

# THE ISLAND OF I CH. 03

## *Ahabscribe*

*The Island's impact on mother & son reaches climax!*

Incest/Taboo

4.73

17.5k words

*Here is the final installment of the Island of I. I'm very pleased with everyone's response and I hope you find the climax of my story to your liking and I look forward to your comments, both pro and con.*

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within are works of fiction as well. Enjoy!

Pleased that my mother had agreed to yet another walk along the moonlit beach, I slowly stood up, never releasing my mother's hand and helped her rise from her seat. Not saying a word, she slipped her arm through my mine and we slowly walked into the hallway and down the stairs, not sparing Father's office where we could hear him talking to himself, any attention at all. Neither of us spoke as we left the house and walked down the dimly lit path to the beach. In the sand, we both kicked off our shoes and made our way north, trudging along at the edge of the surf, letting the spray soak the cuffs of my pants and the hem of Mother's dress.

We walked quite a ways...maybe a mile or more, far from house. At some point, I slipped my arm around Mother's waist and she leaned into me as we walked, resting her head against my chest, her body feeling warm, almost feverish against me. The full moon seemed to follow us and a small thought flickered through my mind that surely since our first walk on the beach, the Moon should have begun to wane, but it still looked as full and as brilliant as that first night. That thought was soon lost as more pressing matters weighed on my mind, all regarding the woman I was holding so intimately.

We stopped at the surf's edge, the waves gently rolling in and Mother stared up at the gibbous moon and murmured, "It is so beautiful...so lovely."

I gently reached out and took Mother's arm and turned her so she was facing me. Slowly, I ran a hand up her arm, fingers trailing over her soft skin...her bare shoulder and finally stroking her cheek. "You're beautiful, Mother," I said in a gentle, but stern voice. "You are the loveliest woman I've ever seen."

I felt Mother shiver again as her arms rose up and slipped around my waist. She slowly leaned into me as if she needed me to support herself. I could feel her heart beating very fast within her breast and she almost seemed to vibrate with expectant energy as she whispered, "Oh, son."

We stood embracing for what seemed hours, not speaking as we looked into each other's eyes, until finally our mouths seemed to move closer together as if drawn together by some irresistible force. Mother's lips pressed against mine, soft and warm and open. Instinctively I slipped my tongue into her mouth only to have it greeted by hers...a muffled moan escaping from her as we kissed as we had both longed to kiss.

Mother tasted sweet, almost citrus-like as our tongues curled around each other, slowly sliding their wet, soft flesh against each other. I pulled her tighter against me even as she tightened her grip around my waist, her left leg rising up alongside mine until the sole of her foot was resting high on

the back of my calf. Like starving beings, we feasted on each other's lips, kissing hungrily, passionately as our tongues kept us linked, neither of us closing our eyes, our gazes as tightly locked as were our lips.

I felt Mother shiver in my arms...from fear or passion or both, I did not know. She began to sag, her legs unable to support her and I slowly lowered us both to our knees so that we knelt in the gentle surf, our kiss never ending. Mom brought one arm up and stroked my face, then ran fingers through my hair before curling her arm around my neck, making little contented sighs as we continued to kiss. For my part, my hands worked circles in her back, feeling the tension there. Slowly, I slid them down to her lower back and then back up and then down again, this time not pausing until my hands were cupping her buttocks, now wet from the water that swirled around us.

The kiss continued on with a life of its own, our frantic tongues in sharp contrast with our gentle loving caresses of each other's body. I brought my hands back up Mother's back to caress her bare shoulders and then the exposed curve of her neck and then into her pinned up hair. I plucked the jeweled comb from her hair, momentarily recalling it as an anniversary present from Father several years ago. Impulsively, I tossed it over my shoulder into the sand and ran my fingers through Mother's silky, blonde hair, letting it fall out and down.

Mother's fingers plucked at my shirt, unbuttoning it and then pulling it out of my slacks and spreading it wide to expose my chest, her fingers caressing my chest, now showing muscular definition from weeks of work. Mother broke the kiss, nipping at my lips with her mouth and then ducked her head and began planting kisses on my chest, her tongue teasing me as she took little licks as she moved her lips over my skin.

"Oh, Mother," I breathed. "I love you so much!" As I felt my mother's lips brush over my small but hard nipples, my hands slipped upwards over her shoulders to the back of her neck to find the ties of her halter dress and begin to fumble at the knot there. I'm sure it wasn't a difficult thing to untie, but one must consider how distracted I was as I felt Mother's mouth sucking at my pebbled nipple.

Finally, I felt the strings of her halter slip free and taking hold of Mother's shoulders I leaned her back as she stared lustily at me, looking down with surprise as she watched me peel down her top, revealing her firm and large rounded breasts, so much like large melons and capped by dark, thick nipples that stood out against her milky pale flesh. Now half naked, Mother looked back up at my face, an expression of arousal mixed with apprehension on her face.

"Mother," I whispered again as my hands came up again, pausing just short of cupping her fleshy breasts, so anxious to touch her, yet not sure if I should. Mother resolved my dilemma by bringing her hands up and guiding mine onto her breasts, softly moaning as my fingers dug into her meaty flesh, her nipples hard and pulsating with her desire.

"I love you, John," Mother whispered as I fondled her breasts, again moving against me so we could kiss, her lips hungrily pressing against mine as she kissed me passionately. My sense of the world faded, leaving only my mother and me, with only the brilliant light of the full moon and the strangely warm waters of the surf seeming to intrude on us and truthfully, both serving to enhance the beauty of the moment.

After an eternity of kissing and caressing each other's upper body, I felt Mother's right hand slid downwards, over my flat stomach to press against my crotch. "Oh my, John," Mother moaned, breaking our kiss again, delight evident in her voice as my desire for her was confirmed as she pressed her hand against the erection in my pants. "You...son...you're hard for me?"

"For you, Mother," I gasped as she rubbed my erect penis through my pants. "All my desires...all my love is for you, Mother!"

Mother half laughed and half sobbed as she kissed me again, her hand still caressing my erection as I continued to fondle her breasts. A few minutes later or maybe it was a lifetime, I found the courage to drop my right hand downwards, gathering the folds of her dress together, pulling the material together in search of the hem. Finally, I found it, now sopping wet from the ocean surf and slipped my hand under, coming to rest on Mother's bare thigh.

At my touch, Mother shivered and then moaned softly against my lips. Slowly, I worked my hand up her thigh, feeling the silky softness as my fingertips slipped across her inner thigh and then encountered her silky and wet pelt of pubic hair. Mother stiffened against me as she felt her son's fingers slip between the hot, slick lips of her labia.

This time it was my turn to break the kiss as I leaned back, feeling saliva from Mother's mouth splatter against my chin. I gazed on my mother in all her aroused glory, looking like something from an erotic painting, her heavy breasts illuminated in the moonlight – heaving heavily as she gasped for breath as she watched me gazing at her...so lovely with her halter dress fallen to her waist and her blonde hair hanging down over her shoulders. I looked at her with love and amazement as it slowly dawned on me that Mother had left the house sans panties...something that seemed lewd and exciting at the same time.

I leaned in, moving my head downwards and latched my lips around a swollen nipple, feeling Mother moan, "Yesssss!" as I rolled my tongue over the swollen, turgid member, feeling her blood pulsing through her body...her heart, her life so intensely evident.

Mother stiffened again and she gasped, "Oh, John...I'm your mother!" as I slipped two of my fingers inside her...the first time I had actually touched a woman's aroused pussy...delighting in the sticky, wet warmth that tightened around my probing digits and delighting in the wicked knowledge that it was my mother's most secret place that I was touching. As I suckled at my mother's breast for the first time in nearly two decades, almost primal memories suffused with pleasure wafted close to the surface of my mind and I felt a contentment swelling within me that I had never known before, reconnecting with my mother at an intimate level that only a mother and child could achieve, now sweetened with the sexual pleasure that it produced. All my worries and concerns seemed to vanish as I sucked Mother's breast and fingered her wet pussy.

New sensation awoke inside me as I felt movement around my crotch and realized with delighted shock that Mother had unzipped my pants and had slipped her fingers inside and had found my erection while her other hand undid the button and tugged my pants and underwear off, freeing my penis which she slowly stroked as she whispered in frightened awe, "John...you, your penis, is lovely and so big!"

With awkward knowledge, Mother slowly ran her hand back and forth along the shaft of my erect penis and I could sense growing confidence with each stroke. I groaned with pleasure at how her hand felt on my swollen member. Mother cried out in surprise as I playfully bit her nipple before letting it slip from my mouth and then I took advantage of her open-mouthed cry and kissed her again as I began to finger her pussy more vigorously, savoring the sudden gush of her juices pouring around my fingers.

Frantically, we masturbated each other, suddenly filled with the desire to pleasure the other – my fingers exploring the inner walls of her vagina, eagerly seeking to discover Mother's most special

and sensitive places as each time she moaned appreciatively into my mouth, I felt an never before experienced thrill of pleasure ripple through me, intensifying the pleasure her hand was bringing me as it moved up and down my throbbing penis.

Suddenly, Mother cried out, ending the kiss even as her free hand clawed at my chest. Mother began to shake and quiver and she fell against me, moaning against my skin as her pussy tightened around my plunging fingers, nearly holding them captive as her juices poured in a torrent over and around them while she stopped stroking me and just held me, occasionally giving my erection a gentle and loving squeeze. I was momentarily alarmed until I realized that Mother was in the throes of orgasmic delight.

Still clawing at my chest, Mother raised her head and with tears running down her face, sobbed, "God help me, but I love you so!" Her face was contorted by the ecstasy my fingers had brought her, giving her a wild and erotic look that quickly brought me to the brink of orgasm myself.

As Mother's orgasm began to recede and her pussy muscles seemed to begin relaxing around my fingers, she resumed stroking my cock, gripping it perfectly as she ran her fist up and down my erection until it was my turn to orgasm and try as I might to delay my ejaculation, Mother's touch would brook no refusal and I cried out, "Mother, I love you!" and then sobbed with absolute delight as there was an explosion of pure ecstasy between my legs and I began shooting semen with such forceful intensity that it bordered on pain.

