

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE INCEST KIND

Ahabscribe

Mother and son have an extraterrestrial experience!

Incest/Taboo

4.55

13.9k words

I think this is a pretty good story despite the silly title - it was certainly fun to write! I'm very much looking forward to your reaction, so please make comments both pro and con. I enjoy and appreciate your input.

As always, this is a work of fiction, all characters exist solely within the confines of the story and my imagination (but wouldn't it be nice...). Enjoy!

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Looking backwards at how things began so many years ago, it sometimes still feels like a strange dream. So much has changed and we were responsible, at least in part, for all that has come about. It's so odd to think it began because we were lost taking a short cut across the Sequatchie Valley in Tennessee.

Mom and I were traveling back from an overnight visit to a university in Knoxville in early spring of my senior year in high school. It had been a beautiful spring day after a long, miserable and cold winter. Mom decided that instead of driving the interstate, we'd take some back roads to enjoy the sun and scenery as we made our way back home to a small city south of Nashville. I'd had no complaints -- I enjoyed time alone with Mom -- my father mostly being on the road, doing advance work for the construction company he was an engineer for.

Somehow we'd managed to get way off the beaten path and lost and by the time the sun set, we were still hours from home. Mom didn't seem to mind, she'd enjoyed the sunny day and I was having fun teasing Mom about her sense of direction or lack thereof. As the last minutes of light faded away, taking the scenic sight of the mountains on both sides of the wide valley away, we were on a state road that Mom hoped would bring us somewhere closer to civilization. As it was, aside from the far distant lights of a farm or two, there was nothing to see.

We were picking up a classic rock station from Chattanooga and Mom was laughing and moving to the music as I drove. I had to admit that it was a bit hard to focus on the road with Mom cavorting to Van Halen. My mother was a good looking woman of forty-three and didn't look like she was the mother of an eighteen year old. She had shoulder length hair, dark brown -- almost black and brown eyes. Mom was a curvaceous woman -- not fat, but very filled out with a trim stomach that came from countless hours of exercise and trips to the gym.

Mom was well aware of the admiring looks she got from my friends and she'd never admit it, but it pleased her when their eyes would follow her blue jean clad butt across a room or when they would sneak a peek down her blouse whenever given an opportunity. Mom was really well endowed and favored scooped necklines and blouses with a button or two undone, emphasizing her hefty breasts. I will confess that I personally lived for the days she would go sunbathing in our back yard in a small bikini and happily admit that I've masturbated more than once gazing down at her scantily clad body from my bedroom window.

Van Halen had given way to Billy Idol and I was looking forward to seeing what Mom did with "White Wedding," when she paused and looked past me out towards the darkness. "Huh, look at that, John," Mom said, pointing past my face, her puzzled face illuminated by the dashboard lights. I looked out my driver side window to see a red and white light blinking in the distance. "Is that a plane?"

"I'm not sure," I replied. "I think it's moving though." The light seemed to be paralleling us, but in the darkness it was hard to tell how far off it was. "If it is, it's pretty freaking low."

Mom nodded and said, "Well, maybe we're closer to a city than I thought. Maybe there's an airport around here."

"Maybe," I said, glancing at the light, then the road and then the light again. I looked to the road again, confirming that we were the only car around on the long and straight highway.

I checked my speed and was starting to turn my head for another look at the light when Mom screamed, "Oh my God!" I turned to see the light, now a bright ball of red light coming at us at unreal speed. I slammed on the brakes, causing us to skid a moment before we came to a complete stop just as the red light, now bigger than our car flew silently by, only to be followed by a huge gust of wind that actually move our sedan a few feet sideways.

Mom was suddenly next to me on the bench seat, one arm on my wrist and despite the freakiness of the moment, I was keenly aware of her heavy breasts, under her light pullover sweater, mashed up against me. "John, what the hell was that?"

Billy Idol screamed it was a "White Wedding," before I managed to say, "I don't know...maybe a flying saucer?" Mom and I looked at each other for a moment and then we started laughing -- breaking the sudden tension. Then we paused, our bodies still pressed together and a whole new type of tension immediately took shape and Mom looked at me oddly and then with an embarrassed look on her face, eased back from me.

Mom laughed again, a bit more weakly and then said, "Well, before the little green men arrive, maybe we should get going. I'd still like to be home before midnight."

I nodded and began to pull out, but before we traveled twenty feet, Billy Idol's voice on the radio gave way to a squall of shrill interference and then the car sputtered and stalled as we were suddenly bathed in reddish light that illuminated everything around us. I tried to turn the ignition over, but it was dead, not even the starter making a clicking noise. I looked at my mother and said, "Mom?" but she was sitting there, strangely lovely in the reddish light, her eyes wide with fear.

Before she could respond, the light began to shift, becoming whiter while simultaneously I felt a sudden low hum that seemed to start inside me, building until I felt like I was being vibrated. As the intensity of the hum increased, so did the intensity of the white light until it almost blinded me of everything. With one hand, I reached out and found Mom's hand, trying to pull her closer to me again. I was amazed to see the gold bracelet on her hand shining as if on fire, along with her simple gold wedding band.

I looked into Mom's eyes as the light began to crowd everything else out and I felt her hand squeeze mine as the light overtook us, faintly hearing her call out to me, "I love you, son!"

The light and the hum became all -- not painful but simply overwhelming everything else and I couldn't hear my own voice as I cried out to my mother, "I love you, Mom!" Then the world was

nothing but a brilliant white light that I was falling into...

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I was floating in a sea of brilliant white, feeling totally at peace. Awareness of self came slowly and even when I perceived that things were not normal, it did not upset me...I accepted calmly that everything was as it should be. Gradually my eyes adjusted to my surroundings -- the brilliant white became merely bright, illuminated walls that seemed to have no corners. Judging scale and distance was difficult even as I became aware of THEM.

I marveled as I comprehended the creatures around me, both near and far -- not human...at least as far as I understood humans, but definitely human-like. Bipedal with elongated arms and legs, almost impossibly thin with extended digits that seemed more tentacles than fingers and toes. Huge, oval heads with slits for mouth and nose and enormous eyes, black as blackest night with membrane like lids that closed vertically, not horizontally. One came floating up to me, setting a spider-like construct on my chest and somehow smiling at me. I smiled back, my mind completely at ease with the comprehension that these were aliens...the word extraterrestrial came floating up from somewhere.

He floated away and my attention was diverted to the small construct as it scabbled about on my body, gradually moving down over my crotch -- its metallic legs ticking as it touched my half erect cock as it passed between my legs. I felt it pause over my ass and then experienced a slight pinching as its legs dug in and spread my butt cheeks.

From a distance, something small approached, silver and gleaming in the brilliant light. It halted in front of me, hovering -- a small, slender rod, maybe six inches long, with a smooth and flawless surface. I suddenly felt movement and for the first time noticed small silver bracelets and anklets on my limbs and intuitively understood they were responsible for movement within what appeared to be a weightless environment.

As I rotated, the spider mechanism spread my cheeks wider and I suddenly comprehended the purpose of the silver cylinder. I didn't react as I felt the rod press against my sphincter, but an amused part of my consciousness reflected that of course this should be expected. I'd been abducted by aliens and was receiving the customary anal probe. The rod slid into me effortlessly and I recalled my physics teacher discussing frictionless surfaces. I felt an unusual but not unpleasant sensation as the cylinder sank deeper into me and then as it seemed to expand or disgorge parts of itself inside me. I also registered my cock hardening as a pleasurable warmth began to spread from my groin area to the rest of my body.

Then some kind of energy coursed through me, making me jerk involuntarily and a cascade of images roared into my brain, making me dizzy and nauseous for a brief moment before I could sort it all out. Images of other worlds and other places came and went, images that went beyond all understanding. And then I realized that I could hear them...

Z: SENSOR ACTIVE - FULL DATA STREAM INCOMING: PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL. MEMORY AND CONSCIOUSNESS FULLY ACCESSIBLE.

J: SATISFACTORY: DATA INDICATES EXCELLENT SUBJECT POTENTIAL: MALE GENDER WITH PRIME HEALTH. COGNITIVE FUNCTION AT ACCEPTABLE SENTIENT LEVEL. INITIATE TOTAL SCAN.

Z: IMPLEMENTED. QUERY: IS SUBJECT'S MATE OF COMPARABLE EXCELLENCE?

J: RESPONSE: STANDING BY TO INSERT SENSOR IN MATE.

I marveled at hearing their voices or minds in my head, but my attention was suddenly diverted by the word 'mate.' I didn't have a mate, but suddenly I realized that I didn't know where my mother was. My calmness began to erode in waves as I was overtaken with concern with Mom.

