



# The Sweetheart Tree

Job at a couples retreat helps mother and son grow closer

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# THE SWEETHEART TREE

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"Here, stop here, Edward!" Abigail cried out excitedly, her companion barely able to get the horses pulling their covered wagon to a halt before she leapt out and took off into the woods that bordered the crude dirt road.

"Hold on, Abby!" he called after her, hastily securing the wagon before heading after her through the trees, cursing as his clothing caught on the thick and tangled underbrush. "Abby, Abby!" He called out, but there was no reply.

A short while later Edward emerged into a large clearing in the trees flooded with midday sunlight and blanketed with strange and vividly bright wildflowers he'd never seen before. Nearby he saw Abigail, standing in what looked to be the exact center of the open space next a small sapling, her head tilted upward toward the sky, eyes closed, arms spread wide as she smiled broadly, as if privy to a fabulous secret that no one else knew. "There you are," he said, the tension draining out of him as he walked over and put his arm around her shoulders and kissed her hair. "Are you alright? You gave me quite a fright, running off like that."

Abigail lowered her arms and opened her eyes and looked at him, smiling. "I'm sorry that I worried you, Edward. But there was something about this place that was calling to me, you know?"

He nodded understandingly at this latest in a long line of eccentric behavior that most found bothersome but he found endearing. "As long as you're okay, there's no harm done," he said, patting her shoulder. "Now, let's get back to the wagon. It's barely noon, and we can cover a lot more ground before we have to stop for the night."

Abigail shook her head vigorously, causing her braided hair to slap against her neck. "There's no need," she declared in a bold, confident voice, a face-splitting grin on her face. "For we have arrived at our new home!"

"What? Here?" he asked confusedly, looking around. "I don't know. I mean, it is nice here, but chances are someone already owns it. Not to mention it's not nearly far enough from that...that...place, and those people for me to rest easy," he said sourly, his face looking like he'd just swallowed a swig of lemon juice.

She winced, remembering the harsh looks, the stinging insults of the mob as they drove out of their former town. But what had hurt worse than the words, even the small rocks that'd struck her arms and back, was knowing that there'd been friends and family among the rabid pack of people, casting them with just as much fervor as everyone else.

"They have already turned their minds from us, back to their own lives," she said sadly, "We do not need to worry about them anymore, since to them we no longer exist." But then the clouds faded as her jubilancy returned. "But enough of the past, let us look toward the future," she said, taking his face in her hands.

"You're right, Edward, someone does own this land, a prominent member of that small town we passed a few miles back. His name is Theodore Henson, and he's actually anxious to sell this land because he's looking to liquidate some of his real estate to take advantage a promising investment opportunity. So, if we act now, we can get a lot more land for a lot less than we would where we were originally heading."

Edward blinked rapidly, but said nothing to dispute her startling claims. After all, it'd been her warning that'd allowed them to escape their previous home relatively unscathed before the hostile townspeople really had a chance to organize against them after finding out about their secret romance. And this was a lovely spot, he had to admit, once again taking in his surroundings. "Alright," he said at last. "If this is good for you, it's good for me as well. It'll be a bit of work, clearing enough land for a farm--"

"There'll be no need for that," she said, shaking her head. "We have been guided here for a noble purpose, but it is not farming."

He gave her a wry look. "Oh, and I don't suppose you care to enlighten me as to what that is, would you?"

Abigail grinned as she cuddled against him. "Of course, my dear, but as you know there's a time and place for everything."

Edward cocked an eyebrow. "Oh? And what is now the time for?"

She clasped her hands around his neck. "Well I was thinking that before we go see Mr. Henson and closing the deal on this little piece of paradise, let's make this land truly ours by making love right here, right now," she whispered in his ear, pressing her chest against his.

"You do have the best ideas," he said as his lips met hers in a kiss, both of them tumbling to the ground amongst the wildflowers right next to the sapling, which seemed to watch over and bless their union.

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"And so they made love, right here where we're standing now," the woman who had introduced herself as Eldress Celeste declared as she finished up her story with a dramatic flourish of her arms. "Abigail and Edward went on to build a lodge that they opened the next year in 1848, which eventually grew into The Secret Sweethearts Retreat you see here today, offering a full range of services for couples from weddings to honeymoons to weekend getaways and...counseling services for those whose hearts are drifting," she said.

"Strange," the young man named Owen Cabot said from his spot nearby.

"I assure you, every word of the story is true," Celeste replied through that impossibly serene and imperturbable countenance she'd worn since Owen had arrived here with his mother nearly an hour ago to check out the facilities and meet with their clients, the Millers, who had hired the mother and son duo as caterers for their upcoming wedding. "At least according to Abigail's writings, which we have preserved."

"No, not that, I meant this tree," he said, looking up toward the odd arboreal specimen that they were currently standing under in the Garden of Love, located on the western side of the large and impressive multipurpose complex Celeste

claimed was built on the site of the original inn. Although it was far larger than the inn and had been outfitted with every modern amenity, the exterior still resembled the building Edward and Abigail had erected there over a century and a half ago. "I've never seen anything like it."

"Yeah, you're right" his mom Holly remarked beside him, admiring the unusual fuchsia bark that gleamed with an almost metallic sheen in the bright noonday sunlight, the profusion of bright red, heart-shaped flowers and similarly shaped fruits that poked out among the thick cover of bright pink foliage. "It's one of the loveliest trees I've ever seen."

"Ah, yes," Celeste murmured as she followed his gaze, smiling. "Legend has it that this is what drew Abigail to this site in the first place, and the love between her and Edward was so strong, so overflowing that it seeped into the very ground as they lay in each other's arms, their coupling infusing not the land and this tree, which was barely a sprout in their time, with the power of their affection. Thus it came to be called the Sweetheart Tree, from which our little enterprise gets its name."

"How romantic," Holly sighed wistfully, clasping her hands over her chest. "Must be nice to have someone who loves you so much they'd be willing to sacrifice everything to be with you."

Owen looked at his mom for a second, frowning, before turning to Celeste with a skeptical look. He admitted that the tree was lovely, but drew the line at such mystical nonsense. "Oh, please, it's probably just some random mutation in one

of the local tree species, he said said, flicking aside a strand of his blond hair he'd inherited from his mother. "There's nothing magic about it."

"Owen!" Holly hissed, elbowing him slightly on his arm, giving him a slightly admonishing don't-blow-this look before turning back to Celeste. "You'll have to forgive my son, he's been a little jaded on love and all things associated with it since his girlfriend broke up with him a few months ago," she explained apologetically. "I mean can you believe it? The cold-hearted witch broke up with him only a few weeks before Christmas. Why, I had half a mind to track her down and--"

"Mom..." Owen interrupted, not liking his dirty laundry aired in front of strangers.

"Is that so? Celeste said, eyeing Owen as if just seeing him for the first time. "Yes, I see it now, but Owen is not the only one whose views on love may need a little mending," she remarked, gaze shifting to Holly. "However," she said, changing the subject after seeing how the mother had joined her son in suddenly looking very uncomfortable, "more than legend speaks to the specialness of this tree, such as the fact that all who have joined their hearts here have never strayed from their vows of devotion, blessed with long happy marriages and many children."

Boy, that line must be great for business, Owen thought wryly to himself, although this time he kept his snide musings to himself. They were here to do a job, a very well-paying job, and it wouldn't do to overly antagonize the person they had to work most closely with to pull it off successfully. Instead, he decided to proceed with a completely different topic niggling at his mind.

"So if I understood the story right, Edward and Abigail were basically run out of their hometown, and they fled out here to start a new life. Why was that? Did it have something to do with class or religious differences, or was it adulterous in some way, or what? Must have been something pretty serious, if their families were willing to cut them off completely like that."

For some reason, his inquiry earned him a soft and grateful smile from the Eldress. "I knew there was something I liked about you, Owen, for few of our guests have even thought to ask about the sad circumstances that drove Abigail and Edward to this place, although in the end things worked out extremely well for them. So as a reward, I won't simply recount the tale, but rather I will allow you access to Abigail's writings, so that you may better understand her and Edward's situation, and in doing so, maybe gain some insight into your own."

Owen doubted that last part, but he couldn't deny that perusing the works and getting into the mind of someone from another time sounded intriguing, especially for a history buff like him. "Sounds good, thanks."

"Well, whatever the reason," their mother Holly said as she stepped up beside Owen, putting her hand on his shoulder. "It's still a romantic story, and the perfect spot for a marriage ceremony," she said with another wistful sigh.

"Indeed it is," Owen murmured as he turned her gaze from the unusual tree to the rest of the garden grounds, which were in the shape of a soft, inverted triangle. A rather broad trail made of some sort of glittering magenta-colored stone cut through the center of the garden, beginning from where they had entered the grounds from the main complex at the tip of the triangle before

splitting in two and curving into a wide circle to encompass the unusual Sweetheart Tree near the middle, the two parts once again merging into one path on the other side of the tree that led into the woods surrounding the retreat and the many secluded cabins nestled among the pristine landscape.

And beyond the unusual shape of the garden, the layout and design were also quite remarkable, unlike anything he'd ever seen. He didn't know how they'd managed it, but somehow every plant, flower, and shrub was some shade of pink, red, or violet, down to the stems, and leaves, even the carefully trimmed grass reflecting a dusty rose-colored hue in the bright afternoon sunlight. Two walkways branched off the main path where it curved around the Sweetheart Tree, arching around in a loose oval before looping back around to its starting point. Trickling fountains poked out from among the scattered flower beds, adorned with intricately carved statues of enjoined nude couples in various amorous poses, so explicit Owen felt his face reddening as he looked away.

"I can see why the Millers chose this place for their wedding ceremony," he commented, noting the chairs that were starting to be set up in the open moss-covered spaces on either side of the central path. "It is rather picturesque, although I guess we lucked out and happened to visit just when spring is breaking out."

"Oh no," Eldress Celeste said, shaking her head. "The lovely state you find the garden in now, is the exact same one you will find it any other day of the year, no matter the season."

Owen narrowed his eyes, again attempting to bottle his skepticism for the sake of decorum but this time failing miserably. "How is that possible?" He heard himself blurting out. "I'm no gardening expert, but even I recognize that many of the plants here go dormant in the winter, and many just flower in the spring. And why we're on the subject of things that don't make sense, and I mean no offense in this, but how exactly are you an Eldress, when you barely look older than me?"

"No offense taken," Celeste answered smoothly, thankfully showing no sign that his comments bothered her in the least. "You are simply curious, a very attractive trait," she said, smoothing out her immaculate white robes that looked too big for her lithe and wiry frame. "As for your questions, well, all I can say right now is that many things are possible here that aren't elsewhere."

And this time his mom hadn't called out his potentially incendiary comments, her attention on the garden around her. "I just can't believe that I've never heard of this place before," she muttered when Celeste had finished. "What with all the business we do in the area, it should have been on my radar, but I'd never heard of it until I got that email from the Millers about catering their wedding. After all, it's not like I'm new at this game," she said as she turned back to Celeste.

"Seriously, you guys should really get a website, or at least put your names out to some online groups. This place is too amazing to not get the word out about."

Celeste shrugged. "We only cater to a, shall we say, select group of clientele and their recommendations, which keeps us more than busy. And to be honest, my associates and I usually handle all the details, including the food and drink, with no outside help whatsoever. However, it seems that the Millers attended one of your prior events and was quite impressed, and as such begged me to allow you

to handle the catering. I conducted my own research, and let's just say I'm more than convinced you're a natural fit for our special place."

Holly flashed that beautiful grin that had won her many repeat customers. "We appreciate your confidence, and you have my personal guarantee that The Cabot Catering Company will do everything we can to make this wedding as special as possible."

"I'm sure you will," Celeste said with a smile. "And may I just say how nice it is to see family going into business together like you have, and I can see the bond of love you share makes your endeavor all the more special. After all, it's in keeping with our motto here - Family is the root of all love."

"You got that right!" Holly responded cheerily. "And that amazing kind of love is the reason I'm still operating today. You see, I started this business and ran it with my husband until he passed a while back," she said, voice turning glum.

"Afterwards, I had real doubts about whether I could or even wanted to go on with it or not," she said as a cloud briefly passing over her face before being displaced by the returning sunny smile.

"But then Owen here decided to come on board with me after he finished culinary school last spring," she continued, her tone suddenly taking on an extra helping of warmth and affection as she pulled her son even closer, planting a kiss on his cheek. "Why, he's the reason we've really been taking off lately - a real wizard in the kitchen, graduated top of his class. And his wedding cakes are practically works of art, the tastiest masterpieces you've ever seen!"

"I think you might be exaggerating just a bit," Owen replied, squirming and blushing a bit at his mother's lavish praise and what he must have considered an excessive public display of affection. "Besides, I never would have gotten interested in cooking if you and dad hadn't been so encouraging, and let me help out with things."

Celeste smiled, carefully observing the warm and apparently very close relationship between parent and child, noting that while Owen looked a bit uncomfortable, he wasn't making the slightest effort to pull away from his mom, although with his taller and more muscular frame it would have been relatively easy to slip out of her grasp.

In addition, the Eldress also couldn't help but note that for a motherly embrace, Holly had pressed her shorter but well-proportioned body, and in particular her ample bosom (even though confined in a modest buttoned-to-the-neck blouse) rather tightly against her son, more so than mothers typically did with their offspring. Interesting. "Well, it is only natural for a parent to be proud of their child's accomplishments, and I'm sure the Millers will appreciate your efforts."

"Speaking of which," Owen said, still trapped in the clutches of his fawning mom, weren't the Millers supposed to be here today as well, to go over the menu one last time? The wedding is tomorrow, after all."

"Hey, that's right," Holly said absently, her focus having wandered onto a nearby fountain she was admiring as she clung to Owen, one that featured the entwined nude bodies of a young man and older woman engaged in an incredibly intimate

moment, hand wandering up and down Owen's back. "I wanted to go over the details in person, and make sure we haven't missed anything."

"They were, but something came up at the last minute," Celeste explained smoothly. "However, they have assured me that everything you two have come up with will be perfect for them. As you know it's a rather small affair, and the limited number in attendance have rather simple and straightforward tastes."

Owen shook his head. "Still, all their communication up to now has been through email, and now they blow off our only face-to-face meeting before the big event? Doesn't anyone else think this is a strange way to handle things?"

"Perhaps," Holly acknowledged, finally tearing her attention away from the fountain and back to Owen, whom she still clung to as if afraid he might vanish in a puff of smoke. "But when clients offer four times our usual fee, all in advance I might add, I don't ask questions. Especially when it includes a stay in a fabulous place like this!"

"Ah, yes," Celeste said, "now, in regards to your quarters, I've managed to set you up in one of our larger and well-equipped cabins, since we're a little slow at the moment," she said, holding out the key. "It only has one king-sized bed, but the couch in the den folds out as well."

"I don't think that will be necessary," Holly said as she took the key. "There's no reason Owen and I can't share the bed, especially when it's so big."

"Speak for yourself, mom," Owen muttered, "Don't you find it the least bit, you know, weird?"

"Why should I?" she asked with a teasing grin. "After all, this wouldn't be the first time you and I slept together."

Owen flushed a bit at Holly's choice of words, as Celeste looked on in amusement. "Yeah, but the last time was when I was eight, and had a bad dream. Things are...different now."

"How so?" Holly asked, looking as if she genuinely didn't know.

But before Owen could answer, there was the deep rumbling sound of someone clearing their throat behind them. "Pardon the interruption," a masculine baritone voice asked politely, "but I was wondering someone could direct me to Eldress Celeste's office?"

Both Cabots turned to see who had spoken, finding a man who looked to be around Holly's age standing a few yards away. He was tall with a broad chest and large muscles, with short brown hair a few shades darker than Celeste's and a neatly trimmed mustache. And even though he was simply dressed in a polo and baggy cargo pants, he had a certain distinguished, refined air about him. "Who are you?" Owen asked, noticing that the stranger's dark eyes had fixed on his mom, who seemed to be returning his gaze with equal interest.

"Oh, forgive my rudeness," the man said, "I'm Dr. Rick Johnson from Forrest University's Life Sciences Department, I'm here to take a look at a unique

botanical specimen that I was told is located on the premises," he said, looking beyond the Cabots to the tree beyond them. "And I seem to have found it."

"Ah yes, the botanist who wanted to take a look at our Sweetheart Tree," the Eldress said behind them. "I am Celeste, and I was indeed expecting you. But not until next week," she added, a frown in her voice.

"Oh yes, about that," Rick said, scratching the back of his head. "Something came up, and I had to move my visit up a bit. Have I come at a bad time? I see you have company," his attention again shifting back to Holly as a smile formed under his mustache. "Rather attractive company, if I may be so bold."

"This is Miss Holly Cabot, and her son Owen," Celeste explained as Holly blushed a bit at the smooth professor's compliment. "They're the caterers for the wedding taking place here tomorrow."

"My apologies, it seems I have indeed intruded," he said, looking embarrassed. "I did try to contact you about the change, but I couldn't get through. Perhaps I should just come back another time."

"It is I who should apologize," Celeste said smoothly, "for our reception has been rather spotty lately. But since you're already here, I believe we can accommodate you without too much difficulty. As long as our other guests here don't mind."

Holly and Owen looked at each other and shrugged. "It shouldn't be a problem," Owen said, looking back and forth between Rick and his mother, an idea

coalescing in his mind. "We're mostly be in the kitchen and dining area, places I wouldn't think that Mr. Johnson here would have much reason to frequent."

"True," Rick acknowledged, still regarding Holly intently. "Although I'm beginning to find new incentives to rethink that position. After all, I came here in search of one exquisite biological specimen, but now it appears I've discovered two."

Holly giggled. "You're quite the flatterer, Dr. Johnson. If I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to flirt with me."

"Please, call me Rick," he said with a smile.

But before their banter could continue, Celeste cleared her throat. "Yes, well, now that that's been settled, there's a few more things I'd like to discuss with Holly and Owen here. Rick, why don't you head on up to my office? Just head through the back doors there," she said, pointing back at the building, "past the kitchen and up the nearby stairs to the third floor. My office is the first door on the right. Help yourself to the refreshments there if you like. I'll be along in a few minutes to work out the parameters of your study, as well as your lodgings."

"Sounds good," he said, readjusting the travel bag he had slung over his shoulder, nodding to the Cabots. "Holly, Owen, it was a pleasure meeting you both. I hope we'll have the chance to talk again."

"Likewise," Holly said with a slight smile as he turned and headed down the walkway, disappearing inside, but not before glancing one last time at the elder Cabot.

"And now, before you get about your preparations, I have a few presents for you both, courtesy of the Sweetheart Tree," Celeste said, reaching for a nearby knapsack hanging from a branch of the tree that neither of the Cabots had noticed before.

"That's sweet, but as I said we've already been well-compensated, so you don't have to give us anything," Holly said.

"Nonsense, all who contribute to the joy of this place deserve a gift," Celeste said, rummaging around before pulling out a leather sack and handing it to Owen. He opened it and peered inside, finding it stuffed with what looked like dark shriveled rocks. "Freeze-dried fruit of the Sweetheart Tree. Not much to look at, but actually quite tasty, and said to have numerous benefits," she explained.

He picked out one of the shriveled crimson hearts and studied it. "What kind of benefits?"

"Well," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "legend says that it can bring out the true love and explosive passion between lovers, even if they haven't yet acknowledged their feelings for one another. In any case, the Millers have requested that you use a few in the frosting of their wedding cake, but you're free to enjoy the rest."

"Um, thanks," Owen said as he took the proffered gift, eyeing the contents warily, as a child would a pile of brussels sprouts on their plate before fastening it to his belt. Odd people all around me, he thought to himself, mentally calculating if he'd have to make any adjustments to the frosting recipe in light of this new addition.

"And this is for you, Holly," Celeste continued, holding out a small jewelry box.

"It's gorgeous!" Holly exclaimed as she opened the box and took out what looked like a small heart carved out of the most beautiful polished wood she'd ever seen, a unique rose-gold color, looped through with a thin gold necklace chain. "But seriously, you didn't have to do this."