Still quivering from my fingers' ministrations, Mother gazed down and with some agility managed to catch most of my hot seed in her free hand...a few streamers splashing against her stomach as they flew above her cupped palm. I came and came, not ever remembering an orgasm so intense or so prolonged...amazing in retrospect when I realized how many times I had ejaculated in the last few days. But of course, this was special. For the first time in my young life, I was achieving sexual gratification at the hands of someone else and more importantly, I had reached orgasm via the ministrations of my own mother.

The sweet experience of orgasm seemed to hang with us nearly for an eternity, but finally it began to wane and we both slumped back, stunned and amazed at the experience. Mother smiled at me...a smile that conveyed both motherly love and incestuous lust, offering me one last loving moan as my fingers slipped free of her. With childlike wonder, I held my hand up in the moonlight, seeing Mother's pussy juices glistening in the brilliant light of the full orb overhead.

Like a child exploring the world about it with all its senses, I brought my fingers close to my face, smelling Mother's strong and wonderful scent before licking her wetness off my fingers, feeling my still semi-erect cock twitch as I savored her strong, sweet and salty flavor.

Even in the moonlight, I could see Mother's face burn with something between arousal and embarrassment at the sight of her only child lapping up the cream of her pussy like a tasty dessert. Then she smiled at me as she held up her cupped hand, a trickle of my semen rolling over the edge. Mirroring my actions, Mother brought it to her face and inhaled the scent of my seed. Looking at me coyly, Mother brought my pooled semen closer to her mouth and her tongue slipped out and dipped tentatively into the white, warm sperm and then retreated, a blob of my semen on the tip of her tongue.

Mother tasted me and seemed to find it pleasing because she began to lap at my sperm lick a thirsty dog at its water bowl, making happy, approving noises as she slurped the heavy, white fluids up. Suddenly, Mother paused and drew back as if she had suddenly awoken from a fevered sexual

dream and realized what she was doing, She stared at me in something akin to shock and then unthinking, clapped her cum covered hand against her face, smearing my semen across her mouth and chin as her eyes widened in dismay.

In a swift and graceful motion, Mother climbed to her feet and spun to look out on the ocean. I rose behind her and stepped to close the distance, my still somewhat erect cock brushing her hips from behind, feeling the water soaked fabric as I placed my hands on her bare shoulders. "Mother, are you alright?"

Long, agonizing seconds passed before she said in a faint voice, "My god, son. What have we done?"

I wrapped my arms possessively around her, my forearms brushing against her naked breasts and I said softly into her ear, "Nothing that we shouldn't have, Mother. We shared our love for each other...a love that needed to be acknowledged."

Mother shivered at my words even as she leaned back into me. "Are we going mad, John? Is this island making us crazy? She turned and looked up into my eyes, my semen smeared over her lips, a thick, whitish blob of sperm hovering near the corner of her mouth. "I've dreamed of you, son...of doing things to you that a mother should never even think of..."

Her words sent a shiver through me as I recalled the erotic dreams I had had of her of late. "I've dreamed of you too, Mother. If there is something about this island that has guided us into each other's arms, I can only be grateful that it has allowed me to see you as the lovely woman you are...the woman that I need and want. I love you, Mother, with all my heart and soul!"

"Madness," Mother murmured, burying her face against my chest. "This is wrong, son. A mother and son are not meant to be...this way."

I hugged my mother to me in a tight embrace. As I tried to reply to her effort to deny the rightness of what we had done, I felt Hector's words come back to me and I tried to apply them to our situation. "I once thought as you do, Mother, but now...knowing you as I have, touching you, I see that there is nothing immoral or evil in what we have shared. We have simply expressed our love for each other in a more...advanced way...more personal and intimate. Tell me you've ever been this close to another's heart...even with Father. Yes, it is incest, but we've committed no sin, but rather have come to know each other on a truer and more honest level than most people will ever experience!"

I kissed my mother then, long and hard, pouring everything I felt for her into the kiss, gratified and thrilled at her response...relishing the taste and touch of her tongue against mine even as I recognized the taste of my own seed on my mother's lips.

When the kiss ended, I said, "Tell me that that was wrong, Mother. Tell me that the love you feel for me this very instant is wrong."

Mother bit her lower lip again, the instinctive action so adorable and sexy that I felt my cock stir with arousal. Tears trickled down her face as she replied, "I cannot say that, but...so much is happening...so many emotions like I am caught up in a flood of desire and love that makes madness seem so faint." Mother stroked my cheek and kissed me gently. "I...I need time to sort all this out." Mother again leaned her face into my chest and I could feel her tears, warm and thick, running down my chest. "We should be getting back, son. Please, take me home."

I nodded and bent down and kissed Mother again, a soft, gentle and chaste kiss, but when I tried to withdraw, Mother's hands flew up to hold my head in place and she opened the kiss up, making it deeper and more passionate, her tongue making its way inside my mouth to dance and caress mine. It was a kiss of desperate passion that said much in its silence...that promised so much. I could have died happy amidst that kiss and still dream of it today as we stood with our lips joined and our half naked bodies pressed together.

Silently, we walked back up the beach, pausing only to retrieve our shoes. Not a word was spoken between us, but I could see that Mother was in deep thought, her eyes distant as she tried to work out all that we were moving towards becoming in her mind. I had no doubts about how I felt and what I wanted with my mother...my concerns were primarily wrapped around my fears that our steadily growing incestuous relationship would prove too unconventional – too frightening for Mother and that she would flee from it rather than embrace it.

We approached the house from the side and made our way in past the pool into the kitchen. It was dimly lit, a lamp flickering with enough light to guide our way towards the stairway beyond the narrow hallway. We were just entering the hallway when an almost unearthly moan echoed from the direction of the servants' quarters.

My penis twitched and began to grow as I immediately recognized the now familiar sound of Antonia in orgasm. Mother stopped and turned her head, her eyes growing wide as she whispered, "My God...what was that?"

In a heartbeat, I mulled over a multitude of responses but I knew immediately that this was a moment that could change our lives forever. Gently, I took Mother by the elbow and said quietly, "Come with me."

We reversed course and made our way down the hall to Antonia's quarters. Twice more, Antonia's wordless sighs of incestuous pleasure washed over us as we approached the door. Standing behind Mother, I reached out for the door knob, Mother trying to stop me with her hand, looking up and back at me and shaking her head violently, fear of what lay behind the door evident on her face. I smiled and mouthed the words, "Watch, Mother," and silently opened the door enough to give us a view of what I knew would be going on.

Antonia was naked, her body gleaming in the flickering light of a dozen candles, her body spread out wide on the bed, hands clamped around the rails of her headboard, back arching and breasts rolling as Hector's dark haired head bobbed between her legs, his erection bobbing between his thighs as he knelt there and orally pleased his mother.

Mother gave a whispery gasp and tried to back away, but bumped against me, her hips pressing against my legs as I brought my hands up to her upper arms and held her there to gaze in shock and wonder at the sight of another mother and son in the throes of passion.

In her ear, I said in a barely audible voice. "Watch, Mother...see what they have...what they share." Mother clamped a hand over her mouth, not wanting a cry to betray our voyeurism. Antonia moaned again, one hand releasing the headboard to drop onto a massive breast, fingers plucking at her swollen nipple as she keened, "Oh, Hector...my love...so sweet!"

She rolled her hips, bucking her pussy against Hector's busy mouth. He noisily slurped at his mother's heavy flowing juices, making a chuckling, pleased sound as he licked and tongued his mother. Suddenly, Antonia's feet pushed upwards, making her whole body come up off the bed

and she sobbed, "Making Mama CUMMMMM!" as an orgasm swept her away, opening her eyes to look with furious love at her son between her thighs.

Hector intensified his efforts, anxious to spur his mother's orgasm to new heights with his mouth and tongue, relenting only when Antonia's body collapsed back onto the mattress, making them both bounce, her hands clawing at his shoulders. Like a lithe jungle cat, Hector seemed to move upwards and pounce on his mother in a single fluid motion. Mother shivered in my arms as she saw his long, hard cock clearly for a brief moment before he expertly slipped it between her glistening lips and buried himself completely in Antonia's motherly pussy.

A small cry of shock escaped Mother's mouth, but was lost in the almost deafening shriek of Hector's mother as he filled her with his erect penis. I felt my mother sag back against me, only to stiffen as she felt my hardness pressing into her backside – only my slacks and the thin material of her dress separating our bodies. She shivered as we watched Hector begin to fuck Antonia with a series of rapid, brutal strokes, his mother grunting like a rutting beast each time his cock sank into her womb to the hilt.

Antonia threw her arms around Hector's back, nails slowly dragging across his skin, leaving light, bloody scratches while her legs rose up, spreading wide until they stood high in a 'V' before finally curling around his hips, heels digging into his buttocks to urge her son to fuck her harder and deeper. Mother's hand never left her mouth, stifling any moans she might make, although I could hear her breathing – ragged whistling through her nose.

Almost without thinking, I slowly moved my right hand from her arm across her chest to cup her breast, thrilled to find her nipple swollen and throbbing with blood. She ground herself against me as I slowly and gently tugged and pinched her erect nub between my thumb and forefinger. As the scent of human sweat, infused with the aroma of pussy wafted through the partially open door, I felt Mother's backside begin to move in time with Antonia's and Hector's sensual dance of incestuous love, her covered buttocks rubbing against the bulge in my pants.

Hector drove his cock deep and moved forward, grinding his crotch against his mother's mound as he sought out Antonia's lips, smearing her face with her juices as he kissed her passionately, the wet noises of their joined mouths blending with the wet noises of their joined genitals to create erotic music as we watched.

Their bodies rolled and writhed together, a more subtle and carnal movement of making love interwoven with Antonia occasional gasps of "Fuck me, Hector...fuck your mother, Fuck me and love me as I love you!"

Then Antonia began to convulse underneath her son, almost throwing him off as orgasm suddenly and viciously swept over her. With sweat pouring off him, Hector rose up and began to rapidly thrust his cock in and out of his mother as she began to shriek those same strange words as she had on earlier occasions, "MATRE TIAMBO UN UMANO UN ESTASIUM VICTRE DIABLAS!" With the words came the sensation of powerful energy sweeping not only Antonia's body, but the entire room, washing over us and enhancing our own desires and emotions.

