

RESURRECTION

Ahabscribe

A shattered son turns to his loving mother.

Incest/Taboo

4.66

11.4k words

Okay...I'm back - it has been only four months or so, but it seems alot longer. This story is somewhat autobiographical although nothing so bad has happened to me in real life, but I hope it catches the spirit of the last several months. It is also the first time I've tried to break down the so called "Fourth Wall," and I'm curious as to your impressions. Remember, it is a work of fiction. (However, all stories mentioned within are part of my writings here at Literotica.)

Enjoy and please fire off those comments - your feedback is what inspires me the most.

I splurged on a taxi ride from the bus depot, staring at my home town with the same eagerness and sense of wonder I'd had on the seven hour bus ride up Interstate 75. Who knew that two years of staring at gray concrete walls would leave someone so starved for color? Even the garish, neon colors of the fast food restaurants looked good to me. Focusing on the passing scenery also helped occupy my mind and help me to not think about how nervous I was. Of all the people I had to face now that I was free again, Mom would be the hardest.

The taxi pulled up in front of my mother's home – the house I grew up in. A modest tract house in a huge neighborhood filled with identical houses, each now made distinctive by forty years of passing time. Trees towed overhead – trees that had been saplings when I was a young child aching for trees big enough to climb.

I paid the driver and slung my duffle bag over my shoulder and began to walk up the sidewalk. The front door opened up and behind a screen door stood my mother and I paused, uncertain whether or not to continue.

Mom looked pretty much the same as the last time I'd seen her, just before the trial began. Mom was fifty now – I'd missed her birthday by three months. She wore her years well, her fair skin almost without flaw and wrinkles. The drab housedress she had on seemed to make her look dowdier than she really was. Mom has a matronly figure – big bosomed and large shapely hips and although she is thickening in the middle, she still has a curvy, reubenesque figure. Mom had her hair cut short, almost in a pixie cut and only her hair betrayed her age and perhaps the stress of the last few years as her black hair was liberally laced with gray. Mom's dark brown eyes glistened wetly as she looked me over like I was a stranger.

Mom opened the door and gave me a nervous, uncertain smile before she said, "Well, John, come on in."

I got my feet unstuck and came on up the sidewalk and onto the porch. I felt my throat trying to close and barely was able to stutter, "Hi, Mom." I tried looking her in the eye, but I felt my face flush and embarrassment flood over me. I wanted to turn around and run like hell. The only problem was I didn't know where else to go.

Mom's troubled smile stayed on her face, but she reached out and squeezed my shoulder and then leaned in and said in a voice as choked up as mine, "Welcome home, son." She used her hand to propel me forward and I stepped into the house of my youth, looking much as it had when I was a child, big, overstuffed sofa and chairs, a relatively new television and pictures of family – Mom, Dad and myself at various stages of my youth. There was an empty space on one wall that was lighter than the rest roughly the size of a picture or to be more precise, a wedding portrait. I gave thanks for small mercies.

When the door was closed, I dropped my duffel bag to the floor and turned to face Mom who was studying me intently. Silence and tension filled the air as Mom looked me over. Mom reached out and ran her fingers through my hair. She smiled again, more sad than nervous as she said, "You're going gray, son. You've got more gray than me now."

I shrugged, still not sure I could open my mouth without breaking down and bawling like a baby. Mom stepped closer until she was almost in my arms and said, "Are you okay, John? All that time...all that happened, are you okay?"

I took a long, stuttering breath and as I let the breath go, I replied, "I'm fine now, Mom...now that I'm here." And then I started to cry and Mom's arms were around me and we were both crying and I never felt so glad to be somewhere in all my life.

After we both ran out of tears, Mom told me to take my things down the hall to my old room and get unpacked and cleaned up while she got dinner together. Wiping my eyes, I could only nod and do as she asked me to.

As I walked down to my old room, my head was full of churning emotions. Embarrassment still threatened to overwhelm me even as I struggled not to let my body react to being embraced by a female...any female in over two years, but especially by my mother. I let my mind turn to recent memories of being on the inside to quell the erection that was half-formed in my slacks.

I tried to focus my attention elsewhere and found distractions in my old bedroom. At age thirty-three, I had been on my own for almost fifteen years and Mom had long ago turned my old room into a guest room. My sports memorabilia, kung-fu posters and twin bed had been replaced by a queen size bed and a mature and tasteful bedroom suite. As I put away my few possessions into a bureau drawer, I realized how dispossessed I was...my history in this room erased like my life had been.

Back downstairs, having washed a day's travel off me, my mood brightened considerably as Mom demonstrated that one thing had not changed and that was her cooking. To most folks, I reckon that meat loaf and mashed potatoes wouldn't be that big a deal, but most folks never had my Mom's meat loaf and mashed potatoes, topped off with a big slice of her pecan pie! After more institutional meals than I ever want to remember, Mom's cooking was pure ambrosia and I made a pig of myself while Mom looked on with a pleased expression on her face.

Still, there was a distance – a gulf between us – something that etched tension on Mom's face as she rambled on about family doings that I'd missed over the past few years...a something that both of us seemed reluctant to bring up.

Mom shooed me away when I offered to help her with the dishes, instead insisting I keep my seat and drink another glass of her sun tea while she cleaned the kitchen up. A lot of awkward silences ensued before Mom finally worked up the courage to ask me, "So, John – is it all that over now?"

You don't have to do anything else?" Mom's shoulders shook as she spoke, facing away from me as she washed dishes. There was fear and worry in her voice.

I made sure I had my voice under control before I replied, "It's done. The conviction is being expunged from the record despite the district attorney's objections. The appeals court's ruling is final and I won't face any further charges." I didn't know how relieved I was until I said it aloud and could hear it in my voice.

Mom's body shuddered with what I hoped was relief as well and then she said, "What about you and Lisa? Have you talked to her? Is there any chance..."

She left the rest unsaid as I let out a weary sigh. "No, Mom, we're done. The divorce was final over a year ago. Her lawyer told my lawyer that she wants nothing to do with me. The shysters are working out a new settlement on the sale of our house now." I shook my head in disgust. "I just want to move on, Mom. I've had two years to fall out of love with Lisa. I'm not pissed at her any more. I just want to rebuild my life."

Mom turned and looked at me – the pain and confusion as evident on her face as it had been two years ago when I'd asked her not to attend my trial. I could see the struggling emotions on her face as she replied softly, "I'm so sorry, John. I wish – maybe if I'd done things differently after your father left us..." She ducked her head and spun around – not fast enough for me not to see the tears.

