside."

"It's okay," she murmured. "Let's get the first time out of the way, then we can get serious." She picked up her movements, going from base to head in a steady rhythm, pleased to feel him in her hand again. She'd have to be careful, or this could get addictive.

A minute later, she could sense him getting close. Amy knew a mess was coming, but didn't want to deal with it, so she did what made sense. She moved down and put her mouth on his tip just in time to accept his gift.

"Mom!" he shouted, as his cock spewed a surprising amount of semen into her mouth, followed by more. Amy quickly swallowed load after load, stroking him lightly as he came. Seeing him there, tensed up and straining with his orgasm, she knew she'd want nothing more than to see him do this again and again.

When his stream of semen subsided, Amy cleaned him off with a quick tongue polish. He tasted surprisingly good for having not showered in days, and fucking her earlier. Maybe he'd washed up somehow?

Chris closed his eyes, breathing deep while Amy sat on his legs, stroking him idly and watching. His penis deflated, a small amount of semen seeping from his slit, which she bent and licked away. Feeling a bit cold, she grabbed the quilt and lay down, covering them both.

She'd thought they could play some more, but clearly he was drained, as he was starting to drift off.

Content to cuddle, her leg thrown over his and her chest on his, Amy closed her eyes and fell asleep.

The morning light was softer the next day, hinting at the clouds still obscuring the sky. Amy woke to the feel of shifting and moving as Chris rolled out from under her.

"What?" she asked, brain foggy.

"I need to pee," he said, clambering to the door and out to the porch.

Hearing the sound of his stream hitting the ground outside, Amy cursed and got out of bed too. She hurriedly put on clothes and ran to the outhouse. Damn boys and their convenient peeing!

The night before hadn't gone how she expected, but it was probably a good thing. The fewer times he came in her, the better it would be for...consequences. Even if she was in her safe period, there was no point in tempting fate.

For the first time, it occurred to her to think about the future. What they might do when they get back to the real world. There was ending her sad marriage to think about, and where she would live, and what to do about...Chris.

Today was the day they went back, and they needed to figure it out now. This was an unusual situation, and it was better to have a plan.

She ran back to the cabin and found Chris dressed and putting together a cold breakfast. "Well? Are you ready for the adventure to be over?"

"Some parts," he said, grinning and handing her a plate.

"Yeah? Which parts will you miss the most? The rain? The cold? The outhouse?"

"Nooo..."

"No? Huh. I can't imagine what, then." She took a bite of bread, pretending indifference.

"First, I'll miss spending time with you. We haven't been able to hang out casually like this in a while."

Amy nodded, suddenly emotional.

"Second, I'll miss the seclusion. It freed us to be more open."

"You've given this some thought," she accused, impressed.

He nodded. "Third, I'll miss sleeping...and other stuff...with you. It felt really nice, from day one. I wouldn't trade this time for anything, even a fancy cabin with separate bedrooms." His ears went pink on the words 'other stuff'.

"I agree," she said, softly.

They finished up, and then went about setting the cabin back to the state it was in when they arrived. With regret, Amy put the album and diary back where she found them. Just before 10, they took their bags to the road and sat down to wait.

After a half hour, Amy started to get worried. They'd established quite clearly the pickup time with the old fellow who had dropped them off. Had something happened to him? Had he forgotten?

An hour went by, with no sign of their ride, or any other cars. The rain started up again, slowly building until it was a downpour. They reluctantly took shelter under a tree, keeping an eye on the road.

Amy was feeling more and more like their ride wasn't going to show up, and was getting nervous. What would they do?

"Do you think, if we went back to the cabin, he would drive down to find us?" Chris asked, after two hours. His lips were blue and water ran down his face. Amy was no better. It was time to face facts: they couldn't stay out here forever.

"Let's go back," she sighed, grabbing her bag. Chris grabbed his, and the last box of food.

They trudged back to the lone building, to the small bed and the stuffed chair that felt so familiar to them now. Amy dropped her bag and stripped off her wet coat, throwing it out on the porch. Chris followed suit, and then started the stove up again.

"What will we do if he doesn't show?" he asked.