Antonia clawed at her son's back as her orgasm swelled inside her, her breasts bouncing violently about as her, sobbing as carnal ecstasy overwhelmed her, her screams becoming shriller as she cried out, "MATRE TIAMBO UN UMANO UN ESTASIUM VICTRE DIABLAS!" again and again. Hector's buttocks were a blur of motion as he frantically fucked his mother until he let out that now familiar

bull's roar signaling climax and plunged deep into her wet, claspings pussy and began to ejaculate, his testicles rising with each burst of hot semen into her womb.

Mother was quivering violently against me, her hand falling away as she half whispered and half moaned, "Oh my god!" We watched as mother and son slowed down their convulsions and gasps of orgasmic delight, becoming a heavy breathing single entity of tangled limbs and joined bodies. Antonia rolled her hips one last time and Hector's still erect penis slipped partially out of her, displaying his seed mingled with her juices. His mother moaned happily as he adjusted his position and sank deep inside her once again.

The sight seemed to overwhelm Mother and with a nearly silent cry, she broke free of my embrace and stumbled back up the hallway. I quietly closed the door and followed, wanting to keep Mother in my arms and worried that it had all been too much for her. Mother moved quickly and quietly despite being unsteady on her feet, wobbling back and forth between the narrow walls of the hallway and the one leading to our staircase. It was only as she ascended the stairs that the sobs broke free and I rushed after her as I heard her crying, one hand at her mouth and one hand gripping the railing.

I caught up with Mother just shy of her door, reaching out to touch her shoulder as she fumbled at her bedroom door knob. She turned at my touch, a mad mixture of emotions on her face, tears running down her face. Words tumbled from her mouth in a chaotic jumble as if there was so much to say and she couldn't decide what to focus on. "That was...they were...my god, is that what we would..." Mother paused and looked at me with both horror and longing. "John, my god, is that what you want us to become?"

Her hands were pressed against my chest as if she were claiming me while preparing to push me away. "They are lovers, Mother," I said in a rush, "Just as we are meant to be lovers!"

Mother shook her head, looking away from me as if to deny that we had such desires within ourselves. "Mother and son...that is incest, madness." She reached out to caress my face. "I love you, John, but this...what they were doing, we...its wrong."

"It's not wrong, Mother!" I said almost in anger. My hands were on her upper arms and I was squeezing them so hard, I probably left marks. "Antonia and Hector share love...a great love...a love that can exist between us as well if we're brave enough to seize it. I love you, Mother!"

"Mother trembled in my grip and shook her head even as she placed fingers over my mouth to shush me. "What you...we want – it's a love that demands too much. It would consume us, son. We would be burnt to a crisp if we yielded to it. We already have crossed too many lines. John, we cannot." Mother shook her head and whimpered, "I am your mother, John."

Passion, infused with anger swelled within my heart till I thought I might simply explode. "Then let us burn, Mother! I'd rather die in a carnal embrace with you, consumed by our love than live a thousand years without you in my arms!" I kissed Mother then, hard and violently, forcing my tongue into her mouth to find hers. She relented a little, kissing me back for long, sweet seconds, her tongue seeking out mine and returning my passion. Then she was pushing me back, her hand finding the door knob and opening it, her other hand pushing me back as she pleaded, "No...not now, John. I love you so much, but I cannot...I need to think."

Her eyes held such pain and need that they stayed me from pushing into Mother's bedroom and taking her there and then. I looked at her, holding out my arms as I wordlessly implored her, but

Mother shook her head, blew me a kiss and said, "I love you, son," before closing the door – the sound of the lock turning sending a stabbing pain through my heart.

I do not know how long I stood before her door, hoping and praying she would open it again. Finally, feeling defeat weighing me down, I retreated to my room, throwing myself on my bed, aching to find solace in sleep, wanting to exorcise the unfulfilled desire and love for my mother from my heart and soul and feeling that without her love, I could not survive.

Sleep was slow in coming and when it did, instead of the carnal dreams of the past nights, it was a tortured sleep – images of Mother reaching out to me yet always just beyond my grasp haunted me until I awoke to the sound of thunder and rain outside my window.

Until finally the grayness of the dawn rose, I sat and listened to the torrential rains fall, the island of the accursed Isprey illuminated often by terrible and jagged bolts of lightning. I brooded over my actions, cursing myself for taking Mother to see Antonia and Hector make love, castigating myself for likely having destroyed our relationship beyond repair.

My fears were not alleviated when I went down for breakfast and found only Antonia in her servant's uniform. She said that Hector was sleeping in – that with the rain and lightning, there would be no working to clear the brush. She also informed me that Mother was in seclusion, taking to her bed. "Missus Halloran informs me she is taken ill again and wishes to not be disturbed," Antonia told me solemnly as she sat breakfast down beside me.

I nodded and sighed before muttering in a defeated tone, "I understand."

Antonia hesitated and then slipped into a chair beside me, her massive, barely restrained breasts brushing my arm, sending a ripple of desire through me that reminding me of how much I wanted my mother.

"I am not sure you were wise in your actions last night, John...ah, such is the rashness of youth," she murmured, reaching out to run her fingers through my hair. "But, I am not sure that it wasn't the right thing to do...to allow your mother to confront the beauty and enormity of the life you both are moving towards."

My face burned with embarrassment as I stared down at my lap and replied, "You knew we were there?"

Antonia chuckled. "Absolutely. I could sense your presence...your desire and lust for each other." She leaned over, her breasts mashing against my arm and whispered into my ear, "I could smell your mother's lust for you, John."

I turned and looked at her, almost startled at the fire burning in her eyes as she smiled at me. If sex could be incarnate, I knew that Antonia was the form that it would take. "Have I ruined things for Mother and me?" I asked plaintively.

Antonia took a deep breath and slowly let it out. "I don't know, John. I doubt it. There is a powerful love between you. The poets would name it true love and I believe that true love will never be denied. Perhaps it will be yours and her choice to make...perhaps the choice will be made for you, but in the end, I think you and your mother will know love.

The mysterious woman leaned in and pressed her lips against mine, gently kissing me before rising up to her feet again. Stroking my hair, Antonia said, "For now, be patient, young master. Give your

mother time to sort things out." She glanced towards a window as thunder rumbled over us. "Today, rest...there can be no work in this storm. Rest and keep faith. Your mother will find her way to you."

And so the day passed. As the rain poured down in buckets, I whiled away the hours, spending what seemed an eternity on my bed, agonizing over my actions, worried that I had thrown away my chance to know Mother completely as a lover. I sat in the living quarters, reading my Spillane books without comprehending a word, one ear allowed focused on the slightest of sounds coming from my mother's bedroom and hoping she would emerge from her self-imposed isolation.

The rain seemed to be never ceasing – still raining heavily into the night as I took supper with Antonia and Hector and then beyond as they retired to their room and I to mine, envying what I knew would be a night of passionate lovemaking on their part. I started to travel downstairs twice that night to watch them, but could not bring myself to be further reminded of what they shared, but I was bereft of. I masturbated, but could not find release. Even sleep denied me the pleasure of the dark, incestuous dreams of late and I awoke early the next morning to the now constant sounds of thunder and torrential rain.

Again, Hector and I spent the day in idle frustration. We played chess several times, too evenly matched to gain decisive results. Mother again failed to make an appearance and several times I climbed the stairs intending to pound on her door until she opened and yielded herself to me, but always, Antonia's words echoed in my mind, counseling me to be patient and allow things to unfold as they were meant to be.

The highlight of that second rainy day was watching Antonia cow Father into retreat when he emerged in an agitated state, demanding that Hector and I venture into the storm to continue clearing the land. Despite his anxiousness to see his supposed altar unveiled, he retreated quickly when Antonia stormily came to our defense and sent him scurrying back to his study amidst a flurry of curses in English and her native language.

In late afternoon as the gray skies began to darken, Hector summoned me to venture out to the pool where to our amusement and dismay, it had begun to fill with rainwater, giving us a vision of what it might look like when we finally would get it operational. Having scoured nearly all the algae and scum, the rainwater was nearly clear and we both laughed that we might take our first dip into the pool in a day or two...assuming the rain finally ended.

Evening brought no sign of Mother and again, I spent a restless night, filled with lurid thoughts of how Antonia and Hector were spending their night and how badly I wanted the same with my mother. Alas, even my dreams were again bereft of the temporary illusion of Mother and I locked in intimate expressions of love and lust.

The next morning, the rain finally abated just as the sun rose above the ocean horizon. It was with some relief that I was able to walk through the sodden earth alongside Hector to resume our work clearing the brush. After days of bottled up frustration, I attacked the heavy foliage with a vengeance, Hector working silently alongside me, sensing my tense state and letting me take out my frustration on the thick plant growth.

We worked hard and quickly and the sun had not yet reached its zenith when my machete glanced off rock and with a bit of surprise, I realized we had reached Father's longed for altar. We spent less than an hour clearing it of the clinging vines and undergrowth to reveal the rectangular stone work, clearly man made and differing from the surrounding slabs, being comprised of an odd obsidian

like and flat surface, raised up perhaps four feet from the ground and being perhaps four feet wide and seven feet in length. Round holes were chiseled through the rock at each corner. On one end were two raised runners, each an inverted 'V', both the same height of maybe a foot and a half.

The surface of the altar was covered in runes, similar to ones drawn on chalkboards in Father's office or sketched out on so many pieces of paper – mostly of them obviously Nordic, but others very much different and somehow disturbing...almost writhing when viewed despite being set in never changing stone.

I finished plucking various tendrils of thorny vines off the altar while Hector went to the house to retrieve Father. I watched with dour amusement as Father practically ran all the way back and then observed him with some concern as he cooed over our discovery, his hands tracing over the runes as he mumbled to himself, sometimes laughing quietly like a man amused by some insane secret. He caressed the raised end of the altar, leaning between them and nodding to himself as he muttered, "So obvious...allowing for better penetration.

