



Using Mom to Stay Warm

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First things first - it was cold.

It was way, way too cold for Mom and me to be at the cottage in mid-November, but we were not here by choice. Circumstance forced our hand when Dad up and left to the Bahamas with his secretary a few months back, leaving Mom and me to pick up the pieces of our shattered life, with nothing but each other for comfort. It was sad, but we were already in the process of healing by the time the realization kicked in - we had to close the cottage for the winter.

Our cozy, quiet bungalow in Muskoka was not suited to handle the cold season. Water lines could burst, pests could take nest, among a slew of other things that would turn the cozy summer home into a money pit. Winter was already rearing its ugly head and showering us with more snow than we were prepared for, so time was not on our side.

We had never done it ourselves before, so it took some time and a lot of YouTube videos before we felt comfortable calling it 'closed'. We went at it for a few days, and by the time we were done, we were saying goodbye to a very, very busy weekend.

Come Sunday night, Mom was running through the checklist with her dirty blonde hair tied up in a high bun. She was using two pens of identical make; one to check boxes off the list, and another to keep her hair in place. A couple of loose strands dangled in front of her eyes that she was too preoccupied to fix, but it gave her a small-town-librarian vibe that I found surprisingly alluring. What can I say? Mom looked damn good!

Mom had hardly aged a day since I was born. At least, that was true up until Dad left. The weight of such an ordeal was starting to show itself on her face in the form of subtle wrinkles, though the stress lines were instantly outmatched anytime a smile brought out her two deep, gorgeous dimples.

I was much taller than Mom, who stood at an adorable five-foot-nothing on a good day, so most of the chores went in my direction. We truly looked like we were from different species. I was tall and muscular with short, tousled brown hair, while Mom was a miniature blonde Barbie with some pudginess to her curves. She had gained a little bit of weight after Dad left, but it only served to bring out her more dominant features.

For a woman her size--heck, any size--Mom was gifted with an incredible bosom. Her breasts had always been large, but I didn't fully take notice until I turned 18 and began to see her as a real woman, rather than just my mother. Every day since, had come with at least one scolding from myself, "Don't look at your Mom's tits!" And every day, I would fail.

I could not stop myself from zoning out to the image of her boobs bouncing around under her braless t-shirt; a style she adopted more and more as she got used to Dad's absence. Maybe it was an act of rebellion, maybe she was trying to attract a man who liked big tits, or maybe, she simply hated wearing a bra and was tired of putting on airs as age crept upon her.

Whatever it was, I was happy to reap the benefits.

I often wondered if this commando style had been adopted through her entire wardrobe. Did her underwear meet the same fate that befell her bras? She did not have a bra on at the moment, so it was possible she had also chosen to forgo the security of underwear altogether. A man can dream, I suppose.

I tried not to think about it too hard, to save myself from getting a boner midway through our busy schedule, but the thought, nonetheless, burrowed into my head on more than one occasion.

Namely, when she put down her checklist and bent over to examine a cupboard for perishables. This caused her sweatpants to ride up between her legs, where they formed to her plump bottom like wallpaper. Try as I might, I could not spot the outline of anything remotely resembling underwear.

"It doesn't sound like you're working, honey." Mom teased, with her head the knee-high cupboards, her voice echoing throughout the small wooden box. She was rummaging through them, looking for any food that would spoil over the winter, and I was eagerly watching her from behind.

I'm not lazy; I had a bird's eye view down the back of her pants that revealed a healthy portion of her pudgy ass cheeks, and I could not bring myself to look away. If I could only reach my hand under her and feel them for myself, I would die a happy man.

I shook myself from the fantasy of fondling my mother's ass. "Well, Mom, that's because I'm--uh, supervising."

She pulled her head out of the cupboard to glare at me. "You'll be supervising my darn foot up your butt if you don't friggin' get to work!"

Darn, butt, friggin. All of these were common replacements that Mom put in place of cursing--a practice she was avidly against.

"Okay, okay," I grumbled. "I gotta make sure the shed is secure, anyway. Might as well do that now."

I turned to face the blizzard, but something gnawing in the back of my brain demanded to be said. "Mom?" I called to her.

"Yes, honey?" Her head popped out of the cupboard. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, I just..." I chewed the inside of my cheek. "I'm sorry this weekend wasn't everything we thought it would be. I wanted to spend, like, one day packing up. I didn't think I would take so long, I wanted to give you a bit of fun this weekend and I feel like I blew it."

Mom stood at attention, her mothering instincts kicking into overdrive, as she swayed towards me. The rotation of her hips as she floated towards me was hypnotic; Mom moved like an angel. I challenged myself not to stare at the wobbling wagon she dragged behind her as her toes pitter-pattered across the carpeted floor.

"Honey, listen to me," she began, taking hold of my hands and folding them over her clenched fist, which she then held over her beating heart.

I rarely had an opportunity to be this close to her breasts, and every impulse in my brain was screaming at me to dig in face first. "No matter where we are, no matter what we're doing, I'm happy if I'm doing it with you."

"Promise?" I grinned like a goofball. Nothing could beat a pep talk from Mom.

"Everything I need is right here." Mom kissed my knuckles. "Okay? Now, go close that shed so we can get the heck out of this place!"

The worst part about winter is having to suit up just to leave the house. I donned my oversized jacket and large, clunky boots and prepared to face Mother Nature. The path I had shoveled to the door of the shed was already piling up again, so I followed my footprints from previous journeys to reduce the effort it took to trudge through the frozen wasteland.

I locked the shed and made sure it was sealed up to prevent any miscreants from taking shelter inside. It was one of the last tasks we had to do, with

one exception.

"Jacob? Are you ready yet?" Mom called to me, before I got back inside.

I could barely hear her voice over the whipping winds that kicked snow in my face like cold sand. I battled through the torrential snowstorm to find Mom inside with a glass of exactly what I was hoping for -- alcohol.

I shook my head like a wet dog and flung chunks of half-melted snow onto the floor.

"As if I didn't just vacuum?" Mom gasped. "You're so lucky you earned enough credit this weekend for me to forgive that little transgression."

"Oh, boy. I wonder what else I can get away with," I smirked.

Mom poured us two heaping shots of vodka. "Don't push it, honey."

I picked up my glass and we clinked them, downing the gasoline in one quick gulp. I know alcohol doesn't actually keep the body warm, but it sure felt like it did.

"Ugh, yuck!" Mom grimaced. "Well, the edge has been taken way off. I can't wait to get home and relax, but this is a darn good start."

"Agreed. I just want to get away from all this snow!" I considered pouring myself another shot, but the idea of driving home drunk in bad weather was terrifying.

Mom practically read my mind, which was not unusual for her. "Are you sure you're okay to drive? I'm happy to--"

"Yes, Mom." I rolled my eyes. "I promised I'd drive home so you could sleep in the car. That's what I'm gonna do."

Mom scanned me up and down like she was trying to visually detect any signs of impairment, but came away satisfied with her search. "If you say so, honey."

"I do say so." I boasted confidently. "Now get that fat butt in the car so we can get going!"

Mom scoffed. "Excuse you, young man. I remember somebody being awfully fond of this big butt when they were little!"

She was right, and she often reminded me. I had been quite a touchy-feely kid and she, being a world-class enabler, suffered the brunt of that. As a child, I was always hugging, smooching, playing bongos on her juicy butt cheeks, and peeking up her skirt. All the not-so-normal things that mothers put up with for their sons, right? We were physically very close, and always had been, but that had to change as I got older.

It might be cute when I didn't know any better, but that bled into adulthood in ways that became increasingly inappropriate. As far as I was concerned, I didn't have any problem being close with her, and she seemed similarly at ease with it. The only thing keeping us apart was the obvious social stigma.