Amy felt a wave of despair. She didn't know what to do. If the weather was clear, she'd suggest walking, but it was too late and rainy to start out now, which meant another night.

"We're not that far out of town. I guess the only thing we can do is wait another night and then walk back in the morning."

Amy shivered, the growing warmth highlighting how wet she was. "I'm going to change," she said, and almost asked him to step outside, but really, what was the point anymore?

Pulling her shirt off, she let the hated bra loose to fall down her arms. Chris watched, his eyes rapt on her tits. She'd never had anyone pay them so much attention before, and it made her smile. It made sense, in a way, as he'd fed from them all those years ago.

"Your staring is going to go to my head," she warned.

"I can't help it. You're so sexy." His gaze didn't waver.

Amy slowed down her changing, watching the watcher as she stripped her pants and panties off. The cold was hitting her hard, so she went to the bed and lay down, pulling the quilt over her.

A heavy, portentous quiet filled the cabin as mother and son stared at each other. After a bit, he stood up and copied her, pulling his clothes off one by one until he could walk to her, completely naked, and stand by the bed. His cock protruded towards her, hard, and bobbing in time with his heartbeat.

Amy leaned up on one elbow, grasping his cock in her hand and pulled him to her mouth. One long lick up his shaft, ending at his bulbous head, and she couldn't take it anymore. He'd left her hanging last night, but not today.

"Come on, baby," she said, pulling at him.

On her back again, she made room for her son to join her on the bed. He grasped her knee and pulled her legs apart, which she allowed slowly. It was different this way; in the light, with everything on display. Chris' eyes were on her down there, where her legs joined, the center of her sex.

Amy attempted to cover herself, to cover her untrimmed amber coloured pubic hair, but he stopped her.

"Don't. I like it," he said.

"I'll trim it when we get home," she said, and then realized it was an admission they would continue post-weekend.

"I love it, no matter what. If you want to trim it, that's fine, but I love it already," he said, looking up at her face for the first time.

Amy moved her hands to her tits, squeezing them and enjoying the thrill of pleasure it caused. Chris smiled and watched, then moved up on the bed, between her spread legs. She felt exposed like this;

vulnerable. Laying submissively, waiting for her son to take her and make her his own, was so alien to her, it felt like it was happening to another woman. Then he touched her thigh, lifting her leg, and she sighed. It was happening to her.

A bead of clear liquid sat at his tip, like a jewel. When he leaned over, it dripped down his shaft, and onto her vulva. Amy moaned when his cock came into contact with her labia, and then again when he leaned in, pressing his shaft between her lips. She spread her legs further, giving him more room to do his thing.

"Come here," she said.

Her son leaned down, arms on either side of her, putting his cock near where it should be. She grabbed him, angling his cock to its target until he was there, at her entrance. "Fuck me."

Chris pushed, his cock opening her wide, forcing his way into her vagina. She'd had him twice now, and it still felt like the first time: his girth stretched her beyond imagination, forcing her to breathe shallowly and angle her hips for the best angle for penetration. Having him enter her in missionary was so different, it felt all new.

He pulled back, and then pushed again, his shaft now coated in her juices, gaining a few inches. She moaned low in her throat, massaging her tits and pulling on her nipples. "Again," she whispered.

Her son, half his cock buried in her cunt, pulled out and thrust again, the new lubrication allowing him to bury more of his length in her. Another, and another, and he was in all the way, joined pubic bone to bone, his base pressing against her clit.

Amy had never been one to come from penetration alone. Her husband got her off that way around half the time, but with Chris, she felt herself soaring to her climax already. Just a few thrusts...

"Do me, full on, and don't stop," she instructed.

Her new young lover took to it like a pro, pulling out until he threatened to leave altogether, and then plunging back in. Gaining confidence, he started to fuck her in earnest. The movement shook her bodily, her tits wobbling, the delicious joy of feeling his cock entering her causing her to swear a steady stream.

"Ohfuckyeahchrisdomejesusfuckineedyourcockiloveyourcockfuckmes on, don't stop fucking me!"