Z: READINGS SUDDENLY INDICATE EXTREME ANXIETY IN MALE SUBJECT -- MOOD MASTERS CANNOT COUNTER. QUERY: REFERENCE TO MATE RESPONSIBLE?

J: RESPONSE: LIKELY. EMOTIONAL READINGS INDICATE EXTREME ATTACHMENT TO FEMALE SUBJECT. ORIENTATING MALE SUBJECT TO OBSERVE MATE SHOULD ALLEVIATE ANXIETY.

Again, I felt myself moving and then I felt my heart lurch in my stomach as Mom came into view. Calmness was restored as I saw that she was safe and then something more began to grow within me as it dawned on me that I gazed upon my mother in all her naked glory. Mom was floating, her long, dark brown mane spread out around her head, a beatific smile on her face as two of the spider mechanisms crawled about on her naked flesh. In the zero gravity, her large breasts rested lightly on her chest, her nipples, thick like bottle caps, were firm and hard. Between her legs, a thick nest of dark hair was being currently parted by one of the spider things, legs spreading her thick labia to reveal the pink and wet flesh beyond. Something extended from the small machine and probed her cunt, drawing a small sigh from her.

The moment was bizarre but arousing. A long dreamed of desire, was made reality as I was given a long look at my mother, naked as the day she was born. As I looked upon her beauty, she began to rotate until she was facing downward, her breasts now swaying gently, hanging down like immense and full udders. Another spider clambered across her back and down to her full and shapely ass. Mechanical legs extended, spreading her cheeks effortlessly, exposing her little brown hole.

As Mom moved her gaze crossed mine and she gave me an angelic smile -- one that grew wider and happier as another slender, silver cylinder approached her. The cylinder disappeared between her cheeks and her eyes widened as it burrowed itself in her asshole. Her eyes widened more as she felt the sensor sink into her bowels and a funny expression of bliss crossed her face.

Maybe it was because I got to see a long, silver tube disappear up my mother's asshole and maybe it was because I was getting a nice, long look at Mom naked, but I sensed and then felt my cock become fully erect and slap up against my body.

J: SENSOR ACTIVE -- FULL DATA STREAM INCOMING: PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL. MEMORY AND CONSCIOUSNESS FULLY ACCESSIBLE. FEMALE SUBJECT IS IN PRIME HEALTH -- BUT DETECT DISPARITY IN CHRONOLOGICAL EXISTENCE COMPARED WITH MALE SUBJECT. ACCESSING MEMORY TO EXPLAIN.

Z: NOTED. MALE SUBJECT READINGS CHANGING. INCREASED HORMONAL RATE -- CONSISTENT WITH SEXUAL AROUSAL -- SUGGESTS VISUAL STIMULATION BY MATE.

J: CONCUR: SEEING SIMILAR HORMONAL RATES IN FEMALE SUBJECT. EXTERNAL SENSORS DETECTING PHEROMONAL INCREASES IN LOCAL ENVIRONMENT. @\$%^&! SENSORS REPORT DISPARITY IN ASSUMPTIONS. MALE AND FEMALE ARE NOT MATES. MALE SUBJECT IS PROGENY OF FEMALE. QUERY: ARE SENSORS MALFUNCTIONING? DATA REPORTS MATING BETWEEN EARTHERS IS TABOO CONCEPT.

Z: RESPONSE: DIAGNOSTIC INDICATES NO MALFUNCTION. MALE AND FEMALE SUBJECTS IN HEIGHTENED STATE OF SEXUAL AROUSAL DESPITE FAMILIAL RELATION. EXPANDING SENSOR CONTACT -- ACCESSING SUBCONSCIOUS OF MALE SUBJECT TO EXPLAIN ANOMOLY. SUGGEST DOING LIKEWISE TO FEMALE SUBJECT.

J: ACCESSING. ACCESSING. REPORT: ANOMOLY...ANOMOLY...SENSOR REPORT INDICATE PRESENCE OF HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}. QUERY: CAN PRESENCE OF HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~} BE CONFIRMED IN MALE SUBJECT?"

I couldn't follow everything I was hearing from the aliens, but part of me was calmly mortified that they could somehow pick up on my secret desires of my mother. I sensed a change in emotion from the creatures and that somehow they were surprised by some aspect of my revealed incestuous feelings for my mother

Z: RESPONSE: CONFIRMED -- CONFIRMED -- CONFIRMED. SENSORS REPORT HIGH CONFIDENCE IN PRESENCE OF HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}

J: EXPAND AND SHARE.

There was almost an urgency in J's request and then I felt a strange tingle in my mind and then everything that makes me, me, was opened up, unleashing a torrent of my most private thoughts...

*Mom sunbathing...her body covered by nothing but a few scraps of dark blue cloth, barely concealing her nipples and not quite hiding the thick bush of hair between her legs. Her body is tan and gleaming with sweat and oil and she looks so fuckable -- providing her son in his bedroom with a secret pornographic fantasy as I slowly stroke my cock as I imagine spreading those long, shapely legs and peeling back her bikini panties and letting myself sink into her sweet warmth...

*Sitting in church next to Mom -- Dad dozing on her other side, while Reverend Willis drones on and on, my attention focused on Mom's blouse, accidentally gaping open, revealing the swell of one breast rising above the black lace half-cup of her bra, the dim light suggesting more than revealing an exposed aureole. My cock hardens in my pants, extending along one leg and my hand moving to cover up the lump inspired by my mother. She glances at me, catching me looking at her and smiles -- her hand reaching for mine and squeezing it briefly while I sigh in relief that she doesn't notice the erection she has inspired...

*Mom asleep on the couch as we watch an old movie, her feet resting on a pillow on my lap, never realizing that my eyes are on her crotch -- her cotton shorts pulled taut against her mound, shaping itself to her pussy -- offering me a deliciously exciting camel toe that I will imagine in my dreams for months to come...

*Secretly peeking at Mom as she leaves her bedroom with a bath towel around her luscious body, revealing long legs and the exposed upper halves of her heavy breasts, hurrying to the bathroom for her evening shower. When I hear the shower going, I slip quietly into my parent's bedroom, ear open for the shower to stop or Dad to wake up from his evening nap to come upstairs to bed. I quickly go to the clothes hamper and take the panties lying there -- freshly deposited there by my mother and hurriedly retreat to my bedroom where I masturbate while smelling the scent of my mother's cunt -- imagining the smells to be from arousal for me, imagining myself licking Mom's wet and open pussy before I climb between her thighs and fuck the woman of my dreams, my hand taking me to the point of no return when I quickly wrap the silk undies around my cock so that I am touching that which was recently touching Mom's cunt when I began to shoot...

*Walking across the campus in Knoxville, hand in hand with my mother -- enjoying the time we are sharing and pretending in my mind that we are more than mother and son, that we are a couple -- girlfriend and boyfriend -- husband and wife -- passionate lovers, aching as we rest near a fountain to lean into her and kiss like I've dreamed of doing for years. I know that if I live a thousand years, I will never find anyone I could love more. If only...

A thousand images -- a million images flash by -- examining my life and dreams -- including endless fantasies of many girls and women, but dominated by the dream-lover image of my mother -- the most important and beloved woman in my life. I see all that even as I see my naked mother, floating several feet away -- her eyes wide with calm amazement as she stares back at me, her lips slightly parted and her breasts moving slightly faster while a reddish flush emerges on her chest, neck and face.

J: REMARKABLE. I CONFIRM PRESENCE OF THE HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}.

Z: QUERY: DOES THE FEMALE SUBJECT RECIPROCATE? EXPAND AND SHARE.

Suddenly my mind is filled with images not my own and it is several seconds before I comprehend I am sharing the aliens' observations of my mother's heart and soul even as I try and wrap my mind around what it is I experience...

*I look in the mirror approvingly after trying on countless swimsuits. I think this one reveals more of me than any other I own, my breasts practically bursting free of the thin blue ribbon that covers my breasts. I consider trimming my bush as I see countless black hairs peeking out the sides of my bikini bottom. It's perfect for the show I intend to put on. Outside, I slowly spread the oil over my mostly naked body, knowing without seeing that upstairs, John is watching. As the sun bakes me, a more than erotic heat spreads through me as I imagine my son stroking his hard penis -- aroused over me. I shift and scissor my legs as my pussy burns and aches for him, imagining how he would feel sliding into me. I am so wet...