Speaking of social stigma; Dad had never been fond of our connection. He did not like how grabby and cuddly the two of us were. Whether it was jealousy, or discomfort at what other people would think, I never found out.

We grew so close, with so few boundaries between us, that the few times Mom caught me masturbating, it always ended with us laughing it off. I knew I should feel ashamed, but I'd be lying if I said it didn't excite me a little to show off to Mom how much I'd grown.

If I didn't know any better, I would have thought that her surprise interruptions were becoming more frequent. Her impulse to hurriedly close

the door and look away grew faint, and I wrestled with the little voice in my head that told me she was lingering on purpose for a longer look. The idea seemed insane to me, but all the evidence pointed me to one obvious, albeit ludicrous explanation-- Mom liked my cock.

Based on the stories told by my friends, getting caught in the act should have been a traumatic event. For me and Mom, it quickly became a go-to target of teasing whenever she wanted to give me a hard time.

"I'm going to my room to study," I would say.

"Okay, honey. Try not to rip your dick off while you're in there!" Mom would reply.

I never said it was highbrow stuff, but it made us laugh.

A couple of times, I even tried to level the playing field by catching Mom in the act, but she never once dropped her guard.

Years ago, after she'd recovered from a good chortle in response to seeing my preferred use of a tube sock, I had made a comment to the tune of, "What are you laughing at? You do it, too!" Quite the accusation to launch at one's own mother, but I was not thinking straight.

"I sure do, honey." She had said in a tone of voice that still rattled in my brain from time to time. "But when Mommy does it, it's a lot more romantic than a tube sock."

I had rolled my eyes and spoke without thinking. "Yeah, right. I would love to see that, Mom."

"Oh, you--" She had been a deer in headlights, mulling over my request like she needed to process what she had heard. "You... want to watch me do that?"

It got awkward real fast, but Mom's devilish grin on the way out told me that she hadn't been too disturbed by it. Knowing her, she was thrilled to twist the knife and have a bit of fun at my expense. I, however, had beaten myself up about it for weeks.

Not my favourite memory to revisit.

The snow beat down on us on the way to the car, filling every nook and cranny of my jacket with bushels of cold, fluffy cotton. I could not see the van from the end of the walkway, and was forced to follow Mom's faint silhouette through the blinding blizzard.

I trained my eyes on her gigantic bottom, watching her waddle to the car, while I trailed behind her like a lovesick puppy dog. My arms were full of knick-knacks to return to the city, and they were piled so high that I had to strain to see over the top.

"Just a few more steps, almost there," Mom chirped. "Last time I'll ask; are you sure you don't want me to drive?"

"I'm sure, Mom." I waited for her to crack the trunk, so I could dump the items inside.

In our ineptitude, we had decided to rent a large white van to pack stuff into to take home. When we got to the cottage, we found that there was not that much to transport, so the cost of the van was essentially a total loss.

As a joke, I suggested sleeping in the back to make the most of the rental, but Mom pointed out that we would surely freeze to death once the sun went down. "I don't plan on using my son to stay warm; that's why our ancestors invented fire," she had quipped.

I didn't think that was the precise reason our species had adopted fire, but I lacked the fortitude to argue. I was already shivering from the short walk

from the cottage to the van and did not want to be outside for a second longer than necessary.

Malicious winds whipped against my nose and turned it a miserable shade of pink. Every snowflake was a little piece of sandpaper that chewed away at my skin, leaving it raw in its wake. They threatened to grate me down to nothing if I did not take shelter.

In my arrogance, I had neglected to bring a hat... or a scarf, or mittens, or... yeah, I was really unprepared. Thankfully, the sleeping bag I owned was rated for extremely cold temperatures, so at least my slumber had been comfortable all weekend. I had invested in it years ago at a huge discount and used it ever since.

The lining came with some kind of thermal reflectors that made the inside of the bag function like a greenhouse. It trapped heat, but I found that it worked poorly if I wore clothes inside. At home, I always slept with a t-shirt on, but in the bag I had to strip down to my underwear to make the most of its heat-recycling features.

The cottage had enough sheets and comforters for an army, but there was something uniquely homely about sleeping in the same sack I'd used for the better part of a decade, so I always brought it with me. Mom, on the other hand, didn't even own a sleeping bag.

We were woefully unprepared for a blizzard of this magnitude, thanks to a pathetic reading of meteorological charts by our local weatherman. The longer we waited up north, the worse the drive home would be.

We would stay the night in Muskoka if we could, but anything that produced heat had been stripped down and shut off for the winter. We were left with the choice between a small shack that would soon be as violently

cold as the air surrounding it, or a tedious drive home amidst a furious snow squall.

We chose the latter, unaware that in doing so, we were taking the first of many steps towards permanently changing our relationship.

Mom was already deep into her book by the time I slumped into the driver's seat. I kicked off the snow that was caked to the bottoms of my boots and slammed the door behind me, sealing us away from the dreary outside world.

"Don't move a muscle, I got it," I taunted her. "You better be tipping me for this whole endeavor."

Without looking up from her book, Mom said, "Don't marry the first one who asks."

"Wow. Thanks for that." I rolled my eyes, as she chuckled sheepishly. "And they say waiters can't survive on tips alone."

"On my tips they could, I bet." Mom closed her book and pushed her reading glasses down her nose. "I'm very smart, after all."

"Listen to you, Nostra-Mom-Us." It wasn't a great pun, but I was proud of it. "Are you ready to go?"

"I've got everything I need right here." Mom repeated her words of comfort from earlier, with eyes peering at me over the top of her page.

I hit the ignition and spun the tires in the snow for a second before they finally found traction. Neither of us said it, but we were both worried about the safety of the journey home.

I played some music from my phone, since the radios were all down from the weather. I was surprised to see Mom jamming along to a couple indie

hits that weren't usually her speed. The calming tones of Bon Iver serenaded us as we plowed through the blizzard. For a moment, I was convinced that the misery following us for mile after mile was nothing to fear. This self-assurance was, in part, what caused me to eventually drop my guard.

I didn't notice the black ice in time, but that's the problem with the treacherous stuff. It's under your wheels before you see it coming, and before you can hit the brakes you're already spinning out.

I hit the frozen patch with too much confidence, and the icy road was happy to humble me. As I made a slight turn around a large upcoming bend, we hit the frozen landmine and lost control immediately. I cursed like a sailor, and it was one of the few times in my life where Mom was too busy shrieking to call me out for it.

The ABS kicked in, but it wasn't enough. The hulking vehicle spun in a full circle, sailing across the sea of ice and slush that coated the asphalt. With what little control I had, I tried to steer us towards the nearest streetlight a few dozen feet away.

Mom was clutching the "holy shit bad" above her window with white knuckles, watching in horror, as we flew towards the outer lane of the highway with the steel barrier in our sights.

It was one of those moments where you know you're going to crash, so you start thinking about how bad it's going to be before you even hit the wall. We weren't likely to die, but I prayed we would walk away without any broken bones.

The impact itself only lasted a couple of seconds, but it dragged out like a dream. I must've hit my head when we crashed because I don't actually

remember colliding with the wall. I came to with my head on the steering wheel, a cold wind whipping against my face, and Mom in an abject panic.

"Oh my god, honey. I thought you were dead!" Mom cried, with her arms around my shoulders. She was still shaking me even though I was starting to wake up.

"You can't get rid of me that easily," I groaned. I took stock of the interior to assess the damage. The driver side window was smashed open, letting the frigid air invade the once warm cab, but the other windows were holding up with the exception of a few large, daunting cracks. The driver door was crushed against the barrier outside, so I could not get it open. "Are you all right, Mom?"

Mom was breathing heavily, but seemed physically okay. She did a quick pat down of her vital areas to confirm nothing was out of place. "I-I think so? Just a little bit shaken up, honey."