"It's my pleasure," Celeste replied. "Made with the heartwood of the Sweetheart Tree itself. Wear it against your skin, next to your heart, and it will fill you with a vigor and vitality that will put even your deepest, most profound desires within reach, even if you are as yet unaware of what they may be."

"How amazing!" Holly exclaimed. "Would you mind helping me put it on, sweetie?" She asked Owen, handing him the box before turning her back to him and pulling her long wavy hair out of the way, exposing her neck.

Inwardly Owen rolled his eyes, knowing his mother had always been a sucker for superstition and mystic stuff, even though it was all nonsense. But if it made her feel better, than what was the harm? He reasoned as he undid the small clasp on the chain, placed the gleaming heart around her neck, and then refastened it. He

worked quickly and efficiently, but even so Celeste, from her position nearby, couldn't help but notice how his slightly trembling fingers lingered a tad longer than normal on her exposed skin.

"Oohh...it even feels warm," Holly giggled as Owen stepped away and she slipped the smooth wooden heart under her tightly-buttoned blouse, rubbing at it through the material. "I can't wait to see if it works. But in the meantime," she added, slipping into business mode as she swiveled back to her son. "We've got a lot of work to do. I'm going to go grab a few things from the van and scope out the dining area, and in the meantime why don't you go ahead and get started on the wedding cake?"

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"I need to talk to you," Owen said to Celeste after Holly had left and they were heading back to the main complex together, him to the nearby kitchen and the Eldress to her office and the meeting with Rick.

Celeste stopped in her tracks, looking at him intently with those oddly penetrating green eyes, almost as if she'd been expecting this. "I am at your service, Mr. Cabot," she said, tipping her head slightly. "What do you require?"

Owen took a deep breath, building up his resolve for what he was about to ask. "I'll get straight to the point since I don't want to keep the professor waiting - I was wondering if you might help me help out my mom."

A smile formed on her lips that matched the twinkle in her eye. "Oh? In what way?"

He shifted uncomfortably under her rapt gaze a bit before continuing. "Well, when you said mom might have her own issues with love, you weren't wrong. It's been a good while since dad passed, and I haven't seen the slightest sign that she's even considering getting back into the dating scene."

Celeste shrugged. "Well, it was a traumatic loss, and the time it takes to grieve and begin healing is different for each person."

"I understand that," Owen acknowledged, "but I'm worried that she's going to get stuck in a rut that she'll never get out of. And even though she puts on a good face, I know it's affecting her," he said, remembering the look on her face earlier as she'd gazed at the Sweetheart Tree, the longing in her voice.

"But she has not lost all love," she pointed out. "She still has her son, and it is not difficult to see that you mean more to her than her own life."

"I know, I feel the same way, but I just get the feeling that she's getting to a point where she needs more than a son to be complete. She's a beautiful woman, inside and out, and she deserves to be happy. And since this place seems to be all about bringing people together, I thought this would be the perfect time to, you know, give her a nudge in the right direction."

"Holly does deserve happiness," Celeste agreed. "And from what I could sense she does indeed desire more than what a son is normally able to offer," she said, an odd suggestive tone in her voice. "And as you say, this is the perfect place for love to grow and expand in unexpected ways, more so than you realize."

"Not to mention the fact that you're thinking of your mother when you're still working through your own issues with romance shows what a selfless and giving person you are, pleasing traits to the Sweetheart Tree, and is a good sign that your efforts with your mother will be successful. So tell me, how may I assist in bringing your loving intentions toward her to fruition?" she asked eagerly, leaning forward a bit.

"I was hoping you might help me set her up with Dr. Johnson."

The enthusiastic smile diminished somewhat as the Eldress straightened, looking a bit surprised by his answer even as realization set in. "Ah, I see, so it's the botanist you desire to pair with your mother."

"Who else?" he asked a bit irritably, again wondering if he'd made the right decision in seeking this odd woman's assistance. "He seems like a nice, decent guy, and more importantly he's the first man she's shown even the slightest interest in since dad."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," she replied cryptically, giving him a strange look. "Your mother's heart may not be as closed as you think."

"In any case," he continued, doing his best to ignore her eccentric behavior, "I was wondering if you could possibly set something up between them, maybe a romantic dinner by candlelight this evening?"

The smile returned, although this time Owen thought he could sense a bit of mischievousness behind it. "What a marvelous idea!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands lightly. "And we can have it right here, in the garden. After all, what better place for love to be kindled?"

"That would be great," Owen said, pleased at the unexpected offer.

"Excellent. I'll speak with Dr. Johnson about it, and I have no doubt he'll be thrilled at the invitation. I assume you'll be informing your mother?"

"Actually, it might sound better coming from you," he said, his mind devising another nuance to his amorous scheme. "Also, maybe it would help things along if you told mom she was having dinner with me. I don't like being deceitful with her, but this way she'll head into the evening more relaxed and confident instead of fretting over her first real date in decades."

Celeste was quiet a moment, looking thoughtful. "That makes sense, I suppose. But since you've broached the topic, then why not just go ahead and make this dinner between you and your mom for real? You can express your concerns about her being alone, and see how things go from there. I think both your mother and yourself will be much more pleased with the results," she suggested with a wink.

She observed that he had to consider that a long moment, before finally shaking his head. "No, I don't think so. It'd be weird having a candlelit dinner with my mom in any circumstances, let alone in this place," he said, glancing at a nearby statue, this one depicting a young man and woman with eerily similar faces in the throes of passion.

"Oh, and why is that?" Celeste asked. "This is the Garden of Love, is it not? And you and your mother obviously love each other."

Owen blinked. Was this woman really that oblivious, or was she just having fun with him like his mom had been doing earlier with their sleeping arrangements? "We do love each other," he conceded, "just not in the way that this place celebrates," he finished, eyes flicking to the nearby stone lovers.

Celeste chuckled. "It's amusing how we humans insist on dividing love into different categories, even though there is really only one wondrous stream that we all long to plunge into, to lose ourselves in completely. One that washes away all traces of shame and doubt and leaves us drowning in unending, indescribable pleasure."

Owen narrowed his eyes. Wait a minute, he thought, is she suggesting that...

But before he could proceed further with his ponderings, Celeste spoke again. "But things will be arranged as you wish. I will speak to Rick, and if he is amenable I will pass the word to your mother. However, I would ask you to keep something in mind - we may prune and clip a tree to grow a certain way, but in the end it

assumes a completely different form than what we anticipated, but yet in the end is more beautiful than anything we could have imagined. Well, Dr. Johnson is waiting, so I must be off," she said before heading to the doors and out of sight inside the complex.

"Strange woman," Owen muttered to himself, watching her depart. He mulled over her bizarre parting words for a moment, before dismissing them and proceeding on toward the kitchen. As long as she helped his mom find happiness, that was all that was important, he told himself, assuring himself that he'd done the right thing in going forward with his plan to set up his mom with Rick. After all, helping her this way would in turn help advance the big move he was intending to make regarding his own career. Yes, this would work out great for everyone.

He let out a long breath. Then why did he feel like he'd just made the biggest mistake of his life?

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"Perfect," Holly muttered to herself as she admired the outdoor dining area on the opposite side of the complex from the Garden of love. It was a lovely spot, consisting of finely crafted white wooden tables and matching chairs interspersed among a grove of flowering cherry trees, making mental notes as to where to set up the food and drink stations and other details to make the wedding dinner run smoothly, while attempting to tamp down the envy she felt toward the blissful pair.

The shade was an especially good thing, she considered as she unbuttoned the top of her blouse a bit and fanned herself with the collar, amazed at the unseasonal warmth they were experiencing for early spring. Spring, ha! More like the dog days of summer, she thought, the temperature seeming to have risen twenty degrees since they'd arrived. Frowning, she pulled out her phone and checked the weather app, alarmed to see that it was only two degrees warmer than when they'd gotten here.

For if it wasn't the weather, it had to be her.

My God, she thought with a sudden rush of panic, I'm not having hot flashes, am I? she asked herself, fearing that she might be experiencing the first stages of menopause. Impossible, she reassured herself, I'm barely into my forties, way too young for that.

Unlikely but not impossible, her rational side reminded her, for she'd heard of some women experiencing 'the change' at her age. And what else could it be causing these intense warm sensations that seemed to radiate from her whole body, accompanied by an odd tingling all over. Especially in her breasts, she noted, the odd sensation like a swarm of ants crawling on her skin.

While it would by no means be the end of the world, Holly desperately prayed it wasn't true. For while she hadn't told another living soul, she still held out hope that she'd meet a man that was as wonderful as her late husband Steve, and that maybe together they could have the other child or children she'd always wanted to have with him, but that they'd always put off for one reason or another until it was too late. And now it would never happen, she reflected bitterly, for even if

what she was feeling wasn't the swan song of her reproductive years, how could she even think about getting with another man, after what had happened to Steve?

After what I did to him, she thought with a pang of guilt.

You still have your business, and Owen, so be happy with that, she thought with a resigned sigh as she leaned against one of the nearby trees, even now the thought of her son bringing a smile to her face. Many mothers barely saw their grown sons, especially one as talented as hers. Yes, as long as I have him in my life, I'll be just fine without all the rest.

After all, her Owen is so strong, thoughtful, and selfless, Holly reflected, the traits that had attracted her to his father. And handsome too, she added, picturing his broad shoulders and rugged yet gentle features, and not for the first time allowing herself to entertain a forbidden image of what she'd like to do if he wasn't her child, if she wasn't...what she was. As she did so she could feel her hand trail down her abdomen, heading slowly southward as she closed her eyes, seeking the relief that she so desperately needed...

And of course, her phone chose that exact moment to ring, startling her back to reality. After quickly glancing around to make sure no one had seen her moment of weakness, she fumbled around in her pocket before pulling the device out and answering it. "Hello?" she managed to breath out in a raspy voice.

"Hi, is this Holly Cabot, of Cabot Catering?" A woman's voice asked, unknown to her yet strangely familiar.

"Um, yes, she said, clearing her throat and composing herself, trying to remember where she'd heard that voice before. "Who's calling, please?"

"This is Daisy Dollinger, host of Daisy's Down-Home Cooking Show. Maybe you've heard of me?"

"Oh yeah," Holly said, calling to mind an image of a buxom redhead around her age whose success Holly attributed more to her skimpy outfits that accentuated her unfair supermodel looks and figure than her cooking talents, curious as to why this supposed 'star' was calling her. "I've seen your program a few times. So, what can I do for you?"

"Well, as you probably know, my little production is doing rather well," Daisy proclaimed proudly, not even making an attempt at modesty. "And we're thinking about expanding. As such, I'm gonna need a little extra help in the kitchen. And I have to say, your son Owen caught my eye, what with graduating top dog at the region's best cooking school, and all the rave reviews I've heard about his work from some of your past clients. Why, he's a regular Wolfgang Puck in the making!"

"I see," Holly said flatly, her tone chilling considerably. So, this homewrecking slut was trying to steal Owen from her, was she? "If that's the case, then why aren't you talking to Owen directly?"

"Oh, believe me, sug, I have," Daisy continued on in that gratingly mellifluous voice of hers, oblivious to Holly's growing hostility. "On several occasions, but I just can't pin down an answer from him. I've even thrown in some extra perks, from his own dressing room to...working with him on a very personal level," she said suggestively, and Holly could almost see the hussy wagging her eyebrows. "But he seems to be very loyal to you, Miss Cabot, and despite my lavish generosity still hesitates to accept all that I can give him."

"Huh," was all Holly could say, a new surge of affection for her son welling in her chest. That he would turn down so much for her... "But again, I don't understand why you're calling me."

"Well," Daisy continued, "I don't usually do things like this, but I figured I'd make one last appeal what with you being his mother and all, you might be able to tip the scales a bit. You know, talk to him, help him cut the cord and see how this could be great for his career."

"Are you saying that working with me isn't good for his career, that I'm holding him back somehow?" Holly huffed, bristling, her icy tone turning artic after that 'cut the cord' remark.

"Oh, no, not at all, I'm sure y'all have a nice little setup down your way and do very well for yourselves," she said sweetly, her honeyed words oozing with condescension. "But I'm talking the big time, widespread exposure, the chance to collaborate intimately with a partner who appreciates all his considerable talents," she said, leaving no doubt as to what she meant. "So for Owen's sake, talk to him, convince him this is the best course of action for his future."

"I'll do no such thing," Holly snapped, suddenly feeling a strong rush of motherly protectiveness rising in her. "You may think you know what's best for my son, Miss Dollinger, but you clearly don't have a clue. Owen's happy here, and I'm even happier to have him, and I'll do everything I can to make sure he gets the recognition and acclaim he deserves one day without the help of shallow hags like you.

"Besides, my son's a big boy who can make his own decisions. If he ends up choosing you for who knows what reason, that's his choice and I'll support it, but I'll be damned if I have any hand in it. Goodbye and have a nice day, you cradle-robbing bitch," she spat, ending the call and switching off her phone.

"Fuck," she muttered, slinking over and sinking down into one of the chairs at the closest table, running her hand through her platinum blonde hair. She usually had a better hold of her temper than that, and had rarely been so vicious even when her fury was aroused. But for that woman to dare suggest that Owen was unhappy working with her, that he'd be better off on some ditzy slut's tawdry show, was more than she could take, and it'd brought out the primal maternal side of her, the part that would go full-on savage to protect her baby from a world that would use and abuse him.

But there's more to it than that, and you know it, a voice from another part of her brain gently chided her. That outburst wasn't just about protecting Owen, but that was about keeping him here with you.

For yourself.

She buried her face in her hands, knowing the voice was right. That reaction wasn't a mother watching out for her child. No, that had been the savage jealousy of a lover fending off a potential rival. What is wrong with me? she thought despairingly, rubbing at her forehead. Maybe for both their sakes she should talk to Owen about accepting Daisy's offer, even as a part of her was hurt and more than a little indignant that he hadn't mentioned it to her himself.

"You look like someone with the weight of the world on her shoulders."

She looked up to see Eldress Celeste standing over her, that same gentle and persistent smile on her face resting between intricately woven twin braids. How had she gotten so close without me noticing? Holly wondered, but wrote it off to her distracted state. "No, just some unexpected family drama," she said, straightening herself, putting her mind back into business mode. "So, is there something you needed to talk to me about?"

"Funny, I was just about to ask you that," Celeste said, taking a seat across from her. "Whatever the issue is, it seems to be really bothering you, and I'd hate for you to head into such an important job with your mind clouded by other matters."

"Trust me, I never let my personal life interfere with my work," Holly assured her. "You, the Millers, and their guests will be more than satisfied with our performance, I promise."

"Of that I have no doubt. Still, it might help to talk about it," the absurdly calm yet peppy young woman urged. "This wouldn't be about Dr. Johnson, would it? I saw how you were smiling at him back there."

"Huh? Oh, right, the botanist," she finally remembered, having forgotten about him and the whole encounter until now. "Yes, I smiled at him," she conceded, "but only at his witty remarks, and the fact that a charming man was paying attention to me. Don't get me wrong, he seems like a fascinating and charming individual, but, you know..." she trailed off, words failing her.

"He's not your type?" Celeste finished, and Holly nodded. "I didn't think so," the Eldress murmured almost to herself, as if confirming something she'd already been certain of. "So tell me, what man was it? And don't say it wasn't a man, because I know the signs."

Holly hesitated a moment. On one hand she barely knew this woman, let alone trusted her. But on the other, being a holy person or counselor or whatever she was exactly, Celeste wasn't going to go blabbing, especially if Holly couched the truth in softer terms. "I suppose you're right. But not in the way you're thinking," she added quickly, wondering if it was more to convince the Eldress or herself. "It's Owen, I'm scared to death of losing him."

"Losing him how?"

Holly sighed. "As you no doubt discovered in the course of your research you know that he's a fantastic chef, and there's a hundred different places where he

could be earning a lot more money than working with me in my dinky little operation. So far he's stuck with me, for which I'm extremely grateful but well, I just had a call that made me realize that some great opportunity or woman that he can't refuse is going to come along one day and take him away from me. Maybe sooner than I realize," she added, for Daisy didn't seem like the kind of woman to give up easily, even in the face of a snarling mama bear.

"Ah, I see," Celeste said. "You're afraid with Owen and his talent gone, your business will suffer."

Holly was shocked at the assertion. "Of course not, that's the last thing I'm worried about! I can always find another chef, I suppose, but Owen, he's my precious boy, more important to me than anything in this world, the rock I clung to after Steve passed. Without him I would have folded a long time ago, and my business with me."

"I see, so Owen didn't just save your business, he saved you, didn't he?"

"Without a doubt. And I can't explain it, but just having him around...it makes me happy in a way I've never felt before, happier than even the best of times with Steve. And when he's gone, it just hurts, you know? I know it's inevitable that he's going to leave someday, but I don't know how I'm going to handle that when I can't even stand to think about it."

"Then the answer is simple," Celeste said as if the answer was the most obvious thing in the world. "Don't let him leave."

Holly smirked at the younger woman's apparent naïveté; her anguish momentarily forgotten. "What kind of mother would I be if I held him back from what he wanted? Besides, how would I even keep him from going, anyway? Tie him to his bed? Or maybe put a leash around his neck?"

Celeste shrugged, looking pensive as if she was taking Holly's sarcasm seriously. "Everyone's into different kinks, I suppose. But no, I was referring to convincing him to stay of his own free will, by offering him something that he greatly desires, and cannot find anywhere else."

Holly frowned. "What, you mean like more money? I'm already paying him as much as I can while still staying afloat, which hasn't won me any points with my other staff. Hell, I even give him some from my own share."

Celeste shook her head. "Owen does not strike me as a young man overly obsessed with money. If that were the case, he would not still be with you, correct? No, I believe it is something more that keeps him close."

"He's loyal to his mother, obviously, especially after what happened with his father."

It was Celeste's turn to smirk. "I could be wrong, but I believe that there is much more behind his motivation than mere family loyalty. And forgive my presumption, Holly, but I believe your affection for your son and desire to keep

him close goes far beyond the accepted bounds of a mother-son relationship, doesn't it?"

"Huh? What are you talking about?" Holly asked as she straightened, suddenly defensive. Surely, this woman couldn't know what she'd just been thinking, could she? What she'd been idly thinking about for months?

Celeste regarded her a long moment. "I think you understand my meaning Holly, but like many others I've encountered, you seek to hide it behind fear and doubt. I just met you today, but even I can see how much you yearn to please Owen with your body, and have him please you in turn with his, in the way that is natural for men and women to do when they love one another."

"Even if what you're saying is true, and I'm not saying it is," Holly retorted, fearing that if her darkest feelings were this obvious to a near stranger, then how long would it be before everyone, including Owen, picked up on them? She was mortified at the thought, imagining the look of disgust in his eyes at the thought of being with his aging mom like that. "I couldn't ever act on it, because there's no way Owen feels the same way. Besides, even if he did, it would be...would be..." she trailed off, unable to say the word.

"A beautiful and unique expression of love?" Celeste offered. "But let's put all that aside for now, and focus on your feelings. With your permission, I'd like to conduct a little exercise with you."

Holly's eyes narrowed. "What kind of exercise?"

"One that you'll find very enlightening," the eldress replied cryptically.

"It's not gonna hurt or anything, is it?"

Celeste giggled. "Oh no, quite the contrary actually."

Holly considered for a moment, then shrugged. "Sure, why not? Not like I have lot to lose at this point."

"Excellent," Celeste said with a smile. "Now look down at your lap, close your eyes, count to three, and then open them."

"Alright," Holly mumbled, wondering why she'd agreed to such a silly thing when she had so much work to do, thinking she should be heading inside to check on Owen's progress even as she complied with the instructions. "One...two...three," she said, as she opened her eyes.

And gasped in shock.

"Oh my God!" she cried, looking down at her now completely naked body. "My clothes, where are my clothes?!" she shouted as she stood, covering her breasts with her right arm and covering her groin with her right hand as her head jerked

back and forth frantically in a vain search for her missing garments, which seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"Be at peace," the eldress said calmly from her seat, looking completely unperturbed at Holly's sudden undressed state.