*I am frozen in place, watching secretly as my son showers, the towels I brought in to put in the linen closet forgotten. Although the glass is steaming up, I can clearly see his soapy hand stroking his penis...no, his cock -- my son's long and thick magnificent cock and I am amazed at the feelings seeing his manhood arouses in me. I imagine him taking his father's place in my bed -- virile and potent and anxious to please me as I know he would with such a fine piece of cock flesh. My nipples thicken and harden as I idly stroke my jean covered crotch, my arousal so strong, I can feel the heat through the heavy denim...

*I stand at the kitchen window watching my son and two of his friends toss a football around. They are so beautiful with their shirts off and their youthful, strong bodies slick with sweat. His friends are sexy and handsome, but I only have eyes for my John. I don't care that he's my son -- in fact I know that it makes my infatuation for him that much more exciting. My desires for my son grow stronger with each passing year. As I imagine kissing his muscular chest, licking his pebble hard nipples, I slip a hand under the waist of my cotton shorts and my plain white panties and find my sex wet and slick...the thick nub of my clitoris already unhooded and throbbing with need. I finger myself -- my other hand cupping my braless breast under my blouse, pinching my swollen nipples. I have three fingers inside me as I orgasm, imagining it to be my son fucking me...

*I walk into John's room, recognizing the smell of semen even before I reach his hamper. I know he jacks off often, but almost always in the morning before he goes to school. I reach into the hamper and pull out the briefs there and bring them to my face, inhaling the scent of urine and sweat and

young man and young man's sperm. I feel my labia throb and swell with arousal as I unfurl the wadded up cotton, knowing I will find a cooling but fresh pool of semen slowly soaking into the cotton. A thrill races through me, acknowledging that what I do is forbidden and awful, but I cannot help myself, I extend my tongue and lap up my son's semen, imagining his cock is in my mouth, offering his seed to me fresh and hot...

*It's silly, but I feel like a young woman in love again...or maybe truly in love for the first time. I love my husband, but this emotion, this desire I have to be with my son outstrips anything I ever felt David. As John and I walk around this campus, my hand in his, my heart simply soars with joy. His voice, his touch remind me how for years I have fallen in love with my only child. For a brief moment I can see us as we should be -- linked heart and soul. We sit by a water fountain and on impulse, I toss a quarter in. When John asks me what my wish was, I smile and say nothing, but wish he would just lean over and kiss me...kiss me like I was his woman, his wife, his lover. If only...

A virtual flood of my mother's memories cascade through my mind becoming for an instant my own. Her dreams and desires -- her loves and crushes and fantasies. I see her making love to Dad -- to a young man in high school -- to a young woman in a dorm room. I even catch a fleeting glimpse of a long ago fantasy of my mother, scarcely an adult spreading her legs for a younger version of my grandfather, but at the heart of her dreams and desires is me -- her only child -- a yearning for me in every way that is so intense it is only matched by my own desires for her. As the images dissipate, the last thing I see from Mom's point of view is myself, floating naked before her, my cock erect and pressing against my stomach, bigger and more swollen than she ever imagined possible.

J: CONFIRMED. THERE ARE CLEAR INDICATIONS OF THE HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~} IN BOTH SUBJECTS. ANOMOLY...ANOMOLY. KNOWN DATA CONTRADICTS THIS POSSIBILITY DUE TO ESTABLISHED SOCIETAL NORMS.

Z: CONCUR, HOWEVER INDICATORS OF HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}POINT TOWARDS EITHER ERROR IN DATA OR EVOLUTION OF SENTIENCE LEVEL.

J: QUERY: EXAMINE DATA FOR CAUSAL FACTOR OF SOCIETAL NORMS. NOTE: ELEVATED SEXUAL AROUSAL IN BOTH SUBJECTS INDICATE READINESS AND NEED TO MATE.

Z: RESPONSE: CAUSAL FACTORS ARE PRIMARILY RELIGIOUS IN NATURE BORN OVER GENECTIC SAFETY MEASURES. MAINTAINING GENECTIC SANCTITY TO PRESERVE HEALTH OF SPECIES IS OVERRIDING FEATURE OF TABOO.

J: CONCUR: AS PRIMARY ON THIS MISSION, DECLARE 1ST DIRECTIVE POSSIBILITY. THIS SPECIES IS CAPABLE OF PRIME SENTIENCE.

Z: CONCUR. QUERY: ALL INDICATORS POSITIVE. ALL SENSORS ACTIVE AND READY TO DOCUMENT ELEVATION TO PRIME SENTIENCE.

J: RESPONSE: PROCEED IMMEDIATELY.

I confess that I did not understand most of what I heard -- primarily my thoughts being occupied with the comprehension that my mother harbored deep and powerful incestuous thoughts about me -- images that almost stunned and awed me and still raced through my brain as well as the sudden sureness that if the aliens had allowed me to see Mom's thoughts, then she must have been privy to mine. Although alarmed, something was keeping me calm despite having the knowledge that my mother knew my most intimate feelings for her

I suddenly comprehended that I was moving and that I was moving towards my mother. My cock throbbed as she rotated and swung upwards to face me -- her breasts heaving with passion -- her nipples swelled with blood to the point of bursting. I felt hot wetness on my stomach -- precum drooling from my cock. Mom's labia were thick with arousal, spread wide to reveal the sopping wet flesh of her cunt, juices pouring from her to hang suspended in tiny globules like glittering, erotic ornaments in mid air.

As we neared each other, I could feel the heat of her arousal as if Mom was running a fever and she moaned wordlessly at my approach -- her dark eyes traveling back and forth between my immense erection and my own brown eyes. I could see desire and love in her eyes and prayed that she saw that love and need reflected in my own eyes. Despite our bizarre circumstances, I was completely focused on the fact that my naked body was about to meet Mom's naked body and that she appeared aroused at the prospect.

Immobilized, we met on a collision course, our bodies gently bumping into each other -- her large, soft breasts pillowing out against my chest -- hard, knobby nipples scraping across my skin while my cock softly pressed into her stomach, my heavy, sperm filled balls brushing against her hairy muff. We drifted face to face -- lips less than an inch apart, eyes communicating the hunger and love we had for each other. I ached to tell Mom how much I loved her and then kiss her forever. A strange energy seemed to build wherever our bodies touched, fueling our passion for each other.

There was a sudden burst of violet light and our bodies were wrapped around each other out of primal instinct before we both realized our immobility had ended. I pulled Mom tightly to me as she pressed her lips to mine, pausing only a second before offering me her tongue. My mother mewled happily into my mouth as our tongues danced and cavorted, savoring the moist and textured sensation of flesh against flesh.

Mom raised her legs up to encircle my waist, hunching her mound against my groin, both of us oblivious to floating aimlessly in whatever we were in. My hands roamed up and down Mom's sides -- enjoying the creamy softness of her skin before I reached down and gripped her by her full, but firm ass cheeks and lifted her up, her breasts dragging against my chest as I felt her slick lips kiss my cock. I paused as I felt the head of my erect penis slip into position against her wet and flowered cunt and then I flexed my hips and we both cried out as I slid half of my thick cock into my mother's pussy!

"I love you, Mom, " I sobbed as I felt my cock slide along her pulsating, clasping flesh, spreading her tight cunt channel as I flexed my hips again and sank all the way into her womb -- my pubic hair becoming entangled with her soft, curly bush.

Mom kissed me as her arms tightened around me, fingernails clawing into my back as she thrust her pelvis against me, seeking to impale herself deeper on my long, hard dick. Her pussy was like a furnace -- fiery juices bathing my shaft as her flesh massaged her child's cock. She sucked on my lower lip before ending our kiss to reply, "I love you, John -- my sweet baby boy. I love you!"

We began to move together, taking only seconds to move into sync with each other, thrusting and rolling hips to wonderful effect -- making each other moan with incestuous pleasure as what seemed like a lifetime of denial yielded to our love and lust. We were oblivious to those beings watching us -- lost in each other, hungry to possess each other as only lovers can. Only the occasional and pleasurable pulse of the anal probes -- the sensors in us reminded us of our strange situation, but we savored the pleasure and ignored everything else -- all that mattered were each other.

We tumbled mindlessly about, our movements determined by our fucking -- my cock slamming hard into Mom's pussy or slowly pumping in and out between her slick, hungry labia. There was no up or down -- there was simply skin upon skin, tongue upon tongue and cock inside pussy -- each sweet coming together bringing us closer together -- our carnal lust binding us as neither of us had ever experienced.

As we came closer to orgasm, we seemed to merge into one being -- anticipating each other's requests and needs -- shifting my hips just so to allow my cock to touch her in a special place -- Mom tightening her cunt muscles at the right moment to make withdrawal that much sweeter -- kisses that seemed so intimate as to finally make one understand the term 'soul kiss.'