We both turned our attention to the broken window. "What are we going to do about that?" She pointed a shivering finger to the shattered glass.

"I don't know. We have to get a tow truck, but in this weather, I don't know how quickly that would happen." I sighed, feeling very defeated.

To my dismay, but not my surprise, a quick call to the tow company confirmed that they would not be able to reach us for several hours. When I told them I was in Muskoka, they all but laughed in my face.

Apparently, the farthest towns had been hit the worst, with anything north of Barrie trapped in a complete whiteout. It was late, we were far away, and they were understaffed. It was hopeless to think we would be rescued, and the operator hinted very strongly that we might have to sleep in the car overnight.

I hung up with a heavy heart weighing me down and tried to spin the dire situation into something positive for Mom's sake. "Well, the good news is that we're gonna have a ton of quality time together."

Mom asked what I meant, and the horror that crept on her face told me what a poor job I did at softening the blow. "All night? What the heck are they talking about? It's freezing, and our window is broken! They have to come!"

The howling wind outside intimidated us like a battle cry, its piercing chill infested every inch of the cabin. I cranked the key, but only succeeded in compounding my rising panic when the engine failed to start.

I'm no mechanic, but my guess was that the crash did something bad to the engine. Yes; that was my formal, non-professional opinion, and it stopped there.

"How are we supposed to sleep in here? I don't even have a sleeping bag, for crying out loud!" Mom whined. She turned in her seat and gazed into the dark, ominous den behind us.

With the lights off, the inside of the van might as well have been a dingy cave. Unfortunately for us, it was also a bedroom for the night.

"I guess we have to share one. Mine is really warm and--"

"It's really small!" Mom pushed the heels of her palm into her eyes with an unsettling groan. "So, what? We're going to sleep in our sweaters and pants?"

"Uh, no, probably not." Now was as good a time as any to reveal the news. "It's got this technology in it that's really, really good at keeping you warm."

"That sounds like a good thing, right?"

I winced. "Uh, it can be..."

"Stop being cute, I'm turning into a popsicle over here," Mom urged me.

I sighed and summoned the courage to propose a diabolical solution that was as exciting as it was horrific. "It doesn't work with, you know...clothes."

Mom scoffed, still maintaining her bubbly charm amid the panic. "Nice try, kiddo. It takes a lot more than that to get your Mother naked in bed."

"I'm serious, Mom." My tone and my gaze sank to the floor. "If we were indoors, it would be fine to keep our clothes on, but I think it's too cold right now."

Mom was not convinced. She declared that we would wait it out, despite the insistence of the operator that we would likely not receive help until tomorrow. I didn't want to push the idea of sharing a bed together, even though I was happy to do so.

I told myself it was for survival, as dramatic as that sounds, but I knew that wasn't the only reason I was interested in sharing a cozy bed with my naked mother.

We tried to distract ourselves with aimless conversation. Every topic we touched on was half-hearted at best, and proliferated by a constant checking of our phones to see if any good news came through. It was not like we thought the blizzard would suddenly disappear, but we were desperate for a sliver of good news.

Even when we did manage to find a topic that took our minds off the situation, it would only last for a few minutes. Without warning, the gale outside would rear its ugly head and demand our attention as soon as we had forgotten about it. We were powerless to refuse its call.

As time ticked by, it became increasingly apparent that we were out of options. Reality set in around midnight, snuffing out what little remained of Mom's typically cherry disposition. The sun was long gone from the sky, leaving a single streetlight to illuminate the unforgiving tundra.

"Are you okay?" I asked. It was a stupid question given the circumstances.

Mom sniffled and rubbed her nose, bright pink from the cold. "I just want to go home." She cast her gaze to the back of the van, still shrouded in darkness where the light could not reach. Dismay was plastered across her face. "You promise it's warm?"

"The sleeping bag? Yeah, it's like an oven," I assured her. "I promise, Mom. You're gonna love it."

"I don't think I'm going to love it, but anything is better than this." She cupped her hands and breathed hot air into them. Thick plumes of steam oozed through the cracks of her fingers.

"It's fine if we just keep our underwear on," I offered. "It won't be that weird! We're family, after all."

Mom rolled her head back with a deep, bassy groan. "Honey, I don't really know how to tell you this, but... I'm not wearing any."

"W-what?" I gasped, hoping it hid the way my heart enthusiastically leapt into my throat.

Mom's face lit up like a stoplight, and she hid her face in her hands. "It's not like I knew this was going to happen! If I did, I probably would have packed a pair."

My prediction from earlier was right; I knew I hadn't seen any underwear lines under her pants! I was once again visited by the same nervous

excitement I had felt earlier.

"Okay, okay, that's okay, we're okay," I chanted like a mantra. "Just let me go unpack the bag. Stay here."

"Where else would I go?" Mom pinched the bridge of her nose.

I leaned over Mom's lap and pushed her door open. I climbed over her and almost lost my footing when I leapt out onto the icy road. It was worse than I thought. I fought through a flurry of frozen bullets to reach the back of the van. Cranking on the handles proved useless at first; they were frozen shut. I pulled until I struck the perfect balance needed to open the door without ripping the handle off.

I succeeded--and failed--simultaneously.

Sure, the doors opened. But the force of them doing so sent me reeling onto my ass and into a hill of partially melted brown slush. It instantly soaked through my sweatpants and I cursed myself for not wearing jeans. I struggled to stand a couple of times, but ended up right back where I started.

Mom heroically scampered into the back of the van and offered me a hand from the trunk. I grabbed on so she could pull me from the slapstick display of slipping and falling.

"How bad is it?" Mom motioned to my soaked pants.

I climbed into the van and shut the doors behind me. I turned my butt towards her hoping for sympathy, but she chuckled with her hands over her mouth.

"You t-tell me," I said through my rapidly chattering teeth. "How b-b-bad?"

"Bad." She reached out a hand and grabbed the sweatpants clinging to my ass. "Why didn't you climb through the back like I just did?"

"I d-d-don't know!" I whined. She was right; I could have saved myself the trouble if I just stayed in the van. "T-too late now."

"Speaking of late," Mom sighed, scanning the night sky. "I guess we should get some sleep?"

"C-can we start a f-f-fire first?" I was shivering so hard I was practically vibrating. The melted ice seeping through my pants made the cold ten times worse.

"I don't think so, honey. We might set the whole darn car on fire!" Mom laughed. I think that seeing me in such a pathetic state brought out her mothering instincts, which were powerful enough to override some of the panic she had felt only minutes ago. "Where's your sleeping bag? Let me get it all ready for you."

"Us." I put a dent in her armor with that reminder.

"Uh, yes. For us." She smiled at me, but it was hollow. "Do you want to-- you know..."

I arched an eyebrow, but Mom simply gestured her gaze to the sleeping bag with her lips pursed. I knew what she meant.

It had been many, many years since Mom had asked me to get naked, and it had never been under these conditions. She fanned out the bag while I peeled off my sodden drawers, effectively making my bed for the first time in years. I stripped down to my boxers by the time Mom had the bag ready for us.

"You can't keep those on, Jacob." Mom pointed to my boxers. "They're absolutely drenched!"

"Fine, then turn around so I can take them off!"

Mom put her hands on her hips. "Really? You're going to be in the same bag I am, right?"

"I guess so."

"So, I'm your mother! It's nothing I haven't seen before, and I'm not going to judge you if its... you know." Mom held her fingers a few measly inches apart.

"Mom!" I hollered. "Are you saying I have a small dick?"

She turned her back to me with a casual shrug. "How would I know? I'm just saying you can be comfortable around me. I love you no matter what."