I wanted to go and wrap my arms around my mother, but I was frozen in my seat, feeling frustrated and impotent and embarrassed. I could hear the inadequacy in my voice as I said, "It's not your fault, Mom. It's no-one's fault."

That was a lie of course. All of this was my fault. Almost three years ago, my then wife, Lisa went and found religion in a big way. Then already knowing my predilection for internet pornography, Lisa did some snooping on my laptop and discovered my secret life as Ahabscribe – writer of incest fiction. Along with my many stories, Lisa found other folks' stories and my collection of incest cartoons, hentai, and explicit photos and videos. And she went insane over it.

Lisa decided I was some sort of child porn purveyor despite the complete lack of actual child porn and she turned my laptop over to the local police department which agreed with her that I was some kind of sick pervert and before I knew it, I was under arrest and completely disgraced. I lost my job, my friends gradually faded into the woodwork, especially as the incestuous nature of my writing and collection emerged.

Lisa began divorce proceedings even before the trial began. My pride in my writing struggled with the sudden embarrassment of being portrayed as the "Incest Pervert" in the local media and worse of all – I hated the attacks and recriminations thrown at my mother as ugly speculations were tossed her way. The last time I had seen Mom was just before the trial when I had insisted she not attend – to distance herself from me for her own well being.

The trial was a slam dunk guilty verdict. Despite not finding one piece of actually illegal material, I was found guilty of trafficking in illegal pornography and sentenced to twelve years in prison. With a final swing of his gavel, the judge finished destroying my life and off to a Georgia penitentiary I went.

For the next two years, my lawyer worked towards an appeal while I counted the days inside a minimum security facility. Two weeks ago, my conviction was overturned and the prosecuting

attorney censured for not exercising proper perspective for whatever that might be worth. As I sat there in Mom's kitchen, I knew that there would be a coming settlement for wrongful conviction, but due to the lurid nature of the charges, my lawyer predicted it would be a pittance compared to what I'd lost.

Suddenly I realized Mom was standing over me, her hand on my neck as she again repeated that she was so sorry – "If I'd raised you better...if you'd had a father here, maybe it would have been different."

I broke free of my enervation and came to my feet and in a teary voice repeated, "Mom this isn't your fault. This is all on me. I never dreamed my feelings and fantasies would cause you this kind of pain!" I wrapped my arms around Mom and pulled her tight and for the second time that day we shared a good cry, embracing tightly. Despite my guilt at the pain I had caused her, part of me was aroused by the situation. I could feel Mom's heavy breasts, restrained by her bra, heaving against my chest, creating in me feelings that I hadn't allowed myself to feel in years. I felt myself hardening as Mom's belly bumped and pressed against my groin area. My head started to spin as I felt myself grow light-headed in my excitement.

Mom, I think, must have felt my growing arousal too as she abruptly broke our embrace and stepped away and around the table, wiping her eyes as she moved. She laughed half-heartedly and said, "You must think I'm ridiculous carrying on this way."

I let out a shuddering sigh and sat back down, trying to hide any evidence of my erection as I rubbed my eyes, my face wet with my tears. "No, Mom. It...I know it had to be tough on you – all the embarrassment of having a pervert for a son and it all being on television and in the papers."

Mom's face reddened a bit and she frowned as she replied, "No, John. I know you're no pervert. Things get...well, they get confusing." Mom turned away and went back to her dishes and things went very quiet for a bit. Finally, Mom glanced up at the kitty-cat clock on the wall, its tail and eyes moving as they had when I was a little boy. "I think the Tigers are on the television tonight. Why don't you go watch while I finish up in here?"

I sensed that Mom wanted to be alone for a few minutes and having calmed down enough so that there wasn't an obvious bulge in my pants, I took my tea and went into the living room and turned on the TV, sitting in the old recliner chair as I had when I was a kid. The Tigers were playing the White Sox, but my head wasn't in the game despite having dearly missed baseball while I was in prison. My mind was on Mom and what being near her was doing to me. I hadn't considered that when I had called her after learning I was to be released and asking if I could come home until I got things sorted out.

I hadn't really known who else to turn to afterwards. Lisa was long gone, returning to her native Maryland and all my "friends" had made it clear I was no longer welcomed around them. And despite being cleared of the charges – I had no desire to stay in Georgia one minute longer than necessary. Mom had remained the one constant in my life – sending me letters filled with hope and love, never mentioning the circumstances of my incarceration, but remaining the one beacon of hope within my cold, gray world.

Mom came in with fresh cups of coffee and sat across from me on the sofa and we both pretended to watch the baseball game for a long time. I hadn't even bothered to turn the volume up. The silence was almost deafening in and of itself. We each traded uncomfortable glances with each other.

"I guess we need to talk about this," Mom said suddenly, her gaze suddenly fixed intently on me, reminding of times when I had gotten into trouble back in high school. I was reminded of the time I wrecked her car and she had interrogated me calmly in this very room until all the truth came out.

I took a deep breath and nodded, finally replying, "I suppose so. It's like the elephant in the room, isn't it?"

Mom smiled then, one of the first untroubled smiles I'd seen on her face since I walked through the door. It brought out her beauty so much it made my heart ache. Then her expression became more serious and she said, "So, you're fascinated with incest?"

I shrugged, feeling my face begin to burn. "Yes – some might say it's more of an obsession to me."

Mom nodded and said, "Is that why you used the name Ahab? Ahab was an obsessed man and you love to..."

"Write – yeah – in part anyway. I um, loved the idea of incest – of family members in love and lust and making love. I have always imagined that family love would be more intimate, more intense than any other type of relationship and it captured my imagination...I guess." From the heat on my face, I knew I had to be blushing – my face a deep shade of red. My heart was pounding so hard it almost hurt. I couldn't believe I was having this conversation with Mom of all people.

Mom's face was red too, but there was a look of intense curiousness in her expression. "And all the things they found on your computer – incest?"

"Yeah, Mom, most of it was. Most of it was related to incest. Cartoons and such. A lot of it was Japanese cartoons, what they call hentai."

Mom said, "Yes, I know what hentai is, John."

She looked at me expectantly and I went on. "Um yeah, well, cartoons and drawings depicting incest and other people's supposedly true stories and lots of fiction and lots of photographs of pretend incest and maybe a few real pictures and some videos – there's a lot of fantasy incest stuff out there on the net. Some of the videos were adult movies like the Taboo stuff and some of it was more or less amateur."