From within her magnificent and heaving breasts, I could feel Mom's heartbeat aligning with my own -- both becoming stronger for the joining -- sending blood pounding through our veins, expanding the touch of the intense pleasure beginning to build within us. We fucked relentlessly, our mouths hanging open between kisses in expressions of awe at our erotic and incestuous joining -- the knowledge that we were mother and son only fueling the intensity of what was happening between us.

Mom's thighs tightened around my waist even as her hips moved at unreal speeds, meeting my hard thrusts on equal terms -- gasps of "I love you" intermixed with ""Fuck me" as we banged our way towards glory. The energy produced by our touch went from a blaze to an intense conflagration, enveloping us in a joy born of love and carnality as we became were swept up in something bigger than either of us.

Mom stiffened and then arched her back, pressing her cunt hard against my cock as she exploded in orgasm -- cunt cream coating my cock as she tightened her wet, slick flesh around my throbbing meat. The sweet fire of her cunt triggered my own explosion and I writhed against her, forcing my cock a fraction deeper into her womb as I began to ejaculate, flooding my mother's pussy with streamer after streamer of sizzling semen which triggered an even greater orgasm in her as we came together in a bone jarring, mind expanding release of sex and love and achieved...HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}.

Even now I cannot fully explain what happened, the closest I can come is to say we achieved the nirvana of intimacy -- a long extended moment of incestuous pleasure that transcended love and lust to become something greater. We were simply one -- joined together mind, body and soul -- totally aware of each others thoughts and emotions, transposing consciousnesses and transcending the telepathy or whatever it had been that we had shared with the aliens. Love had reached its highest potential for us and for a deliriously sweet and erotic moment, the universe itself seemed to open wide and reveal itself. Pleasure itself was too inadequate a word to describe it.

Even as we peaked and our mutual orgasm began to wane, we could not end what had happened. Although our consciousnesses separated, we were now joined in such a way that we would never be completely parted on any level -- be it physical, mental or metaphysical. I was enveloped by Mom's body, her arms and legs wrapped possessively around me even as we drifted -- her pussy throbbing lovingly around my cock which did not lose its erection.

As we drifted, lips joined as we kissed lazily, we both again felt the presence of the others and their excitement with what they witnessed.

Z: PRIME SENTIENCE CONFIRMED. HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~} ACHIEVED -- THE MISSION IS BLESSED TO BE WITNESS TO THIS RACE'S STEP TOWARDS MATURITY!

J: CONCUR - HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}REALIZED AND 1ST DIRECTIVE JUSTIFIED. 1ST DIRECTIVE MUST PROCEED ACCORDINGLY. QUERY: WHAT SHALL BE THIS SPECIES' GIFT?"

Z: RESPONSE: CONSIDER PRIMARY OBSTACLE IN THIS RACE ACHIEVING HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}. IF SOCIETAL TABOO RESTRAINTS ARE TO BE SURPASSED, 1ST DIRECTIVE GIFT IS OBVIOUS.

J: CONCUR: AVENUE OF 1ST DIRECTIVE GIFT CLEAR. QUERY: DO SENSORS INDICATE SUBJECT COUPLING CONCLUDED?

Z: RESPONSE: NEGATIVE. SENSORS INDICATE SEXUAL AROUSAL HAS BEGUN TO BUILD AND SUBJECTS ARE STILL IN COITUS. SITUATION OPTIMUM.

J. CONCUR -- INITIATE DNA RESEQUENCE.

Again, much of what we heard or overheard made no sense, not that we cared. Mom and I needed no spoken words to resume our dance of love -- in truth, even in the aftermath of our first bout of lovemaking, we had never truly stopped making love. Mom's pussy flexed around and kissed my semi-hard shaft buried and held deep within her womb, the heat of her juices combining with my hot semen to keep us both aroused and gently moving together, never quite letting our incestuous pleasure fade.

We nuzzled and brushed lips against each other until finally again our tongues snaked out to meet and join and create a more satisfying existence than was experienced apart. As we kissed, our passion swelled again, Mom moaning happily as my cock grew inside her, plunging deeper into her sperm filled womb.

We moved as one organism in perfect time with each other, writhing about in an incestuous ballet through the ether. Our close embrace of our first joining relaxed so that we could explore each other more. Mom arched her back as I thrust into her, lifting her meaty and succulent breasts up as an offering. I ducked my head, closing my mouth around a swollen, turgid nipple, sucking at my mother's breast for the first time since infancy. Mom groaned with pleasure as I playfully nipped at the throbbing nub with my teeth.

As we floated along, I took Mom by the hips and gently rotated her on my cock, spinning her around until she faced away from me. Sighs slipped from her lips as she stretched out in front of me, legs swinging behind to lock herself in place as she flexed her body, driving her pelvis back to impale herself deeper upon my cock, screwing her hips to take more of me inside her.

I rolled us until I was lying horizontal with Mom atop me, riding me like a horse, her tight cunt clinging to my cock flesh as she slid up and down my thick cock. The intimate sense of each other grew with every moment our flesh merged into one. Mom looked like a goddess astride me, her toned legs curled underneath me, heels pressing into my ass as she rode me, never letting me quite escape her pussy's greedy clasp.

Sexual energy played out through our bodies, linking us together in an intimate bond that defied description. On the periphery of our comprehension, we both were aware of other things happening -- of unknown energies playing across our bodies, enveloping us within the embrace of cosmic change even as we touched heaven ourselves joined cock and cunt.

We fucked and loved for time beyond measure -- our bodies free of any limits of endurance -- my pleasure keyed to bringing Mom pleasure beyond understanding. We again reached that unattainable plateau where we became of one mind -- my pleasure mixing with Mom's pleasure to

become a new and erotic entity that devoured us both, merging us into one consciousness that made us aware of every molecule -- every atom of our sexually joined bodies, filling every fiber of our being with carnal joy beyond description.

Mom's orgasm -- long a continuous onslaught of incestuous pleasure blossomed to new heights and I felt her reach the pinnacle, her body stiffening as she pressed back against me, my chest against her back -- my arms wrapped tightly around her, cupping her breasts and squeezing handfuls of tit flesh between my fingers as Mom ground her cunt down on my cock and willed me to cum with her. Our co-joined orgasms took us to that last, perfect place and we were one with the universe and with each other -- me experiencing the mind shattering pleasure that erupted from her cock-filled cunt and roared through her body while I shared with her the intense point of no return gratification brought about by releasing another torrent of hot semen into her womb.

We turned and spun until we were facing each other again, kissing while we wept with the pure joy of our joining, savoring each other's bodies and souls as our mutual orgasm spun on and on and on, growing stronger even as the white light surrounding us grew more brilliant, enveloping us as if our orgasms had been given substance of their own, filling us with rapturous joy until we were consumed by it -- the brilliant radiance becoming all...

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Fleeting moments of incestuous joy rippled through my thoughts and dreams until I long after I was aware of regaining consciousness. My joyous memories were torn asunder as someone shook me, hollering in my ear, "Goddammit, boy -- why the hell are you smiling?"

Reality hit me like a cold slap and I found myself belted into the passenger side of Mom's car, a man with a long, skinny face and a thick mustache glaring at me. Behind him, I became aware of flashing blue lights and then recognized that he was wearing the uniform of a Tennessee State Trooper. I jerked up, the shoulder belt restraining me harshly as I cried out, "Mom?"

"She's coming around," a woman's voice said and I swung my head to see Mom behind the driver's wheel, also strapped in, head tilted forward and eyes closed -- an angelic smile on her face. A woman in a paramedic's uniform was crouched in the open door on the driver's side, gently shaking Mom's shoulder. The woman, a dark haired Hispanic woman glanced up at me. "She's okay, son. You want to tell us what happened?"

I didn't know what to say -- the last vestiges of what had happened -- the pleasure of being cock deep in Mom's pussy fading even as I tried to make sense of things. It was daylight and we were in the car and appeared to be in a field of clover. As I gazed at my surrounding through the windshield, I was astonished to see a water tower off in the distance -- one that I recognized, painted with stripes in our high school's colors. It stood at the edge of the town we lived in. We were home.

"Boy," the state trooper said, snapping his fingers in front of my face to draw my attention. "How the hell did you get this car into this field? You're fifty feet from the highway and there aint a single tire track."

"John?" Mom was awake and looking as confused as I was. She reached out for me and I took her hand and squeezed it. In the space of a heartbeat, I relived all that happened and so did Mom and between us in the time it took to look into each other's eyes, we came to a silent agreement that what had happened stayed between us.