Finally, he turned and clapped us both on the back. "Absolutely marvelous, lads!" he said jovially, wrapping an arm around my shoulders and hugging me. His face alight with happiness and I thought him close to tears as he said, "A lifetime of work, John...coming to fruition." He gazed up at the sky as if he could see the stars beyond the sun's illumination. "Tonight, I think...yes, tonight will be perfect for the ceremony."

He clapped me on the back again and said, "Take the rest of the day off, son. Go swimming or something." He turned to Hector and putting his arm around my friend's shoulders, led him off, saying, "There is much to do, my boy...much to do."

I wandered down onto the beach, walking idly along the edge of the surf, thinking of Mother and how so much had passed between us and how much I missed her mere presence. As I walked, a glint of something sparkled off the sun half buried in the sand. I reached down and pulled it out, discovering it was the jeweled comb last night. I fell to my knees with a moan, tears now running down my face as I recalled Mother's face...her expressions of love and desire as we had held each other and yes, touched each other as lovers in the soft light of the full moon. I confess that I wept, both for what we had shared and for all that was yet left undone.

I sat there in the sand, mourning for what I suspected were dashed hopes and dreams until the sun was setting behind me, the light growing dim. I listlessly began my way back to the house only to see Antonia emerge from the kitchen and call my name as I entered the yard.

Antonia looked somewhat grim and foreboding as she looked at me, her eyes dark and unreadable and said, "Time for dinner, John." I nodded forlornly and climbed the steps, stopping as I passed her and she reached out and clamped a hand around my wrist.

"Your mother has come down for dinner, John," she said softly. As hope suddenly swelled in my breast, she crushed it by quickly adding. "She comes at your father's insistence – a celebration in anticipation of his ceremony tonight."

"I...I understand," I muttered and I prepared to move on, but still Antonia held me in place.

"Do not despair, John. Your mother loves you as much as you love her. She...desires you as much as you desire her...maybe even more." She tightened her grip on my arm and made sure I was looking into her eyes as she quietly and seriously intoned, "No matter what happens, never forget your love

for her. It is the love that you share that will make you both strong. It is your love that will save you both in the end."

Only then, did she let me go, turning and going inside with me following behind her, a bit mystified at her words, sensing that they were meant to be more than encouragement.

Inside, I found the dining room set up for a celebration. My nostrils were filled with the heavenly scent of many foods perfectly prepared. Father stood at the far end of the table, Mother at the other end. She looked lovely, but reserved, dark circles around her eyes and looking at me as I entered with something akin to both fear and longing. Father beckoned me to a chair beside her and I gave her a chaste kiss on an offered cheek as I slipped by her to sit down. She was dressed most conservatively in a dress of purest white with a puritan like high collar. Somehow, attempting to conceal her delightful attributes made her all the more desirable. I had a keen urge to tug down the collar and kiss the back of her neck below her pinned up hair.

I suddenly realized that Hector and his mother had joined us, sitting opposite of Mother and myself. They smiled at us and I felt Mother stiffen beside me and knew that if I glanced at her, her face would be a bright red as she recalled witnessing their incestuous appetites just days before. I ached to comfort her...to hold her hand and know that through just my touch, I would be able to convey my love for her.

Father rose up from his seat, beaming at us all. "At last, loved ones and friends, we come to the end of the journey," he began, his voice full of smug good will. "I have spent most of my adult life tracking down the truth behind the story of William Isprey...separating myth from truth, discovering what truly happened on this island in 987 A.D." He then lifted his glass up, filled with a dark wine. "But first, a toast in celebration of my, no, our triumph!"

We all collected our glasses and copied Father as he drank deep from his glass. It was a rich, heady wine with a slightly bitter aftertaste. I had rarely drank wine in my eighteen years, but I cared not for this one. Father sat his down with a satisfied sigh and took a deep breath.

I shifted in my chair, sighing a little as I anticipated hearing yet another rendition of Isprey. In a way, I was correct, but at the same time, I listened as my father step into madness. "Before our world had cooled from its creation, came the Others," said Father solemnly. "Beings of unimaginable power...so highly evolved beyond anything that came to exist here. The Others ruled for untold eons and were humankind's earliest masters. In time, some of us came to understand some of their powers and we threw off their yokes, banishing most to Outside our universe where they dwell even unto today, always seeking a way to return."

Father paused and smiled at us all. "Not all the Others were banished. Some were imprisoned, their existence tied to certain places in the world, only capable of freedom if certain rites were performed. For their freedom, these Others promise unlimited power. This island is one such place. Isprey's Island is the prison for the Other called...lthing'val Hamg."

Antonia hissed and I could barely hear her whisper, "Speak not evil's name."

Father ignored her and continued. "William Isprey spent his life in search of a way to free the Other imprisoned here. When he thought he was ready, he came here accompanied by a dozen fierce Viking warriors and a member of Antonia's race...one of the Jahndi. He attempted the "Summoning" having prepared the ritual site that you fine lads have worked so hard to uncover. He believed he had found the proper way to release lthing'val Hamg." Father chuckled. "Of course, he did not and lost his life rather than becoming the most powerful man alive."

Father turned to face Mother and me as he continued. "I am sorry to have sacrificed so much of the time we were meant to be together in my research on how Isprey failed, but know that it was not time wasted. I know why he failed and I will not make the same mistake he did."

In a subdued voice, Mother replied, "You actually mean to attempt this "Summoning? You actually believe you can free this Other and gain great power, Thomas? My god, is this island making us all insane?"

"I am not insane!" Father nearly shouted back at her, making Mother flinch. I started to rise to her defense, but Father pressed on. "All my life I have been laughed at and mocked for my work. No more! I will make my so called colleagues crawl on their knees before me. I know that Isprey was not a myth. I know why he failed and how I will triumph over all!" He looked at us then, his son and wife and for the first time, I truly did see that he was mad...Father stared at us with eyes that had gazed into the abyss too long.

He confirmed it by saying, "I will triumph and you two are the key!" He turned and gazed about. "I have traveled the globe, seeking out the proper ritual of the Summoning." He turned and grinned at Hector. "Some of it I found with the aid of your father, lad. It took decades, but I know how Isprey failed."

Father reached into his vest pocket and pulled out a tattered piece of papyrus covered with hieroglyphics and other ancient writings. "I found this in Alexandria two years ago. It comes from the time of Ramses II. His chief demonologist understood how to unleash the Others. The Summoning demands an unholy sacrifice...Isprey didn't delve deep enough into the Other's perception of unholy...he didn't understand what it truly meant."

Father laughed again, almost giggling with glee as we all sat there in stunned silence. "Isprey sacrificed an innocent child he'd bought from the Moors of Northern Africa, thinking that was such a terrible act was of itself 'unholy.' He didn't perceive that what the Others viewed as unholy was love itself...the more intimate and perfect the love, the more unholy to them. And what is the ultimate, most intimate love?"

He paused and stared at all of us for a long, tantalizing minute. "The love that a mother and her child share...of course! Taken to its final end, it is known as incest...a concept that For'ishk, Wizard of Ramses and the ancient Egyptians were more than passing familiar with!" Father smiled affectionately at Mother and me. "And the most unholy moment of all is the first time that a mother and her child have intercourse!"

Mother stared at Father for a long moment, her face paling as the implications of his words sank in. She turned to look at me, both horror and guilt on her face and perhaps it was my imagination, but perhaps a little yearning was in her eyes as well...almost as if Father's mad ideas gave her a small window of opportunity to explore further the feelings she had come to have for me. She rose from the table and facing Father again, shouted, "This is madness, Thomas and I'll have nothing to do with it. To even suggest that John and I could..."

She stopped speaking and almost seemed to stagger as she stepped away from the table. "I...we will leave this damned place as soon as the next ship arrives."

Father laughed and shook his head. "No, you won't, darling. I regret that you and John are the price for what must be done, but...mayhap when I have the powers of a God, I will be able to bring you back...if the Other hasn't consumed your souls."

I stood up, the implication of his words very clear. "You'll do nothing to Mother!" I snarled, my heart beating in my chest even as a clammy sweat broke out on my face.

Father laughed at me mockingly. "Ah, son...always there to protect his mother." He shook a finger at me. "I am not an absent minded fool. I know how you feel about her and I know she harbors desires for you as well. It is destiny, don't you see? Destiny that you both shall serve my purpose." He glanced at Antonia and Hector, both sitting silently, a slight frown on their faces and both blushing with embarrassment. "I made sure that you both had an example to inspire you. Even if you hadn't harbored any incestuous feelings for your mother, son, I was sure that the presence of the Jahndi would steer you to it. Incest runs deep in their blood."

"I'm leaving," Mother gasped and turned to flee the room, but then she halted and looked at me as sweat ran down her face and she whispered, "John, I love..." and fainted, collapsing into a heap on the floor.

"Mother!" I cried out and rushed to her, only to be overwhelmed by dizziness as I began to stumble. I fell, not feeling any of the pain of impact, reaching out to her as I went down, my last memory being my hand just brushing hers before all became blackness.

#

"Never lose faith in the love you share with your mother, John. The love you two share will keep you from harm." Antonia's voice, soft and warm echoed through the darkness that was my existence, offering me a lifeline...a tether back to consciousness even though the journey was long and strange. In the absence of visual data, my mind created for me a raft of infinite warmth and softness to ride back to awareness as a variety of sensations rippled through me...soft, pillow-like comfort and silky heat, both hairy and wet. "Your love for your mother is your anchor to life. Never surrender it, never let your mother go!"

Again, Antonia's voice seemed to echo on my ear, so close I thought I could feel her lips brushing my ear. Beyond her strange, soothing voice, I began to hear other noise...the rumble of thunder alternating with a steady drumbeat. A voice speaking something ancient...even alien with a wrongness throughout each strangely phrased syllable. Then a murmuring moan began that I instantly recognized as being made by my mother.

I was suddenly awake, but found myself strangely immobile. A warm, wet wind blew over me and I suddenly perceived that I was naked and I was resting on a bed of incredible softness and then I opened my eyes and found myself staring into Mother's brilliant blue orbs, wide with panic and confusion. With sudden clarity, I realized that I lying on top of my mother, her as naked as I was.

"Mother!" I gasped as I tried to rise up, but found myself strapped into place, immobile and unable to move.