I stripped down to my birthday suit and flung the wet boxers at Mom's shoulder. She yelped when the soggy shorts hit her back, straining over her shoulder to remove them. "Why would you do that?" she cried.

"You're getting naked, anyway." I reminded her. "Might as well have a bit of fun."

"But I was dry!" Mom spun on her heels to face me with my soggy boxers in her hands, ready to launch a counter attack. "I'm so glad you're having fun while I'm just--"

Her expression went blank and the color drained from her face; Mom looked like she was staring at a ghost from her past. Her eyes were poised to fall right out of her skull. She swallowed a lump in her throat and opened her mouth to speak, but closed it when she could not find the words to fill it with. After a few seconds of absent-minded gawking, she finally spoke.

"H-honey you... your penis." Mom forcefully averted her eyes, manually instructing her head to turn away. It did not immediately register with her just whose cock she was staring at. "I'm sorry, I thought you would be covering it or something."

"I didn't think you'd be staring at it!" I argued back.

"I was not staring." She stomped her foot defiantly. "I just happened to look and I got surprised, that's all."

I chuckled under my breath. "At least you know it's not small, I guess."

"Har, har," Mom lamented. "I don't know why you're acting all arrogant; you have me to thank for that thing."

My ears perked up and I asked her what she meant. "Your Father," she grimaced at his mention. "He wasn't very... gifted."

"And what am I?" Cue the butterflies.

Mom fidgeted with her fingers and drove her nails into her palms. "You are."

"I'm gifted?" I knew what she was getting at, but I enjoyed twisting the knife.

"Are you trying to get your Mother to tell you that you have a big penis?" Mom threw her hands up in the air. "I don't think that's something I should be applauding you for, honey."

I slipped into the sleeping bag and was instantly greeted by its familiar warmth. I don't know how this thing worked so well; it was borderline magic. "I'm sorry, but I can't hear you from the warm embrace of my bed."

"Our bed." She forced a weak smile onto her face.

Mom's body was silhouetted by the streetlight. I could make out the edges of her form, but her center mass was hidden in shadow. I could make out faint details, but nothing prominent. It was her turn to strip down, and I was racked with guilt that the impending tease was already causing a stir in my loins.

"Okay, then. I guess it's my turn," Mom grumbled. "You promise you're not looking?"

"Of course! What kind of son would I be if I peeked?" I knew what kind-- the kind that wants to see their mother naked. I could not resist the temptation to watch, as Mom, lit like a figure from heaven, slowly undressed in front of me. My balls were tingling before she had removed a single layer.

With her back to me, the light wrapped around Mom's shoulders and the curves of her plump, round bottom. I could make out just enough of her iridescent form to be enchanted by it. There was no light peeking through her legs, hinting that her thighs were too pudgy to allow a gap between them.

Mom lifted her shirt off in one smooth motion. Her hair draped over her tiny shoulders like a curtain, and if it had been any longer, it would have concealed the way her billowing breasts wobbled to the sides of her chest. The heaving mountains swayed back and forth, crashing against each other like a wave pool.

Without a clear view, or decent lighting, I could only sneak stolen glances at them from around the sides of her torso. Even with her arms held at her sides, there was no way to hide the sides of her enormous breasts from sight.

I knew Mom was blessed with a large bosom, but I had never seen them unbound. Without even a thin shirt to keep them held together, they jostled about in such a way that I caught a faint glimpse of her fat, pink areolas winking at me as they swayed to the side.

Mom turned her head around her shoulder like she knew I was watching her, but said nothing. She rolled her shoulders back a couple of times, then bent over at the waist.

Mom's thumbs hooked into her waistband so she could loosen the drawstring. She paused for a moment, like she was considering calling the whole thing off, and I immediately started to think of a thousand excuses for why she should continue.

Thankfully, she did not cave to the apprehension.

Mom dropped her sweatpants to the floor in one fluid motion and stepped out of them. The angel and the devil on my shoulders both had their jaws on the floor as the three of us stared at Mom's ass in a hypnotized trance. Her baggy, cumbersome sweatpants had done nothing to hint at the luscious, pillowy cheeks they concealed.

I had no idea Mom's ass was so insanely toned. The swell of her perfect cheeks formed a generous shelf of shapely ass meat. Their enormous bulge cut off just above her thighs, formed by divine hands.

Her muscles tensed as she embraced her nudity, treating me to a surreal display. The tension tightened her fleshy cheeks and revealed the impeccable curvature that lay under the soft, gelatinous dough enrobing them. When she tensed up, two deep, ominous dimples formed in the middle of either cheek and swallowed the scarce ambient light like black

holes. I gawked in awe, trying to memorize every goosebump across her delicate skin.

God, how I wished for night vision. To be able to take in every subtle detail of Mom's immaculate form would be the last thing I needed in life to die happy.

"O-okay," Mom hummed quietly, with her arms cradling her chest for comfort. "I'm ready, I guess."

I shut my eyes tight just in time for her to spin around. "Did you peek?" She asked solemnly.

"No, no way." I lied through my teeth, blood surging to my cock. "Can I look now?"

"No!" Mom yelped. "Sorry, no. I know it's dark but... honey, this is so embarrassing. I'm sorry you have to do this."

I wanted to ride the line between comforting her and letting her know how incredibly fucking hot she was, but I did not think I struck the right chord.

"I want to do this, Mom. You're fucking hot!" Yes, very subtle.

Mom snorted and unwound some of the tension in her arms. "Yeah, sure. It must be every boy's dream to keep his naked mother from freezing to death in the back of a van."

"Well, I don't know about every boy, but tonight it's definitely my dream." I smiled warmly at her. Even though she couldn't see it, I hoped she could feel it somehow.

"Keep talking like that and I might wonder if you planned this whole thing just to get in bed with me," Mom chuckled, before coming to her senses a

little. "Anyway, I know you're just being nice. This is really, really weird but I'm so fucking cold that I don't care."

Hearing Mom swear for the first time in my life was almost as jarring as seeing her naked. The cold, and the sheer annoyance of what we had to do to make it through the night, must have really put her in a tizzy. I suppose that made sense; without the threat of freezing to death hovering over us I don't think it would have been so easy to convince her to strip in front of me, so clearly something in her mind was off kilter.

"Room for one more?" Mom's tiny feet pitter-pattered towards the sleeping bag. Their dainty tiptoeing was the perfect juxtaposition to my heartbeat thudding in my ears like the bass at a heavy metal concert.

I unzipped the side of the bag and cracked the seal. The cold air infiltrating the covers instantly made me recoil. I don't know how Mom stayed outside of the bag for so long with her clothes off. Perhaps, the fact that her son was the one waiting in bed for her was somewhat of a deterrent. Once she had finally had her fill of the frigid air, she broke taboo.

I pushed myself as far to the side of the bag as I could, but it was not designed for two people. I had to turn on my side to give her an extra few inches, but once she was tucked in we both realized just how cramped this sleep was going to be. Mom zipped up her side and completed our cocoon, whisking away any hint of the winter wind.

I was shocked to feel her icy skin brush against mine. She was cold, I was warm, and so I did what came naturally. Instincts took over and told me to wrap my arms around my shivering Mother, nudity be damned. I slung one arm over her tummy and pulled her tightly against me.

"Settle down, big boy," Mom said, surely not intending for it to come across as sexy as it did. I apologized and started to unwind my arm, but Mom grabbed me by the wrist. "I'm kidding, honey. I need to get warm, so you can be my big, hot water bottle."

"You don't mind?" I swooned.

Mom turned on her side and backed her bum into my crotch, making herself the little spoon. "I know I should care, but I just don't. I'm so cold I can't even think straight!" Mom held onto my arm that was strapped across her tummy like a restraint on a rollercoaster, shivering as though she was at the apex of the first drop.

