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The Arrival...

"Yes I think that'll do it," Trina said, sitting the last of the miscellaneous camping supplies on the counter.

The cashier sorted and scanned the trail mix, flashlight, bottled water, and lighter - items Trina and her son forgot to pack for their four night camping trip in the mountains near Ashville, North Carolina.

The cashier glanced at Trina's chest, covered by a white tank top, then quickly away to avoid getting caught.

She paid for the items and left, putting them in one of the backpacks her rented horse, Daisy, was carrying, then mounted her. Daisy's son, Dale was nearby, with Trina's son, Richie already mounted up. The human mother and son tapped the horses with their heels. The horse mother and son trotted off carrying their riders.

The cashier was focused on Trina's ass, her small, tight, cargo shorts, showing it off perfectly, her long legs on display too.

He heard mouth breathing, over his shoulder, followed by a toxic odour. He winced, knowing the source of the stench - his coworker's bad breath.

"Roger," the cashier said, stepping away from him. Roger was the 30-year-old stock "boy" of the general and outdoor equipment store, near a few of the wilderness preserves and state parks. He was also laser focused on Trina while she rode away.

"Call Derrick. We may have some trespassers," the cashier ordered.

"Uh what's his number again?" Roger asked.

"Fucking moron," The cashier thought. "Never mind. I'll do it," he told Roger.

"Oh, huh huh, ok," Roger chuckled, returning to the back room, to take his sweet time on unpacking a couple boxes.

"Derrick, hey. Yeah. Listen, I think we may have some campers to deal with. I know Shaun will be in this weekend, he won't like that. Ok, sure. We'll search near the lake for any campfires," the cashier spoke on the phone.

"It's a woman and a younger guy. Yep. What should we do if we find them?" there was a long pause on the phone. The cashier grinned, "Good idea. We'll leave no traces."

He hung up the phone, watching Trina and her son head up the gravel road into the mountains, rounding a curve, losing sight of them.

Trina smiled to herself, knowing she was being watched. Richie was behind her on his horse and Trina hoped her son's eyes were on her ass. She didn't care. She wanted him to do it.

She repeated a line from a movie her and Richie watched last year. It was one of his favourite movies, one he had seen many times before, but on that night she snuggled up to him on the couch and watched with him.

“Whatever doesn’t kill you, simply makes you stranger.”

Trina, a former Miami police officer, survived traumatic, horrific events, and was stranger indeed. Lying in her hospital bed, Richie crying by her side, he confessed something Trina already suspected – he had been spying on her, even watching her, hidden, have sex with a friend.

Perhaps it was a combination of surviving the ordeal and realising her son was more important than anything or realising they were both adults, with adult needs and desires. Either way, traumatic events changed her, made her strange in most normal people’s eyes.

Richie promised that day in the hospital to never spy on her again. To Trina’s knowledge he kept his word. After her release, the strangeness kicked in. She wanted him to spy on her.

Trina would change clothes in front of him, carry on innocent conversations with him while sitting in a warm bath, late at night she would masturbate wondering if she was providing her son with a good show. She saw or heard no evidence of him watching her. Her changed, strange mind, was disappointed by this.

When an opportunity for a new job in Asheville, North Carolina presented itself, Trina took it. She applied, going through the extensive application process most police departments have. She made it through every round, scoring second place in the physical fitness test, besting several former Marines, barely lagging behind the first place position. She did fine on the written test, and interviews. Her accuracy and precision with a firearm was up there with the top three applicants. The only issue Trina was concerned about was her background check. Luckily her job performance in Miami was top notch – no internal complaints, no complaints from coworkers or people on her patrol route.

The small department she applied to seem to have no issue with her abduction experience from the previous year, thinking her as being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Here she was, Trina and her son, on a nice camping trip one week before she started her new patrol route in Asheville. She and Richie organised the move, he transferred credits to a new community college, and Trina decided to take him camping. She rented horses and found a great spot. It was remote, but as far as she knew, off trail camping wasn’t prohibited here.

“I hope you like the view,” She thought to herself, her ass slightly bouncing up and down as Daisy trotted a little faster up the mountain road.

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## **The Camp**

Reaching the end of the gravel road, they headed onto a trail through a field. It was very hot and humid out – something Trina was counting on. She packed hardly any clothes, knowing she’d remove her tank top and would walk around in her black sports bra, giving Richie a show once they reached the camp site. Trina even wondered if she’d sneak off to the lake she was told about and have a nice bath. Perhaps Richie would follow her, watch her, stroking himself.

“Whoa,” Trina stopped her thoughts from heading there. “Have I really become that strange?” She asked herself, smiling at Richie over her shoulder.

He smiled back, his sweet face, giving her so much joy over the years – even if he was a voyeur. Trina wondered if Richie ever masturbated to her, maybe he did that night he watched her have sex.

She didn't know for sure. The strangeness of her thoughts continued as they made their way down the trail through the field, the tree line in the distance.

She spoke to her son in her mind. "I'll be wearing my underwear in the tent. Will that make you hard?" Trina glanced back at Richie and Dale.

"Maybe you should jack off. Maybe I'd be the one to spy on you this time," Trina chuckled to herself. "Stop," she spoke out loud to Daisy, pulling the reins back.

Daisy wasn't a very friendly mare, but she obeyed. Dale and Richie pulled up next to them. "Hey. Everything ok?" Richie asked, Dale sniffing at Trina's hand.

"Just taking in the view. It's nice here, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Hot though," Richie wiped his forehead.

"Yep. It'll be cooler tonight though."

"I hope so, geez," Richie sighed.

"If it gets chilly, you'll keep me warm?"

"Sure, mom. I'd love to," Richie nervously answered.

"I know you would," Trina mumbled, smiling at him.

"What?"

"Nothing. Let's go!" Trina tapped Daisy with her heels and they continued on. "There should be a decline up ahead past those trees."

Incest had crossed Trina's mind a time or two since leaving the hospital a year ago. She always pushed those thoughts away, settling on heavy flirting, and long embraces and kisses on the face. She loved how Richie always blushed after a peck on the lips.

Making their way through the forest, Trina nearly went over a cliff she did not see, "Whoa! Careful here. There's a decline alright, this cliff."

"We'll have to go around, across that creek," Richie said.

"Yes, the campsite should be around here."

They crossed a fairly large creek 100 yards away, the rushing water flowing by the horses' legs. When they reached the other side, they started gradually heading downward again, into a basin of sorts.

At the bottom, Trina looked at a huge opening in the forest ceiling, sunlight pouring in, illuminating a waterfall. "Look. I guess we were up there."

"Yeah. Thought I heard something like rushing water," Richie said.

Trina stared at the waterfall, 80 feet tall, rocks all around the bottom, imagining two people standing, making love at the base. The two people were her and Richie. She shook the thought from her head and moved on.

The creek opened up more and flowed into a small lake. There was another small field, with a great view of the surrounding mountains.

They arrived at a good spot near the lake, at the base of a hill, surrounded by pines and set up camp. The two horses were nearby, Dale following Trina and Richie, nearly getting in the way, Daisy wanting nothing to do with them.

Trina assisted Richie with gathering a few extra limbs and branches to use for the fire. They smiled at one another, trading looks as they searched. Trina recalled how close they've gotten over the last year, how good it felt to share a bed with him, how much she enjoyed having him as the only man she spent time with.

Richie glanced at her too. He admired her toned legs, her ample chest, and her lovely face - her smile was sweet, but Richie could detect something else behind it. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but there was a slight aura of seduction or desire in his mother's eyes over the past year. It made him uncomfortable.

He never spied on her again, as much as he wanted to watch her shower, or masturbate, he stopped himself. Trina gave him plenty of opportunities though.

They headed back to camp, the nice horse, Dale following them. Incest entered Trina's mind once more. This camping trip, alone with her son, in the hot, humid outdoors - it'd be a perfect setting for things going too far, for lines being crossed. She asked herself if she'd regret it. She thought how strange she was for answering herself with a "no."

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A Show

Richie was miserable as the afternoon dragged on. He was busy, unpacking food and other items Daisy and Dale were carrying. The tent was set up, firewood in a nice pile, and Richie was sitting on a makeshift seat - a large, nearby boulder he rolled into the campsite.

He was sweating buckets, avoiding watching his mother move about, feeding Dale a carrot here and there. Trina was perfectly fine with the heat. In the back of her mind, she wanted to get sweaty - she had plans.

"Hey Richie, I think I'll take Dale down by the lake and cool off some. I might even take a quick bath!" Trina giggled, hoping Richie would take the bait.

"Ok, cool. I'll stay here," Richie replied.

Trina fed Dale another carrot, thinking to herself. "Or you can come watch me."

Dale trotted a few hundred yards to the lake, Trina hopped off him and looked around, enjoying the scenery, the tall waterfall in the distance. "Dale, this is going to be illegal, but there's no one around, ok buddy?" Trina joked, pulling off her sweat drenched tank top, black sports bra, cargo shorts and white thong.