"S-son, what's happening?" Mother gasped, struggling under me.

I was unable to answer as I gazed wildly about. Looking above Mother's head, I saw that my arms were tied down across her shoulders, silken ropes running through holes at the corners of what I suddenly recognized as the altar Hector and I had uncovered earlier in the day. Mother's arms were around my back and I quickly surmised that they were bound into place there just as my legs were strapped down at the other end of the altar.

It was painful to turn my head, but I confirmed that I lay atop Mother, her legs lifted up by the odd structure on the altar. A picture of a gynecologist's examination room rose in my mind. Then Mother's struggles drew attention that my penis...quite erect and throbbing was nestled between her labia. I was erect and Mother...Mother was quite wet.

Suddenly, Father's face loomed up close, a maniacal and eager grin etched there as he said, "Apologies for any discomfort. I'm sure it won't last long and if you cooperate, the end will come amidst pleasure. I have been told that there is nothing quite like the pleasure a mother and son derive from sex."

"Son of a bitch," I hissed. "I'll kill you!" I struggled vainly to raise my head high enough to snap at him, wishing for little more than the opportunity to tear out his throat.

Father leaned back and laughed. "No, you will not, John. I am on the threshold of becoming a God on Earth and you...soon you will be just a memory and a faded one at that." He paced off and I suddenly realized he was wearing a robe covered with bizarre runes. I looked around wildly. Hector knelt beyond Father, steadily pounding out a beat on an odd, triangular drum. As near as I could tell, Hector was naked.

I felt fingers slowly trace their way down my back and I turned to see Antonia beside us. She too was naked except for her now familiar pendant hanging between her pendulous breasts. She looked down at me, her face tense, but smiling. She leaned in and kissed me, her tongue caressing my lips and then did the same to Mother, a sight that I found disturbing, yet arousing, making my cock throb between Mother's nether lips.

"Forgive me for deceptions I have done," she whispered, "But remember what I have said, John. Love your mother with all your might and whatever may come, do not let her out of your embrace."

"I trusted you!" I sobbed, tears suddenly running down my face. "You...you and Hector deceived me, made me think terrible things. You made me think unnatural thoughts about Mother!"

Antonia stroked my face, brushing tears off my cheeks. "I have done wrong to you, yes, John, but your thoughts...your love for your mother was born of your own soul." She looked at both of us with tender love and said, "This love you two were destined to share would have been realized one way or another. I have seen the truth of your lives and I have seen your destiny!"

"Oh, Antonia, please...don't let Thomas do this. Free us, please. Save us, Antonia!" Mother sobbed, her struggles beneath me availing no profit except to arouse my already turgid penis. Mother's pussy was hot and wet, her velvet flesh slick with her arousal.

Antonia shook her head and again kissed us, first Mother, her tongue pressing into my mother's mouth and Mother responding to it, her eyes wide with bewilderment. "Listen when I tell you that no harm can come to mother and son if they armor themselves in the protection of their love." She kissed me and said with heavy emphasis, "Whatever may come, John, do not let your mother out of your loving embrace!"

"It is time!" bellowed Father approaching again. "It is time for the Summoning." He gestured to Antonia. "Take your place, Jahndi witch!"

My eyes followed Antonia as she gracefully walked to her son, taking the drumstick from his hand and never missing a beat as he stepped back and she knelt behind the drum. She continued to beat

out the weird rhythm as Hector knelt behind her and then I saw his hands spread her buttocks and when her eyes widened and then closed in utter pleasure, I knew that he was fucking her.

Father raised his hands to the sky and began uttering strange words, alien mutterings that hurt to hear, but which with each phrase became understood. Overhead, lightning played across a clear sky and the moon, full and blood red showered us with an obscene light as he chanted, "ITHING'VAL HAMG, COME FORTH! YOU ARE SUMMONED AND YOUR FREEDOM IS AT HAND!" He turned to face Antonia and Hector and continued, "WITNESS THE UNHOLY ACT OFFERED UP TO YOU BY YOUR SERVANTS...PERFORMED FOR YOUR BENEFIT!" He turned and faced us. "WITNESS MY OFFERING – A VIRGINAL PERFORMANCE OF UNHOLY INCEST – MOTHER AND SON ON THE VERGE OF SUCCUMBING TO DARK LUST. EVEN IN THE FACE OF THEIR SOULS' DESTRUCTION, THEY ARE BURNING WITH THE LUST OF UNHOLY DESIRE. MAY THEY NOURISH YOUR HUNGERS, LORD ITHING'VAL HAMG!"

The strange, cloudless storm intensified as lightning strikes buffeted the grounds around us, striking the stone slabs we had uncovered over the last few weeks. Mother moaned below me even as we both now squirmed in our bonds, not seeking freedom, but suddenly overwhelmed by the sudden need to be joined cock to pussy. Something incredibly carnal seemed to suffuse the very air, overwhelming nearly all thought.

Glancing about, I suddenly perceived shadowy, almost inconceivable specters manifesting on the stone slabs...things that my vision seemed to simply slide away from, not quite able or willing to accept in my conscious thought. Amidst my incestuous lusts for mother, a palpable wrongness filled the clearing.

Father also seemed to perceive them as he turned and bowed to each before intoning, "BEHOLD ITHING'VAL HAMG, YOUR KIN COME CLOSE TO THE VEIL THAT SEPARATES REALITIES, AWAITING YOUR UNLEASHING SO YOU MAY OPEN THE GATES FOR THEIR RETURN! COME FORTH, ANCIENT MASTER AND I SHALL BREAK THE SHACKLES THAT BIND YOU!"

Father slowly walked around us even as Antonia began chanting as her son pounded his erection into her pussy – her song weaving in and around the bizarre beats of the drum. Antonia's face was a rictus of pleasure as she screamed, "MATRE TIAMBO UN UMANO UN ESTASIUM VICTRE DIABLAS!" again and again.

I felt a hand on my genitals, Father's fingers around my cock and despite the repulsive feel of his touch, I throbbed as I perceived he was placing my swollen crown between Mother's aroused labia which clasped hungrily for my flesh. "AS HUSBAND AND FATHER, I BLESS THIS UNHOLY UNION OF MY SON AND HIS MOTHER. LET THEIR LUST BE THE FUEL THAT BURNS YOUR CHAINS AWAY, ITHING'VAL HAMG. LET THEIR INCESTOUS LUST MAKE YOU FREE TO DO YOUR WILL UPON THE EARTH!"

All the world seemed to fall into place then as suddenly I was free to thrust deep into Mother's wet pussy. With a loud howl of lust, I did just that, triggering a soulful cry in my mother as she flung her hips up to meet my cock. "I love you, Mother!" I sobbed as I felt my cock descend into her liquid heat, understanding completely for the first time why Antonia and Hector were so devoted to each other. I had dreamt of the moment, but had barely conceived of the sheer rightness of joining with my mother sexually!

Our mouths found each other in the storm that was our lust and love, our tongues writhing about each other, making love even as I hunched into her marvelous pussy again. "I LOVE YOU, SON!"

Mother screamed, saliva splattering from her mouth as she broke the kiss. She bucked upwards into me again and again, grinding herself against my crotch, attempting to swallow more deeply my cock into her furnace like womb.

As we fucked passionately within our restraints, a part of me seemed to step apart, admiring the lewd and wanton sight of myself and Mother rutting like wild beasts, but also perceiving the equally passionate coupling of Antonia and her son and the growing power around us...a tangible, yet elusive force gathering in the clearing. Between the rampant burst of lightning, the blood-like glow of the Moon exposed tantalizing and disturbing glimpses of something forming above us and around us – taking form one moment and becoming invisible the next. There were tentacle-like extensions and unnerving apertures reminiscent of the labia like appearance of certain exotic lilies. My recent dreams echoed vaguely in my head and I suddenly knew I was already acquainted with Ithing'val Hamg.

Mother's gaze started to turn away from me and her eyes widened in horror as she looked upon the grotesque specter of the Other and I hissed, "Look at me, Mother. Look at the love in my eyes," and I kissed her passionately, fixing her gaze with my eyes so much like her own, feeling relieved when the aura of insanity faded from her blue orbs.

Father trembled as he again raised his arms, bringing out of the folds of his rune covered robes, a long, wicked knife, gleaming with a reddish tint in the light of the moon's rays. Even as I kissed Mother again, my hips working feverishly to please her with quick, hard thrusts, her pussy walls clinging tightly to my erection, massaging my shaft and kissing at the head of my cock, I kept a watchful eye on my father, resenting ever iota of attention I was unable to spend focused on my mother.

A part of me knew that the end of my life was at hand. Flecks of fear were floating amidst the lust and love in Mother's eyes as well and she moaned, "Sweet son, forgive me for not letting you in me earlier. My love for you was so intense, so strangely powerful, I was afraid it would consume us both."

As Father again approached, raising the sacrificial dagger high above his head, I replied to my mother, "No apologies...a moment or a lifetime joined body and soul with you, Mother fulfills all my hopes and dreams."

"ITHING'VAL HAMG, AS I RIP THE BLOOD AND LIFE FROM THE UNHOLY ONES' BODIES, COME FORTH AND CONSUME THEIR SOULS AND LET THEIR UNHOLINESS FEED YOUR STRENGTH SO YOU MAY BREAK YOUR EARTHLY CHAINS!"

"I love you, Mother," I whispered while I thrust deep inside her, feeling her wrapping around me even as she whispered her love to me and Father's dagger swept down to pierce both our bodies. I could feel the slight rush of pressure as the wicked knife approached and then there was light and heat as Father's knife thrust was blunted, the force of his halted stroke throwing him off balance to stumble into the dirt beside us.

"NO! WHAT STAYS MY HAND?" Father screeched as he climbed to his feet. Again, he raised his arm on high and brought it down on us and again, something flared bright and hot and my father shrieked as he fell away, his hand blackened and blistered while the dagger fell to the earth.

Mother cried out in disbelief, both from our momentary and unforeseen salvation and from what I perceived to be the first tremors of orgasm as her hips rolled and writhed beneath me, encouraging me to fuck her harder. Father again clambered to his feet. "What...I've followed the Summoning

precisely..." he whimpered as he stared at his ravaged hand, the flesh already falling away to reveal gleaming bone.

