

The Red House

ahabscribe

Chapter 1

I sat in the visitor's center feeling very out of place, concrete walls with small windows made of thick glass and metal bars giving off poor light supplemented by harsh fluorescents overhead. Several children fussed, squalled or fidgeted around women who were likely their grandmothers or aunts. A few other men sat at the small rectangular tables bolted into the concrete floor. Male and female guards were at the exit, weapons displayed prominently, their faces set in a permanent squint as they studied each of us for trouble.

By ones and twos, women came in from another door, escorted by female guards, harsh looking women with butch haircuts or tight buns pulling their hair taut. The women they escorted were dressed in shapeless blue khaki dresses or in blue khaki slacks and blue chambray shirts. To a woman, they looked around warily and then upon seeing family, their faces would break into expressions of love or shame and sometimes both.

"Visitor for Carleen Howard," called out a woman guard, bringing a woman through the door. I stood up, my heart beginning to pound, putting a hand on the table to steady myself. The guard pointed to me while the woman she escorted stared at me a little concerned or confused. She shook her head and looked quizzically at the guard who rolled her eyes and said something that got her moving, walking slowly and cautiously towards me.

She was dressed in the shapeless dress that most of the women prisoners seemed to be wearing. I tried to match her face to the one I held in my memories, few that they were. A woman in her mid-forties, dark brown hair streaked with white, chopped off in a crude pixie cut. She carried a lot more weight than I remembered – at least I think she did. Her face was fuller and her bosom seemed to swell out and strain against the material of her dress. Her ankles were trim however – her calves well muscled as if she did a lot of exercise.

She got closer and then her eyes went wide, showing me that they were as brilliant a blue as I remembered as she suddenly realized who I was. She stopped on the other side of the table and in a voice that while harsher than I recalled,

I still recognized, said, "You shouldn't be here, John." Her eyes, so deeply blue, began to tear up.

I felt my own eyes begin to sting as I replied, my voice suddenly hoarse, "Hello, Momma."

#

On March 19, 1992, my mother murdered my father, emptying an entire clip from a police issue Glock automatic pistol into him while he slept on the couch. I was four years old and didn't witness it, but she freely confessed to the police when they came. I think the shots woke me up and I remember sitting next to my mother on my bed while she cried, hugging me tight with one arm while the pistol dangled from her free hand. I think I remember vaguely understanding that something had happened to my father, but not being real upset about it. He was mean to me and my mother...real mean.

My last memory of Momma was of her reaching out to me, sobbing and screaming my name as a policeman carried me away, trying to shield my view of a white sheet over the

couch, stained a dark shade of red. Mom's eyes would have been red from the crying except for the dark bruises that had both eyes almost swollen shut – bruises that pretty much covered her face. Her long dark brown hair was falling down into her face, denying me one last look at her.

On August 1, 1993, Carleen Howard was sentenced to life in prison for the murder of her common law husband, Lee Dean Garrett. Carleen or Carlie as her friends called her was twenty-one years old. Her defense lawyer's efforts for acquittal based on the preponderance of evidence of physical abuse or to achieve at least a reduction of charges were all in vain. When you kill the son of a sheriff in rural Mississippi, you are in for a world of hurt.

By then of course, I had become a ward of the state, never knowing that Sheriff Garrett had decided to sweep clean any connection between his late son and as he would later put it, "That sorry piece of white trash that crawled up from the wrong side of the tracks and her misbegotten bastard.

Before my sixth birthday, I was adopted by an older couple – then almost fifty themselves, childless since the mid

1980s when their only son had been killed in the waning days of our peacekeeping efforts in Lebanon. Kent and Donna Tucker become my mother and father and took me out of Mississippi to a small town in Western Illinois where I had about as nice an upbringing as anyone could ask for.

They were both wonderful people. Dad, beneath a gruff and grumpy exterior was a wonderful father, teaching me by example how to be a good man. Mom was a June Cleaver for the modern world – balancing a job as school teacher with raising a family. I was loved and I knew it and I loved them both dearly in return.

As the years passed, I let my early years fade away, only occasionally recalling my birth mother – usually picturing her as very pretty and often sad. The only memory other than that of her sobbing as she tried to hang on to me that last moment was of her and me on a picnic. I remembered my mother smiling as she spread the blanket on the ground, her deeply tanned face almost glowing, her eyes a bright shining blue, framed by long mahogany tresses. I remember hugs and kisses and her chasing me around while I laughed until I couldn't catch my breath. In the end, all I had was a memory that she loved me.

When I was fourteen and Dad thought I was old enough to know, he sat me down and told me the entire story of my real mom and dad. Lee Dean Garrett was a violent, hard drinking son of a man who ran his county with an iron fist. My grandfather had served as Sheriff of the county for nearly twenty-five years before my real mother, Carlie Howard emerged from the swamps of southern Mississippi at age 16, running away from home only to meet and get knocked up by Lee Dean.

The Sheriff wouldn't let him marry my mother, but tolerated her presence, helping his son set her up in a trailer park on the outskirts of town. Dad called my birth mother a "round-heels" which he said meant she was a slut. Lee Dean was an alcoholic abuser of women and despite the danger he represented, while he'd wander off for weeks or months at a time, Carlie would sleep around with other men.

When Lee Dean would find out, he'd beat my mother. When my birth mother was examined at the hospital following the shooting of my father, she had severe

contusions about the face, arms and abdomen, two broken ribs, a fractured eye socket and a bruised kidney. Records indicated a total of nine older fractures from over a five year period. Not that it mattered. The son of Sheriff Garrett could have been a serial killer and still his father would see to it that his killer would spend life in jail.

I had known vaguely what my mother had done and didn't know how to really process this information. I felt some vague guilt over her situation, but whenever I voiced questions about how she might be now, Dad was vehement in dropping the subject. I always felt that his attitude of "leave the past in the past," bothered Mom. In the end, I concurred with Dad and simply pushed the matter of my birth family into a dusty corner of my mind and went on with my life.

I went to a university in Ohio, majoring in American Literature and writing my senior thesis on William Faulkner – perhaps my Mississippi roots influencing my choice. As I was considering whether to pursue a teaching career back in Illinois or to begin work on my masters with an eye towards an eventual doctorate, my adoptive Mom fell ill.

Mom's heart was giving out and now into her early seventies, the doctors were not hopeful. I returned home, temporarily shelving my future plans to help Mom and Dad out. Mom accepted what was coming with her usual grace, but it was killing Dad. Already in his late seventies, he seemed to age a year with each passing week that saw Mom slipping away.

Just before the end, I was sitting with her, reading her the latest potboiler by her favorite author – even holding a book was wearying to her. She stopped me and asked, "John, is your father asleep?" I nodded, knowing that most days now, he spent most of his time on his favorite sofa, napping away – sleep his only way to escape the sudden decline of his wife.

"Son, up in the top of the closet," she raised a finger weakly to point at the closet across the room. "Up there, you'll find a red metal box. Be a dear and get it down for me."

I hurried to obey her, reaching up on tiptoe to retrieve what looked like a small red tackle box. It was light and if it hadn't

made a soft rustling noise as I brought it down, I would have assumed it was empty.

I brought it to her, setting it carefully on her lap as she pulled herself up to a sitting position in her bed. "What's up, Mom?" I asked, a bit mystified by the box.

Mom stroked her fingers slowly over the red metal and sighed before answering. "This stays between us, son. Your father forbid me from doing something many years ago and well, I went ahead and did it anyway." She undid the latch and opened the box up. Inside were many envelopes and what appeared to be a few greeting cards.

"You got a boyfriend Dad doesn't know about?" I asked, getting a frown from Mom in return.

"No, smart-mouth," Mom replied. She reached out and took my hand, my heart aching at how little strength seemed to remain in her withered fingers. "John, these are from your mother."

For a moment, I was confused and it must have shown on my face as Mom shook her head and clarified, "Your real mother, John. Carlie Howard."

I felt dizzy for a moment and managed to stutter, "M-my real m-mom?"

Mom nodded and said, "We've been corresponding now for about fifteen years. Your father forbid it, saying the past is the past and we needed to give you a complete clean break. I went ahead and wrote her anyway."

Her fingers slipped into the mass of paper as if stirring up the past. "Maybe your father was right, but...mothers know...understand loss in a way that men folk never will and while I couldn't do anything about Ken...your older brother, I thought staying in touch with your birth mother might ease the pain I know she feels everyday you've not been in her life."

Mom looked up at me with tears in her eyes. "This is the only thing I've ever kept from your father, but I sleep better knowing that Carlie knows you are alive and well and

happy." She weakly squeezed my hand. "A mother needs to know these things."

We sat there quietly for several minutes. I was at a complete loss for words, unable to identify the emotions Mom's revelations stirred up inside me. It was as if a door stood ajar and behind it was something I both feared and desired to know. Finally, I asked, "Is...is she okay? I mean – she's still in prison, right? Is she okay?"

Mom gave a little shrug. "I think she does the best she can – she was just a slip of a girl when she went to jail." She caressed the letters again. "She's very proud of you. I sent her pictures of you from time to time and newspaper clippings when you won the scholarship and when your baseball team went to the state finals. I sent her copies of report cards and some of your stories." Mom looked away from me as if a little embarrassed at her enthusiasm to share my successes.

"Mom?" I gave her hand a gentle squeeze. "Are you okay?"

Mom turned back and took a deep breath, looking as serious as I'd ever seen her. "John, I'm dying. It won't be long now. I know this won't be easy, but you need to reach out to her...your real mom."

My stomach did a flip. "I don't know...you're my mom! I don't even know her!" I started to get up, but Mom took a firmer grip on my hand – far firmer than I would have thought possible and I stayed in place.

"Honey, I know this is hard to hear, but you need to listen. I'll be gone soon and I don't think Kent will be far behind me." Again, my heart gave a lurch and though I wanted to get up and run, my legs wouldn't cooperate. "John, we'll soon be gone and your mother is all the family you have left!"

Mom gave a little sob and then a wheeze while her face began to turn red. As she began to cough, I hovered around her, almost ready to panic and call 911. Slowly, Mom recovered and then she reached out and took my hand again. "John, you've been a good son and we raised you right. Your mother has no one...no one! Please promise,

John, you won't let her be all alone in that awful place with no one caring if she lives or dies!" Mom pulled me close, her skin now going a deathly pale. "Promise me!"

Tears were flowing down both our faces as I nodded and said in a halting voice. "I promise you, Mom!"

Two weeks later, Mom passed away, her weak heart slowing down until it simply stopped. I lost Dad five months later. He became a virtual ghost, withering away day by day after we buried Mom. A week after he passed, the family lawyer broke down my inheritance – not a fortune, but enough to make life comfortable for a while and when I got home, a letter of acceptance from the University of Mississippi graduate school and an offer to be a graduate assistant in their literature program beginning in January of the New Year was in the mailbox. I would be able to pursue my masters and teach at the same time.

As I stood on the front porch of my childhood home, acceptance letter in hand, I leaned out and looked up into the clear blue sky and said, "You don't have to hint, Mom. I'll keep my promise!"

#

My birth mother and I stood there for a couple of minutes, just staring at each other, sizing each other up and not knowing what to say. Her escort gave us the evil eye until we both sat down, still unable to say anything of consequence.

Finally, I broke the silence. "How are you, Momma?" It struck me funny that from the moment I recognized her that it suddenly popped into my head that I'd called her Momma when I was real little instead of Mom or Mommy.

Momma kind of winced when I called her that and replied, "Reckon I'm all right." Her accent was pure southern redneck and I found it kind of charming. "You look like your daddy."

I didn't know what to say to that. Certainly, like all adopted kids, I had wondered from time to time, but had simply put aside wondering who I had inherited my unruly shock of

sandy hair or my pug nose from. Try as I might, any images of my real father had faded quickly from my mind.

Momma looked at me and then tears were in her eyes and she said, "Donna's dead, ain't she?"

"Yeah. She...Mom died about six months ago."

"I knowed it. She aint never went this long without writing me. She was a good woman." Momma looked me up and down with a stare that had me squirming uncomfortably. "She raised you right for sure. You gonna keep going to school?"

I nodded and then said, "Yes, Momma. I'm going to be going to the University of Mississippi and working on my master's degree."

Momma grinned then and I saw for the first time more than a glimmer of the woman I'd known so long ago. "Shiiiiit. Imagine that. Ain't no-one in our family ever got past

eighth grade excepting me and I bailed out when I was fifteen. My son's a college graduate."

There was both pride and amusement in her voice and I felt both pleased and a little annoyed without knowing why.

"Yeah, well – since I'll be nearby, I thought maybe I could visit you and maybe we can get to know each other again."

Momma's face got a funny look on it and she looked down at the table as she said, "I 'preciate that, John, but you'd best just forget about me and get on with your life."

I wasn't expecting that response and couldn't hide the hurt in my voice as I responded with, "Why?"

Momma raised her head and looked at me like I was a fool and then waved her arms around. "Boy, I'm in prison. For life! Y'all don't need a jailbird for a momma hanging around your neck, dragging you down. You got a education so use it. Get the hell out of Mississippi and have a fucking life,

goddammit!" Her voice rose until she was almost yelling, causing the guards to look our way, frowning.

I was more than a bit thunderstruck. I guess I had figured we would have some sort of tearful, happy reunion and that she might actually be glad to see me. Part of me just wanted to get up and run out of there, but part of me wanted something more.

"Momma, we're all each other have left. Mom and Da – my adoptive parents are gone and you're the only family I have. Like it or not, you're stuck with me. I remember loving you and missing you from when I was little and now seeing you again, I know I never stopped loving you."

Momma's mouth worked for a while, but nothing happened. Tears trailed down her face while she pulled herself together. Finally, she shook her head and said, her voice still too loud, "You think this can do any of us any good? Getting to spend a hour with you every month?"

"Girl, beats hell out of just another hour inside this place looking at a bunch a angry bitches, don't it?" We both turned

to see a small, stringy-haired blonde with blue tattoos running up and down her arms at the next table, a young boy squirming in her lap with a much older version of the woman sitting across from her. "Least you get to sit a spell with a good looking stud instead of fighting off some fuckin carpet eating butch dyke, Carlie!"

I just stared at the woman – realizing how out of place I felt. I thought I knew what she was talking about and damned if it didn't trigger a little tingle in my crotch, making my cock twitch.

Momma stared hard at the other woman for a moment. Then she grinned and glancing back at me for a second, replied, "He is good looking, aint he?" She turned and the smile faded. "I've been here a long time, John. I aint got not clue how to be a momma anymore." She leaned in and for some reason I noticed how her large bosom, straining against the khaki fabric seem to flow and rest on top of the table. She reached out slowly with her right hand and placed it atop mine. "But I never stopped loving you...son." She said the word awkwardly as if she hadn't said it in a very long time.

For some reason that seemed to break the ice and we talked – mostly me asking questions about her – our family, with her being evasive with lots of awkward pauses as we both tried to get used to the other. Eventually, an announcement was made by the guards that five minutes remained for visitation and we both fell silent again. As our first visit ended, we both stood up and looked at each other uncomfortably.

"Um...are we allowed to hug?" I asked, glancing around and seeing other inmates getting hugs and kisses from spouses and parents and children.

Momma looked around and then shrugged her shoulders and said, "I reckon so. Ain't like I've had much visitors over the years." She stepped up to me and both of us awkwardly and hesitatingly, put our arms around each other – Momma's arms going around my neck. I could feel the tension in her and then with a quick intake of breath, she pulled me to her, hugging me tightly.

I wasn't prepared for how she felt – warm and fleshy – the thin khaki dress doing nothing to hide the fact that she was very well...developed. My body reacted instinctively as I felt her hot breath against my neck and her breasts pressing and pillowing out against my chest. I felt my cock jerk and then begin to grow. By the time we broke the embrace, I could feel my face flaming with embarrassment. To my surprise, Momma's face was red too.

We stepped apart and Momma grinned and shook her head. "Wheeeoow. Been a long time since I hugged a man!" We both grinned at each other and then the guards called for the prisoners to vacate the room.

Momma started to move towards the prisoner exit, but turned around with a big grin on her face and said, "I can't get over how much you look like your daddy." She winked and said, "Bet all you have to do is give the girls a smile and they spread their legs for you just like they did for your daddy!"

She and the blonde haired woman with the tats both guffawed at that as they walked away while I stood there,

my face burning and my penis almost fully erect. After being raised by Mom and Dad – very proper and religious people, it suddenly hit me that Momma was from a completely different world. Echoes of Dad talking about Momma as a roundheels and a slut, combined with the easy and loose way Momma talked around me, her words peppered with swear words and sexual innuendo made me realize that Momma was different from anyone I had ever met before.

On slightly shaky legs, I headed for the exit, my mind going in ten different directions at once. Once I was in the parking lot, I was shocked to feel tears running down my face and when I looked into the rear-view mirror, I was further surprised to see a goofy grin on my face. It suddenly occurred to me that much of what I'd said inside was true. In the craziness of the last year, I guess I had inured myself against the pain of truly being alone – of having no family left, but now that had all changed. My mother was alive, imprisoned true, but alive and we'd made a connection.

On my drive back to the university, I replayed our visit in my head a dozen times and was shocked to discover a new and more disturbing truth, I was a bit aroused – my cock

half erect in my jeans. I tried to reconcile that with what had happened. Was it the casual way Momma and that woman had been talking or was it Momma herself. She was so unlike anyone I'd ever met...or could remember. Growing up in small town Illinois hadn't prepared me for that – neither had attending college. My taste in girls had run towards preppy, blonde, athletic types, but now I was aroused by what had to be their complete opposite. I didn't know whether to be amused or disgusted with myself.

In the end, it didn't matter. School was beginning and my studies and my job as a grad-assistant devoured almost all of my time. Only late in the evening as I struggled to fall asleep could I afford to think of Momma and my dreams were I think filled with scarcely remembered thoughts of Momma – mostly replays of that childhood picnic and Momma chasing me and making me laugh as she tickled and kissed me...only in the dreams the kisses seemed to do more than just tickle me. Despite the demands on my time, I kept an eye on the calendar, anxiously awaiting the next visitors' day.

When the day came, I could hardly wait, scarcely able to drive the speed limit to the women's prison and then almost

dancing as I went through the security protocols and waiting impatiently before the female guards began leading the prisoners in. I stood up and scanned the line of women anxiously and almost missed momma – her appearance catching me off guard.

My eyes widened in surprise as she walked slowly towards me. She gazed at me warily, her eyes ducking down as if afraid of what I'd say. Eyes downcast as she reached the table, she said softly, "Hey, son."

"Momma...um, hi!" I couldn't take my eyes off her. "Wow, Momma – you look great!" And she did. She was the same woman that I'd talked to a month ago, but had changed so much. Momma had trimmed her hair – wearing it real short – very much like how that actress Audrey Hepburn used to wear it and she'd acquired some make up – not much, but a little blush and lipstick. She'd also done something with her blue khaki prison dress, taking it in and making it more form-fitting so that it accentuated her lush figure. No longer was it buttoned up to the neck, but was now opened until it more than hinted at the great swell of her breasts. The hemline had been raised too – now resembling a modest woman's skirt than a prison garment.

It more than proved that while she was a full figured woman, she had a great looking pair of legs.

Momma blushed deeply all the way to her roots and gave me a timid glance, her eyes full of appreciation and yet doubting the truth. "Aw, you aint meaning that, John," she muttered softly, her voice echoing the doubt in her expression.

I reached out and took her hands in mine. "Oh yes, I do, Momma. You look beautiful!" I squeezed them for emphasis, getting her to glance up again and then holding her gaze. "You're beautiful, Momma!"

She let out a nervous laugh and then one that sounded like she was close to tears. She moved to sit down across from me and I did the same, never letting go of her hands. "Been a long time since I heard that," Mom whispered. "Thank you." She pulled one of my hands to her mouth and gently kissed my fingers. That sent a thrill racing through me and I became suddenly aware that I had a boner bulging in my jeans.