"I'm naked!" Trina patted the horses shoulder, laughing at herself. Dale ignored her, drinking from the edge of the lake, standing in a couple inches of water.

Trina waded out into the lake, the cool water feeling great on her skin. She swam around, splashed

Dale some, hoping to cool him off too. He kept drinking, shaking his mane free of water.

Trina got a little bold and a little horny. She stood in two feet of water, bending over, splashing it on herself, hoping Richie was enjoying the show.

Even if Trina couldn't see Richie out there hiding behind a tree, she could see someone was enjoying the show – Dale. The horse was sprouting quite an impressive equine erection.

"Well, well, well Mr. Dale," Trina smiled, slowly walking out of the water toward the horse.

"My son says he hasn't been spying on me for a long time," Trina said, walking in front of the horse, rubbing his head, making her way to his mid-section.

"If he is watching me," Trina went to her knees, licking her lips, admiring Dale's huge cock.

"Then let's give him a good show," she quickly grabbed the base of Dale's equine cock, bringing the tip to her mouth and engulfing it. It was quite difficult to get his entire cockhead in her mouth, but she opened it as wide as she could, his bulbous tip taking up her entire mouth. She sucked as fast as she could, while jacking his long shaft. Smiling at herself, moaning at the taste of horse cock.

"This isn't so bad," She thought, bringing her hand to Dale's big, hanging balls.

"Mmmmm," she moaned again, her eyes darting around, looking over shoulder for Richie but not seeing him anywhere in the tree line.

Trina kept going, kept jacking Dale and sucking the tip. The horse grunted, shifting his weight on his back legs, he was cumming.

"Yes!" Trina cried out in her head, her mouth, throat filling with horse semen. The thick, gooey fluid overflowed out of her mouth, dripping off her chin onto her breasts.

She pulled his cock out of her mouth and laughed as it spurt several more globs of cum on her face. "Thanks Dale," she stood, wiping it off her face and chest. "Guess I'll rinse this off."

Trina swam around a little more, keeping an eye out for Richie – she still didn't see him.

"That was also illegal," Trina said, walking out of the lake, using her shirt to dry her hair. "Please don't tell anyone, Dale. Ok?"

After she got dressed, she mounted up and rode back to camp. Trina felt slight disappointment that her son was sitting on the boulder, sipping water, trying to stay cool.

"Hi again, that was great! You should've joined me. The water was very cool," Trina said, hopping off Dale.

Richie chuckled, poking the ground with a stick, "Nah."

Trina rustled his hair, walking behind him, squeezing a little water out of her tank top on his head. "See?"

Richie avoided it as best he could, not really annoyed by it.

Trina took him by surprise, sitting on his lap. "Four nights out here. You and me. Think you can handle it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we're out here in the wilderness, alone," Trina said, grabbing Richie's hand, placing it on her damp thigh. "Strange things could happen. We could be in for a very crazy time."

"Sure," he rolled his eyes.

"Richie?" she tipped his chin with her index finger. "Have you spied on me recently?"

"Mom, I told you, I'd never do that again. I felt too guilty."

"I see," Trina lowered her gaze. "It's not that big a deal, you know."

"Why are we talking about this again?" Richie asked, slightly annoyed and embarrassed.

"I'm just saying, we're both adults, we're comfortable around each other. Sneaking a peek at a woman you find attractive isn't that big a deal. Do you find me attractive?"

Richie paused a moment, "Well, yeah, but it's not right to spy on a woman while she's, you know."

"Masturbating or showering or having sex?" Trina asked.

"Yes."

"Maybe I'd like to put on a show. For you that is."

"Mom, what are you - " Richie was interrupted by Daisy neighing, rising on her hind legs, stomping the ground.

Trina got off Richie's lap and approached the horse. "Calm down! It's fine!" she held out a carrot for Daisy to eat. "Not sure what her deal is," Trina said, watching Daisy's nostrils flare. She glanced at Dale, he was rummaging around for grass or flowers to eat.

When Daisy calmed down, Richie was no longer sitting, his back was to his mother, gathering some wood from the pile. He stacked them in the makeshift fire pit, surrounded by boulders, in preparation for the fire that evening.

Trina dropped the issue, thinking that four days should be plenty of opportunities for inappropriate behavior with her son to occur. She sorted out the sleeping bags in the tent, considered sleeping nude, seeing how Richie would react, but decided on leaving her thong and sports bra on. After supper she would resume conversations with him to get an idea of how her son truly felt now, hoping that his voyeurism wasn't just a phase as she originally thought before her traumatic ordeal a year earlier.

Trina unpacked a few other items, including a Glock handgun, a hair brush, and new socks to put on since her current ones were still damp.

"Such a strange mind I have," she thought to herself, smiling as she tossed a pillow on the sleeping bag.

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## **The Waterfall**

Richie was quiet and distant the rest of the evening. After they built a fire, they cooked some hotdogs, had a few s'mores, and quietly gazed into the clear night sky. Trina dragged Richie onto the ground so he could prop himself against the boulder. She leaned against him, frowning when he didn't put his arm around her.

She tried chatting with him, saying how nice it was to be alone with him in the woods, feeling silly when Richie hardly seemed interested in talking. Trina, annoyed at herself, decided to shut up and lie there with him.

They watched the fire die down, Trina hoping, in the back of her mind, her son would at least attempt to hold her or talk to her - Richie remained still and silent.

Richie finally spoke up, excusing himself, saying goodnight. Trina sat up, letting him rise, stretch and make his way to the tent. She sat alone by the dwindling fire.

Frustrated at herself, Trina walked to a nearby pine, staring off towards the lake. She pictured a mother and son, standing in the moonlight, bathing each other, kissing, then making love. She shook the image from her head, eyes to the ground.

She heard heavy steps behind her. Dale sniffed her hair. Trina turned around, caressing his big head. "Go spend time with your mother, Dale. Go keep her warm."

Trina led him to the tree Daisy was tied to, tying him to one nearby. She walked back to the tent, smiling when she looked over her shoulder, seeing Dale nuzzle Daisy's neck. Trina kicked off her boots, pulled off her tank top, and slid her shorts down, placing them on top of the tent to air out any remaining dampness. In her sports bra and thong, she entered the tent.

Richie was lying on his side, his back to her. Trina snuggled up to him, thinking about the next day.

"The waterfall. I'll take him to it. We'll see what happens there," she thought, closing her eyes.

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After a quiet breakfast, Richie cleaned up camp a bit, his mother waiting for him.

"You're done, now hurry," Trina tugged at his arm, leading him to Dale.

"I saw the waterfall on the way into camp."

"I know, but I want to play in it," Trina said, mounting Daisy.

Richie shook his head, reluctantly going along with it.

When they reached the waterfall, Trina hopped off Daisy and began undoing her boots. "You coming in?" she asked Richie, still on his horse.

"I don't know," he looked around.

"There's no one around, it'll be fun," his mother replied, removing her tank top and sports bra, revealing her bare breasts.

Richie looked away.

"Aw come on, you've seen these before."



"I know but - "

"But what? We're close aren't we?" Trina asked, sliding her shorts down.

"Yes."

"Well come on and play in the water with me. Please?"

"Mom, I can't," Richie said, turning Dale in the direction of camp.

"Richie?" Trina stood naked, watching him trot back to camp. "What the hell?"

He was out of sight when Trina turned around, slowly walking toward the water, falling from above. "Maybe I came on too strong. Maybe he's conflicted," she thought, holding out her hand, letting the water hit it.

"Maybe I shouldn't do anything. It's very strange for me to be acting this way. Still though, we are closer, and he is the most important person in my life," Trina sat on a nearby flat rock, propping her feet up on a sharper one in front of her.

"I need to calm down," she whispered, resting her head on her knees.

She was being watched from above. At the top of the falls, before the path curved into a decline, someone was there, a radio in hand.

"Derrick, yeah it's me. I found them. One of them. The woman. The younger guy must be back at their camp. I think I know where it is. I'll follow her to be sure. She's sitting near the waterfall naked."

"Good," Derrick said on the other end of the radio. "We'll say hello to them tonight."

Derrick nodded to a few of his men, walking out of a small shack. They nodded back and continued cleaning and loading their weapons.

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Nightfall

Trina couldn't figure her son out. The rest of the day she spent thinking about her situation. Richie kept his distance for the most part, Trina watched him clean the camp, collect firewood, wondering what she should say or do next. She admitted to herself that she wanted to strip naked for him and give herself to him - not caring how perverse it was.

Trina remained calm, never overdoing it or coming on too strong. After supper, they sat quietly at the fire once again.

Richie excused himself, this time Trina joined him.

"Hey," he said, kicking off his shoes inside the tent.

"Hi. I'm going to join you," Trina said removing her tank top, quickly sliding off her shorts.

"Alright," Richie went to his side on top of the sleeping bag.

"On your back," Trina said. "I want to snuggle."

"Mom, we don't have to - "

"Please?" Trina asked, hoping a more subtle approach would work. "We can talk before going to sleep."