Mom was silent for a moment, biting her lower lip as she appeared lost in thought. I idly wondered if she knew how sexy she looked when she did that. Finally Mom went on, "And most of this – this incest porn that you had, it wasn't about fathers and daughters or brothers and sisters, it was about mothers and sons?"

I suddenly realized that I had only thought I was blushing before. My face was so hot now I was amazed that my skin didn't ignite. "Yes, Mom," I said in a tight voice. It was mostly about mothers and sons."

Mom shivered violently as if we were in a deep freeze even though the room seemed suddenly extremely warm to me. "Son, how long have you been obsessed about mother and son incest?"

I thought for a few seconds and shrugged my shoulders. "I'm not sure, Mom. It seems like forever...since I was a teenage anyway."

Mom shivered again and suddenly hugged herself – trying to find comfort and maybe warmth in her own embrace. She dropped her gaze – looking at the carpet as she said, "Were your fantasies

back when you were a kid about me...about you and me?"

I was silent for long seconds. Mom finally raised her head to look at me, her brown eyes boring intently into me – trying to understand who and what her son was. "Please, son – answer me."

My throat felt dry as I rasped out. "Yes, Mom – it was about you from the first – since I first understood what was happening to me in puberty. I always loved you. I have always been in love with you."

Mom's face grew redder and there was an expression on her face unlike any I'd ever seen before as she replied, "And lust. You lusted for me...you wanted me sexually."

Feeling so light-headed I thought I might faint, I said, "Yes. I dreamed of us together. I dreamed of your body...touching you, kissing you, fu-fucking you."

Mom closed her eyes tightly as if trying to tune my words out. "You've been thinking about this – about us all these years – even while you were in prison?"

"Yes, Mom." I whispered.

Mom, eyes still closed, continued, "And now, right now, are you still imagining us being lovers?"

"Yes, Mom," I whispered again, my voice hoarse and scared. If Mom threw me out of her house and out of her life, I would be truly alone.

Mom's eyes snapped open and again, I couldn't read the expression on her face. Mom stood up and walked away from me, going over to the mantle and looking at pictures of us – a pictorial tour of a mother and son over three plus decades. Not looking at me, Mom asked, "Why, John? Why did you develop these feelings for me...for us?"

I paused again, trying to put into words what I'd felt all my life. "I don't know, Mom. I'm not sure I'll ever know for sure. I just have always loved you. Maybe it's because after Dad left, it was just me and you against the world and we were always so close. Maybe it's because you're so beautiful...I remember the first time after puberty hit that I saw you naked..."

I stopped speaking as Mom's head turned quickly around to look at me, her eyes burning with emotion. "Yes? Keep talking, John!" she said in a husky voice.

"Um, I guess I was twelve or so – I'd just started getting serious hard...um, erections and one afternoon I walked in on you in the bathroom just as you were getting into the shower. You were completely naked and beautiful and I surprised you and you just stood there in shock, one foot resting on the edge of the tub." I paused, seeing it again in my eyes and Mom raised a hand to her mouth and I saw the recognition in her eyes and knew that she remembered that moment too.

"And then?" Mom prompted.

"I don't know – I guess it was like seeing the real you for the first time – seeing you as more than my mother – seeing you as a woman. Your breasts were so incredible, full and round and your bush – I never knew a woman could be so hairy between her legs." I paused, taking a deep breath, wondering if this was all a dream – me talking like this to my mother.

Mom stared at me expectantly and I continued, "It seemed like I stared at you for hours, but I guess it was just a few seconds and you finally laughed and said, 'Okay, buddy, scram. Every woman has

them – tits and pussy, it's no big deal,' and I hauled ass out of there and back to my room." I stopped again, unsure of whether to continue, but Mom didn't even need to speak. Her face communicated her desire to know it all.

I swallowed and said, "I was so hard, Mom. I think it was the first time I'd had an erection because of you specifically and I didn't really know what I was doing, but I rubbed my dick and stroked it and then I came for the first time. The first time I shot a load of sperm, I was thinking of you, Mom."

Mom just stared for what seemed forever and then she walked shakily back to the couch and sat down, breathing heavy and then after letting out a long sigh, said, "Love and lust coming together for the first time." She stopped and studied me. "But not for the last time." It wasn't a question, but a simple statement of fact.

"No, Mom – it was just the beginning for me. I've always had this special feeling for you. I had my crushes and loves – Ramona, Terri, Cassie and Lisa, but I never stopped loving you and dreaming of us..."

I stopped speaking as Mom slowly shook her head. "All those years and I never had any idea. I knew we were close – that you loved me a lot, but not like that." Mom looked at me and there were tears in her eyes and a look of confusion. She opened her mouth to speak again, but all she could say was, "I never had a clue."

We sat there in silence as the baseball game played on, the only sounds being our breathing and for me anyway, the drumming beat of my own heart. Finally, I began to apologize again, but Mom held up her hand – an old gesture of hers for, "Shut the hell up!" Silence reigned for what seemed an eternity. Mom again studied me...for what I don't know. Then she looked down at the carpet again as if in contemplation.

"I've read your stories, John." Mom said suddenly. She was again looking at me. Again, I felt a wave of dizziness sweep over me – the idea of my mother reading my incestuous writings filling me with horror and wonder.

"My stories?" I replied, feeling numb.

Mom nodded and said, "Yes, your stories – at least all that are on that Literotica place on the internet. After everything that happened and you were locked up, I wanted so much to understand it all and so I looked them up and read them...all of them."

"Oh my God," I whispered. Images from so many stories raced through my mind – images of Mom re-imagined as a wanton slut for her son – images of Mom engaged in every sort of sexual act with me and with other women – images of Mom begging me to make her pregnant. Even in the stories of mother-son incest where there was no physical resemblance to Mom, her spirit inhabited each of those characters.

Mom began to speak, paused, a small smile emerging on her face as she finally said, "You certainly can write. I couldn't believe how vivid your descriptions were. You certainly seemed able to describe my body in detail." A scolding frown crossed her face. "Just how many times have you seen me naked?"

I started to laugh, but wasn't sure if Mom was trying to be humorous or not. "Um, I don't know – I guess over my teenage years, maybe a dozen times – mostly glimpses."

