

# MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 01

## *Ahabscribe*

*What began over Christmas and New Year's Eve continues.*

Incest/Taboo

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### **Part 01: Spring Break with Mom**

*This story is a continuation of "Christmas with Mom" and "New Year's Eve with Mom." To give it some semblance of continuity from here on out, all future parts will run under "Mother & Son -- A Love Story."*

Sorry that continuing this tale has taken so long to get out to you. This proved to be a difficult part to write. What often hurts an incest story's credibility is how so many people suddenly get brought into the incestuous relationship. Whether the story is thinly disguised truth or simple fiction, the trickiest part is conveying a sense of reality. What I hope is to keep you wondering if many of the people and the places within this story are or were real. In the end as with all things, you decide. Either way, I hope you enjoy. I look forward to your comments and critiques. My inspiration is y'all.

P.S. Consider this a shameless plug, but if you didn't read "The Mark of Danteshwari" please give it a try. I think it was one of my better stories, but very few gave it a look. I really want to know what you think of it.

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Isn't it funny, the little things that can keep you sane? At Christmas, my world was turned upside down as my greatest fantasies and desires came true. In a snow locked Chicago, my mother and I finally succumbed to our unrequited love and become soul mates, joined in body and heart. By New Year's Eve, our bonds were cemented permanently and we both know that, although it will take some years, eventually we will be able to carve out a life that will never again be lived separately.

But for the time being, we both ached from the physical distance that separated us. Mom and I had hoped to get together for a few brief days at the end of January or by St. Valentine's Day at the latest, but alas, that was not to be. One of my younger twin brothers took a bad spill on a ski slope in mid January. He fractured his leg in three places. Oh, he would recover, but he needed a lot of care. Mom knew her place was there, and I understood that -- it was after all, her caring, loving soul that drew me to her. But I hated the separation anyway.

The thing that kept me sane was a picture taken of us on New Year's Eve. We were at the Dinner Club and an employee was taking pictures for sale. I popped for the photograph and it arrived in the mail a couple of days after Mom went home. It shows two people who are intimate and very much in love. We are sitting on a divan where we were sharing a drink and resting for a moment from having danced most the night away.

Mom is curled up next to me, her short dress showing off a lot of thigh. Mom is leaning into me, her right breast almost spilling out her strapless, low cut dress, my hand cupping her left breast as only a lover can. Mom's hand is high up on my thigh. I remember that moment perfectly. We are

happy and I am aroused. Slow dancing with Mom has kept me hard most of the night and at the moment she knows that her hand is dangerously close to the bulge in my pants. She is grinning mischievously into the camera. I can close my eyes and still smell her. Sweat mixed with that ever present hint of jasmine, with the scent of her arousal delicately mixing in and wafting around us.

Whenever I started to feel too blue, I took the picture out. I studied it as I grew hard, remembering the feel of Mom's soft skin, the taste of her mouth as we kiss. I would remember the utter perfection of Mom's body against mine and the way we seem to fit perfectly body against body, mouth to mouth and cock to pussy. I usually masturbated then, calling out to Mom as I ejaculated. I missed her so bad. The winter and the cold went hand in hand with my misery and I knew it was even harder on her.

I at least could sit here and look at this picture and masturbate and call out to her. Mom was stuck in a house that held the ashes of a dead marriage. She loved and loves the twins, but they were much like the old man in their attitudes and behavior. I have no doubt they love Mom in their own way, but for too long, they have viewed her more as a convenience and live-in servant than a mother and woman. I cannot imagine how lonely she must have been.

Winter was long and passed slowly. I went to class and to work. I did what I must, but my mind and heart were not in it. My thoughts lingered on my mother and the question of when I would see her again. I called home once a week, but she was never really able to talk. I couldn't write for fear that the old man might open the letter by accident. Mom haunted my dreams, beautiful and often naked, but almost always just out of reach. Winter was long and it passed slowly, but Spring was coming and I knew with Spring, my one true love would be with me again.

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My dearest love,

There aren't words to describe how much I love you and how much I miss you. I know you're lonely, son. I'm lonely too. Each morning, I wake up, the need to be in your arms so great, I almost cry when I roll over and you're not there. In the evenings, sleep comes hard because I am not curled up with you, feeling your body warm against mine, our sweat slowly drying after making love and your seed inside me, reminding me of my sweet son and lover.

Stay strong, John. I know that our day will come. We will steal our moments in the meantime and they will be all the sweeter for the rarity of their occurrence. I miss you so much, sweetheart. I roam through this house that is no longer my home, aching to turn and see your smiling face and rush into your arms and kiss you and let our love sweep us away.

When your brother's asleep, I steal into your bedroom, trying to absorb your presence there. I step into your closet and hold your clothes to my face, inhaling your scent and remembering us intertwined on your bed, joined together, you swollen inside me. When I can, I lie on your bed and imagine you here with me, making love to me, making me moan and squirm. I play with myself, pretending you are deep inside me until I find some release. It is never fully satisfying, but it will have to do until I am in your arms again.

Soon, darling, it will be soon. Your little brother mends quickly and arrangements are being made. Your spring break is coming and I have such plans for us. Be patient, my love, I will be with you soon.

Love,

Mom

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I read Mom's letter again, my body rocking a bit as the El rolls along.. It came two weeks ago and Spring Break was now upon us. I haven't heard from Mom since the letter. My last call home, my brother answered and told me Mom was out shopping. I chatted with the dork for a while, but hung up finally, frustrated that I didn't even get to hear her voice. I finished my last mid term and collected my check from the bottling company. My supervisor kidded me about taking a week off and "goin' down to Florida and sniffing out some young tail," as he passed me my paycheck.

I got off the train at my stop and walked down the street to my apartment building. The weather of early April was still cool enough to wear a heavy sweater, but you could smell Spring in the air -- like the world was coming back to life after a too long hibernation.

I walked upstairs and stopped at my door. It is open. It had been locked when I'd left. Either my heart's desire was about to be granted or my television would be missing! I let my bookbag slip from my shoulder so I could sling it at a dope addict and stepped warily in the room. It was dim, the shades drawn and utterly quiet. And then I heard her voice -- to my soul it was like a drink of cold water to a man dying of thirst.

"Hello, my love." I turned and saw my mother leaning against the kitchen counter, lovelier than I remembered. Another man passing her on the street might note a pretty, middle aged woman, but to me, my mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. Mom stands five foot, four inches tall and has black hair. It had been longer the last time I saw her. She'd cut it shorter, almost a pageboy and very becoming -- it framed her lovely face drawing attention to her big, brown eyes. Mom had on a tight, V-necked sweater that showed off her tremendous cleavage as the material molded itself to her heavy gourd-like breasts. Her bra did little to hide her erect nipples. She was wearing a knee high skirt that emphasized her shapely calves. My cock began to swell just at the sight of her.

"Mom!" I said softly and then I was moving and we were in each other's arms, our lips pressed to each other as our tongues became reacquainted. Her body felt so right pressed against mine. The flames of passion raced through us as we hugged each other tighter. My hand caressed her ass cheek over the material of her skirt and then I started to bunch the material up until I could feel the soft as butter skin of her ass. I squeezed and then ran my finger upwards until I touched her panties.

Mom broke the kiss, giggling and trying to wriggle out of my groping grasp. "Stop it, son! We don't have time."

I pulled her close and nuzzled her throat and whispered, "Then we need to make the time. We need to make up for all the time we've been apart."

Mom replied with a deep throaty moan and pressed herself against me as I again squeezed her ass cheeks. I ran my tongue along the curve of her upper breast and with my free hand, placed her hand on the jean covered bulge in my crotch. Mom sighed again and after briefly squeezing my blue jean covered cock, again pushed me away.

Mom's face was flushed as was her upper chest. Again she laughed and shook her head. "I'm serious, John. We have to go. We've got a plane to catch!" She picked up an envelope from the kitchen counter and waved it at me. I could see the symbol of a major airline on the envelope.

"A plane, Mom? What plane?"

Mom giggled again and hurled herself back into my arms. "The plane that's taking us to Florida, you silly boy!" Mom was having fun teasing me and enjoying every minute of it. "It's Spring Break and Momma is taking her lover son to Florida." Mom kissed me, rubbing her breasts against me as she did so and then slipped one last time away from me.

Bending over, she lifted up my duffel bag and handed it to me. "I packed for you, son. Let's get moving before we miss our flight."

In the car, on our way to O'Hare, Mom laid it out for me. "Your brother is able to get around pretty well now and I told your father I was going to take a break and visit your Aunt Debbie." Mom grinned like the cat that ate the canary. "I think your father was suspicious until I told him I was taking you along to get some sun." Mom stuck her tongue out at me and gave me her best naughty look.

She went on. We had a 1:00 flight to Tampa and would pick up a rental car there and drive on to Aunt Debbie's home on up the coast. "I figure we'll be at Debbie's by six o'clock," Mom said. "We should have just enough time to walk on the beach before dark, son."

"Sounds great, Mom," I replied, trying to sound enthusiastic. I gave Mom a half-hearted smile.

Mom looked at me curiously. "John, is something wrong?"

I shrugged and tried not to sound disappointed. "If we're staying with Aunt Debbie, we won't have many chances to be -- uh, be together, will we?"

Mom responded with a loud, amused, "HA!" She eyed the traffic ahead and then reached over and trailed her fingernails over the bulge in my jeans. "John, your Aunt could care less if I fucked you right on the living room rug. I'm going to have more trouble keeping Debbie away from your big cock, son."