He was soon panting with exertion, and said, "Mom, I can't...I can't hold..."

"It's okay, shhh, do it. Come for me, Chris. Come in your mommy."

She wasn't sure where that last had come from; some perverted section of her brain, but it had the desired effect. Roaring like a bull, he plunged one final time before coming, blowing his load directly against the entrance of her womb. She felt it like a warm flood in her belly, soaking her cervix in his sperm-laced spend.

The thought sent her over the edge. Chris was pumping her full of baby-making juice, depositing it right where nature demanded it go. She came suddenly and powerfully, mind blanked by the thought of what they were doing.

Chris collapsed on her, his sweaty torso squishing her breasts, twin points singing their pleasure. Amy clawed at his back as she twisted and writhed through her climax, belly quivering and shaking where her son's cock was buried. Each movement caused an additional twitch of after-shock pleasure, her pussy so sensitive she almost couldn't stand it.

Minutes later, their bodies cooling, Amy grabbed the quilt and tossed it over their still-joined bodies with a flip of her hand. When Chris

had recovered a bit, he pulled her face to his for a kiss, which she returned joyfully.

They stayed like that for some time, necking and stroking, skin moving on skin, moisture spreading where it leaked from her still glowing pussy.

"That was incredible," he murmured, between kisses. She stopped his words with more kisses.

Eventually they split apart and put mostly clean clothes on. Amy could figuratively feel the weight of his semen in her, a reminder of what they were doing, so she went to the outhouse to let it drip from her. The act was a reminder of their coupling and the risk it had. Two days in a row he had coupled with her and finished inside, where his stuff could do its job. Despite her place in her cycle, they were playing with fire.

Amy briefly let the scenario play out in her head. Going home with Chris, going on about their lives. A few weeks from now she misses her period, takes a test and finds out she is pregnant with her son's baby. The picture from the album flashed into her head: a topless Peggy, many months pregnant and clearly loving it. Could that be her? Pregnant and growing Chris' baby in her womb? Might she already be pregnant?

She'd been raised to believe that abortion was a last resort, to be taken when health risks were severe. If she did end up pregnant, she would have no choice but to go through with it. Better to ensure it didn't happen, which meant getting home and going on birth control. Whether she never slept with Chris again, it was the smart thing to do.

Determined to make better choices, Amy headed back to the cabin. There was passion and sex, and there was putting their futures at risk. Once back inside, she found Chris sitting on the stuffed chair.

"We have time to kill, and I am seriously bored," he stated.

She sympathized. Seeing him there, she thought of a story he could read. Leaning down to him, she snaked her hand beside the cushion and dragged out the diary. "Try this. I didn't think it was very good reading material for my son, but under the circumstances, I don't think it can do any harm."

He took it, opening the cover. "Peggy's diary! Wow, I can't believe you hid this from me." He started to read immediately.

Amy grabbed the book she'd brought and lay on the bed to catch the last light. When it had grown dark, they lit the lantern and kept reading together at the table.

Chris turned a page, and then kept turning before slamming the diary down on the table. "Well that's a shit ending," he declared.

Amy nodded her agreement. "That was the sad ending I mentioned."

Chris turned to look at the cabin in the light of the lantern, as if with fresh eyes. "They lived here for months, her pregnant and hiding from George. How did they make it?"

"Love."

He glanced over at her, and nodded. "Yeah, it would have to be. With less rain and more food, I could see spending an extended amount of time here with you," he grinned.

"I bet you could." In fact, so could she. The last few days had been a far sight better than the last months of her marriage.

"Make love to me," she said, standing and holding out her hand. To hell with consequences, she wanted to feel her son's love inside of

her. He took it and together they walked the few steps to the quilt-covered bed.

Chris took his time undressing her slowly, kissing her skin with each piece of clothing he removed. Shivers and goosebumps formed all over, making her crave his warmth, but he held her off. When her top came off, he spent time kissing and sucking on her nipples, gently at first, and then harder, like she liked. She came from his mouth alone, flooding her panties yet again, and creating a craving in her pussy for his large cock.

"I changed my mind," she said. "Don't make love, just fuck me, Chris. Put that dick in me, and fuck me hard."