I looked at the state trooper and said, "I don't know -- the last thing I remember was driving in the Sequatchie Valley...last night?"

The state trooper shook his head. "You were reported missing yesterday morning by your daddy."

I glanced at Mom and she said, "We were coming home from Knoxville -- wasn't yesterday Sunday?"

"No, honey," replied the paramedic, flashing a light in Mom's eyes. "It's Tuesday morning."

"Y'all got some explaining to do," added the trooper.

But in the end we couldn't. There was a mild uproar over our brief disappearance and reappearance. All we told them was that we'd been driving home Sunday evening, saw some strange lights and then we were waking up in that farm field a day and a half later. There were lots of questioning by local authorities, the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation and ultimately, some creepy guys in cheap, black suits. We half expected the Men in Black to show up and flash everyone's memories. The worst thing we dealt with was Dad -- a very orderly and logical type -- an engineer with an automobile manufacturer. Dad liked every thing to fall into place -- to make sense and this didn't and it pissed him off.

The Black Suits weren't much happier, questioning us over and over again and not liking our answers. Finally, they gave up, suggesting strongly before they left that we avoid taking our story to the media and taking it upon themselves to have the local sheriff announce that the investigation revealed a default in our car's exhaust system that had led to mild carbon-monoxide poisoning, resulting in us driving in a drug-like haze over a hundred miles to wind up in that field of clover. A "miracle drive" with "angels watching over us," is how the Nashville news media described it.

Through it all, while in the hospital getting checked over and down at the sheriff's office being questioned, Mom and I had no moment to ourselves -- our private communication limited to meaningful glances at each other from across rooms. When we were released, there was Dad, still demanding answers and unsatisfied with what he heard. That first evening home, I was banished to my room and late into the night, I could hear Dad arguing with Mom, repeatedly stating that, "This damned thing doesn't make any sense, Candace." I ached to talk to Mom -- wandering what would happen next, if anything. In some ways, everything had seemed like an incredible erotic dream and I wondered if it was a dream I could ever recapture.

My return to school the next day was a long and dreary one -- I stolidly endured much kidding from my classmates and hurried home as soon as the dismissal bell rang. At home, there was a towering silence between Mom and Dad, his face set on permanent scowl between pointed questions that we both could only answer with, "I don't know."

That night, I lay in bed, looking out at the night sky, my heart beating a little faster each time I saw a blinking light in the sky, but knowing deep down that each was simply a plane passing by. I couldn't sleep, my thoughts constantly drifting to my mother and how I ached for her touch. Wispy patches of memory of making love to Mom swirled through my mind, my cock rock hard in response although I somehow resisted the urge to masturbate. All evening as I had considered that maybe I did imagine it all -- no matter the cause, all I had to do was look at Mom and into her eyes and I knew that I had made love to her. As we exchanged glances, I could see Mom's face, screwed up in utter ecstasy when my cock was buried deep in her womb.

It was after midnight and the house was utterly quiet when I heard the knob on my door begin to turn. When the door opened, Mom stepped through, illuminated by the dim light of a half moon streaming through my window. She was wearing a silk slip, the front cut low, breasts straining against the spaghetti straps holding it up. The hem was mid thigh. Mom peered into the dimness of my room and whispered, "John, are you awake?"

I sat up and Mom let out a little whimper and rushed into my arms, climbing up on the bed and sitting on her knees, pulling me against her voluptuous breasts while I held her tight. In a low, passionate voice, Mom said, "It did happen, John. You and I know the truth and whatever the reason why it happened, it did happen and I'm glad it did!"

We kissed then, Mom's open lips pressing against mine as our tongues greeted each other like long lost lovers. In that instant of passionate contact, all the shadows blurring our memories were stripped away and we both knew each other again as we had aboard the alien ship or whatever it was. Her love for me was as clear and evident as if she had screamed it from the county courthouse rooftop for all the world to know. My love for my mother was equally recognized by her -- in her kiss, I could feel her certainty and delight in the knowledge of her son's desire and love.

Mom pushed me down onto my back, stripping away my blanket to revel in my nakedness -- my erect cock proudly standing in tribute to her. Smiling lovingly down at me, Mom straddled me, pulling her slip up and over her head, revealing her nakedness to me. I reached down between my mother's legs, sliding fingers through her bush, feeling her wet labia part for me, proving her desire for me was as real and tangible as anything on Earth.

Mom positioned herself above my hard, long penis and as if we'd been lovers for years, expertly impaled herself on my cock, slowly sliding her cunt down the length of my shaft in one deliciously sweet motion. Mom's pussy was on fire and so incredibly slick and tight, like molten silk.

Our union of bodies was matched by our union of minds. Locked in incestuous intercourse, we became one being -- our thoughts and needs and desires utterly known to each other as the sweetness of our illicit fucking blending with our memories of unbridled passion from days before. Mom's eyes were locked on mine as she rode me, her pussy clasp my cock tightly as she slid up and down, her pussy juices a passionate flood that quickly coated my throbbing dick. My hands reached up and cupped her heavy, bouncing chest, fingers closing around her swollen nipples, feeling her heart throb powerfully in the pulse of blood that engorged her nipples.

My mother's soft moans and sighs were music to my ears, fueling my desire to please her to make her scream and cum even as she made me feel more incredible pleasure than I could scarcely believe existed. The sensation of her cunt flesh wrapped tightly around my cock was incredible -- the tight yet butter soft touch of her flesh, kissing and massaging my cock, squeezing and sucking it in such a way that every wave of pleasure made the hair on my arms stand straight up.

I saw Mom begin to lose control of her expression as she became slack-jawed with pleasure. Grabbing her by the hips, I rolled us over, thrusting deep as I lunged forward to squelch her cries of passion with a kiss. My hands roamed over her thighs and down to her ankles which I lifted up high, draping her long, shapely legs over my shoulders, almost rolling her up into a ball as I continued to kiss her while I thrust my cock into her motherly pussy again and again.

Mom fell over the edge into orgasm and I could hear her thoughts of joy and glee as she surrendered herself to primal, carnal pleasure, her thoughts screaming to me, "FUCK ME, JOHN! FUCK YOUR MOTHER! FUCK ME HARD, SON!" Mom screamed into my mouth as I began to slam

my cock into her pussy hard and fast -- taking her orgasm to an even more intense level, her body becoming spastic as incestuous pleasure washed over her.

As her orgasm peaked, I let myself go, my turn to cry into her mouth as I felt my seed begin to spray her womb with jet after jet of thick semen. Mom's orgasm found new life and we clung to each other as we burned in carnal delight, completing our union to become one body with two mutual souls.

As we reveled in the glory of our incestuous love, we realized we were not alone -- that another spark of life accompanied us, faint, but furiously alive and as comprehension of what it was quickly dawned on us, its very existence took us higher, bringing us together in a whole new way, cementing our love for each other and confirming to our souls that we were meant to be together.

It was only in the sweet aftermath of our climax as we lay together, Mom cuddled up on top of me - my cock resting against her still pulsating cunt that my Mom whispered to me in a teary and happy voice, "We're going to have a baby, son. You put a baby inside me, John."

I kissed Mom and replied, "Yes, we're going to have a baby -- there's a little girl inside of you...our little girl, Mom."

Mom laughed with joy. "Yes, you're right, honey. It's a girl. How can we know that? Are we crazy? What's happening?"

I hugged Mom too me, trying to think of the right answer. A line from an old science fiction movie drifted up from my memory and I cribbed it. "I don't know, Mom, but I think...I know, it's something wonderful. How or why...I don't really care -- I'm just glad that it's happened. We were allowed to know the truth and not lose our chance. I love you and I want to be with you forever."

Mom nodded and kissed me, long and slow, our tongues savoring the taste of each other. "I am your woman now, son, forever and a day. I don't know how, but I can feel it in my heart that it will all work out." She kissed me again, her hand slowly caressing my stomach and then wrapping around my semi-erect cock, rousing me up and filling me with desires that I knew would never fade or grow stale. As we began to make love again, words were not necessary. Every touch of our skin, every thrust into wetness, every kiss confirmed to both of us that things would indeed work out.

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And things did work out -- not without some conflict and some stress. When it became obvious in early summer that Mom was pregnant, Dad bluntly asked her if it was his child and when Mom said no and refused to reveal the father, Dad left, divorcing Mom and transferring to an out of state division of his company.

Times were hard for a time -- money was tight, especially with Mom insisting that I go to college. I did go and worked part-time and between that and Mom's share of the divorce settlement, we got by. While times were difficult, the love that Mom and I shared saw us through, our love and commitment to each other growing stronger with each passing day that our baby grew inside Mom's womb.