For a few minutes we sat there silently, just looking into each other's eyes – trying not to appear embarrassed to each other. Then from an adjoining table, I heard, "Your mother's a hottie, ain't she?" I slowly heard the words penetrate and finally broke away from looking at Momma to see that same tattooed blonde woman from my last visit gazing at us, her little boy bouncing happily on her leg.

I slowly nodded and looked back at Momma, squeezing her hands in mine. "Yes, she is," seeing Momma's eyes glow in appreciation.

"I'll tell you right now – ol' Carlie's dance card be filled every night if'n she's willing," the blonde said, her voice full of something I quickly recognized as lust. "I might come calling myself." She gave us both a lascivious wink.

"Lord God, Ettie, shut your mouth!" Momma said, her face growing even redder than it had been, but a bit of laughter in her voice. "This is my son you're saying this to!"

The blonde woman nodded and said, "I know, but he's a man and he knows a sexy piece of ass when he sees it!"

Momma let go of my hands and hid her face in her palms. She peered out at me between her fingers, her blue eyes brilliant and lovely. "Sorry – I told y'all I don't know how to be a mother anymore – we can't help talking like this."

I shrugged and felt myself blushing as I replied, "I'm fine, Momma and she's right. I recognize a sexy woman when I see her even if she is my mother." I reached out and took her hands in mine again, pausing for a second before bringing one of her hands to my lips and giving it a gentle kiss. "I appreciate the effort."

Momma's face lit up and her lower lip trembled and I thought I was going to make her cry, but she managed to keep it together. I tried to lighten things up and asked in a joking tone, "So, is what...um, Ettie said true? You have a lot of um...dates?"

Momma ducked her head again, embarrassed and then laughed and looked up at me, a look of defiance on her face. "Well – a woman gets lonely in here with no menfolk except a few asshole screws and so yeah, sometimes me and

another gal will get together. Feeling good comes hard in here so you got to grab it when you can."

It was my turn to feel embarrassed at having put her on the spot. "Sorry, Momma. I'm cool with it. I'm...I guess I never thought about my mother and another woman...um." I shut up before I managed to get my foot any deeper in my mouth. Mortified as I was, I was also feeling aroused, my cock now completely erect and pulsing as my mind ran a pornographic show of Momma and that woman, Ettie together, kissing and touching."

"Lordy, I should hope not," Momma said, laughing again. "You think that about your momma and Lord knows what you'll be thinking next!" It was my turn to blush deeply, my skin burning and Momma laughed and playfully slapped my hand and said, "Shame on you, son!"

Then we were both laughing – unable to stop until we were attracting the attention of the guards, one of which slowly wandered our way – a slender, hard faced African-American woman who sidled up alongside Momma and said, "They a problem here, Carlie?"

Momma sobered up quickly and shook her head. "No, ma'am. Just getting to know my boy here is all. We aint seen each other in 'bout twenty years."

The guard looked at us and slowly nodded, but there was doubt in her voice as she said, "Uh-huh. Let's be settling down here. We clear, Carlie?"

Momma looked down at the table as she said in a low voice. "Yes, ma'am." The guard nodded again and gave me a smile before strolling away.

I felt awful for maybe getting Momma in trouble and told her so. Momma glanced back at the guard's receding back and then looking at me, rolled her eyes. "Oh don't you worry about me and Tisha. She won't be any problem I can't work out. We'll just have ourselves a date – ain't like it would be the first time." She grinned at me and then wiggled her eyebrows and stuck her tongue out and wagged it suggestively for a few seconds. She laughed once out loud and then put her hand over her mouth as I sat there and stared at her, shocked by my mother's tawdry

manner. My erection, which had wilted some upon the approach of the guard, sprang back with a vengeance.

Thank goodness, things settled down for the rest of our visit as I brought her up to date on school and she told me a little more about our family. My erection eased off, but never completely as while I listened to Momma talking, my eyes were constantly going back and forth between her lovely face and those barely visible, yet clearly immense breasts.

Finally, the guards called time and we both got up to say goodbye. This time, there was no hesitation by either of us in coming together in an embrace and we wrapped our arms around each other in a long and loving hug, Momma's body settling up against mine. She felt good – good in an arousing sort of way so that I was again standing a bit awkwardly as she let me go. She stood in front of me for a long second and then smiled and as she had done the first time, said, "Damn, but you're good looking, son." Then she stood up on tip-toe and leaning in – her heavy bosom mashing against my chest, kissed me on the corner of my mouth before turning away and heading to join the other women prisoners.

I scarcely remembered the drive back to school this time – my mind reeling with the day's conversation and the absolutely obscene images racing through my mind. Late that night I struggled to fall asleep – unable to keep Momma's face out of my mind or images of her lying and making love with both the woman prisoner, Ettie and that guard, Tisha. Finally, I reached down and began to masturbate, turning those images loose with a will. I saw Momma's head bobbing up and down between a pair of slender, dark skinned thighs while a blonde haired woman knelt behind Momma spreading my mother's voluptuous ass cheeks and took long, loving licks. I gave a great moan and began to cum in violent bursts of hot sperm as I pictured Momma's head rising up, her face slick with another woman's juices.

Gasping for air, I finally found a measure of peace – knowing even as I finally drifted into sleep that I'd crossed a line from which there was no return. Cumming while fantasizing about my mother became a regular thing. My studies and work commitment left me little time for dating anyway, but suddenly, all those sweet young gals seemed less alluring – my thoughts and desires now focused on

Momma – thick-bodied and heavy breasted as my ideal woman.

And so things went for the next few months. I threw myself headlong into my studies – the better to keep myself from obsessively fantasizing about Momma, but yielding to my lust late at night or on the few rare days I had free. I made sure I was on time each visitor's day so as to not waste a moment that I could spend with Momma.

Each time it seemed she appeared more beautiful than before. She preened proudly before me as I would tell her how lovely she was – never failing to flirt a little bit and let her know that she was indeed sexy as could be. In one hour increments, we slowly learned more about each other. Momma could be brutally honest about herself – not showing a bit of shame at her "Round-heel" days. "I liked sex from the beginning and I never could figure out why some folks were so fucking hell bent to shame you for liking something that felt so good!"

Momma had been explaining about what had led to my father beating her so badly. "I'd try and behave and wait for

him, but a young girl's got urges just like anyone. You got them urges too, dontcha?" Momma said, grinning at me. I felt my skin burning and just grinned back.

"Sure you do, ain't natural not to," Momma answered for me. "I'd try and wait for your daddy, but I'd get this fire between my legs and off I'd go and let me tell you, I was a sexy thing back in those days. Long legs and big, perky boobs and boys' be drooling all over me." Momma looked at me playfully and said, "I bet I could still make a cock or two stand up, what do you think?"

I was already hard from hearing Momma talk about her sluttish youth and despite blushing yet again, grinned evilly back at her and said, "I know you can, Momma," I replied, scarcely believing that I'd said that. It seemed that with each visit, I was getting used to Momma's frank talk and was even getting brave enough to match Momma's raunchy banter with my own.

The weather changed from rainy and cool to suddenly hot and dry as we got into the month of May and the prison opened up its outdoor visitor's area. With the cold, gray

brick prison towering over us, visitors were ushered into a small fenced-in area of grass and dirt, with several picnic tables and benches scattered about. After a wait that seemed to take forever, Momma came strolling out with the other female convicts and as she always seemed to do – she made my heart began to beat faster and my cock begin to swell in my jeans.

Momma was wearing blue khaki pants that seemed to almost be painted on and she was wearing a chambray shirt with the shirt-tail tied up into a knot just below her breasts. It emphasized the shape and heft of her breasts as never before and although I could see a bit more cleavage – I was denied more than a hint of her fleshy tits. In the outside world, I'm sure Momma's appearance wouldn't have met approval by most. Most folk wouldn't consider her figure ideal for wearing a top like that – Momma's stomach while not fat was still a bit fleshy – a bit of a roll topping over her jeans, but I found her round belly arousing and knew that my fantasies tonight would include kissing my way around Momma's full stomach before ripping her blouse off and kissing and licking my way all over her huge breasts.

We sat side by side atop a picnic table, holding hands as we chatted away – some of our conversation benign and some of it mild flirting. Momma often would glance away, taking in the outdoor view, savoring it as one might savor a delicious meal. Her expression would change to one of great yearning and a part of me ached as I understood how part of her desired so much to leave that ugly, gray prison behind.

Once as her attention was so diverted, I had my own attention drawn by movement a short ways away from the visitor's yard. A guard was walking Ettie down through a gate to a region enclosed with two sets of razor wire. Inside were three small red houses – cottages I guess. At the doorway of one of the red houses, Ettie's little boy was jumping up and down in excitement, his grandmother barely able to hold on to him until his mother reached them. Ettie went inside and the guard who I recognized as Tisha slowly strolled back up to the Prison itself.

"Momma?" I said. "What's up with that?" I pointed down at the red houses.

Momma snapped out of her reverie and squinted where I was pointing. She laughed and said, "Oh, them's the Red Houses." When I shrugged my shoulders, she leaned into me, her heavy bosom slapping into my arm. "You know – for those conjugal visits. A gal can visit with her man for a day or two or get to spend real time with her family. Did you see Ettie going in?"

I nodded and Momma continued. "It's a reward for good behavior and sometimes to help folks get reacquainted before they gets paroled. Ettie's coming up to get out pretty soon."

"You ever gone to the um, Red Houses, Momma?" I asked.

Momma shook her head and sighed. "Nope. Aint never had anyone to go visit with."

I felt my heart begin to beat rapidly as a thought leaped into my head. "Well, you've got me now. You think we could get a weekend in the Red House?"

Momma laughed and said, "I swear, son, for a college boy, you come up with some of the silliest things. She pointed down at the house for emphasis as she said, "John, that's where a gal and her husband go to fuck up a storm for a night or two...or some young gal goes to be with her family so's her babies don't forget her."

"I get that, Momma, but you said it was also for families to spend time together. You and I are family...all the family each of us has left. And don't you come up for parole soon?"

Momma grimaced and shook her head. "That ain't never gonna happen. Your granddaddy will see to that. Ol' Tisha told me the last two times I was up for parole, he'd already told them what to vote." She sighed and then in a softer, wearier voice added, "That wrinkled old cocksucker."

I slipped an arm around my mother and pulled her to me. "Well, maybe so, but maybe not – you've got family now. I think you should do it."

Momma turned and looked at me. "Do what?"

I nodded towards the red houses. "Apply for a conjugal visit."

Momma rolled her eyes and elbowed me in the ribs. "Shit, boy. Aint no one gonna let me spend a weekend with my grown-up son in the Red House. Tisha'd laugh her ass off if I was to ask her."

I gave Momma a funny look. "That guard, Tisha...she's in charge of that?"

Momma shrugged her shoulders. "Not exactly – she is the head bull here, but I reckon they's a bunch who have a say – prison doctor and the chaplain and Warden Smithers. They mostly ask Tisha if a person deserves it and do what she tells them is best."

I hugged Momma again and said, "So apply – what's the worst they could say, 'No?' I'd love to spend a couple of days with you instead of just an hour each month." I winked at Momma and added. "Wouldn't you like to have a day or two

where it's just you and me? Think of all the fun we could have!" I felt my face redden a bit as that came out sounding more flirty than I'd meant it.

A funny look passed over Momma's face and her mouth quivered into something of a grin. In a suddenly hoarse voice, my mother said, "I'd like that. I'd like that a lot, son."

Momma moved a little closer, snuggling into my arm and leaned her head against my chest and for the rest of the visit, we didn't say much to each other, but we were very much aware of each other. As the guards called time and Momma and I stood up to say goodbye, she looked up into my eyes with a look of such yearning that it nearly broke my heart. She leaned into me, her breasts mashing against my chest and planted a chaste, yet extremely erotic kiss square on my lips. Finally, before turning away, she said in a soft voice, "I'll do it, son."

Long after our visit was over, I sat in my car in the parking lot, thinking of what had just happened. Nothing had been plainly said, but I think that we had both been thinking the same thing and for the first time, I truly considered whether

or not the fantasies that so greatly occupied my spare moments were not shared by my mother. I wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry and in the end, I tried to laugh it off as me projecting my fantasies on the situation.

During the next month's visit, I asked Momma if she'd applied for the conjugal visit and she shrugged and said, "I did – Tisha helped me with the papers, but I reckon nothings gonna come from it" Momma acted a bit more subdued this visit, despite wearing that tied up shirt again, another button undone to reveal a good bit more of her massive breasts. She'd had the sleeves cut off, revealing her bare, ivory-skinned shoulders and looked even more desirable than ever. I felt a little bad once I'd thought about it – considering for the first time that maybe dangling a bit of hope in front of a desperate person and the hope never being realized, might be crueler than never having the hope at all.

Then to my amazement, two weeks before my July visit, I received a phone call from the prison. When I picked up the receiver, I heard, "John Henderson? This is LaTisha Wilkins with the Mississippi Penal System."

"Uh, yes, ma'am. What can I do for you?"

"I'm calling to inform you that Carleen Howard has been approved for a conjugal visit two weeks from this Friday, beginning at 4:00 P.M. and ending at 12:00 P.M. Sunday. You are listed as her visitor."

I felt my stomach do a flip and wave of dizzying excitement swept over me. "That's...that's wonderful. Is there anything I need to do or provide in advance?" My heart was beating a mile a minute and I was suddenly aware I had an immense erection.

"Yes, Mr. Henderson, that's my main purpose in calling you." Tisha proceeded to inform me of the rules surrounding our visit – surprising me with some things I'd never considered like that I could bring groceries in that there were kitchen facilities, but no booze or other contraband. I could even bring non-prison issue clothing for Mom to wear. There was a radio, but no television. To be honest, I scarcely recall most of what she said – just the

fact that Momma and I would be together and alone was all that mattered.

The next two weeks literally crawled by, allowing me to alternate between massive fantasies of Momma and me making love and moments of doubt – wondering if all I was doing was creating this "thing" between Momma and me out of thin air. Finally, the big day arrived. I was there early and tried not to show how eager I was while prison guards went through the groceries and presents I'd brought for Momma. The Red House itself wasn't much as I discovered upon my arrival. It was mostly one big room sectioned off into a living room, bed space and a small kitchenette, with a small bathroom, complete with an ancient claw footed bathtub.

I paced around the place impatiently, resisting the urge to stand at the door like a lonely puppy waiting for its master to come home. I was at the kitchen sink, drinking a glass of tepid water, when I heard the screen door open and in stepped the black guard, Tisha and my mother. Momma looked as she always did, appearing a little thinner than last time, despite the obvious care that had been taken to make her prison khaki dress more fitting. She flashed me a happy

and nervous grin as her eyes took in the first new place she had seen in many years...a lot more space than in her cell.

Tisha nodded at me and then turned to Momma. "Alright, you two are on your own from now, till noon Sunday. I'll be back for night check at 8:00 p.m. sharp and they'll be checks at 8:00 tomorrow morning and evening. You be at the door, Carlie or it's your ass."

Momma nodded and replied softly, "Yes, ma'am."

Tisha looked at me again and smirked a little. "Well, y'all enjoy yourselves." She offered Momma another smirk and turned and left, shutting the door behind her and then locking it.

Momma and I stood maybe ten feet from each other in utter silence for several seconds, staring at each other. Slowly a big grin broke out on Momma's face and she let out a whoop and spun around, the hem of her dress lifting slightly, allowing me to observe that her thighs were as shapely and toned as her legs. "Goddamn, it's been a long

time since I was anywhere without a guard standing right on top of me!"

Momma literally ran into my arms, her voluptuous body pressing into mine as she hugged me tightly. The hug went on and on as we rocked together, Momma whispering, "Thank you, thank you," over and over again. When she finally let me go, her face was shiny with tears and she said, hoarsely, "Thank you, John for not giving up on me – not letting me be alone all the rest of my life."

I reached out and stroked Mom's cheek, wiping away tears as I replied, "You'll never be alone, Momma. We're family and I love you."

Momma sniffled and then stepped into my arms again and gave me a soft kiss on the corner of my mouth. "I love you too, honey," she said softly before pressing herself against me again in an embrace that had the blood roaring in my veins and my cock throbbing with need. Finally, Momma stepped back – her face and upper chest flushed and she grinned at me guiltily and said, "Well, why don't you show your momma her home away from home."

We did, starting with the little kitchenette. Momma slipped her arm through mine and we stood and stared at the food in the refrigerator – steaks and pork chops, fresh veggies and fruit, soda pop and Rocky Road ice cream and all the fixings for a hearty country breakfast – Momma having expressed a wish to fix her son an old fashion breakfast, "If I ain't forgot nothing about cooking," Mom had said.

From there, we walked over to the single full sized bed, ignoring for the moment the fact that there was only the one bed. Momma gasped and hurried to the clothes I'd laid out. There was a pretty summer dress with a flower pattern against an off white background and Momma cooed her approval and when I expressed concerns over whether or not I guessed her size right, said, "Don't you worry your head none – I'll find a way to squeeze into it!" She examined every piece closely, from T-shirts to bras and panties, holding up a pair of lacy, black French-cut bikini panties with a matching bra and tossing me an amused look.

Finally, she peeked into the bathroom and gave an almost orgasmic moan, moving quickly inside and coming to her

knees in front of the old claw-footed tub. "Oh my sweet Jesus!" Mom sighed. "I reckon I'd forgotten about bathtubs...it's been so fucking long." Mom looked up at me, her face a study in conflicted emotions. "I know we're supposed to spend all this time together, but Lord, John – I'd really like a bath. You mind?"

I laughed and said, "Not at all, Momma – in fact..." I turned and went back to the kitchen and fumbled through a plastic bag of toiletries. I went back into the bathroom to find Momma already running water, sitting along the rim of the tub with a look of bliss on her face unlike anything I've seen on a woman's face before. "Would you like some bubble bath to go with it?" I asked, holding up a bottle of scented bath solution..

Momma's eyes widened and she leapt up, wrapping me in her arms and hugging me again. "Oh, John!" she said, her voice quivering on the edge of crying. "If you weren't my son, I'd..." She paused in mid sentence, her face reddening again as we both looked at each other as we both finished the sentence in our heads. "I love you, son!" Momma finally finished. "I aint going to take a long bath, I promise." She gave me another chaste kiss on the mouth, her lips lingering

just long enough to make me feel like more than just her son and then, trying to conceal my burgeoning erection, I turned and let her have some privacy.

I stood around, not sure what to do with myself as I listened to Momma run her bath and then give a lusty moan as she slipped into the tub. Between imagining Momma's naked body in a tub of suds and hearing her sighs of pleasure, I was struggling to not cum in my pants...my cock throbbing with need. Long minutes passed as I leafed through some old news magazines – a shiver running through me whenever I heard Mom moan with contentment or heard fresh hot water being run.

Finally, Momma called out, "Honey, we ain't got any shampoo, do we?"

I was off the couch in the blink of an eye and as I rummaged through the bag of toiletries, hollered back, "Sure do, Momma!"

Amidst splashing noises, Momma replied, "You bring it to me?"

I suddenly felt light-headed and more than a little nervous as I approached the door. "You decent, Momma?" I asked hoarsely.

Momma laughed and said, "Hell, no, but I'm covered up. Come on in. son."

I opened the door and felt my cock swell as my eyes settled on Momma in the bathtub. She was mostly covered up by thick soap suds, one leg rising up and resting on the rim, thigh full, but firm. The upper portions of her breasts rose above the soap bubbles, moving slightly as Momma breathed. Momma's upper chest and neck and shoulders were exposed, glistening with soap and water and were arousing in themselves. I slowly walked towards Momma, trying to not openly stare. Momma grinned at me, I think taking delight in my obvious discomfort. "Reckon, I'll try and give this ragged mop of mine a wash," she said holding out an arm for the shampoo.