Part of me thought that Mom must've forgotten we were still naked; so confounded by the rush of warmth that she neglected the barrier of decency that was supposed to separate mother and child. Her ass gyrated in my crotch, and with it a rush of blood that started to make me uncomfortably hard.

As Mom settled in, she began mindlessly rocking her hips back and forth with the small of her back resting comfortably against my belly. We fit together like a continent that had split apart ages ago, coming back to our rightful place without a hint of space between us. Sure, the bag was cramped, but Mom was going out of her way to stay close to me.

"M-mom you have to stop moving your ass like that," I begged.

"My what?" Mom punctuated the word by flattening her plump cheeks against my groin.

"I'm so serious, Mom," I groaned. She must've heard the panic rising in my tone. "You're like a vibrator, and your butt is right on my dick!"

"I know, I'm sorry," Mom giggled mischievously, and pulled away from me, but I kept my arm around her waist. "I think I'm just so giddy to not be freezing my ass off anymore. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Er--it didn't, uh...hurt." I conceded with a wince.

"It didn't, hmm? You mean this?" Mom backed her bum into me again, refusing to acknowledge my pleas. With her ass tucked squarely in my lap, there was no mistaking her intention. She knew what she was doing by slowly grinding her fat bottom against me. "Just a little thank you from Mommy for keeping her warm."

I expected Mom to pull away once she'd played her little prank and teased me a bit. To my surprise, once her giggling died down, her ass stayed firmly planted in my lap. She continued to undulate her hips, sending me very confusing mixed messages.

The temperature between us was stronger than the cold outside. Despite the dull chill nipping at our faces, we were encased in such delicious heat that we could not help but melt into each other's arms.

After a few minutes, I started to drift off. I wanted Mom to fall asleep first so I could feel like some tough, heroic protector that had saved the day, but was lulled to sleep by that very fantasy.

I came to my senses, however many minutes later, and snapped my eyes open when Mom gave a startled gasp. She clung onto my forearm and dug in with her nails.

"H-honey are you awake?" Mom whispered, anxiously patting my arm.

I grumbled something about trying to sleep in a blizzard, but I don't know if what came out was coherent. When she didn't follow up, I asked her if she was getting tired, too.

"I was," Mom shifted her weight. "But then, it started poking me."

I wondered what she meant for a second, but soon recognized how my cock--now a bulging redwood--was straining between her thighs. I had not realized it, or perhaps confused it with a dream, but Mom had clearly been feeling it steadily grow against her backside the entire time.

It actually hurt; being this hard while forcibly constrained was not something I made a habit of. My erection was pointing at my toes for now, but the tension on it was so great that it would not take much space for it to spring up and flatten against my stomach. If Mom was not here, it would be pointing at my chin, and was not keen to being strapped down in place.

Mom's skin hugged the sensitive head with every pulse, confined in a prison of supple thigh meat. The thin layer of heavenly soft peach fuzz generously coating her skin tickled me like a whisper. I figured this new development was inducing her sense of alarm, but I was too tired to treat the occurrence with the sincerity it deserved. I tried, pitifully, to play it off like a joke.

"I guess he likes you," I smirked, hoping it sounded less corny than it did in my head.

"Oh... kay." Her lips hung onto the word.

"I can't help it, Mom. I have a beautiful, naked woman pressed up against me and that's usually his cue."

"It's... it's..." Mom fumbled with her words.

"It's gross, I'm--"

"Flattering," Mom said with finality, as though she was admitting it to herself as well as me. "I didn't think you would get hard for an old gal like

me."

I was paralyzed, waiting for my heartbeat to start again so I had some sort of proof that this was not some sort of near-death-experience hallucination. Nothing about this felt familiar, so I felt encouraged to act in a way I never had before. If this was going to lead to something, I would have to guide it there. Mom called it flattering, and I sought to push that envelope as far as I could.

"What's flattering? When I do this?" I clenched up and sent a surge of blood to my burgeoning erection, making it flex between Mom's ass cheeks. She wasn't the only one who could get away with a bit of naked flirting.

Feeling my dick throb with renewed vigor must have startled Mom, since she jumped away as soon as the uninvited guest begged for her attention.

"Ah, ohmygod!" she screamed, but continued to cling to my forearm like we were watching a horror movie. As disarmed as she was, she did not want to let go of me.

When Mom jumped away from me, she had created a small gap of space. It wasn't much, but it was more than necessary. Just one powerful flex was all I needed. In just that tiny space--in less than a couple of short seconds--my cock instinctively tried to straighten itself, but wound up in a tantalizing new position.

Mom's tender thighs caressed my cock, but it was no longer pointing at her feet. It was sandwiched between her legs with the head--bulging like a fat, purple mushroom--lodged in the lips of her vagina. The meaty curtains enrobed the throbbing egg in a wet, cushy hug. I was not inside of her yet, but we both tensed up as we realized how easily that would change if she moved the wrong way.

The tip of the inflated helmet lay menacingly close to her pussy, inching toward the warmth radiating from between her legs like a dense, sweltering sauna. I wanted to push forward and trudge through the tightly packed cave of pussy meat; to feel its slippery, velvet petals part for me as I plunged into the muggy depths.

Making such a move without acknowledging what had already happened would be a bridge too far for both of us. We were both enthralled in the allure of what might happen next, but neither of us wanted to be the hand that brought that future to life.

After a few agonizing seconds wedged between her honey-soaked lips, I had to say something just to distract myself from cumming on the spot.

"This is weird, right?" I murmured.

"Mmhmm," Mom barely squeaked out. "I feel like I'm in high school again."

"You do?"

"Yeah, I-I don't know I just feel, like, all these butterflies and I don't think I should." Mom craned her neck to look at me. "Does that make sense?"

"I think it does, Mom. I feel them, too." I hugged her tighter and rested my chin on her shoulder. I kissed the back of her neck, expecting her to embrace the feeling, but she crunched up when the tingles from my kiss sent fission surging through her.

"H-honeeeeyyy," Mom groaned. "What are we doing?"

"I don't know, Mommy." I kissed her again.

Mom tightened her ass against my stomach and dragged her pussy lips over the intruder that pulsed in their slippery grip. "You never call me that

anymore." She sounded forlorn for a time long passed. "I miss that; my baby boy."

"I'm right here, Mommy." I made sure to hiss the title in her ear that time. She shivered as the tingles spread through her whole body.

"Not so little anymore, hmm?" Mom rolled her hips in a circle, very intentionally smothering my cock with a flurry of sloppy kisses. She tilted her head further back so it was resting on my shoulder, exposing her neck so I could plant an army of gentle kisses over her skin. She groaned with delight as I sucked on her, placing a hickey below her ear.

"We can't--I mean, we shouldn't." Mom was muttering to herself while she clawed my arm like a feral cat. Her nails dug into my wrist, but I was willing to let her jump through whatever mental hoops she needed to in order to feel good about this. "I-I don't know what to do."

"Tell me, I'm here." I nibbled on her shoulder.

"I want..." Mom sucked in a deep breath of air and released it like it had been weighing her down for years. With her mind made up, she admitted her depraved truth. It was a simple thought, but its utterance brought such overwhelming complications that bringing it to life put her on the verge of tears.

"I... I want to feel good. With you, honey," Mom whispered, forcing the words to leave her lips no matter how hard it was. "Is that okay?"

"Yes, Mommy, it is. Just tell me if this is okay." I took my arm away from Mom's midsection. Rather than hold her tightly by my forearm, I flattened my palm against her tummy. I slowly inched my way up over her pudgy belly, making sure to keep myself tethered to her with as much skin as

possible. I secured my whole arm to her body, with my elbow at her navel, like a human seatbelt.