Mom arched an eyebrow. "Mostly glimpses?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I came home early from school one time my senior year and you were sun-tanning naked on the patio. I was um, real quiet and you never knew I was there."

Mom laughed – a happy laugh that seemed to take a lot of tension out of her. "Oh Christ! I can't believe you did that! How long did you peek at me? Did you masturbate while you spying on me?"

"Uh, yeah, I did – twice in fact. You were asleep I guess. I must have watched you for at least an hour."

Mom nodded to herself. "Well, I guess that explains how you can describe me so well." She stopped again as if collecting her thoughts. "And the sex...you write so graphically and so intensely. I never imagined anyone writing about making love or just fucking so precisely and getting the sensations so dead on accurate."

Mom looked at me sharply. "And why do you write so much from the mother's point of view – from my point of view?"

I felt my face burn anew and some small part of my brain wondered just how hard a man could blush and not die. It took a bit of time for me to answer. How to put what I felt into words? Finally, "Mom, I guess I like to write from your point of view because..." I took a deep breath. "Because imagining you so head over heels in love with me, imagining you wanting me as both son and lover, imagining you cumming with my um, cock buried inside of you is the most erotic thing I can imagine."

Mom's face seemed to lose all color for a moment and then quickly turned a bright shade of red again as she processed my answer and after long minutes of thinking about it, could only reply with a quiet, "Oh."

More minutes passed. The ballgame ended and was replaced by some old comedy show rerun. People ran around in seemingly helter-skelter fashion on the screen, reflecting my churning emotions. Mom finally spoke up again. "This is going to sound weird, but you really write with a lot of passion. It was so strange reading these stories and knowing that you were really writing about me – so intensely sexual and yet loving, almost like you were worshipping me in some lewd and erotic way."

I nodded and bravely offered up, "Yes, worshipping you is something the writing represented. In a way you are my religion, Mom. Mostly, I guess my stories were meant to be love letters you were never meant to see."

Mom closed her eyes and sighed. "Love letters. Love letters from a son to his mother." Mom laughed again – the laughter more bitter than before. "Love letters you couldn't show me, but the rest of the world got to read."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I suppose I should have kept them private – never putting them on the net, but...I couldn't tell you how I felt, but I wanted – I've always wanted to tell the whole world how wonderful you are and how much I loved you and how much I wanted you."

I didn't realize until I said the words aloud how badly I wanted to say it – how badly I had always wanted Mom to know how I felt. I was amazed at the sudden sensation of a burden lifted from my

heart. If Mom told me to leave this very instant, I could live with it – at least I could leave knowing she knew how I truly felt.

Mom shivered again and she let go with another sigh – this one more passionate and one that seemed to draw the tension back into the room. She closed her eyes again as if trying to pay no heed to the emotion thickening in the room. "Well, I suppose you got your message across. I read the readers' comments – they really liked your stories."

My turn to laugh as I responded, "Well, some of them did. Some people thought I was a no talented pervert-slash-creep!"

Mom frowned. "Now that's not true," she responded. "Most of the people who made comments seem to love your writing. They thought it was erotic and nasty in a good way and romantic." I looked at my mother in amazement. It was almost as if she were taking pride in how people had liked my work.

Mom gazed at me steadily, her gaze resolutely meeting mine. "I read your stories, John. I've read them over and over again and son, your readers are right. Your stories are erotic and nasty and so romantic!"

I rocked back in my seat, feeling like I'd been smacked with a baseball bat. "Mom?" I gasped.

"John, I've been trying to understand you and all this since you were arrested. I went online and read your stories and I couldn't believe how they made me feel! Even now I feel scared and confused, but god help me, reading about Carrie and John or any of the others, fucking with abandon, losing themselves in each other's sweat and flesh and cum, from the first, John, from the fir..." Mom's voice broke and she let out a sob and I leapt to my feet, but Mom held up her hand to stop me.

Mom regained control and continued in a halting voice. "From the first, son, as I read your stories, they did something to me. I've never been so excited, so turned on as I was reading about your mothers and sons – no, about you and me fucking and loving each other so completely." Mom smiled up at me – love and desire now dominating her expression – looks I'd never dreamed I'd actually see – at least directed at myself. "For close to two years, John, I've read your stories over and over, playing with myself, making myself orgasm to your words...imagining it was you making me moan and cum and until today I never truly understanding that it was you making me cum."

"Mom, what are you saying?" I almost sobbed – my voice husky with emotion.

Mom's hands slipped up shakily to the top buttons at her neck. "I'm not sure, son. I've tried to imagine this moment for months. I guess I'm saying..." Mom paused and swallowed and summoned up a come hither smile as she began unbuttoning her housedress. "I guess I'm saying, would my son like to see his mother's breasts again?"

I took a hesitant step towards my mother as she undid button after button until her bra encased breasts were exposed. Mom paused in unbuttoning her dress and spread the dress wide, exposing her chest – her cream colored heavy duty bra seeming to barely be restraining her meaty breasts which were heaving with the excitement of the moment. "Well, John – do you want to see Mommy's titties again?"

"Oh yes!" I moaned, taking steps towards Mom, not believing this was really happening as I sank to my knees before my mother.

Mom smiled lovingly at me as her hand fluttered about her bra – then with an almost unseen flick of her hand, she undid the front loading bra and the cups sprang apart and Mom's heavy breasts fell free. Mom's tits were enormous – larger than in my youth as over the years, Mom's weight had increased a bit. Their size had yielded somewhat to gravity and they sloped entrancingly like two large gourds on her chest, capped by thick, nickel sized brown nipples, now erect and pulsing with excitement. A hint of last year's tan line revealed the skimpiness of her swimsuit.

Mom's breasts were gorgeous and I stared at them with love and an almost religious awe and was so transfixed in their presence that I almost didn't hear Mom say softly, "Go ahead, son – touch them – kiss them if you want."

One second I was staring at my mother's tits and then my hands were full of her soft, warm flesh and my face was buried in her cleavage, inhaling the sweet aroma of Mom's skin – sweat and perfume and something else...something almost indescribable but which made my stiff and aching cock pulse with need.

I kneaded Mom's breasts – squeezed and caressed, teasing stiff, rubbery nipples with my fingers before my mouth discovered them and I felt more than heard Mom's low groans and I ran my tongue over her nipples, tasting and licking and sucking and then feeling gratified as Mom gave a loud gasp of pleasure when I nipped at the blood engorged tips with my teeth. Somehow I had always known my mother liked having her nipples bitten and now my suspicions were proved correct.