Richie sighed, "Sure. That's fine."

In her sports bra and thong, Trina threw her arm over Richie's chest. "If you're hot you can take this off," she said of his t-shirt.

"I'm fine."

"Really? Are you sure?" she asked, her questions having a double meaning.

"Yeah I'm fine."

"Are you happy? Do you think things will be ok at this new school?"

"Should be. Just transferred my credits there."

"Are you still considering journalism?"

"Yeah," Richie shrugged.

"Maybe you could write fiction too. That'd be fun, right?" Trina asked. Just then a limb snap was heard not far from the tent.

"You hear that?" Richie asked.

"Probably a deer or something," Trina said, resting her head on Richie's chest, another twig snapped closer this time.

"I don't know," Richie rose on his elbows. Daisy neighed outside.

"Maybe it was a Bigfoot," Trina joked.

"Heh, doubt it," Richie relaxed, lying back on the sleeping bag.

"You could write a Bigfoot story. Maybe about a sweet man meeting a lady Bigfoot and falling in love," Trina smiled.

"Ha, I think I'll pass," Richie chuckled.

There was a pause before Trina spoke again. "Are you happy with other aspects of your life? Are you happy to be here with me and still living with me?"

"Mom, what are you getting at?"

"It's just we were so close before this trip. I hope I didn't hurt you or offend you somehow. Since my ordeal last year, I like that we've gotten closer and closer - "

Trina was interrupted by another limb snapping.

"Did you - " Richie started to ask.

"Yes," Trina said. "I heard it," she said up, reaching for the hand gun in her bag next the pillow.

"Wait," Richie said.

"Shhh, I'm just going to make sure it's not a bear. Probably some deer."

Trina slowly opened the tent door and looked outside. She looked back into the tent at Richie. "Nothing. I'm going to step out."

When she turned around she saw several pairs of boots, reflecting the soft glow of the campfire coals. She heard a man speak.

"Hi. Come on out."

Her eyes widened, she gripped her gun, bringing it into view. "Drop it," another man spoke from her left side, an object pointed to her head.

"Come out," the first man said. Trina slowly put her gun on the ground and stood up in front of the tent.

Scanning the camp from left to right, she counted 16 men, 14 of them with guns - a mixture of rifles, a shot gun or two, and a few AR-15s. She saw the cashier from the store. She saw a very tall, muscular man, practically snarling at her.

One of the men, was holding a weapon, but it wasn't pointed at her. "I'm Derrick. We need to talk," he said with a smug look on his face.

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## **Abduction**

"Mom?" Richie said. Trina snapped her fingers, shushing him from outside the tent. The fact Richie had a perfect view of her legs and ass, was forgotten about. Trina focused on this new development.

"I'm guessing someone told you incorrect information. Perhaps about good camping spots," Derrick said.

Trina looked the tall man over. He was wearing boots, most of the other men were too, and dark cargo pants and a shirt. He looked to be early 40s, a few years older than Trina.

"They suggested this area. A nice waterfall, a lake or two, right? They were mistaken," Derrick went on.

"We can leave. Right now. We'll leave. It's no problem," Trina held up her hands.

"No," Derrick shook his head.

Trina focused on her breathing, calming herself, not letting panic set in. She watched a few of the men glance over her body. Another man looked familiar too.

"Roger," Derrick spoke up. "Tie them up."

Roger, not carrying a weapon, reached into a duffle bag, pulling out an assortment of ropes. At this point Richie appeared from the tent.

"Mom!" he exclaimed.

The only thoughts running through Trina's head was begging these men not to hurt her son. It wasn't so much for Richie's safety, but for theirs.

"What's going on?" he said, looking around, confused. Then one of them hurt Richie.

"Shut up!" Derrick yelled. He butted Richie in the gut with his weapon, then swiped him across the head with it.

Trina froze. Her heart stopped beating, she stopped breathing, her teeth were clamped shut. She couldn't act, she couldn't attack these men, she'd be shot dead if she made any sudden movements.

Roger made his way to her, pulling her wrists behind her body, grabbing her ass in the process. He pulled out a knife, cutting the rope, making sure the knot was tight. He then pulled at her sports bra from behind, running the blade up the middle, cutting it off her body. Roger, delaying his orders of tying her up, dropped the black material of her sports bra on the ground and reached around to grab a handful of tit.

"Roger! Tie them up!" Derrick shouted, shaking his head.

Roger obeyed, kneeling down to tie Richie's hands in the same way. Derrick tossed Roger a piece of black cloth. Roger tied it over Richie's eyes, covering them.

Derrick approached Trina, eyes to her breasts, then her mouth, then finally her eyes. He smiled as he wrapped the cloth around Trina's head, blindfolding her as well. Derrick tweaked one of Trina's nipple, then grabbed both breasts.

"Let's head out. Move them to the truck," Derrick said, ordering his group out.

"He's in command, he's the leader," Trina thought, planning her next move.

"Come on, to the truck. Shaun will be here in two days. He'll want to meet our visitors," Derrick said.

"Ah, so he's not the leader," Trina thought. "Ok, stay calm, be patient," she told herself.

"Roger, tear the camp down, destroy all traces of them being here, then meet back up at the compound," Derrick ordered.

"Compound?" Trina thought, being led by Roger and another man.

"Want us to kill these horses?" the cashier from the store asked.

"Oh goodness, no. That'd be mean. We're not assholes, right?" Derrick laughed. "Just untie them and let them go free."

Trina and her son were led, blindfolded, what seemed like a quarter mile away. She and her son were tossed into the back of a pickup truck, their heads right next to each other.

"Richie?" Trina whispered.

"Mom."

"I need you to stay calm. I need you to trust me," Trina said.

"Ok," he replied.

"Are you hurt?" Trina asked, the truck starting up.

"My head," he answered.

Trina took a deep breath, the truck ride bumpy, taking them through the forest. It felt like they were on a poorly kept gravel road, perhaps on the opposite side of where Trina and Richie set up camp.

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After a 10 minute truck ride, Trina felt the road getting less bumpy, the truck slowing down. Coming to a stop, she heard men jump out of the back, along with another truck pulling up alongside the one she and Richie were in. She felt someone grab her by the arms, slap her ass, and lead her somewhere.

"Mom?" she heard Richie callout, his voice further away.

"It's ok," she replied, not too loudly.

She heard someone open what sounded like a large garage door. She thought she heard Richie faintly call out to her one last time, while the door was opening.

Trina was pushed into an airy room. It smelled like a garage too. She heard chains rattling, listening to men working around her, feeling a gun at her back, a hand squeezing her ass. Trina felt the wake of air as men walked by her, a couple grabbed a tit.

Derrick fussed at Roger, apparently he did something wrong. He told him to close the garage door and stand outside.

Trina heard more chains rattling, the sounds of objects been moved across the concrete floor her bare feet were on.

Another minute passed, and someone removed the blindfold. Looking around the garage, Trina figured out what they were going to do to her.

"Let's get her up there," Derrick said, he had been watching in the corner. "Let's get her up there and wear the bitch out before Shaun gets here."

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Prisoners

Derrick went first, of course. Trina, hanging from chains attached to a rope that was now around her waist, along with the rope that still bound her hands together behind her back, was fucked by 15 men. Derrick said each man would have 30 minutes with her, all of them except Roger took their turn. Nearly eight hours later, they all went.

Some of the came in her pussy, some squirted on her back, some filled her throat with cum. Some of them would throat-fuck her, while another man was having his turn at her pussy. They'd switch

places, he'd blast her throat with semen, the other man sliding into her pussy for his turn.

When all 15 men went, they started again, Derrick going first. He whipped her with his belt, while pummeling her as hard as he could from behind.

When Trina showed signs of sleepiness, they'd throw a bucket of ice cold water on her. Sometimes they'd slap her face with their cocks, anything to keep her awake for the next round.

A third round ended. Trina had been hanging, continuously getting fucked for nearly 24 hours. She was lowered, the chain removed, and Derrick dragging her off to a nearby bathroom. He threw her in and locked the door after tossing her some crackers and pouring water down her throat. Her hands still tied, she rolled around the floor and attempted to eat as many crackers as she could. She remained in the bathroom all night, naked, wet, sore. But she waited, biding her time for the perfect moment.

The next morning, the 15 men, starting with Derrick had another round with her, each fucking her for 30 minutes, slapping her, spanking her, whipping her, cumming on her.

All while these rape sessions occurred, Trina studied her surroundings, letting the men have her. She noticed a few small drums of oil in the corner. They appeared plastic and had a cap that could be easily opened. Trina figured they used them for changing oil in their trucks or other equipment. She saw several gas cans and watched a man fill up a truck's gas tank with one. She saw standard tools one would find in a garage; wrenches, hammers, various equipment for yard work, and even a small blow torch for soldering metal. Trina took note of these items while she was being fucked, formulating plans.

It was late afternoon when they finished. Derrick lowered her once more, dragging her by the hair to the bathroom.