My hand was a shark fin that cut between Mom's saggy, suffocating breasts. It slid between the heaving mounds of flesh and was instantly greeted by their undeniable warmth. Her top breast sandwiched my hand between the other enormous udder with such tremendous weight that I could barely wiggle my fingers.

I curled my wrist and scooped the wobbling tit into my arm like I was giving it a bear hug. I jostled the mountain of meat in my arm and marveled as wave after fat, pudgy wave rippled through Mom's flesh. I sank my hand into the pliable dough and squeezed until it oozed through my fingers.

Mom's nipple was sticking out from her pink, palm-sized areola and poking into my hand. I caught it between my thumb and finger as I grabbed a greedy handful of soft putty. I rolled the firm gem with a tender touch, carefully searching for the right amount of pressure that would make my mother squirm.

Mom routinely clenched her thighs together to smother the head of my cock with a series of loving kisses, tenderly polishing the orb without granting it access inside. Bit by bit, she was allowing herself to perform in a way unbecoming of a good mother, succumbing to the desire to be treated like the woman she was.

Mom parted her legs slightly and her fingers snaked through the crack in her thighs. They brushed against me before she snatched them away, exciting me with a sharp tickle that cut through her pussy's dizzying humidity like a knife.

"Can Mommy..." She wasn't just asking permission, she was pleading.

"Touch it," I breathed in her ear.

Mom shuddered and dove between her legs. Her fingertips prodded the bulging member, eliciting a few more soft groans from both of us. My cock followed her direction as she guided it through her legs until it pointed straight ahead of us. Our hips met and, with no more distance to close, Mom resealed her thighs and trapped me in the sauna I ached for, with her juicy, dripping pussy acting as the roof.

A thick patch of fluffy pubic hair tickled the crown. I pushed back and forth through the small opening she gave me, each time delving through the jungle of wet, matted fur until my entire length was coated in syrup.

Mom was gently rubbing her clit in time with my slow, steady strokes. Her fingertips tickled the topside of my cock each time it passed through her lips.

I don't know which of us was enjoying it more. I was holding more breast than I could carry, and Mom was feeling a cock against her sacred spot for the first time since Dad left. I knew she had not found another man in the meantime; Mom wasn't like that. This was her first time revisiting this dance with someone new. As fate would have it, it was with someone very familiar, too.

Mom lifted her leg again, just enough to slip her hand underneath my cock. The pads of her fingers brushing against the underside was electric, but she did not stop there. Mom took her time nuzzling the head against her entrance, dragging it through the trench of thick honey, so her lips would cling to it on every pass.

Mom was no longer shy about grinding against me once I was in place. She removed her hand to show off how much control she could exude with only

her hips, and I was certainly impressed.

The mushroom head bulging in her petals was completely entombed in pussy meat, leaving only a hint of the smooth egg exposed. Her movements were subtle enough that I didn't sink in further, but that was entirely intentional. Just like before, all she needed to do was back up a little and we would enter into territory we could not return from.

"Honey," Mom mewed to me with lustful fervor. "Mommy is going to put your penis inside of her now. Is that okay?"

God, she was getting off on the taboo more than I was! I was willing to play whatever role she wanted me to.

"Fuck yes, Mommy," I whined. "Please let me fuck you."

Mom searched for my hand in the dark and desperately interlocked our fingers when she did. Our bond was unbreakable, and we were going to test that truth.

Mom edged her hips back and began to engulf me into her steamy pocket, one inch at a time. Her lips parted and accepted the whole head inside at once. She gasped as the full size invaded her, but was undeterred. She pushed her bum into me to gobble down another inch, cooing softly as the turgid boulder eased into her.

Mom rocked in place, gingerly accepting more and more into her tiny pussy. Each small bump nuzzled against my cock, massaging every new inch with its warm, wet embrace. Her walls were made of a thousand velvet folds, each vying for their turn tenderly hugging the beast that throbbed within their depths as it sank deeper, deeper, and deeper into her body.

I could not believe how hot it was inside of Mom; she made the sleeping bag feel like a block of ice. I forgot winter was erupting in the world outside

of us.

Mom's hands were quivering relentlessly. Whether from nerves, or from feeling the first cock enter her in so many moons, I did not know. Her breathing was tattered and ragged, coming in random intervals as she lost the ability to control anything but the slow descent of her ass into my lap.

"Ohhhh, gaaawd." Mom swooned as our bodies finally connected. Her plump bottom rested flush with my hips so her pillowy cheeks bulged out on the sides, making the plumpness mashed against me into the perfect cushion to rest on. My cock was buried to the hilt in a suffocating rainforest of sultry pussy meat, and every reminder that it belonged to my mother made it harder and harder not to cum.

"S-stay there. Just for a second," Mom urged, with her ass grinding against me, dragging her cervix like a fine paintbrush over the spongy head. It pulsed against her womb like it wanted permission to fill her to the brim with baby butter. "Gotta let Mommy get used to you. Okay, honey?"

I grunted in approval.

"That's my good boy." Mom brushed a hand on my cheek and pulled my face close to hers.

We convulsed like a heartbeat, writhing against each other in a rhythm set by our bodies. I did nothing more than listen to mine, but it knew the steps like this were the most natural thing in the world.

Mom took my hand and led it towards her pussy, driving my hand between her tightly sealed legs. I ventured through the wiry mess of dense, soggy fur with one goal in mind, and my heart soared when I reached it.

To feel Mom's delicate, slimy petals part under my fingers was divine. I pushed her curtains open and slid through them until I could feel where

Mom and I were connected. Her pussy was straining to account for the sizeable girth plunging her depths. I ran my finger along the elastic ring that struggled to swallow the width, stretching grotesquely in an effort to prove she was able to handle my size.

"There," Mom grunted hastily. "Can you feel that?"

I nodded like a mute caveman driven by nothing but instincts.

"Feel how much you stretch Mommy?" She panted like a tired puppy. "I have--uhhhh, fuck--haven't done this in a while."

"I can tell." I kissed her neck and breathed in deep to embroil my senses with the intoxicating woman in my arms.

"Am I too tight?" Mom whimpered. "I can't help it, nobody's been in there for an awfully long time."

"You feel fucking amazing, Mommy," I swooned.

"Say it again," she begged.

I lathered her with compliments like a waterfall, pouring praise over how incredible she felt. I did not have to fake a single word of it; I had never felt this good in my entire life.

"Mommy, your pussy feels so fucking good. You're so tight and warm, I wanna stay in here forever," I sang proudly.

Our slow grinding resurfaced as a response to the gnawing desperation we felt, longing to express our most deeply hidden desires to each other by way of touch. Mom drove her ass into my lap like she wanted to squish me, serenading my cock with the loving embrace of her slippery squeezes.

"I wanna cum so badly," I pleaded.

"Shh, shh. Not yet, baby," Mom hushed me, immediately bringing our groove to a halt. "Have you ever kissed a woman before, honey?"

"Uh, no." I blushed, but now was not the time for modesty.

"Can Mommy be your first?" Right then, she was the one begging. Mom turned to face me, so I backed up to make room for her, but she seized up when my dick nearly popped out of her. "No! No, keep it inside. I want to feel all those little throbs."

"These?" I treated her to a powerful flutter of cock flexes.

"Yes, those!" Mom squealed with glee, bucking her hips in response. "Now, stop teasing your mother and come kiss her."

I kept my cock submerged in my mother, content to stay there until it began to wrinkle, while she rotated to face me. I wished for a better light source so I could see the beautiful woman smiling below me, but for now, the outline of her face would have to be enough. Besides, it was a face I was very familiar with.

My grasp around Mom kept her pulled tightly to me, but as I towered over her, I felt strangely dominant over the woman who had been an authority figure for my entire life. For her to also be my first kiss felt all too poetic.