"You be at fucking peace!" Holly snapped as she backed her bare ass up against a nearby tree, eyes darting about warily as the rough bark rubbed against her bare skin. "I'm naked here! What if someone comes by? Oh shit, what if Owen sees me like this?!"

"You have my word that neither your son nor anyone else will disturb us," Celeste said with absolute confidence. "But even if someone did, would it be such a terrible tragedy? You have a remarkably splendid body, Holly, so desist with your unnecessary attempts at modesty and take a moment to appreciate it."

Despite the words of assurance, Holly didn't move, although her expression relaxed a bit. "I'm not being filmed, am I? Because if I am, I swear someone's getting their ass sued off."

"No one's getting taped, I promise," Celeste replied, responding to the ominous threat with a childlike giggle.

With a final look around, Holly finally and very slowly moved her hands to her sides, and looked back down at herself, the first thing she noticed was that she

wasn't completely naked, the charm necklace Celeste had gifted her still dangling from her neck. Was it just her, or did it seem to shine, even here in the shade?

But she quickly moved on from that minor detail, moving on to the rest of her body, which didn't seem to be the same one she'd left the house with this morning. She'd always tried to take care of herself and work a little exercise into her hectic routine, but knew nothing could stop the advancing ravages of time - the somewhat sagging breasts, the slight but persistent love handles along her hips and abdomen, the traces of varicose veins starting to appear in her legs.

Or so she'd thought, she considered as she looked at what appeared to be another, younger woman's body - her generous breasts were once again firm and supple, the pert nipples and wide pink areola slanted upward slightly upward in an enticing curving swoop, her tummy, while not the washboard abs she used to have, was nonetheless taut without a trace of sag, her hips and long legs free of any bump or blemish.

"Holy shit, I'm fucking hot!" she exclaimed, beaming at Celeste, her earlier shock and shame forgotten, suddenly feeling more buoyant and confident than she had in years. "I look like I've just had thousands of dollars of work done at some fancy Hollywood clinic! How is this possible?"

The eldress shrugged. "Some say that this place has the ability to draw out the true inner beauty of a person. Or," she amended, "Maybe you were beautiful all along, and just needed to acknowledge it. You have a remarkable body, Holly, one that any straight, sighted man would adore. Even Owen."

At the mention of her son's name, Celeste noticed Holly's hand began sliding, almost involuntarily, back to the hairy golden patch between her legs. But from the dreamy look in her blue eyes, this time it had nothing to do with modesty. "Sorry," she whispered, but making no move to withdraw her hand, putting her other arm behind her head like a makeshift pillow in an attempt to make herself more comfortable. "It's just that..."

"It's okay, you don't have to explain," Celeste soothed. "You've denied yourself the pleasure that you need and deserve for so long. But perhaps it is time to feel it again, to allow yourself to be truly happy once more. I want you to close your eyes again, and this time I want you to think of Owen, and imagine that it's his hand, his fingers, perhaps even more, exploring your most intimate treasure."

Part of Holly's brain was screaming that this whole scenario, being naked in a public place masturbating to thoughts of her son in front of a near stranger was insanely wrong on countless levels, and that she should stop this nonsense immediately, find Owen, and get the hell out of here. But that part was promptly overridden by the horny fuck-it-and-get-yourself-off-as-hard-as-you-can-because-you-fucking-need-it side of her brain. And it's so nice and peaceful here, she thought as a warm breeze caressed her naked flesh, enticing her to give in.

She closed her eyes, her mind immediately flooded with countless erotic and semi-erotic images of Owen, some of which she'd almost forgotten about or hadn't considered illicit at the time - him at the beach in those tight shorts he'd insisted on wearing that accentuated his bulge even though she'd warned him they were too small, that time when he hadn't gotten the bathroom door all the way shut and she'd glimpsed him from the side toweling off, swearing she glimpsed the tip of his manhood poking out between his well-muscled thighs. And

then there was a more recent memory of an incident only a few weeks ago when she'd come home early and had gone upstairs to knock on his door to see what he wanted for dinner, only to freeze right before her hands hit the wood on hearing the soft grunts and moans within, knowing instinctually he was pleasuring himself within.

Instantly her mind fixed on that memory, minimizing the others. At first she'd been astonished to discover what he was doing and embarrassed at her intrusion, intending to slip away and let him finish in peace. But then she reconsidered as she felt the familiar wetness forming in her nethers, realizing how horny she'd been, how long it'd been since she'd gotten herself off. So she'd silently pressed her back against the door, thrusting her hand down her skirt, furiously seeking her own relief in tandem with her son on the other side, imagining him naked and furiously rubbing his rod...

"So hot," she murmured as she again plunged her fingers between her gushing and swollen lips with a soft moan, even wetter than they'd been that day, the task made easier without any hindering or annoying garments. It was at that moment she realized how much she missed being naked like this just for the thrill of it, having enjoyed it a lot with her husband Steve. Her gorgeous form needed to be free and flaunted, not hidden, resolving to do it more often around their home. And if my son sees me, so what? She thought, wanting him to celebrate and worship her bare and once again beautiful body, growing even more excited at the prospect.

That naughty thought intensified her efforts as her fingers worked furiously in and out of her sopping hole with wet, squishing sounds, her back arching against the trunk with the exquisite feel of it, yet she still needed more. She pinched her

fingers together to form a crude cone, plunging it in and out with rhythmic precision, imagining it was a cock, the motion creating a loud sloshing sound as her pussy frothed. But not just any cock, Owen's perfect cock that she longed to see, to feel, and heaven help her, to fuck.

Almost as if reading her thoughts, Holly heard the sound of Celeste's voice from somewhere far off. "Yes, that's it, acknowledge the love you have for your son, there's no longer any reason to hide or deny it. After all, a mother's love for her child is the purest, most selfless love of all, the one that leads exquisite, unending ecstasy.

"So go ahead, take your son's cock. That's the only one you want now, the only one you'll ever be satisfied with. And it's only fitting and right, isn't it, for the babe that emerged from your perfect body as an infant to return to it as a man, to join with you in perfect union..."

"Yeeesssssss..." Holly murmured as she slid her naked body up and down the tree, lost in blissful sensation as her fingers actually started to feel like a hard shaft probing inside her as she sensed a much-needed climax building within her, bringing down her other hand to locate her clit, and from the feel of it felt swollen to nearly twice the size it'd ever been, almost like a grape and super-sensitive as it thrust forth proudly. "Yes, take me, Owen, and love me. I want your cock back inside my pussy where it belongs!" she cried, stroking the area around her nub. "Fill mommy up as only you can!"

OHYESOHFUCKOWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEENNNILOVEYOU!!!!!!" She screamed as her legs buckled and she collapsed to the ground in a patch of soft moss, her whole body trembling as she rode out her orgasm.

For a moment she just lay there panting as the wave subsided, trying to catch her breath, trying to remember the last time she'd cum so hard. Outside Owen's room, listening to him masturbate, she remembered, putting her hand over her chest to feel her racing heart, her hand touching fabric. She opened her eyes to find that she was again fully clothed, Celeste smiling at her nearby. "What the..." was all she managed to get out as she continued to study herself, her brain trying to make sense out of what had just happened. It hadn't been a dream, had it? She wondered. Impossible, she realized, her body still quivering from the aftershocks of her very real orgasm, her groin area still feeling deliciously wet.

Celeste clapped softly as she stood. "Congratulations, Holly, you have accepted the truth of yourself, and of your true feelings for your son. What you do with it is now up to you." She turned to go, leaving Holly with her whirring thoughts. "By the way," the Eldress added as she walked away, "Owen has asked me to tell you of a special dinner he's arranged for you two tonight in the Garden of Love at eight. In light of things, it should be a very interesting evening."

"Yes it will," Holly murmured as she continued to sit there, not yet trusting her legs enough to stand. She now knew that whatever was happening to her wasn't menopause, but something far more wonderful. She didn't understand it, but realized that now was the time to stop dwelling on the pain of yesterday and the dread of tomorrow. Instead, she must focus on what she could do in this moment to make the future into the paradise that she could now see so clearly in her head, all the obstacles to it now turning from fearsome, unconquerable dragons into tiny ants to be flicked aside.

So, she thought as she stretched languidly, Daisy Dollinger thinks to tempt Owen away with her body and offers of fame and fortune, does she? Ha! By the time I've laid out my own 'benefits package' to him, he won't even remember that skank's name or think about leaving ever again.

But first, she considered wickedly, unbuttoning her blouse even further, now relishing the heat churning in her body and building in her loins, I need to figure out exactly how I'm going to go about accomplishing that.

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From his location in the kitchen on the other side of the complex Owen switched off the electric mixer, pricking his ears. He could've sworn he'd just heard his mom screaming his name. But now there was nothing, only the slight sound of birdsong coming through the large window that looked out into the Garden of Love, affording him a pleasant view as he worked. Must just be my guilty conscience at work, he thought as he turned back to his task.

For ever since Celeste had insinuated that there might be a romantic, even physical aspect to his relationship with his mom he hadn't been able to get the subject out of his head. And yes, if he was being honest, while growing up and discovering his burgeoning sexuality he'd had his share of fantasies about her. Just like a lot of other adolescent boys did, he reminded himself, especially when their moms were as hot as his happened to be.

Add to that the fact that his parents had been very open with him about sex once he was old enough to understand the concept and had had sex almost every night for several hours and mom in particular was very vocal in expressing her enjoyment of their sessions led to his sexual fantasy life more or less revolving around her for a lot longer than it probably should have.

But then he'd gone off to school and met Becky, and those wild but insane thoughts of being with his mom had faded away. Or so he'd thought, for now that Becky was gone and he was back working with his mom closer than ever before, who also just happened to be available again and still as gorgeous as ever, those lewd imaginings had begun to creep their way back into his brain, whispering seductively to him that they might not be as crazy and unobtainable as he'd once thought.

"Sick bastard," he reprimanded himself, pressing his hands on the counter as he leaned over it, horrified that he'd even consider taking advantage of his mother like in her vulnerable state, especially something so morally reprehensible. Especially after losing dad so unexpected. Again he banished them, but doing so was getting harder and harder.

That was why, he finally decided, he would take the job with Daisy.

Not that he'd finally been won over by her admittedly substantial inducements, but because he knew that he needed to put as much distance between his mom and himself as possible. He'd only held off this long because he felt guilty about ditching her like that, of leaving her all alone. But if things went as well with her and Rick as he expected them to, then not only could he accept this exciting new

position without guilt, but her being with a new boyfriend would also put his mom off limits, quelling these thoughts he definitely shouldn't be having. He felt a lot better as he straightened and prepared to get back to the cake.

"Hard at work, I see," a voice called out from right behind him just as he was about to restart the mixer.

Owen whirled around to see the smiling face of Celeste no more than a few feet from him. How had she snuck up on him like that? He wondered. "Eldress," he muttered, scratching his head through his chef's hat. "You startled me."

"My apologies, and please, call me Celeste," she said glibly. "I merely wished to inform you that I've spoken to Rick and as expected he said he'd be thrilled to have dinner with your mother tonight. If that's what you still want, that is."

He crinkled his brow. "Of course it is, why wouldn't I?" After all, this was the best way for both him and his mom to be happy, right?

She shrugged. "I just thought you might have reconsidered some things, or perhaps came to see the situation differently, as people seem to have a curious way of doing a lot around here."

He forced himself to shake his head. "Well, I haven't. Speaking of which, have you seen my mom? She was supposed to meet me here and help out with things."

"She's taking care of a little personal business, but she'll be along shortly," Celeste assured him. "By the way, I feel I should warn you, she knows about your job offer from a Miss Daisy Dollinger, I believe that was the name."

His jaw dropped. "What? How?"

"She received a call from Miss Dollinger regarding the issue, a part of which I inadvertently overheard."

"Damn," he muttered, taking a deep breath, knowing that Daisy had been chomping at the bit for his answer. He'd made her swear not to contact his mom under any circumstances, that he'd have an answer for her soon, so why had she done so now? "I bet mom's really pissed at me now," he said, fearing that she'd be in no mood for the romantic dinner tonight.

"Actually, I think you'll find she's in a much better mood than you might think," the youthful 'Eldress' said. "But still, I think you should talk to her about it, to clear the air. I think it might be more productive than you ever believed possible."

"Yeah," he agreed, not really seeing any way to avoid it now, hoping Celeste was right in her assessment of his mom's mood. Otherwise, things could get ugly.

"Well, I guess I should get back to work."

"Of course. Oh, by the way," she added, rummaging around in her robes and pulling out what looked to be a small leather-bound book and holding it out to him. "Abigail's writings, as promised. For unknown reasons she chose to right it

from the third person point of view, perhaps to give it more of a literary flair. In any case, I think you'll find it very enjoyable reading, as well as quite illuminating."

"Um, yeah," he said, taking it, smelling the aged paper and binding as he leafed through it. "This is amazing, but are you sure you want to trust me with something so valuable?"

She nodded. "You seem like a responsible young man, who takes great care with the things that are precious to him."

He smiled and tipped his head. "Thanks, and I promise I'll take very good care of it."

Before she could reply the kitchen door opened and his mom practically glided into the room, humming merrily and twirling her arms in the air. "Hey there sweetie," she said, beaming broadly at Owen as she came to a stop close to him, hands clasped behind her back. "Sorry I took so long."

"Uh, it's okay," he muttered, blinking rapidly. Something was different about her, and it wasn't just her chipper attitude. Even heading into her forties she had a lovely face with little need for makeup, but now in the light of the sun streaming in through the large windows it looked especially clear, fresh, and full of color, with no trace of the few fine lines that had been forming around her eyes and mouth. And her sparkling blue eyes, looking at him in a way he'd never seen before, almost as if...

"Speak of the devil," Celeste said with a glance at Holly. "We were just talking about you."

Holly emitted a sprightly laugh. "Mmmm...something interesting, I hope."

"Wow, mom," Owen said, unable to take his eyes off her. For not only did her face seem rejuvenated, but the rest of her body did as well, seeming tighter and, dare he even think it, more luscious than it had before. She'd taken the unusual step of unbuttoning her blouse down to the point where he could see her pink bra peeking out, putting her ample cleavage on display. And was it his imagination, or were her already melon-like tits even bigger? Cool it, that's your mom, you pervert, he admonished himself. "You look great."

"I feel great!" she said, twirling and smiling even more broadly at his compliment, locking her hands behind her neck and jutting out her chest, really accentuating her breasts. "Better than I have in years, like the whole world's mine for the taking." She opened her mouth as if to say something else, but then glanced over at Celeste, seemed to reconsider, and closed it. "You need any help here, darling?"

Darling? She'd never called anyone but his dad that. "I think I've got everything under control," he said, knowing he needed to stop staring at his mother's breasts but unable to do so.

If she minded or even noticed the attention he was showering on her assets, she didn't show it as she rotated her head around in a loose circle. "So, I hear you've

had another job offer?" she said in an almost casual manner, as if simply asking about the weather.

"Um, yeah," he said, shocked at how blasé she seemed about it, almost a little disappointed that she wasn't more upset. "I'm sorry I haven't told you yet. I was going to talk to you about it, I swear. I just wanted to wait until this job was over, for the right time..."

"It's okay, sweetie," she said assuringly as she closed the distance between them, pressing her hands against his chest, meeting his gaze with her own. Her long bangs had fallen down over half her face, giving her an enticingly mysterious and alluring appearance. "After all, it's only natural that others would desire to have such a smart, talented, handsome man such as yourself working under them," she said with a coy wink. "And the appeal and acclaim you'd no doubt attain from being on such a popular program, why, it'd be hard for your poor ol' mother to compete with that."

He opened his mouth to speak, but she put a single finger over his lips, silencing him. "But that doesn't mean I'm not going to try. Celeste told me about the little dinner she's preparing for us. I think it'd be a perfect chance for us to really talk about this, to give me a chance to really convince you that staying with me will be more exciting and stimulating than you ever thought possible, that I can offer you...enticements that no one else can," she said softly, her hands now moving along his pecs. "You will at least give me that chance, won't you?" she asked in a sultry pleading tone, breath hot on his neck, fluttering her eyelashes at him. "Your mother deserves at least that much, doesn't she?"

He swallowed, nodding dumbly, his power of speech gone and his capacity for thought not far behind. What was going on here? It seemed for all the world that his mother was coming onto him, but that couldn't be right, could it? This was just some of negotiating tactic to make him more amenable to her offer or something, right? If it was, it was damned effective, as he was already reconsidering his decision to join up with Daisy.

"Fantastic!" she said as she planted a kiss on his cheek before stepping back from him, her grin returning. "And since my lovely boy seems to have things under control here, I'm gonna head to the cabin and spruce myself up, and I'll see you tonight." And with a final playful flick of her hair, she was gone.

"Fuck," Owen muttered as he rubbed at his cheek where his mom had kissed him, dangerously close to his mouth, puzzling over what had just happened.

"Last chance," Celeste said, Owen looking dazedly at her, having forgot the presence of the Eldress until that very moment. "After seeing how excited your mother is at the thought of an evening with you, are you sure I shouldn't call things off with Dr. Johnson, and just let your mother enjoy a nice dinner with you as she obviously wants? After all, the professor may not turn out to be the man of your mom's dreams, as you seem to think."

This time Owen had to consider the matter for a long moment, a fact that seemed to amuse Celeste greatly, before at last shaking his head. Besides being wrong on more levels than he could count, this just further proved the point that he needed to put as much distance between her and him as possible. Not only that, but his

mother deserved to be happy with a good man, and that definitely wasn't him, not after things with Becky had gone so spectacularly wrong.

"No, leave things as they are," he said, confirming his choice once and for all. "Mom might be a bit upset at first when he shows up instead of me, but she'll get over it. And even if things don't work out with him, at least it'll give mom a confidence boost to get herself back out into the dating world, and will accept me leaving without a fuss. Trust me, this is the best thing for everyone. Why, I bet mom will even thank me for it tomorrow."

She stared at him. "Perhaps, but I think you should consider something - are you taking this new job with a woman of questionable moral character and setting your mother up with the professor all to ensure her happiness, or because you are too afraid to embrace your own?"

"But you're busy, so I'll just drop it," she continued before he could respond, turning to leave. "I just hope for both your sakes that you're right."

"I am right, it is all for the best," he repeated to himself over and over again after she was gone, confident this was the right decision.

Now he just had to stop feeling so damned lousy about it.

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Owen thought the feeling would fade as the day wore on and he continued preparing for the wedding, but to his consternation the opposite proved true. Not only could he not stop feeling guilty for setting up his mom like that, but he couldn't get the memory of her pressed closed to him, caressing his chest out of his mind. Which was why, he supposed, that after he'd taken the cake parts out of the oven to cool he glanced at the clock and, seeing that it was less than a half hour before his mom's 'date' was set to start and unable to get Celeste's odd words out of his head, dashed out into the garden.

So now here he was, crouched amongst a clump of flowering bushes, looking out at the small circular table set up in the middle of the walkway that led from the complex to the Sweetheart Tree. It was sumptuously prepared for a romantic dinner for two with an elegant red silken tablecloth, candles set into ornate golden candleholders, topped off with a bottle of wine chilling in a bucket of ice. Unlit torches had been planted in the ground along the trail, and soft sensual music wafting through the air from a source he couldn't detect as the retreating sun painted the sky with a profusion of orange, yellow, and red hues.

Celeste had lived up to her word, he considered as he took in the soft, sensual atmosphere. Almost too well, he concluded, wondering why he felt that way when this was exactly what he'd wanted to happen. In any case, the stage was perfectly set for mom to make her next big love connection, leaving him feeling like a skulking peeping tom that had no business here.

But then Owen reminded himself that although Rick seemed like a nice guy, he could secretly be a psycho or something. Better to hang around a bit, just to make sure he doesn't wig out on mom as soon as he thinks he's alone with her, he reasoned. And so he settled into position amongst the shrubbery, making himself

as comfortable as possible. As he stared at the prepared table his stomach suddenly rumbled, reminding him that he too was hungry, berating himself for not grabbing something from the well-stocked kitchen to hold him through his little voyeuristic venture.