Shoving her in there, he brought her to her knees, "Open," he said, slapping her face a few times.

Trina opened her mouth. Derrick, fished out his cock and urinated all over her face, most of it going into her mouth. When he was done, he rammed his cock down her throat, ordering her to suck it.

She complied, drinking his cum as well. Derrick dragged her out of the bathroom, opened the garage door and practically tossed her out of it, Trina rolling down a small ramp into the dirt.

"Clean her up," Derrick told the waiting Roger. "Shaun will be here soon."

Roger took her behind the garage, a large hose awaiting her. He turned the water on full blast and sprayed her down. A bucket of soapy suds was next to her. Roger slowly covered her in suds, ogling her body, a grin on his face as he washed every inch of her body. He sprayed her off again, rinsing her, then moved closer, his mouth inching closer to hers. She could smell his nasty breath.

"Roger!" Derrick saved Trina from a disgusting kiss. He appeared from the corner, "Shaun is here, take her to him. Now."

"Oh. Huh huh, yeah," Roger laughed at nothing.

He led Trina out into the compound area, there were several buildings, with men working about, traveling from one to another. The garage was behind her, there were several smaller, crude shacks, and a couple large cottage-like buildings. She wondered which one her son was in, but stayed quiet, and stayed patient. Her answers would come soon enough.

In the middle of the compound was a beautiful mansion. Trina couldn't believe how out-of-place it was in the midst of the wilderness, surrounded by rundown, crude buildings on each side. She wondered why no one mentioned this place and why no one told her about avoiding camping in this area.

Roger led her inside to the large, front double-doors. They headed up marble stairs, down a long hallway, and finally into an office room.

A man turned his huge leather chair around, facing Trina and Roger. Her eyes widened, he was a younger guy, maybe mid-20s, a few years older than Richie. Another thing that struck Trina odd was how attractive he was.

Dark hair, muscular, not too tall, and a gorgeous smile. "Hello. I'm Shaun," he introduced himself, standing to greet them.

Trina said nothing, nodding her head instead.

"Roger, put this around her, then untie her arms," Shaun said, handing him a collar of sorts, with a long chain attached to it.

Roger complied, untying her, holding the chain when he was done. Trina winced with pain at her stiff arms. "Ah, I'm sorry you were tied up for so long," Shaun said. "May I?" he gently grabbed her hands. Trina stayed quiet.

Shaun slowly massaged her hands, her forearms, working his way up to her shoulders. He was standing behind her, rubbing her neck, her back, and arms once again.

"Roger, you can leave us now. I'm sure Derrick will want you to stand outside or something. If anyone approaches the front door, just tell them I'm a little busy," Shaun said.

"Huh huh, ok," Roger said, taking his leave. Trina rolled her eyes.

"He's not too bright," Shaun whispered in her ear, taking the chain from her collar. "Not sure why Derrick hasn't fired him."

Shaun poured two glasses of the red wine he retrieved from a small refrigerator in the corner of the office. "I hate to have that collar on you, but for now, you have to wear it. Also, I'd hate to use this too."

Shaun set the glasses on his desk, pulled up his collared shirt, revealing a pistol in its case on his belt. "You are quite gorgeous, but I'll have to protect myself if you get out of line."

Trina nodded, understanding what Shaun meant. He grabbed the glasses, holding them in one hand, the other hand leading Trina by the chain.

They walked back toward the entrance, took a left, and entered a balcony area. "Sit please," Shaun said, sitting in a lounge chair, sipping his wine. Trina did as she was told, taking in as much of the view as possible, that's when she saw it.

"I love this area. The mountains, the trees, all of it," Shaun sipped his wine. "Drink up."

Trina took a few sips, looking out into the wilderness, the sun getting lower in the sky.

"Over in that direction is a lovely waterfall. Can you see it?" Shaun asked.

Trina already knew it. She could see it, "Mmhmm."

"So you aren't a mute," Shaun smiled. "What's your name?"

"Denise," Trina lied.

"Nice to meet you. I'm sorry for any sort of rough treatment you may have received. Derrick, he runs my operations, he oversees all of it. He gets pretty antsy if outsiders are near," Shaun explained.

"I see. What operation?" she asked.

"Ah," Shaun smiled, taking more sips. "I can't tell you. Not yet at least."

"But, you'll be here for a long time. So you'll find out eventually," he rested his hand on hers. Trina fought an internal war not to wrap the chain around his throat and toss him over the balcony. She had to be patient or else she and Richie wouldn't make it out of this alive.

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## **Shaun**

The sun set, Trina was fed, Shaun took care of her. Her eyes were rolling in the back of her head, she was lying on her back in a huge, king-sized bed. Shaun was eating her pussy out, her back was arched, her hands were on her breasts, playing with her nipples.

Trina fought with everything in her being not to cum, but she couldn't avoid it. Shaun was too good. He smiled at her, then slowly kissed his way up her tummy, appreciating her toned musculature. He kissed and licked at her nipples, then made his way to her mouth.

Trina tasted herself on his tongue. Shaun pinned her hands down, the collar still around her neck, tied to the bedpost. He slowly entered her, driving his hips down, going in as deeply as possible.

"Holy shit," she thought. "He's good."

Shaun watched her face contort with pleasure, his pace slowly getting faster, her legs wrapping around him, locking him in place. Trina glided her hands over his body, his shoulders, back, then ass, feeling him work and fuck her.

She whimpered, her body tensing, approaching another climax. "I have to play along," Trina thought, gritting her teeth, trying to hold in a scream.

Shaun kept going, sitting on his knees now, bringing Trina to straddle him.

"Yes!" Trina cried out. Shaun gently tugged her hair, causing her to arch her neck. He kissed along it while Trina bounced up and down on him. He grabbed a tit, sucking it hungrily.

"Good girl," he said, releasing a nipple, smiling. Trina nodded, the orgasm subsiding. Their eyes met and he grinned at her.

She grinned back, not because how good it felt, but because she knew she'd be leaving soon, that she'd be finding Richie. Trina had a plan thought out, she just had to wait for the perfect moment.

\*\*\*\*



Shaun was behind her a few hours later, drenched with sweat, dripping down on Trina's back. He gripped her hips, slamming himself into her. He moved to her hair, pulling it and her body against his, kissing along her neck.

Trina was losing patience, she wanted to escape, she eyed his pistol next to the bed, she could reach for it, and easily kill him, but it would be too loud. She couldn't attract attention from Shaun's men. Instead she waited, moaned, climaxed a few more times, and let Shaun fill her pussy with semen.

Another few hours passed, Trina guessed it had to be well after midnight. Shaun was sleeping, she was pretending to be. He had his arm wrapped around her, holding her against his toned body.

Trina had to act, she had to find her son and get him out of this compound. She took a deep breath and kissed Shaun's chest, then his stomach, down to his cock. He moaned and stirred, waking slightly. Trina took him in her mouth, sucking tenderly on his cock until it gradually became erect.

Fully awake now, he smiled at her, running his fingers through her hair as she sucked his cock. "Shaun, I can't sleep. Can we sit outside on the balcony? It's nice and cool outside."

"Of course," Shaun smiled, sitting up, not bothering to reach for his pistol.

He led Trina by the collar out of his huge bedroom, down a darkened corridor, and turned right toward the back balcony area. He held her from behind kissing her neck and shoulders as she looked out into the vast dark wilderness, to the direction of the waterfall.

Trina turned around, guided Shaun to sit in a lounge chair and resumed servicing his cock.

She paused while deep throating him, her hands roaming over his frame, "Shaun, this collar is kinda itchy."

He watched her lovingly suck his cock, not taking her eyes off his, he smiled and nodded. Shaun stood, taking her with him. He led her into his office, grabbing a key in the top drawer of his large desk. He poured them both some wine, and led her back to the balcony.

Shaun sipped from the glass while Trina continued sucking him, slobbering all over his shaft. He unlocked the collar, letting it fall off her neck onto the floor. Trina scratched at her neck, pretending that it was actually itchy. Shaun chuckled, standing there, watching her give him head.

He closed his eyes, inhaling the cool night air, sipping more wine. As he was sloshing the wine around in his mouth before swallowing, his testicles were practically crushed by a fast and hard impact from Trina's fist.

Shaun doubled over in pain, Trina threw wine in his face, blinding him, then busted the wine glass over his head. She grabbed the collar, wrapping the chain around his neck, and pulled him over the balcony.

He was hanging over it, a few feet away, Trina propping her legs on the edge, gritting her teeth, holding on each end of the collar.

"Choke!" she grunted, Shaun flailing about below the balcony, trying to grasp the edge and pull himself up.

Trina's arms and legs were burning, the pain becoming too intense while supporting his weight. She closed her eyes, arched her back and pulled the chains as hard as she could.

Another minute passed, she didn't realize Shaun was motionless, hanging there. Trina heard no gurgling sounds, the chain was still. She opened her eyes, looking over his lifeless body. She released the chains, watching Shaun fall down through the trees, out of sight, sighing relief when she heard his body make a thud when it hit the ground below.

