

THE MARK OF DANTESHWARI

Ahabscribe

American Mom is blessed by an Indian Goddess.

Incest/Taboo

4.69

12k words

Well, now for some completely different! I have always enjoyed stories from our fellow writers from India, especially those who have approached incest from almost a mystical/religious aspect. It has long been on my mind to create a story in homage and appreciation to our Indian writers. Finally, here it is. I hope it is enjoyed and that I haven't trampled on anyone's faith. I'm sure it is rife with geographical and theological errors and I pray I haven't offended anyone. I look forward to everyone's comments. Enjoy!

Oh, and as always, this is a work of fiction. All characters exist only in my imagination and any coincidence is purely accidental.

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BEHOLD -- YOU ARE THE CHOSEN OF DANTESHWARI. EMBRACE THE BLESSINGS AND THE REBIRTH SHE OFFERS YOU NOW. OPEN YOUR HEART AND NOW LOVE FOR ALL ETERNITY. ACCEPT THE SACRED GIFTS OF LOVE AND FAMILY AND BE AS ONE. YOU ARE THE BLESSED OF DANTESHWARI!

The words are spoken by a voice so beautiful, it almost makes one weep with joy to hear it. I am in a warm, safe place. Mist seems to roil around me, but there is a presence -- someone standing before me. I am in a prone position and I suddenly realize that I am terribly aroused. Between my legs, I am moist and feverish. It is all I can do to not fling my pelvis upwards, seeking something to bring me relief. I am wearing a gauzy material wrapped around me, but allowing me to reveal my nakedness beneath and to show my sex, flowered and glistening, ready for love.

A shadowy body moves in the mist. I suddenly see a cock, long and thick, beautiful to behold. I look up, but I do not see a face. Still, I want him -- I want it. I offer myself up to him, thrusting my pubic mound forward, suddenly aching to have him. I squint, seeking his face as that lovely cock comes closer and closer. Scant inches away I can feel his need, his desire, his heat mixing with mine to become a fiery blaze. The words come again, "ACCEPT THE SACRED GIFTS OF LOVE AND FAMILY AND BE AS ONE. YOU ARE THE BLESSED OF DANTESHWARI!" I can almost feel the head of the cock beginning to brush my slick labia and...

I sit upright in my bed, my heart is pounding and I can scarcely breathe. "Noooo," I sigh. I look around and I can see Joseph asleep under the sheet next to me. It is a hot night and I can feel the humid air wrap around me like a thick, sodden blanket. I can hear animal and insect noises coming from the forest. I realize that I am very horny. The ache between my legs is almost unbearable. That was such a weird dream! I have never had such an erotic dream -- so intense and so real!

I turn and cuddle up to my husband. I kiss the nape of his neck and as I whisper, "Joseph, love me. I need you to love me," I drape my arm over his body and slip my fingers into his underwear. I wrap my hand around his cock and stroke it gently. "Wake up and love me, honey."

My husband swims up out of sleep and makes a 'Hurumph' noise and pushes my arm away from him. "Darling, please -- I want you to make love to me," I say, hating to hear the pleading in my voice.

"Christine, it's the middle of the night," My husband growls in a sleepy voice. "You're too old for such foolishness. I've got to be up early for goodness sakes." He scoots away from me and burrows his head deeper in the pillows. For a moment, I want to argue with him, but I open and then close my mouth. I try and ignore the hurt I feel and I quietly slip out of bed and pad quietly out of the room and down to the bathroom.

There is a window in there that I have often found myself standing at in the early hours just before sunrise. When the dawn comes, the sun begins to illuminate the forest -- jungle really, that surrounds our village. It is beautiful and it is at that those moments than I am truly glad to be in India.

Joseph and I are missionaries. We've been in India for almost fifteen years. We have lived and worked in this small village in the Bastar District in the state of Chhattisgarh. For Joseph, it is his calling -- his work, although I don't he's ever been truly happy here. He has had little success in converting the local peoples, although they tolerate his efforts very politely and patiently. Our son, Jeff has lived here since he was three years old. It is really the only world he has ever known and he tells me he wants to live here forever, despite the attractions and bright lights of America that he knows of from our periodic visits home.

I run a school here. There has been some friction between Joseph and me for a long time in that while his church has languished, my school has thrived. Over the years, I know that I've helped pave the way for many a child from our village to lead a better life.

And over the years, I have come to love India. In truth, although I sometimes get homesick for the United States, like my son, I too believe I could live out my life here. There is something magical and powerful about this land -- something ancient and majestic that calls out to me, that has captured my heart. I was raised a Christian and still believe in God, but I quickly became enraptured in this place where religious toleration is so vital to much of its culture. Its easy acceptance of polytheism has entranced me -- there is room for my God, but room for so much else as well.

My life would be a very good one except that my marriage to Joseph has turned to ashes over the years we have lived here. My husband was once a passionate lover and we enjoyed each other's company for many years, but as India seemed to awaken and expand my reality, Joseph seems to have shrunk in body and in spirit. I cannot honestly recall the last time we made love -- honest, true passionate love.

Still, as barren as that part of my life is, I feel fortunate. I have a wonderful, healthy son who has a good heart, I have my school and I have made many friends here in the village. My roots have sunk deep here. The villagers take me as one of their own, accepting this blonde, forty-six year old woman as if I were born here.

As I watch the dawn approach, my mind again turns to my erotic dream and to that perfectly formed cock. Just picturing it in my mind makes me wet between my legs. Standing beside the window, I slip my fingers through the waistband of my panties and into my furry bush, finding my slippery labia lips and spreading them apart.

As I have done many times in the years since Joseph misplaced his ardor, I begin to masturbate, imagining that long, thick penis inside me, fucking me, making me moan! I plunge fingers in and

out of my pussy, clinging to the window sill with my other hand. As the heat of pleasure grows between my legs, I let my imagination build a body around that hard penis. It is muscular, a young man's body, strong -- capable of taking control of me, mastering me, making me -- yes, making me orgasm!

I try and stifle my cries of pleasure as I begin to tremble, two fingers plunged deep in my pussy while my thumb feathers over my engorged clitoris, fanning the flames and taking me over the edge. I close my eyes, seeing myself kissing that young man's chest, licking his nipples as he makes me cum, filling me with his fiery seed. He seems so familiar.

I come abruptly out of my fantasy as I hear the jangling of my son's old fashioned alarm clock. The quiet time is over. Day has begun. I am trembling as I climb into our shower, flickers of pleasure running through me as my orgasm tries to outlast its stay.

Even a quick, cool dousing doesn't end my naughty thoughts. Masturbating has done nothing to quell my desire for a man's cock -- for my dream lover's cock. All through breakfast and as Jeff and I walk to school, my dream stays with me. As I teach English and Science to my young students, my mind wanders back to my dream and that lovely, long penis. By the time I get home and begin to cook dinner, my panties are a sodden mess. When I climb into bed, Joseph already asleep and snoring away, I find myself hoping against hope to have the dream again. Wouldn't that be wonderful, I think to myself, knowing full well that it won't happen.

