

A Farmer's Mother

Chapter 1

Indiana - 1934 - Spring

I was twenty-one, full of myself, and restless. We were poor, but we stayed together. That was the important thing, I guess. Our small community had survived a lot, more even than I knew. Our family had owned the farm for at least four generations before mine, but things weren't looking so good. My father, who we called Pop, may have once been a good man at one time, but if so, I didn't remember it. Grampa, on my Mama's side, had left a significant amount of money to us when he passed. We were the first house in our town to have electric service and then indoor plumbing and bathrooms, something that they had in Indianapolis for a while. Pop had squandered our stash on booze and most likely whores, although none of us was a rush to prove it. It didn't matter because no one in our town ever got divorced anyway. Mama was stuck with Pop, so me and Su, my little sister, were too.

Or, that's what I thought. I didn't know nearly as much as I thought I did.

Although I wasn't aware of it until that fateful Sunday after church, looking back I realize that I was attracted to the women in my family for a long time. The girls wanted to court tended to be curvy and kind like my mother, or slim and tomboy-is like my sister. I remember staring at one of them from time to time, getting lost in thoughts that seemed like they weren't my own. I kept such thoughts buried, deep down where they could not come out, but I think Mama and maybe even Su knew. The Reverend certainly did.

It had been a pretty ordinary Saturday, I supposed. I worked the fields, and then came back in the afternoon to find Pop snoozing in the barn rather than doing the repairs on the plow blade that were desperately needed. He knew it, too, but he didn't care. I swear, seeing him there all asleep and snoring next to the broken implement that our family needed to survive was what broke the camels back. I kicked him in his leg so he would move and I could finish what he never started.

Pop was still strong though, and he hopped up and socked me one in the jaw. I fell down on my ass, and he laughed like it was the funniest thing in the world. I couldn't stand him. I hated that I was related to him at all.

"You should know better than to wake a man by kicking him," Pop said when he could get his laughing fit under control.

I brushed myself off and stood up, looking at him. Was it worth it to punch him right back? I was strong then too, stronger than even I knew, but I couldn't think of a single way it would help matters.

"Go nap inside, Pop. I got work to do."

"Bah, you ain't workin'. I do all the work around here, and everyone knows it..."

Pop continued to grumble as he snatched his hat off of the ground, grabbed his bottle of cheap whiskey, and left the barn for the comfort

of the house. Truth was he did work sometimes, but the amount seemed to get less every month. It was easier to overlook his surly demeanor and drinking when he did his share, but that never happened anymore. Maybe he worked part of three days, four tops. And the farm needed more hands than that.

I didn't know it at the time, but I guess I kicked the whole thing off that night at dinner. Su had her eighteenth just a few days before and was already starting a new vocation, taking care of our better-off cousins over at the Marsten house. I'd been working full time at the farm since I had dropped out of school at 12. I could read and write and do numbers, Mama made sure of that but other than that I mostly knew how to plant, harvest, and repair about a million things.

To put it simply, I was sick of the farm life. I was sick of my Pop's drinking and abuse. I was sick of fixing the same damn things over and over. I was sick of the early days and the late nights. And finally, although I didn't say it, I was sick of not having a girl of my own. There were a few in town who I at least wanted to bed, but really, I figured, there'd be much better pickings in the big city.

"I'm leaving once the spring planting is done. Gonna go to KC or maybe St. Louis or even Chicago. Make some kind of life there."

I dropped it as kind of a bombshell when we were all at dinner. I wanted it to affect Mama and Su. Mama especially. I couldn't have admitted why at the time.

"You? In the big city? Ha!"

Pop's scoffing didn't hurt much. I was used to it by then.

"But Jack," Mama said, with real anguish that both pleased and tore at me, "we need you here!"

Su looked like she might cry. She wouldn't get out of here until she found a man to marry. That wouldn't be hard, really. Despite being a tomboy, she was as pretty and fresh as any girl could be. Smart as a whip and kind, too. If I could have, I would have taken her with me.

"Pah. Let him go, Faith. He won't last a month, then he can come crawling back and live with us little people in the real world."

I didn't rise to Pop's bait. He'd settled things as I expected. Mama's face was downcast as she ate. Su just kept staring at me like I was about to vanish. I felt awful, but I wasn't getting what I needed.

It was every man's right to seek what he needed, wasn't it? And all I wanted was a woman who loved me, that I could lay with and take care of. I wanted kids, too, and maybe a dog. It was about the mildest ambition ever, but I couldn't have it in that house.

Or so I thought.

* * *

"I'm not going to church, especially not them crazies you got in this town."

It was an old argument between Pop and Mama. It never got any nicer. I think once he had promised to properly join the congregation, but now he refused to budge. Su and I stood there, dressed to the nines, waiting awkwardly. The sun was bright out, but it was a cool spring day, probably fixing to be quite nice once it warmed up a little. There were storm clouds in the kitchen, however.

"But, Harold, it's important..."

"Goddammit woman, if you ask me one more time I'll show you the important side of my belt."

Mama flinched, and I tensed. I may have been in my Sunday best, but I wouldn't allow him to lay hands on Mama or Su. He could hit me if he wanted. Never them.

"All right, Harold, I'm sorry. Jack, would you drive us today?"

Mama could drive, and I saw to it that Su could as well, but she felt it was proper for the man to do it if he was available. I nodded. I'd agreed to go to Church today because Mama had asked me, especially to this morning. She rarely did, although she and Su went every week. I felt bad about how things went last night. I should have done it with more care. I had to leave, though.

I went out and held the front and then back door open for the only two ladies in my life

"You look lovely, Mama. You look cute as a button, Su."

Su rolled her eyes at me and stuck her tongue out, but then laughed a little. She was tomboy through and through, but that didn't mean that she didn't like feeling pretty every now and then.

God, she was pretty, though. Su kept her messy brown hair short and cropped no matter how much Mama begged her to grow it out. Su had a pretty little face, kind of sharp like, with a cute nose and brown eyes full of mischief. She normally wore baggy overalls and one of my flannel shirts, and you could mistake her for a boy at a distance.

Not when she was wearing that new white dress, though. She'd gotten it for Easter as a gift from Mama, and she'd filled it out a bit since then. She had delicate curves, small breasts that had to be a bit perky and hips that were just starting to truly flare out.

Su was generally tough but quite delicate about her appearance in that or any dress. She didn't think she could ever be womanly. Me, I found it charming that she could go tomboy most of the time and then be this feminine when she wanted to. I tried not to think of her as a woman, though. I didn't always succeed.

Mama was always a woman. I guess you could say that to me, she was the essence of what a woman should be. She was caring, kind, and very

feminine without being matronly or stuffy. Was that morning the first time I really noticed Mama sexually? I'd never seen her in that dress, although it was most definitely not new. It was a brilliant verdant green, not shiny, but not faded either. It had a black print on it, and the whole thing shifted and stretched around her bodice and hips. It wasn't too small. It was just right to show off how much of a fine woman she was. As I held the front door open for Mama to get in, I could easily see her generous breasts and ass bounce and sway. I won't lie, it affected me. Deeply.

I was distracted on the drive to the Church by both guilt and arousal as I kept trying to sneak glances at Mama. She caught me once, towards the end, and gave me a little smile. Had she always had lipstick that red? I imagined what it would be like to kiss those lips, to see them wrapped around my...

Goddamn it, what was wrong with me? I pulled into the gravel that served for parking and got out. I had to straighten myself out. Not getting laid was no excuse for these kinds of thoughts. I took a deep breath and headed towards the small white building, unaware of how much my life had already changed.

* * *

The sermon was boring, but at least our Church tended to avoid the fire and brimstone that so many pushed in tough times. As long as I could remember, the First Church of the Planter was about love and caring for your neighbors and especially your family. The problem was that I didn't need any convincing to care. I cared plenty. I just needed things that they couldn't provide.

After each service, it was traditional for people to take tea and sandwiches outside, weather permitting, and enjoy each other's fellowship. I enjoyed that well enough, but I will admit that I was starting to have my first doubts about leaving. Would it truly be all right to leave Mama and Su in the care of a man who worked less and drank more each day? He liked to hit me, but not them. If I left would his fists find them instead? In the midst of these thoughts, I felt a tap on my shoulder.

I admit that I sighed internally when I saw who it was. The Right Revered Jens Petersen was an ever-smiling, slightly overweight force for good in our community. He was also a busybody, always involved in everyone's business. Of course, he never interfered unless he was asked, and his intentions were always good. Usually, people ended up appreciating his assistance, and whatever else he was, he kept confidence.

"Reverend," I said, with no doubt who had asked him to speak to me.

"Jack. It's good to see you here today. I don't blame you for wanting your rest most Sundays. I know you're busy running the farm."

"Well, it's Pop's farm. I just work there."

"Now, Jack," he started, a fatherly hand on my arm leading me away from the crowd so that we could speak privately behind the Church, "I

think we both know that if responsibility were to determine ownership, it would be your farm."

"You've been talking to Mama?"

"And Su. You know me, I always ask about everyone. Don't blame them for answering honestly."

"I don't, Reverend. But I already know what you're gonna say. I don't need more guilt. This is hard enough already."

The Reverend laughed then, jolly, and full of pep. I couldn't help but smile.

"Jack, I'm not here to make you guilty. I'm here to perhaps change your timing and perspective a bit. Your Mama asked me to speak with you, and she feels awful about how she's been with you."

"Why would she feel awful? She's not the one leaving."

"Well, I'll leave her to explain herself at a time of her choosing. In the meantime, what would you think about staying a few months longer, say, until after the harvest?"

That was half a year away but felt like a century.

"What's the point? I don't mean any offense, Reverend, I just don't understand what might change in that time."

The Reverend nodded in understanding. I could tell that he was considering his words carefully.

"You have to understand son, that sometimes...the father can't be the man of the house. Sometimes another has to be stronger and take his place, in more ways than one might at first expect. It's not just the responsibility, though, but the rights and privileges too. Do you understand?"

"I...I'm not entirely sure that I do, Reverend."

"Well, you're a good boy. You remind me a lot of your grandfather. What I want you to do is to take care of your mother and sister most of all. They need a man to help them, and you've gotta be him. I've seen your eyes wander about, and I know girls who want you to court them, but, I'm asking you to wait on that for a little while. Just until things are better in your house. Until your mother has a chance to show you how things can be better for you at home."

I was truly lost at that point.

"But Reverend, I..."

"I know, Jack. I'm not asking you to put your whole life on hold. I'm just asking you to open your mind to other possibilities. You may not know this, but our Church was founded by people like you. There weren't many folks here, only a few families, really. A lot of young men went through what you're going through. Some left, but most stayed. They stayed because...well, they each found something that kept them here. Since then the First Church of the Planter has cared for this community, and I think you understand how seriously I take my role here. Will you trust me and put your plans on hold for six months."

The Reverend was a good man. There are plenty of people who claim to be men of god until you scratch the surface, but he believed in love and care, all the way down. He was the one who'd kept us together when things fell apart in '29. He was the one who kept the social aspects, which Pop despised almost as much as Church itself, going. And for whatever reason, he was the one who convinced young folks to stay.

While I thought, I looked over the milling crowd and saw Mama and Su talking with...Rex. Rex was my good friend, we grew up wandering and getting into trouble together. He never quite stopped being a troublemaker, and I thought he'd left town for broader horizons a few months prior.

"Rex is still here?"

The Reverend just laughed.

"Yeah, I had this same talk with him two months ago when he decided he was going to go to the border and become a rich bootlegger. Look at him now, looks happy, don't he?"

"Yeah. I'm glad he's still around, but..."

"But what, son?"

"I'm not sure I want him talking to Su..."

For whatever reason, that made the Reverend nearly fall over with laughter.

"Oh, Jack. I can understand that, but I know for a fact Rex is seeing someone already, and Su has her sights set a little...higher than that."

"All right," I said, finally, "I'll give it until Fall, but if Winter rolls around and things are still like this, well, I gotta go."

"I'll tell you what. If you still want to leave in Winter, you come see me, and I'll give you some money to start your new life."

"Uh, I'm not sure I'd feel so good about that."

"Relax, Jack, it's what the Church keeps money for, to help the parishioners, even if they're leaving. Until then, I hope to see you on

more Sundays. It would make the women in your life mighty happy, I suspect."

I shook his hand and went to collect the aforementioned women. We had to get home soon since Mama would want to cook a big Sunday dinner. I didn't know what to think, to be honest. The Reverend didn't give me anything specific to hang my hopes from, but he was so sure. Maybe he just wanted to make sure that there was someone around to support the family until the harvest was over. Staying for that would be the responsible and indeed moral thing to do.

I put it out of my mind, for the time being. What did godly men know about the kind of desires I was feeling?

* * *

I was quiet on the drive home while Su and Mama chatted about the sermon and the "duties of womanhood." Su didn't like being forced to just do whatever a man said. I sympathized with her. It seemed like a lot of women got a raw deal. Then Mama said that it was all about choosing the right man. Then again she chose Pop, so I'm not sure she had much right to speak.

When we got home, I had a lot to do. Pop wasn't in the house, but the number of empty beer cans on the table told me he probably went to town and not out into the fields. Su disappeared into her room, and I went upstairs and changed into my overalls. There's always too much to do, and Sundays are no exception. I got halfway back downstairs

when I heard my name being called. I went back up and to Mama's room.

"Jack," she said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I know you're busy, but will you help me take this dress off? I don't wear it much, and I forget that I need some help with it."

Mama stood in front of her mirror, expectantly. I couldn't avoid the way the green fabric clung to her curves or stretched around her generous ass. In the mirror, I could see a similar effect occurring around her bust. Were her breasts really that big?

God, I'd love to taste them.

The thought came unbidden, unwanted, but once it was there, I welcomed it. Yes, I would love to have this gorgeous, mature woman. For a moment, I allowed myself to see her as mine. I could undress her and have her, right here, on her bed. Or maybe bent over her vanity. Or...

"Jack," Mama's soft voice brought me back to guilty reality, "are you alright, sweetie?"

"Uh, yeah. Sorry, just a bit tired."

Mama looked at me through the mirror, and I saw something like happy mischief dance in her beautiful brown eyes. I applied myself to

unbuttoning her dress with trembling and clumsy fingers, each success revealing more of her pale back, more of her graceful maternal figure.

"Take your time, Jack," Mama said in a hoarse whisper, "there's no rush."

So I did. I enjoyed the way the dress slowly fell off Mama's shoulders. As it did, Mama was forced to hold the bodice up to avoid exposing herself to me. I was filled with a perverse urge to pull it down, exposing her to my hungry gaze. As it was, she let quite a bit drop, exposing generous cleavage pushed together by her grip. When I was done, without thinking, I ran my fingers from the nape of her neck to the small of her back. I instantly regretted it, but Mama said nothing, shivering slightly.