Now, why I did what I did next, I'll never know. "Momma, would you like me to wash your hair?"

Momma's eyes widened in surprise at my suggestion and her grin turned a little odd as she licked her lips and slowly nodded. "I'd sure like that, John," she said softly. I walked around the tub so I was behind her and before kneeling, paused to enjoy the spectacular view of her breasts and cleavage from above.

As I went to my knees, Momma said, "Here, let me get my hair wet for you," and without warning, she let herself slide down, dunking her head below the water line. In doing so, she inadvertently flung her upper body up out of the water and her massive and beautiful breasts burst free from the water, revealing their heft and her huge, erect nipples, the size of quarters. She flexed again, resurfacing, but as she emerged, using her legs to push her back up, I caught a momentary glimpse of thick hair between her legs.

I knelt there in stunned silence for a moment until Mom turned back, water dripping down her face, her short, black hair wet and slicked against her head. She looked at me, a vague look of concern on her face and asked, "Son, you okay? You want I should do this myself?"

It took a moment for me to answer, but finally, I slowly shook my head and said, "I'm fine, Momma." I poured shampoo into my palm and then with my hands only trembling a little bit, reached up and worked the soap into Momma's hair.

Momma sighed happily, sinking a little lower into the tub as I worked my hands through her short, dark hair and massaged her scalp. I could feel my cock drooling precum into my shorts and I had to physically concentrate on not having an orgasm as I slowly washed Momma's hair. I'd never done that for a woman before and was amazed at the sense of intimacy that it created. My fingers slick with soap and shampoo worked Mom's hair caressing and rubbing and stroking in such a way that it did feel sort of like I was making love to Momma.

I worked a thick coat of soapy lather up around Momma's skull, letting my hands slide through her short locks. I massaged behind Momma's ears and then down in front of them, gently caressing her cheeks. Momma sighed happily and in a voice that was scarcely a whisper, "Lordy, that feels

soooo damn good." I worked my way up to her hair again and then came back down, my palms massaging her cheeks. A delicious shiver coursed through me as Momma leaned her cheek into my right hand, nuzzling it with her lips as she continued to sigh with pleasure.

Unbidden, I worked my hands down to rub her neck and then her shoulders. Momma mewled with delight as I kneaded her tense muscles, rising up a bit, her breasts threatening to break above the surface. I held my breath as I watched Momma scissor her legs as she squirmed to get more comfortable. Growing more daring, I ran my fingers across Momma's upper chest, barely avoiding her now heaving globes of tit flesh before finally working my way back up, pausing to massage shoulders, neck and cheeks before working my fingers through her soapy slick tresses.

I stood up and found a large bowl and with Momma watching my every move, I filled it up with hot water from the tap scant inches from her foot. Cupping my hand, I began to rinse Momma's hair clean, still massaging her scalp as I went – enhancing that feeling of intimate contact we were sharing. Long after Momma's hair was rinsed clean of soap, I continued

I felt Momma's body tremble for long seconds, before she finally sighed and said, "Goddamn, John. That was wonderful!" Momma raised her arms up and stretched like a big cat, giving me another peek at her lovely body as huge breasts, capped by fully erect, thick, round nipples and a wet, thick pack of pubic hair emerged from the wispy suds in the bathtub. Momma realized quickly what she had done and with a giggle, dropped her body back into the water, her hands failing to cover her heavy breasts.

"Oops – sorry, honey. Shame on your momma giving you such a wicked show," Momma said laughingly with no trace of shame evident in her voice. She looked up at me, eyes pausing for a moment to study the bulge in my jeans before saying, "Why don't you pick out something for me to wear, son, while I get out of this tub."

I nodded slowly, resisting the urge to turn and look at my naked mother as I heard her stand up and climb out of the tub, humming a wordless, but happy tune. I quickly picked out the flowery summer dress for Momma and a pair of lacy white French cut bikini panties and a matching bra. I

returned to the bathroom door and knocking, said in a husky voice, "Okay to come in, Momma?"

"Yeah, sweetheart, come right on in." I opened the door and took in the wondrous sight of my mother standing naked except for a bath towel she held in front of her body, barely concealing her above the crotch and doing little to conceal her bountiful breasts. Momma's eyes gleamed with love and amusement as she reached out for the dress and underwear, letting one corner of the towel to fall to reveal most of a breast before pulling the clothes to her body. "I just knew my boy wanted his momma in that there pretty dress."

I was blushing terribly by now and could only nod and mutter, "I hope it fits, Momma." I turned and rushed from the room, almost consumed by lust for my mother and shame for desiring my mother in such a frank and sexual way. I went out and sat on the couch, taking deep breathes and trying to bring my raging hormones under control. Momma's flirting might be her natural way, but I was having difficulty keeping my fantasies from becoming reality.

I felt relatively normal when I heard the door open and Momma whisper, "Well, what do you think?" I looked up and began to reply, but simply shut my mouth after several seconds as I took in the erotic vision before me. Momma had on the dress and it was obvious even before I noticed the bra and panties in her hand that she was at the very least, braless under that dress.

I don't know much about dresses, but I'd thought I'd bought her one that had a plunging neckline, but it turned out to be a very elastic neckline. Momma wore it so that it clung to her arms like a peasant blouse, leaving her shoulders bare and a considerable amount of tit flesh exposed. Just a hint of aureoles made it clear how much breast flesh Momma was revealing. The dress itself was a bit snug, clinging to Momma's full, lush body, the hemline hugging her upper thighs just below the crotch. I knew it would be above the knees, but not in my wildest imaginations did I think it would be as short as it was. Momma smiled at my reaction and then slowly spun around on bare feet, revealing just a tantalizing peek at ass cheeks peeking out from under the dress.

I finally found my voice and said in a voice thick with lust, "You were meant to wear that dress, Momma. You...you're beautiful."

Momma beamed with pleasure and spun around again. "I clean forgot how it felt to wear a pretty dress. Oh, in the old days, I'd dress sexy like this and go out dancing!"

I nodded and standing up said, "Well, maybe we can relive your old days." I crossed the room and turned on the radio, spinning the tuner until I found music – a slow George Strait number. I turned to Momma and held out my hand. "Care to dance, Momma?"

Momma ducked her head, trying to hide the shy, pleased grin on her face – allowing me to see her as she was when she was much younger. She looked up enough so that we could make eye contact and slowly nodded her head and reached out to take my hand. "I'd really like that, son," she replied softly.

As our fingers intertwined, I pulled Momma to me, getting a little giggle out of her as her body pressed into mine while

my free arm slipped around her waist and brought us just that much closer together. God, Momma felt good against me. Her body seemed to be generating considerable heat combining with her luscious softness to create such a sweet sensation that I never wanted to let her go. Momma leaned her head against my shoulder and sighed as we slowly danced.

There wasn't much movement, a slow and measured shifting of our feet, moving as one as I held her close. The thin summer dress allowed me to get a real sense of Momma's body, her immense pillow-like breasts flattening and spreading out against my chest – nipples poking against my polo shirt and her pelvis clinging to and moving with my thigh. Her breath on my neck made me shiver as we seemed to become one being, moving slowly in time with the music. Even our hearts seemed to merge into a slow and languorous beat.

Time seemed to stand still as the song ended and another began, a slow ballad by

Reba and we never paused or separated. In truth, we both tried to work ourselves more closely into the other person and the need for more contact quickly became evident. I moved my head slightly so I could softly kiss Momma's bare shoulder. A shiver ran through her body and so I slowly made my way across her shoulder till I was nuzzling her neck.

Momma finally looked up at me, our eyes locking as we slowly swayed to the music. She licked her lips, looking both hungry and a bit scared. Her arms, wrapped around my neck pulled me closer to her face till we could feel...almost taste each other's breath. Our lips met and then our tongues. Momma moaned into my open mouth as our tongues curled around each other, tasting each other as we hugged tighter. The music played on and we danced on and we kissed on. Reba ended and some fast moving redneck noise replaced it, but we continued to slow dance, lost in a moment of incestuous passion.

I scarcely notice that as we danced and kissed, Momma was moving us subtly across the floor. I was a bit startled when the back of my legs hit the couch, but I kept kissing Momma, my hands tightening behind her back, keeping

her lush body pressed against mine. I was so into the kiss I almost missed Momma slowly undoing my belt and then undoing my jeans. I opened my eyes to see Momma staring back, her blue eyes conveying her love and need for me.

It was my turn to shiver as I felt Momma shove my jeans down to pool around my ankles and then she was yanking my boxers down as well. I groaned as she took my erect cock in her warm hand and slowly stroked it. Momma broke the kiss and grinned at me. "I love you, son," she said huskily. "I reckon I aint a good mother, but honey, I'm gonna show you what a sweet fuck I am."

Momma pushed me back and I sat down on the couch hard. Momma moved with me and suddenly I had her in my lap, her dress rising up well past her crotch. Again, I saw a flash of black, hairy bush and then Momma was rolling her hips, her hairy pussy wet with desire rubbing against my hard penis. "Oh, Momma," I gasped as my hands moved to cup her fleshy asscheeks.

"I ain't been fucked for so long," Momma moaned as she deftly maneuvered herself so that the head of my cock was

between her slick lips. "Fuck me good, son!" she cried as she lowered herself on me.

I let out a cry of pure delight as Momma took me inside her, her hot and slippery cunt surprisingly tight as she slowly devoured inch after inch of my cock, burying my hardness deep in her womb. "Momma – I love you, Momma!"

I felt Momma's crotch meet mine, our pubic hair entangling as she rolled her pelvis against me, taking all of me inside her steaming pussy. My mother's eyes fluttered from pure, unadulterated pleasure and she threw her head back and let out a soulful moan. Momma looked so carnal, so erotic that I totally lost control and thrusting upwards, I exploded inside her, pumping streamers of hot cum into her long neglected womb.

We both seemed to fall into lustful convulsions, our bodies writhing against each other as I filled my momma's cunt with hot semen and she slipped into the first cock induced orgasm in two decades. A lifetime seemed to pass while we let ourselves be lost in orgasmic pleasure – joined cunt and cock in a loving incestuous union.

As my orgasm waned and I returned to my senses, I found a wildcat bouncing in my lap – Momma working her cunt muscles to tease and arouse my cock, doing almost supernatural things to keep me hard inside her. My body shook violently as I was wracked with wave after wave of pleasure as Momma's pussy made love to my extremely sensitive cock. Momma was still in the throes of her orgasm, tears running down her face as she sobbed, "Fuck me, John. Fuck Momma, fuck Momma, fuck Momma!"

My hands squeezed my mother's ass cheeks one last time and then slipped up her body to the top of her dress. Hungrily, I tugged the elastic top down, letting her big breasts free and then I leaned in, my mouth slavering over her heavy tit flesh until I found a nipple and bit down. Momma screamed with pain and pleasure, her crotch grinding against mine- worming my still erect cock a little deeper into her sticky, cum filled pussy.

Momma's hands pressed my face tightly against her immense and fleshy bosom and she moaned, "Yessssss, son. Suck Mommy's titties – suck those big, fat nipples for

Momma!" I held a blood engorged and pulsating nipple between my lips, taking turns between teasing it with my tongue, sucking the stiff and rubbery nub, and teasingly nibbling on it with my teeth, all the while feeling Momma's cunt turn into an inferno of lusty slickness.

Momma began to ride me, sliding up and down on my long, thick cock, her pussy walls clasp and massaging my throbbing shaft as she moved, her soft, thick thighs pressing against my outer thighs, her fingers clutching and clawing at my shirt covered back while I chewed and nibbled her thick nipples.

Having prematurely ejaculated once, I was determined to show my mother how well and long I could fuck her. I found myself letting her turgid nipple slip from between my lips and flinging off my shirt, pausing only to let Momma shower my chest with kisses before I again cupped her ass cheeks with my hands. Momma gave a squeal as I thrust upwards, burying my aching erection deep in her and then moved forwards.

As we moved to the floor, a threadbare oval rug covering the cheap wood floor, I elbowed the small coffee table out of our way and lowered Momma down, my cock still completely inside her. Awkwardly, I managed to get my shoes off and wiggle myself clear of my jeans and shorts. Momma's dress was worked up around her waist, leaving the rest of her luscious body naked – her breasts wobbling and rolling around with each thrusting movement one of us made.

I withdrew partially from Momma's claspig vulva and then thrust back hard, bringing myself down on top of her solid, but so soft form. As I buried my cock into my mother to the root, I felt her thighs sliding along mine and then Momma wrapped her long and shapely legs around my ass cheeks in an effort to keep my cock deep inside her. I rolled my tongue over her heaving tits, feeling her heart beating wildly as I did. Then Momma and I were kissing again and the sinfully delicious sensations of our tongues making love triggered movement below and I began to fuck my mother hard.

Semen and pussy juice made Momma's cunt a sweet and carnal receptacle for my cock – both tight and hot as I

thrust into her again and again. I took turns kissing Momma and ducking my head to suck and nip at her meaty tits while Momma's hands clawed my back and she begged me to, "Fuck me hard, son. Make me cum and cummmmmm! Fuck Momma, John – give Momma that big ol' cock!"

Our Red House, already warm in the sweltering heat of a Mississippi summer, grew hot and steamy as we fucked, our bodies becoming slick with sweat. Momma's short black hair lay plastered to her skull and we both took delight in licking fuck sweat off each other's flesh. Our bodies became both slicker and stickier, creating a delicious friction as we rocked back and forth and flung ourselves against each other, the pleasure ever increasing in my cock as Momma's pussy walls pulsed and throbbed as she tried to clasp and possess my erection.

Momma's cries echoed through the small house as I brought her to orgasm again, thrusting and twisting my hips, eagerly trying to discover her special pleasure spots. As Momma's second orgasm seemed to wane, her juices like liquid fire enveloping my cock and somehow making her even slicker than before, I began to fuck her like a man possessed, violent, short strokes that had Momma

screaming with pleasure – her eyes widening in surprise of the sudden, overwhelming ecstasy her son's cock was producing.

I ducked my head as I pounded Momma's pussy with my erect dick and managed to capture a blood swollen nipple and lost in my carnal hungers, bit down harder than I meant to, almost drawing blood. Momma seemed to go insane then, flinging her hips upwards to meet my thrusts as a massive orgasm swept over her. Her arms and legs wrapped themselves tightly around me as we fucked, Momma screaming her pleasures wordlessly as I sank my shaft into her molten cunt again and again until finally my need was too great.

I tugged on Momma's nipple with clenched teeth and lifted her breast upwards, making her sob with pleasure and pain before I let her go. I mashed my lips against hers and then as I thrust my tongue into her mouth, I also thrust my cock as deep inside my mother's pussy as possible and with a muffled cry of triumph, I again gave Momma a load of hot semen, shooting jet after jet of thick sperm into her womb, cumming so hard that it bordered on pain.

Momma lost control of her arms and legs – her whole body writhing underneath me as if in an orgasmic epileptic fit, almost bucking me off as she had a massive climax. I clung to her body, pushing forward so as to not deny her a single inch of my swollen penis while my fingers dug deep into her bountiful tit flesh, palms cupping her thick nipples. The whole world seemed to catch fire and burn away, leaving only my body pressing into and joined with Momma's body – our flesh melting in the fiery heat of orgasm to become one.

I came awake with a start – realizing that time had passed by the long shadows the late afternoon sun was casting. I was flat on my back and Momma was curled up against me, one long leg draped across my legs. Against my hip, I felt a wet and warm hairy mass slowly undulating back and forth. I turned to find myself staring into her loving eyes. Momma rose up just enough to give me a kiss – her heavy breast dragging itself over my body as she did so.

After a long, soulful kiss, Momma playing ran her tongue over my lips and then kissed the tip of my nose. "My boy's

like his momma – a natural born fucker," she said teasingly. Momma kissed me again.

"My pleasure, Momma," I replied. We kissed some more and I added, "I love you, Momma."

I felt Momma quiver against me. "I love you too, son." Spots of red appeared on her cheeks and she gave me an almost embarrassed look. "I know I should be ashamed, fucking my own flesh and blood, but goddamn, John, that was the finest fucking I ever had!"

A wave of pleased emotion washed over me and I said, "I never knew it could be like this. I'm proud to be your motherfucker, Momma."

Momma grinned and I felt her fingers trail down my abdomen and lightly tickle my still semi-erect cock. "Glad to hear that, honey. You think you might want to fuck your mommy again?"

I nodded and said, "As soon as I can recover, Momma. I want to fuck you every single moment I can."

Momma rose up and smiled down at me. "I've been dreaming about fucking you, son, since that first time you come to visit me." Her fingers encircled my still sticky cock and began to gently stroke me. "It's been a while, but I ain't forgot how to make my man stand up again."

Leaning in, Momma began to kiss her way down my body, starting at my chest and pausing to lick and bite my nipples before rolling her tongue down my stomach, her breath tickling as she nuzzled my pubic hair and then I was moaning, "Oh, yes, Momma, that's it!" as her tongue rolled up along my shaft, lapping up semen and pussy juice before she took me inside her mouth. I thrust upwards, my cock already hardening as Momma swirled her tongue around the head of my penis, lovingly cleaning me of our mixed juices and renewing my erection at the same time.

I rose up to watch my mother suck my cock, her head sideways in my crotch, turned just so, so she could watch my face. Momma began to lewdly suck me – making lots of

moans and wet, sloppy noises that conveyed the message that she adored sucking my dick, letting me slip free of her lips, streamers of saliva running from her mouth to my cock while she gazed lovingly up at me before resuming her slow and sweet blowjob.

Finally, fully erect and throbbing, Momma released me from her mouth and slowly climbed to her feet. She extended her hand to me and said, "C'mon, son. Momma aint been fucked in a bed in a long time."

I was on my feet in a heartbeat, erection slapping wetly against my stomach and hand in hand, Momma and I strolled to the bed. Momma turned to me and after I helped her tug her now very wrinkled dress over her head, we kissed again, both of us totally naked and able to completely enjoy the flesh of the other. Our hands busily explored, caressing, squeezing and stroking each other.

I found myself standing behind Momma, my arms around her, cupping her massive tits as I pulled her against me, my long, thick, cock nestled between her meaty butt cheeks as I nuzzled her neck and kissed her when she leaned her head

back on my shoulder, our tongues swirling together rapturously.

As our kiss ended, Momma whispered, "Can you fuck your nasty Momma again, John? Please put that big ol' motherfucking dick in me, son!" I nudged Momma onto the bed, she climbing forward on her knees before going on all fours. Turning her head back to watch me, Momma lowered her head and chest to the bed, raising her hips up to me like an offering, her vulva fully blossomed and glistening with pussy juice and semen, below her full and meaty ass.

I followed her onto the bed, climbing up behind her and palming her butt cheeks, spreading her fleshy globes apart, her little brown hole making my cock twitch. I slide one hand downward and palmed her cunt, feeling it quiver as its amazing heat warmed my fingers while her juices quickly coated them. Momma moaned as I wagged my fingers between her labia, stirring the sticky mess of juices within. "Please, John," Momma crooned. "I need your motherfuckin' cock in me!"

I leaned down and as I fingered Momma's pussy, whispered, "Soon, Momma, soon." I kissed her on one cheek and then the other before pulling my fingers from her pussy. I trailed a cum covered hand up her body, leaving a trail of cunt cream and semen until my fingers were brushing her lips. My cock again nestled between Momma's ass cheeks and I kissed the nape of her neck while she sucked our juices off my fingers.