Mom had to work hard to keep from laughing. I guess my stunned look was pretty comical looking. Mom patted my thigh as she navigated traffic. "I thought you knew, son. Your Aunt Debbie is a slut." She winked at me and added, "I guess it runs in the family!"

I tried to get Mom to expand on her comments, but she stalled me just as she had about the comments at Christmas about incest running in the family. As we parked at O'Hare, Mom simply said, "It will be easier to explain once we're at your Aunt's in Florida, sweetheart. Be patient a little longer, son and Momma will make it all clear!"

We spent our time on the flight, cuddled up, drawing some raised eyebrows as we kissed and made out between bouts of catching up. Just to kiss Mom again was like finding religion. I knew that the world still turned and everything would be alright.

Off the plane in Tampa's humid weather, Mom ducked into a restroom and changed tops, trading her sexy sweater for an equally sexy cotton pullover with a deeply scooped neck. I instantly recognized that Mom has shed her bra as well and the light green cotton blouse molded itself tightly to her tits. As Mom noticed my appreciative stare, she blushed slightly and I watched as her nipples swelled and stood out prominently. The blouse was so tight I swear I could see the little bumps covering her areoles. My mouth watered and it was hard to drive our rented car up the coast as my eyes kept drifting over to Mom who was sprawled sexily in the passenger seat, flashing

her panties at me whenever she got the chance. There was a very dark wet spot in the middle of her crotch and I realized Mom was just as horny as I was.

It was a two hour run up the coast to Aunt Debbie's. She had a two bedroom bungalow two blocks from the Gulf Coast shoreline. She lived in a little bitty town, populated by graying hippies and other refugees from the 1960s. In those days, the area was extremely liberal, not yet having succumbed to Reaganomics. It would eventually get the tourist treatment and all the residential neighborhoods are long gone, replaced by fern bar restaurants, T-shirt shops and ugly, multi story hotels. But back when, it was a helluva place for a private vacation.

Only getting lost once, we found Aunt Debbie's street and pulled into her driveway, stopping behind a vintage 1965 convertible Mustang. We had barely climbed out of our rental when the front door opened up and Mom's sister came bouncing down the drive, crying out, "You're here, you're here!"

Aunt Debbie is a piece of work unlike any other. She was then forty-five years old, almost three years older than Mom. She was a lanky five foot, nine inches tall and had a finely sculpted body -- not a spare ounce of fat on her aside from what Mom later confirmed were almost authentic tits. Like Mom, Aunt Debbie is big breasted, but where as Mom was satisfied with an all natural appearance, Debbie had work done to perk them up. She paid well for good work and they were light years beyond the bowling ball look that so many get with plastic surgery. Her hair was bleached blonde which suited her personality and appearance.

Aunt Debbie came running down the drive wearing a bandana halter top and the shortest shorts I have personally ever seen on a woman. Her long legs were perfectly sculpted and toned, accentuated by stiletto heels, her stomach was flat and she was almost every man's wet dream. If Mom wasn't around, I'd have found her incredibly hot. (Okay, I did find her hot, but to me, Mom was the ultimate woman, everyone else came in a far back second place).

Mom ran up to meet her sister and they jumped into each other's arms. They locked lips and it took me a minute to realize they were French kissing while hands roamed freely over both bodies.

When they finally stepped apart, Mom turned with her arm around Aunt Debbie's waist and gestured to me. "I know it's been six years, Sis, but you do remember your nephew John, don't you?"

Aunt Debbie looked at me with such frank lust that I felt my face begin to burn. She slipped from Mom's embrace and moved towards me. "Oh My God! This little boy with the glasses grew up to become a fucking hunk of man! Damn, Carrie, you hooked yourself a stud!" Aunt Debbie threw her arms around me and ground herself against me, throwing one leg up and wrapping it around my back, lifting herself up to kiss me.

Like she did with Mom, she wasted no time offering me her tongue and out of surprise more than anything, I accepted it and offered her my own. We kissed passionately for what seemed at least a minute, her rubbing her crotch against my jean covered cock which was swelled to the point of being uncomfortable being constricted by all that denim.

It was only when Mom growled, "Down, you slut, this man's mine!" that my aunt let me go. Suddenly, I was one horny and confused young man. Mom and Aunt Debbie moved off towards the house holding hands while I lugged in the bags.

Inside, I found both of them cuddled up on a leather couch, hands fluttering as they chattered excitedly. Mom looked up and said, "There's my motherfucker!" in a voice that conveyed her lusty delight at having her son being her lover.

Aunt Debbie grinned lewdly at me and I said in a ragged voice, "So, um -- Aunt Debbie knows everything about us?"

Mom nodded and replied, "I've never kept any secrets from my big sister, son. I called her up and told her about us the day after I got home."

Aunt Debbie chortled and said, "Of course, it runs in the family, so it doesn't come as any surprise."

Before I could follow up that remark, Mom gently elbowed her sister and said, "Well, John and I haven't discussed that yet -- maybe we can talk about some of it later tonight or tomorrow."

My aunt snickered. "You've at least told him what a slut you were when you were younger, haven't you?"

Mom began to blush herself and grinning like a little girl caught with her hand in the cookie jar, replied, "Well -- no real details." Mom looked up at me and said, "Maybe tonight, we can talk about it."

Laughing, Aunt Debbie climbed off the couch and said, "This is gonna be so much fun!" She pointed at a big sun shaped clock on the wall and said, "But if you're going to visit the beach today, you better start shaking those asses. You've got maybe two hours of sunlight left."

Mom began hurrying about. She dug into one of her bags and pulled out two bags. Handing me one, she said, "Here, baby! Run in the bathroom and change!" Then she turned around and headed to what I guess was the guest bedroom. She paused at the door and gave me a mischievous grin that made my heart pound and said, "Hurry! Momma's got a big surprise for you!"

In the bathroom, I discovered to my horror, that Mom had bought me a Speedo bathing suit. I opened the door a crack and hollered, "I can't wear this in public. I'll get arrested!"

Aunt Debbie laughed and said, "Honey, around here, you can wrap your boner in a band-aid and it will be legal."

I pulled the Speedo suit on and looked at myself in the mirror. I'm glad I keep myself in good shape, but I had to blanch at seeing so little of myself covered up. I basically covered my balls and cock and for the first time, I had a vague idea of how a thong must feel! In my embarrassment, my cock had dropped to about half mast. I was worried that if I got hard in this thing, it was going to be very snug! I'd have to be careful or something might decide to peek out!

Feeling my face blushing, I stepped out of the room. Aunt Debbie was sitting on the couch and gave a long wolf whistle. "Hey, hey, little sister, you need to get out here and check out the package on this stud!" My aunt winked at me and palmed her crotch, rubbing it vigorously until we heard the door to Mom's bedroom open.

"Well, what do you think?" Mom asked in a voice that held both naughtiness and uncertainty. I turned and was almost floored. I had seen Mom scantily clad to the point of scandal before and I had seen Mom naked. Nothing had prepared me for the incredible carnality that Mom now put on display.

Mom had on a bikini or at least it would have been a bikini if there had been more cloth to it. As it was, it was a bikini top consisting of two triangular pieces of light green cloth and some string. The top barely covered Mom's nipples, leaving much of her areolas exposed. Tit flesh jiggled and overflowed the material. I would not have covered a dime bet that the strings would hold up for more than 10 minutes.

The bottom was a bikini thong that consisted of a slightly larger strip of light green cloth that barely covered Mom's sex and did not hide much of her unruly bush of dark hair. The cloth molded itself to Mom's cunt mound, her labia lips evident. To complete the ensemble, Mom had on a pair of high heeled sandals that highlighted her shapely calves and her lovely, but meaty thighs.

Mom spun around, confirming that it was indeed a thong she was wearing as her lovely ass jiggled into sight. "So, John, do you like Momma's outfit?" Mom asked coyly!

All I could do was nod for the longest time. Mom giggled and walked up to me, pressing herself against me as she palmed the growing bulge in my Speedos. "Oh my!" she whispered in my ear. "I think my son approves of my outfit!" Mom looked up at me, pressing her massive tits against my bare chest. My stunned silence seemed to make her nervous. "You do like it, don't you, son. You don't think its too nasty, do you?"

I smiled, seeing my Mom vulnerable like this made me love her all the more. Remembering our conversations over Christmas about how Mom had yearned for years to express her powerful sexuality filled my heart with joy that she was finally living her dreams. "You're beautiful, Mom," I whispered back. "And nasty and sexy and glamorous and I will love whatever you wear." I kissed Mom, my hands cupping her bare ass cheeks and pulling her up and against me. My fully erect penis was threatening to burst loose from my swim trunks. When our kiss ended, I added, "I don't think you could ever be too nasty, Mom!"

Mom grinned and wiggled her lush body against mine, "I will consider that a dare, John."

Aunt Debbie pointed out that we would soon run out of sunlight and after kissing us both with that wicked tongue, pushed us out the door. With Mom on my arm, we began to stroll towards the beach two blocks away. My initial embarrassment quickly faded as Mom's confident sexuality erased any doubts and my pride for the incredibly sexy woman on my arm grew as we went down the sidewalk.

The area was not crowded, but there were many people out and about. Mom drew some hoots and car horn honks from passing cars, but more direct and thrilling were the stares and whistles and appreciative looks from our fellow pedestrians. Two young mothers, pushing baby carriages side by side stared openly at us. One was redheaded and seems to have a slight frown of disapproval on her face, but the other grinned broadly and gave me an appreciative stare and gave Mom an even longer look, hunger evident in her face.