"Thank you, Jack. I might have a bath, but I can make dinner a bit early tonight if you want."

"Um, yeah, Mama, that would be great. I have a lot to do, though."

Mama turned and kissed me on the cheek, pressing into me and just barely catching the corner of my mouth.

"Don't work too hard on the Lord's day," she said as I left in a daze. As I stepped out the back door, I realized that I was harder than I'd ever been. Surely she'd felt that as she kissed me. Thank god she hadn't mentioned it.

My frustration gave me extra energy. I replaced some rotten wood at the back of the barn and began some of the endless repair work on the fencing on the north field. Before I knew it, I was done, and hours before I expected. I could start doing something else, but then I'd be late for supper for sure. So that's why I got back to the house early.

I didn't announce myself, just went in the back door. I wasn't sneaky, you just didn't make a lot of noise when Pop could be around if you didn't want to get hit. I didn't see Mama in the kitchen, but I thought nothing of it. I went upstairs to change and maybe a nap, noticing that Su's bedroom door was closed. She was probably napping too. I decided to stop in the bathroom since I needed to splash some water on my face and wash up a bit. I didn't realize that it was already occupied until I felt the wave of heat from the full bath. I was too stunned to move, and then I didn't want to.

Mama was luxuriating in the bath, eyes closed. She may even have been dozing a bit. She hadn't noticed me yet, and I didn't draw attention. I could have backed out slowly. I should have. Instead, I stayed and got a good look, imprinting her beautiful form on my mind. It must have only been for then seconds or so, but it felt like hours.

Mama lay on her back, her face at rest. Her full lips slightly parted, I wondered what she'd taste like if I kissed her. Her large breasts spread and were supported by the water. I wanted to hold them, to squeeze them, to pinch her large puffy nipples until they stiffened in readiness. Her belly was clearly soft but also fairly flat. She had few stretch marks and obviously kept good care of herself. She had a large dark brown thatch of hair just over her pussy, and I was drawn to it. Her labia were

swollen and puffy, and later I wondered if that meant that she had been playing with herself.

I was even harder than I'd been earlier in the day. I'd need to jerk off soon, or I'd explode.

"Jack, I didn't see you there."

Oh god. I'd stood there too long, and Mama had opened her eyes. When I looked at her, I could see that she was staring at my crotch. At my erection.

"Mama, I'm sorry..." was as far as I got before she surprised me again.

"Oh, Jack. Don't worry. I shouldn't have left the door open, but could you grab the towel for me? I must have forgotten it the same way I forgot to close the door."

I obeyed without hesitancy, unbelievably happy that Mama wasn't mad. I didn't think about what that implied until much later. As I grabbed a fresh towel from the closet across the hall, I heard her getting out of the bath. I turned in time to see her stepping out, her breasts and ass shifting and jiggling and sagging in ways that made me want her even more. I'd never really known what a woman should look like until I saw her like that. I forced myself to hold the towel out for her, and she stepped into it gratefully, covering her nakedness and smiling at me. I felt so much guilt, you wouldn't believe it. I loved her, and I was

disrespecting her by behaving this way. I couldn't just let it go and ignore it.

"Mama, I'm really sorry. I was startled at first, but that's not an excuse. I kept watching because...because I wanted to see you naked..."

"It's all right, son. I mean, some might not approve, but I suppose I don't mind if it's you. Besides...it's kind of flattering when a young man stares at you when you reach my age."

I was stunned by her response. That's probably why I just spoke the truth.

"You're beautiful Mama. Anyone would stare at your body."

Mama blushed then and turned to leave. She walked back though, and kissed me, on the mouth this time. When she did, she leaned into me, and I felt her soft breasts spread and the heat over her lower body. I couldn't stop thinking about there only being a towel and my jeans separating my cock from her pussy. I felt a bit guilty about it, but she didn't mind. Before I knew it, she was walking away on bare feet, ass swaying as she did. I wondered if she swung her hips a little more just for me.

I forgot about washing up, or even about getting back to my room. I unbuttoned my fly frantically, right there in the bathroom and began stroking myself. After only a few pumps I came, spreading sticky seed all over the bathroom floor, the sink, and even the old cloudy mirror.

As I came down, I cleaned up quickly, aware that the smell would linger for a while. That didn't bother me though, I was too busy wondering what my mother would look like covered in my cum.

* * *

I tried to get that image of Mama out of my mind, but I couldn't. Maybe if I'd had a steady girl who would have relieved the pressure a bit, but I truly didn't have time for one. I didn't think of myself that way, but I was the man of the farm in almost every way that mattered. If I didn't work hard, the farm would die, and my mother and sister would starve. That was a fact. There was no time for church socials or courting or sneaking around behind the barn. I could barely get away for even an hour a week. I jerked off, tried to think about Prudence from down the road, but my mind always drifted back to that vision of Mama getting out of the bath.

I still haven't forgotten about it.

Be that as it may, this instigated a lot of the rest of my actions. I had a desire, no, a need to see my Mama like that again. I wondered what her skin would feel like under my hands. Were her breasts very firm or soft? I knew that I would love them either way.

I resolved to discover every mystery of my mother's body and to make her love me the way I needed. Not the love of a mother for her son but that between a wife and a husband, or a lover. If Pop wasn't going to take advantage of this wonderful, gorgeous woman, then I would. I felt guilt, but it was suppressed by the enormous weight of my desire.

Mama would be mine.

Chapter 2

We weren't poor, not really. Grandpa was pretty flush, for a farmer. He'd appointed our house pretty well, with a lovely couch from Davenport, a radio, and indoor bathroom, even an icebox. Pop had squandered a lot of what his father-in-law had saved, and a lot of what we owned was a bit worn down, but it still was pretty nice. You could sit out on the porch at night and swing. Sometimes we all listened to the radio together. Pop would rant a bit until he got drunk enough to sleep.

He used to beat me those nights, but I was too big for it by then, and he knew it. He never took a swing at Mama or Su, or I would have shown him how much stronger I was than him.

It was on kind of a hot night like that things escalated a bit more. Pop was at his usual spot at one end of the couch, drinking his fourth beer of the night and probably the tenth of the day, rambling about FDR, despite benefiting from everything he'd done. Mama was right beside him in the center, crocheting some baby clothes for a pregnant neighbor. Su was reading on the chair that I usually sat on. I was about to ask the brat to move when Mama patted the empty space near her.

"Oh, come on, Jack. You never sit with your mother anymore. Just for a little while. Please?"

Su stuck her tongue out at me as I gave in to Mama's demand. I generally did what she wanted, and now I really wanted to sit next to her. As I sat, she patted my leg and shifted slightly towards me. She left

her hand just a moment longer than she would usually have, and then looked me in the eye for a second before returning to her crochet. She shifted from side to side, briefly, but I didn't pay it any mind.

I wanted to read that night. A lot of farmers back then were big readers as there wasn't much else to do at night. I was simply too worn out. Pop had quit halfway through the day, and I had to finish what we'd both started, some fence repairs. Instead, I settled for listening to the news and music and my Mama's warm presence. I didn't even bother stopping my mind from wandering where it wanted to. I wondered what kind of sounds she made when Pop touched her. He seemed to want to spend all his seed on the hussies at the roadhouse. I couldn't imagine wanting them with a beauty like Mama at home.

That was when I noticed her dress riding up, ever so slightly. It wasn't anything scandalous, really, just a bit over her knees, but it still drew my eye like a bear to honey. I looked over at Pop. He was awake but lost in thought. Su was drowsing. I wonder if my bravery came from desire? Or maybe I was just too tired to care. Very matter of factly, I let my left hand fall to my side, then down onto my lap. Then let it slide just a bit further until it was resting half on my leg and half on Mama's. If anyone had looked at that point, it would look innocent.

The way Mama tensed up when I did it let me know that she knew that it wasn't. I waited for a rebuke. If she had shaken it off or pushed me away, I would have stopped. I hope I would have, anyway. In a moment, though she went back to her crochet. When she spoke, I almost jumped out of my skin, but it wasn't to me.

"Harold, are you going to work on the outer fields tomorrow?"

"Wh-what? Yeah, probably. Or at least start on em. Why?"

It was an odd question, but I wasn't focused on that. Was she doing this on purpose? Distracting him? Or checking to see how aware he was? I wasn't going to stop, in any case. I let my index finger catch the hem of my Mama's skirt. I pulled it up, exposing an inch or so of pale white thigh. She shuddered, ever so slightly, but no one else noticed.

"W-well, Harold. You always forget to come home for lunch when you go out that far. I just want to have time to make sure your meal is ready for you to take and..."

"Goddammit woman, can't you let me listen in peace? I'm not taking a damn lunch. I'll go to the Road House to eat it. Maybe dinner too, if I feel like it. You understand me?"

I bristled internally, hating that he flaunted his drinking and whoring in front of her. Mama just replied meekly, as if it were the most acceptable thing in the world.

"Of course, honey. That's fine with me. I'll just make lunch for Jack and me, then."

My mind stopped for a moment. Did that mean we would be alone tomorrow? From when Pop left for the Road House until Su got home? Oh...there were many possibilities there. I smiled slyly, and let my finger move her hem up another inch. She suddenly coughed, and I

stopped, adjusting her skirt down. I was frustrated until I saw that Su was waking up from her light doze and stretching.

"Go to bed, honey," Mama told her gently.

"But Mama, I want to hear the music!"

"Su, you've got to watch those children early tomorrow, and you're dead tired. Mind me now, go to bed."

Su looked like she might protest, but instead, she just rolled her eyes and stood up. She walked over and kissed Mama on the cheek and then me. She never kissed Pop unless he made her, and he definitely wasn't paying attention. I watched Su go up the stairs. She was a good girl and a fine woman. I would miss her when she inevitably caught the eye of the right man. My attention was drawn back to the couch, as Mama shifted again, getting comfy. Pushing into me. It couldn't have made it easier to crochet, even as quick and nimble as she did it. I knew that she wanted to be close to me.

I loved her, but right now, I needed more than closeness. I peeked at Pop. He was already drifting a bit, eyes barely open. Mama's skirt was back down to her knee from her earlier moving. That wouldn't do. I caught the hem of the worn white and blue housedress again and raised it. This time I moved even slower. I heard Mama's breath catch, and her hand's faltered a moment before resuming their rhythm.

I was bolder this time without Su to catch me. I didn't stop. I kept pulling the hem up until I could see her panties clearly. Mmm. Some women wore them loose, but not Mama. She wore tight ones. I put my hand on her unprotected leg and squeezed it. I was gentle, but Mama made a noise in her throat, a soft whimper. I was sure that she liked what I was doing.

I looked at her face, but she was still focused on her crochet, even if she did fumble at it a little. She didn't stop me though, so I slid my hand up her thigh, squeezing it every inch or so. Mama gasped as my hand touched the edge of her white panties. She'd stopped crocheting now, and her eyes were shut. I slid my hand over them just a bit until my palm rested on her mound. There was a beautiful wet spot there. I knew that she was all hot and bothered for me. She bit her lip.

Mama's eyes opened as I started to rub her. I wasn't an expert, but I knew enough from my friends that girls liked that. I did it gently and slowly and paid attention to her responses. When I was low...around where her cunt was, she loved it and rolled her hips a little. When I moved just above it, then she moaned, and I knew I'd gotten the right spot.

Pop shifted then, and Mama tensed. I could see him, though, and he had just rolled his head away from us. He could still catch us easy, but I wasn't stopping, not now. Mama clutched her crochet to her chest, forgotten, as I rubbed. I knew that it had been a long time since a man even tried to give her pleasure. And that was what I wanted, I discovered. I wanted to have her, sure, and in many ways, but there was more to it. I wanted to make her happy. I wanted to make her cum.

God bless her for teaching me the joy of giving a lover pleasure.

I rubbed a little more, and then I stopped. I looked over at Pop. He was sleeping deeply, then I looked at Mama. Her eyes were open, pleading, desperate. I knew that she was close, but I needed something too. Everything in life is give or take. Besides, she'd enjoy this at least as much as I would.

I moved my hand up to the top of her panties and let it rest there, against her soft, pale belly. I waited. I counted to ten, looking at her. She could stop me now if she wanted. I'd never go farther than she'd allow.

Mama nodded frantically and bit her lip. Apparently, she was in as much need as I was. I let my hand slide into her panties. Her coarse hair felt exotic on my palm, and I could tell that there was a lot of it. I went lower. She shuddered as I passed what I still think of as "the little man in the boat." I finally rested on her lower lips. Her labia, as she'd call them. I teased them open, gently. I felt her shudder again. Everything about Mama's pussy felt sacred to me somehow, delicate. I was worshiping her now, I felt. I slipped my middle finger inside of her, slowly.

God, she was tight, and she gripped it going in. Mama must not have been getting mounted enough because as soon as I did, I felt her body tighten up. She put her hand in her mouth and covered it as I started thrusting. Her hips bucked, and her body began to shake. She dropped the crochet, and her free hand held on to my wrist for dear life, not to stop me, but to keep me going.

Mama wanted her baby boy to keep finger fucking her, and I loved it.

I obliged, and Mama tensed and shuddered and tensed and shook and then, finally, a barely audible whimper came from her, and she went limp, like a puppet with its strings cut. She breathed hard, and while she did, I withdrew my finger, restored her panties, and pulled her dress back down. I looked at her and leaned over and kissed her forehead as she leaned into me. If I hadn't just made my own mother cum by pushing my finger where I'd come from, it would have been downright wholesome.

Pop shifted again but didn't wake. I realized that the night's fun was probably over. Mama wouldn't risk visiting me at night, no matter how much I wanted her to. And she'd have to wake Pop up so he could get to bed. I started to stand.

Mama's hand shot out and stopped me, squeezing my leg, hard. She shook her head. I worried a moment. Had I forgotten something? Did I leave something out of place? No, she looked beautiful, with a lovely flush on her cheek.

I soon discovered Mama always looked bright and beautiful when she'd been freshly fucked.

While I eyed her with confusion, she started to unbutton the bodice of her house dress. One, two, three. My eyes were locked. When she hit four, it was more than halfway open, and I could see straight down

onto her lovely white orbs. She was well-endowed and curvy, the picture of motherhood. I wondered what her nipples would feel like, and I licked my lips. As it turned out, I wouldn't have to wait to find out. Mama took my right hand, the opposite of the one that I had pleased her with, and put it inside her bodice, pulling her bra away. For a moment I saw her red nipple, large and stiff and perfect, and then the whole thing was in my hand.

I was mesmerized by it. It was the first breast I'd ever felt, and it was beautiful. Perfect, even. If Pop weren't using it, then I certainly would. I squeezed it gently and toyed with the nipple. I rolled it around, letting it feel weighty in my hand. I wasn't paying attention to what was going on.