I discover that sometimes wishes come true. I discover that sometimes a fulfilled wish is a curse.

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The words are spoken by a feminine voice that seems so powerful and lovely and erotic, it would arouse anyone, male or female. Again, I am in a warm, safe place. Mist roils around me, but I sense a presence -- he is standing before me. I am prone and terribly aroused. I need to spread my legs and find a way to soothe the fire between my legs, but I am paralyzed. I cannot move. Something moves in the mists. I see him, face still in shadow. I see his cock, so huge and swollen and suddenly I can move. The silky material of my sari falls away as I open my thighs, revealing my wet cunt, labia flowered in a thick mat of brownish-blond pubic hair. I want him -- I want his cock. I offer myself up to him, thrusting my pubic mound upwards until my wet, slick flesh brushes the crown of his penis, submitting myself to him. Her voice speaks again. "ACCEPT THE SACRED GIFTS OF LOVE AND FAMILY AND BE AS ONE. YOU ARE THE BLESSED OF DANTESHWARI!" It is time. My body strains to reach him, to envelope his erect dick. I need it as I have never needed something before. I feel his cock begin to sink into my flesh and...

I am awake, sitting up in bed, my straining arms reaching out...to nothing. "Nooo, please, God, noooo -- bring it back!" I whimper. My entire body is trembling with need. My nipples are erect, pressing against the cotton of my nightdress, my panties are soaking wet. I am sweating -- not because the night is hot and humid, but because of my arousal. I know that it is fuck sweat that trickles down between my heaving breasts.

I glance at Joseph, stirring and mumbling, "Will you settle down, woman? Go to sleep," before drifting back into slumber. I slip from the bed and strip the sticky, wet clothes from my body, letting the night dress and panties fall to the floor. I move quietly down the hall to the bathroom and

closing the door, I turn on the light. With shaky hands, I get a drink of water and then consider my image in the mirror.

The eyes of a mad woman look back at me. I have now had the dream for thirty nights in a row -- a month of being so close to having my dream lover, to being fulfilled, but always in the end, interrupted. I masturbate every morning, but it does not sate my desire -- my hunger, I am still in need of satisfaction. I want, no, need that cock. I know that in my heart. Until my dream lover can complete our act of love, I am left bereft and aching.

For the first time in my life, I fear I am losing my mind. This dream occupies my thoughts night and day. Each night I pray for the dream to continue to completion or to vanish and never plague me again. I do not know how much longer I can continue. I cannot make heads or tails of this.

I gaze into the mirror at myself and wonder why I can't make my husband love me. I don't think I'm unattractive -- at least for a forty-six year old woman. Hard work and the heat of this region have kept the weight off me. As I look at my reflection, I have to smile. I have a 40DD-28-36 figure that works well for my height of five foot, eight inches. I have a little pooch to my stomach left over from having my son, but otherwise, my body is pretty firm. My breasts sag a little from gravity, but are still full and attractive. Blonde hair, blue eyes and tanned skin make me attractive, I think. I have great legs, well muscled and smooth. I don't why I am unattractive to my husband. I often think he construes religious virtue with celibacy.

Now I wonder if his neglect has manifested into some sort of mid life crisis for me -- that I am now slipping into madness with these dreams. As I stare at myself, again, my fingers find their way into my pussy, rubbing and thrusting hungrily into my wetness. My free hand cups one of my heavy breasts, stroking and pinching my hard nipple. I can almost feel my dream lover -- his hands on me, his cock inside me, his mouth on my breast. In the mirror, I imagine him standing in front of me, fucking me as my legs are wrapped around his waist. I feel his mouth on my breast, sucking and biting my hard nipples, biting them as I run my hands through his blonde hair...

I open my eyes. "Blond hair?" I whisper aloud. I wobble -- a little off balance, my head swimming with need. I haven't seen my dream lover's face. I wonder where I got the blonde hair from. I stand there in a daze for I don't know how long. Then I hear Jeff's clock go off and it is time for the real day to begin.

I shower and get ready to go to school. I fix Jeff breakfast and can't help but smile as he comes bounding into the kitchen. He is a good son. He quickly gobbles up the simple food I've prepared and I watch him fondly. Jeff has become a man, I realize. He stands six foot tall and is handsome. His lean, well muscled body is on exhibit as he wears a lungi, a traditional Indian garment that wraps around his waist, leaving his torso exposed. The Indian sun has bronzed his body and has bleached his blonde hair to a bright white.

Suddenly, without warning, I am envisioning his body as the one in my dream. My heart begins to pound even as I feel a tingle in my cunt...warm wetness spreading between my legs. As Jeff takes his plate to the sink, my eyes are drawn down to his crotch, where even through the comfortable, loose cloth of his lungi there is a discernable bulge and I envision the cock of my dream lover hanging between my son's strong thighs.

I gasp and shake my head, trying to clear my mind of the disturbing visions I am suddenly entertaining.

"Mom? Mother, are you all right?" Jeff is suddenly standing beside me, his strong hand on my shoulder, looking down at me, his face full of concern.

"Uh -- Um, yes, I um, I'm sorry, honey. I just didn't sleep too well last night."

"Yeah, I think I heard you tossing and turning a lot, Mom. Is there anything I can do?" Jeff rubs the tight muscles in my shoulder and I grunt happily.

"That feels good, son," I murmur in reply, smiling up at him. Then I glance downward. His crotch is level with my face and there is definitely a bulge in his lungi -- a very distinctive and large presence! I scoot away from the table -- images of my dream lover's cock exploding into my mind.

I look up nervously as I stand. My son is staring at me intently, eyes full of concern and it seems something else. Maybe it's my imagination, but it feels like he's looking at me appreciatively, the way his father used to look at me back in college! Or maybe, I am going crazy! I can feel myself blushing and I turn away, taking my dishes to the sink and trying to act normally. "We better get off to school, Jeff. It wouldn't do for the teacher or her son to be late."

Jeff looks at his watch and nods in agreement. "Oh wow, it is almost time for school and I told Bimal I would meet him before classes!" He looks at me expectantly. "Are you sure you are alright, Mother?"

I smile at his formality, so much more common here than in America. He hears it so much here, he often calls me that instead of Mom. "I'm fine, honey, go on, meet your friend." And like a whirlwind, Jeff grabs his backpack and is out the door. I keep the smile on my face until he is gone and then I slip to the floor and sob. What is happening to me? Am I going stark raving mad? My sex fantasies now mixing with thoughts of my son -- am I going insane? My mind flashes back to my masturbation fantasy in the bathroom. My fantasy lover's hair was the exact blonde color as my son's!

I wail like a baby until I hear Joseph stirring in the bedroom. How do I explain my madness to him? I can't, so I wipe my eyes and struggle to pull myself together. I come from hardy Alabama stock. I can soldier on.