I eased back again as Momma hunched hungrily back at me, moaning and pleading for my cock. I backed up a little and then spreading Momma's ass cheeks wide, ducked my head down and made her squeal as I took a long lick of her pussy with my tongue. I knew I was tasting my sperm as well as Momma's cunt and it was like ambrosia to me. Momma sighed as I did it again and again. Her taste made my cock throb and swell a bit more. I took one last deep lick, starting low and rolling over the engorged nub of her clitoris, between her thick, swollen labia, savoring her soft, slick cunt flesh and then surprised us both by continuing to run my tongue upwards to tease her asshole, making Momma squeal with shocked delight. Then I was thrusting into Momma's cunt, ramming my cock home again into her

furnace hot flesh, slippery and delicious around my long shaft.

Momma sobbed with pleasure, her cries muffled as she pressed her face into the old patched quilt serving as a bed spread, her fingers clawing at the old blanket. Like an animal in heat, she thrust her ass back to me, tilting it to offer her mate a better angle to fuck her. I responded by gingerly coming off my knees to squat behind and above Momma and holding her by the waist for leverage began to rapidly piston in and out of my mother's pussy, feeling her juices flooding her cunt and bathing my penis as she approached a fresh orgasm.

"Cummmmminggggg, honey!" Momma groaned, thrusting back to get me deeper inside her. I savored the sinful sensation of her contracting pussy muscles milking my dick, resisting the overwhelming urge to cum again. I rolled my hips, probing the depths of her womb as she cried out in pleasure until I could sense her orgasm was waning. Then acting on instinct I did something I'd never done with a woman before. I swiftly withdrew from Momma's sopping wet pussy, my cock covered in her creams and I pressed my cock against Momma's little bud of an asshole.

Momma's head and chest came off the bed like she'd been shot and she looked back at me with a stunned expression – part fear and part lust. "Oh fuck yes, son. Shove that big thang up Momma's asshole!" Momma cried out, thrusting back at me, forcing the head of my cock through her tight sphincter ring with a wet and loud pop. It was my turn to moan as my cock slowly slid up my mother's anus – her warm, moist flesh tightly claspig me as I sank into her bowels.

Momma made a loud a strange noise – part groan, part sob as I shoved inch after inch into her her asshole. "Love you, John!" she screamed hoarsely just before collapsing on the bed, pulling me down on top of her – several inches of my cock trapped inside her back door. Momma trembled and shook beneath me as I gradually wormed more of my cock inside her while I nuzzled the nape of her neck again and showered more kisses on her lovely shoulders.

Time seemed to stand still as we lay there, joined together, Momma whimpering as pleasure conquered pain until she began to flex her hips and in a barely audible murmur, say,

"Fuck me, John. I ain't been loved like this in forever – fuck me good, son."

Slowly, I began to work my hips, barely able to move my cock in and out of Momma's tight little asshole. Bit by bit, though, Momma began to relax and I began sliding hard cock back and forth...an inch, then two, then four, until again, I was fucking Momma hard, wet slapping noises filling the room as our bodies slammed together again and again. With my cock deep in Momma's ass, I returned to my knees, tugging Momma up to a proper doggie position as well. Momma gnawed at the quilt while her fingers tore at the old material as I fucked her fast and I fucked her slow.

Another orgasm came and went – my mother showering my crotch with pussy juices squirted from her pussy. I reached around her waist with one arm and holding her close as I fucked her tight ass, I began rubbing her slick cunt flesh, finding her clitoris again and teasing and caressing it until Momma was screaming herself hoarse from the incestuous pleasure her son was giving her. At the height of her next orgasm, her juices pouring over my fingers, her sphincter clamped hard around my cock, milking my shaft until with a roar, I flooded Momma's bowels with a spray of

hot semen. In a joined chorus of ecstatic moans, Momma and I pitched forward on the bed, both of us gasping for air, locked in an incestuous joining of our bodies and perhaps our souls. My cock throbbed as Momma's anal ring pulsed around it, each beat of our hearts and each ragged breath we took producing just that much more pleasure as our sweat slick bodies embraced.

After a time, my weary penis shrunk and finally was released from Momma's grip and I eased off her, sliding to the side. Mom rolled to face me and we kissed again, slipping into each others arms and snuggling so that our bodies were firmly pressed into each other – my relaxed cock, nestling happily in her wet, cum splattered bush.

"I ain't never felt it like that, John." Mom murmured. I fucked a lot of men in my day, but goddamn..." Mom stroked my face. "Your daddy was a good fuck when he weren't drunk and mean, but he can't hold a candle to you, son. You made me cum in places I didn't know I could."

"I didn't know it could be so good either, Momma," I whispered back, pulling her closer so I could kiss her again before telling her, "I love you, Momma."

Momma smiled back, reminding me of the few good memories I had left of my early childhood – small tears rolling down her face. "I love you too, son." Momma snuggled closer, her heavy breasts mashing against my chest while her crotch worked against mine. "You feel good, John." Momma yawned long and loud. She gazed at me with her brilliant blue eyes that were fast glazing over with sleep. "Been a long time since I got to go to sleep in a man's arms...I really missed ..." and like that Momma closed her arms and began to snore softly.

I watched my mother sleep for several minutes – a happy, contented smile on her face and realized that despite all the lust I had for my mother, my love for her was growing with every minute. I fell asleep feeling a little strange and silly, knowing not only had I just fucked my mother, but that for the first time in my life, I'd met a woman I wanted to make my wife.

#

"RED HOUSE NUMBER ONE – PRISONER CHECK!" I snapped awake at the sound of a bellowing voice and the noise of hammering following close behind. I glanced at the old Kitty-Kat clock on the wall, its eyes rolling back and forth as if amused by what it had observed. It read 8:01 P.M.

"Shit," I whispered, reaching out to shake Momma awake. "Momma, the guard is coming!"

Momma's eyes snapped open and I was shocked at how fast she could move. Momma reached down and picked her now wrinkled dress off the floor and tugged it over her head while moving towards the door. She had the dress on, one shoulder and most of a breast exposed by the time a rough sounding woman's voice shouted, "RED HOUSE NUMBER TWO – PRISONER CHECK!"

Before the woman's voice ceased echoing, Momma flung open the door, looking incredibly carnal and erotic in the reddish light of the setting sun, barefoot in that short summer dress with her short hair looking bed tousled. She

nodded and then stepped back to allow the guard Tisha to step into the room.

The female guard, her black skin glistening with sweat from the summer heat studied Momma for a long moment, then turned and looked at me, partially covered with the bed's quilt. "Walking by a couple of hours ago, I was thinking someone's getting killed. Either that or getting fucked within an inch of their life," she said with a bit of a mocking tone in her voice.

Momma giggled nervously and said, "Well, I ain't dead, Tisha."

Tisha grinned back and nodded and then pulled her nightstick out of its loop on her thick Sam Browne belt. She extended it and lifted up the hem of Momma's skirt, exposing her naked pussy – vulva still swollen and spread, her thighs still gleaming with my semen slowly leaking from her well fucked cunt and ass. She laughed and looked at me. "Who's fucking who's brains out here?" she said in a humorous voice, etched with lust.

Momma giggle again and replied, "I reckon it's about even, Tisha. John's got a wonderful cock!"

Tisha shook her head and looked at me and said, "Well, don't wear that hot muff out there, boy. Your momma needs that sweet pussy for something besides your dick." She dropped Momma's hem and waved goodbye, pausing to look back at Momma. "Prisoner check at eight sharp in the morning, Carlie." She stepped out and locked the door behind us.

Momma looked back at me, grinning somewhat bashfully, perhaps wondering what was going through my mind – I'm sure there was a stunned look on my face. My mother slowly prowled back to the bed, ripping the summer dress over her head and letting me have another good look at her overripe body, huge, hanging titties swaying as she moved.

She slipped back into bed with me, cuddling up close till she could kiss me, offering me her tongue to suck on for a moment or two before I let her go and she looked at me. "You got questions, honey. Ask."

It took me a moment to figure out what I needed to say.
"That guard...that woman, she knows I'm your son?"

Momma grinned and nodded. "And she knows we're fucking...doing incest?"

Momma grinned and nodded again, reaching out and stroking my hair as she replied, "Well, honey – we had what they call a counseling session and I ain't never been too good at hiding my feelings and Tisha, she knows me pretty well."

I was still stunned and unable to adequately process what I was hearing. "You mean she's okay with us being lovers...mother and son?"

Momma paused before answering, struggling to keep her amusement off her face and not really succeeding. "Well, family loving ain't something that don't happen here a good bit...black or white. I aint sure she's approving of it, but it makes her wet for me and her to talk about it and when you add in my talents for eating pussy, well..."

I felt my weary cock stir as I heard Momma talk. "Did you have to do something for Tisha to get us a conjugal visit?"

Momma shrugged and said, "Like I said, me and Tisha go back a ways and she arranged it so I go to her three times a week for counseling so I can do the Red House thing and we talk and fuck around and," she paused and gave me a big shit-eating grin before finishing with, "and stuff."

"You mean you agreed to eat that woman's pussy so we could have a conjugal visit?" I was both aroused and concerned for my mother.

Momma licked her lips and wiggled against me, sighing happily as she felt my quickly growing cock against her thigh. "Yeah, I eat her pussy – never met a woman who gets so wet and she's got the goddamnest clitty you ever saw." Momma again, gave me a funny look and then said, "Sometimes when she's in the mood, Tisha goes down on me – that girl's got a devil's tongue. I reckon she goes both ways the way she asks me about getting your cock inside

me. Suppose next time we do counseling, I can tell her more than fantasy!"

"And you're okay with this?" I knew I found this all exciting in a dangerous way – my cock now throbbing as I thought of Momma and Tisha eating each other, but I didn't want my mother doing this if she didn't want to.

Momma chuckled and said, "Sure. It's like I told you a while back – feeling good comes hard in here so you got to grab it when you can. And sometimes you do stuff to get stuff – barter system. Some trade cigarettes or dope and some of us use what God give us." Momma rolled her hips, making her hairy bush brush against my erection, her slick labia slathering her creams over my shaft. "Does this upset you, son, or does this turn you on?"

I felt the great lust and love I had discovered I had for Momma swelling inside me. I began to move, pushing Momma onto her back as I climbed between her legs – my erect penis jutting out in front of me. "You turn me on, Momma. You could never anything wrong in my eyes!"

Momma leaning back into the pillow, looked up at me, her brilliant blue eyes shiny with love and love and spread her legs, allowing her cunt lips to spread wide, glistening gleams of pussy juice spattered with my sperm covered her wet, pink flesh. "My sweet John. My motherfucker son," Momma whispered, holding out her arms. "Come to Momma."

If was if we were life long lovers as we came together, our bodies moving instinctively to join cock and pussy and become one. We both moaned with pleasure as my thick cock slid deep into her burning flesh, her slickness allowing me to move slowly, but surely to bury my erection in her womb with one delicious and deliberate movement.

As we came together, I felt Momma's toned thighs rise up and her ankles cross behind my hips, heels digging into my buttocks so she could thrust her pelvis up and take me a fraction deeper.

We froze in place, both of us struggling to not lose control, completely enraptured by our incestuous intimacy – wanting to savor every second of pleasure that mother and

son coming together provided. I looked into Momma's blue eyes and as her hot cunt pulsed around my shaft, I felt I knew her completely – that our two decades of being separated were swept away – we were one, both heart and soul. I leaned in, my chest mashing against her soft, cushiony breasts. I could hear Momma's heart beating, it's ferocity matched only by the beating of my own heart.

Body joined to body, cock to pussy, soul to soul, it was a perfect moment, one I could get lost in forever. My heart ached from the intensity of this newly discovered love for my mother and from the desire to never let Momma go. Then Momma improved on perfection by gently twisting her hips, forcing me to respond and as we began to move...to fuck, ecstasy I never dreamed existed came into being. Slowly, exquisitely so, I began to slide my cock in and out of Momma's cunt – short strokes, long strokes – rolling my hips as I thrust again and again.

Momma's eyes glazed over from the lusty pleasure I was giving her, eyes rolling back in her head as she twisted her head back and forth, her slight overbite emerging to bite her lower lip. Her thighs tightened around me and her short

cut fingernails scraped across my back as she moved her hips to meet my thrusts.

"I love you, Momma," I gasped. "I'm your man, now and forever," I all but sobbed as I slid my cock deep into Momma's clasping womb again and again.

Momma's eyes went wide and a smile of carnal pleasure fought with one of pure, motherly love and she moaned in reply, "Yes, son. You're my man, my fine fucking man, my loving son and I ain't never going to stop loving you! Your momma loves you! You own Momma's hot pussy forever!"

On and on we fucked, whispering and groaning little sweet sentiments to each other, vowing our love to each other...almost taking vows as husband and wife with only God as our witness. We slowed our incredible fucking and then sped up, both of us in sync with each other. Our bodies dripped with sweat, the smell of sex permeating the room, serving only to excite us further. We fucked – mother and son, locked in carnal bliss, our incestuous pleasure rising with each movement of our bodies until we were both

sobbing from the sexual ecstasy that threatened to overwhelm us.

Suddenly, Momma's body began to spasm, stiffening and tightening around my body, her limbs pulling me tight to her. A flood of steamy juices bathed my cock as her pussy muscles clamped down, trapping me and holding me completely buried in her womb. A wordless sob from Momma's lips was squelched as I kissed her, our tongues dueling feverishly before I pushed hard against her and began to shoot my hot seed inside her, filling her motherly cunt with a fresh load of sizzling semen. Momma's orgasm expanded and as her pussy muscles flexed and milked my sensitive cock, my own climax grew until I barely stand it.

Despite reaching that almost supernatural point of ecstasy that exists between carnal pleasure and pain, neither of us could bring ourselves to pull back – our need for each other, for our mutual incestuous joy, kept us fucking long after our orgasms began to wane, finally collapsing in a jumble of legs and limbs, sweaty bodies heaving as we struggled to breathe.

For a long time, we lay together, simply enjoying each other's touch, each other's love for the other. Mom's hand scratched gently at my chest as if reassuring herself of my actual presence. I understood this. Part of me feared this was all just an intense dream that I would lose upon waking.

"This is for keeps, ain't it son?" Mom whispered. "I kept thinking you'd come see me a few times and never return, but this is real. You're my son and you're my man...my husband."

I nodded and said, "I guess so, Momma. We've found something special. I consider you my wife, my lover and my mother." I kissed her and added, "That's something I don't ever want to forget."

Momma giggled and said, "It do make it a bit nastier and fun, don't it. When you got that big pecker in me, I'm ready to cum just knowing it's my son fucking me!" She pulled me close and kissed me and then with a sleepy voice, said, "Don't ever stop, son. Please don't never stop fucking me!" My mother fell asleep as I softly reassured her that I would always be there for her.

Saturday was a blur of raw, carnal lovemaking and a mother and son reconnecting, catching up on so much lost time. Later, when I had time to process the weekend, so many powerful memories would emerge. I remember Momma serving me an old fashioned country breakfast – eggs and sausage and biscuits and gravy, us laughing between bites of food, both of us naked and barely able to keep our hands off each other.

I remember Momma kneeling over my face, her arms corded as she gripped the old, splintered headboard while I licked and sucked at her pussy, her body dripping with sweat, her juices like nectar, pouring in torrents into my mouth. I loved my mother's cunt – the thick, almost wild mat of hair and her thick and long labia, pulsating with ecstatic pleasure, Momma's clitoris a long, lovely nub of flesh that was made to lick and gently suck.

I remember Momma blowing my mind as she described her sexual adventures, both before and after my father. My mother's bisexual appetites were born in her teenage years as her Aunt Wanda introduced her into the joys of lesbian

love one long weekend while the men were off coon hunting. "It likely helped me survive early on here when I didn't know if I was coming or going. They was girls in here who 'bout died when faced with some horny bull dyke," Momma said.

I remember cooking Momma a steak dinner in the little kitchenette and almost burning them when Momma distracted me by kneeling naked in front of me and giving me a soulful blowjob. I could barely remaining standing as my mother's tongue swirled around the throbbing head of my cock as I fed her my semen, her making pleased grunts as she drank and swallowed my hot sperm.

I remember Momma looking sexy in a pair of denim shorts and a frilly, low cut blouse, looking not at all like a prison con, but a sexy MILF just opening her front door, standing ready as another prison guard – not Tisha – made the prison checks, reminding Momma that on Sunday, we'd be left alone till Tisha came to pick her up around noon.

I remember Momma and me in the bathtub, my cock buried in her pussy as we face each other – the warm water

splashing gently against our wet and sweaty bodies as we slowly fucked for what seemed hours, Momma happily taking two separate loads of hot semen from my cock before we separated, Momma barely able to move after endless orgasms.

Sunday, we awoke with the imminent prospect of our dream-like weekend coming to an end. We were both weary and sore and spent most of the morning curled up in bed, holding each close, hardly talking, instead just jealousy enjoying every moment we could spend together, hands caressing each other as we kissed. Whenever I made a move to make love to Momma, she resisted, saying we needed to wait. I assumed that she was simply too sore, but I couldn't have been more wrong.

At eleven in the morning, Momma reluctantly left the bed and dressed in her prison uniform which did little to mask her sexiness. With regret, I too dressed in a polo shirt and jeans. I was surprised when there was knocking on the door – glancing at the Kitty Kat clock, it wasn't even eleven-thirty yet. Then Tisha stepped inside. She had a bemused grin as she looked around, sniffing the air which reeked of sex. "Y'all had a good time, huh?"

Momma blushed slightly and said, "It was the best time I ever knew!"

Tisha said, "Y'all look like honeymooners still hot to trot."

"I guess we are," I replied. "Thanks for making it happen."

The African American guard grinned at me and said, "Don't thank me – I'm getting something out of it too! Speaking of which..." She again removed her baton from her belt and used it to lift up Momma's dress, revealing her plain white cotton panties. "Carlie, why don't you let those panties go dribble down to your ankles."

Momma glanced back at me, a strange grin on her face and did as she was told. Tisha looked at me and said, "We need to make a cavity search, make sure your momma ain't trying to smuggle anything back insides. There's some probing to be done. Skin off those blue jeans and get out that big peter your momma's been dreaming about."

I looked at Momma with some alarm, even though Tisha's casual manner about my mother seemed to arouse me. "Momma?"

Momma shrugged and said, "I didn't want to scare you so I just waited to let it happen. Part of my deal with Tisha...she wanted to watch me and you fuck." My mother looked down, avoiding my gaze.

I looked at Tisha who stood there with her arms folded and an expectant look on her dark face – her eyes gleaming with expectation. "You...um, you want to watch me fuck my mother?" I asked, scarcely believing that I was saying those words.

Tisha's face broke into a big grin that made the severe looking woman look prettier and said, "What? You think you two were the only horny motherfuckers around? You think you be the only family members in Mississippi wanting a little sugar? Shit, boy, this is Mississippi where the only virgins is those who can outrun their daddies, brothers, and cousins. You love your Momma and you love to fuck her, so shuck off them pants and do it!"

I stood there in stunned stillness for a long minute and then began undoing my jeans, letting them pool around my ankles. Tisha's eyes widened a bit as my cock, fully erect was freed – pointing right at her. She made her way to a kitchen chair and sat down and said, "Well, Carlie, whyn't you just bend over and grab the back of that chair and let your son give you a good fucking."

Momma replied, "Yes, ma'am." She pulled the other kitchen chair out and leaned over, her heavy breasts straining against the fabric of her khaki dress. She looked over her shoulder at me and said softly, "Please son, give me that fine dick!"

Scarcely believing that I was about to fuck my mother to entertain another woman and that I was sexually aroused at the prospect, I shuffled over behind Momma and threw her skirt up over her back and spread her cheeks, exposing her wet and blossomed pussy and her puckered asshole. "I love you, Momma!" I moaned as I pressed my cock between her quivering labia and shoved my cock home.