The third day of January of the next year, Mom gave birth to our daughter, who we named Angel...our gift from heaven. From birth, she was special and unique with large, soulful brown eyes and a shock of platinum blonde hair that amazed Mom's doctor and the nurses. Right from the

start, she seemed more aware than children usually were, calmer, more comprehending and more curious, almost always wearing a beatific smile as she explored and absorbed the world around her.

As she grew, people remarked on her ethereal beauty with her slender build, large, expressive eyes and long, almost silver hair, commenting that she was like an elf out of the fantasy novels I'd read as a teenager. And our Angel was smart -- Mom and I quickly recognizing that she was smarter than either of us. She was more at peace with the world as well, fascinated with people and with nature and with the skies...

After I graduated from college, I took a teaching job in a small Tennessee town in the middle of the Sequatchie Valley. Mom and I bought an old farm house in the middle of the boonies to renovate and live. Many nights, Mom and I would sit with Angel and stare at the multitude of stars in the skies above us. Neither of us were surprised when one night, our nine year old daughter reached out to take us both by the hand and with her eyes turned to the stars, said happily, "They're coming back, you know, when the time is right."

Mom and I shared a knowing glance. We'd never talked with Angel about how things had begun, but she had long demonstrated a prescience that belied her age and experience. That our daughter knew that her mother was her mother too was something else that we hadn't discussed, but she had commented on it as a child as if it were something natural and ordinary.

Puberty reached out and touched our daughter at the age of eleven and by the time she was a teenager, she had developed into a very lovely young woman, with an otherworldly sexuality that all picked up on -- tall and voluptuous and mature beyond her years. I spent much of her teenage years being the grouchy, protective father with her boyfriends and admirers,

Angel seemed mostly oblivious to it all, even to the effect she had on my mother and I -- Mom amused and appreciative as she reaped the benefit of the sexual arousal our daughter evoked in us. Throughout the years, Mom and I have never slowed down sexually -- our love and passion for each other growing with each passing day. Although Mom and I were growing older, age seemed to be something we both resisted. By the time Angel was fifteen, Mom was in her late fifties, but looked no older than the day we first made love. I had grown older, but when I hit my late twenties, I too seemed to stop aging, making our age disparity not look quite so extreme. Angel claimed our love kept us strong and young and I believed her.

Something else occurred when our daughter was about fifteen. A team of doctors and scientists reported that there was a precipitous drop in the incidence of genetic related diseases and that the number of birth defects within the central United States had dropped to almost nothing over the past several years and that the area of affect was rapidly expanding. Along the same parameters, incidence of cancer was decreasing at the same fast rate.

The story was met with skepticism and scorn, but other scientists confirmed their findings as did insurance companies. People claimed God had delivered a miracle while others sought a more concrete cause. The President of the United States created an investigatory commission to explain the phenomena, discovering that within another three years, it had apparently spread to all corners of the globe. Almost simultaneously, three separate groups of scientists from America, France and Japan announced the discovery of a virus that was spreading through the world's population and literally rewriting our DNA, making our genetic systems impervious to genetic anomaly or mutations. When one American scientist quipped that the virus seemed almost supernatural in design as if created by God, the media dubbed it the "God Virus," a name that stuck.

Debate raged, sometimes almost violently as various religions claimed their version of God was responsible while scientists suspected a natural -- perhaps mutated virus was to blame and some nations suspiciously accused others of creating it artificially. Some extremists claimed that China had actually attacked the United States with a biological weapon that had benignly backfired on them.

Like most folks, Mom and I simply considered it a blessing among the many blessings our life had been filled with and focused on our own relationship -- rarely a day going by that we didn't make love. Angel, at eighteen, went off to college, leaving us to deal with the empty-nest syndrome. She didn't go far, winning a scholarship to a prestigious university in Nashville. She stayed on campus, but came home regularly, not that Mom and I didn't miss her whenever she was away.

Then came the night that changed everything...again. It was a blustery spring night, squall line after squall line rumbling across the valley with great flashes of lightning and roof shaking peals of thunder. Mom and I planned to get to bed a bit early --the next day being Angel's twenty-first birthday and we were looking forward to having her home. Once the weatherman announced no danger from tornadoes, Mom and I retired to bed and like so many thousands of times over the last twenty two years, began to make love.

As I mentioned earlier, Mom looked scarcely older than she did the first time we fucked -- her dark brown hair thick and luxuriant and her heavy, meaty breasts still firm with little sag or as Mom put it, the best looking and natural sixty-four year old breasts on the planet! We cuddled for a long time as the storm raged around us, kissing and caressing before Mom grew impatient and guided me atop her, spreading her long legs wide to accept my throbbing erection, thrusting her hips up to impale herself on my cock.

I moaned with pleasure as I sank slowly inside Mom's hot, liquid-silk cunt, savoring how tight she still felt, reveling in the supreme control she had over her pussy muscles as she took me inside. Every time we fucked, it was like the first time as we moved in perfect unison, anticipating -- no, knowing what each other needed and desired, establishing that link between us that never seemed to really fade, becoming of one mind and soul, sharing and giving pleasure equally.

Mom's knees rose and pulled back as she opened herself up more, allowing me to plunge deeper inside her with each stroke. I leaned down and ran my tongue across one nipple and then the other and then kissed my way up to her plump ripe mouth, kissing her passionately as her first orgasm of the evening swept over her, resisting the urge to cum myself -- knowing the greater intensity that our impending mutual orgasm would bring, the better our moment of ultimate intimacy would be.

As we carried on, our lovemaking taking on an animal like intensity, we suddenly heard our daughter's voice, "Mom, Daddy? It's time." I turned my head to look at the door as I slid deep into her mother's womb. Mom groaning with pleasure, turned to look as well. We were naked with the covers kicked off, but there was no modesty in the moment -- we were not ashamed of our love and passion.

Angel stood in the doorway, the almost constant lightning illuminating her. Our daughter was wearing a simple blue dress that draped over one shoulder, leaving the other one bare with old, comfortable sandals on her feet. Her long platinum hair hung below her shoulders, tresses wind blown and damp, partially covering one eye. She had an intense, almost wild look in her eyes that was reflected in her body -- standing tensely, her high, large breasts heaving as if she'd been running a long distance and when the lightning flashed, we could even see her nipples, proudly erect and standing out against the fabric of her dress.

Mom's legs remained wrapped around my legs, holding me to her as she said, "Honey...Angel, what is it? What's wrong, baby?"

Our daughter gave us a sweet smile and replied, "It's time, Mom...they're returning." She took a step into the room, one hand reaching up to her one shoulder strap and flicking something that allowed her dress to float to the ground, leaving her completely naked. The last eight or nine years of being around her frank sexuality did nothing to prepare me for the erotic sight of my daughter standing unashamedly naked before me. My cock throbbed and swelled slightly more in response while Mom's pussy contracted as well, clearly stimulated by the sight.

She took another step and looked like a goddess as her pale, flawless skin was illuminated by a great burst of lightning. Angel's body was perfect, large high breasts adorned by her mother's nipples, now swollen erect. Her flat stomach gave way to a completely hairless mound, her labia so much like her mothers, swollen and spread in obvious arousal.

Angel held out her hands and said, "And it's time for us as well. You've looked at me over the years, I know. Daddy, you've imagined if it would be as sweet with your daughter as it is with our mother and Mom...she paused to smile lustily at us. "Mom, you've stared at me and wondered what it would be like. I love you both for not forcing it -- for letting me decide. Mom...Daddy, it's time."

"Oh, Angel," I breathed. You want us to make love to you?" I felt new lust build within my heart and knew that it would be right...as right as it had always been with Mom. For her part, Mom conveyed her desire and assent with a mere flexing of her cunt muscles and a simple stroke of her hand across my chest. I didn't need to look at my mother to know she was as excited as I was.

Angel took another step towards us and said, "I want you two to fuck me, to make love to me, to take me to heaven and achieve HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}."

The words -- the concept that we had not heard spoken or thought of for almost twenty-one years, sent a flood of erotic love washing over us. I did turn to Mom then, communicating in that silent language we'd shared for so long and Mom's face was split by a loving grin and she nodded and then groaned as I slipped from inside her -- my cock coated in her juices. In a voice quivering with lust, Mom held out her hand and said, "Come, little girl and join your daddy and me in bed."