Mom sucked in a small breath of air just before our lips touched. She tasted like vanilla, the softness of her plump lips fitting between mine in a satisfying lock. The minute peach fuzz, its heavenly softness, grazed against my lips as they slid over each other. I had never kissed anyone, but following Mom's moves made it felt as natural as learning to walk.

Mom flicked her tongue against my lips, gingerly prodding them apart. Her pink python wiggled into my mouth to toil with mine, slithering the duo together to create a symphony of lecherous slurping. Our tongues danced

together in harmony, each of us taking a turn with the reins in search of the perfect rhythm.

We hastily exchanged sloppy, passionate kisses like we were seconds away from being caught in the act, desperate to spend one more moment embracing each other before we were ripped apart. Should that have happened, I would have fought tooth and nail to get back into the arms of this remarkable woman.

Mom proved her expertise by delicately nibbling on my bottom lip with her teeth. She gave a gentle tug before releasing it, leaving me no time to react before she swooped in for another kiss. Everything she did with her mouth delighted me, and Mom was gifted at moving flawlessly from one practiced technique to the next.

Intertwining our tongues, biting my bottom lip, giving control to me so I could assault her with sloppy, amateur smooches before she inevitably resumed her methodical kissing.

Neither of us could resist our bodies begging us to resume our mechanical grinding. We were cogs in a machine ignoring our only purpose, but one steady shove from me was all it took to reignite the engine. I pushed my cock as deep into my mother as it would go, straining against her cervix without trying to hurt her.

"I can't... believe... you can... do that." Mom had to wait for a pause between kisses to get a word out.

"Can't all guys?" I groaned, as she flattened her tongue against my taste buds.

"No, honey." Mom pushed her face into mine for a final, ultimate kiss. I did not realize until that moment how ragged my breathing had become.

"You've got a big dick, you need to get used to it. Your father never touched the bottom."

"Am I too big?" I raised an eyebrow.

"No, no," Mom assured me. "I pushed you out of there, remember? I'll be damned if you've gotten too big to go back inside."

Amid Mom's furious, unrelenting squeezes, a familiar tingling arose in my balls. I was quick to shut it down, but every move Mom made served to void that self-control.

"Mom, I--I think I'm gonna cum," I whined anxiously. "I'm not wearing a condom, what do I do?"

"I know, I can feel that," Mom giggled. "Are you scared?"

"A little bit, I think?" I felt like she was prodding for a specific answer.

"But you still want to, don't you?" she cooed sweetly, seducing me until all the red flags looked green. "You wanna cum inside Mommy, even though it's dangerous?"

"C--Can I?" I begged pathetically, ready to say or do anything I had to for the privilege.

"I dunno, honey. How scared are you?"

"What if you get pregnant?" I blurted out. I knew the risks, but there was something magical about Mom that made me feel like everything was going to be okay no matter what.

"I guess we'll just have to find out," Mom whispered into my ear.

Mom tucked her knees to her chest and pushed my dick out of her pussy without needing to use her hands. Before I could mourn the loss of her

internal warmth, she flung her legs over mine and climbed on top of me. I was straddled like a pony, with Mom at the helm.

The matronly silhouette leaned down until her gigantic, pillowy breasts squashed against my chest. She brushed her nose over mine and dipped her head for a slow, tender kiss that she did not break for a long time.

I dug into her ass, filling my hands with scoops of dough that moulded under my fingers. Mom's succulent flesh yielded to every subtle touch, oozing around my digits the harder I squeezed. I pulled her gelatinous globes apart to make a valley in which my throbbing erection could nestle, with the helmet lodged squarely against her asshole.

In tandem with her cheeks, Mom's pussy could not avoid having its lips peeled apart. Her syrupy petals lovingly cradled the sides of my shaft, dripping their nectar over my cock. Her curtains gracefully caressed each vein like slippery hands with a mind of their own, doing their best to smear every inch of me with their rich honey.

I closed her cheeks back together, sealing the torrid confines around my entire length. My cock was a pulsing sausage, and her cheeks were the two soft, fluffy buns wrapped on either side. Using her swollen mounds to massage the entirety of my greasy pole at once, was better than anything I ever managed with my hands, no matter how much lotion I used.

Our bodies writhed in the sleeping bag. I loved having Mom rest her weight on top of me, bearing down on me with her heavy breasts and threatening to suffocate me under the sagging pile. Her lips wrestled so fervently with mine that I could scarcely draw breath.

"Hey," Mom whispered to me, ending our lengthy kiss. She leaned forward, dangling her breasts in my face as she sung to me. "Are you ready to go

back inside?"

I planted a kiss on her sternum, using her breasts like earmuffs to smother my head on both sides. I have never been happier in my entire life than while wearing my mother's boobs like a face mask. The stifling heat threatened to melt the skin off my face, but my skeleton would be smiling.

I was suffocating in the dull, muggy steam of our makeshift mattress--my sleeping bag refused to accommodate the heat produced by two naked bodies twisting into a human pretzel. Were it not for the broken window, every pane of glass in the van would be covered in a thick layer of fog. The sweat on our skin sizzled to a boil, the temperature in the bag mirroring the surface of the sun. With the friction of our bodies rubbing against one another, this wet, sultry humidity was the only thing keeping us from catching fire.

Mom reached below us and grabbed my cock by the root, giving it a tentative squeeze like she was checking the air on a bike tire.

"Jesus," she muttered. "You're still so hard, honey."

"For you, Mom. Always." I was laying it on thick, but we were past the point of subtlety.

"In that case, Mommy should be the one to soothe that big, painful boner for you." Her voice was candy. "Would you like that, baby?"

"Y--yes please." I gulped.

Mom guided my cock back into her cozy pocket, once again taking it deeply into the place I once called home. Returning there as a grown man felt like reuniting with a piece of nostalgia I didn't know I had.

With the head firmly lodged in the mouth of her pussy, Mom began her descent without the use of her hands. Her hips sashayed back and forth, alternating which side of my cock would be polished by the tender touch of her velour walls as it sank deeper inside. I was pushed against the left wall, then the right, each time trudging further to the bottom. Mom was so wet that she could have taken all of me at once, but preferred to methodically wag her tail, with me still inside of her, while she savoured every increasingly fat inch.

All good things must come to an end, and Mom soon greedily swallowed up the last portion of my girthy cock. Her pussy licked the plate clean and asked for seconds.

"If I start to move are you going to cum right away?" Mom kissed my temple, the melodic tone of her seductive teasing tugging on my heartstrings.

"Maybe?" I squeaked.

"Like that?" Mom timidly lifts her ass, dragging her soggy lips over the length of my cock. Before I could thank her for going slowly, she plummeted her ass into my lap again, plunging my cock through the tunnel of sopping wet flesh.

"Oh God, Mom!" I yelped, curling my toes like shrimp to try and stop myself from cumming on the spot. "I--I can't, you feel so fucking good."

Mom burrowed her face into the nape of my neck, licking and sucking at my salty skin while she whispered into my ear like a hypnotist lulling me under her spell. She did not need to convince me so; I had no free will left to exert. I was hers.

"Can you wait until three?" Mom pleaded.

"Three what?" My eyes were shut so tight that I could feel my heartbeat thumping behind them.

"Just listen to Mommy." She nuzzled her nose into my cheek. "If you make it to three you can cum inside, okay?"

The tube of wet, densely packed meat smothered my cock, milking me from balls to tip as its walls undulated around me.

"One," Mom cooed sweetly.

With a slow, tedious pull, Mom lifted her ass off of me again, tightly constricting the muscles in her pussy as she rose. She clenched up, strangling me like a slimy noose. Mom dragged her pussy towards the angry, flared helmet without a moment to rest. When she reached the head, she released the tightly coiled tension so her pussy could hungrily engulf my entire cock in one great, powerful slam. It felt like she was coaxing my soul out of my body.