I am only five minutes late to school. My students greet me and we begin the day's Science lesson. The day passes slowly and I struggle and fail to keep the horrible thoughts out of my mind. Images of my dream lover come and go. I envision myself being brutally fucked by him, unable to see his face until at the moment of orgasm my eyes open wide as I cum and then I can see his face -- my son's face, Jeff's face twisted in a deliriously happy expression as he cums inside me. My students sense my distraction, my troubled spirit and bless their little hearts, they are as good as gold.

I maintain my composure until classes are over and they run out to play or go home. I break down and begin crying, increasingly more intense until I am almost hysterical. Suddenly, my door opens and in walks another teacher -- my best friend, Ramita. She teaches Mathematics at the school and her son, Bimal is Jeff's best friend.

"Christine, I would like to go over the plans for the tests next..." Ramita's voice trails off as she sees me sobbing at my desk. In an instant, Ramita is by my side, kneeling and taking me by the hands. "Oh, Christine! Whatever is wrong, my dear? What can I do to help?"

I fall into my friend's arms and just cry. Ramita's arms wrap around me, comforting me and making me feel safer just for her presence. I cry for a long time before it peters out with sniffles. Ramita

finally lets me go, her sari wet with my tears. She pulls over a chair and sits close to me, taking my hands and softly asking, "Christine, how can I help you? Should I go summon Joseph?"

This makes me want to cry again. "I can't talk to Joseph, he thinks I'm awful as it is!" I say in a halting, gasping voice. I tighten my grip on her hands. "Ramita, I think I'm losing my mind."

Ramita cocks her head and she looks at me curiously with her deep brown eyes. "Losing your mind? Christine, you are the most level headed person I know. Surely whatever is troubling you, we can deal with it, yes?" She reaches over and hugs me. In my constant state of arousal, I am more aware than ever over her physical presence, especially as her massive bosom presses against my own smaller breasts. I feel a fresh spurt of wetness within my lust filled cunt. I am embarrassed and appalled at my sexual response. "Tell me what is wrong, Christine and I will help you," she whispers in my ear.

Suddenly the words just begin to gush out of me. "It's these dreams, Ramita! I've been having these crazy sex dreams every night and I can't get them out of my head and I'm thinking crazy stuff all the time -- seeing this man's cock and I'm constantly horny, um, I mean I'm aroused thinking about sex all the time and thinking all these unnatural thoughts about...about..." I can't bring myself to say anything about Jeff and the terrible images in my head. Ramita is looking at me oddly and I think she's thinking I've gone mad too. "Every night, it's the same thing. A faceless man about to fu-fuck me and then that lovely voice telling me I'm the chosen of Danteshwari and I see his..."

I trail off as Ramita lets go of me and shoves her chair backwards, an utterly stunned expression on her face. I'm thinking that I've scared her when she hisses, "You hear someone speaking that you are the chosen of Danteshwari? Tell me the exact words, Christine! Tell me now!"

Startled out of my tears by her shocked expression, I begin to utter the words that over the course of thirty nights have become imprinted indelibly on my brain. "Behold -- you are the chosen ones of Danteshwari. Embrace the blessings and the rebirth she offers you now..." At this point, Ramita joins in and we speak them together, "Open your heart and know love for all eternity. Accept the sacred gifts of love and family and be as one." I am the one shocked now and I am staring silently as Ramita finishes the words.

"You are the blessed of Danteshwari!" Ramita stares at me now silently with an expression somewhere between horror and awe.

"How did you know?" I whisper. My voice rises and cracks as I say, "Tell me what's happening, Ramita!"

My good friend opens her mouth and then closes it. She lowers her head and I can see that she is shaking. "This cannot be. How can you..." Ramita lifts her head, her dark eyes now ablaze. "How is this possible, Christine. You are American. This should not be happening. These dreams -- they are not for you."

I reach out and take hold of her wrists, gripping them tightly. I can barely keep myself under control as I whisper to her, "How did you know those words? How can you know what I've been dreaming?"

Ramita stares at me for a long time. Finally she whispers back, "Because, Christine. I too am having those dreams."

I shake my head in disbelief. "That is not possible. No one shares their dreams."

Ramita gives me a tentative smile. "They do, my dear, if the dreams are of a divine origin. Danteshwari sends us these dreams."

"Danteshwari?" I again shake my head. It doesn't make sense. I recognized the name from the time of my first dream, it is a local deity. Many miles outside the district capital, Jagdalpur, there is a famous temple dedicated to Danteshwari and there is an annual celebration of her -- she is a female and motherly aspect of the Hindu Gods. Despite of my love of this place and my acknowledgement and acceptance of their faith, I find myself suddenly confronted with the truth that I never really accepted that there could be other gods within the world.

Ramita puts a finger to my lips and shushes me. "Hush now, Christine. We must not speak of it further. I must consult Naija, she will know what to do."

Naija is an old woman in the village -- perhaps the oldest woman in the village, although nobody knew her true age. She is the local midwife and is considered a wise woman, maybe even a holy woman. In truth, she might be the most influential person in the village, maybe within the whole region. She has an incredible amount of influence. It was only when she brought her great, great granddaughter to my school that others in the village warmed to it and made it a success. Every Sunday, she sits on the front row in our little church and listens intently to Joseph's sermons, a slightly perplexed expression on her face as she strives to make sense of our faith. I cannot blame her, it doesn't always make sense to me.

Standing up, Ramita reaches out and squeezes my shoulder. "Do not worry, Christine. I am sure Naija will know what to do. I will come see you later this evening. Everything will be alright."

I am still dumbfounded, but just hearing my good friend speak those words gives me comfort. I watch her walk away and I gather up my things and walk home. As I step into the house, I can smell the aroma of a casserole. Following the smell, I see that the dining room table is set for two. In the kitchen, I find Jeff busy washing dishes.

"Mother! I wanted to surprise you!" he says, bounding over to hug me. He tells me his Dad has gone to the next village over to lead a prayer group meeting this evening and won't be back till late, so he decided to make me dinner as a surprise.

"Well, I guess you did, honey!" I reply. I shiver a little as my son wraps his strong arms around me and pulls me to him. I feel my breasts pillow out against his bare chest and I imagine I am blushing as I feel my thick nipples harden, the long bumps pressing against my bra and blouse, aching to touch male skin. For a moment I struggle with the urge to press my lips against his as my vagina begins to burn with lust. I control myself and peck him on the cheek, content for the moment of just being in a handsome young man's embrace.

Jeff helps me with my bags and tells me of his day. I sit at the table and listen to my son ramble on about things, especially about his and Bimal's plans for starting a farm. As he talks, I can't help but admire his young body. He is tall and well muscled and beautiful and again I can't help but compare his body to that of my dream lover. My panties become sodden and I am appalled to find myself unconsciously dropping my hands into my lap to rub against my slacks.