Two old men, retirees I suspect, had a chess game set up on a folding table in a front yard. From their lawn chairs, they ceased playing to watch Mom and me strut by. Mom winked at them and moved merrily on, quite aware that with little constraint, her large tits and meaty ass cheeks were bouncing in rhythm with our steps.

One of the old guys let out a long sigh and nodding at me, said loudly, "Boy, you are one lucky motherfucker!"

I grinned back and said, "Man, you have no idea!"

A young teenaged boy, delivering afternoon newspapers stared stunned at Mom's bouncing breasts until he ran into a trashcan and crashed, spilling newspapers everywhere. Mom and I tried not to laugh as we helped him up and gathered up his papers. He never said a word, just kept his eyes locked on Mom's almost naked breasts, until we moved on, anxious to see the Gulf of Mexico.

And finally, there we were, standing on the white sands of the town's beach, staring out at the glittering blue-green waters, a warm wind blowing in from offshore. Mom and I held hands and walked down the mostly deserted beach. This place had not been 'discovered' yet and so it was almost only locals and of course, one deeply in love, incestuous couple. It was easy to imagine Mom and me alone, the only people in the entire universe.

"I missed you so much, John," Mom said. "I wasn't prepared for how much I would miss you."

I slipped my arm around her waist and pulled her close as we walked, enjoying the simple touch of her hip against my leg. Even that was enough to arouse me and my cock was at full mast. Mom was excited too -- her thick nipples were erect and stretched so tight against the cloth that I could make out the little crinkles in her large, rubbery nubs. "I missed you too, Mom," I replied. "I don't think I realized how badly in love I was with you, until I didn't know when I would see you again."

"I can't tell you how many times I wanted to just walk out the door, darling and come to you," Mom whispered. A sad little smile crossed her face, "But, as much as I love you and ache for you, I'm..." Mom's voice faded.

I pulled her a little closer to me. "You're a Mom with responsibilities," I finished for her. "It's okay, Mom. I wouldn't have fallen in love with you if you weren't the most loving Mom in the world." I stopped, turned and faced Mom. "We will have our time, Mom. We'll steal the moments we can until you don't have any obligations." I took her left hand and lifted it up. She was still wearing the wedding band I had given her. "Once we're both free, I'll put this wedding band on you for real and we'll never have to spend another day apart."

Mom smiled at my little speech and stood on tip toe in the sand to kiss me. Just as her lips met mine, she whispered, "Don't forget the nights, son. When we are free to be ourselves, we'll never spend another night apart."

Mom and I kissed. We kissed for a long time, tongues twirling and dancing, feasting on the taste of each other, unable to quench the hunger we had for each other.. People occasionally came by, but we were pretty much oblivious. We were close to the shore and we began to feel the water roll in washing over our feet. The tide was starting to come in. The sun was still above the horizon -- sunset was perhaps forty-five minutes away.

As our kiss ended, Mom looked at the sun above the western horizon and then nodded towards it and led me by the hand into the water. It was amazingly warm and felt good on our aroused bodies. Mom and I danced and jumped around splashing each other until we found ourselves waist high in the water -- or waist high on me - almost tit high for Mom.

We moved together and embraced and Mom literally let herself float upwards, wrapping her hands around my neck as we kissed. Mom's left breast rolled free of her bikini top as she rubbed against me and I felt her rubbery nipple drag up my chest. Mom hunched her bikini clad pussy against me and said in a quiet and eager voice, "I need you inside me, John. Fuck me right now!"

Hanging onto my neck with one arm and floating in the water, her legs spread on either side of me, Mom reached down and tugged my Speedos down far enough to free my aching, throbbing

erection. "Oh, Mom!" I gasped. "I have missed you! I have missed this!" As Mom pulled the crotch of her swimsuit to one side, I cupped Mom's meaty cheeks and lifted her up, oblivious to everything around me. Mom spread her legs and I felt my cock brush her thick bush before touching wet, slick cunt flesh and with a moan that mingled with Mom's sighs, I eased her down on my cock.

I was trying to be gentle, but Mom pressed downwards and in as her legs wrapped around my back, her heels digging anxiously into my butt cheeks. She leaned back a little, her fingers intertwined around my neck and cooed, "Yessss, son! Fuck me, baby, with that fine cock!" Mom hunched against me, worming my cock in and out of her fiery pussy, while I struggled to maintain my balance in the water and to hold onto her, the most important woman in my life.

Mom threw her head back, her lips curled in a snarl of incestuous pleasure. Mom moved on my cock back and forth, the movement making her meaty, heavy tits bounce around hypnotically, the nipple on her exposed breast swelling to the point of bursting.

Around us, life went on. A young woman jogged down the beach. An old man glanced at us once in a while as he ran a metal detector across the sand. A couple strolled by, throwing a Frisbee to a golden retriever and giggling as they ogled us. Maybe the very naïve would think we were simply embracing out in the water, but even with Mom's back to the beach and our joined cock and pussy slightly under the waves, it had to be unmistakable that we were fucking. Nobody seemed to care.

In and out, Mom pistoned her hips, never letting me go completely, her bushy muff tangling with my wiry pubes as she would grind herself against me, savoring the sensation of my hard penis inside her molten pussy, before slowly sliding upwards, her labia clinging to my cock shaft, stubbornly resisting the withdrawal of my cock.

I ducked my head and got my lips around Mom's rubbery nipple. I slathered my tongue back and forth across her blood engorged nub and then gently bit down on it, making my mother moan. I sucked on Mom's tit as if I was drawing milk from it and Mom groaned, "Don't stop, John! I love it when my baby sucks on Momma's tits -- I always have!"

Water swirled around us, pushing against us, but I kept my balance and used the motion of the waves to thrust into Mom's molten pussy flesh as she continued to fling her pelvis against me. I drove my cock deep inside Mom's womb, our pubic hairs tangling as we ground ourselves against each other before Mom slowly pulled away and then we did it all over again, both of us moaning and grunting with the sheer pleasure of cock sliding inside pussy, pleasure amplified by the knowledge that we were mother and son and in love!

Too soon, I felt the irresistible urge and pulled Mom close, sinking deep within her cunt and gasping, "I'm gonna cum, Mom. I'm going to cum inside you, Mommalove!"

Mom managed to moan, "Yes! Cum in me, son, make Momma -- OHHHHH!" before I began to ejaculate and flooded Mom's womb with my hot semen, triggering her orgasm in the waning minutes of the day. We kissed hungrily as our bodies melded into one being with a single purpose, to carry out the ancient desire to procreate with the one you love. Mom's cunt massaged and milked my cock, demanding my steaming seed that it had been denied for so long. I hugged Mom to me tight, trying to sink as much of myself as I could inside her warm, motherly womb, delighting in the pleasure and comfort that only a mother can provide.

As our orgasms receded, the world seemed to be suffused in a heavenly golden glow. I thought at first it was simply the effect of our long denied sexual delight, but realized the sun was about to set and had turned the ocean around us gold with its warm rays. It was a beautiful setting to be in as

we savored our first orgasm after so many weeks apart. "It's good to be home, Mom," I whispered with a grin, rolling my hips to prod Mom's insides with my still mostly erect penis.

Mom smiled back, her eyes still glazed with the intensity of her orgasm. She slowly squeezed my cock with her muscles as she replies, "It's good to have my son home, right here between my legs where you belong, John."

As the sun began to sink below the horizon, I waded towards the shore, still inside Mom, her legs still wrapped around me. Finally as we reach the edge of the beach and with some regret, I lifted Mom up off me and sat her down on the ground. Her legs are shaky and she hung on to me keep her balance. A few people stroll by us, giving us amused glances as we tuck each other back into place.

We recovered our shoes and slowly strolled back towards Aunt Debbie's home. The light was getting dim -- dusk had arrived, but Mom still drew appreciative stares as we walked. Mom giggled as she tried to adjust her bikini bottoms. "It keeps rolling off my pussy," Mom whispered to me. "And I think your jism is running down my leg."

I glanced down and sure enough, her swimsuit had managed to roll to one side, exposing Mom's hairy bush and her still open labia. My semen was leaking out and a streamer was making its way down Mom's left inner thigh. Mom was embarrassed and excited with her audacious behavior. I was in awe at my mother's awesome sexuality unleashed to its full potential for the first time in my life. Further, it gave me great joy to see Mom revel in her unleashed carnality.

By the time that we reached Aunt Debbie's, we were both shaking with desire again. We stepped around to the back of the bungalow where Debbie kept an outdoor shower for showing the ocean water and sand off. Mom got it running and we both jumped under the showerhead, letting the slowly warming water sluice ocean, salt and cum off our bodies. Shivering under the initially cool water, Mom and I hugged to share body warmth which immediately led to hugging and then the touch of her skin made me mad with lust. I ripped the scant strands of fabric off Mom's body while she tugged down my Speedos, freeing my again proudly erect cock.

Mom lunged at me, kissing me fiercely, grinding herself against me in a sinfully delightful manner. I shivered at the touch of my mother's bare breasts flattening against my chest while her hairy bush humped against my erection. I pushed her back against the wall of the fence wall that separated Aunt Debbie's property from her neighbors, holding Mom's hands up above her while I kissed her and took little love bites on her sweet neck.

Mom bit my lip and moaned, "Fuck me, John. I need a good son fucking right now, dammit!" She twisted around in my grip and thrust out her ass. Mom leaned over, jerking free of my hands and leaned against the wall. She shook her meaty ass at me and hissed, "I need my son's cock, fuck Momma now!"