As I nibbled on Mom's tits, my hands roamed over them as well and then upwards to her shoulders, pushing her housedress off and at the thought of Mom's bare shoulders, I slowly began to kiss my way upwards, running my tongue along the valley of her cleavage and then kissing her upper chest – now covered in a sexual flush while my hands returned to caress her meaty breasts. I kissed my way along her naked shoulder until I reached Mom's neck which I kissed and nibbled until finally I rose up to face Mom – our lips, noses and eyes as close as could be without touching.

We seemed surrounded by utter silence as if the moment were too holy to be profaned with the spoken word. I saw hungry permission in Mom's eyes and fulfilled a lifetime dream as I leaned forward and pressed my open lips against Mom's mouth. Her tongue was waiting to greet mine and again my cock throbbed as for the first time I experienced the sacred thrill of French-kissing my mother for the first time.

I felt the sudden need to cum – almost exploding into orgasm as Mom's tongue curled around mine – its heat and wetness and eagerness representing Mom's newly revealed desires all by itself. We both kept our eyes open – seeing the need and love we had for each other reflected as we kissed and kissed and kissed. A part of me realized that if nothing else happened – that if Mom changed her mind, I would still die a happy man.

The kiss seemed to last nearly forever – ending only when Mom gently pushed me away. I leaned back on my knees to gaze of the erotic sight of my mother, a silly grin on her lovely face and her chest heaving mightily as she whispered huskily. "I dreamed about that, but never imagined it would be so...so..."

"Good?" I supplied, surprised by the giddiness in my voice. "The best kiss I ever had, Mom!"

She grinned and replied, "Me too, but I'm guessing we can do even better!" She licked her lips and took a deep breath and then continued. "But first, I was thinking, maybe my son would like to get another peek at Mommy's pussy?" Her hands fluttered down and pulled her housedress away from

her lap and thighs, revealing her slightly meaty thighs. She spread her legs to show me plain, white cotton panties opaquely concealing a dark shadow between her legs.

I groaned as I realized that in the center of her crotch was a large and visible wet spot – teasingly making the cotton material almost but not quite transparent. I shivered as I struggled to maintain control over my aching cock. I ask you, what son wouldn't struggle to not cum at the vision of his mother wet with arousal...wet because of him?

"John, why don't you take my panties off for me?" Mom said in a breathless voice. I didn't hesitate for a moment, moving in and slipping my hands under the elastic waistband of my mother's panties. Mom lifted herself up as I slowly pulled them off of her, drawing her legs back together as I eased back, my gaze torn between seeing my heart's dream between her thighs and admiring the womanly curves of her legs.

When I had her panties in my hands, almost absently, I brought them to my face and inhaled Mom's lush scent as I had so many times in my youth with her undergarments swiped from the hamper. Mom's strong scent of sex made my head swim and my blood course through my body with a new urgency.

Then almost shyly yet teasingly, Mom slowly spread her legs again and I heard myself sigh, "Mom, I love you" as I beheld fully the glory of my mother's hairy cunt. Between Mom's luscious thighs nestled a thick, black pelt of hair – curly and glistening with her arousal and with two thick lips blossoming out from it like a lush lily from the fertile earth.

I don't remember moving. Suddenly I had my face buried in Mom's furry muff, reveling in the feel of Mom's bush tickling my face – soft yet scratchy as I inhaled her scent from the source – so strong I could taste it as well as smell it. I nuzzled and rubbed my mouth against Mom's hairy pussy, my movements becoming more forceful and needy with each passing second. My nose and lips found slick and wet flesh and her labia spread and parted and my tongue was delving deep into my mother's pussy and I sobbed with happiness as I tasted the sweet nectar of Mom's love cream for the first time.

Mom's body quivered violently – seemingly all around me as she drew her thighs in, trapping my face between her legs – I felt her feet cross and come to rest on my back and my muffled ears still heard a plaintive cry as I fed my long denied hunger for the place of my birth. I felt Mom's fingers intertwine in my hair as I lapped and kissed her wet cunt, drinking her heavily flowing juices like a man dying of thirst.

I explored Mom's pussy with my mouth, blindly discovered the delightful shape of her cunt lips with my tongue and then exploring until I found her clitoris, a long and swollen thing emerging from its hood to be kissed and gently caressed as Mom bucked her pelvis against my face. Her flood of cunt cream became a raging torrent – splattering my mouth and face with her juices as Mom screamed out her pleasure again and again as I licking and sucked and kissed her until my face was raw and my jaws ached pleasurably. I thrilled in the knowledge that Mom was having her first orgasm from my actual touch and the only lack of joy was from the idle thoughts of wishing I could have seen Mom orgasm the first time she had read one of my stories.

Finally, I felt Mom go limp – her legs falling away from me allowing me to hear her feeble gasps for breath. With regret I fell back myself, face dripping with Mom's love juices only to have my breath taken away by the vision before me. Mom naked – her short, black and pepper hair wet – her body gleaming with fuck sweat – meaty breasts heaving and rolling with each breath she took – nipples

so painfully swollen they looked ready to burst and legs spread wide, her pussy lips spread wide revealing her gleaming wet flesh.

A more erotic sight I had never before seen and I am not ashamed to say that the sight of my mother still in the throes of a son induced orgasm was more than I could take and with a sob of joy, I exploded in my pants! I shook and quaked as I struggled to stay on my knees as I shot jet after jet of hot sperm in my shorts, feeling my hot gooey seed spreading around my groin., gasping, "MOM! Mom, I love you!" as I had a sweet Mom induced orgasm of my own.

Mom's eyes grew wide as she realized what had happened and she struggled to sit up, saying, "Baby – John...did you...? Oh, son – did I do that to you?"

My joy began to mix with regret as I fully understood what had happened and I said, "Mom – I'm so sorry, I...I didn't mean to..."

Mom flew off the couch laughing and babbling as she pushed me off balance and onto my back. "Oh, John. Did Mommy being all nasty make you cum?" She began scrabbling at my belt and zipper. "Did you fill your shorts with hot jizz, son? I have to see that"

My shoes and socks went flying and then Mom was tugging off my slacks, a great eager grin on her face and hunger in her eyes. Roughly she yanked at my shorts, pulling them off me and then she drew up short, kneeling there between my legs. Her gaze locked onto my now naked crotch – my still mostly erect penis smeared with my sperm, thick white blobs splattered on the head and smeared along the shaft with other big drops of my seed splattered in my pubic hair.