Now was the time to find her son and get them out of there.

\*\*\*\*

Trina tip-toed back to the bedroom, to retrieve Shaun's pistol. However, she saw one of his men walking down that hall, entering a room across the hall. "No, just get out of here, get Richie," she thought.

She looked down at the stairs towards the front door, ducked when she saw Derrick and another man. "Just leave him out there. He can sleep out there all night for all I care," Derrick told the guy, walking towards the back of the mansion.

Trina snuck down the stairs, making sure Derrick was out of sight. She propped open the front door, peeking outside, making sure the coast was clear. "Goodnight," she heard a man's words echo in a corridor behind her. She darted out the door and saw someone sleeping in a chair, snoring lightly.

All the rage she suppressed, all the patience she mustered, all the waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike, all the thoughts of what they might've done to her son came pouring of her when she saw Roger sleeping in the chair.

She attacked him. She pummelled him with punches, waking him up, causing him to fall out of his chair, putting his arms up, hoping to deflect her blows. Several landed on his nose, breaking it, another busted open his mouth. Trina wanted to scream at him, at everyone. She remained silent, opting to kick him instead. She broke a few of his ribs when she stomped on him.

She straddled him, snarling into his face, choking him out. Then she stopped, the rage subsided, she thought of Richie and using Roger to assist her with finding him – she needed Roger alive, for now.

Trina pulled him to his feet, slamming him against the nearby wall, pulling his arm around his back, trying with all her might to resist dislocating his shoulder.

"Listen you piece of shit, you will take me to my son right now, or I'll snap your arm off," Trina whispered in his ear. She took a step back, glancing over Roger – who was now crying – she saw a large knife in a holster on his belt.

"Ok, ok! Please," Roger begged, struggling to breath.

"Where is he?" Trina demanded, through grit teeth.

"I know where, I'll take you to him, please don't hurt me," Roger whimpered, sniffing, his nose running with blood.

"If you lead me into a trap, I'm using you for a body shield – you'll die first. Got it?" Trina pulled up on his arm some, inflicting more pain.

"Yes!" he understood.

"Quiet. Now lead me to him."

"He's in a shack over there, the last one in the row," Roger said, nodding to the row of crude buildings to the left of the mansion. "I, ow, saw them take him there."

"Go."

When Roger whimpered, or groaned in agony, Trina shushed him, loosening her grip his arm. They crept across the compound, Trina taking in everything. Each side of the mansion had several shacks, save for the garage on the right side. She figured there must be a purpose to each one. She'd find out soon enough.

Roger guided her to the first building, dim light shining through the glass windows of the shack.

"He's in here?" Trina asked.

"Yes, but,"

"Remember what I said?" Trina cut him off. "If this is a trap, you die first."

"It's not, but there may be someone working in here. People sometimes work all night," Roger explained.

"Knock," Trina ordered, crouching behind Roger, removing the knife from his holster, while still pushing his arm up behind his back.

Someone answered the door, removing a gas mask. "Roger? What you want?"

Before the man had a chance the answer, Trina sprung upward from behind Roger, taking the man by surprise and shoving Roger's knife into his throat, lodging in the man's skull.

"Oh shit!" Roger cried.

"Quiet," Trina ordered, pulling the knife out of the gurgling man's neck. "Take me to my son."

"You, uh, you may not want to go in there. There's fumes and stuff," Roger pleaded.

"Fumes?"

"Yeah, it's one of the meth labs here."

Anger rose, "And you all put my son in there?"

"Well, yeah."

Trina said nothing, pushing Roger into the now empty room, using him as a shield for precaution. Roger pointed to a small closet to the right of the entrance.

Trina nodded at the door. "Roger, can you be a good boy and stay right here for me?" she asked, the fumes filling her nostrils.

"Uh, huh?" Roger asked.

Trina moved his arm to normal position, slamming his hand on a wooden table, followed by stabbing it with his knife, pinning him in place.

"Shh!" Trina shushed a crying, hysterical Roger again. She closed the door in case his cries could be heard.

Trina flung open the mouldy door and saw Richie, in the dark, motionless. "No, please no," she went to her knees, touching his shoulder, tears welling up in her eyes.

She rolled him onto his back, his face beaten, swollen, and bloody. His eyes were almost swollen shut and red, there was more burn-like redness around his nose and mouth. "Richie!" Trina cried.

A sigh of relief washed over her when he coughed several times. She helped him stand, but he could barely walk, dizzy from chemical exposure.

"Mom," he whispered.

"I'm getting you out of here," Trina said, helping him walk.

"Who, who is that?" he whispered again, referring to Roger.

Trina pulled the knife out of Roger's hand, causing more crying, "He's my helper."

She cut the ropes around Richie's wrists, pulled Roger along, and exited the meth lab.

Trina had to drag a babbling, crying Roger to the exit of the compound. In the moonlight, Trina could see a long driveway surrounded by foliage. "Is this it?" She asked Roger

"Y-Yes, the exit," he whimpered a reply, holding his hand. "Road is at the end, that way."

"Richie, can you walk down that path?" Trina asked her son.

"Yeah, I think so," he coughed a few times.

"Good, take it slow if you need to," Trina turned around, looking back toward the mansion, directly behind it was the direction she wanted her and Richie to head.

"I want you to take a left when you reach the end of the driveway, then go a little while and find a nice hiding spot, maybe a big tree or boulder. I want you to wait for me there," Trina said.

"Wait, no, come with me," Richie pleaded, not noticing his mother was nude.

"I can't. I will meet you there. I have unfinished business to take care of here."

"Please, no, come with me."

"Richie, I have no radio or cell phone. I have no way to contact nearby park rangers, or even my future employers at the precinct in town. I need to get someone's attention to this place."

"Mom," he shook his head.

Trina grit her teeth, staring at her son. "They RUINED our camping trip. A mother and son camping trip."

Roger coughed, trying to make some noise, but struggled with his broken ribs. Trina stomped on his chest again for good measure.

"I cannot let that stand. Do I make myself clear," Trina said, returning her gaze to her son.

"Yes. I'll turn left, go a little ways and hide just off the road," Richie answered.

"Good. Whatever you hear or see, just wait for me," Trina kissed his lips hard, causing him to wince with pain.

She watched her son limp down the pathway into the darkness, gradually becoming a shadow, then invisible.

"Getting through that ordeal last year changed me. If I get through this one," Trina thought, when Richie was out of sight, "I'm fucking that boy's brains out," she said out loud.

"Huh?" Roger asked.

"Shut up, Roger," Trina said, pulling him to his feet, his arm behind his back, a knife pointed to his side.

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Vengeance

Trina dragged Roger across the compound to the garage. She searched him for keys after dumping him at the door. "Which one?" she held the key in front of him, hoping the moonlight was enough for him to see.

"Th-that one," he whispered, pointing his good hand.

Trina tried it, saw it worked, and carefully, as quietly as possible slid open the garage door from the bottom. She dragged Roger inside, immediately searching for the gas cans in the dark.

She had a plan, but was missing a few pieces. "Roger, these other crappy little huts, what's in them besides meth labs."

"Weapons, is next door. One is a moonshine still. There's a few other labs for different drugs. I don't know, I'm not allowed in there," Roger coughed.

"So drugs and weapons, and who knows what else ol' Shaun was up to," Trina said.

"Huh?" Roger asked.

Trina didn't explain her use of past tense. "I need you to stay here and be quiet. Can you do that?"

"Please just let me go, I won't call for help," Roger begged. Trina kicked him in the chest again, causing him to gasp with pain, making sure he'd be unable to scream for help with those broken ribs.

"I'll let you go when I'm done," Trina smiled, making her way to the corner where she saw gas cans and oil drums.

Using a hand truck she found, she wheeled the oil drums outside. "Roger, do any of these keys open the other huts?"

"Y-yeah, just take them," he said barely above a whisper, his breathing shallow.

Trina set the knife down, on a workbench. She saw the small blow torch in the dim light coming through a window. She confirmed it worked, left the garage, keys in one hand, blow torch in the other and went next door. She tried a few before getting the correct one. Turning the blow torch off in case Roger lied about the shack next door being weapons and actually being a toxic lab, she entered and reached around in the dark.

She felt a few open boxes, filled with ammunition. She turned on the blow torch, seeing a wide variety of guns on racks, shotguns, rifles, semi-automatics and automatics, banned assault weapons and a couple items that interested her the most – a box of grenades and a rocket launcher.

“I’m sure Shaun would’ve received a large payday for selling these,” Trina whispered, grabbing a large box of grenades, leaving a few others in the weapon shack. She set them outside and retrieved the rocket launcher and a single rocket.

She wheeled an oil drum into the weapons shack, removed the cap and tipped it over. Trina rolled the drum out toward the center of the compound until all the oil was poured out in a path to the weapons shack.

She repeated the process to two buildings on the opposite side of the compound, creating a puddle of oil, rolling the drum out into the open compound area until its contents were empty.