Jeff and I eat and then he is off to run about with Bimal, no doubt to flirt with the many pretty young girls of our village. I sit on the living room and try and read scripture, seeking comfort in God's words, but not finding them tonight. I pray for help and deliverance for my evil thoughts. I am on my knees when there is a knock at the front door and I hear Ramita call out, "Christine, are you here. May we visit please, with you?"

I struggle to my feet and at the door am surprised to see Ramita and the old holy woman with her. In all the years, we have been here, Naija has never visited us. "Please come in," I say. The woman has the history of countless decades etched on her face. Her eyes are a brilliant green and as she enters she studies me with an uncomfortable intensity.

Inside, we all sit and there is an uncomfortable silence. Finally, Ramita begins, "I have spoken to Naija about your dreams and how I cannot imagine how this has happened. This thing that is happening, should not be happening to you, it is..."

Naija holds up a hand for silence and in a raspy, ancient voice, says, "Hush, daughter. You are smart and educated in the matters of the world, but of the province of the divine, you should not speak." Naija stands up and shuffles over to me. She holds out her hands and I give her mine. Her grip is incredibly firm for someone so old.

"Since times so ancient, they have fallen out of memory, there has been a pact between our goddess, Danteshwari and this village. Once every generation, she marks the worthy women who have lost their husbands to receive her blessings. That holy time has come again." The old woman glances over at Ramita. "Ramita is one who is so blessed. Ten years she has been a widow, her husband tragically lost."

I nod. I know this. Ramita's husband had been killed in a train wreck several years ago, leaving Ramita a widow with two children, her oldest Bimal and a younger daughter.

"And so it is with the blessing of Danteshwari. Those bereft of marriage and who prove worthy are offered a blessing from the mother Danteshwari, in remembrance of service long ago. Ramita's dreams are the mark of Danteshwari. She does not dream alone. Others in the village have also been so blessed." Naija names other women of the village. I recognize a few; Nilaya whose husband abandoned her and their four children and disappeared into the vast population of New Delhi, and Mamata, another widower, her husband killed in military service.

"But, Naija, why me?" I implore her. "I am not Hindu, I am an American and I am married. My husband is here, he's alive."

The old woman shrugs. "One does not question the wisdom of Danteshwari. You are of our village now -- who cares where you come from." She pauses and looks deep into my eyes. "And as to your marriage, tell me now the truth, daughter Christina. Tell me your marriage is alive. Tell me your marriage has not died of your husband's neglect."

I feel my face burn with shame and with anger. Naija leaned in so close, I can feel her warm breath. "Is your marriage dead, Christine Matthews?"

I feel tears running down my face, leaving searing tracks on my skin. "Yes," I whisper. "It's been dead for a long time." I begin to cry and am surprised to feel the arms of the old woman close around me. Her arms are strong and she pulls me against her and lets me cry myself out.

When I am done, she looks down at me, her eyes blazing with a holy light. She turns to Ramita and nods. "She has the Mark of Danteshwari. The holy mother has decreed it."

"What does that mean," I ask, still sniffing. "What do these dreams mean? Are they going to stop? How can we all be sharing the same fucking dream?" I stop suddenly. I am shouting and I did not mean to curse in front of this old woman.

Naija smiles and pats my cheek. "Stop asking questions. Simply accept what is to come. In a fortnight, all answers that you seek will be yours. There is a...rite that must be observed and that you must participate in. Once it is completed, your dreams will end. At dusk the first night of the full moon, Ramita will come for you and you will have your answers."

The old woman turns and hobbles towards the door. "Walk me home, Ramita. I am old and tired and there is so much to do." I try and say more, but she turns and puts an old gnarled finger to her lips. "Shhhhh, Christine. Be patient. For now, it must suffice for you to know that you are not insane." She gives me a big, mostly toothless smile and says, "Have joy, daughter. You are blessed of Danteshwari. It is a most wondrous thing!"

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My need is so great it hurts as I hear those words. There is carnality now in the voice. Each syllable ratchets up my desire as I writhe on my back, the strands of material that make up my robe, parting to reveal my feverish, aching, needing sex. My dream lover approaches. He is naked, his cock swollen and long. His beautifully sculpted body is entrancing. I need him. I cannot move except to spread my legs wide and fling my pelvis upwards, offering myself, begging for relief in body language.

My dream lover climbs between my legs, his head still shrouded -- first in mist and then in shadow. My blood engorged nerves can sense his cock almost touching my wet, hot flesh. My labia can almost clasp him. I ache to draw him inside me. He is almost there, sooo close. I look up. I can see his eyes -- they are a reflection of my own blue eyes. I know that there is less than the length of a hair's distance between his hard cock and my wet pussy. Its time -- it's finally time...

And I am upright and awake, tangled in my sheets, sobbing and whimpering, "Nooo! I need it," as my fingers are buried deep in my pussy. I have practically my whole right hand fucking my burning cunt as I try and seek relief. I arch my back as I make myself cum, knowing that it isn't enough -- that I need more -- I need the cock of my dream lover. I sob aloud as my orgasm washes over me. The relief I seek isn't there, even though I am overwhelmed with pleasure.

The only thing I am glad about is that Joseph isn't here. He has journeyed far, to New Delhi for a missionary conference. He left three days ago and will not be back for at least a week. I have masturbated at every free moment since he left, aching for the release that will not come. I am glad he is gone. I have begged him for sex many times since Naija talked to me and he has spurned me at every turn. Now with him away, I can't humiliate myself again by begging for his love.

"Mother? Are you okay?" Jeff is at the door. "I heard you cry out. Did you have another bad dream?" He opens it a little, and I pull the sheets around my nakedness. I cannot see him in the darkness. There is the rumble of thunder in the distance. We have had storms for two days.

I find my voice and rasp hoarsely, "Yes, another bad dream, Jeff. I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean to wake you. Go back to bed, son."

"I was dreaming too, Mother." There is a long pause. "Are you sure there is nothing I can do for you?"

"You're sweet, honey, but no. I'm alright now. Go back to bed, darling."

"Yes, Mother," my son replies and I hear footsteps as he retreats. Then there is a flash of lighting and for a second, I can see my son's silhouette against the wall. I gasp. I see the shadow of his cock, hard and long and extending from the shadow of his body silhouetted against the wall. I know my son tends to sleep naked in hot weather, but I had no idea he had been at my door naked and hard.

Again for the countless time, my images of my dream lover become mixed up with images of my eighteen year old son. I know I'm going mad, despite what Ramita and Naija say. I cling to one hope. It's been a fortnight since I spoke to Naija. Tonight this must all end. I know that things cannot continue as they are. If the dreams do not end, I know I must leave. Return home to America and have myself committed.

I cannot continue this existence. I will leave my son and find some way to cleanse my mind of this mad, erotic desire. Find a way to erase that beautiful, hard cock from my mind. Even as I speak, again I discover my fingers have ventured forth on their own and are buried in my pussy, again attempting to scratch an itch I cannot seem to reach.