I reached out and spread Mom's ass cheeks, raising them up slightly and with a fierce growl, rammed my cock home. Mom cried out as I sank my cock in her to the hilt, sobbing, "YESYESYESYESYESYESYES!" at the top of her lungs. I leaned over Mom, kissing her neck as I plunged in and out of her steaming pussy. I brought my hands around and found Mom's heavy hanging tits, squeezing her full tits and pinching, milking her swollen nipples.

Mom's pussy gripped at my cock like slick, fiery velvet as I moved back and forth, her muscles clamping down hard as my cockhead neared the entrance of her cunt, refusing to let her son escape completely.

Mom's body shook delightfully to my incestuous assault, thrusting back to meet my cock and envelop it as I buried it deep inside her again and again. Mom's moans just inflamed my need and I was like a rutting bull, anxious to please my mother and to again find the primal release that only she seemed to be able to provide.

"Oh Goddd," Mom sobbed as an orgasm began to explode inside her. I felt her knees begin to go and I eased us down to the concrete. We were both caught up in our incestuous desires to mind the discomfort of kneeling on concrete. Now on hands and knees, Mom and I fucked as the warm water rained down on us, mixing with our sweat in the humid air, creating a fine mist of our mixed scents.

At the height of her orgasm, Mom threw herself upwards and back, pressing herself against me as her hands flew around purposelessly. She turned her head and we kissed, our tongues courting and darting together. I wrapped my arms tight around her and held her against me as I suddenly exploded again deep in her womb, shooting jet after jet of semen even as she came again, bathing my cock in her fiery cream. My left hand was pressed against Mom's belly and I could feel her muscles there fluttering and jumping as orgasmic pleasure wracked her body.

Mom moved suddenly forward and off my still spurting cock, spinning around on her knees and catching the next shot of my semen across her face before she could get her mouth around my cock.

I groaned loudly as suddenly Mom had my oh-so sensitive cockhead between her lips, sucking on my cock and slurping up our mixed juices that coated my shaft. Mom's fierce hunger was incredible as she became an avatar of incestuous love, sucking my cock dry of my semen. I shook with delight as Mom's tongue reacquainted itself with my penis, lovingly caressing it and cleaning it of semen and pussy cream.

Finally we were in each others arms, kissing again and sharing the taste of each other. I reached up and fumbling, turned off the shower. Our chests were heaving for lack of oxygen and we embraced and kissed and whispered little words of endearment to each other.

As we came back to earth, we were suddenly aware of more moaning. Glancing out of the shower area, we saw on a chaise lounge, Aunt Debbie, naked and sweaty, three fingers plunging in and out of her pussy at tremendous speed, already in the throes of an orgasm. Her cunt was spread wide and I could see that Aunt Debbie kept her pussy shaved bald unlike Mom who is as natural as it gets. Debbie's nipples, longer and thinner than Mom's were standing up, one being pinched hard by her free hand as she finger fucked herself while staring at us.

We watched Mom's sister masturbate until she came, thrusting her pelvis up while burying most of her hand in her cunt, never saying a word, but moaning constantly until it became a long, drawn out cry of lusty fulfillment!

She collapsed back onto the lounge chair and watched us as we struggled to our feet and walked towards her, still dripping wet from our fuck in her shower. Aunt Debbie struggled to speak, but failed at first. She shook her head and then coughed. "That is -- was, the most beautiful sight I've seen in more years than I can remember, Carrie," Aunt Debbie gasped. "The last time I saw anything like that was Daddy and..." Aunt Debbie couldn't finish, but pointed at us and grinned.

I looked at Mom curiously. Daddy? Their Daddy? With who?"

Mom, her face flushed from lovemaking seemed to be turning redder. I started to speak, but Mom put a finger to my mouth. "Shush for now, son. Let's get inside and have dinner and then..." Mom paused and grinned down at her sister who was still idly twirling her fingers inside her slick, hairless cunt. "And then, the three of us can have a chat."

I went on inside while Mom and her sister talked. I glanced back as I went in the patio door. Both women were laughing and Debbie had her free hand idly sliding up Mom's inner thigh and I couldn't help but gasp as I watched Mom give a little jerk as her sister palmed her hairy pussy. I wanted to stay and see what happened next, but decided to give them a little privacy. I have to admit I was a little jealous and more than a little mind blown. Mom was my lover and I was envious of anyone touching her besides me and it was freaking me out a little that my Mom and my Aunt were acting like old lovers. I had never really considered Mom and another woman before -- although the thought made me stiffen up considerably!

Mom came in a little while later, a little smile on her face that turned into a broad grin as she saw me dressing for dinner. "Um, honey, you know Debbie tends to practice nudism. I figured we might as well go comfortable as well." Mom approached and kissed me, gently stroking my again erect cock. "Are you okay with that?"

I shrugged and replied, "I suppose so. I hope nobody minds if I walk around like this." I wiggled my hips and made my hard-on wave around.

Mom laughed and said, "Well, just be sure that you don't hurt anyone with it." She gave my penis another affectionate caress and added, "And make sure you don't stick it in anyone besides me." She paused and winking at me, said, "Unless you get permission from Momma first!"

Dinner went well. I was distracted by the presence of two very lovely and naked ladies. Aunt Debbie had prepared us a seafood dinner -- lots of shrimp and scallops and to Mom's amusement, oysters. Aunt Debbie just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Well, you know John's a healthy, growing boy hanging out with two horny women. I figured he would need all the help he could get."

Finally, we finished and after cleaning up the dishes, we moved to Aunt Debbie's bedroom where we climbed up on the biggest bed I have ever seen. When Mom complimented her sister on its size, Aunt Debbie laughed and said, "When I fuck I like to have lots of playroom."

Mom and my aunt had me climb up between them and we relaxed against the headboard. I looked expectantly at both of them. Aunt Debbie had a naughty grin. Mom's smile was much more uncertain and she was blushing.

"Sooo, Carrie. Where should we start?"

Mom shrugged and then said, "Well, I'm not sure. I was going to start with you, but you let slip about Daddy..."

They both giggled and I rolled my eyes in exasperation. "Okay, ladies -- I'll tell you what -- why don't I ask some questions." Mom and her sister giggled again and nodded. I took a deep breath and said, "Mom and I are not the first to be in an incestuous relationship in our family, right?"

Mom bit her lower lip while Aunt Debbie nodded and replied, "That's correct."

I felt my heart beating faster as I asked, "Who was the first?"

Aunt Debbie looked at Mom and nodded. Mom licked her lips and in a quiet voice replied, "Daddy -- your grandpa and your great-grandmother, Polly."

My eyes opened wide in surprise. I never knew my grandfather, Tom. He'd died when Mom was nineteen. But Mama Polly! I was thunderstruck. Mama Polly had passed away when I was twelve. She had been one of my most favorite people in the world -- the uber grandmother type. Mama Polly fucked her son? I looked at my Mom and could only say, "Um, wow!"

Mom nodded. "Daddy and his mother became lovers before he married Mama. They were lovers up until he died."

Aunt Debbie chimed in, "Yep, we were teenagers when we found out. Almost walked into Polly's house one afternoon and saw them through the screen door. Mama Polly was bent over her kitchen table and Daddy was giving it to her good and hard!" She sighed and said, "One of the hottest things I ever saw -- just like today!" She laughed and reached down to stroke my fully erect penis. "Good god, Carrie. Your son's cock even looks like his, doesn't it?" I glanced over at Mom to see how she was reacting to her sister touching my dick, but my mother just winked at me.

Mom sighed, "Yes, but John's is a touch longer." There was motherly pride in her voice and I felt myself swell, but then her words sank in and I turned to her and said, "How do you know, Mom? Did you and Grandpa Tom -- were you lovers."

Mom blushed bright red and shook her head. "Not ready to talk about Daddy and me, not yet." Her voice sounded strange, a little strained.

Her sister jumped in and said, "You ever seen a picture of Daddy and Polly?" Aunt Debbie reached behind me for an inset shelf in the headboard. From it, she pulled out a thick photo-album. She flipped to the first page. It held a large picture of my grandfather and my great-grandmother. It was a normal photo. They were both wearing 1950s era clothes, Grandpa Tom in a suit and tie, his fedora hat set at a rakish angle.

Mama Polly was wearing a flowered dress, her immense bosom almost overflowing the modest outfit, showing off cleavage and clearly straining the buttons up the front. She was even then a chunky woman, full figured and short, all tits and ass. They were sitting on a small couch (a divan, maybe), and Polly was leaning into Tom. Even with the conservative setting and clothes, they didn't look like mother and son, they looked like passionate lovers. The way they held hands, the tension in their bodies and the gleam in their eyes -- you couldn't help but know these two were lovers.

I looked at Mom and grinned. It reminded me so much of the New Year's Eve photo of us. "Did they know that you two knew about them being lovers?"

Mom nodded. "Yes. Probably right from the first time we peeked at them. Daddy finally set us down and told us that loving family wasn't wrong. That between two people who love each other that way, there is no sin in God's eyes." She sighed and continued. "Daddy taught us both that sex was natural and something to enjoy and that as long as you didn't force or hurt someone, who you love is alright."

"And Daddy certainly practiced what he preached, didn't he, Carrie?" giggled Aunt Debbie.

"Hush, you terrible slut," Mom shot back. "I told you, I'm not ready to talk about that yet." She pointed at the book and said, "Go on and tell him about you and me."