Thankfully, Pop stayed asleep. Mama was busy, though. I didn't realize what she was up to until I felt the last button of my fly pop open. Then she reached inside and took my cock in her hand. I may think with it most of the time, but my mind was elsewhere this evening. None the less I was completely and utterly hard from my activities. I'd planned on jerking off at least once when I went to bed. Mama didn't want her boy to suffer, though.

Mama started moving her hand up and down my cock, stroking it firmly but not too hard. She knew how to please a man. I moaned slightly and squeezed her tit, hard. Mama just smiled at me. There was so much love in that smile. She wasn't just happy because we were doing something dirty or because I had finished pleasuring her. She was delighted to be making her son, who she loved, happy.

"Jack," she said at a whisper, "It's all right to let go with me, right now. I want you to."

Whatever she wanted, it was going to happen. I felt precum drizzle from the tip of my cock over her hand, and her pace increased. I was going to cum in my pants, but I had a vision, a lovely image of Mama's face with my cum smeared on it like I was marking her. I wanted to make that sight a reality some day.

"Mama...I...it feels so good."

I couldn't really talk, and Mama just giggled softly. It wasn't like any laugh I'd ever heard her make before. It was husky, and I wanted to hear more of it.

"Cum for me, Jack. Show your Mama how much you love her. Give me your seed..."

I never could refuse Mama anything. I grunted and began to spill my seed right there in my pants, pumping again and again. I filled my shorts but also covered her hand. She kept stroking until I was done. I was panting but hadn't even really softened when she withdrew her hand and buttoned my fly.

As I watched, Mama licked her hand clean of my cum. She did it so matter of factly and swallowed eagerly like it was cake batter or sweet cream. She looked at me afterward and gave me a beautiful smile. I smiled back, but Pop stirred a little.

I realized that we'd pushed our luck enough for the evening and I stood up and moved towards the stairs. I was surprised to feel Mama's hand on my arm, stopping me from ascending. When I turned, her bodice was still open. I buttoned it for her, regretful that I couldn't see them anymore, but she just put her hands on either side of my head.

"T-Thank you for what you've done and for what you let me do for you. I love you. P...please don't leave, Jack. Please. I know it's not fair to you. You deserve a wife who can make you happy and lay with you and not a needy mother and a...mess of a home. But the family needs you. *I* need you. I'll die inside if you leave, Jack."

I looked at her and put my arms around hers then I leaned in and kissed her, very softly on the lips. She responded, and though it didn't go farther, it lasted quite a few seconds. When I pulled away, I looked deeply into her dark green eyes.

"Mama, if you want me, I'll stay. I love you, and I'll do anything you ask. But you're right, it ain't fair. You give yourself to that slob of a man, and I have to watch him disrespect you. I'm dyin' inside already, Mama. I...I need a woman, something awful. Not just for a night, either. I don't want someone just to lay with. I want someone who loves me and cares for me like a wife. If I can find someone like that here...well, mayhap I'll stay there forever."

Mama blinked at me, but I didn't let her say anything else. I went upstairs to get cleaned up and to bed. Maybe it was too much to ask, but I thought Mama wanted what I wanted also. I'd give her time to

think, and she could answer me how she liked or pretend that nothing happened between us. I'd respect her decision either way, but I wouldn't push or get angry. I wasn't my Pop.

One thing was sure, I knew what real need was. I felt it every time I saw my mother.

Chapter 3

Pop, being himself, messed up my planned time with Mama. He was too hungover to go to the Road House at lunch, and he left to sleep it off at home. I couldn't very well sneak back without raising suspicion. He slept soundly when he was drunk but not so much when he was sober. When I got home that night, it was late, as usual. Pop was already eating, being unwilling to wait. Mama looked up apologetically and stood to get me a plate, but I waved her back. Su was eating too, and she smiled at me.

"Not like you to be late for free food, big brother," Su said with her patented tomboy brat expression.

"I wouldn't be judging the eating habits of others, Su. Not with how big you're butt's been getting."

"Jack, you...you...I can't believe that...!"

Su was lost for words, but Pop was in good spirits and guffawed at my inappropriate humor. The truth was I shouldn't have said it, and I knew it. Even if I hadn't been joking about my sister's ass, I knew better than to make fun of a girl's weight. Mama shot me a glare but then smiled at Su.

"Jack doesn't mean it. He knows that roundin' out is part of becoming a woman. You're lovely."

"You are beautiful, Su," I said, a little abashed, "I didn't mean to say otherwise."

Su blushed then, bright red, and looked down at her liver and onions.

"It's all right, Jack. I know you don't mean anything by it."

I walked over and kissed Su on the head before washing up and sitting down to eat. When I looked around the table, something struck me. Mama and Su were both sort of facing me while they spoke. Pop was eating and drinking, but he wasn't paying any particular attention. He'd made himself so unlikeable as to be not a real member of this family. I felt my guilt over my actions and desires start to fade ever so slightly. Didn't this family deserve a man who cared about it? Didn't Mama deserve a man who could make her happy?

Didn't I deserve a woman's love, too? Well, that wasn't fair. It wasn't about deserve, but if Mama wanted to give herself to me, I'd be sure that she wouldn't regret it.

* * *

For a while, I thought the whole evening was a bust. Mama had changed into her nightdress, which was white and long and had a fairly open front, so that was a beautiful view at least. I peeked when I could. It was more or less a repeat of last night, but this time, Sue sat by Mama until pretty late. I was dozing off by the time Su got up to go to bed. I woke up hopefully, but then Mama did something unexpected.

"Harold...Harold, wake up, dear."

"Wh-what is it, woman?"

Pop woke up, grumpy as all hell. I shook my head. He should be trying to get Mama to bed. It's what I would have been doing.

"My back hurts. It's been awful all day, would you mind rubbing it for me?"

God, I would love to do that too. To have an excuse to put my hands all over her, to stand over her, look down her dress. I felt a little bad for being such a horndog, but not bad enough to stop wanting it.

"Goddammit, woman. Have our useless son do it. It's what he's for. I'm resting my eyes."

"If you say so," Mama said, shooting me a sly glance, "I guess I'll ask him. Jack, would you mind terribly rubbing my back? It's so sore..."

Pop had already shut his eyes and waved his hand dismissively.

"Why I'd love to, Mama," I said quickly before Pop could change his mind, but then I had an idea, "but you best come and sit over here on the piano stool. It'll make it easier."

Mama looked a little confused, but she agreed quickly.

"Of course, Jack, whatever you say."

Mama stood up slowly and walked over. The piano was old but still played well. The stool was nothing fancy either, but it did have two features that made it ideal for what I wanted tonight. For one thing, it had no back. For the other, it swiveled easily to turn around. She sat in front of me with quiet dignity, then looked up at me with her deep brown eyes.

"Is this what you want, son?"

I nodded, unable to speak. I could see right down Mama's dress, and if the view from across the room was good, this was wonderful. Her globes sagged when they weren't in a bra, but if anything it added to her maternal beauty. Her nipples were hard and pushed the thin cotton out. I could tell that she was thrusting her chest out a bit so that I could

get a better view. I appreciated it, but that wasn't all I wanted. Besides, she needed to be comfortable. I wanted her to feel good too.

As soon as I touched her shoulders, Mama sighed and relaxed into me. It was already different than I expected. Last night, she was willing, even eager at the end, but she was hesitant. Tonight it was more like she was letting herself submit to me a bit.

I decided to see how far that would go.

Still, no matter my intentions, I was going to give Mama a good, firm but gentle back rub. I pushed her long, brown hair off to the side, exposing her neck. God, I wanted to kiss it. I was hard already. I took a deep breath, and I started with her shoulders and neck, rubbing but not pinching, massaging out the knots. She whimpered appreciatively, and I saw her squirm, just a bit. I understood then that she was as eager for my touch as I was to give it. That raised my confidence a bit.

I glanced back at Pop. He was sleeping soundly. As I moved down to Mama's upper-back, I pushed the thick straps down off of her shoulders, letting the housedress fall down on both front and back. She could easily have held the bodice up with even one hand, but she didn't. She sat there, passive and accepting of my attentions.

I continued to rub Mama's shoulder blades and let my hands work down to her lower back. I was still gentle, even though I wanted to take her right there on the worn carpet that grandma had bought forty years ago. I restrained myself, and I kept going until I was almost crouching, working the area just above her ass. In doing so, I pushed the dress all

the way down to her waist. I couldn't see it, but right now her tits must have been in full display, right there in the living room.

I leaned in slowly until I was whispering in Mama's ear.

"Do you want me to stop, Mama? I'm done with your back, but I could keep going?"

"No...please keep going, Jack. This all feels so good."

I could hear the huskiness of desire in Mama's response. I smiled as I stood up. She leaned back rather suddenly, and I realized that she wanted more, and she wanted to be close to me. Doing so made her head run right into my cock, however. I grunted although it didn't hurt, and she gasped. She must have realized how big I was for her then.

I pretended that it didn't happen and enjoyed the view. Mama's tits were sticking out, proud and large. I couldn't tell you their cup size, but they looked bigger than a handful, pale enough that I could make out some blue veins under the skin. Her nipples were large, but had tightened up and stiffened significantly. I knew from last night that they would feel firm but so yielding.

Rather than do exactly what I wanted to do, I started to massage Mama's head. Yeah, I know what you're thinking, but I'd read a book where someone did it to his girl, and she really loved it, so I gave it a try. I was firm but not harsh, and I used my fingertips to stimulate her scalp.

"Mmm, that feels nice, Jack. Anything you do does."

I moved my hands down to her face then. I'm not sure what I was doing, save that I felt a combination of affection and possessiveness towards my mother then, and I wanted her to know it. I passed my hands gently over her cheeks and to her neck, down to her collarbone, but I wouldn't go any further. As I brought my hand back over her face, she opened her mouth. On a whim, I stuck two fingers inside. She closed her lips around them and sucked on them like they were covered in the sweetest honey. I thrust them in her mouth, once, then twice, then three times. She groaned, deep in her throat.

"Mama, you're amazing," I said as I pulled my fingers out of her mouth with a little pop. Then I finally allowed myself to do what I wanted. One hand still slick with Mama's spit, I leaned over and started to fondle and massage her breasts. She arched her back, making it easier for me, while I played with her beautiful orbs. I'd gotten the idea from my pal Rex that girls didn't like having their tits held like this, but maybe he was just doing it wrong. Regardless, Mama liked it just fine. She started moaning and whimpering and bit her lip as I pinched each nipple. Soon she was breathing raggedly, and I knew that she'd need real release, not just massage.

"Hitch up your skirt, Mama."

Suddenly, Mama's eyes were full of fear and uncertainty.

"Jack, he'll hear that. If you...if you take me here. And I'm not sure I'm ready yet..."

I touched the side of her face.

"Hitch up your skirts, Mama. I just want to do something for you."

Mama didn't fight me, didn't tell me no, she just stood up and pulled her nightdress up to her waist. Now it was basically just a belt of thin cloth. God, she was amazing, sitting there with her bush in full display. She didn't wear anything tonight.

I looked Mama in the eyes, and she blushed, fiercely, but didn't look away. I got on my knees, feeling like this was a sacred act, like a prayer. I parted her legs but then ran my palms up and down the outsides. She didn't shave, so there was some hair there, but she was still very smooth. Then I leaned forward and really caught my Mama's scent. She was musky and strong, and God, I knew that she was in heat for me.

I put her legs up on my shoulders and pushed my face into Mama's pussy. She gasped and leaned back with her elbows on the piano. Thank god the cover was down or we'd have woken Pop up for sure. As it was, I couldn't see anything, and my undivided attention was on this new taste.

Mama didn't taste like anything I could describe, now or then. It didn't make me hungry, but it filled me with a need to kiss and lick her slick

lower lips. I darted my tongue as deep inside her as I could. I felt her hands in my hair.

"Jack...oh, Jack...make me feel good, baby. Please make Mama feel good."

I licked her slowly, then quickly, I found how she writhed and squirmed when I teased her button with the tip of my tongue. I put a finger in her and thrust it in and out of her as I did it. If I couldn't mount her the way I wanted to, then I could do the next best thing. This was the first time I'd ever eaten anyone out, and I was clumsy. Fortunately, I think my eagerness made up a bit for it. Soon Mama was bucking her hips and making soft noises deep inside her throat. Then, with unexpected force, she held my head against her cunt as her whole body tensed and released several times. At last, she stopped, and her hands caressed my head gently and lovingly.

Remembering Pop, I stood turned around, but he was still out like a light. Thank god for his evening whiskey, I thought. I was about to start getting Mama's dress in order when I felt her hands urgently tugging at the button on my fly. I turned back to her. She licked her lips as she looked up at me, her small hand darting inside my pants and drawing out my cock. Was she going to jerk me off again? Oh God, I needed it, but then she stopped and looked at me, longingly.

What did Mama want? Why couldn't she just do it?

"Please," she said and licked her lips. I understood her at once. I couldn't mount her yet, but it was vital that I was inside her somehow and critical that she pleasure me.

I moved forward, and Mama's hands moved to my ass, pulling me in. I pushed the head of my cock into her full lips, and she didn't resist but merely opened them, allowing me passage into her warm, wet mouth. God, she felt so good. I groaned, and she began to move her head, backward and forward, working the bottom shaft with one hand. Her slick tongue seemed to move in impossible ways, stimulating me like I'd never felt before.

God, if Mama's mouth felt this good, how much better must her pussy be? I regret what I did then, but only a little. My hands gravitated to her hair, and as I felt my cock start to leak, I gripped her tightly and began to move her head how I needed. Then I started thrusting as I moved her head. Soon I was fucking her mouth like she was a quarter whore at the Road House. She never stopped me though, never pushed back, never told me no. She just grabbed my ass with both hands and urged me to more, harder, and faster.

Mama wanted to please me, wanted to be used any way that I wanted. The very idea was too much for me, and her sucking and the urging movement of her hands on my ass drove me over the edge. I came then, pumping warm, sticky seed into her mouth. Too late, I realized that I wasn't sure that was the right thing to do. She'd eaten my cum before, true, but this was different. I wasn't giving her a choice. I panicked a little, and pulled out, still cumming. My seed splashed on her forehead and over one closed eye, then ran down her cheek, and even more came

out. Pulse after pulse hit her chin, then neck, and finally ran down her beautiful breasts. By the time I stopped, she was a total mess.

Mama just smiled even wider, cleaned some cum off of her eye and sucked it off of her fingers.

"Jack...you marked me. You marked me as yours, Son. I'm so happy..."

I didn't understand it, but I felt more guilty about how I'd treated her a moment ago.

"Mama...I'm sorry I was so rough..."

She just smiled up at me and leaned in and kissed my cock, then pressed her cheek against it with obvious affection.

"Jack, anything you do to me out of desire will never be too rough. Your Mama's can take it. Now get going. I need to wash up in the kitchen and get your father in bed."