"BETRAYED! YOU JANDHI BITCH!" Father snarled as he turned on Antonia and Hector, almost oblivious to us as they moved in perfect unison, slamming into each other wetly. Father snatched up the dagger in his remaining good hand and rushed the kneeling couple fucking on their hands and knees. Neither flinched as he brought down his knife, Antonia moaning lewdly as she began to orgasm on her son's cock, her hand still steadily beating the odd drum. There was again a flash of light, accompanied by intense heat and the knife fell to the ground again as Father sagged to his knees cradling his destroyed hands.

His wails of pain and despair were answered by angry, frustrated shrieks from the surrounding specters already fading from their insubstantial grasp on our world and I understood that the ceremony had failed. Laughing triumphantly, I renewed my thrusts with youthful vigor, triggering a massive orgasm in Mother – her screams of pleasure mixing with Father's shrieks of pain.

He suddenly jerked his head up, eyes now wide with fear as the air around us began to heat as if we were standing before an immense open fire. The growing heat spurred my arousal on as if the energy was born of, yet feeding on our incestuous lust. The near tangible thing 'Val Hamg drifted and concentrated around Father and I felt the immense heat it was giving off in its anger and denial. It seemed to pick Father up and hold him suspended in the air. Father screamed in pain and fear even as his skin began to blister and blacken, writhing in the deadly grasp of the denied Other.

Mother and I both moaned with pleasure and with surprised discomfort as the hair on our head began to crisp in the unnatural heat. Our bonds suddenly seemed to fall away, cut or burned I was not sure. I glanced over at Antonia and Hector but they had vanished, but suddenly I heard Antonia's voice in my ear, "Now, flee for your lives. Do not let your mother go. Keep her in your loving embrace. GO NOW!"

I did not hesitate even a second, lunging backwards with Mother in my arms, sliding backwards off the altar to land on my feet, Mother still impaled on my cock, sobbing with undreamt of pleasure. The heat was now so intense that the surrounding brush and trees were smoldering. The foul stench of burning hair filled my nostrils as I moved, Father's death shrieks echoing in my ears.

I lumbered off, somehow finding the strength to carry Mother, supported by my hands on her taut buttocks and my throbbing cock spearing her cunt. I ran awkwardly towards the direction of the house as a raging inferno exploded behind me and gave chase. The race was so strange and surreal, the pleasure of our sexual joining contrasting with the terrible heat and fear of the moment.

I felt my feet slap onto concrete and cried, "Don't let go of me, Mother! I love you!" as I leaped and we fell into the chill, sweet rainwater that had partially filled the pool! The cold water of the pool was like a balm after the fire that had almost consumed us, but it seemed to have no detrimental effects on us in our incestuous coupling. Mother clung to me vigorously, her arms and legs wrapped around me both lovingly and possessively as our groins hunched together – never ceasing to generate the carnal pleasure that sustained us.

We sank to the bottom of the pool and I thanked the heavens that we'd been lucky enough to have jumped into the deep end. As my feet landed against the pebbled concrete flooring, we stared lovingly into each other's eyes, illuminated by great light overhead and then kissed as we almost hovered on the pool's bottom, sharing each other's last bits of oxygen.

Finally, the need to breath became too much and I kicked us off the bottom of the pool and we broke the surface as we broke our loving kiss, gasping for air amidst a great inferno. Everything about us seemed to be ablaze...the trees and nearby brush, the grass and the great house itself. Although it didn't seem possible, I thought I could hear Father's screams still echoing in the night as if somehow his torment continued long after his physical body should have been consumed.

Mother sobbed and hugged me tighter as she whimpered, "My God, John, has the whole world gone insane?"

I hugged her back, treading water and replied, "Hush, Mother...think not of that, focus on the now...focus on you and me and what we have become." I kissed her then again as she again became fully aware of the fact that we were joined in incestuous sex.

Mother's eyes grew wide as she said, "John...son, you are...you are fucking me! You're fucking your mother!" She began to laugh and for a brief moment I thought she might be succumbing to madness after all, but then she screamed with pleasure as she hunched against me and cried out, "You feel wonderful inside me, John! Fuck me, darling – fuck me and love me forever!"

Obedient son that I am, I persevered to obey my mother. We drifted into shallower water where I could find my footing as we stood neck high in the cool water, my hands cupping Mother's buttocks while her ankles crossed over my ass and her arms remained wrapped around my neck, fingers clawing into my skin as she came and came again. Overhead and all around us, a storm of fiery energy raged even as between our joined loins an even fiercer storm born of incestuous lust and love ran wild. Amidst the roar of the fire seemed to sound an ancient and triumphant cry, itself almost lost in the sound of great, beating wings.

All the madness of the evening...of the last weeks was forgotten as Mother and I made love, finally unleashing all our repressed desires, drowning ourselves in our love and hunger for each other, never becoming sated on the ecstasy that being joined cock and pussy produced.

We both should have collapsed from exhaustion and died that night, but somehow we became eternal...forever in the moment of perfect orgasm...Mother's cunt tightening around my erection again and again, bathing it in her steaming juices as she orgasmed while I came and came again, ejaculating impossible load after load of hot semen into her motherly womb, never seeming to lose the hardness that my mother inspired in me.

The night and the storm of fire seemed to both go on forever and neither of us wanted it to end as we fucked and made love, always conscious that we were mother and son and always aware that this was our destiny...that we were meant to be lovers. We made love amidst the fire until both seemed to merge, the flames of our desire and of the Other's ire becoming one until ecstatic fire consumed all.

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I awoke to the singing of the gulls and opened my eyes to a brilliant blue morning sky, pure save a single column of black smoke. I was lying on my back and a pleasurable weight was atop me. Looking down, I saw the top of Mother's blonde tresses, smeared with soot and algae. Her bare shoulders shifted and as I reached out to stroke them, she shifted against me, her nose and lips nuzzling my chest as she slept.

It took a moment to sort out our surroundings, but I realized that we were lying at the edge of the shallow end of the pool, somehow having made our way here in the night to fall asleep in the sweet

exhaustion that our lovemaking had wrought. Low to the ground around us was a smoky haze and the strong scent of burned wood. I craned my neck towards the direction of the house and found only smoking remnants of its bones...great wooden beams that charred and fumed amidst brick and mortar debris. A great column of smoke rose high into the sky

Looking out towards the work site, I could only see burned tree trunks through slowly swirling strands of smoke...the open grass gone leaving only blackish ground. As I moved, Mother came awake and lifted her head to look around, shifting slightly so that she was straddling me, one long leg on each side of me. Her magnificent breasts swung hypnotically as she sat up and stared at the destruction around us.

Finally, Mother's brilliant blue eyes found mine and she said, "We're alive. You saved us, son." She stated it as a fact, not a question.

I shook my head and replied, "We saved each other, Mother. Our love for each other is what preserved us, I think."

Mother nodded and a cloud passed over her face for a moment. "Thomas is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, Mother. I think Father's obsessions killed him."

Mother was quiet for a moment although after a minute or so, she seemed to realize that she was sitting atop me naked, her loins pressed against my already hardening penis. An odd smile flitted across her face. "I cannot find it within me to say I will miss him." Mother straightened her posture, her hands slowly rising up from her stomach to cup and massage her breasts, her nipples stiffening from her fingers' attentions. She glanced around again and said in a perplexed tone, "Antonia and Hector?"

I shook my head in reply even as I joined my hands with hers, squeezing Mother's breasts, relishing their weight and volume. "I think it's just you and me, Mother."

Mother smiled and began to rock on top of me, sliding her already spread labia up and down the growing length of my shaft. "I love you, son. So long have I denied what I yearned for...what we both wanted and needed. No more. I want you, John. Mother needs you inside me, loving me."

I nodded and placing my hands on her waist, helped her to rise so that my cock could stand up on its own, the tip of my penis being kissed wetly by her pussy lips. Mother slowly descended on my erection, her back arching as her mouth dropped open in a display of pure carnal joy as she sobbed, "Yesssssss! I love you, son!"

I watched in awe as I saw my reserved, shy mother unleash her lustful side, riding me wantonly, her hair flying all about as her breasts bounced wildly while sliding up and down my erect cock, aching and throbbing with the need to be inside her...to return to my beginnings, desiring nothing more than to mate with my perfect woman and lover, my beloved mother.

Mother laughed and sobbed, her cries and screams of sexual delight doing much to dispel any lingering sense of death and foreboding that remained from Father's madness. Mother, who had always appeared to be younger than her years, seemed to grow younger still as with each successive orgasm seemed to shed years of stress and neglect and loneliness, now becoming an icon of ecstasy and love, the perfect embodiment of motherly beauty.

At the height of her greatest orgasm yet, as her pussy juices bathed my aching cock in liquid fire and she sank deep onto my shaft, my swollen cock head nudging her cervix while she convulsed and moaned in absolute carnal joy, I thrust upwards to get even deeper and unleashed an almost painful flood of hot semen into her womb, suddenly aware that if she was to discover she was begotten with child in the next few months, that this was the moment that I claimed her as lover, wife and mother and as mother of our future children.

Finally, Mother collapsed atop me, her lips wetly kissing mine, gasping, "I love you, son, I love you more than life itself," between our tongues caressing each other. We slept again, letting the sun warm our bodies, somehow knowing that we were safe...safer than we had even been before.

We awoke sometime after noon, judging from the sun's travels across the blue sky, still perfect except for the continuing tower of smoke from the house. We made our way to the beach where we bathed in the surf, ridding ourselves of the smoke and stains of Father's attempted sacrifice from the night before.

The old boathouse down by the dock was the only remaining intact structure on the island and while we resolved only to use it for shelter if the elements demanded it, I did manage to scavenge a few useful items: a buck knife that still had an edge, several dingy scraps of canvas that along with twine I used to fashion primitive footgear and ponchos. I also found some workable fishing gear and before dark had managed to land a large, but ugly fish that we cooked over a small fire we built on the edge of the beach. This combined with berries Mother found in the unblemished portion of the woods provided us a more than adequate repast to sate our appetites.