Mom gazed longingly down at my cock for a long time and then looked into my eyes, a fiery expression on her face that promised so many forbidden things. Then Mom held up my briefs and peered at the globs of semen splattered and smeared on the cotton fabric. As if imitating my earlier actions, Mom brought my underwear to her face, inhaling deeply before saying. "I almost forgot what a man really smells like," she sighed. Mom gave me a sideways glance and grinned as she added, "And what he tastes like!"

I groaned and my slowly shrinking cock suddenly jerked with excitement as I watched my mother act as lewdly as any of my fictional mothers as her tongue snaked out and lapped up a thick blob of my semen from my shorts. Mom closed her eyes as she let my seed rest on her extended tongue for several seconds as if savoring the taste before she swallowed it. Opening her eyes, Mom moaned and whispered. "Better than I ever dreamed, John. I want more!"

Mom dropped between my legs, taking my recovering cock in her hands, smearing her fingers with my sperm and cooing to herself in delight at the amount of jizzum I had shot. Holding my cock within tongue's reach, Mom looked up at me and said, "I haven't had a lot of experience with sucking cock, baby, I hope Mommy doesn't disappoint!"

Believe me, Mom didn't. Enthusiasm made up for inexperience and I was transported to a level of pleasure I'd never known before as Mom took me into her mouth and began sucking and licking me – cleaning me of my spent juice. I groaned as my sensitive flesh was scoured clean by Mom's warm, loving tongue. Mom's eyes stayed on my face, only closing when she made moans of contented joy as she ate my sperm.

My fingers clawed the carpet as Mom made love to my cock with her mouth – her tongue lovingly exploring the length of my shaft, swirling about the head and then racing through my pubic hairs to lick up smeared globs of semen before she returned to sucking me vigorously. Now in my thirties,

I'm nowhere as virile as I was as a teenager, but just the vision of my own mother sucking my cock clean of my sperm was more than enough to return me to a long, throbbing erection.

Mom finished with a lewd wet smacking of her lips and then scrambled upwards along my body, her heavy breasts and hard nipples dragging deliciously along my skin. Then we were kissing again, our faces smeared with each other's juices – tasting each other as we kissed and held each other tight.

"John, I dreamed of this moment – of this all working out, but I never imagined..." Tears began to stream down Mom's face as the emotions of the moment overwhelmed us both. "I love you, son!"

I felt my own tears burning trails down my face as I answered, "I know, Mom. I love you too!" before showering her with kisses.

We lay there on the floor kissing for a long time, our hands stroking and caressing – both of us feeling our desires build. Finally, Mom reached down and stroked my stiff penis and looking into my eyes said almost shyly. "John, will you please take me to bed and make love to me?"

My heart, already beating fast, speeded up at the thought and I somehow managed to whisper, "Oh, Mom – I've waited my whole life for you to ask me that!"

Somehow we got to our feet, never really untangling ourselves from each other. We slowly made our way out of the living room and into the hallway still in an loving embrace – our lips locked in a passionate kiss, Mom walking backwards, her hand firmly wrapped around my cock as we moved, stroking me gently. She led me past my bedroom and into hers. Candles were already burning – some already burning low, casting the room in a dusky romantic light and there was a hint of jasmine in the air.

Mom's bed was turned down and I realized that she'd come in and gotten things ready earlier while I was watching the ballgame. It gave me a sweet thrill to realize Mom had dreamed and planned to become my lover for a long time. I looked at Mom with an understanding and grateful smile and as she saw comprehension in my face, she looked down, an embarrassed smile on her face.

By the time our legs hit the side of the bed and we fell on it in a tangle of limbs, I was completely naked and we squirmed and caressed and hunched against each other – unable to satisfy a hunger to feel each other's bodies. Between long, ardent kisses, we were kissing each other's bodies – my tongue swirling around Mom's turgid nipples and then Mom slipping down to shower my chest with soft kisses before rolling her tongue over my pebbled nipples, playfully nipping at them before she slithered back up my body to press her lips against mine again.

Desire and need mounted until finally I found myself between Mom's widespread thighs. I was resting on my arms, my cock lengthwise along my mother's hairy cunt – captivated by her carnal beauty – face and chest flushed red in sexual heat, Mom's tits rolling as she breathed rapidly, her short black and gray hair glistening with sweat and her tongue peeking out between her lips. I felt her full thighs scissoring against my hips, thrusting her pelvis upwards – hungry for my cock.

"Are you ready for me, Mom?" I murmured – flexing my crotch to run my cockhead through her thick thatch of pubic hair – feeling her heat and the wetness. My heart felt as if it would explode. A lifetime of dreams – of fantasy was now within grasp. I gazed into Mom's big brown eyes, seeing my own incestuous desires reflected there. Tears welled up in my eyes as my love for my mother threatened to overwhelm me.

"I can't believe we're doing this. I've imagined this moment for days, months, son and now..." Mom let out a long, shuddering sigh and licked her lips before continuing, "I want this so much, John. I want you."

My soul sang with joy, but still I hesitated, feeling Mom's labia touching the very tip of my cock trying to clasp me – draw me inside my birthplace. I needed to hear the words...words that I'd dreamed of for so long. "Say the words, Mom." I groaned. "Tell me what I've waited so long to hear."

Mom lifted a hand to my face, stroking my cheek tenderly and then in the voice that is to me the very epitome of love, said, "Son, please fuck me! Please fuck your mother, John! Fuck me hard with your...OH GOD YESSSSS!" I never let her finish as I plunged in – wanting to go slow and savor every fraction of my mother's sweet pussy, but then plunging fast and hard as I buried my cock in her wonderful creamy soft heat!

Mom threw her head back as she cried out her pleasure – her thighs pressing into me as her legs came up reflexively to wrap around my lower back – feet crossing and driving into my hips as my mother flung her pussy upwards to meet my thrust and bury me deep inside her – all in one incredible swift motion.

I felt as if every atom of my being had been hit with an intense electrical charge emanating outwards from my cock and through my entire body. My cock throbbed and threatened a second premature ejaculation as the unique and incredible sensation of being completely enveloped in her silky wet heat was unlike anything I'd ever experienced before.