"You can do it, honey," Mom encouraged me, through the raging torrent of pleasure that took hold of my entire body.

Mom repeated the same move, well aware of the effect it had on me. My balls pulled in tight to my body, preparing themselves for the impending explosion. I curled my toes, my joints cracking like popcorn from how hard I was seizing up.

The already pitch black interior of the van became hazy, and in the darkness, I saw a thousand tiny black dots shrink and grow before my very eyes. The tepid heat of the sleeping bag made me feel like I was going to black out, and with nothing but my mother to latch onto, I anchored my paws onto her backside to convince myself I was still on Earth.

"Two," Mom serenaded me. "You're doing so good! Almost there."

My heart rattled like a machine gun, but my mind was silent. I was completely at peace, awash in the purest form of ecstasy known to man. I overdosed on the unadulterated dopamine coursing through my veins, knowing that I would never come down from this high.

"Three," Mom announced with pride, dropping her ass into my lap for the final time.

"M--Mom please just-" I begged like my life was on the line. I could not hold it back any longer, no matter how badly I may have wanted to.

"You did it." She gingerly caressed my cheek. "You can cum now, sweetheart. Mommy is here."

My cock ballooned in size as a surge of blood inflated the mushroom bulging against Mom's cervix. The bottom of her pussy was a canvas waiting to be decorated, and with a loud, primal growl, I painted her insides with sticky, white syrup.

My cock pulsated with energy, spewing forth another volley of paste into the bottom of Mom's pussy. The duo of slimy cables intertwined, making a mess of the masterpiece I had painted. The seal at the base of my cock was airtight, stopping any of my cum from leaking out. The soggy vacuum billowed around me, heaving its plush walls against me to douse my rigid cock with the lurid concoction of cum and juice that churned in her pussy.

Mom expertly timed her squeezes so they were delivered at the height of each throb, meticulously draining as much as she could with each spurt.

Mom howled like a wolf at the moon, boiling magma sizzling inside of her. Her hands were a whirlwind, scavenging my body for anything to hold on to while her body convulsed. The woman who gave birth to me wailed like

a banshee, calling my name out in between deep, guttural groans. I hardly recognized her, yet I knew her inside and out.

Mom's pussy coiled around me, coaxing out another plump, juicy rope. I wanted to give her everything I had and more. I could not believe the amount of cum she was getting out of me. Between her turbulent squeezes, and the dance of desperate writhing she performed on top of me, she was throwing me headfirst into the strongest orgasm I had ever experienced.

So much cum had been dumped into Mom's body that the jungle of creamy vines had melted into a hot, gluey pool. The baby butter--as heavy as it was warm--simmered inside her, marinating in the freshly bred pussy of the woman who should have been their grandmother.

For a long time, we lay silently. With the exception of our labored breathing, and the whistling winds outside, the van was silent. Mom's sweaty, naked body had completely collapsed on mine, but I adored wearing her like a blanket. Her head had found a comfortable spot to rest on my chest once she felt my cock finally stop throbbing, and she had not lifted it since.

I was still semi-hard, lodged within Mom's pussy and soaking in our combined juices. Every so often, she would give me a loving squeeze, hugging my cock to remind me how much she loved me. At least, that's the feeling I got from it.

"That was amazing, honey," Mom sighed, peeling a sweat-soaked piece of hair off of her forehead. "I haven't felt like that in years."

"I've never felt like that!" I joked. "I can't believe you've been holding out on me."

"I can't believe you've been holding out on me!" Mom accused, bearing down with her hips and treating my cock to a sensationally tight chokehold.

"You never should have let me know what a big, beautiful dick you have."

"Why not?" My eyes lit up. "Scared you're not gonna be able to keep your paws off me?"

"I can if you want me to." Mom drew a figure eight on my chest with her fingernail. "Is that what you want? Was this too weird?"

"I don't know." I flexed my cock, making it lurch in Mom's pussy so unexpectedly that she jumped a little. "Does it feel like it was too weird?"

I could not see it, but I heard the smile creep across Mom's face when she said, "No, baby."

I plowed the fields of her gorgeous, golden blonde hair with my nails. Her summery shampoo, and the warmth of her body against mine, made the winter night an easy opponent to conquer.

How different would our night have been if we had chosen to stay at the cottage? Mom would be asleep in bed, I would be watching some old movie on an even older TV. Then, alone in my bed, I would wrangle fantasies akin to what I had just lived through. I said a silent prayer for the alternate reality where we stayed where it was safe. Taking that risk led to the most memorable, life changing night of my entire life.

Mom fell asleep before I did. The sound of her quietly snoozing became meditative, and against the backing track of the wind trying to blow our house down it was an oddly therapeutic way to fall asleep.

It was so disarming, in fact, that I did not lend a single thought to what the next morning would bring. With the rising sun, I was a fool to think that

being naked in the back of a van would be a pleasant way to be discovered...

My eyes snapped open to a series of knocks on the side of the van. Light broke through the windows, giving me a better look at the scene before us.

Mom snored softly in her sleep, her eyes flickering like tiny bugs behind her close eyelids. Her lip was quivering slightly, and I hated to have to wake her from whatever dream she was in the middle of.

Our clothes were strewn all over the cabin, with my socks playing the role of two icicles by the back doors. I did not know what I was going to get changed into that wasn't already as cold as the air around us, but I did not have to wonder for long.

"Yeah, we got two!" A rough, scraggly voice boomed from the front of the van. A man wearing dark rimmed glasses, whose frames were so thick that his eyes looked gigantic, was peering through the windshield. "Driver window smashed, but I think they're all right."

"Hey!" a voice from outside the doors called. "You guys alright in there?"

"Uh, yeah! One second," I answered, stirring Mom awake.

"Was goin' awn, homey?" She yawned, barely opening her eyes.

"I think there are people here to help us." I jostled her shoulder, sending her into an instant panic.

"People... outside?" Mom's eyes flashed open. "Jacob! I'm still naked!"

"Uh, ma'am? We have blankets if you want, and there are clothes at the station that you can borrow." The man out front informed us. "We're gonna get a tow truck out here ay-es-ay-pee, okiedokie? You lovebirds hang tight!"

"Did you hear that?" Mom scowled at me.

"Yeah, they must be cops. I guess the tow truck-

"Jacob!" Mom snapped. "He called us lovebirds!"

I chewed my bottom lip. "Er, I guess so? I mean, we kind of are after last night."

The look of horror washing over Mom's face was perfectly timed with the two large, metal doors at the back of the van swinging open. A bearded man about Mom's age greeted us, holding a hand in front of his eyes.

"Hello, folks! My deputy here informed me that you might not be wearing clothes, so I will continue to avert my eyes." In his outstretched hand was a tall stack of wool blankets. "Please, help yourselves."

"Thank you, officer." Mom motioned with her eyes for me to retrieve the stack so she could keep herself cocooned in the sleeping bag. "My s--uh, stupid boyfriend here just couldn't keep us on the road last night."

I shot her a dirty look. "What the hell, M--er, uh, Molly." The poor sleep made it hard to think clearly, and even harder to lie. If one of us was going to accidentally let slip that we were mother and son, I really did not want it to be me.

"Did you want us to wait with you for the truck, ma'am?" the bespectacled officer asked.

"No, that's okay, thank you," Mom reassured me, with a soothing smile.

"He's only about ten minutes away, so we're gonna take off. Lots of other people in the same situation as you this morning," the jollier officer said.

"You sure you don't need anything?"

Mom stroked my collarbone and wrapped her hand around the back of my neck, gazing into my eyes with unabashed longing. "I have everything I need right here."

Finally, I understood what she meant.