I turned my head quickly to stare at my aunt, feeling my cock swell as I imagined Mom and her together. "You and my Mom -- you've been lovers?"

"Well, it seems natural, doesn't it? Your Mom and me, we got our Daddy's blood in us. We both were fascinated with sex and we shared a room until I left home when I was twenty-two. Just seemed natural we'd become a couple of slit-lickers!" Aunt Debbie flicked her tongue out and wagged it at Mom who laughed, her voice full of amusement and embarrassment.

Aunt Debbie went on. "By the time your Momma graduated high school, we already had a reputation for being sluts. It drove our mother crazy knowing we were known for being cock suckers!"

Mom snorted. "Well, I was certainly a cocksucker in those days. I never met a dick I didn't like or sucked!"

Aunt Debbie turned some pages and stopped at a display of several black and white photos. "Check it out, John. Your mother was one hot slut in those days," teased my aunt.

I studied the photos and gasped. They were of my mother and she was young -- maybe eighteen! The first pictures showed her in a poodle skirt and a tight V-necked sweater, her large breasts high and pointing at the camera, her exposed cleavage daring for the times. The following pictures showed her in various forms of undress, top off, bra and panties and finally stark naked. I felt my cock throb in my aunt's hand as I stared at the teenaged version of my mother - tits setting high and proud, her hair long down her back and even then, a thick patch of pubic hair between her legs. Her figure was much trimmer then, with a flat stomach, hips not yet widened by pregnancy. "You were beautiful even then, Mom," I said in an awed voice.

Mom sighed and said, "Thank you, John. I'll never see that figure again!"

I tore my gaze away from the photo album and turned to my mother and kissed her. "You're even more beautiful now, Mom," I said. "I wouldn't have you any other way!"

Aunt Debbie crinkled her nose and said, "Awww, aint love grand, Little Sister?"

I turned to the next page. "Whoa!" I exclaimed. Aunt Debbie had joined Mom in the pictures, looking tremendous in the buff. They were in somebody's back yard and posing for naughty cheesecake pictures with each other.

"That was the summer after I graduated High School," Mom said, "I came up to visit Debbie and Luke."

I looked confused. Aunt Debbie cleared things up by adding, "Luke was my first husband. He died in Vietnam in 1966. He's the one taking the pictures." I turned the page and gasped again. The pictures became more graphic. Mom and my aunt were kissing and touching in these pictures. The setting changed to a bedroom and I felt like I was about to cum when I looked at a picture of Mom, her mouth gaping open in the throes of an orgasm as Aunt Debbie licked her cunt!

The next page held pictures of Mom returning the favor! Aunt Debbie's lips were curled in a ferocious sneer of pleasure and her long legs were spread wide as Mom had what looked like two fingers in her while she licked her sister's fat clit. In the pictures, her pubic hair was much like Mom's, but trimmed to a neat rectangle.

I turned again and looked at my mother. Her face was bright red and she looked a little nervous. Nodding, Mom said, "I want to be honest with you, John. I haven't been with a woman other than Debbie since I was married, but I wanted you to know that I like pussy as much as you."

Aunt Debbie turned the page and again I looked at pictures that absolutely stunned me. I was looking at my mother as a teenager -- on her knees alongside her sister and both were licking a long hard cock. The man in the picture well muscled and had a square jaw and a buzz cut head. I could see part of an elaborate tattoo on one forearm. He was grinning at the camera while Mom and Aunt Debbie ran their tongues up his erect shaft.

"That's Luke, honey," whispered my aunt. "The great love of my life -- god, what a cock that boy had!" There was a bit of sadness in her voice and wistfulness. Later I would have to reconsider my aunt's legendary black sheep reputation, but at that moment, I was reeling from seeing my Mom in those pictures, looking unashamed and happy as I have only seen her when we've been together. In the subsequent pictures, I could see Mom and Aunt Debbie taking turns sucking on Luke's cock. Then there were pictures of him cumming on both their faces, long ropes of jism splattering their fair skin. Following that were shots of Mom and her sister licking his sperm off each other's faces. The last two shots were of Mom and Aunt Debbie kissing and then of their faces scant inches apart, a streamer of semen running from one set of lips to the other.

All this time, Debbie had been slowly stroking my cock. The sight of my mother and my aunt sharing another man's jism was too much. "I'm gonna cum," I said in warning.

Aunt Debbie looked at Mom and said, "With your permission, Carrie?"

Mom said, "Of course -- we're family!"

My Aunt Debbie lowered her head to my crotch while Mom moved to kiss me. My aunt's warm mouth covered my cock head and began to suck on me as Mom's tongue slipped between my lips. I exploded in Aunt Debbie's mouth as I moaned my pleasure against Mom's lips. I twitched and jerked as my aunt sucked my seed from my cock. As Mom and I kissed, Aunt Debbie murmured her pleasure around my spurting cock. I felt Mom's hand on my cock as well, gently massaging and stroking it while her sister's hand slipped down and gently massaged my testicles.

When I stopped cumming and Mom ended our kiss, I slumped back against the headboard and gasped for breath. Aunt Debbie lifted her head and gave us both a semen frosted smile. Mom didn't hesitate, she leaned across me and kiss her sister. I watched with amazed awe as my mother and my aunt swapped my sperm back and forth before ending their kiss much as they had in the picture. A long strand of semen hung between their lips, finally breaking to splatter against their chins and breasts. With what seemed like practiced ease, they quickly licked my remaining seed off each other's naked bodies.

"Well, that was nice for everybody, wasn't it," remarked Debbie as she slipped off the bed. She picked a wrist watch off the bedside table and said, "Damn, I'm late! If I don't hurry, my dates will give up on me and go home!"

Mom shook her head and said, "Your dates? You don't have to leave, Sis!"

My aunt laughed and said, "Oh, I want you two to spend your first night back together by yourselves! You've been separated too long! Besides, I met the cutest couple a couple of days ago. They're vacationing here from West Virginia and are just my type -- nasty as can be and I love their accents! It reminds me of Kentucky. I promised them we'd get together."

As she spoke, Aunt Debbie was dressing, throwing on a simple short, summer dress, not bothering with a bra or panties. She added a pair of high heels that really called attention to her long, shapely legs.

As she leaned over and kissed us, Mom said, "I feel like we're chasing you off, Debbie."

Aunt Debbie kissed Mom again and said, "Quit worrying, Carrie. Stay here and keep getting reacquainted with your son. Fuck his brains out. Let him fuck his mother's brains out. You never know when you'll get a chance to be together again." She paused and then my aunt's face became serious. "You two are head over heels in love with each other. I could see it from the moment you got here. Do you know how rare that is? Enjoy each other, sister and nephew -- that's an order!" Mom's sister kissed me again and stroked my half-erect cock and as she climbed off the bed, "Now that is one sweet cock, Carrie. You are so lucky!"

Then my aunt was out the door. We heard her fire up her Mustang and roar off down the street. Mom turned to me and pressed her full figured body against mine, her damp pubic hair tickling my cock and said, "I know this was a lot to take in, son. Are you okay?"

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "I got to admit, my head is spinning a little. I mean, you told me sort of how you feel about sex and your desires and joys and I could see that spirit in you New Year's Eve, but to know you were like that when you were my age or younger -- to see the proof of it..." I let my words trail off even as I took Mom's hand and held it. "It's just been so wild, seeing your Mom as June Cleaver and then to know you've had all this bottled up inside you -- wow!"

Mom tilted her head, a worried expression on her face. "Does it bother you, son?"

"No," I replied and I kissed Mom, tenderly and lovingly. "It's just who you are, who you've always been, it made you, you. It made you the woman I love." I pulled her close and kissed her again. "I love you, Mom."

"Are you okay about what you've learned about our family -- about Daddy and Mama Polly and Debbie and me?"

"Yeah, you know me, Mom. I'm a big believer in family traditions." Mom laughed at that and I thought about pressing the question about Grandpa Tom, but decided to ask about something else on my mind. "Mom, were you okay with Aunt Debbie sucking my cock? What if she wants to fuck me?"

Mom reached down and took my cock in her hand. Just her touch alone was enough to begin its recovery. "Well, she did ask my permission and she's family." Mom looked up at me, her expression sexy and mysterious. "We swore to be faithful to each other and I know you would never be unfaithful, but Debbie is special -- she's my sister and we've shared everything that we loved since we were young. If you're okay with it -- I'd love to see you pleasure your aunt. Now if some sweet young college thang comes after you that's not family, I'd rip her to pieces!" She squeezed my cock gently for emphasis. "This fine dick belongs to me!"

We kissed again and I pulled Mom on top of me, enjoying the sensation of her soft, fleshy body against mine. Mom asked, "Are you okay if Debbie and I make love? It's been a few years and she's the only woman I've been with since I married your Daddy. My sister and I have always been close even though we sometimes have spent years apart"

I squeezed her ass cheeks, urging her to run her hairy bush against my cock, seeking to find her wet pussy and slip my hard cock inside my mother. "Like you said, she's family. I know whose bed you'll be in at the end of the day!" I replied. Mom's words had actually excited me and I really had it bad to see Mom and Aunt Debbie make love and to maybe join in. I wasn't sure how Mom would feel about that though, but it was like she was reading my mind.

Mom lifted her ass just enough and I felt her pussy lips swallow the head of my cock. With a happy sigh, my mother slowly lowered herself down on my stiff pole. Her fingernails dug into my shoulders as she shivered and said in a dreamy voice, "And you would always be welcome to join your aunt and me. We'd make -- mmmmmm -- a wicked threesome!"