Trina poured gasoline on the outside of those buildings and all around the inside of the garage. She next emptied three gas cans all over the truck she and Richie were taken in along with two others. There was a fourth truck she left alone, seeing it was unlocked, she set the small boxes of grenades in the passenger side seat. She put a final gas can on the floor in front of that seat.

Roger was making too much noise now, coughing, struggling to talk. He was limping out of the garage toward the exit.

“Oh no, no, no. Not yet Roger,” Trina whispered.

Still naked, she walked toward him, grabbing him by the arm, pulling him along toward the meth lab where she found Richie.

Opening the door, she pushed Roger inside. She was out of gasoline and oil. Trina decided to use a grenade to start her act of vengeance.

Heading back to the truck, she grabbed a grenade and made her way back to the lab. Someone was blocking her way back. Trina recognized him as one of the hugely muscular men from her and Richie’s campsite.

“Oh great,” she said, the man charging at her.

Trina ducked and rolled away from him. He quickly lunged at her, grabbing her arm, swinging her around and tossing her against the meth lab door. She ducked when his fist came toward her head, his hand busting through the thin wood. Trina ducked once more, avoiding another blow.

The man caught her again and flung her against it, causing her to crash through it.

The man entered the lab, Trina scurrying about, avoiding his fists and legs. Roger stood, begging the man to help him. He was backhanded almost clear across the lab for his trouble.

“In here!” Trina heard more men approaching from outside.

"Ok time to start the party early," she said, moving and ducking more blows.

The man grabbed her, picked her up over his head, spinning her around. She was still clinging to a grenade. "Sorry Roger!"

As the man threw Trina toward the cheaply constructed window at the front of the lab, she pulled the pin on the grenade, tossing it to the back of the lab.

She flew through the window, glass cutting her legs, sides, and arms. Trina landed and rolled away as fast she could. The meth lab exploded, sending her and two men back toward the truck. She landed with a thud against the side, going to her knees.

Trina heard a loud, screaming sound, coming from above. She looked up to the night sky seeing a human-shaped fireball traveling across the compound, toward the garage. It was Roger.

He landed on a skylight on the roof, bursting into the gasoline covered interior, causing it to explode.

"Well, Roger," Trina said, her and the two men rising to their feet. "That's one way to get fired."

Trina gave the man to her left a look, followed by the one to her right. They grimaced and shook their heads. Trina shrugged.

She saw one of the men draw his gun, she ducked, he fired, shooting the man across from him dead. Trina swept his legs, causing him to trip. She pounced on top, punching him several times until he was unconscious.

She had no time to catch her breath. The huge, muscular man emerged from the exploded meth lab on fire, a grin on his face. He rushed toward Trina.

"Ugh. Let me guess, you guys make and sell PCP here too?" She asked him. She shot him several times, emptying the gun, most of the bullets landing in his chest, the final one in his head. He collapsed in front of Trina, still on fire.

Another explosion came from behind Trina, she ducked, fiery debris falling all around her, catching a nearby, gas-covered building on fire. The weapon shack exploded and it wasn't done. The grenades were next.

It was like a fireworks show that kept going and going. Trina remained hidden behind the truck. She was able to watch all the buildings she made a path of oil to, light up, catching on fire from explosions, then exploding themselves. She saw armed men, in a panic, exiting the mansion, only to be taken out by a fireball, or other explosion. She didn't even need the small blow torch to light the oil paths.

Trina was in a war zone that she herself created, but she wasn't done yet.

When the final explosions subsided, she stood, reaching into the truck, grabbing more grenades from the box in the passenger side seat. She unpinning them and tossed them to the other trucks, ducking as they exploded.

One final task remained.

She got in the truck, the keys left in the ignition, started it and backed up towards the exit. Trina got

out, got the rocket launcher, and loaded it with a single rocket. "Point and pull the trigger. Hopefully this will work," she said.

She fired the rocket toward the mansion, a good 200 feet away. It hit near the front door, off to the side a bit, a few men being taken out by the blast.

Trina got back in the truck, floored the gas pedal and headed straight towards the stairs leading to the front door. She waited until she was near the front steps of the mansion, grabbed a grenade from the box, unpinned it and tossed it to the floor. She opened the driver's side door and fell out of the truck, rolling on the dirt.

She watched the truck careen up the stairs and bust through the front door, exploding, sending a huge fireball through the roof into the sky.

Trina started running towards the exit of the compound, more grenades going off in the mansion behind her. When she got to the beginning of the long driveway, she watched a few men scurry about on fire, the compound in ruins - leaving barely enough for evidence should any authorities in nearby counties see the fiery display.

She saw someone emerge from the fire and wreckage at the front door. Trina stared at the man in the distance, she could tell he was staring right back at her. She knew who he was.

"Come get me, you son-of-a-bitch. I dare you," Trina said.

"Richie," Trina thought. She rushed down the dirt driveway, turning left at the end.

"Richie!" she called out to him continuously for 50 feet after she turned off the driveway. Finally she heard him behind a large boulder. He emerged, limping slightly.

"Richie!" she rushed to him, throwing her arms around him, holding him against her nude body.

"Let's get out here. Let's go back to the camp. You see the fire? The waterfall is in that direction," Trina said, pointing past the destruction.

"Let's cut through the woods. I have no idea if this road leads up back to camp or to more roads," Richie suggested, coughing a little.

"Good idea. Can you make it?"

"Yeah, I should be ok. If we can make it to camp, we can retrace our way from there."

Trina nodded, pausing, holding back tears. She caressed her son's face, "Let's go."

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## **Survivors**

Derrick watched Trina leave the compound, a fiery mess all around him. He was badly burned on his right arm, and parts of his face, a tire from the exploding truck grazed his leg, deeply bruising the thigh.

He limped toward the destroyed weapon shack, carefully searching for something, anything that was usable for his hunt.



With an entire box of grenades exploding in that one shack, nothing was left. Derrick only had a revolver at his side, grabbing it from next to his bed when he first heard the explosions outside. It would have to do. He limped behind the smoldering remnants of the building, looking in the direction of Trina's campsite.

He saw bits and pieces of burning debris spread throughout the darkened forest before him. There was a large piece of a truck, the engine, most of the cab he thought, lighting up the forest below. Derrick saw someone move past it. It appeared to be a naked woman helping someone – Trina and her son.

In his anger, Derrick opened fire, missing three shots. He gave chase, stumbling and rolling down the large embankment, landing on his back, hitting his head on a rock. Before he lost consciousness he saw Trina in the distance disappear into the shadows.

"We need to take a break, please," Richie said. Struggling to go on. They ran as fast as Richie could go when they heard the three shots fired from the compound. No longer able to see any flames from the compound behind them, careful to maintain their course to the waterfall.

Trina knew Derrick was still alive and would chase after them – she was counting on it.

They could've stayed behind and hid off the main dirt road, waiting for helicopters or a fire department from the nearest county make their way there. But Trina had other plans. She wanted to get to the waterfall, but she also wanted time alone with Richie.

On her knees in front of him, she examined her son in the moonlight streaming through a small clearing in the trees. He looked tired, beaten, his cough concerning her.

"I'm so sorry," Trina apologised again, caressing his face.

"Mom, it's fine," he whispered.

She sat next to him, her nakedness never being brought up. Her arm around him, she held him against her, kissing his head.

After about 30 minutes, the moonlight started getting dimmer. She thought she heard a low rumble of a helicopter in the distance. Trina held her son, letting him rest, his breathing becoming better.

She cursed herself for not acting sooner, for prolonging his exposure to the meth labs fumes.

Pushing those thoughts aside, she noticed the moon was covered by clouds.

"We need to go, can you?" Trina asked.

"I think so."

Trina pulled him up, holding his hand, slowly continuing onward in the darkened forest.

Thunder and lightning occasionally lit their way, eventually leading up to a downpour. They couldn't go any further, the rain slowing them down even more.

Trina saw a large, motionless shadow in the distance between lightning strikes. As they got closer, she was relieved it wasn't a bear or some other threat her imagination was conjuring. It was a large rock overhang.

"In here!" Trina instructed over the downpour. She and Richie ducked inside, soaking wet, cold, but

no longer exposed to the rain. It appeared to be a small cave on the side of a cliff.

Richie was shivering. His mother was too, but she ignored it to keep him warm. Holding him against her nude body, she closed her eyes, thinking of the words to say.

She opted to laugh instead. "Look at me. I'm a mess."

"No," Richie chuckled back.

"This was supposed to be a perfect camping trip."

"What do you mean?"

Trina sighed, collecting her thoughts. "Richie, I think you know things have been different between us since last year."

"I know, I haven't spied on you anymore, I - "

"It's fine. That's not what I mean though. When you confessed to me in the hospital that you had been peeping in on me and spying on me, I wasn't upset. I didn't care. What I went through changed me."

"Mom."

"Just listen. We only live once and you are the most important person in my life. I didn't care if you saw me naked or saw me doing other things," Trina looked away in the darkness.