Momma threw back her head as she sobbed, "Love you tooooo, John!" My inward thrust was met by Momma pushing her hips back against me and with one swift movement I was buried deep in her wet and welcoming womb. We both stood there, shaking with the sweet pleasure of incestuous lovemaking. My hands slid up her dress covered waist and then around and up to cup her covered breasts. As I began to slowly fuck Momma from behind, I fumbled with the buttons on her dress until I could pull the front open, exposing Momma's bra bound tits. With a couple of violent tugs, Momma's immense tits came spilling out and I was pinching and tugging on Momma's thick, blood engorged nipples as I thrust my cock into her sopping wet and furnace hot cunt again and again.

Looking past Momma's shoulders, I could see Tisha looking at us with something akin to a mixture of envy and awe. She had moved her legs wide and was slowly rubbing the crotch of her uniform slacks with her nightstick. Her nipples were bullet points – pressing against her bra and blouse. Momma cried out that she was cumming and I felt my cock being bathed in fresh, searing hot pussy cream as her orgasms swept over her. I shoved my cock deep into her pussy and

held it there, squeezing her heavy breasts as we rode out her orgasm, Momma's body writhing in my grasp.

When her climax began to wane, Momma sagged in my arms, scarcely able to stand on her shaky legs. I pulled Momma tight against me, guiding her to stand upright and then as she moaned her delight in being impaled on my long, thick, cock, I sort of waddled us around the chair and then gingerly sat us down on the kitchen chair. Momma kicked her panties loose from her ankles and threw her legs wide to drape over my knees, allowing her to work her hips, flexing her pelvis against my cock buried inside her.

I began to meet Momma's movements allowing my cock to move up and down in her pussy – her juices running heavily down my shaft, creating almost a froth before soaking my balls. "Fu-fuck m-m-meee, honey," Momma stammered, her head thrown back against my shoulder, allowing me to offer her frantic kisses on her lips and her exposed neck. My mother's hands scrabbled furiously over mind, helping me knead her massive breasts, cupping and lifting great handfuls of tit flesh and letting them fall.

In front of us, Tisha was squirming in her seat, mouth gaping open as her own pleasure was fueled by the incestuous spectacle before her. One hand groped a uniform covered breast while the tip of her nightstick rubbed furiously against her crotch. Her uniform pants were a very dark blue, but even so, it looked as if there might have been a wet spot forming.

The understanding that this black woman was so carnally aroused by the sight of my mother and I fucking took me to the edge of my own orgasm and then Momma's slide into her second orgasm pushed me beyond. I felt Momma go rigid in my lap, her body becoming spastic as torrent after torrent of orgasmic ecstasy washed over her and I yielded to the maddening milking her gushing cunt was giving my cock and with a triumphant growl, I gave one last upward thrust and began ejaculating hot bursts of semen into Momma's womb.

As our wails of pleasure filled the Red House, Tisha's expression changed to almost a grimace and she was bucking against the ever present nightstick as an orgasm overtook her. Moans mixed with the smell of cunts and cock to add to the erotic atmosphere of the moment.

A few minutes passed as everyone caught their breath. Finally, Tisha took out a handkerchief and wiped her sweaty face, her dark skin gleaming. She glanced at her wristwatch and said, "Hate to end y'all's fun, but we got to get moving. Carlie, get your panties on quick, don't lose none of your boy's spunk."

With a moan that was part pleasure and part regret, Momma climbed off my still partially erect cock and staggered a bit as she pulled on her panties and buttoned up the front of her dress. She was trembling from our passionate lovemaking and her eyes were tearing up with the knowledge of our impending separation. I felt tears forming in my own eyes as I dreaded leaving this place without Momma by my side. Maybe for the first time, I truly appreciated how awful prison must be for my mother.

"Well, give your son a goodbye kiss. We got to go, Carlie," Tisha said.

Momma nodded and turned to me, still sitting in the chair. Leaning over, she whispered, "I love you, John." She kissed

me long and slow, her hand reaching down to stroke my cum covered cock. When the kiss ended, she said, "You done went and made all my dreams come true." As she turned to join Tisha, she looked back over her shoulder and gave me a coy smile and then raised semen and pussy juice covered fingers to her mouth and slowly licked them off.

I swallowed slowly, my heart, soul and body aching for my mother to stay and replied, "I love you, Momma. I'll see you, soon."

Tisha pointed Momma out the door and then paused in the doorway and said, "I'll be back in a bit, boy. Go pull your pants back up and pack your stuff and make sure the place is as clean as when you got here." Out the door she went then, without a backward glance.

I sat there for a moment, still trying to digest just what happened. Finally I gathered myself together and straightened the place up, carefully packing Momma's civilian clothes, my cock twitching as I lovingly packed away that flowery summer dress. I made sure the trash was

collect and the dishes were all clean long before Tisha returned.

I was sitting on the couch, two bags of leftover groceries and clothes beside me when Tisha came in, her face a study of intense emotion. I stood up as she walked purposely towards me, stopping only when we were scarcely an inch apart. Her short cropped curly hair shone with perspiration and her face was shiny with sweat.

She studied me for a second and then raised her hands to my cheeks. Holding me in place, she stood on tip-toe and kissed me, pressing her tongue into my mouth. Through my surprise, I realized I was tasting more than just Tisha and saliva. I tasted pussy and maybe semen on her lips, growing more positive as I rolled my tongue over her full lips. I quickly understood. Tisha had just eaten my sperm directly from my mother's cunt.

When our mouths parted, Tisha licked her lips and said, "You love your Momma?"

I nodded and said, "Yes, ma'am."

Tisha nodded, never letting her eyes leave my face and replied, "Yeah, I believe you do. Your momma got a raw deal and she deserves to be free. I'm thinking maybe you and I can work something out to make that happen."

Chapter 2

The motel room's air conditioner had died sometime during the Bush years and the room felt like a sauna in the middle of this Mississippi August day. The dark, almost ebony skin beneath me gleamed, coated in a fine sheet of fuck sweat. I ran my tongue along a dark skinned flat belly, feeling muscles flutter just underneath. Upwards, I tongued my way around and over two small, cupcake sized breasts, nipples engorged with blood and darker than the breast around it. Small, moans of appreciation reached my ears as I closed my lips around one swollen nipple and flicked my tongue over the long, dime sized nipples. Slowly, I tongued my way upwards, pausing to kiss the slick neck. Her black skin seemed to emit the scent of cinnamon.

Finally, I slid my sweat sticky body over hers as my lips found hers and I looked into her large brown eyes. Her tongue greeted mine and lured it back into her mouth where they both writhed, her breath quickening into a moan as I felt my erect cock brush her pussy lips and slip between her longish labia, finding heat and wetness that more than equaled the heat in the room. I felt her arms and

legs close around me as I thrust in, spreading her pussy flesh open to burrow into her welcoming cunt.

Her groans tore our kiss apart and I felt Tisha's hot breath before she cried out, "That's it, John – fuck me with that fine thang – give me that good cock!" I raised myself up on my arms, our sweaty bodies peeling away from each other with a loud noise. Looking down, I marveled once more at where I was and what I was doing.

I had my cock buried to the hilt in the sweet, tight pussy of Mississippi Corrections Officer Latisha – Tisha to her friends – Wilkins. Tisha was the head guard at the prison where my mother had been imprisoned for over twenty years for murdering my abusive father. I had been adopted and had only in the last year become reacquainted with Momma...reacquainted being a mild way to put it – after visiting Momma several times, I'd spent an incestuous weekend of fucking Momma a little over a month ago after we'd arranged a conjugal visit.

Part of me felt a bit dishonest fucking Tisha. I was head over heels in love with my mother – she and I had touched each

other in a way neither expected, but had embraced and despite obstacles planned to spend the rest of our lives together, yet here I was fucking the woman who had the power of life and death over her. Part of me was aroused like never before, making hot love to this African-American woman. Me, raised in a Midwest town with virtually no black population, who had never been with a black woman before. Part of me knew that skin didn't matter –a woman is a woman, but part of me felt like I was breaking another taboo and as I had discovered fucking my mother, breaking sexual taboos was exciting as nothing else is.

I felt Tisha roll her hips and I moved into sync with her, thrusting in and out of her clinging pussy to meet her movements, our bodies slapping loudly together. "God yes, boy – fuck me hard," Tisha purred, her fingers scraping over my chest, flicking my pebbled nipples as we moved, fucking each other with more effort with each thrust.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, sounding like Momma being subservient to her guards. Remaining raised on one hand, I slid one hand down her smooth, slick body, trailing fingers down her thigh till I could slip under her knee and drew it up, thrusting deep as I raised her leg and draped it over my

shoulder. Switching hands, I repeated the process, almost rolling the short, slender woman up in a ball as her left leg dropped onto my shoulder and I leaned forward, sliding my erect penis a fraction deeper into her juicy pussy.

"You want it hard, Tisha? Here you go!" Tisha let out with a scream as I suddenly began trip hammering my cock into her welcoming pussy. The dark skinned woman quivered as I slammed cock to her, making her babble with a string of nonsense words, tinged with a Mississippi Delta accent. I slipped my arms under hers, fingers sliding across her back to pull her more tightly to me, my fingers passing over several rough, bumpy patches.

Her ankles tightened against my head as she crossed her feet, trying to tighten her grip on my long cock and using me for leverage to push her pelvis up to meet each stroke. Our bodies slapped wetly together as we came together – the room becoming thick with the aroma of our fucking. Sweat, pheromones, wet pussy filled the room, making our nostrils flare hungrily as we moved closer and closer to climax.

I felt my orgasm racing through my body, surging up my penis, swelling my cock head, her slick, silky and hot flesh tightening around my cock, bringing my orgasm to the brink. With a roar, I shoved my cock hard and deep into Tisha's womb, flooding it with steaming semen.

Tisha's body seized up under me, a soulful wail erupting from her lips as her arms clawed my skin and her legs quivered and clenched against my shoulders and head. A deluge of fiery cunt cream coated my pulsating cock as Tisha joined me in orgasm, sobbing, "Fuck, fuck, f-fuck, fuck," over and over again. She finally flung her legs wide, waving them in the air as her toes clenched in the throes of orgasmic pleasure, only to let them fall widespread as my ejaculations began to ebb.

Finally, I slipped off of the black woman to lie panting at her side, her chest heaving making her small, mature breasts shake as they rose and fell. "Damnation, John. I know why your momma loves your cock so much." She reached out and stroked her fingers across my chest and said, "I hope you got enough in you to do that again in a bit."

I actually blushed under her praise and said, "You're too sexy for me not to get it up again. Next to Momma, you're the best love I've ever known."

Tisha giggled and said, "I bet I'm your first taste of brown sugar, ain't I?" She rolled over and kissed me, her tongue snaking sexily around mine. I felt my face burning and our kiss dissolved as Tisha again giggled and said, "I'll be damned...I am!" She moved to climb on top of me, her still sweaty body sliding easily over my slick body, stretching out so that her shaved pussy, now oozing my seed nestled against my lower stomach. She kissed me again and then said softly, "Well for a white boy, you can fuck this black pussy any time."

We spent a time just cuddling and basking in the glow of good sex, hands continuing to explore each other's body. Finally, I fetched us a couple of beers from a cooler I'd brought with me and handed her one. "So, any luck on helping Momma?" I asked.

Tisha nodded and hopped off the motel bed, striding across the room while I admired her slender body. Tisha was

thirty-five years old, and stood about 5 foot, three inches and maybe weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds. Her body was toned with well defined muscles in her arms and legs and a flat stomach. Her small and still perky breasts were capped with long nipples the diameter of dimes and between her legs her pussy was clean shaven, her dark flesh contrasting excitedly with her glistening pink inner flesh.

Tisha bent over a huge shoulder bag, flashing her well fucked pussy, spotted with whitish blobs of my semen at me from beneath firm and trim hips. She pulled a thick folder out of the bag and returned to bed, dropping the file on my chest as she stretched out beside me. "Got me a special friend works in the Sherriff's office in your granddaddy's county. He might be a high and mighty congressman now, but he has them always updating Carlie's file." She rubbed my arm and continued, "This here is a copy you can keep – it's got everything they had on her case and even her behavior reports from prison."

I leafed through the file, pausing when I came to some graphic photos of my father lying on a blood-soaked sofa, dead from Momma emptying an entire clip from a Glock automatic pistol into his sleeping body. I felt nothing for

him as I studied the harsh photos. Nothing turned to hate as I found next pictures of Momma, one side of her face one massive bruise with the eye swollen closed and the other eye blackened. A head to toe shot of Momma naked, bruises covering over half of her body. Attached to that were hospital reports that provided a history of several years of violent and savage abuse.

"This is what they had suppressed at her trial," I said.

Tisha nodded and said, "My friend says they confiscated the hospital's official reports – they don't exist outside Garrett's file." Her fingers teased my forearm. "Well, there and the copy you got in your hand."

Some memory or nugget of fact tickled my brain and I murmured, "I don't think a photocopy is admissible in court."

Tisha shrugged and said, "Maybe not, but hell, at least you got the whole picture."

I sighed as I kept flipping through the file. Prison reports indicated a couple of rough years early on and then nothing but good behavior. I noticed Tisha's signature beginning to appear. I looked up at her with a questioning look.

The black woman smiled back and said, "Yeah, it was about ten years ago when I hired on at the prison. I already knew I was bi, but when I saw your momma, I about wet myself. I had me a real schoolgirl crush on her and well...we, you know..."

"You two just worked things out," I finished.

Tisha grinned evilly at me and said, "That's right. We've had our loving moments and I've tried to help her when I can. You can see I wrote her up a lot for good commendations...that sort of thing usually helps push a parole along quicker, but the parole board ain't never seen those and besides, they walk in ready to obey your granddaddy's orders."

I paused to look at copies of Parole Hearing reports – each stamped with 'REJECTED' dated two and four years ago. Cause was listed as "Showing no sign of rehabilitation."

Tisha sneered and said, "No sign of rehabilitation my ass. Carlie's been a model prisoner for more years than I can count and even got her G.E.D. bout three years ago."

I looked up in surprise. Tisha nodded and said. "Used to brag about you from your adopted momma's letters that she could barely read. She decided if ever you wrote something, she wanted to be able to read it. She might sound like an illiterate cracker, but she ain't really."

I shook my head, both awed and touched. Part of me ached for all the years I'd gone without knowing Momma. In a husky tone, I said, "Thank you for helping her...for helping us."

Tisha laughed and said, "Well, we worked ourselves out an arrangement is all. In prison, ain't nothing comes free. I treat your momma good and she and her sweet tongue been pleasing me for years. I help you and you and that fine

white boy dick be pleasing me as well." Tisha rolled over and sat up beside the bed, stretching her arms high, the muscles in her back cording and swelling. "Besides, Carlie got a fucking raw deal. Maybe you understand it and maybe you don't, but a woman knows when her own has been screwed over. I know."

In the dim light of the motel room, I could see the round scar marks on Tisha's back – six or seven of them, looking to be the diameter of maybe a lit cigarette. I reached out and ran my fingers over them, finally letting my hand rest on her shoulder and gently draw her back. "Well, maybe part of this is an exchange of favors," I began, pushing Tisha onto her back. "But, not all of it – this is just me wanting to please a beautiful woman." I moved to climb between her legs, my cock rapidly growing as I looked down at the African American woman below me, her legs spreading wide to give me access.

Tisha grinned evilly and replied, "Sheeeit, John! You are a smooth talking motherfucker. This how you seduced your momma?" She held out her arms, beckoning. "How about you pretend I'm your momma...maybe give me a load of spunk I'll deliver to her in person."

My cock jerked and throbbed at her words as I instantly understood the implications. With a growl I was on top of her, sliding my body along hers, our slightly dried skin feeling tacky – tugging at each other as I moved. Her pussy was hot and wet and ready, though, welcoming my stiff penis between her slick labia and then hungrily enveloping it in folds of flesh satiny soft and so, so wet.

Tisha squealed with pleasure as I thrust my hardness into her, her pelvis flinging up to meet my cock and I quickly was buried in her pussy to the root. She shivered as my wiry pubic hair scraped against and tickled the bare skin of her vulva. Her arms wrapped around my neck and pulled my head down so our lips met in a passionate kiss. Her tongue, long and thick slipped into my mouth and she almost purred as I sucked on it. She teased my tongue into her mouth and returned the favor, her full lips sucking furiously on my tongue before we began dancing them together, replicating the greater dance of lust our bodies were engaged in.

I felt her heartbeat quicken as we fucked, mirrored by the pulse of her blood engorged nipples, rubbery hard tips scraping across my chest. Her fingers intertwined in my hair, yanking on my locks to keep my mouth on hers as we came together again and again, the sweet delicious friction of my cock moving in and out of her claspng cunt. Tisha rolled her hips and pressed her clitoris more firmly against my thrusting cock and was instantly reward with orgasmic sensations that quickly had her writhing in ecstasy while I fucked her on and on.

She broke our kiss so she could throw back her head and cry out – hands now clawing down my back as she flung her hips upward trying to get more of me in her. Sweat poured off my body to splatter on her face and chest, joining the rivulets of perspiration flowing across her dark skin. Our bodies made wet, slapping noises as we fucked as did our joined cock and cunt – a wet squishing noise as she seemed to almost be spraying pussy juices, coating my erection with her steaming juices and the rest escaping with each movement of our lovemaking.

As her orgasm began to fade, Tisha began urging me to follow. "Cum in me, boy. Cum in me for your momma!"

She squirmed underneath me, working her pussy muscles to milk my cock. "Give me a big load so your momma will get to eat a big ol' gooey mess of her son's cum!"

I began to thrust harder – her words creating images that brought me closer. Tisha recognized that and continued to spur me on. "Yeah, that's it...give me that big dick, give me that hot spunk so your momma can get down on her knees and eat your sperm from Tisha's pussy!" Her words were arousing her as well and combined with my now frantic thrusts, Tisha slipped into another orgasm and then I felt my resistance crumble and I shoved my cock in deep, grinding my crotch against her bald pussy and emptied another load of thick and creamy semen into her snatch, seeing in my mind's eye, Momma squatting in front of the prison guard, a long streamer of my jism strung from Momma's lips to Tisha's spread and gooey labia.

We cuddled for several minutes and then Tisha's wristwatch began to beep and she said, "I got to go." She separated from me, looking back at me lovingly as I sprawled on the bed, her eyes traveling down my body only to pause at my semi-erect and cum covered cock. She licked her lips and said, "Well, maybe I can give your Momma a

kiss from you too and she leaned over and took me in her mouth, making it my turn to writhe in pleasure as she sucked and licked my sensitive cock clean of my semen and her pussy cream.

Tisha then quickly dressed, patting the crotch of her panties while saying, "An hour from now, your momma and me will be having a little counseling session. I hope she enjoys the surprise creamy filling."

I pulled on my pants and followed the now uniformed black woman to the door. "How's Momma doing," I asked.

Tisha shrugged and said, "She's hanging on, John. Being with you is a blessing and a curse." When I frowned at her response, she reached up and patted my face. "Oh now, don't fret. You and your momma becoming lovers, why, it's gave Carlie a new lease on life, but not being with you all the time, it's made prison life seem even more awful than it already is."

"Tell her I love her," I said.

Tisha nodded and leaned up and gave me a quick kiss on the mouth. "Boy, she already knows that." She gave me a big smile. "But I'll tell her anyway. And I'll tell you'll see her in two weeks." And then she was gone, roaring away in a small jeep.

I got my stuff together, carefully packing away the file Tisha had given me and began the drive back home, my mind racing the whole way. So much had happened and although it had happened pretty fast, it also seemed to be happening painfully slow. It had only been two weeks since Momma and I had finally become lovers while on a conjugal visit in one of the Women's prison's 'Red Houses' after which the prison guard Tisha who was Momma's lover, offered to help me find a way to help Momma go free in exchange for sexual favors.