Mom words thrilled me even as the sensation of her wet, velvety sugar walls squeezed and massaged my shaft as she eased down to the hilt until her thick bush became tangled in my pubic hair. Mom moaned softly as she wiggled her bottom against me, relishing the sensation of being stuffed full of her son's cock. "How did a mother get so lucky?" she sighed as she leaned in over me, her meaty tits hanging down, thick, erect nipples brushing my chest.

"It isn't luck, Mom," I gasped back as she began to roll her hips as she pressed her knees against my hips, tightening her cunt's grip on my cock. "It was destiny -- God's will. We've been given a gift and we both were brave enough to accept it. What you told me about Grandpa Tom -- he understood it, I think. That between two people who love each other the way we do, there's no way it's a sin in God's eyes."

Mom's eyes welled up with tears and as she leaned down to kiss me, she whispered, "My god, son, you remind me so much of your grandfather!" We kissed with as much passion as we had ever mustered. We embraced tightly as we kissed and as we made love. Mom worked her hips up and down, her pussy fiercely resisting any surrender of any amount of my cock. Her pussy was a molten furnace of incestuous desire, bathing my erect penis in liquid fire.

Our bodies quickly became slick with sweat in the warmth of the Florida evening, I licked Mom's sweat off her neck and inhaled her wonderful jasmine tinted scent as she moaned in response to my movements as I began to match her fuck motions, moans that turned to passionate sobs to not stop. "Mmmmmuhhh yesss, John, love me, baby! Love me, fuck me, never stop, fuck me, son forever fuck me!"

Our two bodies became one -- our motions became one, each bringing sweet delight to the other and to ourselves to the point of our pleasure becoming one unified entity. As we kiss and fucked, I rolled us over so that I was now on top. Mom brought her legs up, heels digging into my butt as her arms hugged me tight, wrapping me in her motherly love. I strove to drive my cock deeper into her womb seeking the ultimate depth, the holy place that would bring Mom to the pinnacle of an incestuous orgasm. Our tongues danced and probed as we kissed, our eyes open and staring into the loving gaze of the other, seeing the joy of our incestuous love reflected in each other face.

Speaking stopped, the only noises were our sweat slick bodies slapping together, our muffled moans and gasps and sobs and the sweet, wet sounds as we came together -- son's cock and mother's pussy!

Then together we reached climax, our bodies convulsing and arcing together, an explosion of incestuous delight that spread outward from our joined loins, expanding and increasing in intensity until we were enveloped completely. I bathed the insides of Mom's cunt with my semen even as I felt a flood of her steaming cream flood around my cock. We gave ourselves over completely to our

incestuous love and reveled for long minutes in the knowledge that we forever linked to this moment by sharing our love for each other totally and without reservation.

In the aftermath of our lovemaking, I rolled us over again, bringing my mother back on top of me, her naked body radiating the sweet warmth that only fine sex can generate. Mom's pussy held my penis firmly, unwilling to let go, soaking me in the sticky, wet heat of her womb. We again whispered our love to each other and then grudgingly slipped into sleep, still tightly embraced, joined as our hearts were joined, never desiring to let the other go. It was the first good night's sleep either of us had had since I had watched her drive away at the beginning of the New Year.

Late the next morning, we were awakened by the noise of the phone. Mom stirred first, calling out, "Debbie, hon? Are you here, Sis?" Mom was cuddled up with me -- one shapely leg thrown across my thighs. When she got no response, Mom sighed and reluctantly moved away from me and picked up the phone.

"Hello? Debbie? Where are you? You're going where? Miami with Tom and Laura -- uh, huh. How long will you...?" You know we're only here for seven days, right? That's sweet, Sis, but I -- um, we were hoping to spend time with you too." Mom looked at me and rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, that's no problem, Debbie. Have fun. We love you, too."

Mom hung up the phone and rolled back over, scooting as close to me as she could. She nuzzled my chest with her face. "Is everything okay, Mom?" I asked.

Mom let out a sigh of exasperation. "I swear, my sister is a crazy slut!" She turned her lovely eyes upwards to look me in the face. "That couple from West Virginia she went off to visit? They're off to Miami and then maybe to the Keys. She's not even coming home -- she keeps an emergency bag in her trunk for, as she puts it, 'Whenever she finds a couple of lovers as kinky as she is and wants to get away for a while.'"

Mom moved closer and kissed me. "I really think she's trying to be sweet and give us some alone time. That's my fault -- I guess I've fussed a lot about being separated from you for so long. She said to stay here and consider ourselves on our honeymoon."

I kissed Mom back and said, "I'm liking Aunt Debbie more all the time. A week to ourselves at a sunny beautiful beach with the sexiest mother any son could ever hope to find -- sounds like paradise to me!"

Mom cooed at that and whispered back, "Every day with my precious son is a day in heaven!"

And so it went. Mom and I spent the next seven days gorging ourselves on each other as we enjoyed the beautiful weather and the beach. We made up for many cold and lonely nights and deepened the bond that grew between us, becoming more of a couple everyday.

We made love as often as our bodies would allow and worked on our vacation tans in between. Mom became the talk of Aunt Debbie's neighborhood as we strolled back and forth to the beach. I alternated between my new Speedos and my older standard swim trunks while each day we were there, Mom unveiled a new and scandalous swimsuit. My favorite was a technically one-piece suit that was simply a thong bikini with two straps attached that ran up and covered Mom's nipples and most of her areolas and tied around her neck. It was scarlet in color and contrasted well with Mom's light skin and black hair.

I felt honored to have Mom on my arm, parading down the streets to the beach each day, my mother practically naked for all that her swimsuits covered of her bountiful body. I love the simple pride that showed in her eyes as she declared to all that saw her that she was a woman, proud of her body -- unafraid to display it, virtues and flaws alike, to anyone and everyone. I also confess a certain amount of pride as people looked at me, wondering who this lucky guy was who so obviously had the heart of this voluptuous goddess that was on his arm.

The two old chess players quickly became members of Mom's fan club, eagerly awaiting our sojourns to the beach. Mom was charmed by them and we would pause and chat with them most days. We never out and out said we were lovers, but I did introduce Mom as my mother and both dirty old men had grins a mile wide ever after. Mom free admits that she was responsible for the local paperboy wrecking his bike at least twice that week as well. We may have been a source of scandal in my aunt's neighborhood, but as we were to learn in subsequent years, this was one of the last refuges of pure, accepting hedonism left over from the free wheeling sixties and the indulgent seventies and we would come to cherish this place as a refuge to openly be who we were.

At night we would usually go out to one of the small local restaurants. Mom wasn't dressed as scantily as for the beach, but sexy enough to turn heads. Short denim skirts and scoop necked T-shirts or light cotton summer dresses were the usual apparel for Mom on these outings, bras and panties packed away in her suitcase for the duration of the vacation.

One restaurant, called the Brass Dragon, had a small dance floor and a jazz quartet and several nights, we danced till they closed, moving to the slow, sensuous music. It seemed at times that we were caught up in their slow, languid improvisations, as we moved as one, bodies pressed together in the sultry heat, all but fucking on the dance floor as the band played. It was as if our love was providing them with inspiration.

Our last visit ended as the house lights came up and we and a few other couples ended our dances/lovmaking. The sax player nodded, grinning at us and said, "Pleasure jammin' wit' y'all." He saluted us and added, "Ain't it good to be in love?" All we could do was say 'yes' and thank him for a wonderful time.

We made love at the beach several times (in the water of course -- sand and fucking don't mix all that well, no matter what the movies show you), and we watched several lovely sunsets in the throes of incestuous orgasms. When I look back now, more than twenty-five years later, I think of that trip as one of those perfect moments. It has remained a cherished memory for Mom and me through the years.

We spent our last morning of our trip making love. I woke up just before dawn, intensely aware of Mom's naked body curled up against mine. Just feeling my mother's bare flesh inflamed my senses. As Mom softly snored, I eased my way down, gently urging her to roll onto her back and then gently moving her legs apart.

I could smell the aroma of our last bout of lovemaking, intense as I brought my face close to Mom's hairy bush, our mixed love juices dried in her thick, hairy muff. I ran my hand through the wild, unruly forest of hair of Mom's mound, finding her slit and slowly running a finger up and down, making Mom sigh happily in her sleep.

Out of instinct, Mom undulated her pelvis up and down against my teasing finger and quickly her thick labia lips began to flower, spreading apart to reveal glistening pink flesh. I continued to run my finger up and down, making Mom wetter with each stroke. "Johnnn," Mom sighed in her sleep.

In a sing-song voice, she continued with, "I love you, son." Her hand rose up into the air and fluttered and then dropped again to the sheets. "Momma loves her John."

I eased forward and slowly ran my tongue up the length of Mom's folds of pussy flesh, drawing another sigh. I slowly licked my way around Mom's now very wet cunt, using my fingers to spread her flowered pussy wider, exposing more of my mother. She groaned in her sleep as I fluttered my tongue over her clitoris, urging it out of its hood. I slipped a finger inside her and gently probed for Mom's G-spot. Her lower body was writhing more now. Still asleep, Mom's legs rose up -- she moved her inner thighs in to hold my head in place. I was gobbling her pussy now, slurping up her creamy juices and fingering my mother with knowledge only her lover could have.

Mom began to croon in her sleep, urging her dream lover on -- knowing instinctively that it was me. "Love you, sonnnn! Love me, love your mother. Yessss, John, make love to me darling!"