He shifted a bit, hearing a slight rustling sound as he did so. Of course, those dried fruits of the Sweetheart Tree Celeste had given him to frost the cake with, taking the pouch out and opening it. She'd said the Millers wanted a few in their cake frosting, but there seemed to be enough here for the icing and to take the edge off his hunger, he estimated as he took one out of the bag and popped it in his mouth. It was way sweeter than he expected, with an intense flavor somewhere between a peach and a strawberry but magnified by a hundred, with a slightly spicy aftertaste.

They were also delicious, he realized, stuffing another in his mouth, and then another, only stopping with an extreme effort.

Fuck, they ought to put some kind of addiction warning on those things, he thought to himself as he reluctantly put them away, a warm, pleasant sensation accompanying his pacified belly as he checked his phone. He had a fifteen-minute wait ahead of him, wondering what he could do to pass the time, before suddenly remembering the book Celeste had given him.

He pulled it out, flicking through the pages, suddenly realizing he might have difficulty reading in the fading light, only to find that the pages of the book seemed to glow with a strange sort of luminescence, making the writing clear and

legible. At last, he came to a part that had been marked, figuring it was important somehow.

"What? Here?" "I don't know. I mean, it is nice here, but chances are someone already owns it. Not to mention it's not nearly far enough from that...that...place, and those people for me to rest easy," Edward said, shifting in place.

Owen swallowed. Apparently Celeste had marked the book at the point where she'd cut off her story, right before the point where Abigail and Edward had made love. Just how much detail had Abigail gone into with her account, and was it something he should be reading, that was obviously so personal? He was about to close the book when he felt a tingling in his groin, a lewd curiosity rising in him, urging him to read on. If Abigail hadn't wanted it known she wouldn't have written it down, a voice whispered to him, and Celeste wouldn't have given it to you, and marked it, if she hadn't wanted you to read it, now would she?

Point taken, he conceded as he turned back and continued reading, suddenly eager to find out what happened next, skimming ahead to the exact point where Celeste had left off, the words and world around him seeming to fade and be replaced with images of this place as it had appeared a century and a half ago...

"You do have the best ideas," Edward said as his lips met hers in a kiss, both of them amongst the wildflowers right next to the odd sapling of what would become the Sweetheart Tree.

Then suddenly Edward stopped what he was doing, and simply stared at Abigail. "What's wrong?" she asked, the move confusing her as well. "If you're worried about someone disturbing us, don't. There's no one around for miles."

Edward shook his head. "No, it's not that, it's just, well, I just want to be sure this is what you want. I mean, it's already cost so much - family, friends, the life you knew, and it's not going to get any easier going forward. We will never be accepted, not really Abby, so if you want to end things now and start over somewhere else where you can have a normal life away from me, I'll understand. And I promise, I'll do all I can to help."

Abby laughed as if he'd said something funny. "As if I could be happy without you, you silly boy. That's why I was able to give all that up, because being with you was more important to me than anything else. We'll be safe here, Edward, and happy, for a long, long time. After all, family is the root of all love."

"You sound awful sure of that," Edward said, stroking her hair.

She grinned. "Of course I am. Have I ever steered you wrong, brother?"

Edward laughed. "Not since the day you kissed me under our family's apple tree and put an end to those silly games we were playing with each other, afraid to express how we really felt."

"Best thing I ever did," Abigail laughed as she climbed up over her brother, straddling him. "So this is the last talk I want to hear about sending me away, got it? And as far as I'm concerned, my life didn't begin until that day you held me in

your arms like a real lover, making me feel safe and cherished like never before. And now, I want you make love to me for the first time, the first of hopefully thousands," she said with a giggle.

"I see someone's eager," Edward said mischievously as Abigail unbuttoned his shirt, flinging the two sides apart as she leaned down and began planting hot wet kisses on his bare chest.

"Can you blame me?" she asked with a coy smile as her fingers worked to undo his trousers. "I've dreamed about this moment for so long, about having your magnificent cock inside me. More than that I love you, brother, and I want to bind my body and soul to yours completely, now and for all time."

Edward chuckled as he gripped the hem of her skirt and began rolling it upward, revealing her beautiful smooth legs. "It sounds like you've been dreaming of this moment a lot longer than I have."

His sibling smiled, obviously prepared for that remark. "I don't know, I can't really explain it. I just know that when my body began blooming into womanhood, my love for you began changing and growing as well, until I was certain you were the only man for me. Maybe it was because I've never really been good at socializing, or because most of the boys around our hometown were idiots, but I think there's a lot more to it than that. You've always been there for me, sticking up for me even against mom and dad, the one constant in my life that I could always count on.

"At first I thought as you did at first - that some evil spirit had gripped me, and I fought against my urges. But the more I examined my feelings, the stronger and more beautiful they felt. And if that was the case, how could they be products of evil? Why do you think I always begged to be around you all the time, even help you out with your chores? It's because I wanted to be closer to you, to spend as much time with you as possible. And now, you're all mine, to do with as I please, free to show you how much you mean to me."

She stood up over her brother, one leg on each side of his stomach, kicking off her boots as she stared down at her him, a wicked grin on her face as she worked off her garments, allowing them to drop to the ground, revealing her glorious naked body, its normally milky pallor seeming to glisten and shimmer under the bright sun, its rays reflecting off of small but supple breasts capped with small pink nipples, a flat stomach merging sensuously into perfectly curved hips and shapely legs, between which rested a wispy triangle of scarlet tuft.

Edward felt his member continuing to harden under the material bunched at his waist. "Well, what do you think, brother?" Abigail asked, hands behind her back, a hint of worry in her voice that her brother might not find her desirable.

"You're beautiful," Edward breathed, "More lovely than any woman I've ever seen. I...I love you, my dear sister," Edward admitted chokingly, "and if you're really okay with this, then nothing would please me more than being with you, now and for the rest of my life."

Abigail smiled at Edward's words, shifting and lowering herself beside her brother as she yanked off his boots before hitching her thumbs in his pants, pulling them

and his undergarments down and off his feet, leaving both siblings bare and completely exposed to the other.

"Oh, my," Abigail gasped as she saw her brother's cock for the first time, now almost fully erect. "Did...did it get that way because of me?" she asked, leaning in to look at it more closely, fascinated.

Edward nodded. "It did, and I'll confess it's not the first time you've given it life," he chuckled. "I take it this is the first one you've seen, and that you're a--"

"Yes, on both accounts," Abigail murmured absently, a finger in her mouth as she continued to study the sight before her, the hungry way a cat might regard the first mouse it ever saw. May I touch it?"

Edward laughed. "Of course, that's a good place to start as any. After all, you'll be doing a sight more than that with it before this is over."

She giggled as she reached out a tentative finger, starting in the nest of hairs at the base of this wonderful new creature she'd discovered and ran it slowly upwards along his length, the sensation of her soft, warm touch causing Edward to shudder.

Abigail's finger came to a rest at the tip of her brother's crown before slowly pulling it back, drawing a sticky strand of precum behind it before it broke away and snapped against her palm.

"What's this?" she asked curiously, rubbing the substance between her fingers before inserting them in her mouth. "Mmmm...you're so delicious, big brother," she moaned, closing her eyes as she eagerly licked her hand clean of his fluid, smacking her lips in satisfaction. "May I have some more?"

Edward's excitement surged as he watched his sister greedily consume his liquid arousal, burning away any doubts he had harbored about what was about to happen next between him and his sister. "Later," Edward assured Abigail, "and perhaps I'll taste you as well. But for now I think we'd better be getting on with things, since the sight of your beautiful body is about to drive me mad with desire."

"Of course," Abigail said without a trace of hesitation.

"Alright," Edward said. "Now, since this is your first time I'll let you take the reins, so to speak, since it'll allow you do things at your own pace and however you're most comfortable. So go ahead, arrange me however you'd like."

Abigail took hold of her brother and moved him so that he was lying flat on a bed of moss, his legs spread slightly, his stiff member jutting straight into the air.

"Okay," Edward continued. "I assume you know the basics of how this works?"

His sister flushed, nodding. "Mom went over it with me."

"Good. Now, straddle yourself over my groin, either facing me or away toward my legs. You may face away if it'll make this easier," he offered.

"No," Abigail said, shaking her head. "To look away would imply that what we're doing is shameful, that we both wish to pretend it's something other than what it is. But I'm not ashamed, not at all. In fact, I'm happier than I've ever been. That's why I want us to see each other, brother, so I know just who is giving me this wonderful gift and you can see how much I love you," she declared as she raised herself and positioned her legs on either side of his hips, gently lowering herself so that her entrance was pressed up right against the tip of his cock, rubbing against it enticingly.

Edward's heart swelling with love at his sister's declaration, but was quickly overcome by the incredible sensation of her slit grinding against his foreskin, her delicate dusting of curls tickling the sensitive flesh, coating it with her abundant moisture. She's wet and ready. That's good, Edward thought.

"I'm so ready for this," Abigail panted as she seized his cock and rubbed it aggressively against her swollen lips. "I need you inside me, now."

"Go ahead," Edward said, so maddened with lust that he was on the point of grabbing her hips and shoving his whole length inside of her with one forceful movement. But he didn't. This was her first time, and so like the loving and caring sibling he was he decided to be patient, to make this as special for her as possible. "Guide me inside you gradually, let yourself get used to the feeling bit by bit, alright? He said in a voice he forced to be calm. "Do you still have your barrier?"

She shook her head. "It broke long ago, from all that horseback riding. Is that a problem?" she asked, looking worried. "I am a virgin, I promise."

"I never doubted that, and it's not a problem at all," he quickly assured her. "In fact, it'll make things a lot easier for you. Now, if you're ready, you may proceed," he continued in a voice he hoped didn't sound too pleading, "and remember, take your time. I love you, Abigail."

"I love you too, Edward," his sister replied, angling his rod so that the crown was nudged against her glistening opening, as with a deep breath she lowered herself downward with almost painful slowness over his pole, extinguishing inch by inch the throbbing heat that had been consuming his manhood, replacing it with a soothing, enveloping wetness that felt better than anything he'd yet experienced, until at last he felt her drenched pubic hairs make contact with his as the last of his member was swallowed up in her depths.

Above him, his sister let out a contented sigh. "How does it feel?" Edward asked her, a bit concerned. Not even Sarah, his former beloved, had been able to take all of him inside her, complaining he was too big. "It's not too much, is it?"

She shook her head vigorously, swiping her plaits to and fro. "Mmmm...not at all," she moaned, smiling dreamily at him. "I mean it's a lot, don't get me wrong, but it feels perfect in me, the way a glove feels on your hand when it's been tailored just right. Like it was fitted just for me, you know?" she said as she shifted a bit, letting out a yelp of pleasure.

"And it feels so fucking incredible!" she exclaimed, beaming at him. "I can't believe it, I actually have my brother's amazing cock inside me, making me a woman, and it's more glorious than I ever imagined!" she gushed, beginning to rock back and forth.

"That's...ugh...great," Edward grunted as waves of pleasure washed outward from his staff as his sister's tight, slick pussy stroked and gripped at the first shaft ever to enter its velvety depths, as if anxious to make it welcome.

"But...oohhh...remember to take it slow, don't overdo yourself."

"I know, but I can't help myself," Abigail panted, "it just feels so damn good riding my big brother's big hard shaft!" she squealed as she began to pump up and down on his cock, experimenting with the depth of her thrusts, sometimes barely lifting up, sometimes raising her hips until barely an inch of his shaft remained inside of her, before slamming back down on him, her smooth round buttocks slapping against his thighs as she did so and he again found himself enveloped in her deliciously warm canal. My sister may not be experienced, Edward thought, but she more than makes up for it in vigor and enthusiasm.

Abigail lowered her head and kissed her brother passionately, before arching her back so that her breasts jutted toward Edward's mouth. "Taste them, brother," she moaned even as she continued to slap her hips up and down over his shaft, her cunt now so wet it made sloshing noises as she continued her primal rhythm. "Take my mounds in your mouth, lick and suck at your sister's teats. Please, I want to feel you suckle them as I fuck your wonderful cock."

Edward needed no more encouragement, using his remaining strength to lift his head a few inches and take one of his sister's nipples in his mouth, running his rough tongue over it, able to taste the salty sweat that covered it. "You're delicious," Edward whispered as he turned his attention to the other breast.

Above him Abigail shivered with pleasure from his worship of her breasts. "Ohhh...you're making me feel so wondrous, my dear amazing brother," she sighed, running her hands through her sibling's hair. "I think I'm getting close to my peak," she said, lifting away from him, planting her hands on his chest as she squirmed on his cock.

"Me too," Edward grunted.

Abigail moaned. "Come inside me," she panted as she increased the tempo of her bouncing to an almost frantic pace, her nails digging into his flesh. "Come on, brother, do it, burst inside of your sister and fill me with your marvelous seed, and consummate our love! Mark me as your woman, your mate, now and forever!" she urged, grinding down hard on his cock.

The sound of his sister spurring him on with such incendiary language and the feeling of her tight, sopping pussy gripping and claspng at his cock at last drove Edward over the edge, and with a final groan his cock erupted, blasting streamers of hot, thick cum deep inside of Abigail, triggering her own glorious release.

OHHHHYEESSSSSS!" she screamed at the top of her lungs as her orgasm crashed over her, body convulsing with ecstasy as she collapsed on top of her brother, her

sweating, naked body pressed tightly against his as her spasming pussy muscles squeezing around his cock. They just lay there a moment, breathing heavily as they recovered from their frenzied coupling.

Abigail lifted her head, smiling at her brother. "That was...that was...I don't even know how to begin to describe it, other than as the most incredible experience of my life," she said, leaning forward to kiss him, her breasts massaging against his chest. "Thank you, brother, for that extraordinary gift."

"The first of many, I promise," he said, running a hand through her playfully frazzled hair. "I'm going to dedicate every waking moment of my life to your happiness, I swear it."

I swear it as well," she said, lifting her body up and reaching her hand down to where they remained joined, dipping her fingers into the pool of their combined fluids leaking out of her, and rubbing it on the nearby sapling. "Let this young tree, and indeed this entire place, bear witness to the vows we have made, to a love that will burn bright forever, and will be a beacon for many others."

Then the images faded, and Owen once again found himself crouched behind the shrubbery of the Garden of Love - heart racing, breathing labored, his body covered in a sticky film of sweat. What the fuck just happened?! He wondered, dropping the book, hands shaking from the experience. One minute he had been simply reading, and the next it felt like he'd somehow been sucked into the book, witnessing firsthand the events within its pages.

But more disturbing than that, he considered as he swallowed heavily, wiping his brow with his sleeve, was what he'd learned from the experience. For Edward and Abigail hadn't fled from their hometown because of adultery or something like that as he'd originally thought, but because their love had crossed the ultimate forbidden line - they had been brother and sister.

They'd committed incest.

At first he felt queasy at the realization, his first instinct to find his mom and get out of this place and never return. For The Secret Sweethearts Retreat had been founded on evil, on depraved lust, and he wanted nothing to do with it, sickened as he realized the true meaning of its motto - Family is the root of all love.

At least most of him wanted to flee, he considered bitterly as he looked down to the rigid tent pole in his jeans, ashamed that even though his brain knew it was morally repulsive, his body had been turned on beyond belief by the idea of family members getting hot and heavy with each other. Shit, what kind of fucked up pervert am I? He admonished himself, burying his face in his hands.

Who says you're a pervert at all? Another gentler but no less insistent voice countered. Consider the way Abigail wrote of her experience with her sibling - with such tender love and care. Could she have infused her writing with such genuine affection, such pure emotion, such raw passion, if she regretted the experience, or was ashamed of it? Could they have built such a wonderful life, such a beautiful place here if their attraction was based on nothing but lies and cheap lust? And admit it, it was one of the hottest things you've ever read, right? Only the fire of true love and desire can evoke such feelings.

He shook his head, a jumble of conflicting thoughts swirling around like turkeys in a tornado, the only thing he was sure of was that he had to do something about the incessant throbbing in his pants. He reached down to where his rod was pressing painfully against the fabric of his pants, pulsing with an urgent need for release more powerful than he'd ever known in his life.

He closed his eyes and began to rub at it, vivid visions of the siblings in their amorous dance again surging in his mind, driving him to spew his load to their passionate, incestuous union. Or maybe, he started to consider, at the union between him and his mom. For if it had made Abigail and Edward so happy, then maybe incest wasn't so evil, so wrong after all, he reasoned as he began to unzip his pants...

Only to freeze in his actions when he heard the faint but distinct sound of humming in the air. He stopped what he was doing and peered surreptitiously through the shrubbery. Night had settled in while he'd been engrossed in his erotic readings, the garden now lit in the soft, warm light of the torches lining the walkway. He watched as his mom emerged into the garden from the direction of the cabins, making her way around the Sweetheart Tree towards the prepared table, running her fingers along its smooth bark as she passed, which gleamed like burnished brass in the glow of the lanterns. And was it just a trick of the light, or was the tree giving off a soft glow of its own?

Owen caught his breath as he took in the sight of her, barely even recognizing the woman before him as his mother. She'd changed out of the rather modest attire she'd had on earlier in favor of a flowing and, well, there was no other word for it,

daring white sleeveless sundress with what looked like red rose prints. The top was cut in a low deep V-shape that showed off the deep cleft of her cleavage and the generous swell of her surrounding breasts. The skirt, for its part, didn't even reach midway down her thigh, leaving her long and oiled legs on display, glistening almost as brightly as the tree.

On her head she wore a wide-brimmed hat the same color as her dress, her long blonde locks looking especially full, wavy, and radiant, bobbing playfully as her high white sandals clacked along the walkway toward the table, a spring in her step that he'd never seen before, even with dad. She was, in that moment, the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

He rubbed at his eyes in disbelief as she settled into the chair at the table that faced the complex, wiggling a bit to make herself comfortable. She crossed her legs, causing what little she had of a skirt to retreat even further up her leg, and he realized with a jolt that whoever was sitting across from her would have an unobstructed view of her panties.

He couldn't believe it - was this sexy, breathtaking woman in front of him really his mom, or had she been replaced with some sort of wanton clone, sent to drive all men into a crazed frenzy over her? He hadn't seen the side of her since dad passed, and then only on special occasions, deciding it was a not unpleasant change. Rick is a lucky man, he said to himself, a bit confused at the brief flash of jealousy that accompanied the thought.

But then another realization struck - wait a minute, mom isn't expecting Rick, she's expecting me. So why in the hell had she dressed so provocatively? He pondered, failing to realize that one hand continued to stroke at the still-hard

cock in his pants, a small wet patch forming on them. Surely it wasn't possible that she'd been having the same thoughts as him, was it?

But before he had time to consider this, he heard the sound of other footsteps approaching from the complex, turning to see Rick and Celeste making their way toward the table. The professor was dressed casually in khakis and a bright green polo, his hair perfectly groomed and a big grin on his face which for some reason Owen didn't like the looks of, glad he'd decided to hang around. Celeste followed behind him, carrying a tray with two covered platters on it.

"Rick?!" his mom said, uncrossing her legs and standing, looking a bit flustered. "I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting you. Where's Owen?" she asked, suddenly sounding worried.

"He's fine," Celeste assured her, "However, his preparations for tomorrow are taking longer than he thought, so instead of cancelling your dinner he asked me to see if Rick was available, and luckily, he was." Owen smiled, if nothing else the Eldress certainly was a smooth talker.

"Oh, I see," Holly replied, looking downcast. Owen could almost swear he could detect disappointment in her voice. "That was sweet of him, I suppose. And no offense to you, Rick, but there were some things I really, really wanted to discuss with my son." Owen creased his brow. Was his mom rubbing her thighs together? Must be really nervous about this switch-up, he thought, feeling remorseful that he'd put her on the spot like this.