Angel rushed to the bed, jumping on as she had done so many times as a child and slipped into our embrace and just like that -- two became three. Six hands roamed over three bodies as Angel first kissed her mother -- my cunt cream covered cock throbbing as I watched mother and daughter join tongues. My fingers intertwined with Mom's as our hands cupped and kneaded our girl's breasts. Mom's hands and Angel's somewhat smaller ones slipped around and began stroking my cock, fingers getting sticky with Mom's still hot juices.

Angel turned to me after a long moment, her lips slick with her mother's saliva and she whispered, "I love you, Daddy," before she pressed her lips to mine as her tongue delved boldly into my mouth. She snaked an arm around my neck to pull me closer and I moaned lustfully as our tongues danced together for the first time while her firm, pillow-like breast rubbed deliciously across my chest -- her turgid nipple tickling as it dragged across my skin.

Back and forth Angel traveled, trading caresses with her mother and I until her need was too great and she pushed me down on my back. "I need you, Daddy," she moaned. "I need your cock the way Mom needs it." Her breasts bounced enticingly as she swung her long, toned leg over my thighs to straddle me. "I waited, Daddy. I always knew you'd be the one." She gazed down at me lovingly, a mixture of lust and fear and anticipation struggling for control of her face.

I felt my cock jerk with excitement as her words sank in. Despite a bevy of admirers since puberty, Angel had kept herself mostly apart from the boys -- dating very few and none seriously and while we never pressed for details, her mother and I assumed that when she left for college, she wasn't a virgin. Her frank sexuality had long given her an air of experience and now to hear her tell me I was to be her first -- it both awed and shocked me.

Mom moved behind our daughter, straddling my ankles, her arms around Angel's shoulders, idly playing with her large breasts while kissing her tenderly on the neck and shoulders and whispering words of encouragement in her ears. Angel moved forward on her knees until she was over my cock. Her arousal was evident, betrayed by the flow of pussy juices dripping from her bloomed labia to splash warmly on my crotch, anointing my erection.

Angel took my cock in hand and then slowly lowered herself. I felt her body quiver as the head of my cock pressed into her soaked and steaming flesh. She gasped a little as she lowered herself a bit more, allowing the swollen crown of my cock inside her. She was vice tight and so incredibly hot as if her insides were aflame. I felt my cock bump against her hymen and my daughter moaned. "Take your time, darling," I murmured. "Only when you're ready, Angel."

Tears were pouring down my lovely daughter's face as she whispered, "I've been ready all my life, Daddy, but the time had to be right, but the waiting is over. I love you, Daddy!" Without warning, Angel relaxed and let her knees slide wide, dropping her weight onto me. My cock speared through her hymen, tearing it like a thin wisp of paper and slowly driving upward as my daughter impaled herself on my thick dick.

She flung her head back and wailed, "Daddy!" as I tore through her cherry -- her body stiffening as her tight pussy slid down my cock, finally grinding her slick vulva against my wiry pubic hair. My daughter's cunt was tight and wet, both with pussy juice and trickles of blood as she made the last leap into womanhood. Mom knelt behind her, offering her a comforting embrace, her hands cupping Angel's tits as she kissed and nuzzled the nape of her neck.

Angel and I stayed joined, cock to pussy, not moving aside from my daughter twitching as she coped with the first cock inside her womb, mastering her pain while her mother and I stroked her body, calming her and assuring her that she was safe and loved. Instinctively, I let her decide when and how to proceed. Her eyes cleared suddenly and she whimpered, "It hurts, Daddy, but..." She paused, biting her lower lip while a shudder rippled through her body. "Daddy, it hurts good!"

Gathering herself together, Angel drew herself up and slowly pulled herself up, her cunt muscles still constricting and clasp my shaft as she rose up almost half the length of my cock before slowly sliding back down. Her erect nipples swelled between Mom's fingers as pain and pleasure competed as she allowed her cunt to be filled by incestuous cock again. I kept my eyes on hers, watching as they widened with each up and down movement on my cock. My daughter grew more beautiful as carnal pleasure began to build in her.

A moment came where with nearly two thirds of my cock buried in her tight pussy, Angel looked down to see herself impaled on her father's erect penis -- shaft streaked with pussy cream and faint streaks of blood. My daughter moaned and raised her eyes to look at me, slack jawed with pleasure and amazement. A loving smile slowly broke out on her face and she half-whispered, half-sobbed, "I'm doing it...I'm fucking my daddy!"

Although there was still pain, now pleasure dominated as incestuous lust overwhelmed her and she began to ride me more vigorously, wanting -- demanding more pleasure from me with each

movement of her pelvis. I spared a glance to Mom, looking down proudly at me from over our daughter's shoulder and in that special way we had, directed her to move to sit on my face.

Gracefully, Mom scooted around on the bed, her hands never quite letting go of Angel as she moved, throwing her leg over my head and then expertly lowering her furry bush to my waiting mouth. Our daughter squealed with pleasure as she watched our mother settle her pussy on my face, rolling her pelvis to drag her wet and fiery labia across my lips as my tongue pierced to lick at her sodden, aroused cunt flesh.

My face covered by Mom's pussy and her soft, firm cheeks, I nevertheless saw the carnal coupling of mother, son and their daughter through Mom's eyes -- savoring the rapturous look my daughter had as she leaned forward to meet Mom in a passionate kiss, their tongues curling and dancing around each other -- tasting each other as lovers. A thrill rippled through Mom as her near orgasm flared anew, spurred on by my furiously working tongue and the sensation of Angel's tongue sliding against her own.

Mother and daughter reached out to fondle and tease each other's breasts, pausing between kisses to take turns ducking their heads and sucking each other's blood engorged nipples. As I tongue my mother and began to lift my hips to meet my daughter's descending pussy, I could feel that special orgasmic energy begin to gather around us, drawing us closer physically and spiritually. As I felt Angel's cunt begin to spasm, I rolled my tongue over Mom's flooding pussy lips and flattening it, dragged it across Mom's swollen clitoris -- a thick little, penis-like nub that was practically vibrating. My touch communicated to Mom how close our daughter was to her first incest induced orgasm.

Mom dropped one hand from our daughter's full and firm breast to slide over her flat tummy and into the folds of soaking wet flesh above her cock crammed cunt. As if she had been doing it for years, Mom's fingers found Angel's clitoris and she softly teased it, making our young girl moan and break a wet kiss with Mom to sob, "Don't stop...Mom -- Daddy, I'm going to cummmmm!"

The house seemed to shake from the growing intensity of the storm, lightning illuminated the two woman linked in pleasure by me -- father and son. My cock throbbed with a demand for release -- my own pleasure reaching the point of no return while Mom ground her cunt against my hungry mouth and my daughter rode my cock like a woman gone mad. As sweat poured from our bodies and pheromones filled the air -- raw sexuality wrapped us up in a blanket of carnal passion, uniting us as orgasms stalked us all.

We moved as one being -- mother, son and their daughter giving pleasure to each other, hearts beating together as erotic bliss built and built towards detonation and as with the first time I had fucked my mother, we were reaching a plane of erotic experience that linked and bound us -- feeling each other's bodies and pleasures as our own.

Simultaneously, Mom and Angel cried out, their orgasms unable to denied and with a scream of joy against the flood of cunt cream pouring across my face and into my mouth, I reached out and taking my daughter by the hips, yanked her down hard on my cock, piercing her no longer virgin cunt deeper with her father's cock and filled her young womb with steaming semen. A tidal wave of sexual energy ripped through us and took us high and we were united completely -- consciousness of three becoming one and in the midst of an orgasmic storm we achieved perfection as Angel threw her head back and scream, "YESSSSSS! The HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}"

For what might have been eternity, our family was as one, locked in orgasmic ecstasy beyond description -- time standing still as we all knew each other as intimately as if we were each other.

Mom and I cried at the purity and loveliness of our daughter's soul while she laughed with sheer joy at the absoluteness of her parents' love. Our mutual orgasm fed off of each of us, making the pleasure exploding from cock and pussy and pussy seem to go on and on until our bodies were on the verge of explosion, unable to contain such incestuous love.

We collapsed into a pile of disjointed bodies, exhausted and happy beyond measure and we rode out the storm in a heady dream state -- sleeping and kissing and fucking until dawn. With my mother and my daughter curled up on each side of me, I lay there happy and content waiting for the sun to break through the windows, but the grayness of dawn seemed to go on and on until suddenly the world exploded in heavenly white light that I had dreamed of many times, but had not seen in over twenty years.

Angel, her head resting on my chest, stirred and then looked up at me, her eyes shining happily. "They're here, Daddy. It's time.