As Mom neared an orgasm, I returned my full focus on her clitoris, swirling my tongue around her swollen penis-like nub. Mom cried out as the first jolt of her orgasm exploded inside her. Pressing against her G-spot, I felt her insides convulse and then a torrent of pussy juice flooded her cunt.

Mom woke up with a violent start, screaming, "OH GODDD YESSSS MAKE MEEE CUM JOHNNN MAKE MOMMMMMMY CUMMMM SONNN!"

Greedily I lapped up Mom's heavy flowing cream, savoring her sweet taste, returning again and again to tease her clit with my tongue, trapping it gently between my lips and fluttering my tongue over it. Mom's fingers slipped into my hair, alternating between pulling me tighter against her muff and trying to push me away as her sensory system almost overloaded on the intense pleasure I was giving her.

By the time I finished, Mom was helpless, legs splayed widely as she patted her chest and gasped for breath. I was out of breath too, my face absolutely drenched in Mom's nectar like cunt cream. "That -- that was incredible, John. I thought, ohhh, I thought my heart was going to explode!"

I rested my face on Mom's furry mound, inhaling her fragrance and enjoying the look of utter contentment on her face as she struggled to recover. Finally, I saw that special glint in her eye and I heard my mother say words that will always thrill me. "John, your mother needs more of your good loving. I need my son's cock!"

I lifted myself up and kissed my way up Mom's voluptuous body, tongue running over her massive, jiggling breasts, stopping to tease and suck at her swollen nipples, feeling her rapid heartbeat as I eased myself down as she spread herself wide, rolling her hips upward to the perfect angle to receive my erect penis. "Ohhhh, Mom, you are just heaven on earth -- your pussy so warm and sweet," I sighed as I sank my cock into her welcoming cunt, all syrupy and hot.

Mom tried to raise her legs up and wrap them around my back as she usually did, but she had to drop them and sighed, "I can't do it, son. You've wiped your mother out!"

As I buried my cock in my mother to the root, I leaned down and kissed her, my lips still coated with her own juices. When the kiss ended, I whispered, "Just lie there and enjoy it, Mom. Let me do all the work."

Mom laughed and said, "My hero! Fuck me, son. Give Momma a good fucking this morning."

Like a man possessed, I proceeded to do just that. With my mother spread-eagled on the bed, I began to fuck her as fast and as hard as I could. Mom, already on the edge of orgasm from being eaten by her son, quickly began to sob as my powerful thrusts into her pussy triggered another powerful orgasm. Mom quivered underneath me, barely able to move as cataclysmic pleasure wreaked havoc with her nervous system, rendering her unable to do anything more than just enjoy a good fucking from her lover son.

For long minutes I rammed my cock in and out of Mom's fiery pussy, relishing her almost wordless grunts and groans almost as much as the look of divine pleasure etched on her face. This was my purpose in life -- this was what I was put on Earth for, to give my mother the incestuous and carnal joy that she so richly deserved. As good as Mom's pussy felt wrapped around my cock, the true pleasure was the honor of giving my mother orgasm after orgasm. Being my mother's lover was and is my life's work!

As Mom eased down from her second cock induced orgasm, I eased my pace, taking my sweet time and enjoying the sensation of slipping my meat into Mom's juicy and steaming pussy. Mom moaned appreciatively at the change of our rhythm. After a few minutes, she gathered her energies together and began to respond to my thrusts. Mom gave me a lewd grin as she raised her hips to meet my thrusts

Sweat rolled off my brow to splatter on Mom's bouncing tits and she gave a groan of approval as I ducked my head down and licked it off her massive breasts. Raising my head, Mom's mouth found mine and we kissed hungrily as I tried to make an effort to keep my thrusts slow and controlled. I felt Mom's legs once again trying to rise and wrap around my back, but she still was too enervated for that. I clasped an ankle and lifted her right leg up, draping it over my shoulder. It tilted Mom to an angle and I could feel my hard penis slide along her sugar wall, with more pressure on one side. Mom shivered and in a long drawn out moan, said, "Ohhhhh, I like that, Johnnnn!"

I began twisting my hips as I plunged in and out of Mom's pussy and could not help but increase the speed and strength of my thrusts and Mom began to gasp -- short bursts in time with the end of each thrust as I buried my cock deep in her womb. Quickly, Mom's gasps turned to sobs.

I reached down and took Mom's left ankle and raised her leg up and draped it over my shoulder as well. Mom cried out, "Oh yessss, baby! Get deeper in me, son! Fuck me deep, John!" I felt my cock plunge deeper into Mom's sodden, furnace like cunt, her legs up and over my shoulders as I curled her up, making us more compact. My hips regained their former momentum and again I was fucking Mom furiously.

Mom began to wail, "CUMMMMINGGG JOHNNN! MAK-MAKING MOMMMA CUMMM! LOVE YOU JOHN SON LOVER FUCKER MAKINGGG MEEE CUMMM!"

I felt Mom's pussy walls tighten around my shaft and then without warning I went over the edge as well and I began to ejaculate my seed deep in Mom's womb. Mom began to spasm as her body convulsed with orgasmic energy. She flung her legs wide and then they fell as once again she was helpless -- a rag doll in the throes of an incestuous orgasm as I ground my pelvis against hers, seeking to deliver my semen as deep within her cunt as possible.

My lips found hers and we kissed wildly and sloppily as our bodies writhed and bucked with carnal delight. It seemed as if I would never stop cumming and I trembled as my cock shot jet after jet of hot jism into Mom's hungry, milking pussy. The intensity of the moment was almost overwhelming

and we both had tears in our eyes. "I love you so much, Mom," I whispered. "I can't imagine life without you." I leaned down and kissed the tears off her cheeks.

Mom hugged me tight and whispered back. "I know, John. You've made me so happy. My darling son -- you've brought your mother back to life."

"My god, do you to know how beautiful you two are?" said a soft voice in the doorway.

"Debbie?" Mom asked as we both turned to look. I eased out and off of Mom -- a little spooked that we had been so wrapped up in ourselves that I hadn't heard anyone come into the bungalow.

Aunt Debbie walked into the room, a smile on her face and tears in her eyes. She wiped her eyes with one hand and with the other, reached behind her and released something that let her dress fall away from her, leaving her naked. "I couldn't help but watch," she sighed. "You two remind me so much of Daddy and Polly -- so passionate and in love. I almost felt like I was in church, there's such a divine aura around the two of you."

She climbed up on the bed, kneeling at our feet. "Couldn't let you leave without saying goodbye," Aunt Debbie said. "I had to make sure I stole a kiss or two from y'all before you go."

Mom grinned at her sister and replied, "Just a kiss, Debbie?"

A completely naughty and lusty expression filled my aunt's face. "Well, I hoped I might find mother and son engaged in such incestuous lovemaking as I just watched. I have always had a fantasy about Daddy and Mama Polly that I never got to fulfill and well..." her voice faded as she leaned forward and gently stroked our legs.

"And what fantasy was that, Big Sister?" Mom asked, excitement evident in her voice.

"You and I would be hiding in the shadows, watching Daddy and Mama Polly and when they were done, we'd see Daddy pull his long ol' dong out of Polly's puss, it covered with their juices and Mama Polly's pussy just full of Daddy's jism." Aunt Debbie moved forward, her hands on our thighs now and we scooted to make room for her between us. Mom's sister looked at her and then at me and she winked in such a naughty way that my cock began to throb.

"I always dreamed of finding out what a son's cum tasted like inside his mother's wet pussy." Aunt Debbie sighed and continued, "But Polly was an old-fashioned woman and never even hinted that she'd let a woman touch her, but right here is my sister..." Aunt Debbie moved closer and brushed her hand over Mom's wide open pussy and then she leaned towards me and lowered her head down to my crotch. "And here is her son, just having fucked and waiting for someone to clean them up!"

"Oh my god," I whispered as my aunt wrapped her lips around my semi-erect penis.

"First the appetizer," hissed Aunt Debbie and she sucked and licked my cock clean of my semen and Mom's creamy sauces. Her tongue swirled and probed and had me clean as a whistle and stiff as a board in no time!

"Delicious," she cooed as she lifted herself up and kissed me on the mouth, offering me her cum slickened tongue. She pressed her breasts against mine, her nipples poking me and I could feel her excited heart beating. Aunt Debbie then turned to her sister and said, "You are so lucky, Carrie, to have a son that loves you this much!" She scooted over to Mom and embraced her, their mouths clamped together and kissing hungrily.

End the kiss with a bold lick of Mom's lips, Aunt Debbie began to kiss her way down Mom's voluptuous figure, Mom sighing and saying, "It's been too long, Debbie!"

Mom's sister paused between Mom's wide spread legs. Aunt Debbie breathed in deeply, inhaling the strong and arousing scent of Mom's creamy cunt and my thick load of semen. My aunt flicked out her tongue and then fiercely thrust her face into Mom's pussy, her thick pubic hair scratching Aunt Debbie's cheeks while she hungrily tongued Mom's pink folds, lapping up thick streamers of my semen drenched in Mom's cream.

Mom's hold snapped back as her sister's ministrations on her sensitive cunt flesh immediately began to move her towards the realm of incestuous orgasm while I stared in awe at seeing for the first time, a woman making love to my mother. My emotions were all over the road -- a mix of jealous, lust and flat out amazement! Mom's hands quickly tangled in Aunt Debbie's bleach blonde hair, keeping her sister in place as she eat my mother out with carnal abandonment. My aunt's ass wiggled back and forth, her bald pussy wet and open, almost winking at me as it peeked out from under her taut ass cheeks.