He did that too, and soon she was on her back, dick pounding her into the mattress as she cried out his name. When he came, she joined him, until she was a puddle of a woman, full of cock and come, her earlier plan to make better choices thrown by the wayside.

During the night, spooning like they had the first three nights, Amy felt his cock come alive. She spread her legs and guided him home, happy to have him in her. When his dick expanded, announcing his imminent load, she pushed her butt back into him, determined to take it all.

They drifted off to sleep again, his hand on her lower belly, as if protecting her womb. It made her feel loved in a way she'd never felt before.

The next morning they were woken by a 'halloo' from outside. They sat up so abruptly Amy fell from the bed onto her knees, breasts hanging lewdly.

"Yes, we're here!" Chris called, as they scrambled to dress in the clothes they'd cast off the night before. He finished before her, and stepped out onto the porch.

Amy managed to spot the older man who'd dropped them off 5 days ago before the door closed, saving her modesty. She could hear a few words, as her son spoke to the man, before he ducked back in. "Let's go, let's go," he urged.

Quickly, they gathered what had been unpacked, locked up, and walked back to the road with the driver.

"Sorry about the wait, the road had some issues yesterday due to the rain. I hope everyone's okay," the driver said. He was a stout man with dark hair, perhaps in his 50s. He'd said his name was George when he dropped them off.

"Um, yes, we're fine," Amy said. "I'm glad you're here, we were very confused when the pickup didn't happen, but I understand why you couldn't make it."

"Yeah, well, the folks who stay here normally don't mind an extra day, so I figured you wouldn't be upset."

It was an odd comment. Surely the cabin wasn't in regular use? Amy let the comment go, intent on getting back to civilization.

When they got to the road, they all piled into the crew cab truck and started the bumpy ride back to town. After a while, the comment came back to Amy. "Excuse me, George. Did you say other people stay at that cabin? It doesn't seem like it's been used much."

"Yeah, well, it's been a few years. I was surprised we got another couple for the package, I thought all those old ads had disappeared, but we're happy you came."

Amy's confusion grew, and she shared a glance with Chris.

"Package? What package?"

George gave them a confused look. "The mother and son package. The one you came for. We've been running the package for years, ever since we moved back to town. It was quite popular for a while there in the 90s."

Amy started to feel an idea form. "Do you know Peggy and Josh?"

"Know them! I'm their son, named after my grandfather. They're who inspired the package. They stayed in the cabin for a bit in the 70s, and well, I'm here now," he laughed. "Found the diary, did you? Yeah, it's always good for helping the moms ease their way into it. Never have an issue getting the sons involved!"

"So the package is..."

"The mother and son romance package, the one you bought. Unless...did I get it wrong? Were you not here for the getaway?"

"No! No, you got it right, that's us," Amy said, grabbing hold of Chris' hand and squeezing it before letting go.

"Right, I figured. I could see it when I picked you up, scrambling to get dressed. We usually have a 'problem' with the road due to rain, and the extra day never goes awry with the folks humping away on mom and dad's bed."

Amy blushed, blood flooding her face and other parts. "Did they work out okay, your parents? The diary said they were headed to Chicago."

"Yeah, they were happy the rest of their lives. I have two sisters and a brother, and we were raised with love and happiness. It was my parents' idea to create the package, to encourage other mothers and sons to get together and find the joy they did."

"I'm glad. The end of the diary seemed to hint at something dark."

"That was my mom's idea. She figured a little hint of 'every day could be your last' would move up the time table."

"It's astonishingly effective. How many couples did you have here?"

"Well, they ran it for a long time, but I think we averaged 8-10 packages a year."

"That many? Wow."

"Yep, and I would guess a 95% success rate. In fact, make sure to drop me a line if you catch, and I'll add you to the list."

A chill ran through Amy. "Which list?"

George looked over at her with a knowing smile before going back to the road. "The list of moms who got preggers, of course, there's a reason we call it the Breeding Package. There's something about that cabin, seems to make every son a stud breeder."