The mention of Pop would ordinarily be enough to kill my joy, but tonight nothing could do that. I leaned down and kissed Mama on her mouth, feeling a little seed stuck to her cheek and a slight saltiness on her lips. This time our tongues explored each other's mouths. It felt backward like this is how we should have started, but it still felt right.

I went upstairs that night feeling like the luckiest man in the world. I loved my Mama before, but now I was in love with her, and I knew that she loved me as well. It made all the difference in the world.

Chapter 4

The sun was high in the sky when I got back to the house. I felt it baking my arms as I approached from the fields. Mama was out there, hanging sheets out to dry. She looked at me out of the corner of her eye. I caught her glance, and she flushed bright red before she looked away again.

Good, I thought, smiling smugly.

I washed up quickly at the pump, letting the cold well water roll over my head and hands. I drank straight out of the flow. I was hungry too, but not for food. I walked up behind Mama, putting my hands on either side of her waist. She wasn't thin, but she had a lovely hourglass. I heard her gasp softly as my hands settled on her hips. I felt her tense up as if she might slip away. I closed my grip and pulled her into me, fiercely.

There was no way that she couldn't feel my cock pushing into the small of her back. She whimpered, hands gripping the clean sheet that she'd just hung up.

"Is your father coming home for dinner?"

"No. Not supper, either. He's going straight to the bar."

She sighed exasperatedly.

"Of course he is."

"Well," I said, leaning into her and whispering in her ear, "You can complain about him being a bastard, or you can have an eager, young lover right now."

Mama shuddered then. It was a physical manifestation of the last of her will crumbling. I knew that she'd give herself to me. She just didn't want to seem easy.

She wasn't, either. She was a beautiful woman who'd been mistreated for far too long, and I was a young man who wanted to love her how she deserved.

"Most people would think that this is wrong."

"It doesn't feel wrong."

"That's because you're thinking with..."

Mama trailed off, unable to finish. It was like her with all things. I grew frustrated but not angry.

"Say it."

"What?"

"Finish your sentence," I said, then mercilessly kissing her neck, the way she'd so liked the night before. She moaned this time, loud and clear. She was mine. She was in heat.

"You're thinking with your cock, son."

I spun her around and looked her in the eyes. She bit her lip.

"Is that what you think this is? Do you think I don't care about you? I'm tired of watching you get mistreated, and I love you. I want you, too. I know that you want me. I don't much care what God thinks about the subject right now. The things you've done for me are...well, they might be sinful, but they're also beautiful. I don't just want that though. I want all of you, and that includes your heart."

Mama smiled and touched my face, maintaining eye contact. She was right about one thing: when I walked home, all I had been thinking about was her beautiful body and her hot, wet mouth. That didn't mean that I didn't love her, though. I loved her as much as any boy ever loved his mother. I just wanted to fuck her, too.

"You're the only good thing that man ever gave me. Well, I knew where this was going once we started. I didn't know how deeply you could affect me, though. Now I know what a doting lover you are. I love you truly and want you to be my man. Is that what you want?"

"More than anything, Mama."

"Well, I lay with my man, and I mean to enjoy it. I've only had two before you, and one was no good. I'll...still have to do what he wants, when he wants. You understand that, right? Even if I don't want to. Even if I hate it."

"I hate the idea of anyone but me laying so much as a finger on you, but I know that's how it has to be. I think he loves drink and whores more than you though, Mama."

"All right. Well, come on then. We might as well do this like civilized folk."

With that, she took my hand in hers and led me into the house. She locked the door behind her and then the front door as well, before coming back and leading me up the stairs. I was stunned, nervous even. She was going to give herself to me. Would I be good enough for her? I wanted to be. I wanted to be so good that she never wanted another man again.

More than anything, I wanted to mark her as mine and breed her, like any horse put out to stud.

Mama headed to the room that she shared with Pop, but she hesitated, going to my room instead. I didn't care. I would have fucked on the back lawn if she'd let me. I closed and locked the door behind me.

Mama turned and looked at me, the sunlight playing through the curtains across her face and body. She reached behind her and untied her dress. Then she pushed it off of her shoulders, letting it drop the floor. I sighed involuntarily.

"You're beautiful, Mama."

She was. I'd had little time to take in the view before, but now I could see how her full, maternal breasts filled her bra and how her panties hugged her hips. I could see how her belly was very flat, even if it did have a little fat on it. As I watched, she unhooked her bra, letting it drop. Then, slowly, she hooked her thumbs in her panties and pushed them down.

Her breasts sagged a bit, but they were too large to do otherwise. Her nipples were large and stiffened under my gaze. Her pussy was surrounded by quite a bit of hair, but I could see some moisture, even from a distance, and I could scent her arousal. I was harder than I ever had been.

Usually, I might have been embarrassed or worried that I wouldn't measure up, but I stripped down fast out of my shoes, socks, overalls, shirt, and boxers. Mama took me in, from feet to neck, and I could see her breathing pick up. My cock twitched as I thought of being inside her and she blinked in surprise, then smiled at me, blushing.

"I haven't had a man that hard for me in...well, maybe ever."

"Oh, I bet a lot of men have thought about you when they jerked off."

I couldn't believe how bold I was, but it was true. I'd caught everyone from the pastor to the grocer looking at her as she walked past.

"You flatterer," she said, with a smile. Then she lay back on my bed and parted her legs almost shyly. "I know that you're going to want to pleasure me...with your mouth again, but I can't wait any longer. I need you inside me, Jack. I know its wrong, and I don't care. I'd rather go to hell if it means I get to lay with the man I really love."

I didn't need any more motivation than that. I climbed over her, clumsily pushing my cock at her pussy. I was embarrassed, having never had a woman, but Mama gently guided my cock with her soft hands. As I slid slowly inside of her, I groaned.

"Fuck, Mama. You feel so good."

It was the first time I'd said that word in front of her, but she didn't care. I felt her arms around my back, and her legs hook around mine.

"Oh, god, Jack. You're so big inside me. You're a good boy, and you'll want to hold back, but don't. Just take me, and...and let go when you want. Don't try to wait until I...cum. This is when you claim me, do you understand? This is when I become your bride..."

I moved then, and she moaned loudly into my chest, my hand came up and found her left breast, grasping it, squeezing it gently and then pinching her nipple roughly.

"Jack," she cried, but she didn't tell me to stop. I started to move, in and out, and claim my lover. My bride. My mother.

"You'll have to pull...pull out when you're ready to finish, Jack. Unless you want to get me pregnant. Is that what you want, Jack? Do you want to plow your fertile mother like a field? Plant your seed nice and deep in her belly? Is that it?"

I knew what she really wanted. I'd heard her arguments with Pop. I knew how much she needed to have another child, and she was telling me now by asking the question the way she did.

"Mama, I...I want to fill you with a baby. I want to see you pregnant with full breasts bursting with milk."

"God, Jack...I'm...oh...oh... If that's what you want...you'd better do a lot of this."

Mama laughed, and I did too. It was serious before, and it still was, but it was also relaxed and joyous, too. I couldn't imagine anyone else I'd rather have as my first. I couldn't hold back anymore, and I began to really thrust hard inside of her. She responded, rolling her hips into me, moaning with each thrust. God, she was hotter than any girl my age could have been. I couldn't take a lot of this.

"Mama...I'm getting close..."

"I'm wet for you all the time now, Jack. You know what that means? It means you can mount me any time you want, and I'll give myself to you. The devil's put the heat in me, and it's only for you, son. Please...please don't hold back on me. Cum in me, baby. Fill me up, over and over, and..."

I let go, pulsing my cum into her, again and again. It was more than I'd ever cum before, I knew that. Mama made my balls go crazy, and I could see her mouth in an "o" of surprise as I kept going. I could feel the semen escaping out around my thick shaft. Then her whole body began to shudder, and seize up, her legs wrapped around me, dragging me deeper inside of her, refusing to let me out until I was through.

"Oh god, Jack, you're so deep, fill me!"

Mama came then, clinging to me with all of her strength, and I kissed and nipped her neck as she did. Her pussy milked my cock better than I'd ever milked any cow, and finally, at last, when I was done, I almost collapsed on her. I didn't let myself fall limp. My cock was still inside her as I kissed her on the mouth, my tongue exploring her mouth.

"Jack...that was wonderful. But we should get up and..."

"No."

"Jack...its not safe...and there'll be hell to pay if the fence isn't fixed."

"I finished that before I came home. You're mine this afternoon. Don't try to get up. I'll pull you back down, and I won't be gentle."

I was surprised at how fiercely I said it, but I took her words seriously. If she was my bride, then this was our marital bed, and I was having her as much as I could before Su got home. Mama looked me in the eyes and then laughed softly, delighted.

"Oh, ...all right, Jack. I suppose I should get used to doing what you want...if I'm your wife. How about that, a mother for a wife. I'm sorry that you didn't get me when I was younger, but I suppose you were inside me then too, in a way."

"I meant what I said. I'm going to give you a baby."

"It doesn't matter if you do. I'll love you either way...and I'll want to keep trying..."

We stayed that way for a while, kissing softly and saying sweet things. She turned around and curled against me, letting me spoon her for a while. It was dangerous. We could have fallen asleep and gotten caught by Su. Lord knows what she would have done. But while Mama slept for a few minutes, I stayed awake, my hand gently caressing her belly and her breasts, not hard, maybe a little possessive.

I didn't like having to share her with Pop. I tried not to think about it, but there was no way around it, not now anyway. We'd have to steal moments when we could like we already had been.

Mama stirred when my cock did again, pushing its hardness between her thighs. Invading her sacred space.

"Again, Jack? Already."

I laughed.

"A good mare doesn't complain, she just does what her stallion wants."

"Well, I guess if I'm your mare, then you best mount me like one."

Mama rolled over and got on her hands and knees. That was the first time I had her on all fours, and something about it drove me wild.

There was something animalistic about seeing her exposed like that. I felt a deep need to claim her, so I did.

I was a little less gentle with Mama this time, thrusting inside her quickly and smoothly, relishing her husky moan. This time she didn't say anything but spoke with her body instead. Every time she thrust her hips back against me, she begged me for more, and I held them a little harder. When she looked over her shoulder with her hair a mess and her beautiful brown eyes posing a question I knew that she wanted to be nothing but pleasing for me, just as she had cared for my life, now she cared for my pleasure. As she came, crying out almost in sobs, I knew that she appreciated what she hadn't had in a long time. Finally, her arms wobbled, and she dropped onto her elbows. I knew then that I had worn her out, and she came again as I filled her with my sticky cum for the second time that day.

Mama dropped onto her side, panting and I lay next to her and pulled her head onto my chest, enjoying the warmth and softness of her body next to mine. I wondered what she would look like if she became pregnant with my child. I felt guilty, but not about Pop. He'd treated Mama too poorly for too long. In a more general sense, I still thought of this as a sin. Not enough to stop, though. Never that much.

Chapter 5

I woke up that morning to Pop's angry shouting as he kicked the bed. "Get up, ya idiot! Ya left the damn fence open, and our horses are all over the place."

By the way, Pop slurred his speech, I knew that he wasn't sober and probably hadn't slept. While I did make mistakes from time to time, I knew that I'd closed the gate last night, same as I always did. He'd probably opened it himself and forgotten about it, or just wanted to blame me.

It took me a moment to wake up enough to stand, and then a few minutes to get dressed. I thought for a moment and then decided to ask Pop if he was gonna come out and help me. The answer was almost certainly no, but it would be a pain in the ass to do this by myself. As I walked to Pop and Mama's open bedroom door, I heard something like a conversation.

I looked in, and I wished that I hadn't

"Just shut it, woman. I can't stay hard with all your prattling!"

Pop knelt on the bed, his suspenders down and his pants half off. He was drunkenly pawing Mama's tits and had brought her nightdress up to her waist. I almost intervened but got hard despite myself when I saw her pussy exposed. Pop steadied himself on her spread knees and

then forced himself inside her with no foreplay or care. Mama cried out in pain.

"Ha, you liked that, didn't you slut?"

How could Pop think that she was enjoying this ill-treatment? How could he not know how to please this woman that he'd married twenty years ago? I seethed as he clumsily thrust himself inside Mama again and again. Then she looked over and saw me. She shook her head, almost desperately, as if to beg me not to watch her get taken by this awful man. I glared at her for a moment and then left.

I stormed down the steps and out the door. Somehow I managed not to take out my ill humor on the horses, who were apparently enjoying running about in the light early summer rain. Eventually, I got all of them back and in place.

I was angry at Mama, but it wasn't fair. She didn't have any choice, and I wasn't naive enough to think that she did. I had a vision of taking her just like I'd seen Pop doing, claiming her without thought of her own comfort. I felt aroused and then sick with myself. Being passionate, even rough, was one thing, but doing what he did? I would never take a woman who didn't want me, and I'd never treat her like Pop did.

One thing was evident even in my jealousy: Mama didn't enjoy or want sex with Pop. She had to do it because she was his lawful wife. That was all. We both knew it before we started our illicit affair. And that's what it was in the eyes of society, an incestuous, adulterous relationship. I loved her as my wife, but that didn't make her so. In the

end, I decided that there wasn't anything to be done about it now. In the meantime, I was hungry, and I could deal with the other need later.

I walked back in after the fiasco of reining back in the horses, and the sight of my father smugly eating breakfast sickened me. Mama, attired in a plain blue housedress which still seemed to show off her curves, looked at me, scared and apologetic. I didn't think that she was scared of me hurting her, not physically, but maybe of me saying harsh words or deciding to leave. I took a deep breath and regained control of myself. She didn't have any choice. I knew it when I started this strange relationship. I couldn't hate her anyway, I loved her too much. I didn't know how much I could take of Pop doing whatever he wanted to her, though. I suppose if he had been just a bit loving in his life, Mama and I would never have felt the need to be with one another in the first place.

Su was a smart girl and sensed the tension in the air. She looked at me nervously, and I gave her a sincere smile and ruffled her hair.

"Did you take care of those horses, boy?"

Father looked up at me, eager to express his dominance in every little way. How I wanted to beat him then. But how would I explain that? And what good would it do?

"Yep. Had a little trouble with a mare."

"You got to keep those mares under control, boy. They'll obey if you act like a stallion and not some little foal."

I locked eyes with Mama as she brought me a cup of coffee.

"Oh, I'm going to get that mare back under my control, Pop. Don't you worry."

"Good. I got business in town today. I won't be back until late. You know what you gotta do."

"Don't worry, Pop. I'll take care of everything while you're gone."

Starting with your wife. I thought.

"Good."

He ate in silence. Su was headed off to the Marsten's house to nanny the kids. She was good with children. Before leaving, Su first gave Mama a quick hug and kissed me on the cheek, lingering just a bit longer than was needed. I think she wanted me to tell her that everything was ok, but I was too worked up to do it. As she brushed past she purposefully pushed into me a bit, the way she did when she wanted a hug. She didn't get one, but she did feel my hard cock press into her belly.