Mom wordlessly moaned and groaned, her face screwed up in orgasmic delight -- her squeals rising and falling in pitch as her sister induced orgasms ebbed and flowed. Aunt Debbie lapped Mom's pussy furiously for several minutes until she paused and said, "Carrie, if you don't tell your son to fuck me, I'm going to just scream!"

Mom's eyes came into focus just long enough to find me. She tried to speak, but could only huff a little as the tongue lashing her sister was giving her was simply too intense. Mom licked her lips and finally managed a quick, urgent nod before letting out a cry as Aunt Debbie fluttered her tongue against Mom's swollen clit.

I trembled as I struggled to my knees and waddled behind my aunt's upraised and exposed ass. Aunt Debbie murmured, "Yesss," against Mom's pussy as I put my hands on her butt cheeks to hold her steady and to lift her just a fraction as I lined my cock up with her wet and bloomed cunt. Aunt Debbie lifted her face up from Mom's pussy, her chin dripping with cunt sauce and my semen and looked over her shoulder and said, "Hard and fast, sugar! Fuck Auntie Deb until you put a nice juicy load of spunk in my pussy, John!"

As she bent again to lick Mom, she gave a surprised, "OHHH!" as I obliged her and rammed my cock home, burying my erection all the way inside her hot pussy!" My Mom's sister's twat was hot and wet, a little roomier than Mom's, which made me wander about her trip and the friends she went to Miami and the Keys with.

Then it was my turn to give out a cry as her muscles contracted around my cock, massaging my shaft with deft expertness. As I began to thrust in and out of Aunt Debbie's steamy, sopping wet pussy, her sugar walls did their best to impede my progress, clasp to my shaft like sweet, oiled satin. I reached under her and massaged her enhanced titties, marveling at their shape and heft. Eventually, I focused on her nipples, the thin long rubbery things actually exciting me more as I played with them -- they were so long!

Gradually, we all began to move into one rhythm, our moans and sighs in unison as my hard thrusts into Aunt Debbie's cunt, drove her mouth against Mom's pussy, making both women grunt in ecstatic pleasure while I groaned as my aunt's sweet pussy flesh tried to trap me deep within her womb. The room, already fragrant with a week's worth of mother-son lovemaking, became thick

with a new scent, completely incestuous in nature as mother's pussy and son's sperm mixed with the arousal of aunt's pussy, all to create an aroma that could do nothing but arouse one's desires.

Mom, writhing in pleasure under her sister's talented tongue, opened her eyes and our gazes locked. My mother managed a grin as we both continued to derive pleasure from both ends of Aunt Debbie's body. Mom's knowing, amused expression, calmed me down a little and it was if we shared secret knowledge telepathically as the three of us continued to make love. Even as we were three, Mom and I seemed to share a special extension of that pleasure, a separate incestuous delight that was ours and ours alone.

Aunt Debbie began to moan more and her body began to shake. As her pussy muscles clamped down around my shaft and her sweet juices coated and bathed my cock in her liquid heat, I felt myself reach the point of no return. My face told my mother everything she needed to know and she nodded and in a lust filled voice, gasped, "Do it! Give Debbie your hot spunk, son!"

With a bellow of satisfaction, I thrust deep into my aunt's cunt and began to cum, flooding her creamy insides with my hot semen. Aunt Debbie gave a muffled squeal as Mom held her sister's head against her pussy as they both bucked and writhed in orgasm.

When I was spent and after I had slowly withdrawn from my Aunt's spasm-wracked cunt, and she had collapsed beside me, showering me with kisses, she said between gasps for air, "Omigod, Carrie -- he's marvelous. You are so lucky!"

Licking my lips, tasting Mom's creamy sauces in Aunt Debbie's kisses, I replied, "No, I'm the one who's lucky. I have the perfect sexy mother as a lover, who has a hot aunt as a sister!"

Mom giggled as she caught her breath and rolling up onto her knees, said, "We're all lucky, my darlings. I'm lucky to have a son who knows how to make his mother happy with that fine cock and I'm sisters with a woman who knows the value and beauty of family love." Mom crawled on all fours till she was able to part her sisters legs, leaving them wide spread as she added, "A sister who at the moment is full of my son's tasty spunk!"

Without a further word, Mom dove between Aunt Debbie's legs and began licking her cunt, using her tongue to draw out thick wads of my semen, mixed with her sister's pussy juices. I watched amazed as Mom showed off just how well she could eat pussy. I think I learned more about cunnilingus in those scant minutes than in a lifetime as I studied Mom's use of her tongue on Aunt Debbie's pussy.

Mom licked my aunt's pussy until Aunt Debbie screamed her delight, her fingers clawing and tearing at the sheets. In a lust induced frenzy, I watched in awe as my aunt scrabbled and scooted around until she was on top of my mother and they wrapped arms and legs around each other in an incestuous sixty-nine, sister licking sister, showing me the depth of their passion for each other. It was a thing of beauty and I confess to moving around, viewing both women from different angles as they ate each other out with incredible familiarity.

By the time my mother and my aunt were spent in their passions, I was again sporting a massive erection, throbbing and aching from previous effort and present hunger. I'm not complaining -- the ache in my cock was the kind that you only achieve through tremendous, wonderful sex of the best kind. It was the same sensation of aching muscles gained through a job or effort that was pleasing to do.

Mom and Aunt Debbie eyed me hungrily for several minutes and then both crawled across the bed like predatory felines stalking their prey. Both women pounced on me and gave me a joint blow job that I will remember the rest of my life. Both women licked and sucked and teased me -- their tongues rolling over and around the crown of my cock and up and down my hard, long shaft. At one point it was as if my cock was trapped between a passionate soul kiss between Aunt Debbie and Mom, their lips surrounded the head of my cock and their tongues sliding deliciously over my swollen head as they sought each other's tongues out.

I almost passed out as I ejaculated, my mother and her sister, dueling with their tongue to lap up my hot, thick semen. When my vision cleared, Mom and Aunt Debbie were sitting there, grinning like two cats that had swallowed the canary.

And then alas, our time was up. Mom and I had to leave shortly afterwards. It was an intense goodbye, full of meaningful caresses and kisses that almost led to us missing our plane. It ended with me backing the rental car out of the driveway as Aunt Debbie stood naked in her doorway, hollering, "Next time, Little Sister, we don't let your son out of the bed! Make him take his vitamins and keep him healthy or we might just fuck him to death!"

That drew a couple of raised eyebrows as we pulled away. "I guess that might get the neighbors to gossiping," I said, trying not to laugh.

Mom sighed and replied, "I doubt it. Compared to some of Debbie's antics, they might think this is tame!"

As we drove towards the highway that ran parallel to the beach, we passed Mom's two elderly admirers. Mom leaned out the window and called out, "See y'all next time!" and for the hell of it, raised her T-shirt and flashed the two dirty old men.

As we moved on, I could hear one of them holler, his voice fading, "Kid, you're still a lucky motherfucker!"

Mom settled back into her seat and grinned at me, raising her shirt once more for my benefit, showing off her meaty, gourd shaped tits for me to admire, nipples still red from my bites earlier that morning. "He's right, you know. I am the luckiest motherfucker in the world, Mom. Thank you for this vacation."

Mom sighed and leaning over, kissed me on the cheek. "We're both lucky, son." She eased back into her seat and sighed again. "I won't be able to walk right for a couple of weeks, but I can definitely say that I got lucky -- over and over again."

The plane ride back to Chicago was uneventful -- in truth, we slept most of the way back, cuddled up to each other in our seats. It was early evening when we got back to my apartment. We walked down to the Korean grocery where Mom checked in with Dad and the twins, telling them that she decided it was too late to drive back and that she would crash at my apartment. The old man fussed, apparently he was running low on laundry, but Mom told him to deal with it and hung up on him. She sighed and looked at me. "I have less patience with him every day, especially now, knowing I have a better man in my life." I cannot fully describe the way that made me feel, except to say it made me love my mother all the more and ache for the day when we would be together forever.

We went out and had a bite to eat and then went back to my place and fell asleep, both of us worn out from the week's fun and games. Sometime in the middle of the night, we both woke to find

ourselves locked together, cock and pussy. Who had initiated it, I'm not sure. It was one of those sweet, dreamy time fucks where Mom and I both only become fully conscious as we are deep in the throes of our lovemaking.

This has always been one of my favorite ways to make love. Emerging from dreams erotic and mysterious to find myself wrapped in Mom's arms and legs, a passionate and incestuous embrace, my hard cock buried deep in Mom's warm, wet and motherly cunt. In the dim light, I see Mom's face, desire and love and sweet ecstasy etched on her face, her calling my name as I slowly and steadily thrust myself deeper and deeper inside her. Orgasm sweeps us both, wrapping us up in our love and pleasure and then allowing sleep to reclaim us, taking us back into our dreams, still joined -- mother's pussy and son's cock, back into dreams of us and our life yet to be lived, our life together.

The next morning, Mom and I finally had to part at least for a while. We kissed for a long time, neither of us willing to let the other go. Finally, Mom kissed me one last time, whispered something in my ear, stroked my face and saying, "I love you, son," climbed in her car.

I watched Mom drive off, her whispered words still echoing in my ear, giving me hope for the future, something to get me through the next several weeks. I watched Mom's car turn the corner and disappear as I listened to her words again.

"John, when your semester ends, you and I are taking a trip. I'm taking you home, son -- home to Mama Polly's. No more secrets, my darling. When we're home, Momma's gonna tell you everything!"

*To be continued...*