They fell silent, Amy staring out her window, thoughts and feelings a whirlwind. She put her hand on her lower belly, meeting Chris' hand, and their fingers intertwined above her womb. Was she pregnant?

Epilogue :

Amy took the keys held out by the landlord, and saw him out the door before turning back to the piles of boxes. It was done; she was separated from her husband, on the way to divorce. Jason hadn't protested in the slightest when she told him she was leaving, in fact he seemed relieved.

A knock came on the door, so she opened it to let Chris in, weighed down by the last of the boxes. She took the top one away, despite his protests, and put it on a nearby pile. He found an empty spot for

his load, and stood up, stretching his back. "That's all of it. Want to start unpacking?" he asked with a grin.

"Ha, ha. I'll need to rest a bit first, thank you."

"I'm teasing. I'll do it, it's the least I can do."

"We'll both do it."

They found the couch and sank into it, amid piles of boxes and other buried furniture. Amy felt herself relax for the first time in two months. Ever since they got back from the 'mother and son package', she'd been anxious their secret would be found out. It didn't help that she couldn't keep her hands off of her son, and constantly threatened to out them with her need for physical touch.

Now that they were in their own place, she could show her affection without fear of discovery. "Hey," she said. Chris turned to look at her, and she pounced on him, straddling him and peppering him with kisses.

His erection soon made itself known under her, pressing into her pussy. "Get these off," she hissed, not wanting to waste another minute.

Hastily they disrobed, until she was on his lap, cock pressed up against her dripping vulva. Lifting up, she placed him at her entrance, pushing down and keening as she felt that wonderful stretching feeling as he entered her. While she was distracted by his cock, he took her breasts in hand and suckled, pulling her tit flesh into his mouth.

Riding her son for all she was worth, Amy thanked Peggy and Josh for passing their legacy on, and bringing them together.

Amy pulled the last book out of the last box and placed it on the shelf. It had taken three months to get unpacked from their move, but she guessed it was normal to take a while. She wasn't in the best shape for vigorous activity anymore.

She stood up, holding onto the shelf to help. She had a bit of a belly, enough that she had new clothes and was feeling awkward. Chris was a big help, but he was at school. She had the day off for a doctor's appointment, and had decided to take the extra time to unpack.

Feeling accomplished from the completion of her chore, Amy went to the couch and sank into it, her breasts swaying loosely in her top. Since moving out with Chris, she'd been wearing a bra less and less, at his insistence. Gone were the days of annoying pain, replaced by the days of sensitive nipples moving under cloth, making them perpetually hard.

She watched a bit of TV until it was time to go to her appointment. Chris wasn't able to attend with her, as he wasn't her husband, and it would be beyond awkward to announce he was the father. She wished she could have his support, but knew he'd ask all about it when he got home.

The appointment went well, with the Doctor giving a clean bill of health to both mom and baby.

When she got home, she put on her normal 'laying around the house' clothes: shorts and a tank top. Chris insisted it was good for the baby, but she thought he was probably referring to his penis.

When he got home, he did ask about the doctor visit, but as soon as he was filled in, he was filling her in. She bent over the couch, panting and screaming as he pounded his heavy cock into her pussy. His stamina was amazing after so many months of fucking, and he could make her come with his cock alone. Amy thought it was

probably half cock, and half her love for him, but was pleased to be on the receiving end regardless.

After coming down from their coupling, Amy lay on the couch with her top off to let Chris massage body butter into her belly and breasts. It was a heavenly, intimate chore; one that he relished and took his time with, and she was happy to indulge him.

Seven months. If asked seven months ago if she would like to have her son's baby growing in her belly, she'd have recoiled at the thought. Now, it was what she lived for. She woke up daily, happy to feel movement and kicking, happy to have a small bladder and back pain. Other pregnant women in her support group thought she was mad, but they hadn't taken the Mother and Son Breeding Package. It gave her a certain perspective, and now more than ever, she was glad she skipped the Plan B.

Amy, just napping, had to roll out of bed to go pee. The motion highlighted how much her breasts had grown, as they rolled on her chest, unbound. Her nipples were dark, thickening in preparation for the job of delivering milk, matching her growing breasts. Chris was delighted by the changes, and took pains to tell her often. It made her feel good to hear his compliments.