Although part of me felt I was betraying Momma's love for me, part of me was aroused by this African American woman and all of me yearned to break my mother free of her awful life. Tisha had said she would call me and last night she finally had, having me meet her at a run-down

motel today for a romp and to begin the process of getting Momma free. I physically ached for Momma – my nights were restless and what little sleep I'd had was filled with erotic dreams of my full bodied mother – carnal images of me on her, in her, the two of us locked in incestuous lovemaking, always on the verge of cumming.

Over the next few days, I poured over Momma's file, looking for that one 'AH HAH' document that would set into motion her freedom. I made subtle inquiries at the university, seeking to find a good legal mind to help me find a solution. Every answer I got back pointed to one professor of law – a locally well known champion of liberal causes who unfortunately was off on a tour of speaking engagements and wouldn't be back into early fall.

Still, between my graduate studies and trying to find a way to bring Momma home, my days were busy and filled. Alas, once I went to bed, it was a different scene. I tossed and turned, tormented by images of my mother, her short mahogany hair framing her lovely face with those brilliant blue eyes. Momma's legs and thighs were shapely and toned, probably from working all day long on her feet, but she was thicker on top with a full waist and incredibly huge

breasts. While on the conjugal visit in the Red House, I'd snuck a peek at her industrial strength prison issue bra and a tag revealed that Momma was sporting a pair of meaty 48DD breasts, incredibly massive tits that sloped and gently sagged against her chest like huge gourds.

Most haunting of all was Momma's pussy, that ripe, flesh partially concealed by a thick, almost unruly bush of black hair. The unique touch of Momma's aroused flesh had made me feel as no other woman could. To sink my erect flesh into her steaming cunt was to both return home to the most wonderful place on Earth and to touch the face of all that was holy. Pleasure with all other women paled compared to the incestuous ecstasy making love to my mother gave me. Making love to Tisha was a close second, but even then I knew it was because of the link she represented between Momma and me.

Nights were almost endless as I was tormented by that I could not have...my Momma. Masturbating was a poor substitute, but gave me enough relief to sink into incestuous dreams of a life where Momma and I were free to live our lives beyond the walls of her prison.

Finally, visitor's day arrived and I eagerly made the trip across Mississippi, cotton and bean fields lush in the sweltering summer heat. I was passed through security and was escorted to the picnic area to await Momma along with other visitors. I sat on top of a picnic table, gazing longingly at the row of Red Houses a few hundred feet away. There was movement in and around them as families and spouses prepared for their loved ones to join them. My cock, already semi-erect at the prospect of seeing Momma, throbbed at the memory of our time at the Red House.

A bell rang shrilly and I turned to see a gate open and a group of women in prison khaki rush through, spreading out across the visitor's yard towards family. Momma emerged from the small crowd of women and I found myself on my feet and rushing forward as she moved from a walk to a fast trot herself. Our bodies collided in a flurry of arms wrapping around each other and lips pressed together, her badly missed breasts pillowing against my chest as her tongue greeted mine as we wordlessly conveyed our love and how much we'd missed each other.

We kissed for a long time, tongues dancing as one until Tisha's voice echoed in our ears, "Give it a rest, Carlie – y'all go have a seat somewheres." We both sheepishly stepped back, Momma staring down at the obvious bulge in my slacks while I stared hungrily at her nipples poking prominently against the blouse of her dress. I belatedly realized that Momma was braless. We both spared a glance at Tisha who was strolling away with a bemused look on her face.

Looking back at each other, I took Momma's hands in mine and said, "God, I love you, Momma and I missed you so much."

Tears ran down Momma's face as she nodded and said, "I love you too, honey. You're all I ever think about now." She pulled me close and kissed me again, her tongue licking my lips before she finished. She smiled at me almost shyly as I led her by the hand to the farthest picnic table away from the scrutiny of the guards.

As we walked hand in hand, we passed by a picnic table where another woman prisoner sat with an elderly woman

and a young boy. Mother and son were using crayons on a coloring book. The woman looked up, pushing back long, stringy, blonde hair out of her face with an arm covered with blue tattoos. She smiled at us and said, "Well, don't you two make a purty picture of lovers." She winked at us and said, "It warms my heart to see a mother and son so close!"

We both grinned and Momma blushed as she said, "Oh shut up, Ettie."

Ettie laughed and called to me as we moved on. "You made her a happy woman, boy. She be calling out your name all night long in her cell. Sometimes, she screams it!"

Momma tightened her grip on my hand and glanced over at me. "I get awfully lonely at night, son," she said and then grinning at me, said, "And horny!"

I leaned over and gave her a quick kiss. "You're not the only one, Momma."

We reached our picnic table and set down straddling the far bench, facing each other. We sat quietly for a moment before Momma said, "I got your sweet gift, son." I must have look puzzled for a moment because Momma extended her tongue and waved it lasciviously.

"My pleasure, Momma. I – I hope you don't mind Tisha and I..."

Momma leaned over and caressed my face, no emotion on her face except that of mother and incestuous love. "Hell no, John. That aint cheating. It's almost like Tisha's bringing us together in a way." Momma smacked her lips. "And it tastes good too!"

I shivered as an image of Momma's face, bobbing between Tisha's thighs appeared in my head. I could see Momma raise her head up and look at me, fresh semen and Tisha's cunt juices coating her lips and chin. Momma beamed at me as if she knew exactly what I was thinking.

I spent a few minutes catching Momma up on what little progress I'd made with Tisha's help – not able to share

anything that generated any real hope. Momma looked glum and she sighed. "I don't know how we can best your granddaddy. He's one evil motherfucker."

I leaned towards Momma and placed one hand on her exposed leg, just above the knee. "That old man is a rat bastard son of a bitch, Momma. I'm a motherfucker...in fact I'm your motherfucker."

My mother grinned and said, "Yes, you are, son! In fact..." She slowly pulled the hem of her prison dress up, revealing her luscious, white thighs. "Maybe my son'd like to see how much his momma loves him too."

We glanced around and I slid my hand up her thigh, Momma dropping her skirt back to conceal it. I scooted a little closer and then my eyes went wide as my fingers brushed damp pubic hair. "No panties, Momma?" I said in a suddenly hoarse voice.

Momma licked her lips and said in a sinfully sexy little girl's voice, "Officer Tisha said I be a nasty girl and she confiscated my undies!" My fingers pressed on, finding wet

flesh that yielded to pressure, allowing me to swiftly slide two fingers into Momma's searing wet pussy. Momma closed her eyes and sighed softly. "Am I nasty, son?"

We both leaned our heads in until our foreheads met and as I began to twist and turn my fingers about inside Momma's cunt. "Nasty and beautiful and sexy and I love you this way."

Momma's hand skittered across the table to find mine, our fingers intertwining – her touch a guide to what she liked best as I fingered her pussy. Her succulent cunt flesh tried to cling to my probing fingers, contracting as I wormed them in and out of her cunt, my fingers quickly becoming coated with her juices.

The smell of aroused pussy began to surround us as Momma panted and squirmed on the bench, hunching herself discretely against my probing fingers. Her breasts partially revealed as she leaned against me, heaved as pleasure grew inside her. "Oh, John, I love you," she hissed as I rotated my fingers and slid them up inside the wall of her cunt, her moans guiding me to her G-spot.

"Oh fuckkkkk!" she yelled, her hand digging into mine as she came in a sudden swift and heavy flood of juices, splattering across my fingers and hand and spraying the bench between us. For a few minutes I kept Momma squirming in the grip of ecstasy, before it became too much and she reached down and tried to tug my fingers out of her.

I resisted, waggling my fingers inside her, making her gulp for air and struggle not to scream. "Are you sure, Momma?" I said, teasingly.

Momma hung there, her whole world momentarily centered on my pleasuring fingers, cunt cream gushing from her pulsating twat. She raised her head and looked at me with pleading eyes. She tried to grin, but bit her lower lip until she was able to stammer. "Have to s-stop, s-son or e-everyone here's gonna know!"

I leaned in and kissed Momma on the lips, muffling her moans as I slowly slid my fingers from her pussy, labia clutching hungrily at my thickly coated fingers. After

breaking the kiss, I took a quick glance around while Momma leaned her head against my chest. Her dark hair was matted with sweat and her body quivered as I teasingly brushed her vulva with my fingers. Nobody seemed to really be paying us attention, although Ettie looked up from her child and gave me a knowing grin.

Momma finally gave a big sigh and slowly raised her head. "That was fucking something," she gasped. "If we was by ourselves..." She shook her head and grinned at me.

I raised my cum coated fingers, showing Momma her cunt cream layered thickly on my index and middle finger. "If we were alone, I'd be licking more than this," I said before licking my index finger like a lollipop, my cock throbbing in my slacks as I savored the strong and salty-sweet taste of her juices.

I started to lick my middle finger, but Momma's hand shot out and took me by the wrist. Looking coyly at me, Momma drew my cum covered finger to her lips, saying, "If we was alone, I'd be licking something bigger than this," before slowly sucking my finger into her mouth, her tongue

lapping up her own juices while looking at me with her lovely blue eyes.

Releasing my finger from her lips, Momma leaned forward and we kissed again, sharing her own tastes with me for several long moments as our tongues made love. When the kiss ended, we both gave a long, needful sigh. "I want you so bad," Momma breathed.

"Soon, Momma. We get a weekend next month," I said, trying to make Momma feel better, although my heart was wrenched at the thought of another month passing before I could make love to my mother.

"Okay, you lovebirds, time to break this up." We both looked up to see Tisha standing there with a clipboard in her hands. "I see that Carlie, you requested another conjugal visit that's approved for four weeks from now in September." Momma and I glanced at each other curiously. We already knew this.

Tisha smiled at us and said, "As part of the program aimed at a successful parole release, we like to hold a few

counseling sessions with the convicted prisoner and their family." She threw us a wink and said, "It's counseling time." She pointed at Momma and then to another female guard standing near the prisoner entrance. "Carlie, go with Officer Sanchez and I'll escort your son through civilian country and we'll meet in my office."

Momma's eyes were wide with surprise and I realized that neither of us had expected this. She blew me a kiss and marched off towards the other guard. Tisha cocked a thumb back over her shoulder. "Boy, come with me." Without saying a word, I climbed up and followed her, pausing only a second to admire the puddle of cunt cream Momma had left behind on the bench.

We passed back through the visitor's entrance and Tisha led me through another gate I recognized from visits inside. From there, we traveled through a seemingly endless labyrinth of stairs and corridors with offices scattered here and there, occasionally pausing to be let through a metal mesh door, guards nodding respectfully to Tisha as she passed and gazing at me with suspicious stares that I imagined were for anyone not wearing their uniform.

Finally we paused before a solid wood door that read "Latisha Wilkins, Head of Facility Security, Licensed Penal Counselor." She produced a set of keys and unlocked the door and let us in. Inside, the room was spartanly furnished – a large wood desk, a few file cabinets, a small cushioned chair and a worn loveseat, both facing the desk. A threadbare, orange carpet covered the floor. A window had a clear view of a bean field in the distance where a few prisoners slowly worked. Tisha moved to sit behind the desk and pointed me towards the love seat.

I started to speak, but there was a knock at the door and Tisha was on her feet and barking, "Come." The door opened and Momma came through, the female officer behind her. Tisha nodded and glanced at her watch. "Get a cup of coffee, be back in forty-five minutes, Carmelita."

The woman replied in the affirmative and left as Tisha shut the door and turned the deadbolt. Leaning back against the door, Tisha stared calmly at us, an amused smile playing across her lips. Momma stood stock still next to the desk,

glancing back and forth from me to Tisha, uncertainty etched on her face."

After a minute, Tisha laughed and said, "Now shit, girl. You know I had my reasons to tell you no panties or bra." She glanced at me and said, "I done cleaned my desk of breakables and y'all have about forty-three minutes for counseling. I suggest you get to it!"

Comprehension dawned at once and I was on my feet and across the room, wrapping my arms around Momma, squelching her cry of understanding with a hard, passionate kiss, my tongue lashing into her mouth to capture hers. The desk creaked as she fell against it, stopping as she half leaned, half sat on the wooden top. Kissing was immediately joined by frantic pawing at each others clothing, my fingers clumsily unbuttoning her dress while she struggled to undo my belt.

Momma had just managed to shove my pants down around my ankles when I got the last button undone on her prison dress. I pulled the khaki fabric apart, revealing her heaving and massive tits and with a growl, I ducked my head to

Momma's chest, closing my lips around a thick and swollen nipple as Momma keened with delight. Behind me, Tisha chuckled and said, "Now you two feel free to fuck up a storm, but keep it quiet."

Momma's nipple pulsed wildly between my lips, responding to my tongue's flickering movement by swelling to the point of bursting. My hands went to Momma's waist and moved down, one hand cupping her asscheek and the other palming her cunt, labia already spread and still dripping with her juices. I gave Momma's nipple a quick nip and kissed my way up to nuzzle and suck on her neck while she finished pushing my shorts down. Her legs straddled me and leaning back on the desk, she brought them up to scissor behind me while my erection rubbed against her lower belly.

Momma's hands framed my face and staring into my eyes to convey her needs, my mother said pleadingly, "I need your cock, son! Fuck me now." She kissed me and our tongues resumed their passionate duel as our bodies hunched together, skin rubbing skin until Momma reached down with one hand and guided my long and hard penis to her cunt.

I bent my knees and then thrust upwards and Momma cried into our kiss, her body clenching as her already pleasured pussy was filled with incestuous cock! Momma's legs tightened against my butt, pulling me to her, a tremor rippling through her as I slid my throbbing penis into her hot, welcoming cunt. We moaned into each other's mouths as the delicious and sinful sensation of incest swept over us. The desk creaked with each thrust I made, apparently bolted to the floor.

I opened my eyes to see Momma staring back at me, her intense blue eyes glazed with love and lust as we fucked. Her body was warm and slick against mine, the scant air conditioning doing little to mute the heat our lovemaking was producing. Momma's breasts rolled and slid against my sweaty chest, thick, engorged nipples scraping deliciously against my skin, pulsing with arousal in time with each thrust of my cock deep inside my mother's womb.

Momma's pussy, already extremely sensitive due to my fingering, quickly took Momma to another orgasm and as she enveloped my long, hard shaft in her molten juices, I

could not hang on any longer and yielded to the need to cum inside my beloved mother. I stood on tiptoe as I rammed up into her one last time, pressing the head of my cock into her cervix and flooding her womb with jets of searing semen." Momma's orgasm expanded with the sensation of my seed inside her and her body bucked against mine, her heels drumming against my ass cheeks and her leg muscles bulging with exertion.

Our kiss finally ended as Momma pulled back her head to take a great breath of fresh air. As she started to exhale with a large moan, Tisha was suddenly there and kissed Momma as one dark skinned hand cupped her meaty breast, fingers closing to pinch fiercely around a swollen nipple. Momma's body convulsed with pleasure, her hips grinding mindlessly against my crotch, seeking to get me further inside her and heighten her pleasure even more. I leaned in and wrapped my mouth around her other nipple, making her squeal even more against Tisha's lips.

We remained joined like this for what seemed a sweet eternity before finally, I began to soften and eased myself from Momma's cunt, cock semi-erect and dripping with our mingled cum. I staggered awkwardly back until I could

collapse on the love seat while Momma and Tisha continued to kiss, tongues sliding back and forth. The black woman worked her way around the desk, her hands groping and massaging Momma's huge breasts. When they parted, Momma leaned on the desk, her legs trembling with effort while Tisha looked at Momma with open desire. My mother looked like a figure from an erotic painting, her lush figure glistening with fuck sweat, clothes barely hanging on – her heavy breasts, full stomach and sperm spattered bush emphasizing her raw and undeniable sexuality.

Momma smiled at Tisha and then found me, her eyes roaming hungrily over my mostly naked form and finally settling on the image of my still half erect penis, sperm and pussy juice coating the head and shaft. With a grunt, she pushed herself off the desk and walked slowly towards me and then fell to her knees before me and threw herself against my crotch, her face getting smeared by my still wet cock before she took it into her mouth and began to suck me clean.

I groaned with pleasure, my hips twisting against the cushion as Momma's talented tongue rolled over my still

very sensitive flesh, lapping up her pussy juices and clumps of semen like a starving woman. My hands reached out and I slid my fingers through her short, dark hair, urging her on, willing her to not let my cock slip from her talented mouth.

Behind her, Tisha went to her knees, flipping Momma's loose dress away to reveal her lush, full hips. As I watched, Tisha grinned at me and then with her hands spreading Momma's ass cheeks, she pressed her face into Momma from behind. My mother's lips involuntarily contracted around my cock, her tongue stiffening as the black female guard tongued Momma's pussy from behind. Momma recovered and renewed her oral loving of my quivering penis which was struggling to revive itself in Momma's wet and hungry mouth.

The smell of pussy and semen was thick in the air and my cock, again stiff was pleased by Momma's lips and tongue. I thought I would explode prematurely at one point as Tisha rose up from Momma's pussy, her dark skinned face frosted heavily with my whitish sperm and Momma's glistening juices. Tisha lazily rolled her long tongue over and around her lips to lap up mine and Momma's cum,

before she dived back between my mother's butt cheeks to lick some more.

Momma's entire body trembled with carnal pleasure from Tisha's loving mouth while she showed me what a wonderful cocksucker she was, her tongue rolling over my swollen cock-head before running the length of my cock, deep-throating my long penis again and again as she gazed up at me adoringly. I heard a loud slapping noise and suddenly Momma was up and climbing into my lap, shrugging her unbuttoned dress off her shoulders and leaving her gloriously naked. My cock, dripping with her saliva, pointed skyward and Momma expertly aimed her wet and bloomed cunt lips for it and then slowly impaled herself onto her son's erection.

I felt weight next to me on the loveseat's cushion and turned to see Tisha closing in with me, her mouth and chin again frosted with Momma's pussy creams and my sperm. My tongue was out and she paused to let me lap at the frothy mess on her chin before kissing me and sharing the taste of Momma's and my juices all mixed up. Weight shifted again as Momma positioned her feat so she could piston up and down on my cock. I felt her sweet breath as she pressed her

face to Tisha's and mine, and we all made adjustments to share tongues and the tastes we were all savoring while Momma began to bounce up and down on my cock.

Tisha withdrew, leaving the last frenetic minutes of our incestuous fuck to Momma and me, the sweat flying off my mother as she rode my cock, her massive tits flopping and bouncing all around as she rose and fell on my aching cock again and again. Momma's face was a portrait of building sexual desire and gratification, a lusty leer on her face as she moaned and panted until she was falling over into the precipice of orgasm, at which point she mashed her lips against mine and our tongues dueled as first she began to cum and then with a violent thrust upwards, I began to again fill her motherly womb with my seed.

My mother collapsed on top of me, driving my still throbbing cock a fraction deeper into her semen filled pussy and eliciting a pleasure filled moan from us both. Our kiss continued – gradually becoming calmer and more tender until finally our lips parted and we whispered sweet words of love to each other. Only when Tisha finally said in a hoarse whisper, "Time's about up – best pull yourselves together," did Momma reluctantly climb from my lap, my

cock making a wet noise as it left my mother's well fucked cunt. Momma rolled over to sit naked on the loveseat next to me, her legs widespread as cum began to slowly ooze from her spread labia.

Momma gave Tisha a questioning look and the African-American woman grinned and nodded while Momma began fingering herself, drawing out fingers coated in our mixed juices and licked them off, occasionally sharing them with Tisha who would lean over and suck Momma's fingers clean. By the time, the other guard returned, Momma and I were dressed and although the room reeked of sex, the other guard showed no notice as Tisha ordered her to take Momma back to her cell after allowing my mother and I one last long kiss.

Momma's face was etched with the mixed expression of a woman well fucked and a woman in pain from being separated from loved ones. My heart ached as well – I could feel my body already yearning for her presence, her touch and her love. Tisha walked me to the visitor's exit – visiting time was over and the visitor's parking lot was empty. As we stepped outside, she handed me a file-folder and said, "Your paperwork for your next conjugal visit, boy."