"Yes, well, while I'm not happy about the situation with Owen," Rick spoke up as Holly started to leave, stopping her in her tracks. "I'm delighted we have this chance to get to know you other better, Holly, and I hope you can at least consider me an adequate, if not perfect, substitute this evening," he said, his smile broadening into a grin. Or was that a leer? Owen considered, revisiting his earlier worries that this whole thing had been a terrible idea.

Holly cracked the tiniest of smiles at his effortless and self-effacing charm, some of her consternation dissipating as she eyed the tray Celeste was bearing, and the wine on the table. "Well, I suppose it would be a pity to let all this incredible-smelling food go to waste," she said with a shrug. "And maybe this is for the best," she said in an echo of what Owen had declared earlier, although hearing her say it filled him with a sadness he couldn't explain.

"That's the spirit. And you know what we say around here, sometimes we find our most valued treasures in the most unexpected of ways," Celeste said cryptically as she cast a glance towards the shrubbery behind which Owen had concealed himself, and for a moment he feared that he'd been busted. But then she turned back to the table, setting the two covered platters in front of the chairs before backing up and snapping her fingers.

Immediately the two candles on the table flickered to life, as if by magic. Must be some sort of remote setup, Owen thought to himself. "Bon Appetit, and may the blessings of the Sweetheart Tree be upon you all this evening," she said, making her way back the way she came.

Holly frowned. "Don't you mean on the both of us?" she asked, but Celeste didn't reply as she disappeared back inside the complex.

"Well, shall we eat?" Rick asked, moving into position to pull her seat out for her.

"Of course," Holly said with what sounded to Owen like forced enthusiasm, lowering herself down into the proffered chair.

And so began one of the most awkward and uncomfortable moments of Owen's life as his mom and Rick commenced their dinner that he himself had set up, in what must have been, he now reflected, a fit of insanity. And much to his chagrin Rick proved to be the exact opposite of the crazed psycho of Owen's imaginings that he might have to nobly save his mother from. With their lowered voices he couldn't make out what was being said from his position, but from the peals of laughter he heard from his mom Rick must be continuing his witty repartee from earlier. The bastard.

Every light tittering from her was now like a knife twisting in his gut, feeling like he'd blundered more royally than anyone in the history of the universe. But it was done, there was no going back, and the only thing left for him to do was try to slink away unnoticed, preserving what was left of his dignity and leaving his mom to her newfound happiness with Rick.

He was just considering his escape route, thinking that with Rick and his mom focused on each other he could slink back silently through the darkness toward the doors of the complex and slip back inside without being detected. But just

when he had planned out his possible escape route, he heard a sharp yelp of surprise, and a faint splashing sound. He looked back toward the table to see both his mom and Rick had stood. She was holding an empty wine glass, a look of pure anger clouding her features, while he was wiping off his face with a tablecloth. What on earth had happened? Owen thought, frowning.

He didn't have long to find out as Rick lowered the cloth, the leer on his face now unmistakable. "Come on, babe, what's the problem? I think it's a perfectly reasonable request," he said in an almost mocking tone, completely void of its earlier charm.

His mom glowered at him like she was trying to burn two smoldering holes through his head. "You pig! We just met today, and already you want me to jump in the sack with you? What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"First of all, you're hardly a girl," he said condescendingly, "so I think you'd be more appreciative of whatever offers you're fortunate enough to get. And secondly, that tawdry outfit of yours tells me exactly what kind of 'girl' you are, a cheap slut looking for a quick lay. So how about it?" he pressed, "the offer still stands, and at your age I doubt you're going to get a better one."

Owen didn't consider himself a violent person by any means. His last physical fight, if it could be called that, was in kindergarten when a classmate named Justin Collins had stolen his cookie during snack time, and they had traded a few glancing blows before the teacher had broken them up. But hearing his mother, the person he loved more than anyone in the world, being so harshly ridiculed by

that pompous son of a bitch, the stricken look on her face as his caustic words hit home, caused something in him to snap, fury flaming his blood as he stood.

"Hey!" he yelled, pushing his way through the bushes where he'd been concealed and stalking his way over toward the pair, both seeming startled by his sudden appearance. "No one talks to my mom like that!"

It didn't take long for Rick to recover, the calm, handsome face of a dashing gentleman from before vanishing into an ugly, defiant sneer. "Oh, and what are you going to do about it, mama's boy? Bake a pie and cry into it?"

Instead of with words Owen responded by balling his hand into a fist that curved up and crashed into the mocking man's cheek before Rick knew what was happening, impacting so hard it sent him sprawling across the ground into the nearby chairs for the wedding, knocking a few over. "Get out of here!" Owen shouted as a stunned Rick stumbled back to his feet, rubbing at his jaw. "If you want some more, I'll be glad to give it," Owen growled, "but I suggest you take this opportunity to walk away and we'll call it even, even though you don't deserve it."

For a moment Rick just stood there, scowling at the younger man as if assessing his odds as well as the pros and cons of continuing the fight. In the end he must have decided against it, for he turned and retreated down the walkway without another word, the door banging shut behind him.

As soon as he was gone, Owen slumped down into the chair as the adrenaline quickly faded, leaving him a trembling mess. He glad that Rick had fallen for his bluff, not sure how a prolonged fighting match would have gone for him after the element of surprise had vanished.

"Oh my gosh, are you okay, sweetie?" his mom asked, coming over and kneeling beside him, taking the hand he'd hit Rick with in her own, rubbing it soothingly.

"I'm fine mom," he assured her, taking in the sight of her, which even now took his breath away. At a distance she had looked lovely, but up close she looked gorgeous, her flushed face looking absolutely smooth and glowing, reminding him of pictures he'd seen of her just out of high school. Rick was either blind or a fool, most likely both, to even suggest she was in any way past her prime. "And...I'm sorry."

She cocked her head in the most adorable way, causing a loose strand of her hair to fall over her face. "Sorry? What for?"

He took a deep breath, and then told her everything - how he'd set this whole thing up with Rick, how he'd hidden and watched the whole thing unfold. "And then," he added, cheeks burning with embarrassment, "I lost my temper, and got violent right in front of you. I screwed up big time and I know words aren't enough to fix it, but still, I'm sorry. I know it sounds stupid, but I only did it because I was trying to help." He stood up, wanting to find the nearest hole and bury himself in it. "You'll probably so mad you don't want to even see me right now, so I'll just go."

"Don't leave," she said quietly, standing as well, her hand still holding his tight, halting his planned exit. "I...I don't want to be alone right now. And more importantly, I'm not mad."

He turned back to her, blinking rapidly. "How can you not be? How can you not hate me?"

She gave him a wan smile. "Well, for one thing, there's nothing you could ever do that could make me hate my precious boy. And second, everything you did, you did because you loved me, and wanted to see me happy, right? And despite how it turned out, it's still the most touching thing anyone's done for me in a long time, if ever. So thanks, sweetie, really."

"Um...you're welcome?" he said, scratching at his hair even as he glanced at her breasts, her current position giving him an excellent view as they strained achingly against her dress. Was she not wearing a bra? He wondered. "I really didn't expect you to take it this well."

Her smile broadened. "How could I not? Especially after you stood up for me like that. I mean, no one's ever been so...aggressive in defending my honor like that, not even your father. And I have to confess that as mother I found it sweet, but more than that, as a woman I found it quite exhilarating," she breathed. Her chest heaving heavily, confirming to a startled Owen that she was indeed not wearing a bra, swallowing hard at the sight, detecting the outline of her hardened nipples poking outward. "Which makes me even more sure of what I was planning to tell you tonight," she said, her voice becoming low and mysterious.

"Oh, and what's that?" He asked dreamily, shaking his head to clear it.

"Before we get into that," she said, releasing his hand and walking back over to sit in her chair, "why don't we enjoy this scrumptious dinner together, as I expected us to in the first place?" she asked. "And don't worry, I don't think that jerk made it past his salad, so the rest should be fine."

"Um, okay," he said, sitting back down, not really comfortable with this, wanting to just skulk away. But if it's what she wanted, it was the least he could do after what he'd put her through. "And just for the record, don't listen to a word that moron said. You're one of the most gorgeous women, no, the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen." Fuck, had he just said that to his mom? Yes I did, and it'd felt great, he concluded.

As awkward as it had sounded, it was worth it for the face-splitting grin she rewarded him with in return. "Thanks, sweetie, and I have to say your opinion means far more to me than his, or anyone else's for that matter. And although I know you said it to make me feel better, which it does by the way, I can also tell you mean every word of it," she said, her eyes sparkling as she regarded him. "Now, let's eat!" she exclaimed before he could respond to her strange words, cutting into her steak.

Owen followed suit, surprised to find his plate was still surprisingly warm, and quite tasty, he thought as he chewed, making a mental note to talk to compliment Celeste on her culinary skills later. For a moment both just ate in silence, enjoying each other's company as the unpleasant incident earlier faded away, until at last his mom broke the silence.

"So tell me," she said, swallowing another swig of wine, Owen watching her throat muscles work as it slid down her gullet, almost mesmerized by it, "how seriously are you considering Daisy's offer to be her assistant?"

"Not as much as I was earlier," he said, and it was the truth. For ever since he'd come to his mom's rescue, he'd felt a violent, almost primal need to protect her, now feeling ill at the thought of leaving her alone, and anger imagining her in another man's arms. And the heady smell of the scented candles, like that of the cloying flowers of the Sweetheart Tree in the background, were only increasing that feeling. "I'd like to stay on with you, if you still want me to, that is."

Another bright smile. "You have no idea how happy it makes me to hear you say that. And of course I still want you," she said, voice laden with hidden meaning. "More than you know. And even better, your decision makes my counter-proposal more like a reward instead of an incentive."

His ears perked up. "Proposal?"

She nodded, pushing her plate to the side and leaning forward, showing off even more of her bulging cleavage. "How'd you like to become my partner?"

He swallowed. "What do you mean, partner?"

"In my business."

"Oh," he said, feeling a little disappointed but not understanding why, yet also intrigued. "Go on."

"Let's be honest," she continued in a businesslike tone, yet her voice dripped with honey. "This is long overdue. A lot of my recent success has been due to your exemplary skills, and it's high time I recognized that. So from now on we split everything fifty-fifty, and you have just as much say as I do in this enterprise - how it's run, the clients we take, everything. We can even change our name, if you want."

"Wow," he said, leaning back as he considered her proposition. It was a great opportunity to be sure. However, he also realized this was her way of binding his fortunes more tightly to hers, because once this was a done deal then it'd be a lot harder for him to stray or strike out on his own. But you know what, he considered as he rubbed his chin, I have absolutely no problem with that. "Gotta admit, I wasn't expecting this. But if you're serious, then I accept. Gladly."

"Outstanding!" she said, clapping her hands over her chest, making her creamy white boobs jiggle within their tight confines as she did so, to the point Owen thought and even hoped that they would burst free. And they just might, he considered, for they looked even bigger than before. No, not bigger, he corrected, more like swollen, as if filled with something. "I'm so glad you feel that way, because I'd very much like for our partnership to extend beyond business matters. Far beyond," she said, fixing his gaze with hers, that strange sultry tone back in her voice.

He felt his mouth go dry, heart pattering. "What are you saying?" he croaked.

She giggled. "Oh, I think you know, Owen," she said softly. "It's just that you're having trouble admitting it to yourself, like I did. But like me, I think you just need a little nudge of encouragement in the right direction."

He started a bit as he felt something brush against his leg, at first thinking some moth or night insect had alighted on him. But no, it was too heavy, too warm, too insistent to be a bug, and looked down under the table to see that she had slipped one of her feet out of its sandal and was now pressing her big toe, the nail painted a dazzling white to match her outfit, against his calf just below the knee. And as he watched, she slowly began rubbing it up and down his leg in a slow, steady motion.

"Um, what are you doing?" he asked, part of him weirded out by his mom's frisky and uncharacteristically overt behavior. But there was another, growing part that welcomed it, his cock again stiffening in response to her gentle but persistent touch.

"Demonstrating some of the perks of your new position," she cooed. "Why, do you want me to stop?" she asked in a way that suggested she already knew the answer as her toe continued to dance along his leg.

"No," he replied, this barest of contact driving him crazy, yet at the same time unwilling to deny himself the wonderful sensations it was producing in him,

wanting more and more even as the pressure in his groin grew once again to unsustainable levels. He had to do something about it, and fast.

Covertly and casually as to not draw attention to what he was doing, he slipped a hand down over his crotch, slowly and quietly pulling down the zipper, fiddling with his boxers underneath until at last with a sigh of relief he felt his cock spring free into the open air, beginning to stroke it. Yes, this was much better, he thought to himself.

"I didn't think so," she replied, not giving any indication that she knew what he was up to under the table, the enormous effect she was having on him with so little effort. "That's why I want to lay everything on the table, or under the table, so to speak. I love you, sweetie, you know that, but lately I feel like my affection for you has been growing, changing in ways that to be honest, I found unsettling. I found myself not just caring for you as a son, but desiring you as a man.

"At first I thought it was just because of my self-imposed loneliness since your dad passed, and tried to push such thoughts away as being wrong and sick. But lately, and especially today for some reason, that line of thinking just seems silly to me, that instead of denying it I should embrace it, for it is merely another dimension to the already beautiful relationship we already share. And happily, I'm pretty sure you feel the same way."

"Oh, and what makes you say that?" he asked, unable to believe his mom was talking to him like this, the moral side of his brain protesting feebly that he should put an end to this right now. But the unusually warm night air, the intoxicating scent of the candles mingling with the other alluring scents of the garden, and

most of all the sight of his mother looking like a busty centerfold that'd just stepped out of the pages of some racy magazine quickly quashed such thoughts as he continued to stroke idly at his freed shaft in tandem with her motions on his leg.

Another giggle. "Oh, just little things I couldn't help but pick up on - the quick sideways looks I've noticed you giving me when you thought I wasn't looking, that I'm pretty sure weren't about appreciating my motherly virtues. The extra-tight hugs which I've really enjoyed, and other minor and seemingly unrelated occurrences that didn't really mean anything, until now, in light of today's events."

He scoffed. "I can hardly see how you could use today as an example of any untoward feelings I might have toward you, which I'm not admitting to by the way," he quickly added. "If anything, quite the opposite."

"It certainly seems that way on the surface," she admitted. "But now that I can see clearly what I want, I can see more deeply into your motivations. You weren't considering that job with Daisy because you were enticed by that slut's offer. No, it was because you had begun to think of me in ways that most would call forbidden and, afraid of the potential consequences, you subconsciously decided to remove the temptation, me, from reach. That's also why you tried to set me up with Rick, so I'd be off the playing field. Go ahead, tell me I'm wrong."

He wanted to argue, to tell her she was crazy for even suggesting such a thing. He should laugh at the ridiculousness of it all. But he couldn't, because deep down, he had to grudgingly admit she was right. But thinking about such a thing was one matter, which he suspected a lot of people did, but actually going through with it

was another. He was about to say so, when she spoke up first. "And perhaps most telling of all, there's the fact that after conspiring with Celeste to set up this dinner for me with Rick, you hung around and spied on us. Tell me, why did you do that?"

"That's easy," he said as he continued to rub himself, getting a bit frustrated. Normally he would've been able to cum by now, but while he could feel a climax close, he just couldn't get himself over the brink for some reason. "I began to worry that Rick might be some sort of creep, and might do something untoward once you two were alone, so I decided to stick around for a bit. Turns out I was right."

She nodded. "Yes, and I'm grateful that you did. Still, I can't help but feel that there was more to it than mere concern," she said, staring at Owen intently, as he hoped she couldn't see his slightly jerking arm in the subdued lighting. "I think at least part of it was jealousy, that you thought Rick and I might hit it off, and I might end up doing naughty things with him instead of you. Naughty things like this."

And suddenly, to Owen's amazement, her dainty little foot trailed up over his knee and slid smoothly over his thigh until it'd made contact with his cock, causing him to jerk back his hand in astonishment. So she had known what he was doing, he thought, although unable to care at the moment. Because unlike on his leg her delicate digits were making actual flesh to flesh contact, with most sensitive skin on his body to be precise, and the difference was palpable as a soft groan escaped his lips.

She smiled at his reaction. "There's a lot of ways I can't compete with women your own age, sweetie, but I can assure you that not a single one of them will ever be able to match me in experience, passion, and the sheer raw desire to send you rocketing to the highest plane of ecstasy every damn day for the rest of my life. Here, let me give you a sample."

And with those words she scooched a little deeper in her seat, adjusting herself a bit as she took hold of the armrests, stretching her lower body even further under the table until Owen soon felt her other bare foot joining the other to stroke the other side of his exposed erect cock, both sliding up and down his length in a synchronized motion. His earlier efforts had coaxed out quite a bit of precum which now coated the velvety surface, producing a slight slippery, squishing sound as her feet moved up and down his shaft.

"My, my, you were having more fun down there than I thought you were," she teased as she licked her lips, seeming to relish the feel of his fluids as she pressed on with her work. "But there's no need for you go it alone ever again, because mommy's here for you, to take care of you anytime you need her, with more tenderness, affection, and skill than Daisy or Becky or any other woman ever could, okay?"

"Okay," he said, leaning his head back against the seat. He still wasn't sure about all this, but he was hornier than he'd ever been in his life, and it'd been so long since a girl had paid any sort of attention to him that he'd be damned if he was going to interrupt the one that was doing so now, even if said woman happened to be his own mother. "Fuck," he groaned as she gave his cock a gentle squeeze between her feet in the course of her motions. He'd never gotten a foot job before, never even really thought about one. But now that an obvious master was

performing one on him, he knew he'd been missing out big time. "I get the feeling you've done this before."

She let out a small laugh. "Your father loved these, even more than when I sucked his cock. Why, one time I even did one for him when we went out to a fancy restaurant for our anniversary. It was so hot, getting him off like that in public, all those people around us, totally oblivious to what we were doing."

"So hot," Owen said, not only in response to her confessed and extreme public display of affection, but also at the mention of her sucking cock, liking that idea very much as he adjusted himself to give her even better access, listening to the gentle wet sounds of her toes tickling over his cock.

She studied him a moment before responding, a wicking smile forming on her lips. "Since you seem to like that idea so much, maybe I'll do it for you sometime. Ooohhh, maybe at the wedding tomorrow!" she exclaimed with devilish delight. "We'll take a break and sit at a table near the back, out of the center of attention.

"And this time it'll be even steamier, because I won't be just a woman pleasing her man, but a mother satisfying her own son in a deliciously forbidden way in the midst of countless onlookers who would no doubt condemn and punish us if they knew what we were up to. Doesn't that sound amazing?" she cooed, brushing his moist crown ever so slightly with her pinky toe, running it right over the oozing tip, causing him to shudder.

"Yeeeeessss," he sighed, becoming lost in the sensations her relentless, expert ministrations were sending through him.

But Holly wasn't done tantalizing him with her dirty talk just yet. "But why stop there?" she pressed, savoring the effect she was having on her son. "Perhaps I could pretend to drop my contact under the table, it being so small and hard to see it'd take me a dreadfully long time to find it. And while I was down there 'searching' I could give that long wonderful cock of yours some extra special attention as only a mother can."

"Yes," she said in response to his questioning look, "even though I haven't seen it I can tell it's a magnificent specimen, as long as your father's, and nice and thick to boot. Maybe I'll forego a bra again tomorrow and whip out my tits, spit on them to get them all nice and slobbery, and snuggle your incredible piece of man meat between them. Would you like that, sweetie?" she asked, increasing her tempo on his member. He was getting close, she noted, detecting the telltale swelling of the bulbous tip, that felt almost twice as thick as the shaft.