I fear what my state of mind is doing to my son as well. I have walked around in a constant state of arousal like a cat in heat. I can smell my desire constantly and I am changing panties several times a day as they become sodden with my juices. I've lost count of the times in the last several days that Jeff has been in the same room with me and has sniffed the air, brow furrowing in confusion and curiosity as he smells his mother's wet cunt advertising its need.

I've pitied my poor son as I watched him develop erections as he catches my scent, not realizing his body is simply responding to basic carnal instincts. And it has been a struggle not to touch myself in front of him. Like itches I cannot scratch, my hands are constantly moving of their own volition, touching the burning spot between my thighs or caressing a hard nipple through my blouse. I know he has caught me touching myself and I want to hang my head in shame, not wanting to think what he must think of his crazy mother.

The day crawls by, but at least I can suffer alone. Jeff and Bimal leave at noon for a weekend camping trip. Although the jungle is not tame, both boys are eighteen and competent. They have gone camping by themselves many times and I am not worried.

I shower and dress in the late afternoon. I wear a white blouse and khaki shorts. I sit on the porch, waiting for Ramita to arrive. I watch the sun travel slowly downward and try not to ignore the carnal fantasies running through my mind. I have to change my panties once, and then, oh thank God, and then Ramita comes down the street. It is almost sunset and she walks swiftly down the street, dressed in an orange and blue sari, her dark hair pulled back into a bun.

I meet her in the yard and see that she looks as tense and as tired as I do. It suddenly dawns on me that she too must be suffering from the desires that these dreams bring and I feel ashamed that I have not been more supportive of my friend.

"So, are you ready, my friend," she asks in a breathy voice. We look into each others eyes and I see the weariness and the yearning in her dark brown eyes that I see every time I look into a mirror. I nod slowly and then as one, we move together and embrace, hugging each other tightly. "It will all be over soon, Christine. Be strong a little longer, my dear," Ramita whispers in my ear.

"Yes," I whisper and we join hands and I let myself be led back up the street. We quickly make our way towards the edge of the village. As we walk I realize there are others walking with us as well. Ramita seems to be following a woman a hundred yards ahead. I soon sense someone behind us as well. I turn to see the widow Mamata following us, a look of weary anticipation on her face. Further

behind her, comes Nilaya, hand in hand with another woman. I do not know her name, but I recognize her face. Her husband passed away a few years ago, a victim of lung cancer -- Joseph and I had called on them to pray over the poor dying man. Other than we women walking, the village seems deserted. No one is out and about. There is an almost eerie silence.

We walk and we walk as the sun begins to set. We reach the edge of the village and with some alarm, I realize we are stepping into the thick growth of the jungle as the sky slowly darkens. We follow others onto a narrow path and soon are deep in the gloom of the dark jungle, although it is not as dark as I would have thought. Moss hangs from tree branches and clings to trunks and as night comes on becomes luminescent, giving off a silvery glow that provides us plenty of light to follow the path.

As we make our way, the noises of the jungle seem muted as if the animals and insects have paused out of respect to our passage. We walk deep into the jungle. At one point, I sense movement at the edge of my vision and almost unable to believe my eyes, I see a Bengal Tiger's head emerge from the thick undergrowth. It watches us with avid interest, but I do not feel fear. It is aware of us and we are aware of it -- there is almost a sense of communion. I suddenly comprehend that it is a female and there is jolt of understanding, of oneness with the creature. As I pass it, the tiger nuzzles my hand as if to offer encouragement. I am filled with a sense of wonder and for the first time in weeks I believe that perhaps there is a resolution waiting for me at the end of our path.

We walk on, how long I'm not sure, time seems to have altered. Night has fallen, but how late it is, I have no idea. The land begins to rise, we are approaching hills and then the path emerges in a clearing. On the far side of the clearing, there is a rock face and I see a woman step to it and into an opening -- a cave.

Ramita guides me towards it. I do not hesitate. I follow my best friend into the cavern. A narrow passage awaits us. It takes us deep under the hill. Torches mounted in the cavern walls light our way. Then we are in a large chamber. It is warm and humid. As my eyes adjust to the dimly lit room, I see steam rising from a pool of water. There are a few women already in the pool, bathing. The woman we followed in is disrobing and for the first time since our journey began, I truly feel uncomfortable. My Protestant faith has instilled in me a terrible sense of modesty.

"Before the rite must begin, we must bathe and be purified in the holy waters that Danteshwari provides," Ramita says to me in a tone I'm sure she uses to mildly chastise Bimal. I look at her and she is already disrobing, her massive breasts exposed. I stare in surprise. Ramita smiles back at me, amused I think by my expression of embarrassment. She reaches out and strokes my cheek affectionately. "Come now, Christine. We are women. There are no secrets between us. Hurry now, we must bathe."

Ramita continues to disrobe. I watch her unable to tear my gaze away, even as I begin to unbutton my blouse. For the first time in my life, I openly stare and admire another woman's naked form. Ramita is a generously built woman. Slightly stocky, she is what we used to call Ruebenesque. She stands maybe five foot seven. Her breasts are incredibly large. I guess maybe by American measurements, her breasts are maybe 50EE, huge udders that lay upon her chest like giant gourds, her dark, almost black nipples are round like quarters and standing up almost half an inch. Ramita's skin is flawless, a beautiful brown. From below her round tummy rises a forest of thick, black pubic hair. Her arousal is evident, her thick labia lips slightly spread, a tropical orchid in a forest of black hair and as she moves, she offers hints of creamy, glistening pink flesh.

Ramita smiles again at my gaze, a little more shyly now as she looks at my body. I slip off my khaki shorts and panties and am aware that my own desire is evident with my flowered cunt lips and the hardness of my long, erect nipples. "My friend, Christine, you are beautiful!" Ramita whispers.

"So are you, Ramita. Your body is -- is um, glorious!" I reply, barely able to believe my own voice. Ramita shakes her hair out of the bun and it falls down her back and she is now incredibly beautiful -- truly the glory of Indian womanhood.

Together we step into the pool. The water is perfect -- hot, but not scalding. Somehow, a sponge is in my hand and I began to wash my body. Ramita turns away from me, showing off her full, womanly ass cheeks. "Christine, would you help me please and wash my back?" she asks shyly.

"With a shaky hand, I do so, slowly, softly running the sponge down her back and over her ass cheeks, taking my time as I run it back along the crack of her ass.

"May I help you, Christine?" a voice says from behind me. I look over my shoulder and I see Mamata standing in the pool behind me, naked and lovely. She holds a sponge in one hand. I feel my face turn a blazing red, but I nod my assent. I shiver as she rests a hand on my shoulder and uses the other hand to run the sponge over my back and down the back of my legs. I let out a little gasp as Mamata runs the sponge back up the inside of my thigh, brushing my pussy from behind before running it over my ass.