Su stiffened and turned beet red, then left without a word. I might have to speak to her later, but she knew as well as anyone that boys got hard for any number of reasons. I wasn't worried about her just then.

"We gotta get that filly married off. She eats too damn much."

I laughed.

"She eats a lot, but we got plenty to spare. And the crops are gonna come in real good this year."

"Hmph. They better. Su's growin' into a real fine woman, though. She'll catch her a good man if she don't give it away, first."

"Harold," Mama said threateningly. She tried to be a submissive wife even to her terrible husband, but she wouldn't tolerate anyone talking badly about her children. Plus she could see that I was ready to fight, and I loved Su. She was a good girl, and if she fell in love and lay down with a man before marriage well, I didn't see any harm in it, to be honest.

"Fine, dear," Pop said, dripping sarcasm, and then he stood up, got his hat and his walking stick, and left without a word.

Mama looked at me, expectantly, but I just finished my coffee slowly. It isn't her fault, I reminded myself. She's his wife. She has to be.

Despite the simple truth of the fact that she couldn't deny Pop his pleasure, I was upset. I felt ashamed of it. She did her best.

"Jack," she started, turning around to begin cleaning up the table, "I'm sorry...I...I can't say no. I hope...you can forgive me."

At that moment, I already had. I knew that Mama loved me. I knew that she wanted me first and only. She'd fended Pop off a lot over the last few days, the arguments had been proof enough of that. At that moment, I found that I wanted something a lot more than to be angry at my mother.

I stalked up behind her, finishing my coffee and setting the cup in the sink. Wouldn't do to break anything. Mama was almost done clearing the table and had started washing it down. As she bent over to reach the edges, I grabbed her hips and pulled them toward me. I was fierce, but not harsh.

"Jack," she cried out, suddenly, dropping the washrag and grabbing the sides of the table with both of her hands to steady herself. She made to push up, and I put my hand on her back and firmly pushed her flat over the table. She gasped, understanding my intent.

I pulled her dress up, quick. She was wearing old but nice black lace panties. I wonder if she expected my attentions today. I rubbed her ass under the silk with one hand. She groaned.

"Jack, I'm not sure that this...ah!"

I spanked her, hard, but said nothing. Mama stopped talking. I yanked her panties down to her knees, but I didn't let them fall all the way. I wanted her to feel exposed to me and vulnerable. I wanted her to be aware of how much I owned her.

I unbuttoned my fly and pulled my cock out. I was as hard as railroad steel. Mama was soaking wet, her lips swollen, her bush clinging.

"You're wet, Mama. Was that all for Pop?"

"He don't get me wet, son. You do. He...he came in me though. I'm sorry. I didn't want him..."

"Don't apologize anymore, Mama. You didn't do anything wrong. I love you. I'll love you anyway I can get. But remember who you belong to."

And with that, I pushed into her. I wasn't slow, but I was restrained. I wouldn't hurt her, but I would claim her.

"Jack! Oh, God!"

I didn't give her any chance to recover. I just started slamming into her, harder than I ever had before. I was excited, God help me. I didn't want her to be with any other man, but if she had to be, then I was gonna fill her with my seed right after.

"Jack! Oh son, oh oh oh..."

"A mare's got to know her place. She's got to know who her stallion is. Who's your stallion?"

I slapped her ass, hard.

"You, Jack, you! Oh god, this feels...oh..."

Mama was close to cumming, and she was ashamed of it. She tilted her head into the table, but I put my hand in her hair at the base of her neck and pulled her head up a bit.

"Mama...Mama, I love you. I'm your husband now. You're my wife. You might have to take another man's cock but..."

"Your cock is the only one I want, Jack. I only want you, son! You've made me your wife. I've never been fucked like this before Jack...I'm so close. Fill me, please! Please breed your Mama! Jack, I need your seed!"

I thrust in her even harder, with bruising force. I was ruthless, but I was in love. It wasn't punishment. It was pure ardor, and Mama knew it, pushing back against me with each stroke. She'd never been loved as much as I loved her right then.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, I'm coming. Son...son, I love you...son, please give me your...ohhhh!"

Mama was screaming now, her back arched, her hips rolled back against me, eager, willing, wanted me buried deep inside her. She was cumming. She was my mare. She was my wife, and I loved her. I came, grunting and cursing, and thrusting, burying myself to the hilt inside her. I didn't pull out until my balls were dry.

Mama was breathing hard, almost sobbing. I rubbed her back gently with my hand and then grabbed her washrag. I quickly cleaned up the seed dribbling down her thighs and put the rag down on the table next to her before pulling her panties back up. Then I pulled her dress back down, right and proper, and pulled her up, gently, into an embrace from behind.

"Jack, I...that was divine. This can't be wrong, Jack. Not really. Not if you love me as much as I love you. I love you more than I thought possible."

I didn't answer, but I burned my face in her hair, inhaling her scent. Clean and womanly and everything I wanted. I kissed her, buttoned up my fly, and went to leave.

"Jack," Mama said as I reached the door, relaxed and ready to begin my day. I turned to face her. I should have known a woman as wonderful as her wouldn't let me have the last word here.

As I watched, Mama picked up the washcloth. Even across the room, I could see my globules of thick, sticky seed on it. She ran one, lovely finger over it, picking up quite a lot of it, and then licked it clean, locking eyes with me. She made a sound like it was the sweetest treat that she'd ever had and then swallowed completely, licking her lips when she was done.

"Do come home for lunch, son. I'm sure you'll find something pleasing to your appetites."

She laughed in her soft, loving way as I left. God.

What a woman I had!

* * *

The day was long and tiring, as you would expect. I came home for lunch, and Mama pleased me with her mouth and then sent me back out to the fields. I didn't get done until right before supper, so I washed up and sat down next to Su, who'd just got back herself a few minutes before.

"You're back a bit late," Mama observed. Eating with the family at the end of the day was very important to her, and I tried not to miss it when I could.

"Too much to do and the only other worker is out drinking and...well, you know."

I didn't have the energy to lie in front of Su about Pop. She knew anyway. Mama just nodded.

"I understand, Jack. I'm glad you got done in time to sit with us and eat. I do have to apologize, though. I think I'll need to go to bed early. I'm all worn out for some reason."

Mama locked eyes with me and give me a small, secret smile when she said it. I had been awful rough with her, but she wasn't complaining. I knew that she wouldn't be up to making love that night, which I understood. She would have given herself to me if I had asked, but she needed rest, and I was happy to give it to her. Besides, I was tired too.

"I'll clean up, Mama, if you want to go to bed," Su offered, suddenly.

"Well, that's very kind of you, Su," Mama replied, "I'll take you up on that offer."

That's how it came to be that Su was washing the dishes. I volunteered to dry them for her and put them away. If she was going to do more around the house, then I was going to encourage it. Lord knew that the children at the Marsten house ran her ragged, so she wasn't always so eager to help out when she came home. We worked in amicable silence for a while before she shocked me.

"I thought it was beautiful, Jack. What you did."

"Uh, thank you, Su. I'm not sure what you're talking about."

Su shot me a look which I couldn't understand. It was somewhere between anger and curiosity.

"I saw it, Jack. I saw you laying with Mama. I saw you make her cry out. I saw you fill her up with your seed. It was beautiful, and I wish it were happening to me."

I almost dropped the plate in my hand. As I was too stunned to speak, Su went on.

"I came back, Jack. I came to apologize cuz I left early and I...I felt your hardness when I walked past. It felt wrong like I had been bad, so I wanted to make sure you weren't mad at me. I saw what you done to Mama on the table. I saw it plain as day. Don't deny it."

"I won't, Su. But you don't understand..."

"Seems to me I understand just fine. You mounted her like Big Jake mounts the mares. You mounted her, and you had her fierce. She loved it. I guess you treat her better than Pop in pretty much every way, don't you? I should be disgusted, but...I'm not."

I looked at the heat in her eyes and saw for the first time that it wasn't just anger. How long had it been there, I wonder. Su was a young woman, and she doubtless had needs and desires. Maybe seeing Mama and me go at it had upset her for the simple reason that it was something that she couldn't have yet.

"What are you then? If you ain't disgusted?"

"Interested. I never seen what it was like when people did it. I want it for myself. I won't tell, though, Jack. I'll never tell a soul. Even if it is wrong and sinful."

"I'm sorry you saw it," I said, "but I ain't sorry that I did it. I love Mama. Really love her. And she loves me."

Su looked appalled, then upset and frustrated, and I smiled at her, just a little.

"Wh...what are you smiling about?"

Su wasn't really angry at me, I could tell. She was maybe a little jealous of Mama. I figured she just needed the same thing and couldn't get it.

"Have you met someone Su? Is there someone you want to treat you like I treated Mama."

"No! I mean...yes. Jack, why do you have to be so mean to me?"

I was surprised now. I reached out and pushed some of Su's hair behind her ear.

"Su, I ain't making fun. I want to know. Is there someone who you want to be your husband?"

"Yes, but he can't be."

"Is it because he's married?"

She laughed then, a bitter laugh older than her years.

"No, but he might as well be. He's already in love with another woman."

"Who is it, Su? I ain't saying that I can help, but I'll do what I can."

She looked me in the eyes and then smiled. For a moment, I saw that she was still just a grown-up tomboy, full of trouble and joy.

"You, ya idjit. I want you. I want you on me like you were Mama. Well, maybe gentler, because that was scary. But that's what I want. And I'm gonna have you, too. Now that I've seen that you're willing to 'breed your own stock,' I'm gonna be your filly. You just wait and see."

I stood there stunned as she turned and walked up the stairs. For the first time, I really watched her hips sway under that skirt of hers. She turned around at the top and looked at me, a little triumphant smirk on her face.

"Jack, you might start thinking about what I look like under this skirt. If you like Mama, you'll love me."

Chapter 6

Things went on like that for a few wonderful short weeks. Mama and I sneaking about, catching time together when we could. When Pop decided to work, my days were easier, but I was frustrated. When he fucked Mama, I seethed, but I always reclaimed her the next day. The guilt she felt at "cheating" on me bothered me more than anything else. I loved her more than ever.

Su mostly kept her distance from me, which made me sad. I did love her, and I worried that what she knew had made her hate me a little. She did start to tease me though, making sure to bend over in front of me all the time, flashing her panties at me when she crossed her legs in the living room and brushing against me so I could feel her tight, young body pressed against mine. I did feel guilty for how I found myself wanting her right back. I felt like I was cheating on Mama and I didn't know how to tell her that Su knew or that she wanted me. Oddly, I didn't compare her to Mama. One was a sunrise and the other a sunset, both different and beautiful in their own way. These were the two most important women in my life, and I didn't want to lose either of them.

Pop grew more distant. He spent about three nights a week at home and worked maybe one day on the farm. I loved that he was gone more often, but it was hard maintaining the place basically on my own. I didn't complain, though. I couldn't put my problems on Mama or Su. I was the man of the house in all but name now. We would have help with the reaping and harvesting, as the community pulled together when each farm was ready (I helped three neighbors with theirs' later that year), but other than that I was the only one working after that. We had some late garden harvesting, quite a bit of winter repairs, and all manner of things that needed to be done for our horses and other livestock.

It was a complicated situation. It got more complicated that mid-October afternoon.

* * *

I got home a little early, as I had been recently to get a bit more time with Mama. I entered without much more thought than getting her clothes off and making her feel good. Unfortunately, the sight before me stopped me in my tracks. Seated at the table were Mama, Su, Pop, and the Reverend. Based on the look on Mama and Su's faces, I was at first sure that we'd been caught, but Pop looked more bored than angry. The Reverend just smiled blandly at me with his too-clever eyes sparkling in the dim light.

"The Reverend came all this way to see you, Jack, so sit and listen."

Mama's tone was severe, so I did what she said. I looked at her, worried. She smiled at me and patted my hand in response. My anxiety dropped a notch or two. She and Su were both dressed in their Sunday best. Come to think of it, Su was wearing a dress that I'd never seen her in before. Its bodice was, well, open, showing off her developing breasts. Pop wore stained overalls and an irritated expression.

"Reverend, does this holy-rolling have anything to do with me? I say, let the boy go to the city. When he fails there, he'll come crawling back, and then we'll see who's in charge."

The Reverend didn't rise to the disrespect.

"No, Harold, I don't think so. I'm here for the best of the whole family, not just you. If you have some work, you need to get done, by all means, get to it."

Pop looked like he was gonna explode for a moment, but he stalked off, grabbing the keys to the Studebaker off of the counter. There was no doubt he was driving into town to get drunk.

"Well," the Reverend said, satisfied as though he had planned Pop's stormy exit, "that simplifies things considerably."

"Uh," I replied, "I don't think I'm going anywhere any time soon."

I shot a loving glance at Mama but otherwise stayed silent. I hoped that would be enough to satisfy him so that he, too, would leave. He just laughed, though.

"Oh, Jack, I assumed as much. Your Mama and I talk every week at Church, and she's been filling me in on all of the developments between you two. She was quite resistant to the idea at first, you know, even though she loved you deeply. She was worried about harming you or keeping you from happiness, and even about your soul if you can believe it. I've advised her that the Good Lord has always been open to love within the family; however, and she's taken to it once again. She's quite satisfied with you as her new lover, although I'm sure you know that already. She's been bragging about you to some of the other mothers."

I blinked. Time stopped. Su turned bright red. Mama smiled coyly at me. I waited for the shouting, the damn-you-to-hell. It never came.

"Uh...Mama, you told him? About us?"

I'm a bit slow sometimes, so I mostly felt betrayed. I had great trust in Mama

"Please don't get mad, Jake," Mama said, "just hear us out, ok? I felt bad at first, and when we started to...to touch each other, I was so hesitant and afraid that it was the wrong thing to do. Once we made love, though, I knew that you were the right man for our family. I promise you that everything I did I did for you and for our family. I love you

every bit as much as I've told you. I love what we've become to each other. It feels more right than anything else in my life."

To my surprise, Su reached out and held my hand tightly. She didn't say anything, but when I looked at her, I saw a pleading look in her eyes. I didn't understand, not really, but I stayed quiet then. It would do no-one any good to start fighting, no matter how scared I was.

"The truth is," the Reverend began cautiously, "we have to be careful about who we let in on our...community traditions. Some folk reckon its wrong to keep things within the family. But it keeps our young men here, and it keeps them happy."

"Not everyone has a father who's as awful as Pop. Do the others just cheat?"