"Or maybe," she continued, not waiting for his answer. Not that he could have answered anyway, given the catatonic state he seemed to be in. "Maybe I'll just gobble your dick in my mouth right away, give it a nice, hot tongue bath, since I'm eager to find out if I can take the whole thing without gagging. It's been a while, but I'll do my best for my special man," she promised with a saucy wink. Fuck, I haven't felt this wild and wanton since high school! She thought, loving the feeling. "And then, after I swallow your delicious load down my throat, I'll keep sucking and sucking until you're once again nice and hard, before popping your tasty pole out of my mouth, hiking up my skirts and jamming it all the way up my hot--"

"OHSHITOHFUCK!!!" Owen screamed as his body went tense and she felt his cock twitch before spewing out his climax, Holly able to hear the forceful jets splashing against the bottom of the table, before dripping back down to coat her feet, ankles and lower legs in its sticky, glorious warmth, marveling at its intensity as it shot forth from him, wondering what it would feel like spraying deep inside her pussy, slathering her womb with its gooey goodness...

At last the spasms subsided to a slight twitch, his cock shrinking as she withdrew her feet back down to the ground, rubbing them together, awed by the thick layer of man cream now coating them like a second skin, yearning to taste it.

She had to actively resist the urge to pull her feet up to her mouth and lick them clean of his cum as she diddled herself to climax, but figured that despite what had just happened the sight of his mother acting like a degraded cum-starved whore might be a bit much for him right now. Plenty more where that came from, she assured herself, smacking her lips at the thought, as she stared up at the night sky, filled with as many stars as possibilities now in her future.

After a moment of blissful dreaming she turned back to Owen, who still looked a little dazed by the experience, flashing him her best smile. "So, what do you think, want to give me a go?" she asked, shaking her shoulders and sending another pleasing wobbling tremor through her tits. "Because I promise, that's just the tip of the iceberg of my...expertise," she said, confident that she'd won him over, that he could now get to work satisfying the fire raging within her loins.

"I think..." He said, sounding strange as he stood, shoving his now flaccid cock back in his jeans and zipping them. "That it's getting late, and I better get to work icing that wedding cake."

And then he turned and hurried away.

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"Damn!" Owen swore as he worked to coax another piece of cake out of its pan, but again it was being stubborn as the others. And with his short temper he almost ruined this piece as well, a slight tear forming in its side as it plopped down on the wax paper he'd laid out. He repaired it as best he could, praying that once it he'd frosted it no one would notice.

He sighed as he took a few steps back from the counter, looking ruefully at the kitchen island and all the other cake parts laying there, all marred with slight imperfections. Such unfortunate mishaps never happened to him, because no matter what was going on in his personal life he'd always been able to shut it away when he was walked into the kitchen, focusing on the task at hand and seeing it through to perfection. It was a skill his instructors had praised him for at the culinary academy, and went a long way toward earning him top honors at graduation.

But this time was different, he thought as he strode over to the large window looking out at the Garden of Love, the curtains now tightly drawn over it in his attempt to shut out what had happened there, an effort he was coming to realize

was futile. For the more he tried to block out what had transpired, the deeper the images seemed to burrow into his mind, taking root and resisting all attempts to dislodge them. He let out a long breath as he bumped his head against the curtained glass, wondering if he should just give up and go to bed.

That's when he heard a slight scuffling sound behind him, turning to see his mom standing in the doorway. She still looked sexy as hell, although now it was more subdued, her face downcast, arms clasped behind her back, shoulders slumped. "Hey sweetie," she said, all the playfulness gone from her voice as she stared at the floor, the toe of her sandal scraping against the polished surface. "Sorry to bother you, but, well, I just didn't feel like being alone right now, especially if I ran into Rick again. Not that I think he'd be violent or anything, but I just don't want to face him again, or anyone else for that matter right now, you know?"

Owen nodded in understanding, now feeling guilty for abandoning her like that, although in his frazzled state he hadn't been thinking clearly. And if he was being honest, he still wasn't. "It's okay," he said, taking off the chef's hat she'd gotten him for his last birthday and tossing it aside in frustration. "I was doing more harm than good here, anyway."

She looked up at him, lips curved in a slight smile. "I doubt that very much. Still," she said, again becoming solemn, "I think we should talk about what happened."

"Okay," he said after a minute, still uneasy about the whole thing but knowing there was no avoiding it.

She moved closer to him, stopping a few feet away with her arms wrapped tightly around her chest, unknowingly accentuating her swelling breasts. At least Owen assumed it was unknowingly anyway, as she began speaking.

"First of all, I think I owe you an apology. No matter how I was feeling, I came on way too strongly out there, and doing those...things," she said with a slight blush. "I can still hardly believe it myself. The only excuse I can offer is that there's something about this place, it's taken what has been up to now a few idle musings and magnified them into something much more powerful, and I couldn't control myself. I can't blame you if you're upset with me."

He nodded, knowing exactly how she felt, remembering the fruit and the subsequent and inexplicably lifelike vision of Abigail and Edward together that had intensified his own feelings on the matter. "It's okay, mom," he said as soothingly as he could, wanting to hug her but afraid of what might happen if he did, remembering how electric her touch had been earlier, his heartrate quickening at the thought. "And I'm not mad at you. You're right, there's something about this place, messing with our minds, making us do things that we normally would never do."

"Well, I don't know if I'd go that far," she said, looking thoughtful. "As I've said, I have had some random imaginings lately about you that a mother shouldn't have about her son, although I don't know if I'd ever had the courage to act on them as I did today. And while I feel guilty about being so, let's just say aggressively assertive about it, I can't bring myself to completely regret my actions. I know it's sick and perverted, but giving you pleasure like that, well, it made me feel good in a way I haven't felt in a long time."

He chuckled at her creative phrasing of the incident, glad the tension between them was cracking somewhat. "Well, since we're being honest here, I might as well go next. I don't think that there's a boy on earth that hasn't had inappropriate thoughts about his mother at one time or another, and I'm no exception. Especially when said mother is as stunning as you."

"Stunning, you say?" she repeated, flicking her hair behind her back with a flourish and beaming. "You really think so?"

"Absolutely," Owen affirmed. "You're easily supermodel material mom, even now, and I'm surprised you didn't grace the cover of Sports Illustrated, or even Playboy."

The blush deepened. "Actually, I did do a few shoots, tasteful I might add, before I married your father and put all that behind me."

"No kidding?" he said. "Well, I'm not surprised, and I suppose that's at least part of why there's a second part to my confession - I didn't completely hate, you know, what you did."

"Really?" she asked, most of the heavy guilt in her chest melting away, replaced by more heat between her legs. Control yourself, Holly, a voice warned. Just because he isn't repulsed by it necessarily means he wants more. "So in that case, do you think that there actually might be something here between us worth exploring?" she asked, unable to keep a twinge of hope from her tone.

He shrugged, either ignoring or not picking up on her cautious optimism. "Maybe there is, maybe there isn't. But all I know right now is that this is a weird situation, and that we shouldn't try to figure it out here. Once we're away from this place and its strangeness we'll give ourselves a little time to think, and then we'll decide where to go from there. Sound good?"

"Agreed," Holly said. She didn't like the idea of waiting, especially since she was already pretty sure her thoughts on the matter weren't about to change anytime soon. Sure, this place may have dragged her feelings for her son out of the shadows and fed them to the point of bursting, but it hadn't manufactured them.

But beyond that, there was something besides Owen's wariness about the effect this place might be having on their state of mind, something else holding him back, something he wasn't yet ready to talk about. If he needed time, she would give it to him. She just hoped that her toys, which were suddenly looking woefully inadequate, would hold her burgeoning and suddenly ravenous libido in check until then.

"Well, in that spirit, you wanna go ahead and take off?" he asked, looking disgusted at the ruined pieces of dessert nearby. "I don't think there's any way to salvage this mess, and I don't want you to have to worry about running into Rick again. We'll just have to stop at the nearest bakery and have their best cake delivered here, as well as a note of apology."

Holly considered. She'd never really been worried about Rick, a crass pig to be sure but nothing she couldn't handle. She'd just used him as an excuse to get back

into her son's good graces after that awkward but exhilarating incident out in the garden. And the sooner they left, the sooner they could work through whatever was bugging Owen, and then they could hopefully pick up where they'd left off. And this time, she thought with an inner smile as she recalled his supermodel compliment, he'd be getting a lot more than a foot job. But the cake...she reflected, looking toward the kitchen island.

With the greatest of reluctance, she shook her head. "I'm sorry, sweetie, but we can't just cut and run," she said, having to force the words out of her mouth. "We've both worked hard to build up this business, our business now, and bad word of mouth from a place like this could really cause our reputation to nosedive. And beyond that, it's against my nature to break a promise to a client once I've given my word, and to leave the job unfinished."

Owen let out a long breath. "You're right mom," he said, pride overcoming the resignation in his voice, squaring his shoulders as he put his hat back on. "It'll probably take the rest of the night, but I think there's still enough ingredients here to bake another batch of cakes--"

"That won't be necessary," Holly interrupted, bundling her long loose hair back into a ponytail with a scrunchie, and donning her own matching chef's hat with a grin. "You may be the master chef here, but I've logged a lot more hours of actual kitchen time. As such I've made a lot more mistakes, and learned how to correct them in some pretty creative ways that they may not teach in cooking school.

"So, you get started on the frosting, and I'll get to work patching up the casualties, which I can't help but feel I'm responsible for, anyway," she said, moving over to

the island and assessing the broken and torn pieces. It wouldn't be easy, but she'd get it done one way or another, she resolved, pushing aside the matter of her soaring sex drive and shifting back into professional mode, glad to have something to focus her mind on instead of increasingly lewd images of her son.

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"What the fuck?" Holly coughed out; the words muffled by her arm as the whir of the food processor died away. She blinked, waving her hand through the tiny particles floating through the air, trying to disperse them as she struggled to repair the wounded cake pieces Owen had fumbled. Because he'd been distracted thinking about me, she noted with a hint of satisfaction as she turned to him. "Did you not get the lid on tight?"

"I thought I did," Owen said, sneezing into his elbow before turning back to the now lidless container of the food processor into which he'd placed the remaining dried Sweetheart fruits to grind them into powder for the cake frosting. All had been going as planned, until about halfway through the lid had inexplicably flown off and scattered a cloud of the fine particles into the air all around the kitchen before he could flip off the machine. "I could've sworn I locked it in place."

"It's okay, sweetie, these things happen," Holly soothed as she walked over and peered at the remaining contents, still coughing slightly into her elbow. "Do you think you still have enough for the frosting?"

"I think so," he muttered, eyeing the remaining powder. "I tried a few of these fruits earlier, and they're pretty strong. "But before that," he said, coughing a bit himself as he moved over to the large window, flinging open the curtains, no longer afraid to view the garden, "we need to clear it out in here a bit," he said, examining the window and the area around it. "What the hell? I could've sworn I saw a latch to open these here earlier," he said, still feeling around.

"It's okay," Holly said, the drifting particles not bothering her as much as they had at first, and she was actually coming to like the spicy-sweet aroma they filled the room with. "I'm sure it'll disperse before too long. In the meantime, we should get back to work."

But despite her prediction not only did the fruity dust fail to dissipate even with the kitchen door open, but its aroma actually intensified. But that's okay, Holly thought as she took in another deep breath, smiling dreamily, feeling even more warm and loose than she had during dinner, as if walls and boundaries and barriers no longer existed, or at least no longer carried the importance they once had in her mind, bolstering the feeling she could do anything she wanted.

And in that moment all she wanted was to get fucked. Hard.

She looked over to Owen nearby, watching his back as he finished up the frosting nearby, resisting the urge to reach under her dress and finger her moistening crotch. Damn he looks so good, she thought to herself, taking in his muscled build and broad chest he'd inherited from his dad. She was now regretting the promise she'd made to wait, yearning to feel his cock again, knowing instinctively that despite how wrong all this was, it was the only thing that could slake her desire.

There's no time for this, her swooning mind admonished her, pulling her grudgingly back to the job they had to complete. But once they were finished... "How's it going?" she asked her son, voice throaty with lust.

"Just finished up," he said, turning around, eyes popping when he saw the miracle she'd worked with the seemingly ruined cakes pieces. "Wow mom," he said in an awed voice. "These look great, like straight from the pan perfect. You're awesome!"

"Thanks sweetie," she said, heating up even more at his praise, the room now feeling like a hot oven to her as she rubbed her groin clandestinely against the edge of the island. "Like my mom used to say, it's remarkable what a little patience and a gentle hand can accomplish," she said softly. "So, would you like to go ahead and start frosting, or would you like to take a little break and...cool off first?" she asked as she scratched casually at one of her tits, which were once again tingling like crazy.

As she did so, she was a bit surprised to feel wetness along the fabric, but in the end decided it was just sweat, for not only had the evening turned out exceedingly warm, but the air in the kitchen, which had been rather refreshing when she first entered, had now seemed to fail completely.

On his end, Owen was having difficulties of his own, for like Holly he'd also been affected by the lingering fruit powder in the air, stirring up memories of not only dinner but also lurid imaginings of what might have happened had he not fled, his cock once again going as rigid as a frozen flag pole.

Once again he wondered if he should just say fuck it and ask his mom to help him out as she had at dinner, but again rejecting the idea. Nothing can happen between you and her, and you know why, he admonished himself, deciding that the best course was to just to wrap this up as quickly as possible so he could devote his full attention to the problem at hand, he thought, glancing down at his groin. "If you don't mind, let's just go ahead and finish what we've started."

She smiled, as if that was what she wanted him to say. "Sounds good. I'll get the toys, I mean the tools and implements we'll need."

Holly didn't know how, but somehow she managed to keep enough of a hold on her slippery concentration to zero in on the task at hand, channeling her frustrated libido into do a halfway decent job icing the cake. More than halfway decent, she considered as she took a step back, admiring the masterpiece Owen and herself had managed to create. The main body was a light violet, thanks to the dried fruit powder, with darker purple borders piped on and interspersed with frosting flowers, heart-shaped like the ones on the Sweetheart Tree, a last-minute burst of inspiration on her part. "Not bad, if I do say so myself."

Owen chuckled. "Alright, enough with the false modesty mom, it's spectacular and we both know it, probably our best work to date. We really do make a great team, don't we?"

"We sure do, sweetie!" Holly said with a bright grin. "It's almost like when we get together, magic happens, doesn't it?"

He nodded, and for a moment they just stood there staring at each other across the island, the sexual tension so thick they could've sliced the cake with it. Then, Owen cleared his throat. "Well, it's getting late and tomorrow's gonna be a big day," he declared, straightening. "Why don't you get onto bed, and I'll handle the cleanup?" he suggested, grabbing an armful of the dirty cookware and quickly turning around to the sink behind him.

But not fast enough for Holly to miss glimpsing the massive bulge in his pants, the brief sight causing the simmering sexual energy she'd poured into finishing the cake to come flaring back up with a ferocity that shocked even her, knowing that she would never be able to sleep or even rest until she took care of it, knowing that there was no dildo or vibrator that could tame it. There was only one solution, and it was right here in this room, straining painfully against her son's jeans.

"Nonsense," she said, her brain locking into an irreversible course of action as she flung off her hat. After all, she was the parent here, the seasoned adult, the one who knew what was best for her child, she resolved, making her way over to stand beside him at the sink. It was time to force the issue of what was obviously on both their minds. "After all, she purred, tracing a finger along his bicep, "what kind of mother would I be if I didn't help my boy clean up after himself, especially when I helped make all this sweet, gooey, creamy mess," she said, snatching up one of the used mixing beaters and slowly licking the frosting off. "Mmmm...so yummy."

She watched him cling to the pans he was holding so tight that his knuckled whitened, before dropping them into the sink. "I...I don't think that's a good idea," he stuttered, pretending not to look at her but surreptitiously watching her

tongue dance along the beater out of the corner of his eye, not missing an instant of it as she cleaned it with expert precision, riveted as she used the tip of her tongue to flick off the last of it. Involuntarily his eyes flicked down toward her mounds, and he was shocked to see concentric rings of fluid staining the tips, allowing him to see the pink of her nipples underneath. Fuck, he thought to himself, was that breast milk? But how?

He didn't know it was possible, but somehow he became even harder than he already was to the point he thought his cock would tear right through his pants. "Maybe we should both just go to bed, and leave all this until tomorrow," he suggested weakly.

She giggled, sensing he was close, oh so very close to giving in to what they both wanted, what they both needed. "Ohhh...I like that idea even better," she said, leaning forward to whisper hotly in his ear. "But I hate the idea of huddling in that big, soft bed of mine all alone tonight, with nothing and no one to keep me warm," she said softly, adding in a little shiver to emphasize her point. "Too bad that there's not some big, strong, hot man around to share my bed, to stave off the chill, and keep me nice and toasty till morning."

Without warning he spun towards her, raw animal need etched into his already chiseled features. Holly straightened, and for a moment she thought he was going to sweep her off her feet right then and there and to their cabin for a night of unbridled passion. But then, he seemed to gain a small measure of control over himself as he studied her countenance. "You have...some frosting on your chin," he said quietly, rubbing the same spot on his chin.

"Oops, silly me," she said with a sheepish grin, extending her tongue downward and around back and forth in a agonizingly slow manner, never taking her eyes off his as she made an effort to scoop up the wayward icing. "Did I get it?"

"No," he said flatly, again mesmerized by the actions of her tongue, torn between that and the pressing of her breasts against her garment below. "Here, let me help you." And then before he could think about what he was doing he leaned in close to her, deftly scraping up the glob with his own tongue.

As he did so Holly adjusted her head slightly so that in completing the action his upper lip scraped against her lower one, and faster than either realized it their lips were pressed tightly together in a full-on romantic kiss, Holly tasting the sweet, fruity frosting on his tongue as it rose up to meet hers, an electric charge ripping through her body at the contact, setting her loins ablaze.

Then before she could react she felt his lips breaking away from hers, taking a few steps back from her as he gingerly pressed his fingers against them, as if unable to believe what had just occurred. "This can't happen," he whispered.

"Why not?" she panted, her body aching with the need to be ravished over and over again. "It's obvious we both want this," she said, eyes on his protruding midsection. "Look, sweetie, I know you think this place is doing this to us, trying to push us together for whatever reason. But I swear by everything that what I'm feeling for you is real, and I love you now more fully and completely than I ever have before, and I never want to stop. And I want nothing more than to show you how much, right here and now! And unless I'm more wrong than I've ever been in my life, you want to do the same to me."

He let out a long sigh, rubbing at his head. "You're...not wrong, about how I feel. But it isn't that simple."

"Why not?" she asked, a sliver of a smile returning to her face, feeling enormously relieved now that he'd at least admitted he was feeling the same way, that she wasn't alone in her admittedly sordid but nonetheless genuine affection. "Is it the immorality, the illegality of it, what others will say if they find out? Because I promise no one ever will, not from me anyway."

He shook his head. "It's not that, although it is something to think about. No, what I mean is, well..."

"What?" she asked, taking a step towards him, wanting nothing more than to tear his clothes off and grab his cock, but knowing they needed to talk about what was bothering him, or the concept of 'they' would remain nothing more than a lovely idea in her head if he retreated again. She couldn't let that happen, not after being so damn close to what she wanted, so with an effort she tamped down her urges and switched into mother mode. "You can tell me anything, sweetie, you know that."

"Can I?" he asked, with more than a little bitterness, but nevertheless continued. "You know how tight Becky and I were, right? So when she broke up with me it hurt, it hurt bad."

Holly nodded, remembering how inseparable they'd seemed, how the girl had even come to hang around him on the job and how it had annoyed her, now understanding that it wasn't just because Becky was interrupting their work. "But you never really told me why she decided to end things."

"Well, before I get into that, there's something else you should know - last year, about a month before I graduated from cooking school, I asked her to marry me. And she said yes."

Holly's eyes sauced at that. "Really?" she said in a disbelieving tone, mind reeling. "I mean, I suspected something like that might be coming, but I had no idea you'd already popped the question. But in that case, why did--"

"Why, after everything, did she drop me like a bag of moldy muffins?" he cut her off, a sharp edge in his tone. "At first she gave me some line about us growing apart, it wasn't until after I pressed her that she finally came out and accused me of cheating on her. Which was a total lie, I swear."

"Of course it was," she said. She could tell when her son was might be bending the truth, but he wasn't doing so now. Besides, between his job with her and Becky's demands on his time, he hadn't had time for anything else besides sleep. Wait a minute, she considered, a thought coming to her. Could it be that...