Mom's vagina wasn't tight like a young woman nor was her pussy a gaping, loose hole. Mom had the muscular control of a mature woman and the delicious sensation of her cunt flesh taking me – holding and massaging me was heightened by the secret knowledge of flesh returning to its own. On the most primal level, my cock, my body, my mind recognized Mom's pussy as its place of origin. Within that wonderful, wet place was the place I was conceived and came into being and now the flesh of mother and son were joined again in a celebration of incestuous joy and ecstasy!

For an eternity, neither of us dared or wanted to move. We lay there, joined cock and pussy in the oldest expression of human love known, savoring the sharing of flesh between man and woman, strengthened in by the love between mother and son. Tears of joy fell from my cheeks to join those running down Mom's face. Silence reigned as we savored the moment before finally sobs of pleasure became laughs and sighs of happiness.

Gradually we began to move, slowly rocking, producing more pressure than motion as we began to make love. We kissed, our tongues seeking to become one and our bodies seemed to meld together, flesh melting into flesh. I never felt so safe and loved as I did in Mom's embrace – arms and legs wrapped tightly around my body as her pussy kept a sweet grip on my cock.

Somewhere after an infinity of this, we found ourselves moving in perfect harmony – my cock pumping in and out of Mom's claspng cunt – the intensity of her heat matched only by the wetness of her inner flesh – an almost indescribable liquid friction that created a carnal conflagration in our joined loins that spread through our naked, slick bodies and then into our souls, consuming us and claiming us converts in a more than holy moment.

So intense was the pleasure, I wanted to do nothing more than close my eyes and be lost in that incestuous pleasure forever, but my gaze was held by the beauty of my mother, lost in the throes of love and lust, her head turning from side to side as her own pleasure overwhelmed her. Images of

Mom as so many of my fictional mothers flashed through my mind – Carrie, Caroline, Corinne, Cathy, Cora – all the imagined representations of my would be love and devotion for my mother now coalescing into the real thing – the true love of my life...my Mom!

Pleasure ebbed and flowed as I fucked my mother, slowly sliding my cock in and out of her sweetly slick pussy and as I felt her carnal bliss build, I sped my motions up until I was loudly slapping into her flesh, Mom writhing beneath me as her orgasm welled up and then exploded in cries and moans, calling my name out again and again. My cock was bathed in a heavy flood of her hot creams and I struggled to keep myself from cumming and somehow resisted although it was hard seeing Mom contort beneath me, her face screwed up in ecstatic joy.

I showered her face with kisses, bringing her down from orgasm while we whispered, "I love you," to each other. I had not truly comprehended how wonderful it was to feel Mom's body, hot and slick with sweat beneath me, her heart beating wildly as she tried to regain her bearings. I tried to speak – to tell Mom how special this moment was, but I found myself choking up and Mom kissed me on the lips and stroked my face with shaking hands as she softly said, "I know, John. Mommy understands. I love you too, son!"

Mom then began to respond again to my cock buried deep in her pussy, rolling her hips and caressing me with her hands and urging my hips into motion with her legs, pulling me into her and we began to earnestly fuck. With each stroke of my cock, we both became more intent and feverish...lust overtaking love until the headboard was banging against the wall as we fucked – my cock sliding into Mom's wet, fiery pussy hard and fast.

I ducked my head to Mom's breast and sucked and bit her swollen nipples, drawing cries of delighted pleasure from her lips. Sweat poured off both our bodies, soaking the sheets and the sweet odor of sex – of pussy cream and perspiration and cock grew thick in the air even as the need for both of us to cum grew inside both of us. Our moans and sighs became more animalistic as we lost ourselves in incestuous carnality.

Orgasm came to me without warning and I gave a loud cry as I began to ejaculate thick spurts of hot semen as I began a long downward stroke. I sank myself deep and ground myself into Mom's crotch as I pumped thick wads of jizzum inside her hungry cunt.

Mom's eyes grew wide as she felt me cum inside her and the reality of the moment – realizing that it was her son...her own child who was filling her womb with his seed, crashed over her and she gave a cry that was part love, part disbelief and part carnality itself and surrendered to her own orgasm, this one making her earlier climax pale in comparison. We clung tightly to each other as incestuous orgasms swept us away, kissing and crying as we became one perfect thing living in the perfect moment of orgasmic bliss.

We came down from that Olympian high together, hanging onto each other for dear life as the pleasure ebbed – never quite ceasing as aftershocks of delight made both of us shiver with every little movement of our joined bodies. For the longest time words just seemed unnecessary as we just reveled in being joined as lovers both body and soul. We both kept our eyes open as we kissed, our tongues engaged in a slow and lazy dance, while we basked in the warmth of the love reflected in each other's gaze.

Eventually I felt myself soften and slip from Mom's wet and warm grasp and I slipped off her and we cuddled facing each other, still kissing – the silence punctuated by quiet whisperings of love and commitment to each other. We fell asleep in each other's arms – my last thoughts being of Mom

and feeling alive for the first time in years, almost as if I had been resurrected and in truth, that was what had happened. The terrible end with Lisa, the years in prison had left me dead inside – my soul a wasted and shriveled thing. Now...now the love of my mother had brought me back to life – she had resurrected me into a new world full of promises and hopes. I went to sleep dreaming of that new life – a life I knew I would be spending with my mother.

When I woke, a late morning sun was shining through Mom's bedroom windows. I felt better rested than I had in a long time and a smile slipped over my face as I stretched and remembered the incredible night...the first of many nights I planned to spend with Mom. I was alone in bed. On the bedside table was a glass of orange juice and a bagel liberally smeared with cream cheese. A little note sat next to it and in Mom's handwriting it read, "Eat up – you're going to need your strength!"

I could hear the sound of a shower running in Mom's bathroom and I felt my cock stir at the sweet image of Mom – naked, her skin soapy and wet. I reached for the food, suddenly feeling ravenous and was just finishing the last bite as the shower stopped. I heard Mom humming then and smiled as I recognized the tune – the old Tammy Wynette song, "Stand By Your Man."

Then Mom appeared – her voluptuous body wrapped in a bath towel. "I see you're awake, son!" Mom said, sounding pleased. "I was afraid I wore you out last night!" She leaned against the doorjamb and smiled down at me while I eyed her mostly bare legs – full and shapely. Her short hair was wet and spiky – almost like a punk rocker. She looked good. "Any regrets, John?"

I shook my head and replied, "Not really, Mom." I paused and then grinned. "Well, I reckon I wish I was about ten or fifteen years younger and we'd see who would wear out who then!"