Ramita turns to face me and we are suddenly bathing each others front sides, running the sponges over each others face and breasts. I lift Ramita's right breast, marveling at its heft as I bathe her. I run the sponge over her breast, inadvertently teasing her turgid nipple again and again. I shiver and close my eyes for a moment as I relish her touch when her sponge slips between my legs, sluicing the wonderful hot water down my open pussy.

Minutes pass as we wash each other. I turn and wash Mamata's front, exploring and cleaning her slender form, marveling at her still perfect smallish breasts and her almost hairless pussy while Ramita washes my legs and my ass. Our scents are thick, mixing in the air to become an intoxicating aroma. I am aware that the other women are similarly engaged in this erotic bathing. We all are slowly crawling towards orgasm when Ramita suddenly stops and shakes her head. She leans into me, her huge breasts like incredibly luxurious pillows and kisses me tenderly on the lips. "We must move on, my friends. Danteshwari awaits." She says, her voice tinged with need and a little regret.

With some regret, we emerge from the pool. Awaiting us are small earthen jugs. Mamata lifts one up and dips her hand in. It emerges glistening. "We must anoint ourselves with this sacred oil," she says and turning to Nilaya, she drizzles it on her naked form. She passes the jug to Ramita and then begins to rub the oil into Nilaya's skin until her dusky body shines with it. There is a hint of jasmine and spring flowers in the air, now mixing with the aroma of our arousal.

I feel the warm liquid spill across my breasts and then Ramita's hands gently kneading it into my skin. Her touch is almost heaven and I sigh happily. She rubs it quickly all over my body, not a bit shy as she plunges her hand between my legs, her fingers slicing through my wet cunt. A foreshadowing of orgasm sends a tremor through my body.

The jug is handed to me and I do not hesitate. I pour the anointing oil over Ramita's voluptuous body and pass the jug on. With loving attention, I massage the oil into my friend's skin, all modesty abandoned. I do not hesitate at all, in fact, it is with delight that I rub the oil into the thick mat of Ramita's bush, relishing the feel of her sodden cunt flesh, so hot and alive as I run my fingers through it and rub it into her meaty breasts, massaging her fleshy tits until they glisten.

Too soon though, Nilaya steps to the wall of the chamber and from a small alcove, pulls forth folded garments. "The time approaches, my friends. The Rite of Danteshwari draws near." Nilaya announces. We each take the offered garments. It is a Sari of diaphanous silk. Ramita helps wind the folds of transparent material around me. Unlike a traditional sari, it offers little modesty and I realize I am now wearing the garment of my dreams. We are, despite the garments, almost naked and with an easy movement, our sex can be revealed.

"It is time, my friend." Ramita says and we embrace one last time.

"Thank you, Ramita," I whisper, unable, unwilling to let her go and I hug her tightly. "I love you, sister." I say impulsively.

Our embrace ends and Ramita's eyes are shiny with tears. "Yes, we are sisters now," she replies. "I love you too, dear Christine." She takes my hand and leads me into a new passageway. Deeper into the hill we ascend. My heart is beating loudly. I realize I am more aroused now than ever before. My thighs are wet with my cream. My legs feel weak and I am trembling.

We emerge into a new chamber, suffused with a brilliant, soothing light. It is a huge chamber. In the center is a high platform or altar, maybe fifteen feet high. In a broad circle around it are rectangular slabs of crystalline rock. Each is topped with thick pads, sheets and pillows. There are twelve total and I realize that there are twelve of us.

Ramita lets go of my hand and walks purposefully towards one. My eyes fall on another slab and I feel compelled to go to it. Once there, I climb up into it and ease onto my back. It is perfect. It is the bed of my youth, my virginal bed, my marriage bed. It is the perfect place. I could rest here for all eternity.

"DANTESHWARI HAS SUMMONED YOU AND YOU HAVE ANSWERED HER CALL!" A voice calls out, echoing through the chamber and I recognize it. I look upwards to the altar and there stands Naija, the old holy woman. She stands tall and proud, powerful despite her age or perhaps because due to it. She slowly turns and looks at each of us.

"YOUR DREAMS HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO RECEIVE THE BLESSINGS OF THE MOTHER GODDESS -- TO EMBRACE THE LOVE OF DANTESHWARI. ARE YOU PREPARED?"

As one, we all cry out, "YES!" our voices full of carnal desire. Deep inside me, I am amazed that I feel no fear, that this moment seems perfectly normal, that this sort of thing happens everyday to a girl born in Northern Alabama.

Naija holds up her arms to the cavern ceiling. "IN THE ANCIENT PAST, IN TERRIBLE AND BLOODY TIMES, DANTESHWARI CALLED UPON OUR VILLAGE TO DEFEND HER IN A TIME OF WAR AND STRIFE. OUR VILLAGE GAVE HER OUR HELP WILLINGLY AND WITHOUT HESITATION. OUR LOSSES WERE HORRIFIC, BUT IN THE END, DANTESHWARI WAS VICTORIOUS AND SAFE FOR ALL ETERNITY."

As the old woman speaks, it seems as if she begins to change. Perhaps my vision is failing, but there seems to be multiples of her, diverging and coalescing constantly. Before my eyes she seems to become younger and somehow more than human. Naija looks at each of us, her eyes becoming brilliant and of all colors. Suddenly she is more than herself and I behold a beautiful woman, hair flowing long and black, her body now naked and dusky and lush and fertile. Her essence seems to cry out, "Behold, I am female -- I am motherhood incarnate!"

In awe, I realize I am in the presence of a Goddess or at the very least, her avatar on Earth. "IN GRATITUDE, DANTESHWARI MADE A PACT WITH THE WIDOWED WOMEN OF THE VILLAGE. ONCE EACH GENERATION, THOSE WOMEN WHO HAVE LOST THEIR BELOVED WILL HAVE ANOTHER. DANTESHWARI WILL OFFER THOSE WHOM SHE HAS MARKED THEIR TRUE LOVE, THEIR INTENDED SOUL MATE. THE MARKED OF DANTESHWARI WILL HAVE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TRULY APPRECIATE A MOTHER'S LOVE!" A thrill runs through me. My dream lover? Is he here? Is my dream about to become reality and come to fruition?

Niaja/Danteshwari lowers her voice, yet it becomes more powerful, more melodious and beautiful. I recognize the words even as I recognize the lovely voice.

"BEHOLD -- YOU ARE THE CHOSEN OF DANTESHWARI. EMBRACE THE BLESSINGS AND THE REBIRTH SHE OFFERS YOU NOW. OPEN YOUR HEART AND NOW LOVE FOR ALL ETERNITY. ACCEPT THE SACRED GIFTS OF LOVE AND FAMILY AND BE AS ONE. YOU ARE THE BLESSED OF DANTESHWARI!"

There is movement in the shadows. I sense the approach of someone. Towering over me suddenly is my dream lover. His smooth, muscular body looms over me, having come up from behind. He is naked and he is hard. I yearn to reach up and take his erect penis and draw him inside me, but I cannot move. His face is in shadow, but I see his brilliant blue eyes, peering intently, hungrily at me from the darkness. His cock stretches out above my face -- if I could move, I could raise my head just slightly and lick it.