He smiled weakly at his mom, grateful that she, at least, believed in him. "Even so, it makes little difference. There was obviously some flaw or flaws in me that made her distrust me, to throw away everything we had and turn against me the way

she did. Don't you see? If we...got together, then chances are whatever it is in me that drove Becky away will eventually do the same to you, and then I wouldn't even have a mom whose shoulder I could cry into," he said, almost forlornly.

"Oh, sweetie," she said as she felt her heart breaking, all her lewd thoughts gone in the face of her child's distress as she rushed over and held him in her arms as she'd done countless times since the day he'd been born, her only desire now to comfort and console him. All this time he'd been suffering silently, wondering what was wrong with him, and she'd had no idea. "I'm so sorry," she whispered. "And I promise that whatever ends up happening between us, I will never, ever abandon you like that."

"I appreciate it," he murmured, putting his arms around her back. "But if Becky could do it..." he trailed off, but Holly knew what he was thinking - if his closest friend, confidant and fiancée could apparently drop him with such ease, then anyone could. Well, time to dispel him of that notion.

"You're wrong," she said, breaking apart enough to look him in the eye. "For one thing, I'm not just some friend, even a close one, I'm your mother. You grew in me, came from my body, and as such share a bond of blood and love that can never be broken, or even understood by anyone else. Besides, there's no way a kind, gentle, caring man like yourself could ever do anything that would drive me away from you." She didn't know why, but just talking about their intimate connection like this was getting her hot again. You're a pervert, Holly Cabot, she admonished herself, but was finding that more and more she just didn't give a damn.

"And secondly," Holly continued, her tone taking on a mischievous air, "Maybe Becky was right, perhaps you were cheating on her."

He started to protest, when she put a finger to his lips, silencing him. "Let me explain," she continued, glad to see his mouth close in response. "I don't mean overtly, like you were actively seeing or sleeping with someone else besides her. But correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't your problems with her begin when you came to work with me right after graduation?"

"Think about it - could it be possible that even then, you and I may have, at least on a subconscious level, been attracted to each other sexually? If so, we may have been unknowingly sending subtle cues and signals to each other that affected our behavior in slight and almost imperceptible ways, but enough for Becky to pick up on. After all, women are very perceptive about such things."

He considered that for a moment. "It's conceivable," he admitted, "And you were the only woman besides her that I ever spent a lot of time with." Suddenly a lot of the tension seemed to drain out of him as he seemed to come to some sort of realization. "Wait a minute, so does that mean...?"

Holly nodded, a big grin on her face. "That's right, sweetie, there's absolutely nothing wrong with you, you're a wonderful, sexy man that any woman would be lucky as hell to snag, and it's just my good fortune that I'm the gal you've wanted all along." She wrapped her arms around his neck. As I've said, this place isn't making us be together, it's just helping bring what's been there all along to the surface.

"But even with that in mind, I want to make things as easy as possible for you," she said, interlacing her fingers behind his neck. "I know this whole thing is weird as fuck for you, and a little for me if I'm being honest, although for me that just make the whole thing hotter. Anyway, here's what I propose - that we give our new relationship as a couple a trial run, to see how things go.

"And if at the end either of us has any doubts, we go back to normal mother and son mode and never bring it up again, and I promise I won't love or care for you a jot less than I do right now. But in the meantime," she added, snuggling her extra pillowy chest against his, "we'd get to do all sorts of fun naked stuff with each other, over and over again as much as you'd like, anytime you'd like, any way you'd like, and which I must emphasize mommy really, really needs right now," she panted. "So tell me, are you ready to become my partner, in every sense of the word?" she asked, reaching a hand behind her head and removing the scrunchie, shaking her golden mane loose to tumble around her shoulders.

In response Owen again wrapped his arms around her, not the gentle way he had before when he'd been seeking solace from a parent, but rather hard and aggressive, tight and clinging like a miser would to his last bag of gold as he mashed his lips down over hers in a deep, passionate kiss. This time there was no doubt or hesitation, their hot wet tongues tangling tightly together in a twisting sloppy mass, the hard tip of his cock pressing into her flat belly.

Yes! Yes! Yes! Holly screamed in her mind as she felt herself being pushed back by the raw force of his finally unleashed lust, which had been simmering without an outlet these past few months. It was now directed entirely on her, causing her to quiver at the delights that now awaited her. It was then that she felt something firm and hard pressing into her lower back, and through the lust-filled haze she

was giving over her mind to, she realized it was the kitchen island, and as Owen pressed her down over it something niggled at her mind, an inaudible whisper warning that something was wrong...

And then it hit her, literally, as her back made contact with something creamy and moist. Oh no, the cake! She realized at last, but by then it was too late, as she was lying flat on her back amidst the ruins of the creation she and Owen had worked so hard to make, the fatty buttercream seeping into the fabric of her dress.

For a brief moment panic seized her, thinking of how furious Celeste and the Millers would be, what that would mean for her business.

But then she felt Owen's lips, which had left her mouth, and were now planting warm kisses on her neck, working their way toward her chest, arms now pressing into the smooth surface on either side of her for support. "It's okay," he assured her in a tone that radiated confidence between kisses. "I'll make it right, even if I have to stay up all night making another one. But right now, I need this, I need you."

And with those words, Holly ceased to care about anything but her son, and the wonderful things he was doing to her body, everything other concern disappearing from her mind. Owen loved her, and she loved him, and that was all that mattered. "Fuck the cake, and fuck the wedding!" she growled, her hormones taking full control as she started to writhe under him like a wanton slut. "And for the love of God, fuck the hell out of me!"

If he'd had any lingering doubts, her heated words drove them from him as he grunted his acknowledgment, his tongue now flicking between the cleft of her cleavage. But she needed more, for her tits now felt like they were filled with a colony of bustling ants instead of just them simply jostling along the surface. She reached an arm up to one of her dress straps, starting to pull it down to give him better access.

Only to discover, to her delighted surprise, that Owen in his awakened savage state had lost all semblance of patience for such niceties. She'd just grabbed hold of the strap when he suddenly lifted himself back up to a standing position over her prostrate form, looking at him in askance as he clasped both hands firmly along the borders of her outfit's neckline, and before she could respond she felt a sharp jerking movement as Owen tore her dress straight down the middle down the center of her torso, continuing relentlessly downward until with a final ripping sound her skirt split in two. Owen pushed aside the remains of the dress, taking in the sight of his mother's body for the first time.

Her completely nude body, Holly corrected mentally, Owen had seen her in bikinis and other scanty attire before. But in her earlier frisky mood she had decided to forgo not only her bra but panties as well, now glad she had as she drank in his expression. It wasn't so much surprise, as she'd expected, more like a sense of reverent awe, as if taking in a masterpiece of art or architecture, feeling not only joy but also relief as she lay there now clad only in her sandals and the lovely necklace Celeste had given her.

She'd been a little worried about his reaction to her body, wondering that even with its apparent improvements if it measured up to Becky's or any other of the young things he'd been surrounded by in school. But from his look she needn't have been, seeing desire and longing there like she'd never seen before. She was

glad, for although she was no stranger to men seeing her naked and exposed, this time was different, wanting Owen to be as pleased with her as she was with him.

And obviously, he was. "Like what you see?" she teased, spreading her legs a bit to give him a better view of her trimmed but still quite bushy golden pussy, wanting to hear in words what his eyes were saying, relishing the feel of his eyes roaming over her bare body, pressing her massive jugs together enticingly.

"You're the hottest woman I've ever seen," he muttered, genuine admiration in his voice, lips curving into a half smile. "And if you don't mind me saying so, you look especially delectable lying in that wedding cake. I have to say, violet really is your color."

"Oh, is that so?" she asked playfully, raising an eyebrow. "Then why just lie in it, when I can wear it?" And with those words, she used her hands to scoop up two heaping piles of the smashed cake and frosting mixture, smearing them all over her extremely sensitive tits. "As I recall we didn't have dessert with dinner, so now's your chance to really indulge yourself."

Owen didn't need any more encouragement, diving back down to plant his face between her ample mounds, licking and slurping up the sweet mess covering them like a starving dog as Holly moaned with pleasure as his rough tongue swept over her sensitive flesh, unable to remember the last time her tits had been shown such marvelous attention that left her tits clean and glistening with his saliva, with two very conspicuous exceptions. "I think you missed a spot or two," she teased, noting the two purple globs that still topped her hardened nipples.

He gave her a sly wink, his face full of passion and intense hunger that she'd never seen on him before now. It startled her at first, before deciding that she liked it. "Saving the best for last," he said before his mouth suctioned around her left nipple, letting out a satisfied sigh as she felt his oral appendage begin to swirl around it in a slow circular motion, savoring it the way a kid would a lollipop, rocketing Holly to hitherto unknown realms of pleasure as she closed her eyes and lost herself in the moment.

Until in the middle of his incredible ministrations he suddenly stopped. She opened her eyes and looked down at him, wondering what had caused the unwanted interruption to find him looking at her, his face hovering just over her heaving breasts, a stunned expression on his face as something white and creamy trickled down his chin. "Mom," he said, sounding strange, "you're...lactating."

And then it hit her, why her breasts had felt so tingly and sensitive all day, it was because they were brimming with milk. The small part of her brain that hadn't been given over to carnal satisfaction briefly wondered how this was possible, before it was drowned out by a fresh wave of atavistic need screaming that it didn't matter, that since it was she may as well take advantage of it.

"So I am," she giggled, seeing his expression lighten at her apparent blasé and even pleased reaction. She raised herself to a sitting position on the counter, wrapping her arm around his head to keep it close to her mounds. "So how does it taste?"

He smacked his lips, considering. "Delicious," he said with a wide grin, now that the initial shock of discovering her teats were laden with milk had worn off.

"Then drink up," she encouraged, using her hand to guide his mouth gently back to her bud. "Have some of my milk to go with your cake, as much as you want, because right now I feel like a fucking cow about to burst."

She sighed with contentment and relief as he once again began to eagerly suckle at her nipple, the intense pressure that'd been building up all evening draining away. "Oh, that feels so fucking good!" she squealed, coaxing him to her other breast which he began to Hoover with equal fervor, unable to believe that after all these years she was once again nursing her son, feeding and nourishing her child with the same tender affection she had so long ago, only this time with a decidedly erotic element thrown into the mix that made her squirm with the forbidden decadence of it all. Not only that, but this time there was no one to tell her to stop, allowing her to indulge in this and every other depraved form of gratification she could think of, and one thing she had never lacked was imagination.

"Oh fuck!" she cried out as Owen nipped playfully around her areola, not enough to hurt but sufficient to send another jolt of energy through her body as he drained her warm cream from her engorged mounds, now alternating back and forth between them as he drank to his heart's content.

"Oh yes, you're making mommy feel so wonderful!" she moaned out as she ran her fingers through his hair, a bit surprised to feel the telltale signs of an orgasm clawing its way out of her core. She'd never had one without her or someone else fingering or at least touching her pussy or clit, but then again, she'd never had her breasts worshipped the attentive and pleasing way Owen was doing right now.

So, between his dexterity and the recognition that it was her own son doing this to her was all she needed as the blissful pressure continued to mount.

"Yes, just like that, you're sucking mommy's tits so damn good!" she cried out, mashing his face even deeper into her bountiful melons as he continued to slurp, lick and suck at them furiously in his quest to slake his thirst for her life-giving liquid. "You're gonna make me oh...Oooohhhhhh!" she cried out as she came for the second time that day, losing control of her body as it juddered like a vibrating bed.

As the waves of pleasure saturating her body slowly subsided, she lifted herself up so that she was sitting on the edge of the counter, looking down at herself. Milk still trickled from her well-used nipples, dribbling down her mounds to merge in the center of her stomach, forming a small rivulet that streamed down to mingle with the fluids flowing generously from her clit, her pubic hair moist and matted with her arousal as Owen took a step back.

Holly looked to him, wondering what he was doing, hoping he wasn't done because she still had a lot more sexual energy to burn off. And then, faster than she'd believed possible, no doubt spurred by a desire that matched hers, Owen tore his clothes off and was soon standing before her as gloriously naked as she was. She took a moment to take in the muscled thighs, broad chest tufted with downy fair hair. She had a sudden urge to run her hands over it all, to explore it like a wondrous, newfound continent.

That is, until her eyes settled on his best part, the most glorious cock she'd ever seen in her life, even better than what she'd imagined from feeling it earlier at

dinner. It was wonderfully long without being monstrous, with a thick girth that would fill her up nicely, pulsing veins poking out along its otherwise smooth surface. A glistening drop of precum leaked from the tip, which was pointing straight at her pussy and pulsating with intense masculine energy.

For even though he was taller than her, her position on the edge of the island equalized the distance between their privates so that they lined up perfectly, almost as if it'd been planned that way. And his cock knew where it wanted to be, wanting to return to the warm, safe place from whence it had sprung so long ago, where it would call home forevermore. Driven by primal instinct, she spread her smooth legs open wide in welcome. No words were needed in that moment, their bodies, minds, and souls connected and focused on one thing.

Owen practically flew into her arms, melding his lips with hers in a furious passion, his cock brushing against her smooth thigh, leaving a slimy trail of precum on its way towards its intended destination as their naked, warm bodies embraced for the first time as true lovers. Holly moaned around their kiss, still able to taste her creamy milk on his lips, the sensation driving her wild, having never tasted her own breast milk before. This was so wrong, that waning voice of conscience told her. But if being a fucking pervert felt this good, she decided, then sign me up for life!

It was then that she felt it, the one thing she'd been waiting forever for - the crown of her son's cock, pressing against her highly sensitized folds, ready to enter back into her. Given his earlier hesitation she expected him to take his time and slide in slowly, maybe even needing a little motherly coaxing from her to take this final literal plunge into real incest, a big step from their earlier fooling around.

Quickly, she wracked her hormone-soaked brain trying to come up with the right words that would provide the needed boost.

But, fortunately, it turned out that they weren't needed, for with a deep, guttural grunt he slipped his entire length into her. This task was facilitated by the fact that her pussy was primed, slick, and more than ready from the sexually charged afternoon she'd had, his cock slipping in easily and without the least bit of resistance into her hot and sopping sheath with the ease of a hand sliding into a greased leather glove.

For a moment both of them remained motionless as each took in the other, both astonished at the quickness of what had just happened. Holly recovered first, moaning as she wiggled her hips slightly. "Fuck, your cock feels so good inside me, where it belongs," she said, turned on by her son's daring move and seeking to encourage it.

"Now let me be clear," she said, wrapping her arms around his back, licking at his earlobe. "Mommy isn't in the mood for romance or making love or any of that lovey-dovey stuff tonight. Right now she's really feeling the effect of being deprived of a good man for a long time, and is extremely horny. That's why she wants you to fuck her like a wild animal and make her cum so hard she won't wake up for a week. Think you can handle that, or should I go find Rick to help out?" she asked with a wry grin.

"Screw that," he shot back, regaining his composure and adjusting to this new reality, one where his cock was inside his mom, loving it more and more with each passing moment as the last of his doubts fell away now that the hard part was

done, that the point of no return had been crossed. He knew she was joking about Rick, of course, but that didn't stop his jealousy from being stoked. "Your pussy and every other part of you is mine, and if any other man even so much as looks at you the wrong way, he'll regret it dearly."

"Ohh baby," she whispered, turned on even more by his bold declaration, knowing now that the trial period she'd suggested would no longer be necessary, that they were now bound forever. Not just by blood, love, and body parts, but by a fiery, unquenchable desire for each other. "Then get on with it," she growled, "fuck me as I've never been fucked before!"

And with those words she suddenly felt him start to move inside her, slowly at first, but even that slight movement felt amazing. "Mmmm...that feels nice," she said encouragingly, "How are things from your angle?"

"Incredible," he breathed, a sense of awe in his voice, "hot and tighter than I expected, yet so soft and velvety at the same time, almost like you're clinging to my cock. It's unreal, just like your tits," he said, taking a quick lap of the trickle still dribbling down her mounds.

She giggled, running her hands up and down his back. "Glad to hear it, because my cunt is just like the rest of me, it loves you and doesn't want to let you go. And speaking of tits, how'd you learn to work with them so well? That's the first time I've cum without, well, something similar to what we're doing now."

He flashed her a devilish grin. "Without getting into too much detail, let's just say that I've always been something of a tit man, and have honed my technique over the years on a certain ex who shall remain anonymous."

Holly smiled, knowing that he probably picked up his breast obsession from the fact that she breastfed him much longer than her doctor had recommended, and now all his expertise in the area that he'd acquired for Becky would now be used on her. Suddenly, another thought came to her. "So, are there any other skills you picked that pertain to pleasing women?" she asked hopefully.

He winked at her. "You'll just have to wait and see. So how about you? I bet that you have a few hidden talents besides cooking that I don't know about."

"You have no idea, baby," she said with her own coy smile. "But for now, let's just say that being with me will never be boring."

"It hasn't been so far," he said, "and it's only going to get better from here." And with that, his face dove back into her tits, even as he picked up the tempo of his fucking as he became more and more comfortable with this new normal, now pulling it out halfway before slowly pushing back in, the increased motion causing her to pick up on what he'd said earlier, feeling her vaginal walls almost grip his staff as it slid out, only letting go with a slight squelching sound. It hadn't ever done that before, even with her ex. But she wasn't about to question it because it felt beyond incredible, amplifying the waves that his so far relatively mild fucking were already sending through her. And she knew it had to be great for him as well, from the sounds coming from his throat.

And as Owen had promised, things only got better from there, for inspiration seemed to hit him as he grabbed a large, thick cutting board from nearby and slid it under her ass, elevating her position enough so that now when he thrust into her it was at a slight upward angle, allowing him to hit a sweet spot a few inches in along the upper wall of her vagina that only one of her former lovers had ever managed to stimulate, and not nearly as well as Owen was at this moment. "How did you, ugh, know?" she asked, body now awash with ecstasy. "Another trick you learned from, oh my, your time with Becky?"

He grunted a negative, the pleasure he was obviously giving his mom bolstering his own euphoric and increasingly dreamlike state. "I've heard of such a thing, but I never perfected it with her. But now, for some reason, I just felt exactly where it would be with you. However," he huffed with a smirk, "I think we're going to have to buy Celeste a new cutting board, and a lot of other things before the night is over."

Holly laughed even as she felt her pussy juices seeping into the board at that very moment, and not giving a shit. Hell, she'd buy Celeste a whole new kitchen if it meant she could feel this damn good every day. But that was the last cogent thought she had as she felt Owen yet again kick things up a notch, not only increasing the tempo of his thrusting but alternating the depth as well, sometimes barely pulling out, other times withdrawing until barely the crown of his cock remained in her, making her whimper at its absence, before plunging back into her with such force his heavy, cum-laden balls smacked against her skin with a wet slapping sound.

"Yes, you are mama's boy!" she cried out as her body reeled with pleasure, remembering what Rick had called him, but this time said with the deepest affection, and he smiled at the words.

"Yes, and this mama's boy is going to pound this pussy all damn night until you beg for mercy!" he growled.

"YES, FUCK!" Holly screamed as he hit her g-spot in a particularly delightful way, almost lifting her off the cutting board. She's always been vocal during sex, and for a brief moment worried the cries Owen was now driving from her would alert Celeste, who might run in on the scene thinking something was wrong. Then she decided she just didn't care, concluding that someone witnessing her son screwing her would make the already torrid act even steamier. "Mama's boy knows how to fuck her pussy so damned good!"

Not to mention the wonders he was working over the rest of her, for in addition to lavishing her breasts with the same adoration as before, he used his skillful hands to explore his exclusive and exquisite new real estate - arms, back, legs, ass - all experienced the feel of his soft yet hungry caress, somehow seeking out and lingering on her secret erogenous zones without her saying a word - breathing hotly on the skin behind her ear, massaging the area just below her breasts in just the right way, and best of all, pressing his index finger into her tailbone just above her ass, an action that always made her gasp and yelp with happiness.