Mom laughed and with the hand not holding her towel together, wagged a finger at me. "Oh, I think you'll do just fine. You've got a lot of good motherfucking loving to catch up on!" I felt my cock quiver and begin to fill out. Who would have guessed it would be a turn-on to hear one's mother talk like that!

Mom glanced at the still subtle movement under the sheet and grinned evilly. "Speaking of motherfucking...ta da!" Mom let the towel around her fall free and I groaned appreciatively. I knew then I would spend the rest of my life enjoying the sight of my naked mother. Mom struck a sexy cheesecake pose and I felt myself harden as I studied her from head to toe.

Again, Mom's short hair – what we used to call a pixie cut suited her – especially with that wet, spiky look. Mom's fair skin glowed pinkly in the aftermath of her hot shower. Her breasts hung down on her chest like two huge ripe gourds and I was mesmerized as her nipples began to swell, called to life by her arousal. Mom's stomach, round drew my attention farther down to the first few wisps of black pubic hair that quickly grew to become a lush forest of black between her thighs, glistening wetly from her shower and from what I could come to realize was a near constant state of arousal. Mom's meaty thighs I had experienced close up, her passion evident in the strength of their grip – a passion I was looking forward to enjoying again and again.

I flung the sheet off, revealing my nakedness and a now very swollen cock, recovered with a night's rest. "Come to bed, Mom," I said in a husky voice.

Mom licked her lips, but shook her head and replied, "I have a better idea. Come here. Come to Mommy!"

I moved quickly, rolling out of bed and coming around to wrap Mom in my arms, her skin soft and warm and damp to my touch. We kissed, tongues greeting each other and I savored Mom's taste –

it seemed even better than last night. I felt Mom's hands stroke my buttocks and then her right hand found its way around to my front and encircled my cock, slowly stroking it. "Follow me," Mom whispered.

Leading me by my cock, we left the bedroom and went into the third bedroom which Mom had converted into an office years ago. There was an old overstuffed sofa in there, bookshelves and an old, battered wood desk with an armless computer chair in front of it. On the desk was a fairly new PC with a large flat screen. "John, there are two things I've been dreaming about doing with you."

Mom had me sit down on the computer chair and then straddled my lap facing me, my cock nestled against her hairy and wet pussy. She used an almost dangling foot to rotate us until we were facing the PC sideways so we could both look at it. Mom kissed me and said softly. "You know where I want you to go, don't you?"

Mom looked at me expectantly until I nodded – a small smile on my face. I reached out with one hand and typed in the Literotica address. I gave a small sigh when I saw the familiar site pop up, the pretty young woman I always think of as the "Literotica Girl" proudly displaying her taut ass. Mom then reached out and logged in and linked up to her favorites with just the one name there...my nickname...Ahabscribe.

Mom clicked on it and all my stories came up. I shook my head in wonder. There were so many there – I had forgotten I had written so many and yet there was in my head so many still to be written. I wondered if there were still readers anxiously awaiting me to finish some long neglected storylines. A quiet ache rippled through me as I wondered about colleagues and how they fared and of all the stories of theirs I had missed while I was locked up.

Mom kissed me again and giggled as she squirmed on my lap. "I've been dreaming about this ever since I first read your stories, son." Mom whispered. "John, I want to fuck you while we read each and every one of your stories together." Mom rose up on tiptoe and taking my cock in hand, guided it to her warm, slick cunt. As she slipped down on me, she sighed in a sing-song voice, "Pick a story, John...pick something and read it to me!"

Mom ground herself against me – my cock buried deep inside her while our pubic hairs became entangled. I reached out to the mouse and after a moment's hesitation, clicked on "Christmas with Mom." Mom sighed and said, "That's one of my favorites! Read it to me, son!"

Mom began to slowly rock in my lap, her pussy muscles massaging my cock as I began to read. Mom rode me slowly, then more quickly bringing herself to close to orgasm before slowing down and then resting – pressing herself against me, breasts pillowing out against my chest, her breath quick and warm on my neck as she listened to me read the story of Carrie and John before she again began her carnal dance on my cock.

I discovered that the act of reading my erotic story aloud served to help me not to cum, providing me just enough distraction from the hot and slick silkiness of Mom's pussy flesh making love to my throbbing cock. Not until our fictional counterparts are achieving orgasm under their Chicago Christmas tree did Mom let herself go and I had to pause in my reading as Mom and I fucked our selves into a tremendous orgasm, my arms squeezing Mom tight as I emptied a load of steaming semen into her wonderful and hungry pussy! Mom wiggled and ground herself against my groin, flinging her head back as she arched her back and screamed as her orgasm washed over her – a lewd sneer etched on her face as orgasm followed orgasm.

In the afterglow of our lovemaking, Mom purred happily while I gasped for breath and read the rest of the story. When I was done, Mom raised her head and gave me a soft kiss and in a quiet, hoarse voice said, "That was wonderful, son! I knew it would be. Hearing you read your own words, knowing you're really talking about me just made it sexier and nastier." Mom kissed me again, this time with enough vigor and passion to make my now semi-erect cock stir inside her claspig cunt.

After we rested a bit, still joined and sitting in the computer chair, my mind cleared enough to say, "You said there were two things you dreamed of doing, Mom?"

Mom grinned and said, "Mmmm, so I did." With a pleased moan, Mom lifted herself off my cock and it slapped wetly on my thigh. Mom slowly went to her knees, kneeling between my legs. She reached out and took my cum-covered cock in her hand.

Licking her lips, Mom raised her eyes to look at me. "John, I want you to write more stories. Tell the world all your secret fantasies about us and while you write, I'll be right here to give you inspiration...to never let you forget how much your mother loves you!"

Mom ran her tongue up my semi-erect penis, lapping up sperm and cunt cream, never taking her eyes off me – telling me with her mouth and eyes how much she was enjoying this moment. I groaned happily as Mom's tongue cleaned my sensitive flesh before taking me into her mouth. I wallowed in the sinfull deliciousness of the moment for a couple of minutes before Mom let me slip from her mouth just long enough to whisper with a mouthful of semen and pussy juice, "Write, son – tell the world!"

I shivered as Mom returned to sucking my cock and then clicked open a blank word document. I paused for a moment – thinking of all the possibilities and then as Mom's tongue swirled lovingly around the head of my cock, typed, "Resurrection."

The End