"YOUR BELOVED OFFERS HIMSELF TO YOU. AS YOU HAVE DREAMED OF HIM, HE HAS DREAMED OF YOU! A SON'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER CALLS OUT TO DANTESHWARI AND SHE HAS SEEN INTO HIS HEART OF HEARTS!" Naija intones in a joyous voice. "BE SECURE IN HIS LOVE, FOR IT IS THE HOLIEST LOVE OF ALL -- THE MOST SACRED, FOR WHO COULD LOVE A MOTHER MORE THAN HER SON!"

My son? My eyes widen as the shadows clear and I see my son standing over me. The cock I have dreamed of is my son's! The hard, sculpted muscular body I have dreamed of is my son! Danteshwari intones, "NOW IS THE MOMENT OF CHOICE. YOUR SON OFFERS HIMSELF. HE OFFERS TO JOIN HIS LIFE WITH YOURS FOR ALL TIME. LOVE IS AT HAND -- TRUE, DIVINE LOVE! LET THE SHAKTI OF DANTESHWARI ENVELOPE YOU AND INFUSE YOU AND JOIN YOU NOW! YOU ARE MOTHERHOOD! YOU ARE WOMAN! LET THE EMBODIMENT OF THE DIVINE FEMININE MAKE MOTHER AND SON AS ONE! "

Jeff walks around me and climbs upon my bed of rock, climbing between my legs. Love and desire are etched on his face. "I've dreamed of this, Mother," he sighs. "You deserve love, you've lived without it for so long. I offer myself to you, Mother. To be one with you, mother and son -- wife and husband forever." My legs spread of their own volition, spread for that magnificent erect penis between my son's thighs. It juts out proud and eager, precum glistening on the glans. A thrill goes through my body even as my mind cries out, "No! This is taboo -- this is incest -- this is wrong!" A lifetime of western teachings demands that I refuse, but already I can feel the love swelling within my heart.

"I love you, Jeff!" I moan, suddenly having found my voice. "Be my love, darling! Be the man I always dreamed of -- be my lover, my husband and my son!"

Tears run down my son's face as he moves closer, his cock on an unerring path to my pussy. He is so close, so close. I feel the heat of his body as he moves over me, lowering himself -- his cock is so

near now. I want my son as I have never wanted anything before. I steel myself to once again wake up, my dreams in tatters, but this is no dream. "I love you, Mom!" moans my son and I fling my pelvis upwards, meeting his cock and I feel the head of his cock press between my labia, press forward and down and he is inside me. My son's cock is inside me, moving deep, deeper, filling me and at last satisfying that long ached for need. My wonderful son is fucking me!

I throw my head back and scream out of sheer joy as Jeff's cock drives into my pussy, going further than his father ever dreamed or was capable of. He is big and long -- bigger and longer than I had imagined or could have hoped for. I scream with happiness and lust and relief, my voice one of many, a chorus of incestuous delight as all around this chamber, mothers and sons become one for all of eternity.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Bimal on top of Ramita, her arms flung outward and her legs spread wide and high, her toes curling in delight as her son sinks his cock into her wet and hairy pussy, her tongue curling up over her upper lip as she savors the sensation of incestuous cock making her dreams a reality.

My own legs are encircling my son's back, my heels digging deep into Jeff's buttocks as I arch my back and thrust upwards to meet his downward stroke. I scream out in sweet triumph as I feel my son's pubic hairs grinding and tangling with mine while his cockhead presses into places no man has touched before. Jeff is huge and I feel so full -- a sensation that is erotic and holy and naughty all at the same time.

Jeff lowers himself down on me, my breasts pillowing out against his strong chest. My son has a beatific smile on his face as his lips near mine and we kiss as lovers for the first time. I sigh as our tongues meet and begin to dance, exploring and probing, tasting each other for the first time. My arms come up and I wrap them tightly around my son's neck. With arms and legs, I wrap myself firmly around my son's body, holding his precious cock deep within his mother's womb -- my womb. Long unused muscles come to life and I work my cunt to show my son how much his mother loves his cock.

"ALL PRAISE TO DANTESHWARI!" cries out a beautiful, young Naija. Long dark hair sweep around her head as the room fills with divine power. Without actually laying eyes on everyone else, I know that every mother and son here have joined at this holy moment. "YOUR LOVE IS YOUR TESTAMENT TO DANTESHWARI. MAKING LOVE IS YOUR WORSHIP! YOU NOW AND ALWAYS HONOR DANTESHWARI WHEN MAKING LOVE. YOU HAVE ACCEPTED HER BLESSING AND WILL EMBRACE IT FOR ALL ETERNITY!"

The Goddess's words seem to spur us on and mothers and sons begin the age old dance of love and lust with a vengeance. Jeff begins to thrust slowly back and forth, worming his cock in and out of my cunt's jealous clasp. I refuse to loosen my embrace, relishing the sweet feel of his flesh, hot and slick against mine. My nipples, swollen to the point that they feel like they could explode, rub deliciously against his smooth, hard muscled chest. His lips kiss their way over my face and then my neck, biting me lightly as he seeks my tits. My heels pound into my son's butt cheeks, urging his thrusts on. Our love expands and explodes into so much more. At the core, we are love, but we are also caught up in sheer, incestuous lust. We wrap ourselves up in it like a warm blanket. We allow ourselves to become intoxicated on our love and lust, taking deep draughts of incestuous passion as my son sinks his cock into my pussy juice flooded hole again and again.

"I love you, Jeff! Fuck your mother! Fuck Mother -- she needs it sooo much, son!" I sob out as we rock together, becoming one.

"I have wanted to fuck you for so long, Mother," gasps my son as he plunges his hard, long cock in me again and again. "Forever, Mother. I will love and fuck you forever!"

All around us the sounds of lovemaking fill the chamber, creating the most angelic of songs. In my mind I can see images of the others as in our lovemaking all in this chamber are sharing in the joy of everyone. As I savor the wondrous experience of having my pussy packed full of my son's thick and long cock, I am also experiencing the feel of Bimal's extra-long penis sliding in and out of Ramita's oh so wet pussy. I can feel the delicious sensation of Mamata's cunt struggling and succeeding to expand to accept her son Jamal's incredibly thick cock.

The power within the chamber flares brightly as twelve mothers simultaneously have their first son induced orgasms. The intensity of my pleasure literally takes my breath away and I sob with joy as I begin to cum, all my hunger and need of the last many weeks washing away in incredible torrents of incest induced orgasm!

Somehow, I managed to retain my grip on my son's body, arms and legs wrapped around him as my pelvis drives my cunt upwards, impaling myself on his swollen penis. I cling to him, urging myself to merge with him, to become one with him.

My body burns with lust and desire, recreating me, making me feel reborn. I am young again -- young and in love and in heat and I want nothing more than to spend the rest of my life with my man, my son, my intended exploring the depths of our love!