"Oh, heavens, no! We don't support that at all except in extreme cases such as yours. Typically if a son or daughter needs to lay with their parent, there's a discussion first, and allowances are made. It's more common for brothers and sisters to end up together, or cousins, although we've seen young folk and their grandparents. If your father and mother had been happy together, then I suspect Su would have come to me first. The women are almost always in the know, even if they don't participate. Your mother, sweet thing that she was, didn't have a brother, and her father was almost too old to give her children or any kind of life. So she found a strong, handsome man from outside of the community."

"I made so many mistakes," Mama said, eyes on the table. The Reverend shook his head, although I couldn't disagree.

"It doesn't help to think that way.

"You...Jack. You're almost certainly my father's son. But there's no way to be sure. I...I was sleeping with my father for a while because he was a kind and giving man. Mother approved as there weren't any marriageable young men in the community at the time, although both of them understood that I'd need to look for a new husband at one time or another. Then I met Harold, and we moved fast. There was barely a week after I stopped laying with Popdy that I started laying with him. I know how awful that makes me sound. I had such appetites when I was young. I guess I still do."

Silence hung over the table as everyone waited for my reaction. Although Mama was tense, Su looked terrified. This was a lot to take in, so I just squeezed her hand and stayed quiet and thought. Mama had been with a grand total of three men, myself included, and she'd done her best to make each relationship work. I couldn't fault her for that. I wanted to be mad at her for keeping the secret and letting me come here. She'd clearly meant to seduce me beyond a certain point, but I also felt that what she woke in me had always been there, waiting. Same for what I was starting to feel for Su. Even in this tense atmosphere, I was having trouble keeping my eyes off of the way her new dress pushed up her breasts.

"All right. I mean, if it works for everyone and people like Rex and me I'm not going to judge it. I feel a little less guilty, although it's odd to know it's common here. I just...don't know what you want from me. I

can't do more than I'm doing. Pop isn't helping anymore, and at this point, his drinking is costing us a ton of money that we can't afford. Mama tried to keep that from me, but I look at the books regularly. I'm not going anywhere, but I can't make money appear out of thin air."

The Reverend smiled widely.

"Jack, don't worry about the money for now. I've brought some with me. Only the people at this table will know about it. I know what you're thinking, that this must be charity. It isn't. It's the whole reason folks donate to the Church. We don't need a bigger building or fancy pews, but we do need to take care of the community. So keep working and stay vigilant. Both your Mama and I feel that your father is likely to take what money he knows about and run off with a young woman that he spends money on at the Road House. We're inclined to let him, to get him out of your hair, but if he turns violent or worse, you need to call me, and we'll make sure he gets out of town."

I felt a burden start to lift from my shoulders. I hadn't even known it was there. If Pop left, I could support this family. I could be with Mama openly around the house. I could maybe even be with... But the Reverend wasn't finished.

"The other thing I'm here to speak of is a bit different. You see, we do believe in keeping our young folk here and happy, but we also believe in some commitment. You have multiple women here. One you lay with, and the other wants to lay with you," I looked at Su, and she turned so red she might catch fire, "so we have to settle that. The good news is that both Su and your mother are all right with sharing if you are."

"I am," I didn't wait to answer. I didn't want to make Mama feel bad, but I loved Su too, and I wanted to know what it would feel like to be inside her. I suppose I have a lot of appetites too, just like my Mama and Grandpa.

"Good. Normally committed relationships like yours mean marriage, and we can arrange that for you. Not quite as open like normal, but if you're willing, we'll have a ceremony at the Church. Its small, very few attendees, and a bit...odder than most. That being said, it ends with you and your women wearing necklaces instead of rings, so everyone in the community knows that you're spoken for. I wouldn't rush this, but given your mother's state, we should have in the next few months. And I'm sure Su wants to be yours as soon as possible too."

"What's wrong with Mama?" I asked.

"Nothing," Mama answered, smiling, "but I'm with child. It could be Harold's but...you've had me a lot more often, and you don't pull out like he does. I know that there's no way to be sure but..."

"Boy or girl, I'll raise them like my own, regardless," I said, without a seconds hesitation, "they'll be my blood, and I'll treat them right, I swear it."

"See," the Reverend said, gesturing expansively, "I told you it would be all right. Jack is a sensible boy, and he cares for both of you. All right,

about time I should be leaving. I have a few more stops to make tonight."

I rose and shook his hand, letting him out the door, where the sky had begun to darken. When I got back to the kitchen, Mama was busying herself in the kitchen, but Su was still sitting there, expectantly. I guessed what she was expecting, but she could wait a bit more. I hugged Mama from behind, putting my hands on her still-fertile belly. It may have been my imagination, but it felt just a bit larger. She turned and kissed me, passionately and slowly. It felt good and right to not have to hide this from Su like it was the most natural thing for me to make a baby with my own mother.

Then, aroused and curious, I turned to Su.

"So, little sister, are we waiting for marriage?"

I knew what would happen and maybe it was cruel for me to do it, but she got flustered and opened her mouth twice but still couldn't quite speak.

"You don't have to," Mama added, "obviously we didn't. The important thing is that you're committed to each other. I know Su only wants you. Its all she's been telling me for weeks now. Jack, you can't just use her like some men use young women. You have to be dedicated to her and make sure she knows it."

"I'd never just use you," I said, looking my little sister in the eyes, "I love you too much. And I've wanted you so badly for weeks now, ever since you told me how you felt. I felt bad about it before, but now...now I just want you."

"You should have two women anyway," Mama said, surprising me, "You need at least two to stay properly milked. If a man's balls ain't drained right, he'll be inclined to wander. But I think with a nice mare and filly at the stable any stallion would be happy, wouldn't you?"

I didn't care what Mama said, I'd never cheat on my girls. I still nodded, a wicked grin on my face

"Well then off with you two," Mama said, smiling, "Dinner won't be ready for two hours probably. That's enough time for at least once, although with Jack you'll probably get two or three."

Mama winked at me. Neither Su nor I needed any more encouragement than that.

* * *

Su stood up but didn't move at first, so I took her hand and led her upstairs. I decided to go to her room because she might be more comfortable there. As I led her in she stopped and closed the door behind us, then leaned on the door as if she needed support.

I came up and hugged her gently, from behind. She jumped like a startled deer and for a minute I thought that she might run like one too, but then she relaxed. Honestly, it was much like any other hug we'd shared, except I was hard and she was breathing fast.

"Su, you know you don't have to do this if you don't want. You can change your mind now, and I won't mind."

Su spun and stepped back, her eyes alive with the kind of tomboy fire that I realized I had fallen in love with.

"Jack, if I didn't know any better I'd think you were trying to get out of...of this."

"It's a good thing you do know better, brat. I love you, and I've thought a lot about you in the last few weeks. You've been teasing me something awful, too, and you know it. But what I want isn't always what's important. What do you want? If you aren't ready, then I won't push."

"So...if I ask you...to stop, you will? And you won't be mad?"

"Exactly right, girl. Have I ever hurt you?"

"You've hurt my feelings."

"Do you think I'm going to reject you?"

"N-no. But you've been with Mama, and she's beautiful. All I am is short hair and...and..."

"Smart as a whip, kind as a saint, and gorgeous. I want you, Su. I love the idea of being your man, your protector, and provider. Your partner too."

Her eyes lit up at that, and she smiled.

"See? I told Mama that you'd understand. I want to quit watching the kids up at the Marsten house. They're great, but I want some of my own. And you know that I can hold my own out there in the fields, too. You've shown me how to fix things and plant. Pop wouldn't allow it, but there's no reason why would couldn't run this farm together..."

I was as entranced by this idea as Su was. The truth was that she was in great shape and loved working outside. Half the reason she cut her hair short was that it got in the way when she was trying to get things done. I leaned in and kissed her. For a moment she tensed, and I was worried that I'd gone too far or pushed her, but then she just sort of melted into my arms. As I held her, her hands explored my back, and to my shock, she ground against my leg in a way that Mama never would have. It wasn't ladylike, but Su wasn't a lady, not really, and I was going to learn how much of a benefit that could be.

"I do love you in that dress, you know, although..."

"Although, what, Jack?"

Su's eyes danced with inner light now, her flush was clear and tangible. She was smiling, but I know that she expected me to poke fun at her.

"I think you look gorgeous in overalls too. They hug your hips and push your breasts together."

"Jack!"

Su was shocked, having never really heard me talk about her or anyone like that, but she was also pleased. She wanted to be seen by me, and she was.

"That's not all. I really want to see you out of that dress. Right now."

It came out firmer than I meant it, almost like a command. Such was the intensity of my desire. Su looked at me, bit her lip in her charming way, then stepped back.

"Anything for you, brother. Anything you want."

Then Su untied a simple string at her bodice, and another around her back. The lacing holding the dress up loosened at once, and it fell off of her shoulders. At the last second, she held the dress to herself, clutching it to her chest as if for dear life. Her beautiful blush extended to her shoulders. She looked me in the eyes, searching for judgment, but

found only love. She released her grip, and the white dress hit the floor. I might have gasped.

Su really was beautiful. I wasn't surprised by that, but I still lost my words for a bit. Her skin was smooth and pale like Mamas, but she was athletic and toned, and with what they call a farmer's tan. She'd never ever shirked from working hard, or doing things because they weren't ladylike. Nonetheless, she was all woman. Her legs were lovely, and her thighs curved into hips that I wanted to hold. Her belly was tight and flat, and her breasts were small and very perky, with a little upturn. Her nipples were stiff, and the thin brown hair over her pussy was clearly wet.

"God, Su...you're amazing. I love you so much"

She looked away, blushing more.

"I look like a boy. I know I do. It's enough for you to love me, but you don't have to lie."

I took my shirt off, kicked off my shoes and socks, and dropped my own pants. I'm pretty sure I did it at record speed. Su's eyes wandered all over my body, settling on my hard cock. She bit her lip, and I found the innocence of her desire to be irresistible.

"My cock don't know how to lie, Su. You're beautiful, and I want you right now."

"God. How will that even...even fit?"

I laughed. I couldn't help it. It was such a Su thing to say. She didn't like that, though.

"Don't laugh, you jerk! I thought I would be taking a man, not...not a bull!"

I walked over and hugged Su. My cock was caught right up against her belly, and she pressed into it. She leaned her head into my chest as I wrapped my arms around her protectively. I heard her make a little noise in her throat, and I rubbed her back and kissed her on the head. I would never hurt her and always protect her. I knew that now more than ever. I lifted her chin gently with one hand and kissed her. It started slow, gentle, but then her small tongue darted in my mouth, and we stopped caring about control. Her hands clutched at my chest, and mine found her tight ass. She moaned into my mouth and felt her wetness as she began to grind into my leg, lost in her want.

"Su, you're making me feel good about myself now, but you shouldn't worry. I'll go slow. And besides, there are things I want to do to you first that will help. Go lay on the bed."

Su, contrary to her reputation as a stubborn tomboy, was eager to do what I wanted. She lay on her back, but her body was taut, and she held her arms at her sides.

"Relax, girl," I said as I sat next to her, putting my hand on her thigh and then slowly caressing my way up to her stomach, which fluttered a bit under my touch. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to enjoy you."

Su trembled, but I saw her posture relax a little. She closed her eyes, and I think that helped a bit because she lay more naturally now, her legs slightly parted.

"Jack, you can touch me like this all you want. I love your hands on me. I love...oh god Jack!"

Su hadn't seen me lean in, so she was surprised by how I kissed one of her breasts and sucked on its nipple while my hand explored the other one. The thought that I was doing this to my own sister made it forbidden, and even better. I pinched her nipple.

"Jack," Su yelped, but then laughed and hit me on the shoulder playfully. I hadn't done it hard. I moved up and kissed her mouth again, and she eagerly responded, her hands on the side of my face. I moved to her neck and began to really kiss and nip at her. She moaned so loudly that I was tempted to mount her right then, but I held back. I kissed her breasts and chest as I let my hand wander down to her thighs and then her thatch. Her hair was smoother and thinner than Mama's, and I let my fingers run through it on the way to her pussy.

"Su, you're so fucking wet already," I said, letting my finger run across her swollen slit. She moaned and reached back, grasping her pillow. I

stopped kissing my sister and watched her face as I slid the first finger into her.

"Jack! Oh god, Jack, it feels so good when you do it!"

Su rolled her hips up and rubbed against the palm of my hand, and I held it steady so she could. I thrust my finger inside her again and again. I was gentle, but I kept the pace up. She started to pant, and her body rolled. I inserted a second finger experimentally, stretching her out a bit. I still kept both of them rather shallow. She gasped.

"Oh god, Jack, I feel so full already! Oh god please keep doing that! I love you!"

Su was loud, knowing that only us and Mama were in the house. I was losing control of myself. I knew it. I kept pumping my fingers inside her as I kissed her fiercely. She kissed me back and then her back arched, her whole body tensing.

"Jack, I'm ...oh god, I'm..."

Su came, her body rigid then limp, then stiff again in rapid succession. I felt a fresh flow of liquid bathe my fingers, and her sweet musk filled the air. I didn't know how I would ever manage to focus again when she was around, the sweet sexy thing that she was. Sue finally fell limp, eyes closed, breathing hard. I kissed her on the head.

"Su, I can't wait any longer. I need to be inside you."

Su kept her eyes closed but gave me a little smile in response. I got above my sister and put my cock right at her entrance. I wanted to be careful. She opened her eyes and nodded at me. I pushed the head of my cock in.

"Oh, god, Jack!"

Su tensed a bit but then relaxed, and a tiny bit more of my cock slid inside of her.

"Su, you're so fucking tight."

I had no complaints about Mama's cunt, but this was different. I kept pushing, I was only a little farther when Su cried out. I stopped and looked at her, worried. She shook her head and smiled again.

"It just hurt for a moment, like Mama said it would. Keep going. Oh god, Jack please keep going..."

I did. I pushed into my sister with agonizing slowness. I wanted to thrust into her, get my seed inside her as quickly as possible. I needed her, and I needed her to be mine. I held back. Finally, I bottomed out in her.

"Oh, fuck, Su. Fuck you feel so good."

Su kissed me on the lips, and we made out like that for a bit, slow and gentle while she clasped my right hand with her left. I started to move in and out of her, feeling like I was stretching my baby sister out with each thrust. Each time I did, Su squeezed my hand and then released. She adapted fast to my cock. I was alarmed at how close I was to cumming already. I would make it last as long as I could.

"Jack, oh, Jack. I love you so much. I love you. I need you to make me yours, love."

I sped up. Su's legs wrapped around my waist. She was so flexible and strong, I realized that there was no way I'd be able to pull out of her in time. Of course, I had no intention to. I thrust a little harder, and my sister started to moan and whimper after each time. Her body began to tense and release, she shook and quivered as she came with such intensity that I was driven over the edge too. I started to cum, filling her, filling my little sister with my seed.

"Yes, Jack! Yes, fill me with a baby, please! I love you, and I want your baby!"