"We were closer," she continued. "That's what I wanted. Then I started thinking about things, wondering if we would ever cross any lines. We were so close at times. Then we got distracted the last few months with the move and packing. I thought a nice mom and son camping trip would be great."

"So you thought we'd cross lines here?" Richie asked.

"Well, I thought maybe you'd spy on me when I was at the lake bathing, or at least hold me at night. Maybe your hands could roam and touch me. I'd be ok with that. And well," Trina paused.

"Well what?"

"If things went ever further; where we were, you know, physically intimate."

"And, and you'd be fine with that?"

"Yes. I think so. I know it's strange, but - "

"That's what I was afraid of," Richie interrupted her, his nervousness shining through.

"What?"

"I was afraid of this camping trip, because I thought something like that could or might happen. You're right, we've been closer since you got out of the hospital last year. But,"

"But what?" Trina asked.

"Maybe too close."

"Too close?" she felt her heart sink.

"Yes. I mean, I wanted something to happen to. I wanted us to cross a line. That's one reason I was spying on you. I, I wanted you."

"Wanted me?"

Richie didn't answer immediately. "Then you planned this camping trip. I was so scared something would happen between us."

"Why?"

"What if we crossed a line and things were ruined? What if we couldn't even look at each other? I was so scared of losing you last year, what if I lost you in another way? What if we had so much guilt or shame for having," Richie paused, sighing as well, coughing a couple times. "For having sex, that we wouldn't want anything to do with one another."

"No, no, that'd never happen," Trina said, kissing his cheek. "I want us to cross that line," she admitted out loud.

"You, you do?"

"Yes. Absolutely. I know it's wrong, abnormal, and strange, but I don't care! After what I've been through and now what we've been through on this trip, love is love. I want to show you how much I love you."

"But."

"No buts. Please? I don't want you to be afraid. Look at us. We're out here in the wilderness at night, under a huge rock, in the rain. Do you still want me?" Trina asked.

"I don't know," Richie whispered. "You're so beautiful. It's just wrong. So I backed off, I tried to avoid being close to you back at camp. Maybe I came to my senses and remembered who you were."

"No, no," Trina kissed his cracked, sore lips again, causing Richie to wince. "Sorry."

"Don't forget who I am, but know we can be like that too. We can be sexual with each other. You don't have to be afraid," she kissed his lips again, slower this time.

Lightning flashed, Richie saw her looking at him, smiling softly.

She caressed his face again. "If your lips still hurt, we don't have to kiss. If you get out of breath easily because of the fumes, we'll stop."

"Mom," Richie shook his head, another flash of lightening showed her looking lovingly into his eyes.

Trina pulled his knees away from his chest and slowly swung her legs over him, straddling him.

"Mom, please don't," Richie said.

"Richie, if we were back at camp and you knew those men would abduct us the next night, except you had no idea if we would make it out of the situation alive, would you still give in and let sex

between us happen?" Trina asked.

Richie thought for a moment, "I suppose."

"Had I known I'd go through that trauma last year and then this horrible camping trip a year later; I'd give myself to you in heartbeat. We have one life, might as well live it to the fullest, and make love to those we love the most," Trina said.

Richie remained quiet, coughing a couple times. Trina tipped his chin with her index finger, their eyes meeting as lightning flashed. The rain settled down a bit, not as strong of a downpour.

"Ok," Richie said, no longer having to shout over the loud rain.

His mother smiled back at him, helping him remove his t-shirt. She grabbed his face with both hands, bringing his lips to hers, closing her eyes, moaning as she kissed him.

"Ow," he said, the chemical burns still stinging.

"Sorry, I'll be gentler."

Trina resumed kissing him, holding his face, planting several kisses on his lips. She thought about their past, how she suspected her son spying on her, seeing her naked, wanting her - and now she was giving herself to him.

"Touch me," she asked in between kisses.

Richie nodded, his hands slowly going to his mother's waist. They kept kissing, their lips pressing against the other, an occasional soft lap of a tongue against the bottom lip. Trina continued holding his face, electricity flowing down her spine.

"All the way, we'll go all the way, don't be afraid," Trina kissed at Richie's neck, moved down to his chest, stomach, arriving at his shorts.

"Lift up," she said. Richie complied, allowing his mother to tug at his shorts and boxers, pulling them down. His erection sprang forth, Trina looked upon it, her mouth open, exhaling her hot breath onto his shaft.

Lightning struck in the distance, lighting up the small cave. Clouds were dissipating, the moon visible once again. Richie's cock was inches from her trembling lips. This was it; Trina wondered briefly if she'd be getting ready to suck Richie's cock if she hadn't survived traumatic events. She couldn't say for sure, but it no longer mattered.

She engulfed his cock, straight down to the hilt. She moaned, her throat vibrating around his cockhead, her tongue sliding out of her mouth, tickling his testicles. He had the perfect cock.

"Ahh," Richie moaned, watching his mother work.

Gagging on his cock, satisfied it was well lubricated with her drool, Trina sucked the tip while jacking the shaft. It was delicious. She was furiously rubbing her clit as she worked. Hearing Richie moan, his fingers running through her damp hair, Trina wondered why they hadn't done this sooner - immediately after her release from the hospital the previous year.

"Mom," Richie winced with pleasure.

"Does this feel good?" she asked, jacking his cock.

"Yes, but, I'm almost,"

"I want you to finish inside me," Trina read his mind.

She stopped her oral servicing, standing, smiling down at her son, now illuminated by moonlight. She squatted directly above him, grabbing the base of his cock and guiding it into her wet pussy. It easily went in as Trina had never been this wet before in her entire life.

"Oh Richie," she moaned, she felt him all the way inside her.

"Mom," he said.

"I love you. We should've done this long ago. Life is far too short and precious to not show someone how you feel."

"I know and I love you too," Richie agreed.

"Things will change for us. They'll be so much better now. You and I will be like this, like lovers. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now cum inside me, I don't care how long you last - 30 seconds, or 30 minutes. I need you to fill me up, Richie."

Richie gulped and nodded.

"Keep eye contact, don't look away," Trina said, grabbing his face once more.

Using her powerful leg muscles, she slowly squatted up and down on Richie's cock, maintaining eye contact.

"Yes," Richie whispered, holding his mother as she squat up and down on him.

"That's it baby, let it come," Trina said, biting her bottom lip.

"I've wanted this, for so long," Richie managed to say.

"I know. I know you stopped watching me, spying on me, but now," Trina kept going, up and down. "I'm yours!"

"Yes!" he cried out.

"Cum in me!" Trina said, her own orgasm approaching. She placed her hands on his shoulders to steady herself as she bounced up and down.

Her legs were tiring, but she wasn't going to stop until he came inside her. Her own orgasm was closer now than before - the pleasure of this taboo act overcoming her.

"Mom!" Richie exclaimed, grabbing her face.

"Yes! Yes baby!" She cried back. They were both cumming.

She impaled herself on his dick one last time, her body tense, her spine electrified, her legs a wobbly mess. Richie moaned, filling her womb with his seed.

She collapsed in his arms, resting her head on his shoulder, a smile on her face. She had done it. They crossed the line, never looking back, on this mom and son camping trip.

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Pursuit

The helicopters woke Derrick. He crawled to his feet and kept moving. He couldn't get found by them while they put out the fires. He had to find Trina and her son - his rage overcoming him.

The rainstorm slowed him down during the night. He kept going, stumbling, limping onward. Derrick's assumption was Trina and Richie would head back to their camp. He saw them head in that direction. If he could get there before or when they do, he could ambush them.

With three bullets left in his revolver he kept going. As dawn approached, Derrick's leg killing him, he paused for a moment. He look around seeing a large rock overhang in the distance. Limping by it he saw a t-shirt in the small cave area. Derrick recognized it. It belonged to the younger guy he beat up and threw into the meth lab to choke on fumes.

He threw the shirt down and kept going in the direction of their camp.

Trina and her son were moving slow too. Richie was better though, his breathing was easier. He was wearing shorts, his mother still nude, as they cross streams and wilderness, hoping they were still heading in the direction of the waterfall.

They stopped a few times and rested. Trina swallowed his semen for nourishment. An hour later, Richie pinned her against a tree, ramming into her from behind.

Trina came easily then. She loved being out in the woods, getting fucked like an animal by her son. When Richie was ready to blow his load, he turned her around, leaned down to suck her tits, then stood, letting Trina jack his erupting cock all over her stomach.

She hugged her son, looking over his shoulder, when something, someone caught her eye. She knew who it was. A smile formed on her face.

"We have to run," Trina whispered in Richie's ear.

"What?"

"Run!"

Richie pulled up his shorts, following his naked mother, running through the trees and brush. Derrick was chasing them.

He was far behind them and in pain, but his rage was fueling him. His pistol drawn, he struggled to catch up to them.

Trina and Richie made it to familiar clearing. They were near their camp, the waterfall visible in the distance.