My orgasm ebbs, but does not completely diminish and I am hanging on at the edge of carnal bliss as my son continues to fuck me and fuck me and fuck me. Suddenly, I feel his cock head swell and an incredible throb of power run through his shaft and I am keenly aware that he is about to cum. My womb becomes aware, wanting to clasp him tightly, to become what it was always meant to be, a receptacle for my lover's seed. I am suddenly conscious of the fact that I want my son's child; that to be a mother is to be a giver of life and I want to carry the fruit of my son's seed and make us a baby.

"Cum in mother's pussy, son!" I hiss. "Let's make a baby! Let's make a love child, Jeff!" I use my heels to press my son downward, to bury his life giving cock as deep as possible inside my womb. Time slows down and my senses seem to greatly magnify. I can feel the swell of semen as it flows through his shaft and then erupt inside of me, bathing my womb with his potent seed and triggering in me an orgasm unlike any I have ever experienced.

As mother and son and lovers, our voices rise as one as we cry out our incestuous love and passion. Jet after jet of hot, incestuous semen scalds my insides, seeking my life producing eggs. Despite my forty-six years, I instantly know I am fertile and that my son is about to make me pregnant and I weep tears of joy as well as pleasure as I orgasm and orgasm, my sexual joy intensified by the knowledge that my son has impregnated me.

Jeff's lips press against mine and we kiss passionately as our coupling peaks and then peaks some more. I think for a while that my son will never stop ejaculating inside my womb and that I will never stop orgasming. We have become one -- man and woman -- our souls joined forever, coupled with the life we have created. I feel Danteshwari's gaze turn on us and feel her love and joy and I understand a fundamental truth. To love and bring forth life is to honor Danteshwari's gift with the greatest gift we have to offer.

Finally, the world comes to a stop and we are joined cock and pussy on our bed of crystal. My son and I whisper sweet words of endearment to each other, each completely aware of the other,

almost as if we have established a telepathic link. Around us, we hear the gasps and sighs of satisfied lovers. We turn and lock eyes with Ramita and Bimal. Somehow, she has found her way on top of her son. Her long black hair hangs wetly down her back and her breasts heave mightily as she recovers from what must have been a terrific orgasm.

We smile at each other and with a glance share the knowledge that we both carry our sons' babies. Nearby, Mamata weeps with joy as her son comforts her. Nilaya and her oldest child are already again engaging in an incestuous dance of love, Nilaya straddling her son and pistoning up and down on his cock.

Jeff turns to me, his hand cupping my full breast lovingly. "I love you, Mother. Ours will be a wonderful life."

I kiss my son and reply, "Ours is a wonderful life. I love you, son. Now, please -- make love to your mother again." My son growls lustfully and I can feel his still partially erect cock swell inside me. The delightfully sinful sensation of having my son's cock grow to full girth and length inside me has me in the throes of an incestuous orgasm before he even begins to thrust in and out of me again.

Again we join a choir of lovemaking as mothers and sons again begin to fuck lustfully all around us. We seem to be outside of Time itself as we make love. We are lost for what seems hours, then days -- years and centuries and eons, cocooned in our sexual desires. My son and I make love and fuck, sometimes at a snail's pace, every fraction of an inch's movement an orgasm in itself and sometimes we are like the beasts in the jungle, caught up in fierce, incestuous lust, fucking and sucking, clawing and biting.

My memories of the rest of that first night blur into a montage of erotic fulfillment. I recollect sucking Jeff's cock and feeding on his sweet semen. I remember riding him like a cowgirl, bucking up and down on his swollen saddle horn. I can envision my son taking me from behind, thrusting deep inside me as my heavy breasts swing back and forth like a drunken pendulum. I recall my son and I locked in the embrace of a sixty-nine, tongues playing across sensitive flesh, making each other cum again and again.

I remember us in a thousand different positions, embracing and surpassing the knowledge of the Kama Sutra until our bodies absolutely glow with orgasmic energy. Mostly, I can recall our final orgasm suffusing our bodies and growing in intensity until we have moved beyond this mortal plane of existence, bodies locked together in orgasmic unity becoming one with the universe. When the sheer power of my orgasm, fueled by the heavenly sensation of my womb being flooded by my son's semen, I scream and open my eyes and find that we are floating in space, surrounded by countless stars that flare in acknowledgement of our own incandescent pleasure.

Through it all, we are aware of the presence of Danteshwari, knowing that she smiles upon us. As I surrender to the power of our ultimate orgasm, I manage to whisper, "Thank you -- thank you for your gift."

I am pretty sure as I slide into unconsciousness, wrapped in a blanket of sheer, incestuous love, I hear a divine voice whisper back, "YOU ARE WELCOME, DAUGHTER."

When I awake, it is dawn. Jeff carries me in his strong arms as if I were a child. I am naked as is he. I look up into his eyes and see his love for me. We don't have to say it aloud to each other. We know it for absolute truth. I love my son. He loves me.

Other sons are carrying their mothers home alongside us. Ramita's arms are draped around Bimal's neck, her head against his chest. Her eyes are closed and she has a smile on her face that belongs to an angel. My heart swells with happiness for her. The village folk are emerging from their homes to greet us -- to welcome us back. They sing prayers and praise to Danteshwari for her blessings -- for the continuing fulfillment of her pact with the village.

With head held proud and high, Jeff carries me home. He takes me to his bed and gently lowers me to it. Naked, we cuddle up together and sleep. The dream is gone. In its place are new dreams showing us our life together. When we wake, my son and I make love again. It is as wonderful as the first time -- perhaps even better. As I writhe under my son's body, his cock making me squirm and moan with incestuous pleasure, I know that each time we make love, it will be more wonderful than the time before.

Five years pass. In everyone's eyes, my son and I are husband and wife, our wedding rites performed by Danteshwari herself. When Joseph came home, I demanded a divorce and he agreed. I think this land had already defeated him and he simply wanted to leave anyway. He left for America and we never saw him again.

My son and I are so happy. He works the land, the gift of farming evident in his touch. I teach to this day. And together, we raise our children. Damika, our daughter is five, conceived the night my son and I were first joined. She is joy personified. Naija thinks that she will someday take her place as the village's holy woman. Our son, Jack is three and is the apple of our eye. My belly is swollen with our third child. My heart tells me it is another daughter. I will name her after Naija, who will never admit it, but is pleased by that.

Each day we give thanks to Danteshwari for the gifts she has showered us with - our love for each other, the blessing of our children and for gifts unlooked for yet given with love. It has only been recently that I realized that I have stopped aging. Naija has explained that all the mothers blessed by the Goddess have stopped aging and that we will not resume aging until our sons have reached our age, so that we might travel the road of our lives together until the end.

We are home, my son and I. I know we will never leave. We will never want to. I am forever a daughter of India and in love with my son, married to my son, happy with a life given to me by the grace and blessing of Danteshwari.

The End