If I hadn't already been cumming, I would have after hearing that. I came so hard, and so much that I felt it already leaking out around my cock. I'd fill Su's womb as much as possible. If she wanted children, I'd give her as many as I could. I'd never thought of myself as the fatherly type, but I wanted to breed my sister then and there.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Su fell limp, and I had emptied myself inside her. I pulled out gently and kissed her before looking at the mess I made, cum pouring out of her. She smiled proudly.

"I took my brother's big bull cock after all, didn't I?"

"You took it well. I'm gonna want more of that tight little pussy."

I noticed that there was a little blood mixed in with our own fluids, which worried me at first. Su looked up at me and understanding my thoughts, reassured me.

"It only hurt a little bit to lose it, your fingers didn't go that deep, but they made me ready for you. I'm never letting Mama throw these sheets out," Su said, smiling up at me proudly, "because they'll always remind me about when my older brother made me a proper woman."

"You'll never be proper, but you'll always be my woman."

Su smacked my arm but wrapped her own around me, pulling my head to rest on her breast.

"You're such a jerk," she said before we dozed off in each other's arms.

I woke up a little later from a sound sleep. I hoped Pop wasn't home yet, but that was unlikely. Mama wouldn't let her children get caught

like that, bless her. I went to the bathroom and cleaned up a bit, before getting dressed going downstairs to eat. Su came down a little later, dressed in more relaxed jeans and shirt, a shy smile on her face. Mama said nothing as she brought the food to the table, but her own smile spoke volumes. She was happy for her children and for herself.

Later, sadly, I went to sleep in my bed. I wanted Su in my arms that night, and it felt wrong to be alone.

Well, things would change soon enough, but not all change is easy or pleasant.

Chapter 7

Weeks passed, Su and Mama and I grew closer. To some, what I was doing was wrong. I felt guilt. I still do sometimes. I mostly wonder what kind of life Su would have had if she hadn't been stuck with me. When I ask her though she just calls me an idjit and kisses me on the cheek. I think maybe I worry too much.

Back then, though, I thought I was in the depths of immorality. I loved Mama, and I loved Su. There was no doubt that I would put them first in all things, and protect and provide for them. I realized that even before we began laying together that it was my creed, the moral bedrock that I was based on.

I would never allow anyone to hurt them or to do things to them against their will. Had either of them asked to stop or even me to leave,

I would have done so. In this world, men are in charge most of the time, and women don't always have someone who will care about what they want.

Thinking of Su brought me back to this morning. We'd stolen out in the early dawn to a secluded spot behind the house. Pop was sleeping one off inside, or we'd have just done it inside. I'd had her from behind, covering her mouth as she came, her hands on the wall of the old fence for support. I was thoughtful at least and put an old sack over it so she wouldn't catch splinters. After I'd cum inside her, I sent her back inside with a swat on her butt before I went out to work. She cursed me but gave me a bright smile, her face flushed from our lovemaking.

So it was that I was working on the far back pasture where Big Jake and his mares tended to spend most of their days in early summer. We probably should have gelded him, but we'd been relying on selling his offspring for long enough that it seemed rude. He was a part of the family, even if he was a bit of a son-of-a-bitch.

Still, when I took the long way around him after repairing some fencing and making sure they were doing all right, I wasn't expecting him to decide to act out. All stallions are capable of it. Jake didn't do it often, and usually, it was when he thought his mares were in danger (either for their lives or for belonging to a different stallion). Since he probably could have crushed my skull with a good solid kick, I don't think he was trying to kill me. In fact, looking back, I think he was feeling playful.

Playful or not, when a full-grown horse bumps into a man at high speed, it will send him rolling to the ground, if not worse. I didn't fall

under his hooves, thank God. But I did get bruised all over and end up with a cut on my forehead from a rock hidden in the grass. If it wasn't for that cut, I might have tried to finish up my day before going back to the house anyway. Bruises were annoying, but the cut kept leaking into my eye. I realized that I wasn't gonna be able to get a lot done unless I asked Mama or Su to stitch it shut.

Big Jake reared up from a reasonable distance and ran back to the herd. I walked back warily, but he had no interest in chasing me. He'd made his mischief. None the less I was back hours before I was supposed to be. That's why I heard it, faint at first, a shout.

"No!"

I was running before I even realized who said it. That was how ingrained it was in me to protect my little sister. She wasn't arguing, nor was she joking. Her voice had anger in it but also a lot of fear. As I got closer, I realized that I could hear scuffling and grunting from behind the barn.

"Pop, no! I won't! No, please...please stop it. I won't tell, I swear."

I rounded the corner as I heard the sharp crack of Pops palm against Su's cheek.

"You're goddam right, you won't tell. You'll do what you're told and lift up your skirt. You spread your legs for your worthless brother, don't yeh? Well, I'm your goddamn sire, and you will put out for me

too, as surely as you are going to hell for being a little brother-fucking slut."

The words bothered me, but what I'd heard him do enraged me. The sight put me beyond thought. Su was pressed against the old barn, the top part of her dress nearly completely torn off. Her nose was bloody, and she was frantically trying to keep her skirts down. Pop had his pants down, and his cock stood up as drunkenly as he did. No. I would not allow this.

I moved painfully slowly. That's what it felt like. As though I'd never possibly arrive in time to stop Pop from raping her. I was only twenty feet away, though, and I ran fast. Pop turned at the last second, seeing me and swinging hard. His years of bar-brawling paying off with violent reflexes.

I took the hit, direct and square to my cheek. I'm sure he expected me to go down. The last time he'd knocked me on my ass. The last time I was just annoyed, though. This time I was full of murderous rage. I shrugged his meaty paw off like it was schoolyard slap. I didn't bother with my fist. Instead, my elbow crashed into his jaw. Pop grunted and stumbled back, tripping on his own drawers, down around his ankles.

I pushed in as he raised his hands to protect his face. I gave him a right and a left to the gut and felt the wind go out of him, then I hit him in the ribs, feeling a satisfying crack as at least one gave way. He fell down. The gentlemanly thing to do would have been to stop and give him a chance to give up.

I kned him in the face and then kicked him the head and stomach a few times for good measure. I ain't no gentleman. When I stopped, Pop wasn't moving. I didn't care. I turned to my sister.

Su's eyes were huge. She'd never seen me fight before although lord knew I scrapped with some boys from the town from time to time. We didn't have have much to do, and sometimes we were stupid. As I gathered her into my arms, I was thankful for all the times Rex, and I had squared off.

Su just sobbed though, and it broke my heart to hear it.

"Are you all right? Did he hurt you?"

He had hurt her, of course. I wasn't talking about getting hit though, and we both knew it.

"No, Jack. He didn't have time. He just slapped me and pushed me and...he tore my dress, and I think I have some splinters in my back from the goddamn barn."

Su laughed suddenly with a trace of hysteria, and I laughed with her a bit, feeling relieved that she was all right. I kissed her gently on the head, then sighed.

"I guess you best go inside, Su. I need to decide what to do with Pop."

I stared down then at my father and wondered if I was capable of murder. This morning, I would have said no. As I watched, his chest moved slightly, and I considered ways to kill him.

Su ignored my words.

"Jack, he must have seen us going at it this morning. If you hadn't shown up when you did...let me get Mama. Don't do anything rash, you hear?"

I nodded absent-mindedly then went into the barn to get some rope as she dashed indoors. I may have wanted to kill him for what he did, but I wasn't going to, not yet. Not without clearing my head. I had to protect my family from him. I had to provide for them too. I couldn't do that from jail.

So I settled for hogtying his hands and feet then gagging him with some old sackcloth, and then throwing him over my shoulder like a bag of potatoes while he gained a sort of half-consciousness. I took him in the barn and tossed him onto the hard dirt floor, three feet away from some straw that would have broken his fall a little. His grunt of pain was reassuring to me. I left him there after making sure that he couldn't reach anything sharp.

I didn't need to bother. He was too drunk to do anything than moan and grumble from behind the gag.

I went inside, my face grim. Su was sitting down, and Mama was standing over her with tweezers in one hand and a cotton-ball doused in iodine in the other, tending to her back, pulling long splinters out. I cringed at that. She may have been hit, but no one likes the feeling of a sliver of old wood under their skin.

Su just grimaced. I was proud of my tough little sister at that moment.

"Jack," Mama said, her voice surprisingly calm, "I think you should go to town."

"And do what, get the police?"

That seemed like a bad idea, but I was struggling to think of an alternative that didn't involve murder and burying my own father on the back acres. He was a bastard, but I wasn't sure that I could live with myself after that.

"No, Jack, get the Reverend. He'll be at home tonight. Tell him what happened and do what he says, all right?"

"The Reverend? What about Pop?"

"Do you got him squared away?"

"Yeah, he's hogtied in the barn. Still breathing last I checked."

"Good. Now come over here. I'm about done with your sister, and you need that cut stitched before you do anything."

"Mama, I think that the cut can wait..."

"You sit your butt right down here, and I'll be done before you know it." She smiled at me, indulgently, but her firm voice let me know that there would be no arguing with her.

I gave in. I hated needles, and Mama knew it, but her hand was steady, and she got it done fast. Then she cleaned up the rest of the blood.

"There. Much better. Now get going. Su told me what Harold saw. That's a shame, but the Reverend's had a lot of experience protecting our congregation. Let him help."

It seemed odd, even given the circumstances, but I grabbed the keys for the Studebaker and drove into town. The drive usually took twenty minutes, but that afternoon it felt like hours. I jumped out of the old rust bucket and start banging on the door. It felt rude, but I didn't want anyone taking their time answering.

The Reverend's wife, a petite woman who was a little curvy, opened the door with a concerned smile. It was the first time that I'd seen her since her husband had come and dropped the bombshell about what our church believed. I realized that she looked a lot like him, maybe

five or ten years younger. I understood then that he practiced what he preached.

"Lillian? Who is it, love?"

"It's Jack from down the way. It looks serious."

"It is," I said, feeling useless, "it's about Pop."

With almost comical speed for a man of his size, the Reverend came around the corner pulling on an old blazer and finishing off some kind of pastry.

"Alright, Jack, tell me what's going on. You can speak freely in front of Lillian."

I told him everything as fast as I could. I blushed when I told him about making love to Su outside, but they both treated it as right and proper, her giving herself to me freely. The Reverend's face turned stony when I mentioned what Pop had tried to do.

"Listen, here, Jack," the Reverend started, his voice more severe than I'd ever heard, "we're going to deal with your Pop, and protect your family. Don't worry about that. I need your cooperation, though. You've already been doing the duties of the man of the house and reaping the benefits. Before, God knows you could have left with a clean conscience. A man must follow his heart, after all. This changes

things, though. You've entered into a covenant with your mother and your sister. If you abandon them now, they'll be in a terrible spot, whether or not your useless drunk of a father is gone."

"I'm staying," I said, surprising myself with the force of my reply, "and it's my family now."

I had already been persuaded not to leave, but this was different. This was the first time I truly wanted to stay and protect these women at the cost of everything I had. Any future I had outside of this town pretty much vanished, but it didn't feel like a loss. It felt like I had become the right kind of man: reliable, dependable, and loving.

"That's a good boy," the Reverend said, smiling, "I'm going to come with you. Lillian, I need you to call whoever's on the trustees this month. Tell them to meet us out on Jack's farm. Oh, and have Rex bring his truck."

Rex had a delivery truck from back when his father was still alive and delivered milk to town every day. I didn't allow myself to consider what that might mean.

Then we got into my car and drove straight back home. I was nervous, but I knew one thing: I'd never let Pop hurt my women ever again.

* * *

The drive back felt much quicker. Both of my women came out to greet us. Su had changed into one of my shirts and some jeans of mine that she'd altered months prior. Mama stood beside her, hand around Su's waist.

"You go to your women, Jack. I'm going to go speak to your Pop. It would probably be best if you weren't there, just in case."

I didn't have to ask why. I knew that we were going into activities that the authorities would have a dim view of, even more than incestuous unions. So I kissed Mama and Su on the cheek, put my arms around them and led them inside. They didn't speak, didn't ask questions. Mama and Su sat down on the couch, the former tense but the latter with wide, almost unseeing eyes. I was more worried about Su.

I went to the kitchen and pulled Pop's stash out from behind the loose board in the cabinet. I poured some whiskey and water, thought about it for a second, and then added a little more whiskey. I went back to Su and handed her the glass.

"Drink up, sis."

Su looked at the glass but objected as I expected she might.

"Jack, I...he...if you hadn't..."

"I know, Su," I said gently, "but it's over. You need to rest, now that Mama's taken care of your back. Once you're down this, I'll take you to your room and tuck you in. When you wake up, the only thing Pop will be is a bad memory."

"Do...do you promise?"

Su looked in the direction of where the Reverend must have been speaking with our father. She looked scared and skeptical. Pop was a menace she'd dealt with for all over life. She'd never seen him as anything but someone to avoid. Someone dangerous.

"I do promise, Su," I said, giving Su my gentlest smile. She smiled back and drank the whiskey down, fast, before coughing up a storm. She was always so brave. I took her hand and led her upstairs.

Once in Su's room, I closed the door behind us. I gently removed her jeans but left her in my shirt. She let me guide her to her bed and lay her down. I pulled her blanket up around her how she liked, and then kissed her gently on the head, and then after a moment of thought, on the lips.

As I went to leave, Su's hand gripped my wrist.

"Do you promise that he'll be gone? Forever?"

I nodded my head, but Su wasn't done.

"And you'll still be here tomorrow?"

I smiled down at her.

"I'm here forever, brat."

* * *

I don't know what I had expected the Reverend to do, but I expected it to take longer than it did. By the time I came back downstairs, Mama was pouring some whiskey for the Reverend. As he was fond of reminding us, God didn't mind a little bit of the stuff from time to time, no matter what Uncle Sam might think.

The Reverend made small talk, and mostly Mama, and I just listened and laughed. He was distracting us, and I appreciated it. He shot up like a dart when he heard the big truck rumbling in. I followed him to the door, but he put his hand on my chest.

"Jack, this part isn't for you. Just us."

"Reverend, whatever happens, I'm a part of it. I don't feel good washing my hands of this."

The Reverend smiled at me with a sincerity that you rarely see in men of God.

"Son, we're going to drive your father out of town. He will never come back here or bother you again. One day, some other members of our congregation may need help. That's when someone might come by to pick you up, and I know you'll pay back whatever you think you owe with interest. You don't owe us anything, and some things are best left outside of the family."

At last, I nodded. Rex waved from the group of six men outside, and I nodded to him. I appreciated him, especially at that moment. Then I sighed and went back to the living room where I sat with my arm around Mama until we heard the truck leave. It was an anticlimactic end to an overlong era of suffering. Our family...my family, was safe. A great weight lifted from my shoulders. With Mama's soft and warm presence beside me on the couch, I dozed off.