Neither of us cared to wear the ponchos to cover our nakedness, discovering that in each other's company we were now not shy or modest. I fixed us a bed under a lean-to on the grassy edge of the beach and from it we watched the sun go down and spent the evening tending to our fire between bouts of passionate lovemaking.

I was between Mother's legs, thrusting slowly into her as she squirmed beneath me when we both were suddenly aware that we were not alone. As one, we turned our gaze to the right where across the fire knelt Antonia and Hector – both smiling approvingly at us, their naked bodies evidencing the arousal that watching us produced. I started to rise, preparing to seize my small knife to defend us, but Mother wrapped her legs around my back and moaned, "No...let them watch as we watched them." She reached up and turned my face back towards hers, the campfire reflected in her smoldering gaze. "They do not threaten us, darling."

I nodded, sensing the rightness in her words and resumed thrusting, sinking my turgid flesh into her wet, furnace-like pussy that gripped me like a vise. I focused all my efforts on pleasuring Mother, suddenly intent on demonstrating to Antonia and Hector that we were their equals when it came to incestuous love.

Mother's every moan served me to work harder to please her, rolling and twisting my hips to increase her pleasure while my lips kissed and sucked at her succulent breasts and her luscious lips. Mother flexed and tightened her cunt muscles around my cock, her inner flesh, so wet and slick seeming to kiss and lick every inch of my swollen member. Our cries of pleasure filled the dark night air as we moved to orgasm as one being, our souls merged into one as we reached climax, the world fading for a moment, leaving us as the sum total of existence, wrapped in a universe of incestuous pleasure.

When we returned to the world, and looked to Antonia and Hector, we found the son grinning from ear to ear and Antonia smiling at us beatifically as tears ran down her face. "You understand love as it was meant to be – the power, the rightness of it. I am so happy for you both."

Antonia cast her eyes towards her lap and then murmured, "Please forgive us our deceptions...we would not have done what we have done if it wasn't necessary."

Hector reached out and hugged his mother while looking at us. "Yes, friend John...at least I hope we are still friends. Forgive us."

Mother and I shared a glance, our expressions agreeing that we sensed no evil in them. "There is nothing to forgive, but an explanation of what happened would be good," I said.

Antonia nodded. "Yes, truth is...should always be the way." She rose up onto her knees and said softly. "We are Jandhi...a people destroyed and made homeless by the Others and those who would free them from their prison...Outside. We are Jandhi, dedicated to opposing the return of the Others wherever the threat of their return rises." She smiled sadly and continued. "So it was that I came to know your father, John...Professor Thomas Halloran in his quest for the truth of William Isprey and the Island of Isprey or as it has long been known to us, The Isle of Ithing'Val Hamg." She spit on the ground, a bitter expression passing briefly over her face.

"Your father began as an academic searching for the truth behind a legend, but his curiosity was seduced and replaced by a desire for power, fed by the tendrils of the Others that pierce our world, begging for freedom and promising dark riches and power in return. Sad it is that humans are so frail and gullible...even a Jandhi can be swayed by promises of power and wealth and immortality. So it was that Thomas and my husband, Vincenzo were seduced, each pursuing their own darkest desires unto their deaths.

Antonia eyed me, her face growing red as she spoke. "Your father saw me as an ally after the death of my husband and I did assist and advise him, helping to steer him to artifacts that he thought would bring him his prize and free the Other. There is much lore in the world concerning the Others." She grinned evilly before adding, "But most of it is false, planted and supported by the Jandhi...lies woven within myths."

She gestured at herself and at us. "Incest is our best weapon. Reviled by so many cultures, yet as old as the beginning of our world, it is embraced by many of the Jandhi who recognize it for the pure form of love that it is. Your father believed that it was an unholy act that would allow for the breaking of the Other's chains. In truth, nothing could be farther from the truth."

"How so?" asked Mother leaning forward, her eyes wide with fascination.

The Others have no concept or understanding of love. In its purest forms, love fascinates them...they desire to understand, to participate...to know love. The love that a mother and child share, taken to its most intimate form is as close to 'holy' a concept as the Others have. It is what has protected us all these past weeks we have stayed on the island. Ithing'val Hamg yearns to have...to be what we are and would never harm us nor allow harm to come to any of us."

"But John and I were not yet...lovers until last night. How were we protected before?" Mother asked softly.

"Our desires were already there," I said immediately, the truth clear in my mind. "Hector and Antonia have long been lovers, but Mother, you and I were already traveling down that road long

before we began to yield to our desires." Mother blushed a little, but nodded in agreement.

"Yes, and such a pure love in genesis is fascinating to the Others...a rare privilege to witness incestuous love being born," said Antonia. "You two were...precious to it."

"My dreams..." I began.

Antonia nodded as Mother stared at me in surprise, suddenly comprehending. "Our dreams," she said, putting her hands in mine. These were the Other's doing?

"Yes," replied Antonia. "It used your longing for each other to invade and link your dreaming minds and fulfill your lust and desires...coming as close to knowing what incestuous love is within your own sleeping lives."

"But, Thomas...how did he survive so long?" asked Mother.

Hector nodded and said, "The Other sensed your husband's desire to free it and let him be, hoping for deliverance. It was only when he incorrectly performed the spell of Summoning and threatened to end your incestuous existence that the fell being's wrath pierced its bonds and incinerated him...freedom or no, your love for each other demanded that it protect that holy thing."

Mother shook her head and hesitated before asking, "But why let it come to this bloody end? I sense within you, Antonia, great power. Why did you not stop Thomas before we even came here?"

Antonia looked into the fire, seeing something that only she could envision and gave a great sigh before she responded. "Life...even that as foolishly spent as was Thomas's is precious and while we will take life when we must, the Jandhi believe that everyone must have the chance to refuse to serve evil. I knew that the Other would protect you and strike down Thomas if he pursued his course to the end. Although, I have prayed for you and your son to know pure love, I had always hoped that in the end, Thomas would come to his senses. In the beginning and even towards the end, he was a friend to me and Hector and Vincenzo."

I remembered Hector once telling me it would be up to his mother to speak of his father's passing when the moment was right. "Antonia, how did your husband die?"

The olive-skinned woman was a long time answering – Hector reaching out his hand to her in a gesture of love and comfort. Finally, she said calmly, "I killed him, John. Vincenzo sought out and received the gift of immortality through an Other's gift of lycanthropy...a gift that required the slaying and feeding on innocent souls. I put a silver needle through his heart and sent his soul to the hell it deserved." I suddenly recalled the slender silver needle she'd often used to pin up her hair.

There was a long silence before Mother rose and went to Antonia and kissed her on the lips gently. "I am so sorry for your loss and your pain, Antonia." She laughed bitterly. "I am sorry for the pain that both our husbands brought upon the world."

I felt my cock begin to swell at the sight of Mother and Antonia, both lushly naked, kissing. A quick glance at Hector confirmed that he too found it quite erotic. Antonia kissed Mother back, gently, but very slowly as if relishing the taste of another woman's lips. "Pain we have suffered, true enough, Carmen, but we loved our husbands, yes, if for no other reason than they gave us our sons...our true soul mates."

Tears ran down Mother's face as she nodded and replied, "Yes, Thank God for that. I will forever pray for Thomas's soul because he gave me John." Both women laughed and cried at the same time, pausing only to kiss one last time, no longer being chaste, but sharing tongues, Mother's face glowing at this new experience.

When finally the two mothers ending their kiss, Antonia looked around at us and laughed, gesturing to our obvious erections as she said, "Ah yes, the blessings that are our sons are definitely evident and in demand of attention." She glanced at me and then returned her gaze to Mother as she said, "We would deem it a great honor to share this night with the two of you, celebrating our holy unions together."

Mother returned to my side and waved mother and son to join us on our bed of leafy fronds and soft grass. "For us both," I replied, "It would be our honor."

As if it had been long practice, Mother and Antonia lay down side by side, Mother's alabaster skin contrasting perfectly with Antonia's olive color, their bodies, while both lush and beautiful contrasting erotically as well – Mother's lanky, yet motherly form and Antonia's voluptuous figure...both evoking a powerful carnality.

Mothers held out their arms and their sons moved to embrace them, Hector climbing between his mother's open thighs and I between Mother's welcoming legs. I felt Antonia's foot brushing my leg and looking down, I saw that her leg had crossed over Mother's joining the two women as their sons prepared to mount them and do them the homage of incestuous love.

Before gazing into my face, Mother glanced over at Antonia who smiled at her and took Mother's offered hand. Then both mothers turned their attention to their sons, both crying out with uninhibited pleasure as Hector and I buried our cocks deep in our mothers' pussies. As I kissed Mother, my tongue busy tasting her lips, mouth and her wriggling tongue, I could hear the wet kisses of Antonia and Hector and images of mother and son fucking filled my mind alongside the reality of fucking my own mother.

Mother's hands stroked my face as we kissed, little grunts of pleasure muffled by my mouth as I rammed my aching and swollen penis into her again and again, feeling bigger and longer than ever before, my desires to please her fed by her sounds of ecstasy. Beside us, Antonia was louder in her moans of utter pleasure, mayhap due to having longer experience in reveling in incestuous lovemaking. However, her cries and screams of pleasure were soon matched in intensity as Mother let her inhibitions dissipate, fueled by the sensation of my thick penis worming its way in and out of her clinging and hungry cunt.

Hector and I rode our mothers with enthusiasm until the air reeked of sexual sweat, pussy juice and our own fluids. I could feel the presence of great power and perceived the presence of the Other close at hand. I minded him not, putting him out of my mind, safe and happy between my mother's legs. Mother came to orgasm first, sobbing out her love for me, quickly followed by Antonia, who was perhaps inspired by the sight of another mother fucking her son.

Perhaps it was a product of Jahndi magic or the presence of the Other or perhaps simply the desire of Hector and myself to pleasure our mothers as never before, but neither of us yielded to climax ourselves...separately squelching the need to orgasm as we fucked our mothers late into the night.