"Do you trust me?" she asked her son.

"Yes."

Trina kissed Richie hard, their hands roaming all over one another's bodies. "I have a plan," she said, breaking the kiss. "It'll be a gamble, but you have to trust me."

"I do, mom"

Trina looked back into the forest, hearing twigs snap, leaves rustling, Derrick was inching closer. She whispered her plan into her son's ear.

Trina kissed Richie again, guiding him to the grass in the field. She was on top of him, "Fuck me!"

She rolled on to her back, taking him with her. Richie was pumping his hips in and out, the sounds of an injured, approaching maniac getting closer.

Trina rolled again through the tall grass, then again and again, "Come on!" she urged her son to cum, what could possibly be the last time - should her gamble not pay off.

They kept rolling, Richie finally pinning her down, on top of her, in the morning sunlight, slamming his hips into her. She brought him down for another kiss, sending him over the edge.

"Ahhh!" he arched his back, his cock erupting inside her, filling her again.

"Go! Run!" she told him.

"What?"

"Toward the top of the waterfall. You know the way. Follow the plan!"

Derrick appeared in the clearing, falling in the grass, he raised his left, uninjured arm, and fired his weapon. Hitting nothing, he pressed on closer to Trina. Richie was running up the path next to the waterfall, where they were when they first arrived.

Trina saw he was out of sight and took off running. Derrick fired again and missed. Trina ducked behind a large tree, waiting, and watching.

Derrick was closer now, Trina made another run for it. He fired missing her again, grunting in pain.

Trina kept running up the path, stopping once more to hide and wait. She watched Derrick check his pistol, throwing it to ground in anger - he was empty.

Trina took off again, pretending to sprain her ankle. She looked over her shoulder in fear, seeing Derrick limping towards her, now 50 feet away. She kept going, crossing a stream, limping to the edge of the waterfall, collapsing, seemingly giving up.

It took Derrick a few minutes to catch up, Trina had nowhere to go, the 80 foot drop behind her.

"You bitch! You're done!" Derrick yelled over the rushing water.

Trina nodded, presumably admitting defeat, rubbing her ankle.

Derrick grabbed her hair with his injured arm, raising his left into the air to strike her.

"Wait!" Trina called out. "Before you do it,"

"Want to beg?" Derrick mocked her.

"We might as well both have some pleasure before you toss me over. I might as well go out sucking cock."

"Like the whore you are? Good idea," Derrick released his grip, struggled to open his cargo pants and fished out his cock.

"You bite it, and I'll throw you off this cliff right now."

It was semi-hard, but Trina nursed it to full strength, sucking and slobbering all over it.

"That's it. Take that cock. The last thing you'll do. Though, If you're really good at it, I might keep you around for a while. I might forgive you for what you've done," Derrick said, watching Trina work.

"Mmm, yeah, you are good. Maybe I won't kill you just yet," he said.

Trina broke eye contact with Derrick, glancing to her right, winking.

"Feel good?" Richie said, appearing behind a tree with a thick limb, held like a baseball bat.

"Huh?" Derrick turned around. Trina curled up behind him.

"Because this won't," Richie said, swinging the limb at Derrick. He put his arms up to block the blow, but the impact made him fall backward, tripping over Trina.

Derrick fell over the cliff, landing 80 feet below.

Mother and son stood, arms around each other, looking at the lifeless body at the base of the waterfall. His neck broken, his skull cracked, blood was spilling out of his head into the water, flowing away in the current.

"That was a great one-liner, son," Trina said.

"Thanks mom," Richie kissed her head, holding her close.

Trina smiled, her planned had worked. When she saw Derrick was still alive at the compound, she hoped he'd follow them back to camp, she wanted to lead him to the waterfall to complete her final act of vengeance.

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## **Leaving Camp**

Trina and her son arrived at camp, albeit a completely burned and ruined one, a little later. She dug through the ashes, looking for anything left. She found her gun, and oddly enough, her wallet, nearly intact.

"Roger," she said aloud.

"Hmm?"



"Roger was tasked with destroying our camp, leaving no traces of us," Trina smiled, holding up her wallet.

"Looks like he didn't do a good job," Richie noted.

Richie put her wallet in his shorts and continued searching the camp. They found a few other items, trash, and piece of a sleeping bag – plenty of items authorities could use as evidence in an investigation, should Trina and Richie have been reported missing. Roger was truly incompetent.

Carrying a few items, heading back down a familiar trail, and the gravel road they traveled on to get to camp, Richie had his arm around his nude mother.

"This has been a great trip," he joked.

"Yeah right," she laughed.

He hugged his mother, "Well, it has been. Look at us now."

"Yep. No going back either. When we get home, sex will continue, right?" Trina asked.

"Right."

She kissed his cheek, then wiped her ash covered hand across his face.

They kept walking on, getting closer to the general store Trina bought a few items from, when they saw a familiar face. He was eating grass on the side of the road.

"Dale!" Trina called out to him, jogging to the horse. "Mind if we hitch a ride?"

Richie got on first, followed by his mother. She turned around to straddle Richie.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Sex on a horse?"

"Ah, alright."

Trina fished out his cock, guiding it into her, and Richie grabbing the reins, and sent Dale forward.

"Faster! Yes!" Trina was calling out a few minutes later, bouncing up and down on her son, with assistance from a galloping Dale. "Aahhh yes!"

Richie was loving it, peering over his mother's shoulder as she rode him, and they both road the horse.

"Daisy!" he saw Dale's mother in the distance. "Come one!"

"D-D-Daisy!" Trina called out to her, climaxing, as they galloped by. Daisy neighed and followed them.

They were on a normal road now, galloping past the general store, heading into town. Trina told Richie to stop at the park ranger's office a few miles outside of town. They passed it on their way in.

"Uh! Yes!" Trina leaned back on Dale's mane, Richie's cock still embedded in her. Dale's galloping

causing them both to bounce.

A car with an elderly couple drove by. "Hank was that a woman and a man on a horse having intercourse?" the woman asked as they drove by.

"Yep," he responded nonchalantly.

"Yes! Yes!" Trina called out, cumming again. Richie saw the station in the distance.

Bringing Dale to a stop, Daisy next to him, mom and son hopped off and made their way to the front door.

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The park ranger was nervous, sitting across from Trina wrapped in a towel. She had just relayed their story, leaving out the part where her and her son had sex.

"I, I can't believe it," the young ranger said in a thick southern accent. "You, you took out Shaun and his crew?"

"Mmhmm," Trina smiled.

"Ma'am I gotta tell you," the ranger continued, "those boys have every ranger, officer, deputy, you name it, on this side of the North Carolina scared stiff. None of us would ever have, pardon my French, the balls to take them on."

Trina stifled a laugh. "Well I never heard of them. Someone suggested a good camping spot near their compound I guess."

"And that person was wrong. I can't believe you survived that ordeal, ma'am. You'll be a hero to the Asheville Police Department and you haven't even started your first day yet."

Trina smiled and shrugged.

She and Richie learned that Shaun supplied drugs to most of the east coast, along with illegal weapons for various gangs. Shaun was a rich kid, who inherited that land and mansion. She learned he lived in Los Angeles, but visited the area often to check on things. The park ranger said that his visits tend to coincide with missing persons reports. He suggested Shaun abducts local girls, and restated no one had the courage to do something about it.

The park ranger called an ambulance to pick up Trina and Richie to take to the hospital. Trina needed some stiches and Richie need to be examined for his exposure to fumes.

While they waited, they looked out the office window. Dale was behind Daisy. He mounted her, his long equine cock, driving deep into his mother's mare pussy.

Trina and Riche shared a look and laugh.

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A few days later, Richie was in the exact same position. He was behind Trina on the bed. He mounted her, his erect cock driving deep into his mother's pussy.

Their faces were bandaged up a little, Trina had bandages on her arms from cuts, but they were fine.

Richie had seen his mother in a worst state the previous year.

The evening went on, Trina was on top of Richie now.

"You know, what we're doing is highly illegal," She grinned at her son.

He was kneading her ass with one hand, grabbing a breast with the other.

"I guess we better stop then," Richie joked.

"Mmhmm," Trina kissed him, her tongue swirling around his. She reached under the pillow grabbing a pair of hand cuffs.

She pinned one of Richie's hands down, still kissing him, and cuffed him to one of the vertical columns in the headboard of their bed.

"I guess I'll just have to arrest you," she smiled, climbing off him, his cock slurping out of her.

Richie remained silent, watching his mother walk to the master bathroom. He watched her start a bath.

"Then again, maybe I won't," she smiled. "Maybe instead of watching me bathe, you can join me."

Richie nodded, watching her uncuff him. She grabbed his cock, leading him to the tub. They slid into the warm water together.

Trina straddled him, kissing him once more.

"Mmhmm," Trina moaned, closing her eyes, enjoying the water and company.

She slowly opened her eyes, staring into his. They smiled softly at one another. Trina extended her hand, placing it on her son's face, the other hand guiding his cock inside her.

*The End*