As I took it, she glanced around, making sure we were not near anyone who could overhear us. "Expect a call from me to get together in a week or two. I might have a line on some good information."

I smiled and nodded. I'm looking forward to it, Tisha." I turned to go and paused. "Thanks for today. For Momma and me both, it meant the world."

Tisha laughed and said, "You keep thinking I'm doing this for you. Truth is, I was horny and I wanted to see a mother and son get it on!" She licked her lips. "And I was a might hungry today – had a hankering for some good motherfucker cum!" She laughed at her own joke, waved and headed back inside, leaving me to replay the entire erotic afternoon on my long drive back to the university.

The next month moved both agonizingly slow and incredibly fast. Slow because every moment spent without Momma seemed like an eternity – I ached for her physically and sexually or just to have her with me, her jolly, 'live life to the fullest attitude' making me laugh and

inspiring me. Fast because suddenly, time seemed to be very, very short. The next time Tisha and I met, she informed me that Momma's parole hearing would be in October, so if we hoped to get Momma out any time soon, it would have to be then.

Tisha's presence at that seedy old motel in early September was a blessing in my time of need and even she seemed anxious to be with me. No sooner had she arrived at my room than we were tearing off each other's clothes, her giving me Momma's words of love between passionate kisses, our tongues whirling around each other as we became naked.

I took Tisha standing up against the door the first time, she climbing up my body and allowing me to impale her pussy with my cock, muscular legs wrapped around me as I slammed into her again and again, the black woman's hips thrusting back at me with an urgency she'd not had before, fingernails clawing at my back as she begged me to cum in her. It didn't take long – I had up a full head of steam despite masturbating almost every night since I'd last been with Momma and Tisha's fiery and tight pussy hungrily sucked at my cock, taking me deep into her womb and

holding me there when my body stiffened and I began to shoot streamer after streamer of thick jism inside her sweet cunt.

In the afterglow of sex, Tisha and I sprawled out on the bed as she shared her latest finds with me. Aside from the announced parole hearing date, she had something else. Tisha handed me a folder and when I glanced at the contents, I looked up at her with surprise. "What's this? These aren't of Momma," I said, holding up a picture of a badly beaten young woman.

Tisha shook her head grimly and replied, "No, they aint. My friend in the Sheriff's office found this. Seems your daddy really liked smacking women around. You got there the names and evidence of three other young gals your daddy beat up. Nothing ever came of it – I reckon your granddaddy got it all hushed up."

I leafed through the file, pausing to look with horror at the violence inflicted on these women – appalled that I was related to such sorry sons of bitches who would do such a

thing...or cover it up. "Do you think these women would testify or go public?"

Tisha shrugged and said, "I don't know. Your granddaddy has a long reach and scares a lot of folks."

Sighing, I closed the file and set it aside. I leaned over and kissed the African American woman softly. "It can't hurt. Thank you for doing this."

Tisha smiled and shrugged. "No big thing, John – it's – how do you college boys say it, 'quid pro quo.' I do for you and..." she reached out for my cock, gently stroking my sticky penis with her hand. "...and you do for me." She looked up into my eyes and said, "I've developed quite a taste for you, boy. Your momma and me get ourselves into quite the state talking about you and this fine cock."

My cock quickly hardened under Tisha's ministrations and she rolled onto her back, spreading her legs wide as she led my cock to her pussy which was flecked with my semen already. All the troubling thoughts in my head evaporated

under the sudden lust I felt for this woman – lust that was only second to that I felt for my mother.

"I need your cum, boy. Put that big cock in me and give me a good fucking like you'll give your momma in a few weeks." I needed no urging and I hungrily thrust forward, burying my cock in the black woman's pussy. I moaned as her inner flesh felt so incredibly hot and wet – molten silk caressing and massaging my cock as I slowly plunged deep inside her.

Instantly, our bodies seemed covered in a sheen of perspiration – the heat of our lust combining with the sultry and humid heat of a late Mississippi summer. The smell of aroused cunt mixed with that of sperm and then with the faint aroma of cinnamon as our bodies began to move in synch, slick white skin sliding along slick black skin as if meant to be while our joined crotches rolled back and forth, coming together with the wet slapping of two bodies. I leaned in and kissed Tisha, slowly dragging my tongue over and around hers, trying to simply lose myself in the sweet sensations of making love to her.

Tisha seemed very intent – her face a fierce mask of lust and need as she wrapped her arms and legs around me, tilting her hips to accept more of me if possible, moaning and sobbing softly, "Give me your spunk, baby – need it. Fuck me, John – so good, make Momma cum!"

It was a long, sweet, intense fuck – neither of us hurrying to end, to reach climax, just man and woman engaged in the world's most wonderful activity, cock in cunt, lips kissing, chests heaving together as pleasure waxed and waned. I could feel the pressure of my seed building up in my balls – sensing the immensity of my forthcoming load and I struggled valiantly against cumming too soon, reveling in the intense pleasure I was feeling and that I was giving Tisha.

We seemed to thrive in the rain forest humidity of the room – the arousing scent of sex enhancing our pleasure, making it grow and grow more powerful. The sheets were soaked with the sweat that poured off our bodies – we tasted the lust of each other with ever kiss and lick. The carnal power we shared grew and grew as did the speed of my thrusts until I was almost driving the breath from the

small black woman every time I slammed my cock into her sodden cunt.

Orgasm after orgasm ripped through Tisha until she was almost babbling incoherently – her limbs quivering with effort until finally I thrust deep as she turned her hips just so and I felt like I was piercing virgin territory and she wailed as never before as a tremendous orgasm struck, her thighs tightening around me, her heels digging into my hips, holding me in a tight, milking grip and with a sob of pleasure, I yielded to my own needs and began to cum – hosing her womb with fresh semen, cumming so hard, it almost hurt! Burst after burst of sperm come forth and for a crazy moment, I didn't think it would ever let up, but it did as I lay atop her, still tightly held in her passionate embrace as we both gasped for breath.

We didn't speak for the longest time, simply kissed each other lovingly as we looked into each other's eyes, both of us very aware that we had shared something beyond a friendly fuck. It wasn't love – at least not as I recognized it with Momma, but we had gone to a new place – an intimate place that even friends rarely discover. In the end, Tisha summed it up when she said, "Wow, white boy."

I nodded and replied, "Yeah."

We kissed again before I slowly withdrew from her, my cock aching pleasurably as I left her sweet pussy's grasp with a wet, lush pop. We cuddled for a while, not speaking, savoring the still sweltering heat that scarcely allowed the perspiration on our bodies to cool and evaporate. It was with reluctance that we finally climbed from the bed and got dressed. Tisha's brow was troubled as if she wanted to say something and finally before she left, looking authoritative in her uniform, she came up to me and put her arms around my neck.

"John, I ain't met many men...real men, either white nor black. But I've been with you and I seen how you are with your momma and how you've made her life better just being in it and for her and for me, I wanted to say 'thank you.' You're a good man, John Henderson."

I smiled back at her and said, "Thanks, I guess. You make it sound like goodbye."

Tisha smiled tightly and nodded. "Maybe, maybe not. I think this here shit storm is about to blow...for good or for bad and I just wanted to say it. You've done your momma a world of good and maybe me too."

I gave her a funny, concerned look. "What are you trying to say, Tisha?"

Tisha shook her head and kept smiling. "Nothing, boy, but just in case." She kissed me, long and slow, her tongue doing lazy swirls around mine and then said, "I'll give your momma your love – be patient. In two weeks, you'll have her all to yourself for a whole weekend and you can motherfuck up a storm!" She kissed me again and was gone – leaving me more than a bit confused. She'd had something on her mind, but I just couldn't figure out what it was.

#

I felt like I was in a maze of canyons made up of books. I was sitting at the center of the maze before a majestic old wooden desk and across from a man with the grandest

mane of leonine hair I'd ever seen. It was silver and matched the long, curling beard that he stroked as he perused the file I'd assembled along with Tisha. He'd told me, no, he commanded me to call him by his initials, "L.M." which stood for a name that was known across the nation for his legal efforts. Ally and friend to liberal causes and hated by many, especially those favoring bed sheets and hoods as recreational clothing.

I shifted nervously in my seat as L.M. read through the file, occasionally grunting as he rocked in a high backed leather office chair. He took his time and seemed totally absorbed in the material – nothing else seemed to exist. Finally, he closed it and let out a long, weary sigh. He turned and looked at me with dark, brown eyes that had intimidated more than one federal judge.

"You know, once I served the then honorable Sheriff Andrew Garrett with a federal court order and he literally...literally mind you, used it to wipe his ass." He let out another sigh and added, "You have quite a problem, Mister Henderson."

"Could we...could we win in court?" I asked him.

He fixed me with a solemn stare and said slowly. "I'd like to say that in twenty-first century Mississippi, yes, but...." He trailed off, still stroking his beard thoughtfully. "If we take this to court or to the press, perhaps a high court might review it and grant a new trial, but it would likely be tied up for years by your grandfather working in the background. We might even convince the governor to offer up a pardon, but considering our good governor owes his office to the influence of a few men including your grandfather, I rather doubt we could expect such a miracle."

"So," I began, my voice cracking a bit, "You won't take my mother's case?"

"On the contrary," replied L.M. "If it must be done, I would be proud to lead the fight to free your mother and spitting in the face of Congressman Andrew Garrett is always a pleasurable endeavor. But, as I have said, it will likely take considerable time to win Miz Carleen's freedom – time that would allow Congressman Garrett to perpetuate all sorts of mischief and mayhem."

L.M. paused and fixed me with an earnest expression. "Garrett would not be above harming your mother if he senses he might not get his way. A trial...possible appeals and all sorts of legal maneuvering could ensue and..." he tapped the file. "We can not presume that all or any of this would be admissible or that we can find or convince potential witnesses to testify on your mother's behalf."

We sat in silence for a moment until I finally said, "Is that what we need to do?"

The old man smiled and stroked his beard again. "Perhaps, but I have another idea. It will likely help that this is an election year and there's a 'throw the rascal incumbents out of office' movement stirring. It won't be as satisfying and it is still something of a roll of the dice, but...this is what I would suggest..."

#

Soapy water sloshed over me, splattering on my face as Momma cried out, her body heaving up out of the water as she thrust herself against me, her moist and steamy pussy tightening around my cock in orgasm. Her breasts, huge and slick slid across my chest, swollen nipples dragging against my wet skin. Momma's arms pulled me to her and we kissed as her milking cunt worked me over the edge and with a muffled groan I flooded my mother's womb with wad after wad of thick semen.

Water rolled back and forth in the old bathtub as Momma and I rocked in unison, both of us in the grip of incestuous orgasm. Weeks of tension seemed to wash away from both of us as we moved together, shivering at the sheer delight produced of our lovemaking. For a moment, perhaps only a brief moment, both Momma and me were at peace and as our bodies clung together, almost becoming one, we both savored the intimacy that we both now lived for.

I had been waiting anxiously for Momma to be escorted to the Red House and while I was pacing about, I'd been inspired to run Momma a hot bubble bath, emerging from the bathroom just as the front door opened and Momma, followed by Tisha, came inside. For a long moment,

Momma and I simply stared at each other, me feasting on the sight of the most beautiful woman in the world, her drab, prison issue khaki dress doing nothing to dim her womanly and motherly beauty.

Tisha had smiled at us and understanding that this was a time for Momma and me to be alone, said brusquely, "Eight o'clock check, Carlie," and withdrew, locking the door behind her. Momma and I flew into each others arms, words not enough, our need to be together – to be one dominating all other things. We kissed hard and passionately, hands roaming over our bodies as our tongues danced with the joy of being reunited. Our need for more physical contact directed our hands to unbutton and unsnap and we slowly, awkwardly undressed, never letting our lips break contact, moaning with happiness and desire as hands touched naked flesh, caressing large meaty breasts, hard, throbbing cock and dripping wet pussy.

As we kissed and touched, we slowly danced our way back to the bathroom, Momma cooing with pleasure as she eyed the old fashioned tub filled with hot water and bubbles. Still kissing, we climbed into the tub and slowly sat down, Momma's legs slipping around my waist and her crotch

slowly sliding against mine as my erect penis found her fiery pussy and pushed home in a mutual cry of ecstasy. Ignoring the mess we made with bath water splashing all around us, we quickly surrendered to our urgent desires for each other, mother and son fucking passionately, finding love and peace in each other as we could no where else.

In the afterglow of our reunion fuck, Momma pulled me against her, my head resting on her massive tits, listening to her heart gradually slow down to normal while her hands stroked my back and shoulders – neither of us speaking, just happy that we were in each other's arms.

Finally, I lifted my head, my heart flip-flopping at the sight of Momma's lovely face, an expression of motherly love on her face as her blue eyes met mine. "I love you, Momma."

Momma took a deep breath and let out a little, shivery sigh. "I love you, John. I swear, I'm always scared you ain't ever coming back to me. I think I'd die if you didn't come back to me!" She leaned forward and kissed me softly. "I think I'm gonna die until I get you in my arms again..." She

wiggled her pelvis against mine, sending ripples of pleasure through our still joined bodies. "And inside me again."

I thrust my still mostly erect cock forward inside her claspng cunt. "I'm here, Momma. I'm inside you. I'll keep coming back to you until I can take you home!" I kissed my mother, my hands slowly cupping and squeezing her immense breast flesh. I felt her meet my next slow thrust, her silky vaginal muscles caressing and kissing my shaft, urging my cock to become fully erect again. Momma moaned as she felt me grown inside her. "Soon, Momma – I think we can get you out of here and you'll never be apart from me again."

Tears pooled in Momma's eyes as her body hunched against mine. Between growing sighs of pleasure. "I keep praying for it, son. You know I'm yours but I'm like to die without you. I never knew I could need something...someone so bad, honey!"

My hands slid down to cup Momma's fleshy ass cheeks and I began using them for leverage as we began to fuck again. "Believe in me, Momma. I'm getting you out of here. You'll

be free and we'll be together forever." I had to stop speaking, the delicious intensity of feeling my cock move back and forth inside my mother's pussy was almost too much. Momma was crying now – I guess in part from the sweet ecstasy our incestuous lovemaking was inducing, but also from her need for me and her fear that even now, our newly discovered life might dissipate like a wonderful, but forever lost dream.

Our immediate pressures sated, we both surrendered ourselves to a long, sensual bout of fucking, my cock, aching and throbbing with unequaled pleasure, plowing deep into her furnace hot cunt, pussy muscles clinging to mine as we moved, wet, tangled pubic hairs tugging against each other in ways that only enhanced our sexual joy. Once in a while, Momma would emerge from an ecstatic haze to look at me and whisper, "Forever?"

I would smile, lean in and kiss her before responding happily with, "Forever, Momma!" The pleasure built between us until finally even just the slightest fraction of movement of cock and pussy delivered us to the precipice of orgasm, our breath coming in ragged gasps. One last time, I thrust into my mother, seeking her deepest and

most tender places and as we mutually reached orgasm, we both cried out, "FOREVER!" before I gave Momma another load of incestuous sperm while her cunt bathed my long, thick penis in her molten, motherly juices.

Later that night, long after the prisoner check, we cuddled in bed, bodies slightly cooling in the still humid air after another bout of lovemaking. I was on my back and Momma was snuggled up into me, one shapely leg thrown possessively across my thighs, her head resting on my chest with one hand wrapped loosely around my semi-erect cock, cleaned minutes before of my sperm and her creams by her loving mouth. I had just told Momma of the suggestion L.M. had offered.

"You think it'll work, John?" Momma whispered, the fear evident in her voice.

"I think so," I replied. "I agree with L.M. It's our best chance."

Momma said, "I'm scared that you be taking a mighty big chance, son. Your granddaddy's a crazy old bastard." Her hand tightened slowly and protectively around my not

quite flaccid flesh. "I'd up and die if something happened to you 'cause of me."

"Nothings going to happen to me, Momma, except in the end you get to go home with me." I screwed up my courage and said with more emphasis. "I'm sure of it!" Something I had been considering suddenly seemed imperative to do. Gingerly and with some reluctance, I slipped free of Momma's embrace and padded naked to the living room area and began digging through the backpack I carried my personal stuff in.

Momma looked over at me curiously, sitting up on the side of the bed as I returned carrying a small box in one hand. I stopped before her, my head roaring as blood began rushing through my veins in excitement. Momma looked at it curiously and then quickly brought one hand to her mouth as she realized what it was. "John...son, what in hell do y'all think your doing?"

I slowly knelt at her feet, opening the box to reveal a diamond ring inside. In a shaky voice I replied, "It belonged to Mom...Donna – it was her engagement ring. She left it to

me to give to the right woman when I met her. Well, I've met her." I looked up at my mother and took a deep breath. "Momma, I love you. Momma, will you please mar..."

Momma cut me off as she pressed fingers to my mouth. In a voice that was both happy and full of pain, Momma said, "No – don't ask me, son – not here, please not here." I must have looked crushed because Momma swiftly moved to her knees facing me and kissing me. When she drew back, she said, "Son, you know my answer already – there aint no denying what we are to each other and you know I'm gonna say yes!" She shook her head and continued, "But not in this shithole. Ask me when you get me free. When you take me home, stop someplace pretty and green and ask me." Momma reached out and closed the box and took it from my hand and set it on the table beside the bed.

Momma placed her hands on both sides of my face and slowly drew me to her. "I love you, son," my mother said, tears running down her face. "You done and made an old woman happier than she ever known was possible." She kissed me and then climbed into my lap, hugging me tight as we continued to kiss. I put away any disappointment I felt and kissed her back hard, relishing the feel of her

luscious body against mine. I wanted to see Momma happy. I wanted her to wear my ring. I wanted her at home with me where she belonged. I thought of L.M.'s suggestion and knew I had to do it as soon as possible. Everyday without Momma by my side was a day lost and I wanted no more lost days!

#

I stood looking up at the old marble and stone courthouse in the square of the small city. It looked worn and outdated, much like the town itself. Now in early October, the heat continued to bake Southern Mississippi, doing nothing to improve it. I turned and looked all around at the hometown of my father and like him, it did nothing to impress me. I shifted the thick file I was holding from one hand to the other.

Across the street from the courthouse, a row of old buildings were shoved up next to each other. A small bakery, a five and dime with dilapidated mechanical horses that offered a ride for a quarter, and next to it, a storefront with a big window with "RE-ELECT GARRETT – KEEP

THE SHERIFF IN CONGRESS" painted in red, white and blue. In smaller, gold-leaf letters, it proclaimed this as the local office of the honorable Andrew Garrett of the U.S. House of Representatives. It was time or as L.M. had put it, "Time to roll for all the marbles." Taking a deep breath, I crossed the street and walked inside my grandfather's office.

Inside, I found a few people busily phoning supporters or putting together campaign materials. With only a month to go before election, there was no time to waste and with the 'toss the incumbents out' mentality this year, there was a sense of urgency. I ignored the campaign workers and approached a large mahogany desk where a lovely young woman with long, honey-blonde hair appeared to be manning the entire operation. She considered me with the air of someone who was trying to place somebody they thought seemed familiar. "Can I help you?"

Trying to keep the nervousness out of my voice, I replied, "I'd like to see Congressman Garrett."

Smiling smugly, she responded with, "Do you have an appointment?"

"Ah, no."

The pretty girl gave me a sympathetic smile and said, "I'm sorry then. The Congressman is a very busy man and you'll need to make an appointment."

With a dismissive air, she turned from me to reach for the phone. She paused when I said, "Oh, I think he'll see me. Tell him his grandson, John, wants to see him."