And then there was her clit - oh, he was so wonderful with that! His fingers would get around to visiting there every now and then, but, obviously sensing how sensitive she was down there, never touched it directly, always stroking around it

in a maddeningly tantalizing way, so between that and all the other indescribable joy he was inflicting on her eager body as time lost all meaning, continuing to shriek out her joy as Owen continued to jackhammer her sloshing and frothing cunt relentlessly, giving it a long overdue workout.

Eventually her mental state was whittled down by lust to that of a feral beast, barely able to speak, panting for breath, heart racing, her only desire the receiving and giving of unending pleasure, no longer waiting for his thrusts but instead meeting them with her own. She cackled wildly as she watched her cunt greedily devour his cock, coated in her fluids, over and over again, still only giving it up with the greatest and most satisfying of reluctance amidst a cacophony of slick slaps mingled with a flurry of groans, grunts, and moans as her nails dug into his back, never wanting this moment to end.

But it was about to, for thanks to her son's expert handling of her body another orgasm was bearing down on her. Innately she sensed that this one would dwarf the ones earlier in the day, perhaps all those she'd ever had before.

"Gonna...cum..." she managed to gasp out after their latest sloppy, Hoovering kiss, almost feeling like he'd sucked the fillings out of her teeth.

"Me..too," he growled, sounding more like an animal than a man, his body as sheened with sweat as hers was.

His words brought a sudden, deep euphoria to her soul, and a deep yearning to her loins. She brought her legs up to wrap around his waist and pushing his cock into her depths, holding him there as she added her arms to the effort. "Come inside me!" she commanded as he looked at her in confusion. She even surprised

herself a bit at her forcefulness, not having let anyone shoot inside her besides Steve. But now it just felt right, no, that wasn't the correct word, it felt necessary, she needed him to do this. "I want to feel you spray your seed inside me, and make me yours, as you are mine," she said, softening her voice and throwing in a smile this time.

"Yes," he replied after a moment, returning her smile as he continued his motions which, although now confined to her velvety tunnel, were still more than sufficient to rocket her toward her inevitable and yearned-for climax, which she could feel getting closer...closer...

And that's when she felt it - Owen's soft fingers no longer probing around her clit, but directly on it, stroking its surface, squeezing it oh-so-gently while at the same time his other hand wove around her back, finger pressing firmly into her tailbone. No one had applied such sweet pressure to two of her most sensitive areas before even as they pounded her pussy and suckled her sweet nipples as her wonderful son was now doing, all of it suddenly converging into a maelstrom of unknown proportions that sucked her mind and very soul into it before exploding like a capped volcano.

She let out a rafter-shaking howl as the mother of all orgasms crashed over her as she fell back against the counter, her back arching, toes curling, arms flailing in the remnants of the wedding cake as she felt herself drowning in the sheer bliss that saturated every cell in her body, and from some distant place she heard Owen scream as well as he pushed further up into her than ever as his cock swelled and twitched before firing powerful streamers of sticky cum deep inside her.

In her euphoric state she could almost feel it splashing against her cervix, swimming its way into her womb as her spasming pussy walls seemed to suck every last drop of fertile fluid from him. Yes, this is how it was meant to be, she thought contentedly as she slowly came back down from her sky-high ride. Sky my ass, she reconsidered, for Owen had shot her straight into the furthest reaches of space.

When the last quivers had worked their way wonderfully through her body she opened her eyes to find herself splayed wantonly over the surface of kitchen island, her body and matted hair once again flecked with frosting and cake crumbs from her orgasmic thrashing, feeling euphoric and satisfied in a way hitherto unknown to her. Owen was hovering over her, eyes closed, breathing heavily, hands pressed flat on the counter to support himself, his cock still twitching inside her. The sweet boy, she thought to herself, thinking that even now he was thinking of her, doing his damndest not to collapse over her and interrupt her rapture.

Well, enough of the self-sacrifice, she thought, pulling his body down, mashing it against hers as she gave him a long, lingering kiss, their naked, sweating bodies squirming together languorously. "Thank you, sweetie," she whispered when their lips finally parted. "That was the best sex I've had since, well, ever, and I needed that more than even I knew."

"Really? You're not just saying that are you?" he asked.

She pinched his nose. "Listen here, mister," she said with a smirk, "I've never lied to you as your mother or your employer, so I'm certainly not gonna start doing so

as your lover. If I say you're a great fuck, it's the straight-up, honest truth, alright?"

"Alright, alright, jeez," he said as she let go and he rubbed at his nose. "I was just making sure."

"Well you are, and I have to say I'm impressed that someone so young has more knowhow than a lot of men twice your age," she said, running her hands through his hair. "I already thought Becky was a fool for letting you get away, but now, after that superb fucking, I'd have to say she's in contention for the world crown."

"Thanks," he said, lifting himself off of her, sliding out of her pussy with a wet sloshing pop, causing her to emit a slight moan as he did so. "But I can't chalk it all up to skill. Like the cutting board thing, some things that I did I just instinctively felt you'd like, that would make it better for you. It wasn't like that at all with Becky, who had to point out very specifically what she did and didn't like, which seemed to be constantly changing. And I don't know if you noticed or not, but you did a lot of things that I like as well, like that thing you did wrapping your legs around me. I think that's really sexy."

"Huh," Holly said as she sat up and stretched her arms, wondering if it was just their strong, innate connection that gave them a hotline into each other's turn-ons, or if it was something about this place that gave them special insight. In the end, she decided it didn't matter as she looked down at herself, laughing. "Well, aren't I a sight?" she said, taking in her cake, milk, and sweat-covered body, not to mention the torrent of her and Owen's combined fluids gushing out of her pussy

and running down the side of the island. "Not much to brag about now, am I?" she asked, flicking aside a strand of her mussed hair with a sigh.

"On the contrary," Owen replied with a soft smile, "You look more beautiful and radiant than ever. And don't ask if I really mean it," he added when he saw her mouth open, "or you just might find your nose getting pinched."

"Fair enough," she said with a small laugh. "But in accepting such a generous compliment, I have to also find a way to express my appreciation in an appropriate manner." And with that she hopped off the island and knelt down on the floor in front of him, stroking his now flaccid cock. "Tell you what, since you did such a superb job attending to my tits with your tongue and mouth earlier, I'm gonna do the same for your cock," she offered.

"You don't have to."

"But I want to," she insisted, almost pouting as she said the words. And besides, my motives aren't completely altruistic," she said, her lips spreading into a sinful grin. "After all, I'm still incredibly horny, and the sooner I get your cock back to attention, the sooner we can get back to fucking."

He cocked an eyebrow at her. "Are you serious? You want more, so soon after...that?"

"Oh, a lot more," she assured him, looking oddly serious, which was hard to pull off in her naked and rather submissive state kneeling before him. "There's

something you should know about me, sweetie, which I should have mentioned earlier. You see, my sexual appetite, once awakened, is nearly insatiable. I was pretty wild and reckless in my youth, you know, jumping from man to man, never able to get enough. That is, until I found a man able to satisfy my needs."

"Dad," Owen said quietly.

She nodded. "In him, I had everything - love, satisfaction, and most importantly, someone who could keep up with me. Unfortunately," she said, a little more solemnity entering her voice, "I may have pushed even him beyond his limits."

He frowned. "What do you mean?"

She turned away from Owen, as if unable to face him. "I may have...worn him out."

"Huh," he said, understanding dawning on him. "So dad didn't just die of a heart attack, did he?"

She shook her head, still looking away, face reddening. "Well, yes and no. He did have a heart attack, but it wasn't in his sleep. It was while we were, you know," she said, shrugging, "What you and I were just doing, only not nearly as intense. Anyway, I felt so guilty about the whole thing I guess I just shut myself off from that side of myself. Until today, anyway," she said.

She finally looked back to him, eyes warbling and pleading. "I'm sorry, I should have told you all this before now, but I was just so ashamed, and so damned horny," she confessed. "But if you want to back out now and go off with Daisy, you have every right. And I promise, what happened here will just stay a precious memory between the two of us."

They were both quiet and still for a moment, until Owen reached down and gently pulled his mom to her feet, and wrapped her in a gentle hug. Although it was incredibly erotic to be pressed against her naked flesh and he didn't think he'd ever completely get used to the sensation, that wasn't what this was about.

"It's okay," he said soothingly, wishing to now comfort her as she'd comforted him so many times over the years, hating that she'd suffered with her guilt alone for so long, even longer than he had with his. But no more. "What happened to dad wasn't your fault, and chances are he would've had that heart attack even if he had just been sleeping peacefully. And he loved you, I'm sure of that, and wouldn't want you to punish yourself for it. He would want you to be happy, for us to be happy."

She broke apart enough to wipe something from her eye as she sniffed her nose, giving him an odd look. "So wait a minute, are you saying you still want to be with me, knowing what you now know?"

He nodded. "I don't know if even I'll be able to keep up with you, but I'd sure love to try. Hell, I'd be a fool not to."

Her smile returned, her hands roving upward to rest on his shoulders. "You know, I think I knew deep down that I wasn't to blame, I just needed to hear someone else say it. And now that you have, it's like I feel so much lighter. Thanks for that."

He nodded. "It's the truth, mom. And honestly, I can't think of a better way to go, than during sex with the most beautiful woman on earth, with your voluptuous body being the last thing I ever saw. No wonder dad still had a smile on his face at the funeral."

She let out a high melodious laugh, the likes of which he hadn't heard in a long time. "You're such a darling boy," she said, stars in her eyes as she looked at him admiringly. "But before you make the final call, it's time for full disclosure. If we go through with this, I'm going to be needing a lot of attention from you, at all hours, whenever the mood hits me. Hell, there may be some days where we may not even make it out of the bedroom. "So tell me, my handsome, loving, and incredibly endowed son," she purred, giving his shoulders a slight squeeze, gifting him with her most sultry smile. "Is that a challenge you think you're prepared to accept?"

"What do you think?" he replied, pressing his once again stiff cock into her belly button, eliciting a delighted yelp from her. "Praise the heavens, you're already hard again!" She said with exuberant glee as she looked down at his twitching length, although he could also detect a hint of disappointment in her voice. "But I didn't get to show off my oral talents."

"We'll have plenty of time for that later," he assured her, "because you're not the only one with an unusually healthy sexual appetite. And if I'm being honest, that

may be another reason Becky broke up with me, because I may have been a bit too demanding in that department," he admitted. "Well, at least I know who I got it from."

"That, and so much more," she said, reaching down to grab his cock, stroking it as she gazed on him adoringly. "Well sweetie, it looks like we're just a couple of sexual deviants, but I promise you that we'll be very happy and satisfied sexual deviants."

"Of that, I have no doubt," he said, groaning slightly as she teased his cock, still coated with her juices. "The only thing that worries me is that now, is that we're never going to get any work done."

She laughed again, a sound he could listen to all day. "Oh, don't worry about that, sweetie," she said, continuing to play with his dick just enough to keep him excited but not enough to make him cum, he noted. "Your father and I had a busy schedule too, but we still managed to sneak in a few opportunities for a few quick but satisfying 'snack breaks' during the working day," she said with a knowing wink. "Granted, you and I may have to be a little more careful given the...special nature of our relationship, but it's amazing what opportunities present themselves when you're looking for them."

Owen rolled his eyes, lewd images of him banging his mom in some dark closet or walk-in pantry with guests and other workers just right outside, completely oblivious to what they were doing, who could walk at any moment and discover their illicit passion. "Sounds like paradise," he muttered.

Holly giggled. "I thought you'd like that idea. And now," she said, squeezing down on his cock. "Are you going to fuck me, or are you going to make me wear out my hand rubbing this magnificent specimen of manhood all night?"

"That first thing," he murmured, being suddenly hit with a flash of inspiration as he laid into her with a hard and fierce embrace, guiding her over and backwards until she felt her bare ass pressing against something cool and smooth, immediately sensing what it was.

"The window," she moaned out as he once again slurped at her breasts, coaxing out her warm milk, which now seemed to be his new favorite beverage. "Aren't you afraid someone will see?"

"Let them look, and be insanely jealous," he growled defiantly as he looked back up at her, the sex fever that she now knew he'd inherited from her once again seizing control of him as he reached around and placed his hands under her tight ass cheeks, pressing his fingers into them as he lifted her off the ground as if she weighed no more than an infant, positioning her so that his glans tickled against her drenched and puffy folds. "After all, not everyone is lucky enough to have a wife as hot as mine."

"Wife?" she repeated, so surprised and turned on by the bold and brazen nature of what he was doing it took her mind a minute to process what he'd said.

"Sweetie, I love you more than anything, and I want to be with you forever, but there's no way we can--OH MY GOD!!!" she shrieked out as he without warning removed his hands from her ass, allowing gravity to take over, causing her pussy

to sink down forcefully over his shaft as she once again found herself stuffed to the brim with her son's rigid meat pole.

"So deep," she groaned as she wiggled slightly to adjust. She didn't know if it was the new angle or what, but he felt so much deeper than he had before, and even then he'd been pushing her pussy to its limits. She didn't know how it was possible, she just knew that she loved it. "Fuck this feels so good," she sighed, again wrapping her legs around his waist. It wasn't really necessary, for between the friction of the glass against her bare skin and Owen's strong arms holding her up she was fairly stable, but she knew that he loved it. "Your wife, you say?"

"Only the best for you," he said as he began to thrust in and out of her, again at that slight angle that made her squeal like a happy pig. "And yes, my wife, because from what I've found out about this place, the love it was founded on, I think Celeste would be more than happy to marry us," he said, remembering the resort's motto, family is the root of all love, which he now knew had come from the lips of Abigail to her dear brother as they'd consummated their love here.

"And even if she doesn't," he continued with a particularly deep thrust that made her wail, "you're still my wife in my heart, which to me is more binding than any paper or anything like that could ever be. You're the only woman I want for the rest of my life, the one I want to have my children!"

Holly's eyes went wide, having not even considered that particular issue until now, so focused as she'd been on slaking her pent-up lust. But now that Owen mentioned it, she found herself immensely thrilled and turned on by the idea.

That she could now have another child as she'd always dreamed, with her own son no less...

"Let's do it!" she exclaimed with a wild grin as she bounced up and down on his cock, hair flailing around wildly, eyes fired with a new primal energy, now seeing the purpose of her milk-laden tits, why she'd been so obsessed with having him cum in her. "Pump me full of your fertile seed and plant a baby in my womb! It'll be so amazing, watching my belly swell with the life we created together as you continue to fuck me and sample my cream. And don't worry, I know I'll have always have plenty for both you and the baby, and many more besides. So drink up," she urged, pressing his face back to her chest. "A toast, to our new love and new family!"

"Here, here!" Owen cheered happily before drinking greedily and deep from her swollen bud as he pushed with even more vigor into her sopping cunt, pinning her willing body between his and the glass behind, catching a glimpse of the Sweetheart Tree out in the garden that seemed to glow even brighter now, sending it a silent thank you for the happiness they now shared before turning his full attention to pleasuring his beautiful incestuous bride.

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Under the Sweetheart tree Rick and Celeste, invisible to Owen's eyes, stood silently beside each other, watching the steamy scene playing out against the window, glasses of wine in their hands. "Okay, I think that's enough," Celeste said, waving her hand, causing the window to fog up with a thick coating of mist,

blocking the rutting mother and son from view. "I think it's safe to say that Owen and Holly have well and truly found their way to each other for good."

"Indeed," Rick agreed, his face having lost most of its maturity, now looking as youthful as Celeste's, although it still bore an angry mark from where Owen had struck him. "One of the more beautiful I've seen here over the years I must admit, so I suppose it was worth the part of playing the villain, and the pain involved," he said, rubbing at his still-sore jaw and the accompanying bruise.

"My poor baby," Celeste cooed, "in all the excitement I completely forgot about your wound," she said, rubbing her hand over his bruise, and when she removed it all traces of the injury Owen had inflicted on him were gone. "All better?"

He grinned. "Your gentle hands always make me feel better, even without that magic touch of yours."

"Mmmm...good answer, as usual," Celeste said, rubbing at his shoulder. "And even though I know you're the farthest thing from one, seeing you play the bad guy, a sleazy arrogant pervert only interested in satisfying his own desires...I have to admit, it got me wetter than a rain-soaked cat."

"Is that so?" he asked. Then maybe I should bring him out more often for you. Just not when Owen's around," he added, and they both laughed.

"Indeed you should," she said with a sly grin. "And I know it wasn't easy for you, especially with Owen's mean right hook," she said, wincing at the memory.

"I just hope he can forgive me for my feigned, yet nonetheless distasteful behavior," he said. "Greater good or no, I still feel bad about treating such nice people in such a vile manner."

"But it was a necessary step that bore some beautiful fruit, professor," Celeste assured him. "One that I'm sure that will be forgiven by the Cabots, especially seeing how it helped uncover their true feelings, and led them to their current happiness. Besides, I'm hardly an innocent bystander myself in today's benevolent deception."

Rick chuckled. "Benevolent deception? Is that what you're labeling your call to Holly pretending to be that overbearing Daisy Dollinger, that got the lovely Holly all worked up? Although I must say, your impersonation of her voice and character was spot-on."

"Why thank you, Dr. Johnson," Celeste remarked wryly. "Underhanded or no, the threat of losing her son really lit a fire in Miss Cabot. Or should I say, stoked the flame that was already there, motivating her to act on her feelings much quicker and more energetically than she would have otherwise. So just think of it like moving a rock out of a tulip bed, and allowing the bulb underneath to burst forth and bloom."

Rick contemplated that as he swirled the wine in his glass and looked back toward the complex, no longer able to see the frenzied couple but still picking up the raucous and raunchy sounds of hot and heavy sex as Holly and Owen continued to vigorously defile the kitchen. "YES, YOU LOVE BEING A MOTHERFUCKER DON'T

YOU? He heard Holly scream out. "THE BEST, UGH, DAMNED MOTHERFUCKING MOTHERFUCKER IN THE WHOLE DAMNED WORLD!"

"You're right about everything, as usual," he said with an acquiescing nod. "You've never led me or our guests astray, not since the day we arrived here and began our new lives, my darling Abigail."

Celeste, or rather Abigail, smiled at her brother. "And you, my dear Edward, filled that day and every day since with joy and happiness that I didn't even know existed. I can't imagine what my life would have been without you, and I don't ever want to find out," she said, resting her head on his shoulder.

"And you never will," he assured her, wrapping his arm around her. "And speaking of finding out," he said as what sounded like an iron pot collided against the floor of the kitchen with a loud clang, no doubt knocked down by the fervent lovers as they lost themselves in the throes of their newfound passion. Do you think that we should tell Holly and Owen that we're the Millers, the couple that requested their catering services? You know, just so they don't have to fret about making another cake or anything else, since we clearly have no need for nuptials."

She chuckled. "Oh, I think they've forgotten all about the marriage and the cake, except for what Owen's still devouring off various parts of Holly's anatomy," Abigail remarked, chuckling. "But you're wrong, brother dear, for there is going to be a wedding, their wedding, right here under the Sweetheart Tree. And judging by the intense passion they share; it probably won't be long before Holly has her own cake in the oven."

"Then perhaps we should invite them to stay," Edward suggested. "To be our new chef and dining coordinator. It'd make things easier for them, plus it'd be nice to hear the sound of children's laughter around here again."

"Yes, it has been a while, hasn't it?" she mused, considering the issue. "But all that can wait until tomorrow," she whispered at last, tracing her finger along his chest. "In the meantime, if you miss the sound of kids, we could always work on having more of our own. Starting now," she said, her voice heated.

"Mmm...I like how you think," Edward said, his hand wandering down her back to rub at her ass, still wonderfully firm. "But only if you want it as well."

"I do," she replied, starting to unbutton his shirt, "I've actually been considering it for awhile now. And besides, what better way to commemorate one of our greatest successes than by making love where it all began?" she asked, looking up at the Sweetheart Tree, seeing it as the sapling it had been the day they'd first arrived here in that covered wagon.

"After all, brother dear," she said as she gently pulled him to the ground with her, "family is the root of all love. And the more family, the more love there is to share."