* * *

I was stiff in the morning, but that was pretty much the only bad part of that whole day. We didn't talk about Pop that morning. We talked about the weather, how it might snow early. We spoke of Su doing more work in the field, which I was okay with. We talked about the baby. Somehow that was terrifying and joyful all at once. We couldn't plan, not really, beyond Mama going to see the doctor regularly. We had plenty of baby stuff in the attic anyway. Su was eager to help out.

You may think our relationship wrong, but the truth was that we were a family again, and a happy one, too. There's really only one more thing to talk about.

A few weeks passed. I went to church regularly. Whenever anyone asked we talk about how Pop ran off, probably after some girl half his age. No one was surprised or asked any questions. Some people offered us money or help, but I didn't accept it. I'm not too proud to accept assistance if I need it, but the truth was with the drunk gone, our finances were better than ever.

We were poor but not wanting for anything, not really. I fell into a new routine, working hard during the day, and then being pleased by my sister or mother at night. They deferred to me in many things, but they told me who's bed I would be sharing at any given time. It was a small sacrifice.

I had, however, forgotten about the importance of marriage. I suppose that I already considered myself committed fully to this new life, so formal ceremonies were just a formality. I was wrong.

About a month after Pop left for good, the Reverend pulled me aside after church. I noticed that Mama and Su were standing beside him, the latter blushing a little. I was a bit worried at first, it seemed like an ambush.

"Son," the Reverend intoned gravely, "It's time to make your final commitments. Are you ready?"

I blinked. I had completely forgotten about the marriage talk we'd had weeks ago. It came back to me fast, though.

"Of course," I said, without giving it much thought.

All three of my ambushers smiled then. I didn't know what kind of ceremony we could have when our relationship was supposed to be secret, but I vowed to go along.

"All right son. Here's what's going to happen. On Wednesday morning, my wife will be by to pick up the ladies. You show up at church that evening. There won't be anyone, but myself in attendance and I won't be there for all of it, you'll have complete privacy. Once it's done, you take your new wives home."

"That's it?"

"That's it. You don't even need any rings. Oh, and taking the next four days off as a kind of honeymoon is traditional, but we know there are always some things that need to get done. Still, try and just relax and have fun."

"All right," I said, still confused about what I had agreed to. I assumed that I'd show up, there'd be a bit of a ceremony, and then we'd go home together and maybe celebrate with some now-certifiable married-sex.

I was incorrect.

* * *

Wednesday came, and as expected, the Reverend's wife picked up Mama and Sue at almost dawn. Su kissed me on the cheek and apologized for not being there to help out with work that day. I spanked her lightly, and she giggled as she left.

I began to grow anxious in the afternoon. I assumed that all grooms felt nervous at one point or another, even if they were confident that they were doing the right thing. The uncertainty of what was about to happen made things a bit worse for me. Perhaps life with Pop and made me dread any kind of surprises.

I dressed in my best (and only) suit. It was worn but fit well and was immaculately clean. There were no other cars or trucks in the church parking lot. I walked to the door of the small white building and opened it. I did not expect what I saw.

The Reverend was at the front, dressed in simple clothes as always. Mama and Su, however, each wore a long, flowing white robe, bright and clean. Upon their heads was a wreath of pink Hollyhocks and blue Cornflowers. They turned to look at me, with gentle smiles, each of them holding a spray of Poppy flowers. It struck me then that this was a probably much older tradition than I thought it was, maybe even older than the state or country in which we lived. Had our ancestors brought it over from Europe?

It didn't matter at that moment. Those were questions for another time. I walked down the aisle to meet my brides. It struck me that this was the opposite of what typically happened at church, but it didn't bother me. It was important to Mama and Su, so it was important to me. I walked down the aisle, swiftly, feeling a strange sense of anticipation come over me. The Reverend's face broke out into a wide smile as I approached.

"Good to see you, son. I'll make this quick. You all have better things to be doing, I'm sure."

The Reverend lowered his head, and we did too, although I wasn't familiar with the prayer, I listened respectfully.

"Lord who has granted us the harvest both here and in the land of our ancestors. Prince of all that is bountiful. He who is both the Stag and the Oak. Hear us, your faithful petitioners. Two who were conceived in the Old Way and one who was not. These three shall become like a golden ring, unbreakable and ever-faithful to each other and to you. They will worship you in the oldest and truest of ways, through the planting and seeding. Through the pure pleasure of the meeting of love. Those who are here pledge yourself to this circle."

It took us a moment to reply.

"I pledge myself to this circle," Mama said softly.

"I pledge myself to this circle," followed Su.

"I pledge myself to this circle," I said, not wanting to appear like I had any second thoughts.

"And so it is done," the Reverend intoned in his deep baritone, "Mother and Son, Brother and Sister. You shall lay here together before the altar and leave an offering of seed into the womb, and leave together in peace and the sanctity of silence."

The Reverend then nodded somberly to all of us and left the room. I was somewhat confused at that point. Although it is plenty clear now, I honestly didn't understand what was to come next. My confusion mounted as first Mama then Su lay their bouquets of Poppies on the altar

I noticed it then. My eyes had only been on my women, unsurprisingly, but the altar didn't have the traditional cross on it, but a terrifying and beautiful figure: A man, muscled and clothed only in a scrap of leather. His head was that of a stag, with many points, and I knew that he was the one my ancestors had bowed before. Maybe I should have been shocked or horrified, but it seemed natural to me at the time.

I felt something else then, and I didn't care much about the strangeness of the situation anymore. Maybe it was the lighting of the room or the lack of it. Perhaps it was the scent of flowers mixed with the scents of Mama's and Su's bodies. Or maybe the strange statue had some power that I wasn't aware of. I was inflamed then, with a powerful lust. I needed my Mama and Su, and I would have them before we left. I

would make sure that they knew that they belonged to me and to no other.

Mama and Su observed me, aware that I was not precisely myself. I wonder if they were afraid. I wouldn't have blamed them, but even in that kind of intense desire, I would not have hurt them, not really. I loved them too much for that.

First Mama and then Su pushed the thick white robes off of their shoulders. They dropped to the floor with a silent finality. They wore nothing beneath. Each stood before me, pale skin shining in the dark, beauty personified. One the picture of maidenly innocence and desirability, the other the ideal mother, belly swelling with child and breasts with milk.

They weren't completely nude. They each wore a chain around their waists, with a small symbol. Later I'd learn it was an oak tree, but I didn't notice that or care at the time.

At the time, all I cared about was satisfying myself. I started with Su. I took her by the arms and pulled her to my chest. She gasped but couldn't make any other noises as I kissed her, forcing my tongue to dance with hers. I wasn't gentle, but she didn't want gentle. Not this time. Her hands roamed my back, and her leg automatically hooked around mine. I felt her wet warmth as she ground against my pants. I pushed her off of me, gently, and took my suit off in record time. I left it in a crumpled heap on the floor. I didn't care about it. I didn't care about anything except being inside my sister.

I turned her around...tonight wasn't just for pleasure or love. I knew how it had to be instinctively.

"Get on all fours, Su," I said. It was a command, but a gentle one. She followed it and got on her hands and knees in front of the altar. She looked back over her shoulder and looked at me with her big eyes, somewhere between anticipation and fear.

"Like, this, Jack?"

Then Su bit her lip. I didn't answer. I just got on my knees and gripped her hips tightly. She gasped.

"Don't be afraid," I said and stroked her back gently, with the last bit of resolve I had left, "I'm going to take you now, but I love you, all right?"

"All right, Jack...oh...oh...oh fuck that feels good..."

Su always had been a talker with a filthy mouth. It made her tomboy beauty more authentic and made me only want her more. I thrust inside her, not gently, but not so harsh as to hurt her.

"You...always feel so good, Su..."

And then I started to fuck my little sister with verve. I usually had concerns with holding out. Su and Mama are both beautiful women and naturally giving. They don't mind if they don't cum every time, but

it's best if everyone has their fun, so to speak. I prided myself on not being selfish, but that night. All I could think of was rutting with my women, like a stag. I've never felt quite like that before or since, even in the height of lust or desire.

"Fuck, Jack, fuck me. Fuck me ...don't be gentle...not tonight..."

Whatever was in the air had affected my little sister, too. I fucked her harder, almost bruising in my impact. I needed to cum inside her like I needed to breathe. Her hips jostled, and I could see her breasts bounce with each thrust. It had seemed like only a minute, but I realized that I was in kind of a haze, almost like a fever, and that I had actually been fucking her for much longer. It was a blur of her calling out my name and shaking and crying out. I just grunted and moaned and groaned, incapable of speech. I wouldn't have noticed except for what she did next.

"I...I'm sorry, Jack...I can't take...much more..."

Su dropped from her hands to her elbows, head down to the ground and ass angled up towards me. She arched her back, though, still trying to give me the deepest access. She was covered in sweat, her hair sticking to her forehead as she turned to look at me, eyes full of pleading.

"I've cum so much...I can't cum anymore! Please...please...please make a baby in me...please!"

I growled and almost screamed, plunging myself as deep as I could go. I felt myself let go, spurt after spurt of my fertile seed filling my little sister's waiting and ready womb. I knew why I had chosen her first. Mama was already carrying my baby. I wanted Su to be pregnant too. I wanted it desperately. I imagined her filled with a child, breasts swollen, and it seemed like even more seed poured out of me. Finally, I finished almost collapsing on top of her.

I pulled out, then I gently rose up and rolled Su over and then straddled her. I leaned in and kissed her smiling, sweaty face as she wrapped her arms around my neck.

"Did I do all right, Jack?"

"You were perfect, baby sis. I love you, and I'm yours now, as much as you're mine."

"Mmm...but did you save any for Mama? It's her turn now."

Both Su and my eyes turned to the wall where Mama was leaning, eyes almost wild with desire. She had been watching us, of course. She'd refrained from touching herself, although I don't think either of us would have minded. Her eyes were huge though, and she was wetter than I'd ever seen her, dripping down her thighs. I guessed she was close to cumming already.

I guessed right. I seized her and pulled her towards me and grasped her ass hard, possessively. I kissed her and then worked on her neck,

marking it with love bites. She cried out and shook in my arms then, almost falling over.

I smiled, happy at making my Mama cum with such a small act. I lifted her up then, my hands under her ample ass as she wrapped her arms around my neck. I carried her to the center of the floor, right in front of the altar, then set her down gently. She lay back, almost coyly, and spread her legs wide for me. I was shocked to find myself growing hard again. It seemed like I was surrounded by a red haze of lust, impossible to sate completely. I would fuck my women until they couldn't take it anymore. That was all there was to it.

I mounted Mama then. That's the only word that really fits. I got on my knees, put my cock at her entrance, and thrust into her hard and without an ounce of tenderness. I'm still not sure what got into me, but she was so wet, swollen, and ready that it didn't bother her at all. She immediately wrapped her legs around my flanks and pulled me deeper inside of her. Her belly had grown a bit, but it was still small enough that it wasn't much of an impediment to our lovemaking. It aroused me more to know that she carried our child.

I supported myself with one hand and mauled her swollen tits with the other. I squeezed hard, and she gasped, and to my surprise, I felt some wetness on my palm. Mama was months away, but she was already giving milk. I leaned down and drank it straight from her nipple, sucking as harshly as I fucked her.

I was rough with her, and it wasn't all simple passion. There was leftover jealousy from the times she'd had to lay with my father. When I'd had to share her with another man.

"You're mine, now," I growled at her.

She nodded and gasped, her hands clutching helplessly at my arms, her head thrown back in pleasure. I think she'd just cum, but I was too lost in my own need to notice.

"Say it!"

I said it so forcefully that I surprised even myself. Mama wasn't afraid, though. The way I was taking her, demanding her, turned her on something fierce. She smiled at me.

"I'm yours, Jack. I belong to my son and only my son. Fuck me. Fuck your Mama. Take me any way you want any time you want. Bend me over the table or fuck me in the garden! Fuck me in the car and let me feel your hands on me in church. Please fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

I'd never heard Mama say such vulgar things and it made me wild. I was positively slamming into her now, and she wasn't complaining. She cried out with each stroke, and I felt her pull me down over her, her arms wrapped around my back. I felt her nails, short though they might have been, dig into my back and drag bloody lines across them. We were animals, mating, possessed by spirits of desire. This was love, but it was also rutting, base, and glorious.

It was then that I lost the remainder of my guilt and understood that Mama was truly mine by birth. I came from her and her pussy belonged

to me forevermore. There would be no questions. I fucked this truth into her. I bruised her thighs with it. I heard the wet noise of my impact into her, incestuous flesh colliding even as our child grew within her. It was everything society said was wrong, but I knew it to be right.

"Mama!"

I cried out, cumming, filling her again. I felt my seed mix with a sudden rush of her own fluid, and it spurted around my cock, barely escaping from where I had stretched her out to her limits. I kept on cumming, long after I'd filled her womb, and her fertile pussy eagerly milked my cock. It seemed like it went on forever.

When it finally stopped, I leaned in and kissed Mama, this time with tenderness and love, and she accepted it. Her legs dropped limply from me, and I pulled out of her, spilling more seed upon the floor. I lay on my back, panting. She rolled onto the left side of my chest. After we'd been there for a minute or two, Su came over and laid on the right. I put my arms around them, and we nodded off.

When I awoke, probably a half hour had passed. We stood, understanding that our time here was over, although I planned to fuck both of my women again tonight. We got dressed in silence. I stopped every now and then to kiss or grope Su or Mama, and they made affectionate little noises and giggles.

Once we were all dressed, I started for the door, but Mama suddenly turned around.

"Wait a moment, Jack, I forgot something important."

Mama went to the altar and took a third chain from it. She placed it around my neck. The only thing that hangs from it is a simple crude stag's head in silver. I wear it to this day in both faith and gratitude for the Great One's gifts to me.

* * *

This is my testimony of the true story that happened in my family in the year 1931. When things were terrible elsewhere, and folks worshipped the barren cross, my people honored the Stag and prospered. Mama and Su gave me children, as many as a man could be blessed with. Despite there never being any man of the house but me, no one ever questioned it or called the law on us. We were as legitimate as any family, and we lived true to each other.

None of us strayed outside of the Golden Ring of Marriage, as the Reverend put it, and speaking for myself I never will. This was the realest and best love I could have ever known, and I don't regret a bit of it.

I intend to teach my own sons, now that they are growing up, how to start their own families with their sisters, who are themselves close to being ready to breed. I can already see the innocent attractions forming between them, and there is no question that something would happen even if I didn't help them along.

But I intend to help them and instruct them about the benefits and gifts of our faith. I will not allow them to hate themselves for the love they feel or consider it to be unnatural.

I swear both this and all the other things I have told to be the truth as I know it, and I pray that others may read this and find wisdom for their own lives and families. May the Stag bless you with virility.

-Jack