She turned and looked at me in surprise. "Grandson? Congressman Garrett doesn't have a grandson." I could see her brain working in overdrive behind her sparkling green eyes. She was running over the biography of granddaddy – the same one I'd learned in recent days. Andrew Garrett – age sixty-eight. Remarried at age fifty-seven, following the death of his first wife, Edith who passed away from cancer five years following the untimely death of his son, Lee Dean. With his new wife, he had two children, ages nine and six. I actually had an uncle and a niece.

"Sure he does," I replied. "John – son of Lee Dean. I go by Henderson rather than Garrett. I'd rather burn in hell than use that name. Go tell him I'm here."

The receptionist was now nonplussed and scooted away from her desk as if scared I might do something crazy and muttered, "Please wait right here." She got up and hurried out of the room, going deeper into the building.

I waited, using the time to study my surroundings. Lots of photographs adorned the walls – all connected with Andrew Garrett. Pictures of my grandfather in his sheriff days, a big, robust man, pictures of him as Congressman or on the campaign trail, pictures of him and other politicians, even him with a couple of presidents. My eyes finally came to rest on a picture of him with my father and my grandmother.

I'd ran across a few pictures of Lee Dean while doing research, but they were grainy and blurry. Here I could clearly see that Momma was right. I did look like him, although where he was already running to fat at my age, I

was just a bit stocky. The one thing we seemed to have different was the eyes – mine were blue like Momma's and his were a dark, menacing black. What gave me pause was my grandmother whose picture I'd not seen before. My father and I took after her – same nose and chin and the same sandy-blond hair. She was a pretty woman, but her smile in the family photograph was forced, almost pained. For the first time, I considered what her life was like. I shook my head and wondered what other pain my forefathers had caused.

"The Congressman will see you now." The blonde receptionist had returned, standing a safe distance away. She gestured towards the door she'd retreated through earlier. I followed her down a long narrow hall until she stopped in front of a door and pointed. She gave me a strange stare as I brushed by her and then I forgot about her as I met my grandfather for the first time.

Andrew Garrett appeared to have aged considerably from the pictures on the wall. Maybe he had been hale and hearty most of his life, but now mortality seemed to be catching up with him with a vengeance. His hair was thin and gray, he was a big man who'd shrunk considerably and now

seemed to almost swim under a finely pressed shirt, tie hanging haphazardly around his neck. His face was lined with sun drawn wrinkles. He stared at me with my father's eyes for a long minute.

Finally, he gave a long drawn out sigh and said, "So you're the whore's brat, huh?"

"Nice to meet you too, Grandpa."

He nearly spit at me as he sat forward in his chair behind a massive desk and said, "You aint family, boy. You're the filth that ran down your whorin' momma's leg."

I felt my face redden and my anger build as I responded, "Take a good look at me old man. I'm not proud of it, but Lee Dean's my father."

He started to spit another retort, but his eyes studied my face and then dampened, acknowledging wordlessly that I spoke the truth. He reached into a pocket and pulled out a

white handkerchief and hawked into it. Finally, he looked at me again and said, "What the hell you want, boy?"

"I want my mother's parole to go through this month."

He let out a raspy laugh and slapped the table. "Like hell. Only way your momma leaves prison is in a pine box to be dumped in the pauper's graveyard."

"You've took nearly twenty years away from my momma – years she never deserved to lose. You'll let her go or I'll ruin you." I tossed the file I'd been carrying onto the desk.

Garrett eyed the file like I'd flung shit all over his desk. Gingerly, he opened the file up and began leafing through, his face darkening as he looked at its contents. He paused over some of the more graphic photographs and while I looked for a glimmer of shame or humanity in his eyes, I never saw either surface. Finally, he closed the file and said, "You ain't gonna get a retrial and if you do, I guarantee it will take years and she'll still be guilty. Sides, most of this shit ain't admissible."

I nodded and said, "I never said anything about a retrial. I said I'd destroy you. You're running for re-election and if your party wins big, you get to be a big shot chairman of some dumb shit committee. I give this to the media and they read all about the famous 'law and order' sheriff-congressman and how he hid his asshole son's brutalizing women and your name is mud...here and in Washington. That's before they begin scrutinizing your malfeasance in office...then and now."

My grandfather licked his lips and then responded. "Boy, you don't know how things work here. I run things here."

"No, you intimidate folks and blackmail them and whatever 'cause that's how it's always been done, but it's the twenty-first century – the information age. You can control all the law officers you want and the local courts and parole boards and such, but this if information goes out to the media and the internet, you are truly fucked...at best you wind up an ex-sheriff and ex-congressman with no power and a whole lot of enemies looking for payback." I was speaking in harsh, brutal clips, scarcely able to breathe.

We had a staring contest for over a minute before he leaned back in his chair and said, "Maybe I just erase you and your whore momma from the equation altogether."

I grinned and said, "You could do that, but then copies of this file go out. To the television stations here in Mississippi and in Washington, to the Washington Post and L.M. steps in and files all sorts of suits to play hell with you."

His eyes widened at the mention of the law professor's name. "You be bluffing – he ain't gonna be involved."

"Yeah, he said you wouldn't believe me. He said to tell you he expects to have another federal court order or two for you to wipe your ass on again. He said to tell you these aren't the old days anymore."

His face paled a bit and then he said, "You're still bluffing. This ain't some goddamn movie."

I leaned in, resting my hands on his desk and said, "It's exactly like a goddamn movie. You get my mother paroled before the end of the month or I will bring you down. If you fuck with me, Grandpa, you better stock up on Vaseline because your enemies will be lining up to fuck you up the ass."

Again, there was a long silence and I suspected he was preparing to tell me to go fuck myself, but finally he said in a much quieter voice than before, "That whore murdered your father, boy – don't that matter?"

I didn't spare a second in replying, "She put down a fucking rabid dog. I'm ashamed that I come from his blood and yours. You got your pound of flesh for Momma doing what you should have done long ago. She paid half her life for doing the right thing. It's done. Let her go."

His face went pale, then red as I spoke. Slowly, it paled again as he fumbled on the desk for a pack of cigarettes and matches. Lighting up, he sucked in a lungful of what I hoped was cancerous smoke and then as he exhaled, said, "What exactly do you want?"

I smiled and said, "Two weeks from now, she has her parole hearing and you make sure her parole is granted. You leave her be. You leave us both be. No reprisals against her, me or anyone you think helped us. Anything happens to her or me and your world ends. After she's free, we don't know you and you don't know us. We're finished. Oh, and just so you know, you're not getting my vote."

Smoke curled up around his head, enveloping the old man's face. I barely was able to see him nod his head and then say, "Get out, boy." He slowly spun his chair around to face the wall. He didn't say another word and I walked away. I never saw that sorry son of a bitch again.

#

On October Twenty-first, Momma sat before the parole board. I sat in the audience with a few other family members of prisoners, a reporter who was dozing and Tisha. They asked Momma some silly-assed questions about being rehabilitated and listened to Corrections Officer Latisha Wilkins report about Momma's good

conduct and that she had family support ready and waiting upon release. The five person board shuffled some papers around and then the chairperson, a heavy-set middle aged woman said, "Thank you, Miz Howard. The Board's recommendation will be released in a couple of weeks."

A gray haired gentleman in a rumpled seersucker suit reached out and placed his hand on the woman's wrist and said, "Madame Chairperson, I think the Board is ready to vote now." He gave her a knowing look and she slowly nodded and he added, "Madam Chairperson, I call for a vote to parole Carleen Howard."

Five minutes later, Momma was granted parole – her freedom to come within two days as papers were filed and processed. Momma and I were allowed to hug for a moment, both of us crying and even Tisha looked a bit misty-eyed.

The next two days were the longest I'd spent since I'd first come to see my mother. My imagination was filled with all sorts of worst case scenarios that my grandfather might inflict upon us, but on October Twenty-fourth, I sat in the

parking lot in front of the women's prison, my eyes drawn again and again to the Red Houses beyond the fence line, thinking of what those old, tumbledown shacks had meant to us.

I could see activity around the Red Houses, prisoners being led to them by female guards. I couldn't make out faces, but one women prisoner had long, stringy blonde hair. Before she reached her destination, she turned and looked my way through the metal fence and razor wire and waved. Maybe it was Ettie, maybe not. I never was sure. I never saw her again. I wish her and her little boy well, though.

A klaxon rang out and the front gates of the prison swung open. Tisha stepped out, one arm hooked through Momma's arm. Gone was the old khaki prison dress. Instead Momma was wearing the pretty summer dress I'd brought her the first time we'd spent the weekend at the Red House, the elastic top tugged down to leave her shoulders bare and much of the upper swell of her breasts visible – her tit flesh bouncing along as free and unrestrained as Momma now was. Momma broke into a run as soon as she saw me, a little awkward and unbalanced on the short high heels I'd sent along with the dress earlier

that morning. White, unblemished thighs flashed dangerously high as we ran to each other.

My mother fairly leapt into my arms and I crushed her in an embrace like I never wanted to let her go. I lifted her up and spun her around before lowering her so I could kiss her face. She looked beautiful through tear blurred eyes – both of us crying and both of us saying how much we loved each other between wet, passionate kisses.

Finally, we both remembered that Tisha was standing there, watching us, tear tracks evident on her face. I reached out and pulled her to us, saying, "Thank you so much, Tisha – I owe you everything for getting Momma free." I kissed her cheek and then I kissed her on the mouth. For a brief moment I caught her cinnamon scent.

Momma moved in on her and they shared a long embrace and a passionate kiss before they reluctantly let each other go and Momma moved back into my arms. "I – thanks, Tisha," Momma gushed. "I reckon I owe you my freedom as much as I do John."

Tisha wiped her cheek clear of moisture and looked at us both, a funny smile on her face. For the first time, I realized she looked a little wan – tired, as if she didn't feel well. I hadn't seen her since I'd last visited Momma in the Red House. We'd talked a time or two on the phone, but she'd passed on my more than subtle hints to get together. "Are you okay, Tisha?"

The black woman nodded and said, "I'm fine, boy." She dropped her gaze for a moment and then lifted her head and said bluntly, "Y'all don't owe me a thing. This is the prison and nothing gets done for free. I did for you and you did for me." That funny smile returned and she said, "You did for me more than you might ever know."

Tisha came up to us both and hugged us together. "Go on now, boy. This girl is free, get her the hell out of here." She smiled at us one more time and said, "Y'all take care now, hear?" and turned and walked away, the klaxon blaring again as the gates opened up and swallowed her. She never looked back.

Momma turned to me and suddenly the enormity of what had happened hit her. She looked around, realizing that for the first time in almost twenty years, she was outside the walls of the prison...that she was free. Momma began to shiver as if freezing and clung to me as if the wide open spaces were closing in. She looked at me with both love and fear in her eyes and whispered, "Get me the hell away from here, son!"

We climbed into my car – a not too new small sedan. I showed her how to work the seat belt and then I was in and we took off. Neither of us looked back at the prison. For a few minutes, Momma just watched Mississippi go by, marveling at the stark difference that everything was in regards to where she's lived for the last two decades. Newly harvested fields, shotgun shacks, irrigation canals, children both black and white playing in the hard scrabble yards – all of it Momma just soaked in.

After several minutes of silence, Momma reached out and took my hand, squeezing it. When I looked over at my mother, she was crying, tears pouring from her eyes. "Momma, are you okay?" I asked.

She nodded and then shook her head. "I don't rightly believe this is happening," she said in a halting voice. "I keep thinking I'll wake up and it'll 'bout kill me to know I was dreaming."

I pulled her hand to my lips and kissed it gently. "It's no dream, Momma. You're here with me now...now and forever. We can go wherever you want and do whatever you want!"

Momma's face glowed with love as she in turn pulled my hand to her lips and kissed it over and over. "I just want to be with you, son, the rest of my life."

We drove on, not talking, hands still joined and occasionally giving each other a look that was more than enough to convey our love for each other. We passed through a small town with a fast food chicken place. I went through the drive-thru and picked us up a picnic bucket and drinks. Another ten miles down the road saw us approaching a small Civil War Battlefield park, full of trees and a small row of cannons. We pulled in and I retrieved a blanket from the

trunk and we carried our food over into the trees where I spread the blanket under a tall oak.

Late October in Mississippi, things are still pretty green and it was a pleasant day – the summer heat long gone. We ate our lunch mostly in silence, pausing to give each other silly, greasy kisses. Once we were done, we took a walk through the trees, Momma looking radiant in the early afternoon sun, looking erotic as the bright light of the sun made her dress seem almost transparent – making it even more obvious that she was not wearing a bra and maybe not panties. We still didn't say much beyond little "I love you" and other endearments.

Finally, we returned to our picnic spot. Momma squatted down to take up the blanket, but I knelt next to her and said, "Wait a minute, Momma."

My mother looked at me expectantly and said, "Something wrong, John?"

I shook my head and said, "No, but we have some unfinished business. From my pocket, I pulled out the small

ring box she'd closed when we'd last been together. I opened it up and held up the small diamond ring. I took Momma's hand in mine and said, "I've waited like you've asked, but now it is the right time. Momma...Carleen Howard, I love you with all my heart. Will you please marry me?"

Fresh tears rolled down Momma's face and she looked at me and said, "You sure you want an old prison slut like me?" I nodded, a big grin on my face. Momma bit her lower lip for a second and then said, "Son, yes...God yes. I'm right proud you're my son and I'll be proud to be your wife!"

I slid the ring onto her left hand and we kissed, kneeling there on the blanket, tongues joining in loving greeting as we hugged each other tightly. When we ended the long, passionate kiss, Momma had her evil, sexy grin back and she said, "You think Donna would approve?"

I shrugged my shoulders and replied, "I think so. Mom was all about being happy and always said love and family is what's important and in your arms, I have both in more ways than I ever dreamed possible."

"I love you, son," Momma whispered, pushing me onto my back, her hands working at my belt. "I love my boy and I'll be proud to have a motherfucker for a husband!" Before I knew it, Momma had my pants down around my ankles and my cock was proud and erect in her hands. My mother moved up to straddle me, raising the hem of her short dress and confirming what I was already suspecting – that she wasn't wearing any panties, her thick, black bush glistened with arousal.

With a moan, Momma guided my erect penis between her already swollen labia, slick with her juices and slowly sank down on my cock! Momma took all of me inside her in one sweetly drawn out movement, raising her hands to the sky and stretching out on me like a big jungle cat, her fingers flexing like claws as quivers of pleasure took her over. She looked down at me and as she began to ride me, moaned, "Now, I know I'm free. I'm fucking my son, my lover, my husband and I'll know I'm free every time I got this good hard cock inside me!"

Momma let out a squeal of carnal delight while I reached up and tugged the neckline of her dress down, fully revealing her massive tits, nipples already thick with excitement, swollen and almost throbbing with her desires. My fingers played over her breasts, pinching hard nipples and squeezing her soft, pillow-like flesh.

A gentle breeze blew over us, making us shiver as it briefly cooled our suddenly sweaty bodies, adding to the sweet, incestuous pleasure building in us as Momma slid her clasping pussy up and down my cock, her thick labia trying to cling to my shaft as she rose up and then swallowing all of me as she let her slick, molten cunt slide down my long, thick pole.

I felt an orgasm wash over Momma, making her nipples swell even more as she completely impaled herself on my cock, grinding her pelvis against mine as I felt her juices soak our co-joined crotches. I pulled her face down to mine, our lips parting so we could kiss again, her tongue tasting fresh and delicious against my tongue as they curled and roiled around each other. Momma kissed me hard, her body quivering as she shook from the intensity of her

climax, ending it with a gasp of "I'm free – fucking my loving boy. I'm free!"

I let my hands slip to cup Momma's ass and I began to work her back and forth on my cock, allowing her waning orgasm to blossom anew as I buried my face against her mammoth breasts, biting one and then the other nipple as she clung to me and sobbed her orgasm, her cries deepening every time she dropped and again took all of me deep into her tightening womb. Momma's cries of passion were echoed back in the glad responses of songbirds in the trees, eventually fading as her second orgasm began to ebb.

Momma wiggled contentedly with my throbbing penis deep inside her and I let myself go, thrusting my hips up with so much effort, her breasts bounced wildly in appreciation as I flooded her cunt with shot after shot of semen, the fiery seed triggering another orgasm in my mother. I held her tight as she convulsed in my lap, her pussy milking my sperm from my balls, just reveling in holding Momma in my arms with no one to tell me or her that we had to stop.

With Momma free, there seemed to be no end to what we might do. Sure, there were some rough days as Momma struggled to adapt to a new life, one that no longer included prison walls and a rigid, rarely changing schedule. At the end of each bump we hit, Momma found comfort in my arms and I found new levels of intimacy I never knew could be shared with another human being. Day by day, Momma braved her new world and we celebrated triumph, big or small. Whether it was learning to drive and getting a new license or simply venturing from the house to grocery shop, we embraced every step of Momma's return to the world.

At my Thanksgiving break, we drove over to New Orleans and had ourselves an honest to god Honeymoon after having a backwater justice of the peace marry us. I promised Momma we'd return to see the sights another time because we only emerged from our hotel room to get something to eat when we tired of room service. We wear matching gold bands, simple, plain rings that represent the pureness of our love for each other.

Despite our happiness, we did have a shadow following us – the ever present possibility of my grandfather somehow

finding a way to strike back at us. We discussed leaving Mississippi and seized on the opportunity to do so when the chance was given to me to transfer to a California school and continue my graduate studies on Falkner and his 'Hollywood' years. Momma was quite happy to leave Mississippi behind – the truth being that Tisha Wilkins was the only thing we'd regret leaving behind. Tisha resisted most contact and other than a few phone conversations, we never caught up to her before we left.

Momma and I celebrated our first wedding anniversary in California making love in our apartment near UCLA. We had other reasons to celebrate as well. One morning in early November as we prepared to go to school (me to my graduate studies and Momma to some remedial preparatory college classes), the news came over the news cable station that Congressman Andrew Garrett had died. Officially attributed as a massive heart attack, reports soon surfaced that he'd done himself in and that it had been officially hushed up.

And shortly after Granddaddy's death, we received word from Tisha after several months of silence...a letter and a photograph. The photo was of Tisha and an infant perhaps

six months old. The baby had dark skin, sandy brown hair and blue eyes. The back of the picture was labelled, "Tisha and Katherine." The letter was short and to the point.

"I RECKON THE PICTURE TELLS MOST OF THIS. I ALWAYS TOLD YOU THAT IN PRISON, NOTHING COMES FOR FREE. I DID FOR YOU AND CARLIE AND YOU ARE FREE TO LIVE YOUR LIVES. IN EXCHANGE YOU DID FOR ME TOO, ALTHOUGH I RECKON IT AINT EXACTLY WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GIVING. I WANTED A BABY FROM A GOOD MAN AND JOHN THAT WAS YOU. CARLIE'S LUCKY SHE'S GOT YOU FOR A SON AND A HUSBAND. LITTLE KATHERINE'S LUCKY SHE'S GOT YOU FOR A DADDY AND I'LL MAKE THE INTRODUCTIONS REAL SOON. IN SOME WAYS, SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF ALL THREE OF US AND NOONE CAN DENY THAT SHE IS DEFINETELY A CHILD OF LOVE.

LOVE,

TISHA

P.S. JOHN, I LET YOUR GRANDDADDY KNOW HE HAD
A FINE HALF-BLACK/HALF WHITE GREAT
GRANDDAUGHTER A WEEK BEFORE HE DIED. I
THOUGHT HE'D WANT TO KNOW.

And that's where we are now – working on schooling and
waiting anxiously to meet my daughter...Momma's
granddaughter. Sometimes at night after we've made love,
Momma and I will talk about the future. Some of my
professors are already guiding me towards staying here
once I've gained my doctorate. Momma and I talk about
buying a house or maybe even building our own. We're not
sure except that we agree on the color. We both think there
is only one answer – the color we associate most with our
incestuous love. We will live in a red house.

THE END