Later, Mom and I peered out the windows, but the vastness of the ship hovering over our old farmhouse made it impossible to comprehend the size or shape of the alien ship. It wasn't until mid-morning when we finally saw the starship of our benefactors on a television station. Mom laughed and clapped her hands like a little girl, fascinated by a beautiful Christmas ornament. "It's a chocolate kiss!" she crowed, hugging herself to me.

While not as big as the giant ships in all those science-fiction movies, it was nevertheless, huge! The length of four football fields and perhaps five stories tall, it hovered silently over our house. Even in the remote area we lived in, it quickly garnered attention. By noon, all the television stations from Nashville, Knoxville and Chattanooga had set up shop. Crowds of people filled the fields near us and the road was choked by cars and trucks. Units from the 101st Airborne, based north of Nashville arrived shortly after one o'clock to try and establish a perimeter -- the television cameras showing everyone either looked awed or scared to death.

As the people gathered, we waited calmly -- not afraid -- indeed, we spent most of the morning continuing to make love. With childlike glee, Angel watched as Mom and I made love and then joined us herself, glorying in the dual delights of having her father fuck her and her mother eat her pussy clean.

Finally, after basking in the sweet afterglow of incestuous orgasm, Angel suddenly stood up and smiled. She beckoned to us and walked naked to the front door, stepping out onto our big, rickety front porch as the surrounding crowds gasped -- at least in part, her proud father would like to think, from her beautiful and nubile nakedness.

Mom and I followed her out, unashamedly naked, pausing at the top of the porch steps as our daughter gracefully descended the steps and into the front yard -- the bright light of the hovering ship making her pale, alabaster skin glow, giving her an almost unearthly presence that gave credence to her name. Our Angel appeared indeed to be heaven sent.

On a calm and peaceful way, our daughter began to speak and though her voice never rose above a normal tone, it seemed to ring out across the fields and as we were to discover, across the entire world -- all hearing her words in their native tongues...

"I AM ANGEL, DAUGHTER OF JOHN AND OUR MOTHER, CANDACE." She paused and smiled proudly back at us. "I AM ALSO ANGEL, AVATAR OF THE QUATORI -- OUR VISITORS WHO HAVE FINALLY CHOSEN TO REVEAL THEMSELVES AND LET US KNOW THAT IN THIS VAST UNIVERSE --

WE ARE NOT ALONE." Angel paused and looked around her and smiling beatifically repeated, "WE ARE NOT ALONE.

"FOR UNTOLD MILLINEA, THE QUATORI HAVE JOURNEYED THE STARS, SEEKING THOSE OF PRIME SENTIENCE -- FINDING MANY INTELLIGENT SPECIES, BUT FEW OF COMPLETE SENTIENCE. LONG HAVE THE QUATORI BEEN STUDYING US -- LOOKING FOR THE DIVINE SPARK IN US THAT DENOTES OR INDICATES PRIME SENTIENCE...THAT WHICH THE QUATORI CALL HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}).

"FOR US HUMANS, HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~} IS A TERM THAT CANNOT BE COMPLETELY UNDERSTOOD IN ANY HUMAN LANGUAGE, BUT RATHER IT IS EXPERIENCED BY THOSE WHO FIND LOVE ON A HIGHER LEVEL THAN MOST CAN COMPREHEND TO EXIST. HUMANITY POSSESSED HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}, BUT WE DENY OURSELVES OF ACCESSING IT FOR ALL OUR HISTORY BECAUSE IT REQUIRES AN INTIMACY THAT CAN RARELY BE FOUND OUTSIDE OF FAMILY...AN INTIMACY WE HAVE DENIED OURSELVES OUT OF NEED TO PROTECT THE HEALTH OF OUR SPECIES.

"THIS TABOO WAS NOT UNDERSTOOD BY THE QUATORI UNTIL THEY ENCOUNTERED MY MOTHER AND FATHER WHO STOOD UNKNOWINGLY ON THE PRECIPICE OF BREAKING THE INCEST TABOO AND WHO WERE GUIDED BY THE QUATORI TO ACHIEVE HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}. IT WAS WITH MOM AND DADDY THAT THE QUATORI FINALLY COMPREHENDED OUR TABOOS AGAINST FAMILY LOVE AND DETERMINED THEIR COURSE.

"IT IS THE CUSTOM OF THE QUATORI THAT WHENEVER THEY DISCOVER A SPECIES THAT HAS ACHIEVED HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}, THEY BESTOW UPON THEM A GIFT." Angel smiled and spread her arms wide, lifting her breasts up as she declared, "I AM THAT GIFT. CONCEIVED IN THE GLORY OF HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}, DURING MY CONCEPTION, THE QUATORI ALTERED MY DNA. UPON REACHING PHYSICAL SEXUAL MATURITY, MY BODY BEGAN PRODUCTION OF WHAT YOU ALL CALL THE GOD VIRUS. AS OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE SURMISED, THE GOD VIRUS HAS REWRITTEN OUR DNA -- MAKING US IMPERVIOUS TO GENECTIC DISEASE, ANOMOLIES AND DEFECTS. NEVER AGAIN WILL ANY CHILD BE BORN -- HARMED BY GENECTIC DAMAGE.

"WE ARE NOT IMMORTAL, THOUGH HEREAFTER, OUR LIVES WILL BE MUCH LONGER IF WE TAKE CARE -- BUT NOW THE TRUE PURPOSE OF THE GOD VIRUS SHOULD BE OBVIOUS." Tears began to stream down Angel's face. "NO LONGER DO WE HAVE TO DENY THE DEEPEST INTIMACY POSSIBLE. ALL CAN LOVE THEIR FAMILY WITHOUT RESERVATION -- BE THEY MOTHER-SON, FATHER-DAUGHTER, BROTHER-SISTER OR WHATEVER RELATIONSHIP YOUR HEARTS HAVE LONG DESIRED BUT HAVE BEEN DENIED BY CULTURE OR SOCIETY."

A strong murmur rippled through the crowd, odd, horrified or thoughtful looks playing across the faces of all. With a joyous heart, our daughter Angel lifted up her voice and proclaimed, "REJOICE! WE ARE ALL FREE -- FREE TO LOVE AND DISCOVER WHAT LIES BEYOND LOVE WITH THOSE WE LOVE THE MOST. LET US MAKE THE MOST OF OUR PRECIOUS GIFT SO THAT WHEN THE QUATORI COME AGAIN, THEY MAY REJOICE IN OUR EMBRACING OF THEIR MOST HOLY OF GIFTS."

Angel stopped and smiled once more and then turned and walked back into her parents' arm, hugging us both tightly. We all waved at the crowd and then turned and walked back inside where we made our way upstairs to our family's bed and made love.

I suppose that in a normal tale, this would end with the Quatori leaving and us being taken into custody and studied and probed -- maybe even killed with humankind squandering our precious gift. Thank heavens or the Quatori that this isn't a normal tale.

We were left alone...why, I doubt I'll ever know for sure. Others speculated as well. Newscasters and the authors of numerous books discussed it for years. Many surmise that the Quatori left a warning behind -- one that we were not privy to. Some speculate that it was communicated to the leaders of the world, others feel that maybe on a subliminal level, Angel's communication also sent a command that the Quatori's avatar and her family be left in peace. Others speculate that the rest of the world was simply scared shitless and opted to not piss the Quatori off.

In any case, we were left alone and other than some odd looks and some standoffish treatment, our lives continued. Mom and I worked and loved and with our daughter choosing to join us as a lover -- allowing us to evolve from a couple to a loving threesome.

As for the world itself -- the birth of a new age was like any birth, difficult. All nations have struggled with the implications of the God virus, although individuals seized the opportunity it offered long before governments sanctioned it. Today, some twenty years after their last visit, most of the world has made it legal to choose incestuous mates. Not all make that choice, but millions have and while humankind still struggles with abandoning war and avarice...there is a noticeable decrease in conflict and human suffering. The God Virus has had unexpected but pleasant implications -- rewriting the DNA of food crops and making them more resistant to disease and drought. Our population grows and so does love. Some including our family believe that as more of humanity achieves HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}, we are approaching a new level of human evolution -- not physical but spiritual.

Certainly as our family makes love -- Mom and I, our daughter and Angel's and my son, Matthew...born exactly nine months after our daughter first experienced HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}, as we reach that perfect moment of incestuous intimacy and ecstasy, we feel the presence of others who now know that sublime spirituality only found in the embrace of family.

As you live your lives and you exchange a glance with your mother or son, your daughter or father, sister, brother, aunt, uncle and you feel in your soul that spark -- that attraction, do not suppress it, but explore it. Not all can feel the joy of HOLY {**^^^ ~ `~}, but you can hope. I know. I found it in my mother's arms.

The Beginning...