When her tiny bladder was empty, she pulled her shorts up and practically waddled to the couch. She knew the actual waddling would come - she still had two more months - but liked to exaggerate the motion for effect.

"Hey, you're up," Chris said, jumping up off the couch to help her.

Amy accepted his hand and let him ease her down. She'd tried to tell him she was fine, but gave in when he just looked sad at her refusals for help. He sat on the end of the couch, and put a pillow on his lap for her head. She loved this time, as this was one of the few

positions they had left that didn't cause her discomfort. When she was settled, she purred deep in her throat when she felt his hand rest on her breast.

In the months they had been living together, exploring and learning their likes and dislikes, this was one they loved equally. His hand caressing and fondling, playing with her sensitive nipples. If he did it long enough, it could lead to her having an orgasm, which inevitably led to time in the bedroom. Sometimes he just fondled for hours. He was the biggest breast man she'd ever met. Or maybe, he was just a man who liked big breasts. Either way, they enjoyed the intimacy.

Amy woke up, feeling...*horny*. Before the cabin, it would have been noteworthy, but since then, she'd been horny regularly, eager for her son's dick any time of the day. Now, her need for dick was intense, her pussy practically aching to feel him inside of her.

She nudged him with her elbow, saying, "You up?"

Chris came awake instantly. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, well no. I need your dick in me, now." She emphasized her point by pushing back with her butt.

"I just woke up," he said, but didn't complain more than that.

"Get hard, I need you," she whined, which surprised her. She didn't whine. Surprisingly, she felt that telltale poke in her butt soon after. Was he attracted to her whining? It was a question for later.

Her arms were in front of her, over her belly, and she was wearing a tank top and thin shorts. Amy didn't move, passively waiting for Chris to do it all. When she felt his hands on her waistband, she did her best to lift, allowing him to drag her bottoms off her legs. He

moved back behind her, spooning in close and lifting her leg to put his cock by her weeping pussy.

With a subtle pelvis tilt, Amy was transported nine months back, to the cabin, the first time they'd made love. The familiar feel of his organ stretching and filling her was next, and she sighed with contentment when he started to slowly fuck her, careful not to jiggle her too much.

It was a good fuck, and near the end she started to push back in time with him, achieving a deeper penetration. He'd teased her the first time they had sex after confirming the pregnancy that he was afraid of poking the baby in the head. At this point, she figured if it got him or her out of her belly, it was worth it.

Chris gave her what she needed, the feel of him in her horny pussy driving her wild, until she came on his dick. It was a good one, and at first she thought their combined juices were draining everywhere. It only increased when he pulled out...oh.

"My water broke. There's no rush, but you need to start getting ready."

"Fuck," he said, elegantly.

Amy hoisted Josh up onto her hip, bending to pick up the few toys he'd pay attention to. He wasn't able to walk just yet, but was crawling faster than she'd like.

Chris emerged from their office, his 'room' when people were visiting, and came to take his son.

"All done?" she asked. He was studying for exams, and needed to focus, but always seemed to have time for her and Josh.

"Just about. I've got my courses locked up as it is, this is just gravy. Except for Economics, the professor makes our final worth 50%, so we have to pass it or fail the whole class."

"Don't wear yourself out too much. I've been feeling a bit frisky, and you're going to need your strength." She reached around to smack his butt.

He grinned, "Yes, Ma'am."

As she walked by, she went on tiptoes to put her lips by his ear and let out a high pitched whimper and walked away.

"Evil temptress!" he called after her, and she giggled.

It turned out he *enjoyed* a submissive mewl now and then. In the kitchen, she got started on dinner, humming with contentment for her life, thinking back on how it all got started. A chance stay at a rustic cabin, and an incestuous story leading to her getting knocked up. She couldn't have dreamed it up.

As she swayed around the kitchen, milk-heavy tits swaying in her top, she thought of Peggy and Josh, and their legacy. Maybe it was time to revisit the cabin...it could be fun to actually try and get bred this time.