The images of that night will be forever burned into my brain and I will go to my grave happily remembering images of Mother and Antonia riding our cocks, their bodies rising and falling side by side as they impaled themselves again and again on their sons' long, erect penises. Holding hands,

Antonia and my mother bounced up and down, sobbing and crying out their ecstasy, supporting each other through earth shattering orgasms, pausing between cries of "I love you, son!" and screams of incestuous passion to kiss each other, communing in a way that I found both alien and incredibly arousing.

I recall Mother and Antonia on their hands and knees, sobbing and screaming as we fucked them from behind like virile beasts from a lost age, clawing at the leafy surface when not caressing each other's bodies or kissing, tongues working feverishly until their sons' never ceasing cocks drove them over the abyss again and again, forcing them to scream their pleasure to the heavens.

Near dawn, Hector and I finally succumbed to our own needs. Hours of reckless sexual pleasure left us thickly coated in sweat, our cocks so hard and swollen, I wondered if I would simply burst. Mother's eyes were nearly glazed from more sexual pleasure than she had known in a lifetime as I was once more between her thighs, her ankles flung over my shoulders as I ceaselessly fucked her, each thrust into her fiery, slick pussy inspiring me to rededicate my efforts and never stop giving her as much pleasure as she gave me.

"I'm cumming, Mother," I gasped as I felt an unstoppable flood rising from my testicles, my pleasure growing so intensely and so quickly I thought I might pass out!

Beside me, Hector moaned, "Mama, here it comes!"

Both mothers sobbed in anticipation, flinging their exhausted bodies up to receive our offerings. "I LOVE YOU, MOTHER!" I screamed at the top of my voice as I began to cum, my knees nearly buckling from the intensity of it. I felt as if a fire hose had erupted as I gushed more hot semen than I thought possible in one seemingly endless burst. Feeling my thick seed filling her womb triggered Mother's orgasm anew and just when I thought my ejaculation had ebbed, the pressure built and then exploded in a torrent of pleasure as I shot even more semen inside her.

As intense as my orgasm was, Mother's appeared to be even more powerful as she bucked and convulsed against my thrusting cock. Antonia seemed to be reacting in a similar fashion as she lost her voice, her face muscles sticking out as she silently shrieked in ecstatic delight.

"FUCK YES...LOVE YOUR CUM!" Mother screamed as her entire body rocked about and suddenly my erection was out of her, still spraying semen everywhere...powerful, supernatural gouts of hot sperm splattering across her stomach and breasts, landing in her open mouth while she writhed in an orgasm that seemed as if it might go on forever.

Beside us, Antonia's body was in an orgasmic frenzy as she too had bucked her son out of her pussy from which a mammoth amount of semen appeared to be pouring, while Hector held his cock like a hose and splattered his thick seed over her voluptuous body. In a hoarse whisper, she was sobbing her now very familiar mantra, "Matre tiambo un umano un estastium victre diablas," interspersed with "I love you, my beloved son."

Hector and I were long minutes catching our breath, so spent that it was all we could do to kneel between our mothers' thighs as our chests heaved and the sweat cooled on our bodies. The time was well spent as we watched Mother and Antonia quiver and moan while caressing their own flesh, rubbing our semen into their skin, giving it, I thought, a more lustrous glow than before. What parts of our sperm wasn't rubbed into flesh was scooped up and lewdly slurped, our mothers' grins telling us how much they had enjoyed it.

When she could finally speak, Mother wheezed, "My god...what was that. I never dreamed a man and a woman could..." She shook her head, wordless in wonder.

Antonia nodded and said, "A blessing, I think...from the Other or our own Gods in heaven, I am not sure. A miracle, certainly and one should never question or look at miracles too closely, but rather savor and remember them."

Hector collapsed next to his mother who wrapped her arms around him, exhaustion setting in. I fell over next to Mother who weakly rolled into me, hugging me to her slick and sticky body. "I love you so much, son!" she murmured before her tongue slipped into my mouth. We kissed for a long time before weariness began to overwhelm me. Mother eased me over onto my back and sat there watching me. We both became aware that Antonia was sitting up as well, her gaze wandering back between her son's semi-erect and cum covered penis and my own.

"Among the Jandhi who embrace incestuous love, there is a custom of courtesy that is observed when a mother and son share lovemaking with another mother and son couple," Antonia said softly between deep breaths. "To taste the fresh seed of another's son is considered a great honor to be offered. Carmen Halloran, I offer this honor to you. Antonia gestured to her son's penis, thickly coated with her juices and Hector's semen.

Mother gasped, her eyes wide and round with surprise. She looked back at me with the question on her face and when I nodded, she moved quickly beside Hector and began to lower her head, pausing and looking up at the boy's mother to say, "Antonia, please, you would honor me if you would taste John's...er, seed too."

The air was quickly full of the sound of Hector's and my moans as our mother's licked and sucked each other's son clean of our momentous sexual encounter. Antonia's tongue was everything I had dreamt it would be and more...her expertise and enthusiasm at sucking my sensitive penis was almost more than I could bear. From Hector's expression, my mother while less experienced was still demonstrating great skill as she rolled her tongue over his semi-erect cock and sucked him clean of his semen and his mother's juices.

Antonia and Mother ended this wondrous night as they embraced one last time, their semen and pussy juice smeared lips pressing together as they shared a passionate kiss, passing back and forth the semen of their son's and each other's pussy creams. Despite the near Herculean sex of the night, I felt a stirring in my penis...a growing hunger for my mother.

Antonia crawled to me and kissed me gently on the lips, her tongue slipping into my mouth to share the taste of all of us. She then kissed me on the forehead, the gesture of a loving mother before rising to her feet. I stood up too, a little unsteady even as Mother and Hector joined us after kissing as well.

"Dawn is not far off and we must leave now," Antonia said with a sigh. "Fear not, your time on this island is at an end as well and you will not spend another night here."

"You're leaving?" Mother said. "Now? Will you not wait with us for rescue, Antonia?"

The dark haired woman shook her head ruefully and said, "No, we needs must travel a different path."

Mother looked unhappy as she took my hand and I embraced her. "But, we promised that we would show you America."

Antonia smiled and nodded, "And someday, you shall. We will come and spend much time with you and we will come to know you both so much more...intimately." The way she said the last word and the way she smiled at us when she said it, made my cock stir even more...her very tone promising so much. "But for now, there is a need for you two to be alone...to learn and grow together into the couple the Gods always meant for you to be."

Hector hugged me tight and kissed my cheek, whispering, "Be well, brother. I know you will be the man your mother deserves!" He hugged and kissed Mother as well.

Antonia took her son's hand after kissing me and then my mother and began walking away, moving down the beach. I suddenly called out, "Wait...Antonia, the words you chant while making love...what do they mean? I've always wanted to know."

The Exotic woman grinned back and said in a loving voice, "Matre tiambo un umano un estastium victre diablas." She glanced at her son and replied, "Roughly translated, John, it means 'A mother and son's love is in ecstasy, victorious over the devil!'" Mother and son turned and continued down the beach a ways and then halted. With the ocean breeze blowing her dark, curly hair all about, she looked over her shoulder and called out. "This is not goodbye. It is not the end. All things are just beginning. Be well and be happy!"

We waved as they walked away, finally disappearing beyond the curve of the island. Mother turned and hugged herself to me and we retired to our bed, cuddling as the sun came up and falling into a peaceful sleep, neither of us speaking of how much we would miss Antonia and Hector, but intuitively knowing in our sadness of their parting that somehow, someday, we would meet them again. In time, our intuition proved correct and they have been and continue to be our dearest friends.

We awoke in late afternoon just in time to see a warship approach off the coast. It was the U.S.S. Howard...a destroyer of the U.S. Navy come to investigate the still quite visible tower of smoke, the remnants of the great house which was now little more than rubble and ashes.

We donned our makeshift canvas ponchos and greeted the small boat that came to the docks with all the enthusiasm that the survivors of great horror would muster. Captain King dutifully took down our story of how we survived Father's insanity although he had been consumed by the wildfire that had spread out of control during the ceremony that was the culmination of his madness. Our sinned bodies along with the subsequent revelations during the investigation of Father's obsession with the occult and the story of Isprey himself cemented our story. The only mystery...the only omission of truth was what had happened to our housekeeper and her son. We confessed ignorance of their fate, suggesting that perhaps their bodies had been incinerated in the great conflagration. Father's charred, nearly cremated remains were buried at sea...neither of us willing to allow the possibility of his troubled spirit to linger on land.

The incident was quickly and quietly buried by Meskatonic University which has had so many strange and troubling incidents throughout its history. We gave Father's remaining papers and books to the Meskatonic Library, ridding ourselves of all evidence that he'd ever existed. Following the insurance settlement, Mother and I relocated to the West Coast where I attended Stanford and became a chemical engineer.

Mother and I have since lived our lives as husband and wife. It has been a long and happy life, blessed with three children now grown and gone – spread across the country. All know of our true relationship, but to date, none have pursued our path.

What happened on what we now call the Island of I, marked us, but mostly in positive ways. Our love for each other has only grown and deepened with each passing year, achieving a greater intimacy than most could ever know. But it was many years before we even began to suspect how magically we were affected.

Those incidents took place when I was eighteen and Mother was forty. Mother is now nearly ninety, but appears to be a very healthy and beautiful woman in her late fifties, while I even though I am approaching seventy years of age, appear to be a very youthful forty year old. In later years as we spent time with Antonia and Hector (who are similarly aging very slowly), Antonia explained that this was likely due to our bodies being exposed to incredible and unearthly energies that the Gods in their wisdom allowed us to retain and benefit from.

Another result of what happened on the Island of I is that we are more attuned to the supernatural world. In our many journeys across America and indeed the world, Mother and I have sensed the presence of other imprisoned Others and have had an innate sense of the Jahndi who spend their lives guarding against the return of the Others. We are known to the Jahndi and we have come to know many of them – it always being an illuminating experience to meet those who know incestuous joy as we do. We do not fear the presence of Others, knowing that in our life and love together, Mother and I are considered holy and untouchable by those beings.

That being said, we consider all these the least of the gifts of our time spent on the island. Our greatest gift is our love realized so long ago...a gift that renews itself daily in each other's arms as Mother and I make love...each time sweeter than the time before.

The End